Alex & Alexa

Chapter 1- Not at All What I Expected

I lay on my bed, hands behind my head resting on my pillow, kicking one knee back and forth, frowning all the while. I didn't see how this was fair. Give up my room? To someone I'd never met and knew pretty much nothing about? This sucked. Over the years, my parents had told me so damned little about my aunt that I wasn't even sure of her name.

I mulled over what I did know about her- she was my mother's younger sister. They'd never really talked about her because apparently my grandmother moved with my aunt to Europe after she'd been abused by my grandfather. Mom was already married to my dad, so it wasn't directly affecting her and to be honest, I'd assumed she didn't really care, since I was eighteen now and the matter had come up maybe once in my entire life before all this.

What was all this? Well, apparently my grandmother had died. That being said, my aunt was looking to return to 'the

colonies' and make a new life here, with whatever inheritance she'd received. In a totally unexpected show of familial devotion, probably at the behest of my dad, mom had insisted that he sister come and live with us until she got herself established and found her own place.

Now this might have not bothered me so much, since I'm rather chill about being around people I don't know, but it was somehow decided, without my consent, that my aunt Allie would be commandeering my room. Me? Well, I was young and adaptable so I could make do in the rec room in our basement.

Saying I was pissed was a minor understatement and I made sure both my parents knew it. Hence, I was brooding in my room, even though we were scheduled to go pick her up from the airport less than an hour from now.

"Alex?" my dad called cheerfully from downstairs. "Time to go, get the head out!"

I said nothing, continuing to lay on my bed, scowling at the ceiling.

"ALEXANDER ORION DAYRAVEN!" my mother thundered from downstairs, clearly fed up with me being obstreperous about this issue. "Get your sorry behind down here or I'll drag you down by your uvula!"

I froze. Even for her she sounded pissed.

"Don't make me come up there!"

I got my generally chill nature from my dad, whereas I got my stubborn streak from mom. Problem was, most people assumed I blended those two traits into passive-aggressiveness. I could see at moments like this why people would think that, but I like to believe they're wrong.

Either way, pissing mom off was a bad idea. Guess I was stuck and just had to live with it.

I sighed and trudged downstairs, doing my best to look beshat upon, if no longer cantankerous. My dad chuckled

and ruffled my hair, something he could do in spite of my imposing physique, because he was even bigger than me.

"Don't worry about it," he said as we headed out to the van. "For all you know, Allie'll only be here a week or so before you can reclaim your man cave. Is being that nice to a long-lost family member really all that horrific?"

"Maybe it wouldn't be if I'd been consulted and my opinion asked for," I groused as we pulled out of the driveway. "But, as you may have noticed, no one did. I got back from swimming practice and bam, you two tell me that I'm giving up my room to a relative you know nothing about."

"She's your aunt, what's there to know?" dad said as he drove.

"That's all I know about her," I replied in as restrained a voice as I could manage. "Her name is Allie. She's mom's younger sister. She's moving back here after living in Europe. That's what I know. You have to admit, it's pretty scant information."

"So what?" dad quipped. "What else do you need to know at this stage? A relative needs out help and we're helping. Not like she won't appreciate your sacrifice."

"Yeah, I notice you two weren't volunteering to give up your room and sleep in the Mines." I grumbled.

"That's because your father and I are adults and have paid our dues in society and have acquired dialectical wealth," my mother added, her tone matter-of-fact in her inescapable logic. "You, you've barely been alive long enough to learn how to use your opposable thumbs, knuckle-dragger. Your dad and I are noted scholars and rather wealthy. You, on the other hand, have nothing."

The problem here is that both my parents are indeed renowned scholars, with very high Intelligence Quotients. I did indeed inherit this trait from them but as yet lacked their unreal skill in wielding it as a lethal weapon. The logic train has no brakes once they get going. Both in their forties, they each held at least two doctorates in their field and were senior members of the local prestigious

university. I'd graduated summa cum laude from high school a year early and began attending the same university on a full scholarship this past semester, majoring in my personal interests of poly-sci, history, and languages.

I knew my parents were proud of me, but they were still in charge. While I was under their roof, we did things their way. This was not a democracy, it was a dictatorship. I could deal with it or laughingly find my own way.

Alea iacta est.

It took an hour and change to reach the airport, so instead of squabbling with my parents, I simply retreated inside my head and went over historical events in my head, looking for threads about how they influenced even modern times.

"We're here, wake up."

"I'm awake," I muttered, aware that they knew full-well I'd been awake the whole time, just lost in my own thoughts. I came by it honestly enough. We went through the busy

terminals and finally identified the gate at which my Aunt Allie would be arriving. We stood near the gate and waited, hearing the announcement that her flight had landed and the passengers would be off-loading.

We must have waited at least twenty minutes and my mind began to wander again. I was definitely lost in the Paris Uprisings of 1848 when my mother's voice intruded upon my ruminations.

"Allie! Oh my God, it's wonderful to see you!"

I blinked and came out of my reverie to turn and see who my mom was talking to. I couldn't see them, since my mother and father were both hugging the person I could only assume was my aunt. But then the huggie chain broke and my mom turned her head to beam at me before pulling away and introducing her sister.

"Alex? This is your aunt, Alexandra. You're named after her, you know..."

I didn't know what to say.

The woman looking at me was stunningly beautiful. Her hair was blonde, thick and lustrous gold. Her eyes were that unreal sapphire colour that men wrote poems about. Through her form-fitting shirt and hip-hugging European jeans I could tell she had a stunning body.

And she couldn't have been older than nineteen.

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"I guess I have a lot of explaining to do, hm?" my mom said from the front passenger's seat as we drove home. My aunt, who was apparently named 'Alexandra' and for whom I was named, sat quietly in the passenger seat beside me, a slight smile on her face as she listened to us.

"Probably a good idea," I replied, causing my aunt to smirk. I could already tell that trying to think of her as my aunt might take the better part of the rest of my natural life, since

she wasn't more than a year older than me. "Just... start at the beginning."

"Fair enough," mom agreed. "Well, your grandmother had me and I was an only child for a long time."

"I figured out that much, if you two are genetically related." I said flatly.

"I'd already married your father by the time my little sister was born," mom continued, ignoring my petulant tone. "It was certainly unexpected, since mom was at the outer edge of being viable to have children again when Alexandra came along."

"Well, you married dad when you were twenty-five, so if that happened first, then there's twenty-six years between you. That's quite a span, you have to admit."

"No argument there. Anyways, your grandfather, as you know, was developing very tragic and dangerous mental issues at the time. When your grandmother had another kid

against all odds, it triggered something in him and he became violent and abusive. Rather than stay and try to work it out, since he was in a terrifying spiral, mom took everything she could and fled to Europe with my little sister, where he could never reach her."

I was silent for a few moments.

"It was very hard on me, I admit, because mom didn't even tell me until after she'd gone," mom said, somewhat morosely. "She didn't tell me where they went, for fear that my dad might somehow find out from me, even inadvertently. I was crushed at the time, but I understood, once I knew how bad your grandfather had gotten."

"So, you didn't even know where grandma went." I murmured, the whole scenario beginning to make perhaps a little sense to me.

"It was for her protection, Allie's and my own," she said sadly. "It was devastating to be robbed of my mother and the little sister I'd just met, but I understood in my heart. Your grandfather raged and called and threatened, but your

father stood squarely in the way and wouldn't let him come over ever. It's why you've never met him, even though he was alive until last year."

"Wow, that's really rough." I sighed. "I had no idea."

"And I hate to say it, but we kept the information from you on purpose, especially when you were young," my fathered added. "Just in case he ever found you. We felt like we couldn't be too careful."

"Yeah, that makes sense now," I agreed. "So... grandma and Al- Aunt Alexandra high-tailed it to Europe and I was born just under a year later."

"Yes," my mom confirmed. "I missed my little sister so much that your father and I agreed to name you after her."

"I hope she has better middle names than I do." I muttered, causing my so-called 'aunt' sitting next to me to smirk.

"I will have you know that 'Orion' and 'Dayraven' are both perfectly acceptable literary names," my mother announced. "We picked them very carefully."

"Yeah," I snorted. "Pretty sure one is Greek and the other is Old English for 'Please Beat Me Up'..."

My aunt almost choked on her laughter and turned her head to smile at me, her unreal blue eyes dancing with mirth. I found it strangely compelling and knew that I'd kill to see that look in her eyes constantly.

"Oh, you complain endlessly," my mother sighed wearily. "But that's the gist of it, Walter Winchell. Allie, how about you fill in any gaps for us from a more recently perspective?"

My aunt took a breath, gathering her thoughts.

"I hardly know where to begin..." she said and I was instantly enthralled by the sound of her voice- it was lyrical and she spoke perfect English, and yet I could not readily identify

the source of her accent. It wasn't anything I associated with the British Islands, nor was it any sort of North American accent, no Oceanic. I just waited for her to continue.

"As I told you over the phone, we moved to England first, living just outside of London, where mother taught International Relations. By the time I was six, though, she was tiring of that scene and moved us to Paris, where she taught Gallic Studies in English. When she was tired of Paris, we moved to Bologna, where we lived in an atalier and she worked on her art. After that she whisked us off to Copenhagen for about three years and then Berlin. She was teaching Germanic languages when we heard our father had died. Not long after that, she became ill and we retired to a little village outside Cardiff and she died peacefully just a week ago."

My mother shook her head as she listened. "She never stopped loving daddy, did she?"

"No," my aunt said in a sad tone. "She knew she couldn't be with him but she was still dedicated to him and did

everything she could to check on him. I think she just had been waiting for him to go and then she joined him."

"It kept our family apart for so long but maybe there's time to make up for that now," my mother said. "I think we all need that."

My aunt nodded. "I'm sure it was awful not knowing and basically having to pretend you had no mother or sister. Having to keep it from everyone, even your own son. You're so strong, Karen, just like mom always told me."

Mom smiled and subtly dabbed at the corner of her eye. "Well, maybe, but I had a great support network with these two lugs. They've kept me going and busy, for sure."

"Alex, are you tired or hungry?" my father asked. "I just want to make sure you're properly looked after."

"I-" my aunt and I both responded simultaneously before pausing and laughing.

"Not you, dopey," my father snorted. "I know you're always hungry. I meant your aunt."

She smiled prettily. "Thank you, Michael, but I'm actually rather tired from the plane trip, not to mention all the events of the past week, so maybe back to your house so I can nap?"

My dad nodded and kept driving. My mother and her sister continued talking and I did my best not to stare at her- she and my mother could not look much less alike. They were both tall, but the similarities ended there. My mom was rather tan of skin where my aunt was fair. My mother's hair and eyes were decidedly brown, although not dull. It might have been the age difference, but my mother's build was also a little more solid. Mom had always said she took after her father in that regard, which I guess meant that my aunt looked like their mother.

I still had no chance to really observe her without staring, so I did my best to keep my eyes resolutely forward or looking out my own window. Finally though, not far from my house, my aunt asked me a question directly.

"Alex," she chimed, smiling at me. "Anything you want to know?"

"Well sure, plenty," I admitted. "But my first question is... where is your accent from? I've been trying the whole trip to place it and I can't, it's driving me crazy."

She giggled and smiled at me. "You like it? I've sort of developed it over the years, it's a reflection of all the places I've lived. I like to think it's completely unique and no one else in the world sounds quite like me."

"No argument there," I muttered. "You had me stumped. I guess we'll just have to call it 'Alexandrian', right?"

Her eyes lit up. "I love it! Why did I never think of that?"

"Ol' Alex here is quite the linguist himself," my dad said, grinning in the rear-view mirror. "He's actually majoring in poly-sci and language studies at the university."

I'm not sure I'd ever seen anyone look more delight than my aunt did right at that moment and I'm pretty sure I nearly fainted dead away at the sight of her. Somehow I stayed vertical and she clapped her hands together in approval.

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed. It'll be great to have someone to practice languages with! I was so nervous to be coming home, but now I feel much better!"

Be still, my beating heart...

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Dad and I were walking in behind mom and my aunt, with us carrying the mountains of baggage she'd brought up the steps. I did my level best to not get caught staring at her incredible behind, which seemed to be poured into her jeans.

That or her jeans were painted on. Either way, I was totally mesmerized as I walked behind her and very nearly caused a collision when my mother suddenly came to a stop at the front of our little baggage train.

"Gentlemen," she declared as she fished out her keys. "Get her suitcases up to her room while I get my sister settled in."

Her room.

Even though I was newly enthralled of my aunt, hearing my room referred to in those terms still stung a little. I chose to ignore it and followed them into the house. Mom brought her into the kitchen to open some wine while dad led the charge up the stairs.

"C'mon, Alex!" he laughed. "One trip or death!"

I struggled up after him,trying not to mutter loudly. In spite of my dad being an egghead and a professor, he was also a large and athletic man with a strong build. My mother always poked fun at him for having a sexy brain inside a

Venice Beach body. She didn't mean it, of course, since she was constantly talking to her female friends about what good 'breeding stock' he was.

And I'm not small either, to be honest. I'm just over six feet tall and I have a swimmer's build, whereas my dad looked more like a surfer-bodybuilder. He always cheerfully told me there was still plenty of time for me to grow into my brain. In a weird way, that was comforting coming from him.

We put everything down on the floor and then headed back to join my mom and aunt in the kitchen. They were leaning against the island, laughing and drinking red wine. Mom smiled more brightly than I had seen her do in ages and beckoned us in. she filled two more glasses and gave us each one.

"To a family reunited!" she declared, holding her glass up. "We will miss those who cannot be with us, but we'll honour them by being the best family ever!"

We all agreed and clinked glasses before taking a drink. Aunt Alexandra smiled and laughed. "It'll take some getting used to, remembering that I'm only recently legal to drink here. Back ho- I mean, back in Europe, drinking wine even as a young teen was hardly taboo."

My mom smiled and put an gentle hand on her younger sister's shoulder. "There'll be time for everything, I promise. And you might need that time, just to equate to life here in the colonies. Of all the amazing places you've lived, where you were born wasn't one of them."

"True," my aunt admitted. "Not to mention there's a lot of photo albums that need updating and amalgamating."

"I've got a really immediate question." I interjected. "How're we gonna distinguish between who's being spoken to? We both respond to 'Alex', right?"

"Hm, hadn't really thought of that in all the hustle and kerfuffle," my mom said, getting pensive. "What if your father and I just called you by your full name all the time?"

"Pass." I said flatly, causing my aunt to giggle.

"But she had the name first," my dad said, determined to give me a hard time, apparently. "Not exactly fair to let an interloper like you just come in and-"

"Dear, please," my mother said, shooting him a look. "Why do you always choose to be a part of the problem instead of the solution?"

"Well, I'd hate to deprive my nephew of his identity," my aunt said, smiling at me and making my knees tremble. "That sounds so weird, calling you my nephew. You're less than a year younger than me."

"I know," I agreed. "I'm still trying to wrap my brain around you somehow being my aunt. It makes absolutely no sense to me."

"Cognitive dissonance," she said, nodding. "Well, since you and I are the ones at issue, what do you think we should do about it?"

I looked into my wine glass and swirled the ruby-red liquid around for a moment, thinking hard. "Well, what if we called you 'Alexa'?"

She thought about the name and mouthed it silently, as if she was tasting it. She then smiled beautifully and nodded. "I love it. Okay, it's settled. You're Alex, I'm Alexa. And for the love of God, please do not call me 'Aunt Alexa', because I'm pretty sure I'll expire on the spot."

I laughed. "I promise, Alexa."

We all raised our glasses and welcomed Alexa, who'd finally come home.

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"Okay, so here's the room," I said as we walked into what used to be my bedroom and turned on the light. "I've already evacuated everything I need down to the basement. Uh, let me show you were the wall sockets are."

I walked her around the room, showing her the places where she could plug in her devices and she made note of how many adapters she would need, since her devices were European. Once I was done, she sat on the bed and sighed happily, smiling at me.

"I really appreciate everything you've done," she said, her voice smooth as butter in my ears. "It means a lot to me."

I shrugged. "Well, I'm happy too, but I didn't really do anything. To be honest, I was initially pretty surly about having to give up my room to someone I didn't know, especially since I wasn't consulted. But, well, since I've gotten to know you a little better, I can't really say that I mind and I'm happy to do it."

"And I really do appreciate it, Alex!" she sighed, standing up and hugging me. I must have frozen for at least an instant

as I felt her body press to mine, but I recovered quickly and put my hands on her back, holding her. She smelled fantastic, like nothing I'd ever imagined. Her big, soft breasts squashed into my chest but she clearly took no notice of it or minded.

She then pulled back a little, her hands on my shoulders as she looked into my eyes. Her lustrous blonde hair was cascading over her shoulders and down her back. I could still feel her boobs just touching my chest.

"So when you were told I was coming, what did you expect?" she asked, clearly curious. "All you knew is that your mom's sister was coming to stay, right?"

"I didn't really know what to expect, I guess," I replied, trying to focus on my response rather than the feel of her body next to mine. "I kind of expect someone who looked more like my mom and not like..."

She tilted her head. "Like?"

I flushed a little as I tried to find the words. "Someone who... looked like, well... you."

She smiled prettily. "So not a girl basically the same age as you. I understand that, because it makes no sense to me that you could possibly be my nephew. I can hardly believe I even have a nephew, forget one my own age."

I chuckled. We were sort of in the same boat from the point of view. "Yeah, it's a real disconnect, isn't it?"

She nodded. "I think for our own sanities we're just going to have to agree to think of one another as siblings or cousins or something, because I'll never get around you being my nephew, except in some weird formal setting where I need to introduce you. No idea where that would be though..."

"Fair enough," I said. "So we'll just be Alexa and Alex. Family."

She smiled her megawatt smile. "Perfect. It's not like I could ever pull rank on you in a family hierarchy sense anyway."

"That'd make for some weird roleplay." I muttered, making a wry face. She began giggling at the imagery.

"Sjofel..." she said softly, winking at me and then giving me another hug, every bit as squishy as the first one. I held her as long as I dared before releasing her. She began to yawn and then stretched her arms over her head, her magnificent breasts, barely contained within her thin shirt, now bumping against my chest. Once she was finished, she sat back down and smiled, her eyes a little weary.

"I regret, though, that I'm a little tired," she said. "Would you please thank your mom and dad for me and let them know I'm going to take that nap but also to call me for dinner?"

"Of course," I said readily, nodding. I was beginning to think that saying no to my aunt would become near impossible very quickly. "Anything else you need?"

She shook her head sleepily and it was clear she was already starting to doze off. "No, Alex, but thank you. I appreciate... everything..."

She simply flopped back on the bed and was already asleep, her chest rising and falling. I gaped at her incredible body for just a few seconds before leaving- her bountiful breasts, her trim, flat stomach which was now partly visible as her shirt rode up, her shapely hips and her long, sexy legs and pert feet. Her face looked like an angel's and I had to tear myself away from gaping. I exited the room and closed the door, taking a moment to compose myself before going into the bathroom and splashing cold water on my face. Then I went downstairs and reported in.

"She's asleep," I said plainly. "Showed her where the plugs are and she said she'd take a nap and to call her for dinner. It's all hers now."

My mom put a sympathetic hand on my arm. "I'm sorry we didn't consult you about the room, maybe that was a little heavy-handed of us. But you see now that she needs it, don't you?"

"Yeah," I said, trying to sound grudging and not meaning it. "Yeah, it's fine, I'll live."

"Are you sure there's nothing else you need downstairs, Alex?" my dad asked, wanting mo make sure my needs were being met as well. "Not even a new bed?"

"Well, let me try sleeping on the pull-out and see what happens," I suggested. "If it really sucks, I let you know."

"Do you think you might try to get along with her, rather than treating her as an imposition or even just a guest?" my mom asked, clearly concerned. "I know this is all strange for you."

"Well, we talked for a minute and I think we have some basic boundaries established," I explained, wondering why I was making it sound like Alexa and I were needing to be distant. "She's agreed to not try and be my aunt and pull rank on me, so I guess that's a start."

"She a sweet girl who's gone through a lot recently, so just be patient with her, okay?" mom said, giving my shoulder a squeeze. "I know you're not always big on change."

"Like I said, I'll live," I iterated. "I'm gonna go down and play a game or two. Call me if you need me."

With that I headed down to the basement, colloquially referred to around my place as ' The Mines'. It was hardly horrible, since it was actually a rec room. It had it's own mini-fridge and counter space off to one side, a bathroom with a full shower, several seating areas and a very nice entertainment center with a large HDTV and several gaming consoles. I opened up the couch that was actually a fold-out bed and laid down, trying to discern if I could possibly sleep on it.

My thoughts, however, drifted away from my sleeping arrangements or the games I'd intended to play and instead focused on my aunt, Alexa. I'd never met anyone so beautiful. She was like a dream to me. Her perfect body, her alluring voice and her scintillating mind. Everything about

her held me rapt. If I was ever driving and started thinking of her I'd cause a serious accident.

I'd known other girls before, pretty girls. Hot girls, even. I'd had sex a few times and while I was hardly an expert, I was pleased to say I was no slouch either, because the girls were certainly eager for more. But they were nothing compared to Alexa. That much was certain.

I felt a stir in my body and I closed my eyes, gently taking hold of myself. Through my pants I gave my swelling member a squeeze, picturing her lovely body, feeling her incredible breasts squashing to my chest, smelling her intoxicating body as she hugged me, her lips so close to my ear...

I almost moaned as I undid my pants and shimmied them down, knowing that it was safe to do so, my parents had always respected my privacy. My boxers moved down my thighs as I took my cock in my hand and stroked it, reveling in the memory of her body, how it felt and looked, picturing it naked and pressed to mine. I did my best to hear her lyrical voice as she lay beneath me, whispering and

cooing as my body moved and undulated against hers, my cock slowly sliding in and out of her tight, wet pussy...

I shuddered and came, snapping myself out of this unexpected reverie. As my cock throbbed and pulsed, spurting my pearly semen across my stomach and bed, I was breathing raggedly, more in shock by my actions than the fact that I'd cum. Had I really just pleasured myself while thinking of a woman I'd met maybe two hours ago? A relative? My mother's sister?

I hissed in exasperation as I felt the sticky mess all over me and also the bed. Still confused, I almost wiped my eyes but yanked my hand away at the last second as I remembered it was covered in cum. Oh my God, what the hell was wrong with me? I hadn't been this stupid or awkward since I was thirteen!

I got off the bed and washed my hands in the sink before going back to the ersatz bed and stripping the sheets off of it, throwing them and my clothes in the hamper to be laundered. I then went into the bathroom and took a shower, muttering to myself as I washed off.

Idiot. I couldn't even begin to guess how horrified Alexa would have been if she'd witnessed my moronic behaviour.

It occurred to me that I was more worried by her reaction than I was about my parents', seemingly. Where the hell had that come from?

I finished and dried off, putting on a new set of sheets before resolutely turning on some video games and playing for about two hours. I needed to get my head together.

This had been a very strange day.

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"There you are," my mom said, smiling at me as I came from the basement. "Your timing for meals, as always, borders on prescient."

"Yeah, thanks. I'm the Kwisatz Haderach of food." I mumbled. "What's tonight's fare?"

"I had to think it through," mom admitted, still working on one of the pans she was cooking in. "I had to remember that my sister's lived in Europe pretty much her whole life and their diet is considerably different from ours, even when they eat the same foods."

"Yeah, I guess," I mused. "They go for generally smaller portions and aren't so heavy on the greasy food, are they?"

"My thoughts too," mom agreed. "So we're having poached saffron salmon with roasted red potatoes and steamed asparagus."

"Sounds awesome!" I said, grinning. I loved every single thing she'd mentioned, so this would be great. "Where's dad?"

"Sent him to the liquor store," she replied, checking the steaming baskets. "White wine goes with salmon, so I sent

him to get a Riesling or a Gewurtztraminer, whichever one appealed."

I laughed. "If I didn't know better, I'd say you were trying to impress your little sister."

She blushed slightly. "Maybe a little. While I love where we live, darling, I don't want her to think we're provincial."

"I somehow doubt she thinks that," I said cheerfully. "You gonna wake her up?"

"Oh, I can't," mom replied, still hustling around the kitchen. "Not done yet, would you be a dear and go get her?"

I nodded, secretly pleased that mom had asked, since I didn't want to volunteer and seem eager. I headed upstairs and knocked on the door to my former room, which was slightly ajar.

"Alexa?" I called gently, hoping she could hear me. I rapped on the door with my knuckle again. "Alexa?"

No response. Unsure of what to do, I pushed the door open slightly and peered in.

The sun was still out but westering, allowing enough like to come through my shades to give the room some illumination. She was still passed out as I'd left her, sleeping peacefully. I watched as her chest rose and fell, her magnificent bust drawing my eyes.

I took a chance and slipped quietly into the room, praying she didn't have a bad panic reflex or anything. I crept up to my- her bed, and knelt down next to her, giving her arm a gentle nudge.

"Alexa?" I said in a voice barely above a whisper. "Alexa, it's me, Alex. Time to wake up for dinner."

She shifted slightly and let out a little moan in her sleep before slowly rolling onto her side. I waited for several

seconds before giving her arm another gentle squeeze, calling her name. Slowly, her eyes opened, looking at me for a few moments before she smiled.

"Alex," she murmured in that lovely voice. "Hi..."

"Hi, sleepyhead," I said cheerfully, glad she was finally awake and I no longer had to feel like a creepy stalker. "Think you're ready for some dinner? Mom tried to cook Euro-style for you."

"Oh, well that was kind of her," she said as she sat up, rubbing at her eye. She yawned and stretched, forcing me to look at her burgeoning bosom again while she did so. She opened her eyes and looked at me, cocking her head. "You changed clothes."

"Oh, uh, yeah," I said, realizing she was indeed right. "I kinda took my own nap in the basement in my clothes and I was a little rumpled, so I put on some new stuff."

"Oh, well," she mused, sitting up straighter and looking down at herself. "I slept in mine, should I change as well?"

"Doubt it," I said, trying not to stare. "Your shirt is unlikely to rumple and I doubt those jeans will, either."

She smiled. "Are they a little too tight or immodest?" she asked.

"Not at all, you look great." I replied, meaning it.

"Thanks, Alex, it's nice to have someone compliment you and know they mean it, isn't it?" she declared, standing. "I'll just do my hair quickly, make sure I don't have bed head."

"Okay, I'll go tell mom you're on your way." I said, heading to the door.

"Oh, Alex, stay," she almost pleaded, looking at me. "It'll only take a minute and, well, to be honest, I'm not terribly interested in being alone right now. So much has happened

recently, even just having someone stay with me while I do my hair feels wonderful."

"Sure, no problem." I said, waiting for her. Since I'm a guy and don't have an appropriate mirror in my room, she asked me to lead her to the bathroom where she could utilize the big mirror there. I waited by the door while she brushed out her hair and then pulled it back in a queue. She then smirked at me and winked, mouthing the words 'stay there' as she closed the door. About a minute later, I heard the toilet flush and she was washing her hands. When she emerged from the bathroom, she smiled at me and turned around, like a model might.

"So, how do I look?" she asked.

"Like you stepped off the runway at some place I've never been to." I replied, causing her to giggle and give my arm a gentle pinch. She then wiggled her way down the stairs, allowing me to watch her glorious, toned butt the whole way down. We made our way to the kitchen and she skipped up and hugged my mother and father when she saw them. They both hugged her back readily.

It occurred to me that this was a really big deal for my mother and by default for my father as well. This was an important piece of my mother's life that was slowly being re-introduced and possibly healing. It was certainly a bigger issue than me losing my dumb room. The epiphany made me resolve to not be selfish about this anymore. My family was going to be whole and happy.

We all sat down and began dinner, chatting and conversing gaily. We talked about where Alexa had lived, what her favourite places to live had been and funny things that had happened to her. She was sitting between mom and myself, often reaching over and touching one of us on the shoulder or forearm as she talked, a very European thing to do, I'm told.

She asked about what my mother and father were working on, their projects over the summer and what they'd be teaching in the fall. She seemed genuinely fascinated to hear about everything they had planned and clearly looked up to them for their accomplishments as scholars. She then beamed a smile at me.

"What about you, Alex?" she asked, giving my shoulder another squeeze. "What are you going to do when you go back in the fall?"

"I've been back and forth about that," I admitted, pausing in my annihilation of the food my mom had presented. "Since I've got the scholarship, I could possibly live on-campus, but that might not be ideal, since I might get idiot roomies in a dorm. If I stayed here, it's a reasonable drive, not more than thirty minutes to the campus where most of my classes will be held."

"That makes sense," she mused. "Not to mention the occasional home-cooked meal as opposed to cafeteria food or the stench of ramen noodles throughout your dorm."

I made a wry face. "Didn't know you had ramen noodles in Europe. Well, I knew you had them, but I guess I just figured that Europeans knew better."

She giggled. "We do, but the real horrid part was the universities in Stockholm or Berlin when we visited those. The dorms reeked of boiled cabbage. Affected proletariat students everywhere. If I had a Euro for every Che Guevara poster I came across..."

"Wow, even in this day and age?" mom said, furrowing her brow. "Old habits die hard, I guess. But Alexa, what are your plans? You're here now and you said you intend to stay. What will you do?"

Alexa blushed a little as she drank some of her wine. "I've been pondering that. I contacted your university and explained my situation and asked if a transfer of my records and scores was possible. Once they viewed them, along with my scores from high school, they seemed very amenable to my attending and even offered me a scholarship."

"That's wonderful!" my mom said gleefully. "I barely know what to say! You'll stay here with of, of course, right?

"Oh, I couldn't impose like that," Alexa said hastily. "I couldn't keep disrupting your family life like this."

There was silence at the table for a moment. Alexa then continued. "We haven't really discussed it, Karen, but mom left me a very generous inheritance, so I can easily find a place for myself, whether I attend the university or not. I've also got your share of the inheritance, incidentally. We'll discuss how I can transfer it to you later."

Mom cleared her throat and smiled. "That's very generous, Alexa. Michael and I are doing well enough, however, so perhaps we should talk about giving my share to your nephew so he has a nest egg when he graduates?"

Alexa smiled at me. "That sounds like a brilliant compromise. But back to my original point, I couldn't stay here and impose on you."

"Nonsense," my mother said firmly. "I only just got you back in my life, what makes you think I want to see you move away so quickly?"

"Well, if I go to the university, it's not like I'll be far away," Alexa reasoned.

"Oh, please," my mom almost snorted. "There are some weeks I barely see my husband and that's just because he works on another area of the campus. If it weren't for this house, I'd never see him."

My mom looked at me now. "Alex, I'm going to ask you something and I promise you we will all abide by your decision happily. Would you possibly be adverse to allowing my sister to stay in your room over the summer while she decides what she wants to do?"

I made a show of thinking about it, although I knew what the answer was before she'd finished asking the question. I finally nodded.

"Okay, that's cool. Alexa can keep my room. I'm happy to help."

My mom put her hand over her mouth as she tried not to cry in relief. My dad gave me a big grin and a pat on the shoulder. Alexa looked at me, her face at first a mask of no emotion but then a warm smile grew over it and she nodded.

"Thank you, Alex," she said. "It will feel like I have a family."

"You do," mom said, getting out her chair and hugging Alexa. "We are your family, silly."

I continued eating, waiting for the waterworks to stop.

Good thing I'd taken a lot of food.

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"I'm very proud of what you did tonight, Alex," my mom said as she washed dishes and I dried them. "This whole situation was pretty much thrust on you and you've adapted very well."

"Thanks," I said as I dried a plate and stacked it away. "Gotta be a team player in a family, right?"

"It helps in cases like this," mom agreed. "But I know it'll be a big change for you. And that brings me to another subject."

"Oh? What's that?" I asked, having a small dread that I knew what it was.

Mom paused in her washing. "I'm glad that you're going to try to get along with my sister. I'm glad you two have so quickly begun setting your rules and boundaries, like she's not going to feel like she has to be an authority figure just because she's your aunt. But you'll need to get used to the fact that Alexa is sometimes... different in how she reacts to things and interacts."

"Like what?"

"Well, Europeans are much more... oh, tactile than North Americans tend to be," she explained. "Remember how she kept touching us all through dinner when she was talking with us? That's what they're like, it's part of the way they express themselves and has been for a long time. For continental Europeans it's very much a part of their culture. Not just touching but they also hug much more freely than we do. Your dad and I already resolved that we'll embrace this trait in her, so to speak, but I just want you to be aware of it and not be weirded out by it."

"So it's just her being her if she touches my arm or shoulder while she's talking to me or hugging me when we greet one another?" I asked, knowing the answer and very pleased with it, but determined to play dumb and maybe a little reticent about the practice.

"Yes," mom confirmed. "If it gets uncomfortable for some reason, Alex, just tell me and I'll have a little talk with her. I doubt it'll upset her, she's a reasonable girl. I just know you can be territorial about your personal space and want you to at least try and adapt for her, okay?"

"Uh, well, I'll try," I said hesitantly, scratching my head for effect. "No promises but I'll try."

"That's all I ask..." mom said as she nodded in satisfaction and continued with the dishes.

***

I was sitting on my bed later that night, propped up on pillows and working on my laptop. Most guys my age would have been surfing porn, but I was cross-referencing websites about early Iron Age migration patterns and when different language groups came in contact with one another. Dorky, I know, but there's all the time in the world for porn.

Then my computer bipped at me and an icon appeared in the top left corner, indicating I had a Facebook message. It was from Alexa and it indicated that she wanted to be friends on our social media. I clicked 'accept', of course, and she messaged me seconds later, saying she was thrilled that I'd be friends with her here.

'It's so nice to be able to do this!' she typed, punctuating her messages with little thumbs up and heart emojis. 'My mother and I didn't dare have any of you on Facebook or even email in case you were found out, but now we can talk on here all we like!'

'I'm happy about that too,' I replied, smiling as I typed. 'It's a part of my family I didn't even know I was missing, so this is a great chance to make up for lost time.'

'Ikr? I cannot believe how sweet you are all being to me! Thank you so much for everything!'

We conversed back and forth for a while about small things before she seemed to have an idea.

'Alex, do you have Skype? If you do, let's use it! Seems silly to just type when we could talk, even if we are only two floors away from one another!'

I responded that I did have Skype on my laptop and gave her my information. Less than three minutes later, she was calling me and I opened a chat window. I was greeted by her gorgeous face, beaming at me in the low light of my former bedroom.

"Hi, Alex!" she giggled, waving. "This is a great idea, so much more personal than just a messenger system!"

"You'll get no argument from me there," I replied, grinning. "The room meeting your needs?"

"Oh, definitely," she said, nodding. "I'll try to not take over it too much over the summer and rob it of your identity, I promise."

"Hey, do what you need to do," I said shrugging. "I'm not some ten year-old boy worried about cooties and girl-stink."

She laughed and I could make out her shoulders. She seemed to be wearing a sports bra.

"You exercising?" I asked, hoping for a better view.

She looked at me for a moment. "How could you tell?"

"I saw your sports bra for just a moment while you were laughing," I replied.

"Oh," she remarked, looking at one of her shoulders for a second. "I thought you could only see my face and neck. Thought I'd leave a little mystery as to what else I was wearing. Don't want to be a complete open book the very first day I arrive, right?"

"I guess not," I said agreeably. "Well, as you can see, I'm wearing a plain ol' white t-shirt."

She nodded. "I was doing my yoga exercises just before I messaged you. Sports bra's kind of a necessity, because a regular bra just doesn't offer the support for, um..."

"Your indomitable turgor pressure?" I quipped, smirking.

She giggled and nodded. "Yes, my cups runneth over, I admit it. Nice of you to find a funny and intelligent way to say it rather than something more ribald."

"I imagine you must expect that from most of us colonials, right?"

"It was hard to know what to expect, to be honest," she admitted. "I mean, even though I'm actually from here, growing up all over Europe and meeting various tourists from North America gave me a lot of different impressions."

"It's weird to think you've never been back here," I suggested, trying hard to not focus on her neckline now that she'd relaxed the laptop. I could just make out the upper part of the swell of her breasts. "Mom said you've been all over the world with my grandmother but she never dared bring you back here."

Alexa nodded again. "I've been to Israel, Egypt, India, Japan, China, Thailand and Australia, all over Europe, of course, and even to Brazil. But she never took me home, in case my father found out somehow."

I shook my head. "Gonna take me time to adjust to all this, it seems surreal, like a story I'm just reading. You're lucky, though, getting to see all those places. I'd love to do stuff like that."

She smiled warmly. "You will, Alex. I know your mom and dad both want to do some traveling after their next big papers are done, so you'll get the chance to then. Maybe I'll go with you guys, act as a guide."

"That'd be great," I said, grinning. "You'll know all the best everything first-hand."

She nodded and then thought for a moment. "So what were you doing before I messaged you?"

"Oh, nothing important," I said dismissively. "Just looking and cross-referencing some maps about Indo-European language migration through the Balkans. Just idle speculation on my part. Trust me, talking to you is more fun."

"Well, that's good to hear," she replied, winking. "Hey, want to watch me finish up my yoga? I don't have a partner any more, so maybe just someone to keep me company?"

"So just sit here and watch and talk to you?" I asked. "Sure."

She nodded happily and put her laptop on the dresser, with the camera facing out into the room. She made sure I could see her and then went to her yoga mat, which was laid out on the floor. She stepped back and I had to keep my eyes from bugging out of my head- Alexa was wearing just the sports bra and some silk, boy-cut boxers. She kept her hair back in a long braid and took a wide stance on the mat, facing me.

I watched her intently, captivated by her incredible body. As I'd suspected, her waist was tiny and her hips were not as

big as her bust but she was still blessed with curves. Her legs were long and supple, very athletic. Everything about her was an erotic fantasy and even though I knew she was raised European and had different ideas of modesty, I couldn't help but fantasize that she was showing off her body to me, trying to turn me on.

And it was working.

I could feel my cock stirring in my pants but I couldn't touch myself as long as my computer was sitting on my lap. She spread her legs farther apart as she went into a lower stance and then pulled her torso to one side, stretching. Her incredible breasts, barely contained by her sports bra, squashed against her taut thigh.

I watched in wonder as she took half an hour to make it through several poses, my favourite of which was where she was lying on her stomach and arching her back before grabbing her heels. Her huge tits kept her from rocking forward and she really had to arch her back almost into a semicircle to make the pose effective. If only she'd been facing me, but I was getting the side view. My cock was

throbbing and hard inside my boxers but I didn't touch it, for fear she'd figure out what I was doing.

She finally relaxed and then knelt, taking deep breaths. Her skin was glistening with a thin sheen of cleansing sweat. She approached her laptop and smiled prettily.

"Thanks for staying with me," she said gently. "I'm going to go take a shower now. Talk to you when I get back!" She then waved and wiggled out of the room.

I laid back on my bed and took a deep breath. I still had a huge hard-on and desperately wanted to rub one out, but refrained. One issue with staying in the basement was that the water pipes from all the plumbing were just on the other side of a door into a small room at the back. I could hear water draining through them as she took her shower.

This gave me an idea.

Since I would hear the water turning off, I'd know when she was done with her shower. I jumped off my bed and

retrieved my second laptop. While it wasn't quite as powerful as the first one, it did have one distinct advantage in that had a detachable webcam. I placed the laptop I was Skyping with on my bed, facing the big mound of pillows I was propping myself up on.

I then inserted the webcam deep inside the mass of pillows, making sure that it could not be seen but that the lens was clearly focused on my computer screen. I then hurried over to the second laptop and activated the camera, taking a few minutes to make sure it was in perfect focus. I now had a crystal-clear view of my old room.

I was sitting off to the side of the room at the old desk we kept down there, watching the screen intently, making sure everything was on the correct settings. Then I heard the water stop and maybe two minutes later, Alexa walked back into the bedroom, clad only in a towel, her wet hair clinging to her shoulders. She stepped up close to the webcam and smiled, clearly expecting to see me.

"Alex?"

She looked confused for a moment. "You there?"

All she could see was my pillows. She made a face for a moment and then shuffled off to the back of the room, near the side of my old bed. Facing away from me, she dropped the towel and I gaped in amazement as her incredible behind came into view. It was perfect, small and taut, muscular from playing some type of sport, obviously. Her tiny waist led into her graceful back, which her wet hair clung to. She bent over slightly, not enough to show me anything except how perfectly-shaped her butt was. She found another pair of silky boy-cut boxers and put them on, one leg at a time.

She then took out a small white tank-top and wiggled it down over her head and shoulders, just turning to the side for the briefest of moments as she pulled it over her breasts- I saw them for a split second, huge and magnificent, with tiny aereolas and nipples. They were very perky in spite of their size, which was unusual but not unheard of for really fit women with strong backs. I looked at the corner of my secondary computer screen, making sure it was recording everything it saw.

She then came back to her laptop and knelt in front of it, pursing her lips and looking either confused or distressed. Clearly she was waiting on me and didn't know where I was. I paused the recording and hurried back to my spot on the bed, crawling on and pulling my laptop back onto my lap, careful not to crush the hidden webcam behind me in the pillows.

"There you are," she said, brightening up when she saw me. "Welcome back."

"Sorry, went to the bathroom," I lied, hoping I had no facial tics or tells that might give me away. "Have a nice shower?"

"Very," she said, nodding. "North American water pressure is quite a bit stronger, generally, so it was very cleansing. I'm not used to a detachable shower head, either."

"Yeah, that'd be mom's idea," I replied, making a wry face. "You probably don't want to know why. God knows I don't."

She giggled at my ribald statement and then propped her chin on her hands, staring at me. Then there was a knock at her door.

"Alexa? How are you, darling?" called my mom from the other side of the door.

Alexa thought for a split second and them put a finger over her lips to shush me. She tapped away on her keyboard for a moment before going over to answer the door. She welcomed my mom into the room, giving her a hug as she did so.

"I was just talking to some friends back in Berlin, updating them on what's happened since my arrival." Alexa said, pointing at her computer screen. It may have sounded initially like a lie, but there was no guarantee she wasn't also Skyping with friends back in Europe while talking to me, was there? It was, perhaps, mere obfuscation, in case my mother thought it was not right for her sister to be Skyping with her son.

My mom looked at the computer screen and smiled. "I'm glad you're able to keep up with your friends and life beck there while you're adjusting here. We'll do everything we can to make sure you feel comfortable."

"Thanks, Karen," Alexa said, smiling warmly and clasping her hands as they sat on the edge of the bed. "That means a lot to me."

Mom nodded. "And really, don't worry about Alex if he seems a little distant or difficult. He'll warm up to you, I promise. It's probably just hard for him to accept that there's an entire aspect to his family life now that he was never aware of of."

Alexa smiled. "I hope so, he seems so nice, I really want to get to know him."

Mom put her hands on Alexa's upper arms and gave them a squeeze. "Be his friend instead of trying to be his aunt and he'll be fine. Michael has no siblings so Alex has no cousins aunts or uncles from that side of the family, just his looney grandparents."

Alexa giggled. "Mom told me what she knew about them. I look forward to meeting them some day."

"We'll see what we can do. Anyways, Michael and I will see you in the morning. You make sure you get a good night sleep, okay?"

"I promise." Alexa said, leaning in and giving her sister a hug and a kiss before my mom left, closing the door behind her. Alexa sat still for a moment before coming back to the computer and pressing some buttons. Then she grinned at me.

"Sorry about that," she said. "Didn't know how my sister would react to me Skyping her son while he was in her basement."

"I get that." I replied, shrugging. "So, the thing about your friends. Was that a lie or a partial truth?"

"Partial truth," she admitted. "I was conversing with them right before you and their webcam is still open, even though they've gone to bed. So it was simply an omission of all facts."

"Clever," I chuckled. "You don't strike me as the lying type."

"I'm glad," she said. Then her voice took on a note of concern. "But what your mom said, about you needing time to warm up to me and come around? Alex, I'm not bothering you, am I?"

"Not at all," I said, shaking my head. "To be honest, I'm amazed at how well I'm getting along with you and I like you already. I guess it really helps that you're my age, not at all what I expected. We're cool, Alexa, no lie."

"Thank God," she said, seeming genuinely relieved. "She had me worried there for a minute."

"I do like trolling my mother and messing with her head, though, so I'll probably continue to pretend this is difficult for me as long as she's around."

Alexa giggled at the thought. "That's so sassy of you! You're a brat, I love it! Well, I'd hate to give it away, so I'll play along when she's around or your father. So what about when they're not?"

"Like I said," I grinned. "We're cool in every way. Be your normal, huggy self."

"I can do that," she agreed. "I suppose I'd better turn in. But I do have a weird question for you."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Well, my friends and I, we often leave our Skype or webcams on overnight, sort of a 'watch over one another' thing. Do you... do you want me to include you in that?"

I thought about what she was suggesting. "That all there is to it? We just keep our webcams trained on each other's beds all night and if one of us wakes up, it's easy to see the other person's not raped or murdered or anything?"

She snickered at the imagery. "It sounds pretty dumb when you put it that way, since you're in the basement of the house I'm staying in. But yes, that's the gist of it. Only difference is, normally I sleep naked."

"Yeah, I do too." I said.

"Well, obviously if we're going to keep our webcams on, we'll have to have some clothes involved," she pointed out. "Does my current attire work for you?"

"Yup," I said, standing and showing her how I was dressed, just my t-shirt and boxers. "Can you live with this?"

She smirked. "You're a guy, you can lose the shirt if you need to. This isn't the 1600's."

"Thank God for that." I muttered, stripping off my shirt and exposing my chest and waist to her. She giggled and made a fanning motion.

"Ooh la-la," she cooed, winking. "Quite a swimmer's build you've got there, nephew-mine."

"So I've been told," I remarked, pleased by her reaction. "My dad keep telling me that one day my body will grown into my brain."

She put her hand over her mouth and giggled. "Well, if Gigantor says you will, then you probably will. That man is ungodly huge. I really hope your mom's a cowgirl."

"Oh, ew," I replied, wrinkling my nose in distaste at the image of my parents fucking. "There's an image I didn't need."

"It's not so bad if you're not their kid," she lilted, smirking at my discomfiture. "Your parents are pretty awesome, Alex. I owe them a lot."

"Well, just try not to pay them back by making my eyes bleed with that sort of imagery, okay?" I insisted.

"I promise," she said, smiling and winking. "Alright, my computer's set up where it will be staying for the night, I'll give you a moment to place yours."

I nodded and looked around the room, deciding on a TV tray, which I set up close to the bed, enough to let her see the length of my body. I also subtly removed the webcam from between my pillows and put it with the other one. I then clambered onto the bed and smiled at her.

"It gets really dark down here, Alexa, so I'm gonna switch the camera's mode to starlight so you can see me through a creepy green and black filter, okay?"

She nodded, already back on her own bed and pulling up the sheets. "Sounds great Alex. See you in the morning."

She blew me a kiss and laid down, probably falling into a deep sleep by the time her head hot the pillow. I watched her for a few moments before turning off my own lights and then drifting off to sleep, making sure I had my sheets secured around my waist, in case she woke up and looked my way. If I was going to have the dreams I expected to have, I didn't want to be sporting a massive boner the first time she saw me.

Chapter 2- Becoming Good Friends

I was waking the following morning because someone was caressing my hair. Gentle fingers stroked through it as a soft voice gently lifted me out of slumber.

"Hey, sleepyhead," said a newly familiar voice. "Ready to join the living?"

I rolled onto my back and groaned my way through a big stretch while Alexa, my nineteen year-old aunt, sat next to me. I was vaguely aware of a soft source of light not far away and assumed that she must have turned on a lamp when she came down so she could see when she woke my up.

I blinked my eyes awake and saw her sitting next to me on the edge of my bed. Her hand was still in my hair but she wasn't looking at my face. She was, in fact, looking down my body and wearing a rather amused smirk.

I looked down and went pale- beneath the sheet that was covering me, I was sporting a huge erection.

"Oh, shit!" I said hastily as I sat up, almost bringing my knees to my chest in attempt to hide my shame. "I'm... oh, God, I'm so sorry, Alexa!"

She gave me a wry grin. "Why? Because you're a functional male who gets morning wood? What's to be offended about? Were you raping kittens in your sleep?"

I shook my head. "No, of course not."

"So, then you either have to go to the bathroom or were having perfectly normal dreams, what's the big deal pardon the expression."

"I... I'm just sorry you saw me like this." I said, no doubt still crimson with embarrassment.

"Oh, please," she said, rolling her eyes and smiling. "There's co-ed changerooms all over Europe. If I had a nickel for every uncircumcised johnson that I saw in the shower or tenting a blanket during a camping trip..."

She smiled at me. "Trust me, it's not a problem, Alex. Would you expect me to be embarrassed if my nipples started involuntarily poking out of my shirt if I got cold?"

"No, I guess not." I said.

"It's not like you showed up in my room, waving that thing in my face, you were asleep." Alexa reasoned. "Anyway, I didn't come down here to freak you out. It's six am and I meant to ask if your parents went running or something, because they're not here."

"Oh, uh, yeah," I said, trying to distract myself from my hard-on, which seemed determined to not go away. "Yeah, they run in the morning every day before they go to work."

"Hm, I should probably go with them, if they wouldn't mind," she mused, staring off at the wall and mercifully no longer at my erection. "What do you think?"

"Well, if you're a runner it's not a bad idea, they're pretty dedicated. I've thought about going with them, but never really did."

"Just something to consider, then," she said, smiling and now giving my knee a squeeze. "Well, I'll go back upstairs and leave you to your, um, business. Your mom bought some European-style coffee for me and I'm going to make some, if you want any."

She then turned and wiggled her way up the stairs. This was the first time I noticed she was wearing her tank top and boxers from the night before. And it still looked completely amazing on her.

Once she was gone, I sank bank onto my bed, my hands over my voice and groaning in despair. Why the hell did she have to come down at that moment? I couldn't even remember what I was dreaming about now! All I could

picture was my boner and her looking on in bemusement, wondering what sort of pervert I was.

I slung my feet out of bed and trudged my way toward the bathroom. Taking a leak didn't help, so I began running my hands under ice-cold water from the faucet and stared at the toilet brush. Soon enough, my third leg was gone and I could safely go upstairs. I put on a robe and shuffled up to the kitchen, where Alexa was making the strong-smelling coffee. She beamed a lovely smile at me and came over to give me a hug.

"Good to see you, Alex," she whispered in my ear. "Thanks for coming up."

"No problem," I replied, hugging her back. "Sorry about earlier."

"I told you, silly, no worries." Alexa said, smiling at me now and releasing me to continue making coffee. I was glad to see she'd also put on a robe, which was probably a good idea for when my folks got home. She was wearing it somewhat

loosely and the swell of her bosom pulled the top apart and definitely created some cleavage.

She finished the coffee and poured us each a large cup. I was amused when she added sweetened condensed milk to hers, but apparently it was something she'd learned in Thailand, so I just ran with it. Me, I took my coffee black. We leaned against the kitchen island and conversed for a few minutes, perfectly comfortable with our proximity to one another, no more than two feet apart.

"Hey, may I asked you something?" Alexa interjected. I nodded my assent. "Well, I'm crazy about taking pictures in my life and I have absolutely none of you or the two of us. May I take our very first picture together?"

I nodded again and she seemed very pleased. She fished a small cellphone out of her robe pocket and then came over to me and snuggled into my side. She held the camera up over us and snapped a few pictures. On the last one she turned her head and kissed my cheek, causing my eyes to go wide and her to giggle.

But then we heard the front door opening and I immediately retreated to the far side of the island, where I sat on a stool and continued drinking my coffee. Alexa winked at me right before my parents came in.

"Hey, you!" my mom said brightly as she saw her sister. She and dad were both wearing their jogging sweats and judging by the look of them, they'd run to the moon and back, they were both soaked. Regardless, Alexa hugged them both and offered to make them coffee. They said maybe after they showered and changed, since they were both sweating messes. But then my mom saw me sitting on the far side of the island, as far away as I could be while still technically inhabiting the kitchen with them.

"Alex!" mom scolded, giving me a look. "Act like a higher primate and get over here and be sociable! Have you even said one word to your aunt yet?"

"Yeah," I said plainly. "She was telling me all about Thai coffee right before you got home."

"All the same, quit being such a grump and join the rest of us!" mom said firmly. I sighed and pulled up a seat closer to them, now part of the group. Mom nodded, finally satisfied with my efforts to be sociable.

"Okay, Mike and I are going to go get cleaned up and then we'll be back. Alex, be a gracious host for a change and talk to your aunt."

With that, the two of them went upstairs and we waited until we heard the door to their bedroom close. Once it did, Alexa exhaled and giggled.

"Nice acting there, Olivier," she quipped reaching over and tousling my hair. "I think you've got them completely fooled."

"Thanks," I replied, pleased for whatever reason with her reaction. "As long as you know it's just an act."

"I wouldn't if I weren't in on the the gag," she said, grinning. "I guess my part is to just pretend to be patient, right?"

"I have no idea, to be honest," I admitted. "I've never pretended to not like a girl before."

"So you do like me," she almost purred, grinning again. "Well that's good to know, because I'd hate to think you were just putting up with me or humouring me."

"No, I genuinely like you," I replied. "You're a lot cooler and more fun than I thought you would be."

"How do you know I'm cool or fun?" she asked, raising an eyebrow. "We haven't even left the house since I got here yesterday."

I shrugged. "No one who's traveled Europe and sleeps with a webcam trained on them can be boring. I was expecting more of a scholarly dork like my mother, not to mention someone close to her age."

"Well, thank you, that means a lot to me," she said, smiling prettily and giving my hand a squeeze. "And I'm finding

you quite fun to be around as well. It's good to already have a friend."

"Yeah, it is, isn't it?" I mused, smiling.

"So what do you think we'll be doing today?" she asked, her hand still on mine.

"I dunno," I replied, thinking about it. "Do you wanna go with mom and dad to the university and check it out?"

She thought about that. "Well, maybe. Will you come along to show me around?"

I nodded. "Sure, I'd be happy to. My courses finished early last week but there'll still be lots of people around and it'll be lively."

"Perfect!" she exclaimed, clearly delighted to have me along so she didn't have to meander alone.

We waited for my parents to come downstairs and Alexa gave them coffee. Then she sprang her question.

"So I was wondering if I might accompany you two today to the campus?" she suggested in a tentative voice. "Thought I would give it the once-over, maybe start getting a feel for if it's where I want to be."

Mom and dad looked at one another and then back at her. "That's not a bad idea, Alexa, but we'll both be busy all day," my mother said. "We won't exactly be around to give you a tour."

"Oh, okay." Alexa said. "I can still go and walk around on my own, then just meet you when it's time to come back."

"Nonsense," my dad snorted, pausing in drinking his coffee and looking at me. "Alex, you go with her, show her around."

I raised an eyebrow. "Me."

"Yes, you," dad said, staring at me levelly. "It's not like you have anything better to do. I heard you talking to one of your friends the other day, saying that your plans for today included playing video games and stuffing your face."

I sighed, clearly resigned to my task.

"Oh, cheer up, peanut," she mom said cheerfully. "Be polite and show your aunt around and we'll all go out to that Mongolian grill for dinner after your dad and I are done. Playing tour guide for one day won't kill you."

Alexa looked at me with her eyebrow raised. "Peanut?"

I went scarlet as I sat there and she began giggling. My dad chuckled and needlessly explained. "Used to be one of his childhood nicknames, that and 'Thunky'."

"Thunky..." Alexa choked out, trying not to burst out laughing.

"Yeah, your sister called him 'Peanut' because he was so cute," dad continued. "I called him 'Thunky' because his head was gigantic on a tiny body. Like an orange on a toothpick. His head made a 'thunk' noise on the floor whenever he got unbalanced and tipped over, hence 'Thunky'."

It was too much. Rather than burst, Alexa chose to let it out and began laughing hysterically. Her cup trembled on the table from her hand shaking so hard. Even my mom was snickering at my father's rather blunt explanation of how I acquired my nicknames. I just sat there sullenly, taking my licks and knowing better than to try and respond.

"Alright, alright," I groused. "Anything to make this stop."

"Thank you, baby," my mom said before getting up and walking away. "Be ready in about forty-five minutes." My dad stood up and joined her, heading upstairs. Alexa was still snickering when I looked at her. She stopped and cleared her throat, composing herself.

"So," she said quietly. "Thank you for doing this, Alex. It means a lot to me."

"Well, in spite of all that nonsense, I'm still happy to do it," I sighed. "Just promise me that'll you'll try to find out embarrassing crap about me directly from me so that I don't have to go through that again."

"Oh, that all depends," Alexa said, tracing a finger around the edge of her coffee cup. "If you tell the stories as humorously as your dad does, then I'll agree. Otherwise, I'm going to him for the dirt on you."

"Yeah, my dad's a regular bard, isn't he?" I muttered. "For the record, I'm pretty damn funny when I choose to be. At least let me attempt to tell you before you go running back to him. After all, saving some shred of my dignity is all I'm gonna come away with from this."

"Oh, not true," she said as she finished her coffee and came around the table to hug me from behind, her arms around my chest and her breasts squashed into my back. "You're

making your new friend Alexa feel very welcome and at home. And she appreciates it."

And then she gave me a kiss on the cheek and squeezed me before heading upstairs. As she was ascending she slipped off her robe, revealing her tank-top and boxers from last night. She looked back at me and winked before disappearing.

I sighed and went downstairs, still feeling her arms around my and her lips on my cheek.

And yet another damn boner.

***

"So are you two going to ride with us?" mom asked as we were all getting ready to head out the door.

"I think it makes more sense for me to take her in my car," I replied, checking my jeans for my keys. "That way if she

finishes touring or gets bored we're not reliant on you for mobility."

"That sounds good," she said before looking at Alexa. "Make sure he actually talks in the car and tries to be engaging, okay?"

I rolled my eyes as Alexa giggled and nodded. Out we went and clambered into our vehicles. We had three, since mom and dad each had one and I had my car. As we were pulling out of the driveway, Alexa was looking at the property. I couldn't help but notice how remarkably pretty she looked, wearing her golden hair in a long braid, a form-fitting printed t-shirt with a v-neckline and another pair of the European jeans that looked like they were painted on her. She was wonderful to look at.

"You guys have a nice backyard," she remarked. "Is that a hot tub on the veranda?"

"Yup," I replied, nodding. "I like it, use it a lot after a good workout."

"Ooh, gotta try that," she said, grinning. She pulled out her phone and began recording herself, speaking to the camera in what sounded to me like Danish. She pointed the camera at me and mentioned my name but I was driving and didn't turn my face toward it. After about a minute she put it away and smiled happily. "So what'll we do when we get to campus?"

"Depends, I guess. Am I right in assuming you're more interested in the arts like me, rather than the applied sciences like my mom and dad?"

She nodded. "I can do cold, hard math and chem, but they're not my passion. I'm more into history and other humanities, anthropology and so on."

"Then you'll need to check out the same part of campus I attend," Alex concluded. "There's a cluster of buildings where the liberal arts and humanities are all taught, it's pretty convenient. Some student housing nearby and a nice commons building where we can grab something to eat when you get hungry."

We talked some more about the campus and what we were both thinking of studying. We eventually entered the university grounds and we pulled off from following my dad's vehicle. He waved out the window as we went our own way. Alexa spent a lot of time looking at the campus and the buildings, along with the grounds. She remarked about it being pretty.

"I'm sure a lot of the buildings look really new to you." I mentioned as I drove. "I know some of the universities in Europe are nearly a thousand years old and some of the buildings must be a few centuries. Oldest buildings here are maybe a hundred."

"It's still very pretty to look at," she said, still staring. "Oh, are there always deer walking around randomly on campus?"

"Yeah, it happens quite a bit," I replied. "It's one of the attractive features of coming here, so students know better to mess with them. The faculty and the student council

have come down like the Hammer of Thor on morons who harass the fauna."

"That's encouraging to hear. So you'll just be my tour guide around the place while I check things out? I don't plan to register today or anything."

I nodded. "Sounds good. We'll wander around and I'll tell you about all the buildings and some of our profs."

We eventually found a parking lot near the building I took most of my courses in and parked. I got out of the car and started to show her around. Predictably by now, Alexa had her cellphone out and was taking pictures of everything that caught her attention. She put her arm through mine casually as we walked and I made no demur. It felt nice to have a pretty girl on my arm, even if she was my aunt.

Not that anyone around us knew that.

I was indeed getting subtle looks from people as we walked around, with me pointing things out to her and laughing as

I told her stories about some of the insane things that had happened on campus. I waved to quite a few people who called out to me as we walked by.

"Well, you seem popular," Alexa said lightly as we strolled around. "Especially for a freshman. Your girlfriend here on campus with you?"

I looked down at her. "What girlfriend?"

She now looked back up at me. "Am I to understand you don't have a girl? How the hell is that possible?"

"I dunno," I replied, shrugging. "I've mostly been focusing on my studies, to be honest. Yeah, there's a few girls I've gone out with, but nothing long-term or serious."

"That's hard to believe, you're so handsome," she said, as if it was common knowledge. "Are girls really this frigid around here?"

"It's probably not that," I said, blushing. "And it's not that I'm playing hard to get, either. It's just that, well, none of the girls around are worth spending my time on when I could be acing my studies and other activities."

"So you don't even have a casual partner, a fuck-buddy?" she almost exclaimed loudly, as if she couldn't believe what she was hearing.

She stopped our walk and looked up at me, her eyes serious. "You're not a virgin, are you?"

I almost laughed. "No, I'm not a virgin," I said as I made us resume our walk. "I'm not the most experienced guy out there, but I've been with a my share of girls and they never complained. It was just never serious for me."

"Well, that's good to hear," she said. "At least you're not some big, slobbering virgin."

"I take it your life in Europe was not without its hedonistic trysts?" I inquired.

She smiled. "It's safe to say I've been active, not to mention I'm bisexual," she stated, taking another picture of us as we walked. "So I've always had it easy when it came to finding playmates."

"I'd imagine so, looking the way you do." I added, smiling and giving her arm I was holding a squeeze.

"Oh, that's sweet of you," she said, beaming a smile at me and returning the squeeze. "But seriously, you should at least find a girl who can be a friend with benefits for you, Alex. You're going to explode if you don't."

"Sounds great, but most of the girls I would consider for that role wouldn't go for it and the ones who would I am worried have more diseases than a biological weapons lab. People don't really carry around sexual resumes here."

She giggled and put her cheek to my shoulder for a moment, snuggling me as we walked. The she saw a sign

and her eyes lit up. "You have a hedge maze here on campus? Show me, I love hedge mazes!"

Our university did indeed have a hedge maze, thanks to our established and renowned botanical sciences department. We also had a small but decent Japanese garden as well as a Victorian one. I told her we'd see those later but for now, the hedge maze.

The university was proud of it, and rightly so. It was very well-maintained and the walls were thick and lustrous. It was also quite high, the best part of ten feet. Overhead lights were spaced around the maze and turned on after dark to prevent excessive abuse of the dark and remote locale. During the weekdays during class hours, though, traffic was minimal.

In we went and she seemed genuinely thrilled to be walking around. Her camera saw plenty of use as we wandered about. The walkways were carpeted with lush green grass and just wide enough for Alexa and I to walk side-by-side if she pressed a little closer to me. Eventually I just put my arm around her.

"That feels nice," she said softly. "It's nice to have someone you can be comfortable with physically."

"Yeah, it is." I agreed, smiling down at her. We walked around for a bit, determined to get lost. Finally we found the center of the maze, a small open area with a small sculpture at the center, a bronze sphere sitting on top of a tapering stone plinth. It was maybe five feet tall and had a plaque with a Latin inscription. She took a picture of us in front of it, wearing cheesy grins.

"Sedit qui timuit ne non succederet. Do you speak Latin?" she asked, looking at the plaque.

I nodded. "Yeah, it says 'He who feared he would not succeed sat still'. Do you speak it?"

She giggled. "Of course, silly. Latin and Greek, in addition to the languages of the places I've lived. Karen says you're really good with languages too."

"I guess I am and I love learning them and analyzing them," I replied, nodding. "I don't speak anything exotic like Danish, though. I speak Latin, French and a little bit of other languages I've taught myself."

"Mmmm, I love French," she mused as she leaned back against the sculpture and looked up at me. "One of my favourite languages to speak. So pretty and meaningful. Say something to me in French, I want to hear how your voice sounds when you speak it."

I thought for a moment, not happy about being put on the spot but also not the least bit interested in disappointing her. I considered for a moment and smiled at her.

"Tu as de très beaux yeux." I said. I meant it too. That made it easy for the words to come right away. Alexa blushed at my statement for a moment and then smiled at me, her sapphire eyes dancing.

"Tu penses vraiment cela?" she asked.

"Qui ne voudrait pas?" I replied, grinning.

She fanned herself at the compliment, still blushing a little. "More women need to speak French around here, your voice will make their panties drop, for sure."

"I dunno about that." I chuckled.

"I'm serious," she protested, trying to look mildly indignant that I'd dared to disagree with her. "Your accent is not quite Parisian, but it's certainly not bumpkin or provincial. It was lovely to hear, trust me."

"Well now I'm flattered." I said, smiling. "So say something to me in one of the other languages you speak."

She thought about this for a moment and then smiled up at me. "Aš esu labai traukia jus."

I tilted my head. "What did that mean?"

She smirked and winked. "I guess you'll just have to learn Lithuanian if you want to find out."

"Not fair!" I laughed, pulling her to me and hugging her. She laughed and squirmed as I tickled her sides. I relented after a few seconds and she held me tight as she caught her breath. She finally looked up at me, seemingly confused.

"You're sure you're not a virgin, right? Because girls should be throwing themselves at you, I'm telling you. You're funny, charming, smart, good-looking and genuinely nice. So what's wrong with the women here?"

"I'm flattered and I couldn't say." I replied. "Maybe none of them are as great as you."

She blushed at what I said and then thought for a moment. "D'you know what a Dutch kiss is?"

I shook my head.

"It's basically just a kiss you give someone for any old reason," she explained. "Just spreading affection across the world. I'll give you one because you deserve one."

"If you say so," was my response. "What do I do?"

"Kiss me back is all you need to do. It's not weird because I'm your aunt, is it?"

I laughed again. "We've already established that particular dynamic doesn't work for us, so yeah, it shouldn't be a problem."

"Good," she said, turning us around so I was now the one against the sculpture. "Now don't be tense, a Dutch Kiss is just for the hell of it, okay?"

I nodded.

She certainly didn't seem nervous about it, since she put her arms around me and pressed her lips to mine, kissing me

firmly. I put my arms around her back and returned the kiss, thrilling to the feel of her soft body pressed to mine. Her wonderful breasts squashed to my chest, her trim stomach flat with mine and our hips touching. I felt I stir down there I had no hope of preventing, but she didn't respond to it.

Her lips were warm, tasting of a lightly cherry gloss. Her hair was next to my face and smelled of herbs. Her fingers flexed on my back and she hummed very lightly into my mouth. I'd kissed plenty of girls before, but it had never been like this.

She slowly broke the kiss and looked into my eyes, a hint of a smile on her face. "See? A Dutch Kiss. And you did well."

"Thanks," I said, smiling back. "Like you said, kiss for the hell of it, right? Now I just need to find girls to practice on."

She sighed whimsically and grinned. "Well, if you find no one smart enough to volunteer, I suppose you can rely on me."

"Sounds good," I replied. "Assuming, of course, that my parents or anyone they know don't find out."

"Good point," she admitted. "Teaching my nephew how to Dutch kiss, Karen may not quite understand."

"Then we won't tell her, okay?"

"Deal," Alexa said, leaning in again and giving me another kiss. We then stood and she put her arm through mine while looking around the center of the maze. "Crap, I don't even know where we came in, do you?"

"Possibly, but I think it'd be more fun to rely on your confusion to escape our prison." I declared, putting my hand over her eyes to shut them and then spinning her in place a few times. She giggled and protested but did not stop me. I finally stopped her and let her lean on me while she recovered and then told her to pick a direction.

She pointed somewhat dazedly in a random direction and I led her into one of the lanes of the maze. She sighed and put her head on my shoulder as we walked, having no clue where we were going and not really trying, either. I don't think we were ready to escape the maze yet.

Ten minutes later, we still hadn't found our way out. She leaned against me, laughing. I held her gently and she finally looked up at me.

"Alex, it's okay for you to hold me, you know. I won't break and I've been held tight by plenty of people I liked a lot less than you."

I nodded, determined to keep up with her. I put my arms around her and held her tight, loving the feel of her luscious body against mine. She caressed my back as we hugged and then smelled my chest.

"You really do smell nice," she said softly. "Not just what you're wearing but your body scent."

"Thanks," I said, my cheek against the head. "I've gotta admit, your scent really does it for me too."

"I noticed," she giggled, causing me to blush. She smiled and patted my chest. "Oh, don't be silly and embarrassed. If I couldn't get that reaction out of you then I'd be the one who was embarrassed. A girl doesn't keep her body that close to a boy's if she minds a reaction. It's natural and I'm flattered."

"Well be really flattered then, Alexa, because I've never known any girl as pretty or sexy as you." I admitted. She didn't say anything for a moment but looked into my face and caressed the hair on the side of my head. She smiled somewhat shyly and turned away a little.

"You're never going to stop earning Dutch Kisses at this rate," she murmured. "Shall we keep walking?"

"Do we plan on staying lost or do you need to see more campus?" I asked cheerfully.

"Oh, I don't feel lost with you around," she purred, taking my hand and walking along. "So here's the deal- every time we stop to conclude we're lost, we Dutch Kiss. Deal?"

"I've never wanted to stay lost on purpose before." I mused, smirking at her. She giggled and pressed herself to me and kissed me again. I held her and returned the kiss, noting that she pulled her camera out and snapped the act before resuming walking, pulling me along by the hand. We ended up back at the center and I had to catch her because she was laughing so hard she almost fell.

"Oh my God, I suck at this..." she tittered, allowing me to bring her to a stone bench nestled against one of the hedge walls. She didn't sit down beside me but rather on my lap, like it was the most natural thing in the world. I knew something would start stirring and hoped she wouldn't feel it.

She turned and smirked at me and I knew I was busted.

"I know, I know," I said quietly. "Don't be afraid of what's natural."

"Damn right," she said, wiggling her butt gently against my hips for a moment. "Nothing for either of us to be embarrassed about."

She sat on my lap for a few minutes, seemingly lost in thought. I sat patiently, my hands placed gently on her waist while she ruminated about something. She took a few pictures of us, one of which showed her kissing me on the cheek again. Finally she stood up and took me by the hand, picking a different route to try and escape the maze. I think we were both secretly pleased when we had to admit were were lost again and forced to share a Dutch Kiss. She pushed my back against the hedge wall and then leaned in to kiss me, her feet leaving the ground. I held her as we kissed, trying not to worry about crashing through the wall. Thankfully it held.

Her eyes were dancing as she pulled me along again and we finally made it out on the opposite side we'd entered from. She clapped and bounced in delight as we emerged, throwing her arms around me in a big hug. She may not

have noticed the passers-by staring at us but I certainly did, especially the women. It was a pretty damned good feeling.

"That was so much fun!" she exclaimed, her eyes dancing eagerly. "You are definitely the guy to get lost with. So what shall we do now? It's hot today, Karen told me about how muggy this city can get in the summer because of lake effect, but I didn't quite understand."

I considered. "Well, we can either head indoors, or there's an awesome shade tree not far from here I like to study under. It's canopy is low but spreads very wide, almost like one of those savannah trees you see in NatGeo."

"That sounds great," she said enthusiastically. "Let's go there."

I took her hand and led her to the tree, the sight of which delighted her. She said it reminded her of a tree she'd once sat under in the Zoological Gardens in Berlin. She flopped down near the base of the trunk, arms and legs spread out, looking at the boughs and foliage not far above.

"You were right about how low it was," she remarked, taking more pictures. "There's barely two meters of clearance before the canopy. That's amazing."

"It's great to study, because you still feel like you're not completely exposed, you know? It feels... secure." I agreed as I sat down next to her, looking down at her face.

"Hm, it'd be a great makeout tree when the traffic was scarce," she mused, smiling. "Have to come back here."

I laughed. "You'll have no end of volunteers for that activity once you're attending, best believe it."

She blushed and then moved over to settle her head onto my lap, one hand on my thigh and gazing out over the green stretch of the campus.

"You're so kind," she said softly. "It'll be great to come here with you in the new semester."

I grinned and stroked her hair. "You pretty much decided?"

She nodded. "You guys are my family, I want to be with you while my life sorts itself out. Do you suppose that's okay?"

I gently pulled her up to a semi-sitting position and held her hands, looking into her eyes. "I think that's perfect," I said, nodding honestly. "Alexa, I'm serious, take my room, it's the least I can do for you. I'll make the basement my man cave and everyone will be happy. I'd love to have you live with us."

Her eyes shone as she leaned in, taking my cheek in her hand and kissing me on the lips gently, almost... lovingly.

She pulled away from the kiss and sighed happily. "Alright, show me more of this campus before my lips get chapped..."

***

We sat in a corner of the cafeteria, one of many spread around the campus, but this one serviced the several thousand students that attended the liberal arts buildings. We'd chosen a remote location that was away from the main area and partially obscured by plants. We were drinking beers and I ate a hoagie while Alexa was powering her way through a burger excitedly.

"Ugh, it's so greasy and tasty," she said immediately after swallowing. "There's four slices of bacon, cheese and an onion ring on here, not to mention barbecue sauce. This is so bad for me and it's wonderful!"

"I'm glad you're enjoying it," I laughed. "It's just plain old cafeteria food to me."

She nodded. "The food in Europe, speaking from a strictly sybaritic point of view, is much more flavourful, but this has a quality all its own, because it's greasy and naughty and so damn bad for me."

She kept making wry faces and smirking as she drank her bottle of beer, clearly amused.

"Don't blame me," I said, holding up my hands. "I offered you a perfectly good micro."

"Yes, but there was a moose on the label," she protested. "How do you expect me to equate moose with something tasting good?"

We laughed and talk more, the food and beverages now gone. She was sitting quietly, tracing her fingernail around the mouth of her beer bottle, something on her mind.

"So tell me something," she said, smiling at me. "And be honest. When I woke you up this morning, you had, well, you were rather aroused, if memory serves."

"Yeah," I said, blushing and rubbing the back of my head. "Still not quite over that little fiasco."

"Maybe, but be honest," she said, speaking quietly now. "Who or what were you dreaming of?"

I raised an eyebrow. "What is this, truth or dare?"

She shrugged. "If you like."

I sighed. "I'll be completely honest. I don't remember. Once I woke up like that, I pretty much forgot everything I'd been dreaming about."

"Poo," she said, pouting prettily.

"Why, were you hoping it was you causing my boner?" I asked, looking at her squarely.

"Well, maybe a little," she admitted, turning her eyes to look at the floor. "You have to admit, that would be flattering, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, I guess it would," I laughed. "Okay, your turn. Truth or dare?"

She looked at me for a moment and her eyes glinted with amusement. "Dare."

She and I both knew I wouldn't dare her to do anything outrageous, since word traveled around campus quickly and their was no telling what might get back to my folks, therefore she seemed quite confident in her statement.

"Alright," I said, wearing a small, evil smile. "Lift your shirt and show me your bra. Five seconds."

Her eyebrow raised now, but then she peered past the tall plants to make sure no one was looking our way. She then took the bottom of her shirt and raised it up, exposing her bust to me. My eyes widened as I took in the sight of her chest- she was easily a 38DD in North American sizes and the black, lacy bra she was wearing deserved an award for the incredible job it did of somehow containing them.

Then her eyes went wide as I pulled my own phone out from its concealed position on my lap and snapped a picture of her, fully exposed. I grinned evilly and she

whispered something under her breath. It sounded like 'perkele', but I couldn't be sure.

Five seconds was over way too fast and she lowered her shirt, looking at me in amusement. "See anything you like?" she asked impertinently, swirling her finger in some barbecue sauce still on her wax paper and then bringing it to her mouth to suck it off while still looking at me.

I took a deep breath and sighed. "Absolutely. I expected you to refuse."

"Glad I didn't?"

"Oh yeah." I said heavily. "You're beautiful, Alexa."

"Well, it's not the first time you've said so, therefore I believe you," she said cheerfully. "But you snapping that pic at the last moment? Well done."

"You're rather, um, unashamed about your body." I said, trying to sound delicate.

She shrugged. "It's only a bra. My bikini tops are smaller than that and I'm supposed to be seen in those. People are so hung up and repressed here about the silliest things."

Alexa then grinned. "And yes, you'll get to see my bikini top, probably tonight if we use the hot tub. Sound good?"

"Uh, yeah, sounds great," I said, stumbling over myself at the thought of her tits restrained only by a tiny bikini top. "You have a deal."

"Glad to hear it," she said casually, rising to her feet and adjusting the bottom of her tight shirt. "Show me some more buildings and then it'll be time to meet up with Karen and Mike. I want my last two hours to count."

I showed her around some more and aside from holding my arm, nothing noteworthy happened for the majority of the tour. It was only close to the end and a couple of

minutes before we were due to meet my parents that she deviated from the tour plan. We were in the botanical sciences building when she decided to visit one of the greenhouses. She took me by the hand and dragged me into one, enthralled by all the flora around us. It was one of the more tropical greenhouses and quite humid inside.

It was also empty of guests, except for us.

She stopped beneath some large palm trees, turning to look up at me, her hands on my chest. She smiled warmly at me, her eyes deep and crystalline.

"Alex, this has been a great day," she said softly. "You showed me around the university I'm going to go to, you've kept me laughing and entertained, but most of all, you've been wonderful and kind to me. I've needed that a lot recently, and you're not just my family but you're becoming a very good and dear friend to me. Very quickly. I want and even need you to know I appreciate it. So much."

I smiled and nodded, trying not to shift back and forth from foot to foot nervously. "I- thanks, Alexa. You've really come to mean a lot to me, too. And quickly. I-"

She put a finger over my lips, silencing me, still looking into my eyes. "I brought you here because we're going to be around company soon, and constantly. I wanted to give you one last kiss. I don't know if it's technically a Dutch Kiss, but it's an expression of my genuine appreciation for what you've done for me and also who you are. Do you understand what I mean?"

I nodded.

"Good," she said, putting her arms around my shoulders. "Then kiss me..."

I didn't hesitate. I took her into my arms and pressed my lips to hers. Her body almost seemed to melt against me and the world fell away, our existence no bigger than the tiny space beneath a greenhouse palm tree, but vaster than the whole universe. I could feel my heart and hers beating together, lost in an eternal moment.

Lost with this beautiful girl. My friend.

My aunt.

And I really didn't care at that moment.

***

We were laughing and having a great time while we ladled out our portions of food from the various boiling pots ensconced in our round table. Mom, dad and I came to this place frequently while Alexa had been to several such restaurants in Europe so we were all at home here. Alexa seemed to have an impressive appetite when she was relaxed and comfortable, because she ate several helpings of beef, lamb and vegetables by herself. Pretty sure only my dad ate more than she did, and that was just to prove he could.

Toward the end of the meal, mom excused herself to go the ladies room while dad got up to pay the bill. There was

silence until we were sure they were out of range and then Alexa smirked at me, patting her finger gently against her lips.

"You sure that my lipstick and gloss were back on correctly when we met up with them?" she asked, giggling nervously. "You took my original coating of it right off my mouth with that kiss, you know."

I smirked at her. "This from the woman who tried to suck my fillings out when a Dutch Kiss unexpectedly became a French kiss."

"Psh, you don't have any fillings," she retorted. "And yeah, that kiss did get a little intense, didn't it?"

I nodded. "Yeah, it did. Good thing we managed to stop ourselves right before that old prof came in to check on his plants, right?"

She let out a low exhale. "Yeah. The prof..."

"And I'm still baffled as to how you managed to snap yet another picture during that." I laughed. "But yes, your lipstick was perfect once you reapplied it," I added assuringly. "They didn't give it a second glance. We tidied ourselves up pretty well."

"Heads up..." she said suddenly, indicating my mom's return. I went back to picking at the last of my food while Alexa brought up some generic subject and I nodded in response without really looking at her.

"God save me, Alex," my mom exclaimed as she walked up, giving me a withering glance. "The minute your father and I leave the table you become a virtual lump! Can't you entertain a pretty girl for two minutes on your own without spacing out?"

"Sorry." I mumbled.

Mom looked at her sister. "You're sure he didn't just dump you on-campus and didn't wander off in a fog?"

Alexa nodded. "He did just fine. He showed me around the buildings where I would likely be taking my courses and his answers were both succinct and lucid."

"Thanks for the endorsement." I muttered, earning me a caress on my shin from her foot under the table.

Mom sighed. "I swear, if your father had been one tenth the doughhead you're proving to be around girls, I never would have given him a second date, no matter how cute his butt was."

"What's this about my butt?" dad asked as he strode up while Alexa snickered.

Mom tilted her head at me while looking at him. "Prince Charming here did 'just fine' in showing his aunt around campus, with responses to her queries ranging from succinct all the way to lucid."

"Wow, good job," dad teased, grinning at me. "Keep it up and maybe we can get you a job in the campus hospital as an anesthesiologist."

Alexa now burst out laughing and my mother just rolled her eyes at my dad's sense of humour, something she'd endured for well over twenty-five years. Me? I just sat there and looked disgruntled. It was now part of an act Alexa and I had agreed to, in order to keep my parents from finding out how close we were becoming.

We left the restaurant and Alexa was about to get into my car with me when my mom stopped her, shaking her head.

"Allie, drive home with Michael, if you will," she said, easing her by the shoulder towards my dad's 4x4. "I want to have a word with Emily Post here about keeping good company."

Alexa looked at me before she climbed into the car and gave me a small wave, a gesture I did not return. The trip home consisted of my mother lecturing me about being nicer and more accommodating to my aunt.

"I don't understand," she groused. "You both love languages, you both love political sciences, you love anthropology and history... you two should be getting along like gangbusters."

I said nothing but merely sighed.

"I'm pretty sure she's making an effort to reach out to you, so what's the deal?" she asked, looking at me. "She's your aunt, Alex, and she's much closer to your age than she is to mine, that should make it easy for you. The only thing she and I really have in common is sharing a mother and we're both frighteningly smart."

"Well, as long as you're modest about it." I quipped, trying not to smirk as I drove.

"Don't you snark at me, Doctor House," mom warned shooting me a look. "I don't care if you need to reach so far down that you pull yourself inside out, you are going to be engaging and friendly from now on. Capisci?"

"Yes..." I sighed.

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Later that night, my mom and dad received a phone call from a colleague who wanted their assistance with some issue. The friend lived on the far side of town and dad suspected they might stay and would not be back til morning. And while they seemed to think that Alexa was perfectly capable of looking after herself, mom gave me a stern advice squarely in the middle of the kitchen where dad and her sister could hear her.

"And as for you," she began, her arms folded as she looked me dead in the eye. "Don't you dare disappear downstairs to play games or watch movies or whatever. At least not without your aunt. Watch a movie with her in the living room or teach her to play a game, whatever. But you damn well socialize and be nice."

"Ja wohl, mein mommadant..." I grumbled. She looked at me once more before shaking her head and then hugging her sister goodbye. Dad patted me on the shoulder and

followed mom out to the car. Once the door closed, Alexa and I walked into the dark living room and looked out the big bay window, making sure they actually left. Once they were gone, she turned to look at me and smirked.

"You know," she began, poking me in the chest. "You wouldn't get so much crap if you were nicer to me..."

At this I started laughing, all my accumulated grumpiness draining away. I pulled her to me and hugged her close, enjoying the feel of her body and the way she hugged me back.

"Big challenge," I retorted. "How could I be nicer to the woman I was playing tonsil hockey with less than three hours ago?"

"Well, yes, but that was more of an impromptu shinny game that a scheduled match," she pointed out. "Not that it wasn't a good one, though."

I shook my head. "Still can't believe you know things about hockey. Most Europeans don't know shit about it."

"Except the Swedes and the Finns," she chided. "That and I'm not actually European."

"I know, it's still weird, though," I sighed. "Okay, so I have to be courteous and nice and keep you entertained. What wouldst milady like to do?"

She pondered. "You think they'll be back tonight?"

"Unlikely," I replied. "They never are when they go to see the Stevensons."

"Then it's easy," she said brightly. "Jacuzzi."

"Deal. I'll go fire it up and then get some beers." I declared. She clapped happily and ran off upstairs. I went out to the back verandah and uncovered the hot tub. I loved our backyard, it was large and surrounded by tall conifers and

willows, meaning we had privacy from neighbours who might feel nosy. Once it rumbled to life, I went inside and got a six pack of beers, the ones with the moose on the label, just so Alexa had to try it.

I went down to the basement and found my bathing shorts, changing into them quickly before going back upstairs and grabbing two plush towels from the closet where we kept supplies for the hot tub. I lit the citronella candles around the deck, making sure that bugs would be a minimal bother. The last touch was to uncover and turn on the stereo and mp3 player attached to the hot tub. Not only would we have beer and be bug-free, we'd also have whatever music we liked.

"You nearly ready down there?" Alexa called from the window almost directly above me, which happened to be my old bedroom window.

"All set," I replied, giving her the thumbs up even though I couldn't see her because the light in the room was off. "C'mon down when you're ready, I'm gettin' in."

I clambered in and settled down on one side of the tub, facing the screen door so I could see Alexa when she came out. The night was gorgeous and I turned on some light jazz music. Maybe two minutes later, the screen door opened and Alexa came outside, wrapped in a towel and carry her small purse. She smiled brightly when she saw me.

"Glad to see you're settled in and relaxed!" she said as she let the towel drop away from her body. I couldn't help it, my eyes went wide- she was wearing one of the smallest bikinis I'd ever seen. Her incredible breasts were barely restrained by the shiny black material, even more perfect than my imagination had allowed for. Not that I was complaining, mind you.

She undid and flung aside her top, freeing her breasts from their tiny confines. She was walking up the small wooden steps and preparing to get in when she saw my face and paused, initially wondering what was wrong but then smirking. "What? Is this about my boobs?"

"You, uh, seem to have misplaced your top..." I rasped, my throat rather dry.

"No, I left it right where it belongs," she replied, pointing toward the deck, where it lay in a tiny heap. "Why would I keep myself restrained in a bikini top once I knew your Karen and Mike weren't going to be joining us?"

"I... well okay, fair point," I said, recovering. "It's just unexpected is all."

She shrugged. "Not like you have to wear a top when you go to the beach or go swimming, is it?" she countered, now stepping inside the pool. I took in the sight of her whole body now and it was simply perfect. Her shoulders were supple and smooth. Her breasts were full and in spite of their size they didn't sag, with small pink areolas and nipples on her fair skin. Her torso nipped down into a trim stomach and gorgeous hips. Her bikini bottom was very small, leaving little to the imagination and as she stepped over the wall of the jacuzzi to get in I could see the fabric that covered her pussy giving way, allowing a peek at her netherlips.

She settled in and sighed happily, sitting opposite me. "Now this is going to be wonderful," she sighed. "Beer me, please?"

I shook myself out of my reverie and grabbed one of the beers while she took another picture with her phone, opening the top and passing it to her. She looked at the label and smiled wryly. "The moose, hm?"

"Hey, don't knock it 'til you try it, right?" I replied, taking a stiff pull from my own bottle in order to help calm myself after that wondrous display. She considered and then nodded, taking a decent swig of it and then held it in her mouth, grading the contents. She swallowed and grinned.

"Passable when served cold," she declared. "An acceptable offering."

"Thank you, oh goddess of European swag-beers," I teased, laughing. "Do you actually like it or are you just being polite?"

By way of response, she put the bottle to her lips and drained it easily. The then clunked it down on the side of the jacuzzi and looked at me. "I'll take another."

"My kinda girl." I said, grabbing another and twisting off the top before handing it to her. She looked confused for a moment.

"I thought these weren't twist-off caps," she said. "Didn't you use the bottle-opener on the first one?"

"Oh, uh, yeah, I guess I did." I mused, not really thinking much about it. "Don't worry, the seals are good."

"It's not that," Alexa stated, still confused by something. "Let me see one of the unopened bottles, if you don't mind?"

I passed her one and she tried to twist the top off with her hands. She paused to dry her hands thoroughly on her towel and tried again, unsuccessfully. She sighed and handed it back to me. "Could you, please?"

I shrugged and twisted the top off, displaying the defeated bottle. She giggled and smiled at me. "Well, you're definitely strong."

"Oh, thanks, yeah, I guess I am," I said, putting the bottle down next to the one I was finishing. "I swim competitively at the university and work out, so I'm probably stronger than your average freshman."

"Going to be big and brawny like your old man the professor one day?" she teased, winking at me.

"Probably," I replied, enchanted by her lovely smile. "Can't bulk up while I'm swimming, but dad says to make sure I work out all my muscle groups in a gym so that my body doesn't adapt exclusively to the swimmer's build."

"Smart cookie, your dad," she remarked casually, taking another pull of her beer and taking a picture of the bottle before looking at me. "But this isn't fair," she said, gesturing at me now with her hand. "You've seen me and my boobs now, I haven't seen you shirtless. Stand up, let's take a look."

Knowing better than to resist (and not wanting to, even if I was nervous), I put my beer down and stood up, water cascading off me as I showed myself to her. Alexa took in the sight of me and grinned widely.

"Vaizdeliai," she said under her breath as she stared at my body, a smile playing over her face. I wasn't surprised when she took a couple of pics of me. "Come closer."

I moved forward and she put her hand out and ran her palm over my defined pecs and then over my stomach, which, I am proud to say, definitely had a six pack these days after months of working out my abs. I had to try not to shiver as the pads of her fingers traced down my skin.

"Definitely explains why hugging you feels so good," she said softly. "That's quite the master-crafted work you've got going on, Alex."

"Thanks," I said, hoping my voice didn't quaver at her touch. "Takes work, but it's worth it."

She stood now, her magnificent body glistening with water, it was mere inches from mine when she looked up into my eyes, her own deep and emotive.

"Hug me?" she asked in the softest voice ever.

I drew her to me and wrapped my arms around her. Her soft breasts pressed to my chest, her stomach to mine, hips once again touching. I could feel our hearts beating and was acutely aware of how erotic this whole situation was- I was hugging an incredibly hot girl in my jacuzzi and we were both mostly naked.

But there was more to this somehow. Alexa was my family, someone who had experienced great loss, moved to a new world and needed comfort. She considered me her friend, not just a family member. This realization didn't not make the situation any less sexual in my mind, whatever it was in hers, but it added certain depths and dimensions to it that might bear consideration in the future.

She kept her cheek on my shoulder, eyes closed as she caressed my back. We hugged for close to a minute before she looked up into my face and pressed her lips to mine. We held one another, sharing the kiss and I'd finally given up on trying to contain or suppress my body's reactions to this sort of thing. She finally broke the kiss and giggled.

"Don't worry about it," she said softly. "Wouldn't have hugged you if I was afraid of that."

She sat down again, taking my hand and pulling me to sit down beside her instead of on the other side of the hot tub. She was sitting on a higher shelf now so that her breasts were above the waterline and I could see them clearly.

"You might as well get used to them, they're not going anywhere," she said, smiling at me. "Girls around here must be so uptight if this is how people react to a little skin."

I shrugged. "Doesn't help that you're hands-down the prettiest girl I know. Seriously."

She smiled and caressed my cheek. "I'll take your word for it, it's good for my ego. Then again, so is telling myself that I was responsible for that dream of yours this morning."

"You probably were, even if I can't remember it." I admitted. "You were the last thing I was thinking about when I went to sleep."

"Well that's gratifying to hear," she said sweetly. She took another pull from her beer and then stood up, wiggling over to get the remaining unopened beers and bring them back to us. I tried not to stare but apparently failed miserably because she giggled as she caught me. "Oh you..."

We sat and drank more beer while looking out into the darkness, letting the music play. I had put my arm around her and she snuggled closer, pressed into my side. She took more pictures, including some of us turning our heads in to kiss. Eventually, though, she made a wry face and reached down under the water. She fiddled around with something and then casually tossed her bikini bottoms out of the jacuzzi and onto the deck. My eyes went wide again, since she was now sitting next to me completely naked.

"What?" she said, giving me a quizzical look. "Water's really warm, it was uncomfortable. And bikinis are for beaches, if even then. How do you put up with it?"

"Got me," I sighed, reaching down with my free hand and shimmying off my swim shorts before throwing them aside with hers. "Better?"

"Consider it gender equality," she said lightly, smiling. "So, what shall we do?"

I considered, trying not to sound apprehensive. "Anything that doesn't require me to stand up."

Alexa fell forward, giggling at my statement. "Oh, my God, you are too funny," she wheezed. "Well, that answers my question, we need to make you finally relax."

She rose out of the water facing away from me. I was treated to the sight of her magnificent ass. She turned her head and

smiled at me. "This is my butt. I have one, just like everyone else."

"It isn't like everyone else's." I thought to myself.

She brought her hands back and gave her butt cheeks a squeeze and a bit of a bounce. She then turned around and cupped her breasts. "These are my boobs, I believe you've seen them before. And this..."

She now stepped a little closer to me and put one of her feet up on a sitting ledge, opening her legs to me. "This is Táohuāyuán."

In spite of my shock, I smiled. "That means 'peach blossom garden' in Mandarin."

She smirked at me, her legs not moving as she presented herself. "You know Mandarin?"

"Teaching myself," I replied, staring staring stupidly. She shaved her pussy and it now glistened at me, still wet from the hot tub. Her lips were perfect, the hood of her clit modestly covering its treasure. "Not that I'm really good, but I like to think I'm making progress."

"Well then," she said, lowering her leg casually and standing in front of me. "You'll have to teach me."

"I...might not be any good at that," I said haltingly. "I can-"

She now leaned in and pressed my face between her breasts, holding me there so I almost couldn't breathe. I struggled for just a moment before realizing that was completely stupid of me.

"You... will... give... auntie... what... she... wants..." Alexa said firmly, still holding me in place. "Am I achieving clarity?"

I mumbled a response and gave her a thumbs up. She released me and and I fell back into my seat, taking deep breaths and shaking my head to clear it. I finally exhaled

deeply and she sat down next to me and looked at me, one arms resting on the edge of the hot tub while she traced a fingernail over my pecs.

"It's not going to be this difficult to get you to relax all the time, is it?" she asked.

"No," I replied finally. "You're just... unusually liberated about things, I guess."

She shrugged. "I'm not claiming the all European ways are superior to the ones we have here, but there are things I grew up with and have no intention of relinquishing, one of which is to not be so uptight about the human body. I know I can't be like that all the time, but I'm hoping I can at least be like that around you."

"Trust me, I'm not objecting," I said. "I'm just playing catch up, you know?"

"Good," she said. "Your turn. Stand up."

I was very quite for several moments. "That's... not a good idea."

"Because we're naked in a jacuzzi and we've kissed and I nearly suffocated you with my boobs so now you're turned on?" she said plainly. "Well, how do you know I wasn't when I showed myself to you?"

"Harder to tell with a girl," I muttered. "Especially when you're in the water."

"Okay, fair point," she laughed. "At least that proves you're not a virgin. Still, there's no point in being neurotic about it, I'm not going to freak out because you have a hard-on."

I sighed again. "Because you'd be embarrassed if I didn't, right? Fair enough..."

I moved forward in the water and stood, facing away from her. She got a good view of my toned butt before I slowly turned around, my massive erection bobbing above the

water. A huge, almost giddy smile played across her face before she giggled.

"Good thing you moved away before you turned around or you'd have put my eye out," she said cheerfully. "That tent post you were pitching this morning wasn't a lie, you're really hung, Alex."

"Thanks," I said, rubbing the back of my head but actually feeling myself relax with her scrutiny. "Wish I could claim credit for it, but it's just what I was given."

"Well, it suits the rest of you perfectly," she purred, patting the seat next to her and allowing me to sit again. "I'm really hoping that you and I can be casual around each other, Alex, because with other people around, it won't be possible and I'll miss it."

"I understand." I said. "I'd be happy to, just give me a knowing wink or something if I'm going all provincial on you."

"Of course," she said, leaning in and hugging me. "Here, let me rub your shoulders, you're tense."

She moved me down onto a lower seat and then sat above me, her legs on either side of my body. She began rubbing my shoulders with her hands, which kneaded into the meat where I seemingly had knots I didn't know were there. The warmth of her body so close to me kept me hard and I was glad I was sitting deep in the water.

"You're very strong," she said softly, still massaging. "I love how your body feels."

"You're really good at massage," I murmured, relaxing in spite of my boner. "You've got a magic touch."

"Karen says you're a natural too," she whispered, her mouth near my ear. "You'll have to reciprocate for me one day."

We were silent for some time while she massaged my neck, shoulders and upper back. Finally, she hugged herself to

me, her breasts squashing into my back and her face next to mine.

"Feel better?" she asked.

"My shoulders feel great," I said readily. "Thank you."

"Well at least some of you is relaxed now," she quipped. "You'll have your work cut out for you later."

I blinked. "Come again?"

"Pardon the expression," she said, giggling. "I was saying that you've got some major tension issues elsewhere, Alex, getting rid of it will be a challenge."

"What? Oh..." I said, finally cluing in as to what she was talking about. "Yeah, that'll... take some work."

She laughed. "You're allowed to say you masturbate, Alex, it's fine. God knows I do often enough, it keeps me sane.

And with all the change happening in my life right now, I am going to be doing it a lot, I imagine."

Every once in a while, you could hear a tiniest note of worry in her voice, which was so at odds with her normal confidence. Sometimes it was hard to remember she was a nineteen year-old girl preparing to go to university in a country she'd never been to before but was actually from.

I didn't know what else to do, so I pulled her to me and hugged her. She melted into my arms and held me tight, her face pressed to my shoulder. I stood up and took her with me, holding her hands in mine as I looked down into her eyes while we stood together in the middle of the jacuzzi.

"We're all here for you, Alexa," I said gently and honestly. "I know mom and dad will do everything they can, and I promise I will too. I want you to be happy, especially while you're here with us."

"Alex..." she murmured, looking into my eyes and touching my face. "May I?"

I smiled. "Another Dutch kiss?"

"It might be a little more than that..." she said as she pressed her lips to mine and kissed me deeply, not unlike the kiss we'd shared earlier in the day at the greenhouse. This one, however, was intentional and we held one another tight as our mouths opened and tongues began to tangle. I could feel my massive erection pressed up flat against her stomach, throbbing as it yearned for release. I could feel her breasts squashed to me and how they moved against my muscles while she pulled herself closer to me.

Alexa moaned gently into my mouth, her hands wandering down my back and finally finding my cheeks, gripping them. I did the same, allowing my hands to trail down, exploring her sensuous curves before finding the pert cheeks and grasping them. She moaned as I gave them a squeeze. Our tongues wrestled between us, bodies beginning to tremble with was becoming an undeniable desire. I could feel her belly beginning to squirm against my cock.

In spite of the fact that the kiss became more fearsome, she seemed to be trying to restrain herself somehow. Her hands pulled me closer, our hips meeting and I reciprocated. My heart was thundering in my chest and I could feel hers too. She actually pulled herself up and into my hands, which she now sat in as she kissed me. I was holding her in the middle of the jacuzzi while we made out. My cock had slid down beneath her and was standing in front of me, touching the bottom of her pussy and her ass.

"God..." she whispered. "No... not yet... not yet..."

Very slowly, with great difficulty, we broke the kiss and remained still, just breathing. She was still sitting in my hands, my cock running beneath her. She looked into my eyes as I slowly lowered her down to her feet. She didn't react as she settled over my cock, which sat beneath her rigidly. She kept her arms around me and looked into my eyes.

"That was close..." she sighed. "Just... hold me for a little while longer..."

She now turned around and nestled back against me, making sure my throbbing shaft was still running beneath her pussy, now poking out in front of her. I wrapped my arms around her and she leaned back against me, exhaling and putting her hands on my arms. She didn't seem to mind my cock beneath her. The feeling of her soft cheeks against my hips...

"I'm glad we can be close like this," she said quietly. "Do you promise we can be casual like this?"

"I promise."

She nodded and then led me back to the seats, where we settled down again with her sitting on me, facing out. My cock stood between her thighs, her pussylips resting against it. I held her while she snuggled back into me. In spite of my erection, I felt calm. She tilted her head back and kissed me on the cheek.

"I want to say something..." she whispered.

She stood up and brought me with her. Looking off into the night, she took a deep breath. She looked back at me and her eyes were almost smouldering.

"Alex, I know I've kept you aroused all day, teasing you and kissing and so on," she said in a voice barely above a whisper. "It wouldn't be fair of me to make you work out all that tension on your own, wouldn't it?"

I blushed. "You- y'don't have to-"

"Shhhh," she said, smiling at me. "Just trust me, okay?"

I nodded and she now bent forward, resting her forearms on the edge of the jacuzzi. Her incredible ass was pressing against my raging cock. She looked back at me and wiggled her behind.

"Go ahead and cum," she breathed. "Don't fuck me, but make yourself cum, okay? It's the least I can do after how nice you've been..."

One thing that is obvious in a situation like this is that you don't say not to the girl's suggestion, because she just put herself out there and rejecting an offer is both stupid and dangerous. I nodded and took hold of her hips, pressing my cock up between her cheeks. It felt wonderful and we both shivered as I began to move against her.

"Go on, darling," she purred, resting on her hands now and helping me by squirming her ass in slow circles. "And don't worry, I can make myself cum too..."

I didn't hold back and slid my cock back and forth between her cheeks, causing us both to moan. Alexa squirmed and purred in response to my movements. We could both feel my cock throbbing and pulsing as I ground it against her ass.

"Gn, God..." she moaned. "Slip it between my legs if you like..."

I took hold of my cock and I brought it down her ass to beneath her pussylips, but the head dragged over them, splitting them slightly, as well as brushing her clit before

finding the gap between her legs. She gasped and giggled at the touch.

"Naughty boy," she whispered. "Go ahead and fuck my legs. My pussy's nice and wet on top of you."

As good as her ass had felt, this was even better, pressing me closer to her. She squeezed her legs tight around my shaft, allowing me to pump back and forth. I could indeed feel her slippery pussy on top of my shaft and it was heaven. If I focused, I could feel them splitting along the length of my cock as I slid back and forth, even her tiny clit brushed by the bulging head as it went through.

"Mmmmmm, Alex..." she breathed, arching her back and squirming back against me. "I think we both needed this after today..."

I nodded, not really able to speak. My hips trembled as I pushed back and forth, fucking her thighs. Strong and slow strokes we could both feel. She squeezed and wriggled her inner thighs around me. Her fingers flexed and gripped the edge of the jacuzzi. Our movements became stronger and

faster. I could feel that wonderful, familiar tingle beginning to build in my balls and I knew when I came that it was going to be hard.

"Are you close, Alex?" she panted, still grinding against me.

"Uh-huh!" I grunted, not able to say more.

"Gnnnn, me too," Alexa moaned, squirming faster. "Oh, God, we'll cum..."

We both panted and strained, my hands gripping her hips as I strained against her, gritting my teeth...

Alexa and I moaned as loudly as we dared when we came together, squeezing her thighs tighter than ever around my cock. I began to spurt, thick, gooey ropes shooting from my pulsing head. I drew back between her thighs and began pumping my shaft furiously with my fist, my cum splattering over her ass and lower back. She groaned through clenched teeth as she pushed back against me, shuddering. I was still cumming when she turned herself

around, leaning back against the edge of the jacuzzi and letting me cum on her tits and her stomach.

"Ohhh, God!" she panted, reaching down and fingering her gooey pussy as I continued to cum, my pearly white offering glistening on her skin. I couldn't believe how hard I was cumming and leaned forward over her, using one hand to support myself while I kept jerking off. I looked down our bodies and watched her fingers skillfully manipulating her pussy, her pink inside wet with cum.

Finally I seemed to slow down, my breath coming to me in heaves as I tried to compose myself. Alexa seemed to be calming down too, her eyes meeting mine as we slowly pleasured ourselves, coming down from our shared bliss. We stared at one another, saying nothing before I stood back up and she sighed and sat on the edge of the jacuzzi.

"Well," she said, looking down at her body, which glistened with my sticky cum. "Either I teased you into a total frenzy today or you were really pent up. She drew her index through a huge glob on her breasts and pulled it away, a long strand leading back to her soft flesh. She smiled as she

rubbed it between her fingers before taking another glob and popping it into her mouth and humming, apparently pleased.

She looked at me and smirked. "You finished?"

I looked down at my cock, which was still ramrod-erect as it stood out in front of me. Cum still dribbled from the head. I tried not to blush.

"That might be why you have no dates," she quipped, winking at me. "Girls are afraid you're going to rip them apart or drown them. That was really something."

She beckoned me to come closer and I complied. She put her hand around my shaft and began stroking slowly, squeezing gently toward the tip. She smiled as more cum began dribbling out, leaning in and pressing the cockhead against her breasts, smearing the cum around on her skin. I shivered at her touch and she giggled.

"Quite the effect I have you, isn't it?" she said lightly. She held my cock up at an angle and examined it, as if assessing it for quality or defects. Another squeeze of her thumb along the vein on the bottom and she conjured up yet another glob of my cum. She put her mouth over the tip and sucked the cum off me before releasing me and grinning.

"Look at me," she said, gesturing to her cum soaked torso. "Hard to believe only one guy did this."

"What can I say?" I replied. "You bring it out in me."

"Literally, apparently." Alexa mused. "God, look at my little peach blossom..."

I joined her in looking at her hips and my eyes went wide- her pussy was completely sticky and drenched in my cum, which had trickled down from her tits and stomach. She rubbed her fingers against it, pulling them up to look at them. She licked them and then smirked at me. "Hope you're proud of yourself, getting me all goopy like this."

I smiled. "Kinda, yeah."

This made her giggle again and she pulled me to her and we hugged, my cock stuck straight up between us. I made a noise of protest as she squirmed, smearing my own cum all over me from her body. She kissed me, holding me to her. I loved kissing her and she seemed quite partial to kissing me, so this was a great arrangement.

She broke the kiss and cupped my cheeks in her hands, pressing her forehead to me.

"Just when we thought our day couldn't get any more enjoyable, right?" she purred.

"I have to agree, yeah," I said, rubbing my nose against hers. "Hard to believe we've only known each other two days, isn't it?"

"Possibly, but maybe we've known each other a lot longer," she said, pulling her head back a little bit to look into my

eyes while she stroked a hand through my hair. "Maybe we just weren't in the same place at the same time for it."

I knew what she meant, but that was a little deep for me since I'd basically just cum my brains out. She giggled and poked my nose. She then leaned back again and looked down at our bellies, where my cock waited between us. She took it in her hand and trailed it down her stomach and finally letting it touch her pussylips, which she toyed it against.

"Two days..." she murmured. "It doesn't feel like it..."

Alexa finally looked up at me, her eyes shining with a sated serenity. "We should clean ourselves up, Alex. I think you might need to change the jacuzzi water too."

"I'm thinking you might be right," I replied, nodding and staring while she teased my cock against her pussy. "There's a little stand-up shower around the corner of the deck if we want to use that to wash off."

"I'd love to," she said heavily. "But I don't trust myself at the moment. I'd... I'd better use the shower upstairs."

"Yeah, that's probably a good idea," I agreed, knowing what she meant. "But it was a wonderful day and night, wasn't it?"

Alexa smiled warmly. "The best. Let's just rinse off in here and then head to our showers, okay?"

We both knelt in the hot tub and got the sticky effluences off us. She then exited the tub and grabbed her towel and drying off. She waited for me to get out and dry myself before I set the water on the jacuzzi to empty and then to refill early in the morning. We walked into the house together and stopped in the open area where the stairs up to her room went one way and mine down to the basement went the other. She turned to look up at me.

"Thank you, Alex," she said softly. "Today was... wonderful."

I nodded. "I hope it was one tenth as good for you as it was for me, Alexa."

"It was, I promise you," she said, stepping closer. "I've got to go upstairs and get away from you for the rest of the night, but... one more kiss?"

I nodded and we melted into one another's embrace, mouths meeting and tongues tangling as we kissed deeply and lovingly. Maybe my body was just tired from my colossal orgasm, but the feel of her beautiful body was not arousing so much as it was comforting. Even her pussy pressed to my now soft cock was not thrilling, it just felt... right...

We stopped kissing and she took her phone out of her tiny purse and took one more picture of the two of us before she said goodnight and wiggled her way up the stairs, looking back to make sure I was watching her ass as she exited.

Down in the shower, scrubbing my skin, I finally asked myself a question that should have been pestering me all damn day...

"Who the hell can she possibly show those pictures to?" I wondered.

***

I was lying on my bed, staring at the ceiling when my phone bipped at me. I picked it up to see the message.

"Skype?"

I smiled cheerfully as I set my my computer up and was rewarded with the sight of my lovely aunt once Skype was active. She beamed a smile and waved at me.

"Hi," she chirped. "You still naked?"

"Yup." I replied simply.

"Prove it..." she dared, smirking.

I nodded and led moved my laptop to allow the webcam to trail down my body, eventually revealing my resting manhood. I brought it back to my face.

"Your turn." I countered. She grinned and stepped back from her computer, revealing her gloriously naked body. She teased my by squirming and grinding around in a small circle like she was dancing to some music only she could hear.

"Are you positive your parents are gone for the night?" she asked, coming back to her screen and resting her chin on her forearms.

"Mostly, but not for sure," I replied, bummed that I wasn't completely certain and couldn't be. "I'd love to say yes, but even a ten percent chance is the wrong ten percent to bet on."

"Poo," she sighed. "I could've used a snuggle buddy tonight, but that just sounds like an unnecessary risk, doesn't it?"

"Afraid so," I agreed. She must have been wonderful to sleep next to. "Bummer."

She giggled. "Always loved that expression when I heard it. But I did have a suggestion for you, if you're amenable."

"Shoot."

"Well, we've seen each other naked and, well, after tonight in the jacuzzi, I'm thinking we're probably reasonably comfortable with one another's bodies, yes?"

I nodded. I think it was safe to say we'd broken a few barriers today.

"Well, if we've agreed to leave our computers and Skype open, I think it goes without saying that we can be naked while sleeping, right?"

"I'd like that," I said readily. "I hate sleeping in clothes anyway."

She seemed delighted. "Good! I'll make sure you can see me for the night and you do the same! Thank you again for a wonderful day, Alex! Bon nuit!"

She kissed two of her fingers and pressed them against the webcam lens before heading back to her bed. She slowly crawled onto it, facing away from me and looked back to make sure I was still watching. She wiggled her bum at me, her pussy peeking out from between her cheeks. I reciprocated by placing my laptop in the position she would watch me from and waved my limp cock at her in a gesture of goodbye. I then turned off my lights and climbed into bed.

Today had been so incredible in so many ways. What could tomorrow possibly hold?

Chapter 3- It Could Be No Other Way

When I woke the next morning, it was to the feel of my phone vibrating next to me. I shook my head to clear the cobwebs and fumbled for the device. I apparently had about eight thousand text messages and yawned will I opened the first...

"Nice boner, Thunky!" it read.

My eyes went wide and I looked down my body to notice that I did indeed have a huge erection. I squeezed my eyes shut and tried to parse what the hell was going on. Who was messaging me about my hard-ons?

I froze and turned my head slightly to look over at the nearby nightstand where my laptop sat open, the Skype program still running. On my screen I could now see Alexa giggling furiously as she watched me. She was the one messaging me nonstop.

I sighed and sat up, memories of everything that had happened the day before flooding back to me. She was still smirking at me when I rose, no longer bothered by my total nudity in front of her. I walked over to the laptop, standing straight up and letting my erection dominate the screen. She laughed gaily and stood as well, centering her hips on the screen and showing me her shaved pussy. She spread her lips with her fingers, exposing her inner pink for me.

"Looking for somewhere to park that monster?" she teased over the microphone.

I responded by putting my hand around my rock-hard cock and beginning to stroke it. I heard her gasp slightly and then she began playing with herself, teasing her clit and snaking her fingers inside in response to my show.

I subtly found an old t-shirt and spread it over my laptop's keyboard while I continued to stroke myself, eyes fixed squarely on the impromptu show Alexa was now putting on. I couldn't quite see her breasts, but I knew one of her

hands was playing with them, right above the top of the screen.

We pleasured ourselves for one another until I heard her moan and her squirming hips shuddered. I gasped and pumped my shaft furiously, beginning to orgasm. My cum spattered my laptop screen as I pointed the head right at her pussy. She moaned loudly as she came too, her free hand now gripping the edge of the dresser her laptop was perched on.

Finally drained, I sighed and sank to my knees, Alexa doing the same. She wiped a trembling hand across her face, her heavily-lidded eyes trying to focus. I used another old shirt and carefully cleared my screen, thankful for the micro-thin polymer layer I'd protected it with. With the screen clear, she smiled at me.

"Didn't expect that," she said breathily. "Not that I'm complaining, mind you."

"Thought taking you off-guard for once instead of the other way around might be fun," I replied, stroking my cock as I

knelt, getting the last of the cum out of me and onto the now sticky shirt. "Mission accomplished?"

"Definitely," she said, nodding. "I was just expecting to tease you while we got up and got going. But that was an amazing way to start the day."

"What time is it, anyway?" I asked.

"About six-fifteen."

I blinked. "Why are you up at such an ungodly hour?"

She shrugged. "I didn't sleep that much, to be honest. You were sound asleep, which is your loss, because I got really horny during the night and put on quite a show, if only you'd been watching your laptop."

I sighed and shook my head, regretting missing the whole thing. I reached back and took my phone, looking at the screen. "Are all three billion of these messages from you?"

She giggled and twirled a finger in her beautiful golden hair. "Maybe. The first ones are all the pics I took yesterday, thought you might want them. The rest are from when I got... busy."

I chuckled. "I'll have a folder of reverence for them on my computer in no time." I flipped through the messages. "Hm, here's one from mom. Says they'll be there until about noon. They want us to meet them for lunch at some quaint old restaurant that is in a converted barn."

She looked pleased. "That's nearly six hours from now. Meet me in the kitchen. No clothes."

I nodded and closed my laptop, finally giving the poor thing a break. I finished cleaning off my cock and went upstairs completely naked and bringing only my cellphone in case the parents called suddenly.

I had just made it to the kitchen when Alexa came bouncing downstairs, gloriously naked. Beaming a megawatt smile

like no one else I knew could, she strode up to me and threw herself into my arms, pressing her lips to mine and kissing me deeply. I held her tight and returned the kiss with interest, thrilled to feel her body next to mine and thankful that I didn't immediately get hard at her touch.

Hands wandered and roamed, caressing and exploring as we kissed, tongues tangling, tasting one another's mouths. This was, hands down, the most thrilling and intoxicating thing I'd ever done. And I hadn't even fucked her.

Alexa moaned as she leaned herself back against the kitchen island, my body pressing into her. I could feel her still moist netherlips against my cock and we both shivered at the sensation. Our hips squirmed slightly as we expressed a mutual and taboo desire for one another.

She broke the kiss and looked up into my eyes, taking my hands and placing them on her breasts. I squeezed and massaged them, causing her to moan loudly, her head falling back, her voluminous golden hair cascading across the kitchen island. I brushed my thumbs over her nipples, causing her to shudder and gasp. I pinched them gently

between my thumb and forefinger and she bit her lip, almost keening or whining in pleasure.

She hugged me again, trembling, her face buried in my shoulder.

"Okay... okay..." she murmured. "I've got to stop... or I won't be able to... oh God..."

Reluctantly I complied, but I knew exactly what she meant. There was a bridge we weren't prepared to cross and we had come real close, real quickly. We had explosive sexual chemistry, apparently, made all the more agonizing by the fact that she was my aunt. I released the hug and stood in front of her, looking down at her, my hands on her arms. My cock was still pressed to her pussy, but neither of us said anything about it.

She took a deep breath and exhaled heavily. "Wow... now that was a wake-up call. You sure know how to get me going."

I nodded. "Yeah. And you really bring out the beast in me."

She smiled. "I'm glad. You make me feel like a total nympho. It's just... we have to be careful, Alex. I-"

I placed a finger over her lips, smiling gently. "No need to say anything that neither of us wants to hear, Alexa."

She sighed again. "No sense ruining a moment with words, right? I'm getting addicted to our moments, mind."

I laughed and hugged her before grinning. "Isn't this a Kodak moment, the two of us standing buck naked in my parent's kitchen and making out?"

She nodded. "Damn right it is." She had her cellphone in hand instantly and snapped several pictures, showing our grinning faces with out bodies pressed together. She also took one of me motorboating her magnificent breasts and another of me nibbling at her peach-perfect ass cheeks. Of course, she knelt down and took several snaps of her face next to my cock, holding it up and almost touching her

tongue to it. She took some shots straight down between us, showing my manhood nestled to her pussy.

For the last few pictures, though, she led me over to the long chesterfield in the living room. She asked me to take several pictures of her in various positions, some of them coy and many of them erotic. For one she spread her legs wide and pulled her pussylips apart, her coral-coloured inner pink visible.

She then had me kneel between her legs and take pictures of my cock resting on her pussy. She also filmed while I slid the shaft along her slippery lips, splitting them and pressing the head against her clit. Then she switched and laid me down before straddling me, pressing her glistening slit against my hardening cock. She slid back and forth along its growing length, the lips once again split around it as it pressed to my belly.

"Can you cum like this, Alex?" she asked, her voice trembling. "I can cum quickly like this."

I nodded and she began squirming back and forth on me eagerly, still filming. She rested the arm of the hand holding the camera on the back of the chesterfield, pointing down at our grinding pelvises. This allowed me to reach up and massage her breasts, causing her to shiver and moan, pressing her hips down on me even harder.

My cock was incredibly hard again by now as she rocked and ground on me. We were both breathing heavily, looking into one another's eyes. Bodies trembled as we moved faster and faster against one another until she arched her back and cried out. I groaned loudly and came again, splattering my stomach and chest with my cum. Alexa ground on me feverishly as she bathed my cock and entire groin in her sticky essence.

She eventually slowed down, trembling and sighing as she steadied herself. Smiling down at me tiredly, she whispered a 'thank you' to me and sat still. I could still feel my cock pulsing as it allowed the last of my cum to dribble out.

Once she was calm and composed, Alexa smirked down at the mess on my belly and chest, still somehow filming.

"Damn, you're the gift that never stops giving, aren't you?" she giggled. She swirled some of my cum up on her finger and put it in her mouth, sucking it off. She then did something I didn't expect and slid her body forward, her pussy moving along my stomach and smearing it all over her lips. She sighed in satisfaction at the feel of it, seemingly. Her hand came down and she used her fingers to smear my goo all over her peach blossom.

"Mmmm, don't worry," she said, smiling down at me angelically. "I've got one of those implants that are super-effective and I already know I can get them here too."

I nodded, actually somewhat relieved. I clasped her breasts again, giving them a gentle squeeze. She giggled and settled down onto me, kissing me. I wrapped my arms around her and she shifted her hips around until my cock sprang up beneath her, against her butt cheeks. It felt good to not have it in the way between us. We kissed and nibbled one another's lips for some time before she finally sat up, stretching her arms out and allowing me to see her glorious body. She beamed a smile down at me.

"We'd better get showered or we'll be stuck like this and need a super-solvent to get us apart. I don't relish trying to explain to my sister why my cunt is glued to my nephew's cock."

"That makes two of us," I chuckled, waiting for her to slide off me before rising myself. As I did, she knelt down in front of me, kissing my chest and stomach, sliding her tongue around the skin and licking the cum off me. I watched as she worked before she smiled up at me.

"I love cum," she said, wiping a strand away from her lip. "I'd hate to see it go to waste." She then tilted her head at my now limp cock. "May I?"

I nodded and she took my deflating shaft and kissed it almost reverently, then sliding her tongue along it, getting the cum off me. She massaged her fist up and down the length, pressing her thumb along the underside and squeezing the last of it out of me. She lapped it up with her tongue before looking up at me and winking.

Then she kept her eyes locked on mine as she slowly took the length of my cock into her mouth, all the way down to the base. She held her mouth there for a moment, thrilled by my look of amazement before pulling back and kissing the head one last time.

"You look like no one's ever deep-throated you before," she said as she stood. "First time?"

"Yeah, actually," I replied. "Good job."

She giggled. "Well, even though your dick is still big when you're soft, it's even bigger when you're hard, that'd be the true challenge for a girl and where I assume everyone came up short."

Alexa now took my hand and led me upstairs to the bathroom, smiling back at me as we walked.

"I don't know about you, but I'm orgasmed out at the moment," she said as we reached the bathroom. "That being

said, if you are too then I think we can be trusted to shower together without losing control. You with me?"

I nodded. "Pretty sure if I tried to cum again I'd just shrivel into a pile of dust."

Alexa giggled again, a sound I'd never get tired of. "You're right, you do have a sense of humour. I'm glad. C'mon, let's wash one another off and make out in the shower."

Not surprisingly, her phone followed us in, once she assured me it was water and steam-resistant. Freaky European phones. She turned on the water for us and we stepped in together. We held one another close as the water cascaded down on us, looking into each other's eyes. The kiss we shared then was inevitable, an expression of an ever-deepening affection that neither of us could explain or ignore.

We began washing and lathering one another, giggling and having fun as we explored one another's bodies. I knelt and blew raspberries against her ass cheeks, causing her to squeal in surprise and squirm to get way, but I held her

firm. She struggled and my slippery grip could not completely hold her and she turned around.

My mouth was now on her wet pussy. We both froze for the briefest of moments but I recovered and was determined to not let the moment become awkward.

Not for her. Not for Alexa.

I pushed my mouth against her and began planting gentle kisses all over her lips. She gasped and trembled, her hands coming to rest on my face. I kissed her long enough to make sure what had happened could never feel like an accident and then kissed my way up her body, past her stomach and her breasts, giving each one some loving, my tongue flicking against and swirling around her nipples. She hugged me to her until I reached her face and she kissed me again.

"Thank you..." she murmured. She then kissed her way down my body until she arrived at my cock, still thankfully limp. I leaned back against the wall as she cleaned me and

then kissed up and down the shaft, massaging it gently with her hands.

When she stood again, we just held one another, saying nothing. It was only once the water began to run cold that I looked at her and suggested we get out. She nodded and I turned off the water while she clambered out, handing me a towel.

"It's not even eight o'clock," she remarked. 'What shall we do?"

I pondered that for a moment before going downstairs to retrieve my phone. I came back up and called mom while we stood in the bathroom. It wasn't long before mom picked up.

"What's wrong?" she asked. "Did you lose your aunt?"

"No, mom, I didn't lose my aunt," I said testily, causing Alexa to giggle silently. I waved at her to shush while I tried to talk to my mother. "I'm pretty sure she's still asleep in her

room. Probably still jet-lagged and culture shocked. You know these Euro types."

Alexa raised an eyebrow at my statement and then decided to make me pay for it. She began swaying back and forth in front of me, running her hands through her wet hair, smiling seductively at me. She was making it very difficult to concentrate.

"She seemed alright after we left?" mom asked. "You did keep her company, right?"

"Yes, yes," I muttered as Alexa turned around and wiggled her behind at me, moving backwards until her ass was squirming against my cock. "She was perfectly- she..."

"She was perfectly what, Keats?" mom said dryly. "Come on, use your words."

I sighed, trying to ignore Alexa as she knelt in front of me and took my cock in her hand and then in her mouth. Even though I was still limp, she held it steady and bobbed back

and forth along its length, driving me to distraction. "She seemed to have a good time before she went to bed."

"Splendid. What did you do to keep her entertained?" mom asked, clearly not finished with her interrogation.

"I watched- we watched a monster movie and- unh! - I showed her how to play a few of my games."

"A true scholar and gentleman. And what has you so distracted?"

I took a deep breath as Alexa finally released my cock from her mouth and stood. I thought I was in the clear but then she clambered up onto the marble sink top and faced away from me on all fours. She reached under herself and spread her pussylips, displaying her insides to me again.

I just stared, dumbfounded.

"Alex? Alex!" mom snapped. "What are you doing?"

"Sorry," I said finally, trying to collect my thoughts while Alexa teased a single finger up and down her lips. I couldn't look away. "After your sister went to bed I stayed awake all night and played my games. I was on a roll and didn't want to stop."

Mom sighed. "Well, that's your problem. You still have to bring her to lunch at the red barn restaurant. So whether you stayed awake all night or not, be prepared to act bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, because you'll continue to be sociable. Questions?"

"I guess not," I muttered, still watching Alexa finger herself, enjoying torturing me. "I'm sure I'll find a way to manage."

"Good," mom said finally. "Dad and I will see you noonish."

"Okay," I said, nodded, giving no indication in my voice that mom was done with me. "Gotcha."

"You're so grandiloquent," she sighed. "Hanging up now."

"Uh-huh." I replied, subtly, not indicating that I was ending the call. As I finished hitting the 'End' button, my snaked my other hand forward and slid my index finger straight into Alexa's slippery pussy without warning...

She shuddered and then squealed in shocked before thrashing about and tumbled off the sink top. I was ready, however, in case she lost her composure and caught her before she crashed to the floor. I held her in my arms and smirked at her evilly. Her eyes were wider than dinner plates as she stared at me and her chest was heaving like a medieval bellows while she trembled in confusion.

"Holy shit..." she said finally, sucking in her breath to try and relax. "You... kusipää..."

"I think we're even now," I said cheerfully, still holding her. "Wouldn't you say?"

She rubbed her face with both hands and sighed. "I guess I had that coming, didn't I? Good job on not letting me know you'd ended the call."

I laughed and carried her to her bedroom, where I gently deposited her onto the bed. She flopped back on it, her legs over the side while she looked at the ceiling. I sat down next to her and caressed her stomach, trying to help her calm down after I shocked the hell out of her.

"So they're in no danger of coming back," I said. "They're determined to meet us for lunch now, which'd save them gas if nothing else. And they're still determined to believe that I'm doing nothing to keep you entertained or occupied."

This elicited a giggle from her. "If they only knew. So, shall we eat or what?"

"Lady's choice." I said simply. "I am nothing if not amenable."

She smiled. "Well, to be honest, after that rather active morning of exertion, I'm kind of tired. Why don't we snuggle up here in my bed and sleep together until it is time to get ready?"

I nodded. "That sounds wonderful, Alexa."

She smiled warmly and we crawled under the light coverlet, holding one another and kissing, expressing our newfound and very natural affection. Bodies tangled together, fitting like pieces of a loving puzzle, we drifted off, waiting for my alarm to indicate that duty was finally upon us.

***

My alarm began beeping and I sighed and stirred, feeling my lovely aunt do the same. Her body was still wrapped with mine and we pressed our lips together in another kiss of greeting. We hummed contentedly into one another's mouths, tongues tangling playfully. My cock seemed to have recovered from its earlier exhaustion because it was growing hard as her pussy pressed to it. Alexa giggled and

reached down to caress it slowly with her hand, causing me to shiver.

"Hey, big boy," she whispered, although I wasn't sure whether she was talking to me or my johnson. "Did you have a good nap?"

She ended our kiss and began kissing and nipping her way down my body slowly, finally arriving at my now-erect cock. She took it in her hands and kissed it gently, occasionally trailing her tongue along the underside while looking up at me and winking.

She then enveloped it between her breasts and massaged it, smirking as I groaned in pleasure, her soft skin driving me wild.

"So what kind of time do we have?" she asked coyly as she fucked me with her tits, occasionally flicking the tip with her tongue or taking it just inside her mouth.

I sighed and tried to focus past her torturing me, pressing the heel of my palms to my eyes. "Uhhhhnnn, ummmm... dammit, we need to leave in maybe twenty minutes."

Alexa pouted for a moment, even as she massaged me. "Oh well..."

She then turned around and sat on my hips, facing away from me, her magnificent ass facing me and her puss now squashed to my flattened cock. She slid it back and forth slightly as she turned her head and winked.

"Guess we'll be postponing playtime, hm?"

She clambered off me and pulled me to my feet, hugging me and kissing me, promising we'd pick up later. We cleaned ourselves off and then I sat on the bed and watched while she dressed herself. She wiggled into a tiny thong, putting on a show for me. Then she put on a ruffled skirt and a pretty blouse. It was a very attractive look for her and not quite as provocative as what she'd worn the past two days but still very nice. She then put her hair in a long,

elegant braid and smiled beautifully as she posed, showing off her outfit.

"You look amazing, I said," nodding in genuine admiration. "I'll bet you could make any outfit look sexy."

"Oh, you sweet-talker," she cooed, taking me by the hand and leading me downstairs to my room in the basement. "You know, at this rate, I'd be happy if you didn't find a girl for a while, keep you to myself for a bit."

She sat me on the bed and kissed me before winking. "Now let auntie find an outfit for you."

I chuckled and waited. I found it funny that originally when we met we'd agreed that me referring to her as my aunt and her calling me her nephew was weird because we were only a year apart in age. But in light of our blossoming affection for one another, it seemed thrilling in a taboo sort of way. She rummaged around in my dresser drawer, instinctively finding my underwear on the first attempt and inspected her options.

She finally picked a pair of black silk boxers and laid them aside. She then found some decent socks and put them with the boxers. Then she went to my closet and selected slacks and a light polo shirt for me and came back to the bed. She stood me up and knelt in front of me, slipping my boxers on.

"Pretty sure I have the opposable thumbs necessary to dress myself." I remarked, grinning.

"Yes, but can you kiss yourself all over while you do it?" she asked quietly, kissing my stomach as she adjusted the waistband of my boxers. She nuzzled her cheek against my cock through the silk for a moment and then helped me slip into my pants. She kissed my chest and shoulders as she put my shirt on, leaving the three buttons open. Lastly, she sat me down again and put my socks on, squeezing various points on my feet and heels gently, which felt remarkably good.

"There we go," she said finally, taking my hands and standing me up, assessing her work. "Excellent. I assume

you have some serviceable loafers to complete the look?" I nodded.

"Good, let's just do something with that shaggy dome of yours and you'll be ready." Alexa announced, leading me into my bathroom, where she rummaged through the cabinets for something.

"Such a male," she mused, smiling. "I somehow doubt my sister lets my brother-in-law keep his toiletries this disorganized."

I shrugged. "Never had a need to keep that stuff too organized before." I looked at myself in the mirror and then at her. "I want to say we match somehow."

"No, we don't match," she said casually, still perusing my cabinet. "Your outfit compliments mine."

I smiled. "So I'm your arm candy, am I?"

"I could do a million times worse, and have," Alexa replied. "You're the closest thing I have to a boyfriend, and I'm okay with that right now."

"Me too, actually." I admitted.

She found what she was looking for and sprayed some mousse into her hands before beginning to work it through my hair with her fingers. "That's not just because finding a worthwhile girl is hard work and I just fell into your lap, is it?"

I thought about that for a moment. "I guess you did. And... maybe that was how it was supposed to be."

She kept working the mousse in but her pace slowed, my words somehow affecting her. She stopped and took my cheeks in her hands, looking into my eyes.

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "That was a very bitchy thing of me to ask. I guess... so much has changed recently and then

I show up on your doorstep and you're the most amazing guy and... it just seems so unfair, you know?"

I nodded, knowing exactly what she was referring to, even if neither of us wanted to say it. "I do. You're the most beautiful and awesome girl I've ever met. I'm stupidly into you."

We stared into one another's eyes for several intense moments before she closed her eyes and drew a very deep breath. "We need to go..." she said finally. "Get me in the car..."

I sighed and nodded. We needed to do that promptly or we'd tear one another's clothes off right here and now. She gave my hair some final adjustments before following me out of the bathroom and letting me get my loafers on. We then headed upstairs where I retrieved my keys and took her out to the car. By the time we climbed in, the serious moment had passed and we were our bright and animated selves again. She took more pictures as we pulled out of the driveway.

"So, how far away is this restaurant in a barn?" she asked, tracing a fingernail up and down my arm as I drove.

"About... forty minutes, I think." I replied.

"Perfect," she said, smiling wickedly. "Plenty of time to make you crazy before lunch."

I dropped my head back against my seat's headrest and sighed, causing her to giggle. "You are the worst-behaved aunt in history, I'm pretty sure." I muttered.

"That didn't sound like a complaint to me." Alexa purred, winking at me. "But tell me," she continued, shifting her hips and pulling up her skirt. "Do you like this thong on me?"

"Oh, jeez," I muttered, trying to not crash us as I gaped while she slid her finger up and down the thin stretch of red fabric that barely covered her pussylips. "I... yeah, I like it. Can't you tell, I nearly killed us."

She giggled and kept teasing herself, daring me to look, which I did as often as I could without wrecking the car. She was apparently turning herself on, because one of her hands eventually went to her breasts and began fondling them through her blouse, sighing and moaning. I kept in the right lane so no one could pass by and see her readily. If anybody passed on my side, I just tried to use my body to block the view, which amused Alexa to no end, seemingly.

We made it to the restaurant with five minutes to spare and parked next to my parents' vehicle. Alexa adjusted herself while I thought of horrible images to make my boner go away, which it finally did, in spite of her snickering. We got out and walked to the front of the converted barn, where someone greeted us and took us to my parents' table.

The inside of the barn was rustic yet elegant, a marvelous fusion of design. Long tables were spread around, often accommodating more than one family and they all chatted merrily together, which was one of the appealing aspects of this particular establishment. Alexa had her arm through mine as we walked through and I groaned inwardly when I saw that my parents were sitting with the Stevensons. Dad

and Mister Stevenson, a colleague of his from the Biology Department, both stood as we approached. Mrs Stevenson smiled pleasantly while my mother gave me a wry look.

"Well, that's unexpected," she mused, looking at me. "Who dressed you?"

She looked at Alexa. "Did you dress him?"

I rolled my eyes while Alexa laughed. "I made him wait upstairs while I picked out an ensemble for him, but he managed to put it on all by himself."

"He's never worn those pants or shirt before," mom stated. "I half expected him to show up in a bathrobe. In any event, good job. Allie, this is Dr Stevenson from the Biology Department and his wife, Helen. She's an immigration lawyer."

"Very pleased to meet you both," Alexa said, smiling warmly and looking very demure. "I look forward to attending the university this fall."

"Excellent," Mr Stevenson said as we all sat down, with Alexa across from me, something we agreed was appropriate. It meant I almost had to look at her but would make an effort not to, keeping up our ruse. "What do you plan to study, my dear?"

"Well, assuming they find my credits from Berlin and Copenhagen acceptable, I'll continue with humanities and liberal arts," she answered. "They said if I can make sure my papers are in order, I'd even qualify for a full scholarship."

"That's delightful!" Mrs Stevenson said, smiling happily. "Karen has already told me all about you and your situation. I said I'd make sure everything went through smoothly. Since you were born here to a full citizen and even have a birth certificate to that effect, it shouldn't be a problem. We'll discuss your available documentation later, though. We came to meet you and enjoy ourselves."

Alexa seemed genuinely grateful for what my mother's friend told her and it was something of a relief to me that I wasn't the only positive thing in her life at the moment,

given that she'd so recently lost her mother and moved to a country she was not familiar with. I'm glad we were such good friends so quickly, but I wasn't selfish enough to think her happiness depended solely on me.

I mostly sat and listened while we ate, allowing my parents and the Stevensons to get to know Alexa a little better. It occurred to me that I knew her better than mom did, in several important ways. She was a very open and honest person, except where she and I were concerned, thankfully. She once again displayed her considerable appetite, eating generous servings of everything put in front of us.

"I remember this place before it was a restaurant," Mrs Stevenson mused as she looked around the barn. "It was often used for old hangar dances. Jerry and I would come here and swing dance."

Alexa's eyes lit up. "I love swing dance!" she exclaimed. "Classic swing, neo-swing, electro-swing..."

My dad laughed. "Well, we all do it around this table," he said. "Even Alex."

Alexa looked at me pointedly. "No way."

"Oh, indeed," mom chimed in. "Did we just manage to add a dimension to Mister 2D here?"

I sighed while Alexa laughed. "That's an aspect of him I didn't expect, nor did he give any indication of it up to now."

"Well we'll all go to the next one," mom announced, drinking her tea. "Maybe you can convince him to go and have a good time."

"I'm really glad I'll be finding activities so quickly," Alexa said, smiling brightly. "There's quite a few clubs at the university I'm interested in."

"Great," dad said, grinning. "Now if you can get the Hobbit here to join some, then we'll all be in good shape."

Everyone laughed again and I sighed. I knew Alexa didn't mean it, though, and that made it infinitely bearable.

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Brunch ended and we were all getting ready to leave. The Stevensons said their goodbyes, especially to Alexa and said they'd see us again soon. I asked my parents if we should just meet them at home.

"Oh, heavens no," mom said disdainfully. "It's a gorgeous day out, let's all go do something fun."

"Well, the province did just open that new nature trail a few miles away," dad mentioned. "Let's go and check it out. We're all wearing comfortable shoes, it seems like the time."

As assertive as mom could be on occasion, she almost always deferred to dad when it came to matters of having fun, so she agreed readily. "Alright, you two follow us and we'll have a good time. See you at the trail."

We got back in our vehicles and I followed dad out to the nature trail. Alexa and I mostly behaved ourselves, since mom and dad were never more than a few car lengths away, but she had her camera out and snapped lots of pictures, including several upskirts of herself and of her pussy when she pulled her thong aside and sent them to my phone. My aunt was apparently trying to kill me.

Some ten minutes later, we arrived at the nature trail. The parking lot was free of cars aside from ours, which Alexa and I were mutually thankful for. Dad had some water bottles handy and gave us each one. We began making our way down the trail, which was surrounded on all side by lush deciduous vegetation. We walked and talked, mostly about Alexa's various experiences living across Europe and she was tireless and cheerful in answering the questions. An occasional nudge from my mother encouraged me to ask some as well.

At Alexa's request, we stopped and took pictures regularly and it occurred to me that maybe a great deal of this was her trying to capture moments in her new life, since I hadn't seen tons of pics from her old one. Did she have very few

and was regretting it now? I'd have to ask later and see what she had to show me.

We came to an open area with a picnic table and sat down, talking about her time in Bologna. After maybe fifteen minutes we stood up and prepared to resume our casual hike. There were two paths now, one that took a higher route and another the lower one but they apparently arrived at the same destination.

"C'mon, Alex," dad said, clapping me on the shoulder. "Let's give the sisters a chance to catch up on their own. We'll take the high road, leave the shade to the womenfolk."

I nodded and waved to my mom and Alexa before we jaunted off. Dad seemed to be enjoying himself, with no particular ulterior motive in bringing me with him aside from giving my mom time to be with her sister, which I was thankful for.

"So what's she like?" he asked as he walked, looking at some wild Trilliums. "Was it a good idea to let her uproot herself and come here?"

I considered his question for a moment. "She's pretty genuine, I think," I said finally. "What you see is what you get, she's not fake or pretentious. I think... I think she seems older than she is, at least compared to the people who will be her peers. Certainly intellectually."

"Really smart, is she?" dad mused.

I nodded. "Yeah, she's gonna tear up the courses she chooses. She'll be ahead in no time."

"Then you'll have some competition, finally," he chuckled. "She's pretty too, don't you think?"

"Jeez, dad," I said, scowling. "She's my aunt."

"Well, yes, but speaking objectively."

I sighed. "Speaking objectively? Yeah, she's actually gorgeous. But she's still mom's sister and that gives me all manner of squick when I try to think about her that way."

"Okay, but I want you to understand that the burden of being her friend is going to fall on you," he said, smiling at me. "At least until she finds a good boyfriend or girlfriend or whatever she likes. Your mom and I are secretly counting on you to to make sure she doesn't end up with a douchebag, okay?"

"I can't believe you just said 'douchebag', dad." I laughed.

"Why?" he asked. "It was my generation that invented the term, I feel entitled to it, thank you. You kids are just appropriating it, I'll have you know."

"Alright, alright, say douchebag to your heart's content." I said, admitting defeat. "But quit making me think about you saying it and trying to think about my aunt, okay? Letting her pick my clothes was enough weird for one day."

"She needs a good friend, Alex, and you're perfect in that regard," dad said simply. "You're her age and you're related to her and you have every reason in the world to make sure she's as happy as possible. We're all she's got now. Your mom and I can help her in different ways than you can."

"Yeah?"

"Sure," dad reasoned. "You can at at least figure out a good date for her. Your mom and I would only be guess based on the recommendations of friends or associates."

"Ugh," I said, making a face as I thought about my mom's peers. "I wouldn't wish that on anyone, especially a family member."

"Good, just keep it in mind, I'm not asking you to play Yenta or anything. And for your own good and your mother's peace of mind, really try to be friends with Alexa, okay?"

I was silent for a few moments. "She really means a lot to mom, doesn't she?"

"You have no idea," dad said, his tone carrying a note of seriousness. "And to be honest, I don't think either of us even can, Alex. Imagine losing someone very special to you a long time ago and you can't even find out about them. Then one day, they're back in your life and you have a chance to make up for all that last time, even if you have no idea who they are now."

He looked at me as we walked. "Imagine how terrifying that has to be for your mom and her sister, knowing about one another their whole lives but not knowing anything about one another. How awful would it be if they couldn't get along and didn't like one another?"

"That's actually a really good point," I said. "I hadn't thought about it that way. I guess I just expected it to work out perfectly once Alexa had adjusted to life here in the colonies, you know?"

He nodded. "And it's not your job to worry about all that. But you've got a new family member in your life now and

as far as we can tell, she's pretty spectacular. Just don't squander an opportunity by not trying, okay?"

I read his words on a level he certainly wasn't aware of and would never know. "Okay, dad. I think I understand a little better now. This isn't an imposition, it's a new chapter for all of us in our own way, right?"

"That's my boy," he said, clearly pleased. "I know your mom gives you a hard time, but she thinks you're smarter than both of us put together. You've got the grades and academic drive, you just need to make sure your personality and social skills keep pace."

"I guess I always figured that," I replied. "Even when she's insulting me, there's a humorous edge to the names she calls me. I guess I get my intermittent social reticence from her, since I sure as hell didn't get it from you."

"Got that right," he laughed. "Going out with you and your mother is downright awkward sometimes, it's as if the act of enjoying yourselves causes you physical pain."

"Thanks, pop." I said dryly.

We continued hiking and the conversation turned eventually to my courses and what I had selected for the fall. He seemed pleased with my choices and really wanted to know the details. It was one of the things I loved about my dad was his genuine interest in what was going on around him and in the lives of the people he cared about.

We heard mom and Alexa before we saw them, laughing and chatting gaily as the two paths met again at yet another rest area. They were walking arm-in-arm and seemed to be very happy. Dad and I arrived seconds before they did and he waved to them as they approached the picnic table.

"Have a good time?" he called out.

"Yes, as a matter of fact we did," mom said as they joined us. "We talked a lot about mom and what it was like to grow up with her in Europe before she passed. Apparently she was a real character, right up until her final days in Cardiff."

"That doesn't surprise me at all," dad said cheerfully. "She was one of the most amazing people I ever met. I miss her."

"Actually, that was something Alexa and I wanted to discuss with you," mom said, her tone not serious but indicating that outright levity was no longer required. "Mom isn't in Europe, Alexa brought her back here with her."

Dad nodded while I thought about that for a moment. "Okay. Where do you want to put her, Alexa?"

My aunt drew a deep breath. "As... strange as it sounds, before she died, mom said she wanted to be laid with my father. He may have driven her away when he had his mental breakdown, but she loved him until the very end."

Dad looked at my mom and nodded. "That sounds completely reasonable. Karen and I were the ones who had him interred in the family plot a few hours away, so whenever you're ready I'll call the mortuary and have them work on a plaque and we'll get it done."

Alexa smiled and wiped at the corner of her eye. "Thanks, Mike. You've all been so accommodating and willing to help."

"Well sure, you're one of us now, right?" he said, grinning. "We're family and we've got to stick together."

Mom rolled her eyes. "Just be prepared for him and the boy to break into a Ramones 'one of us' chant at any moment', she warned her sister. "Wouldn't be the first time."

"Gabba gabba hey," dad quipped, standing and looking around. "Shall we push on or start heading back?"

"To be honest, I'm pretty wiped," mom said. "Helen blathered at me most of the night so I didn't get nearly as much sleep as I should have. Let's head back for now. If we want to explore this entire thing, we'll make a day of it. Besides, Tommy-boy here stayed awake all night playing video games, so he's probably out on his feet."

"Tommy was about pinball, not video games." I groused.

"My point's still valid," mom said dismissively. "Anyway, let's go home. We'll order in for dinner, okay?"

We all acquiesced and prepared to head back. Mom looked at her sister. "Allie, you've got Prince Charming here. Try to keep him talking on the way back, okay?"

She nodded and my parents went back up the path my father and I had used. That left Alexa and I on the lower path, which we began to walk down.

"I think you'll like this path," she said as she put her hand in mine. "I made note of several remote areas along the way."

"Good," I said, squeezing her hand. "After all the flak I've taken, I could use some affection."

"Oh, auntie's got plenty of that for you..." she purred.

"Hearing you say that probably shouldn't have the effect on me that it does." I sighed, shivering and making her giggle. We walked for a few minutes until she eagerly pulled me off the trail and over to a small clump of trees and bushes, where we'd be completely concealed. She pressed me up against one of the trees and pressed her lips to mine, kissing me deeply. We both moaned as our tongues met and snaked around one another. Hands roamed around each other's bodies. I squeezed her breasts as she gasped into my mouth.

"C'mon," she murmured through the kiss. "I think I know an even better place..."

She broke the kiss and pulled me along by the hand, walking quickly. I already had a raging hard-on in my slacks and prayed no one would walk by us, because it wasn't going anywhere. She found a small, foot-worn trail that led down the slope, though trees and underbrush, towards the sound of running water. She grinned in delight as we reached a little stream, which babbled it way merrily through the forest. Tall trees surrounded us and this seemed like a grove out of mythology. Rays of sunlight came through the canopy of thick leaves above.

"It's magical," she breathed, totally enchanted with our surroundings. "It's like a faerie grove from old tales."

"It's incredible," I agreed, looking around while still holding her hand. "I'm really glad you brought me here."

"I saw the hidden path but we didn't come down," she murmured. "It's even more than I imagined it would be."

She turned and looked up at me, placing my hand on her heart. "And I'm here with you..."

I held her close and kissed her again, my heart soaring. In this most magical of places, we kissed without reservation, feeling a strange unity and comfort in one another that I'd never known before with anyone. Time meant nothing to me and the world was no bigger than this grove we'd found.

The kiss ended and she looked into my eyes again, smiling beautifully. She moved a curl of my hair away from my face and caressed my cheek.

"I want this to be where we make love, Alex," she said softly. "I'm done trying to deny how bad I want you. But we haven't got the time at the moment, we have to meet Karen and Mike shortly."

"I know," I replied quietly, my body almost trembling in my desire for her. "I want you so bad, Alexa."

She pressed her face against my chest. "God, we could make it a quickie, we could... but that's not what I want for our first time, especially here. Please help me be strong, Alex."

I took a deep breath. "We'll be fine, Alexa. We'll tease each other to madness until we make it back here, make one another cum and have a wonderful time. But I will refrain from making love to you until we are back here."

She sighed. "Okay. But you promise to keep me riled up and wanting it badly all the time?"

"No problem whatsoever." I said, grinning.

"Good," she said, looking around. "But we're not leaving without doing something..."

She then reached under herself and pulled her thong off. Once she'd done that, she knelt in front of me and undid my pants, slipping them and my boxers down and allowing my massive erection to spring free.

"Can you cum quickly if I suck you off?" she asked, looking up at me.

"I'm about ready to burst right now, you shouldn't encounter any difficulties." I said truthfully. She nodded and without waiting slid her mouth down the length of my cock. She moaned around the base as she fondled my sac gently. I took her head in my hands gently as she began to bob back and forth, her hand following her mouth, stroking my shaft.

The pleasure was unreal, a warm, wet delight as her mouth formed a perfect seal around me. She kept moaning and

humming, buzzing my sensitive skin and driving me wild. My fingers flexed in her hair and my toes curled in my shoes.

Back and forth she went along my length, bringing me closer and closer to ecstasy. Finally, I sighed as loudly as I dared and my hips shook as I began to cum. She sucked on me eagerly, moaning almost in a delirium as she swallowed the first few spurts of my offering. Then she pull her mouth off me but kept pumping her hands along my shaft, watching with a wicked delight as she pressed the crotch of her thong against my throbbing cockhead, smearing the rest of my cum along the inside.

I waited until she was finished, where she lapped the last few drops of cum out of me, swallowing them happily. She then stood in front of me and raised her ruffled skirt, pressing her pussy against my still-hard cock. The head teased dangerously between her lips while she smiled slyly at me.

"Soon enough," she whispered. "Soon, you'll be making love to me, Alex."

She then stepped away and sighed, reached down and pulling her panties back on. "But until then, I'll love to feel you this close to me." She raised her skirt again and let me watch as she used her fingers to rub the cum-saturated crotch of her thong into her pussy, getting my pearly essence inside herself and moaning as she did it. I pulled up my pants as I watched on in wonder.

"Alright," she breathed. "Let's get back to business. Talk to me about the local flora we come across as we walk."

We went back up to the path and resumed our stroll back to the parking lot. I dutifully pointed out several types of plants native to the region which she might not know from Europe. I guess she was trying to keep her mind off how horny we both were for one another. She asked questions and I answered them to the best of my ability.

We finally arrived at the parking lot. Mom and dad were sitting at a bench by the vehicles and he waved to us. Mom, of course, had something to say.

"There you are," she quipped. "I was worried that Allie had broken her ankle or something and you'd gone all Donner party and just eaten her."

Alexa giggled while I rolled my eyes. "I kept asking questions about local plants and so on, he was very patient with answering me."

I now understood why she'd asked to talk about plants- she didn't want to lie to her sister, she was just not providing the complete truth. I had to admit, I was impressed. While I didn't lie to my parents either, we both understood a certain amount of duplicity was absolutely essential here, because they alternative was unthinkable.

"Plants, hm?" mom mused, clearly not impressed. "At least it wasn't video games, I guess, so that's a step up. Okay, let's get back. We'll see you two at the house."

We followed them home, driving ourselves crazy with our sexual talk. While we never directly discussed what would happen the next time we were in that little grove, we discussed just about every other aspect of it that we could.

And the whole time, Alexa was sitting low in her seat, her skirt flipped up and pushing her cum-soaked thong into her pussy or teasing her clit, making us both wild.

"So how old we were you when lost it?" she asked, taking pictures and recording film.

"I was sixteen," I replied. "Just a girl from school I dated. We did it under the bleachers at the sports field."

"Hm, I was a little younger than you my first time," she mused, smiling. "I was twelve, but European kids seem to start younger than North Americans. How many girls have you been with?"

"Been with?"

"Well, let me clarify. How many girls have you fucked?"

"That would be five," I said. "I've done other things with girls, plenty of it, but in terms of fucking, then five, a few times with each. You?"

"More than that," she said. "I'm afraid I'll sound like a total slut if I tell you."

"You won't," I said, my tone serious. "I promise."

She was silent for a moment before answering. "Well, if you include men and women, then thirty-six," she admitted. "More women than men, but it's almost even numbers."

"I'm more inclined to ask about the women," I said, grinning. "Been in any group scenes?"

"Like threesomes or moresomes?" she asked. "Yeah, a few times. It happens at girl sleepovers frequently. Been with several girls at once. Was in a three-way with two guys once."

"You were the creamy filling in a sausage sandwich?" I laughed.

"Well, they did fuck my pussy and ass at the same time, yes, but I also had a strap-on and pegged the both of them."

"Oh, uh... well, no need to worry about that here." I said, trying not to sound nervous.

"The thought never crossed my mind," she giggled. "You're way too big and brawny and masculine for me to consider that sort of thing attractive."

"Well, that's good to hear." I said, relieved.

"What about you?" she asked, still fingering her gooey slit. "Has there ever been a menage a trois in your past?"

"Just once," I said, nodding. "Two girls last year on campus. It was a good time, although we were all pretty drunk, so it was sloppy."

"Okay, what's the weirdest place you've ever fucked?" she queried, obviously enjoying our naughty talk while she pleasured herself.

"It's going to sound childish, but..." I began. "It was a graveyard. I fucked some goth girl on top of her great-grandfather's huge sepulcher. She totally got off on it."

"Holy shit," she said, not expecting that answer apparently. "That's not childish or lame at all, Alex. You need to fuck me in a graveyard some time."

"Fine, just not on top of grandma and grandpa, okay?" I quipped immediately, causing her to burst out laughing. It took her close to a minute to finish and she looked at me, her eye glimmering with mirth.

"Normally I'd say 'too soon', but your timing and delivery were absolutely perfect," she said, trying not to crack up again. "Oh my God, that was hilarious."

I continued driving and we stopped talking while Alexa fingered herself with increasing urgency until she finally shuddered and moaned, cumming hard. I was glad she was recording it somehow, because I didn't dare take my eyes off the road. She laid back against her chair, chest heaving, her eyes glazed over.

"Glad mom and dad are a couple of cars ahead of us," I mentioned as I drove. "Don't think I'd want them to be able to see what just happened in their rearview mirrors."

"You and me both," she said heavily. "But I really needed that..."

She had composed herself by the time we reached the house and everything seemed normal.

Unless, of course, my mother decided for some reason to smell the inside of my car, which was permeated with the scent of a woman's arousal.

We all went inside and Alexa excused herself to go to the bathroom. Mom yawned and said she was going to take a nap. Dad and I were standing in the kitchen talking when Alexa returned, looking suitably refreshed. Dad asked if she planned to take a nap but she said she was awake and feeling fine. Dad nodded and looked at me.

"Looks like you're on escort duty, Ace," he said. "Stay awake and keep your aunt entertained."

I sighed and looked at her. "Well, what shall we do?"

"I'll go get my laptop and I'll take you on a Google Maps tour of some of the places I've lived, okay?" she suggested. I nodded and she hurried upstairs to get her computer. She came back and smiled as she held it under her arm. "But I promise to not be offended if you nod off, either."

"Okay, you two have walking the streets of Europe!" dad said, waving to us as we headed downstairs to my cave. I kept the door wide open, of course. I heard him going upstairs and listened carefully until their bedroom door

closed. Alexa dropped her laptop on the bed and turned and looked at me. "How long do you think we have?"

"Mom's naps are about two hours when she takes them." I replied. Dad'll fall asleep too so he doesn't disturb her."

"Thank God..." Alexa said as she threw herself against me and we kissed hungrily, groping one another like depraved sex-fiends. We fell to the bed and rolled back and forth, tongues wrestling sloppily. She sighed gently as I took her bottom lip between my teeth and tugged on it gently.

"God, I want you..." she whispered, kissing my ear. "I want you inside me. But I want to wait..."

"I know," I said, squeezing her breast and kissing her neck. "Want to wait..."

She had undone the button and zipper of my slacks, her hand now down inside and stroking my throbbing cock. My hands reached under her skirt and found her slippery pussy, completely devoid of the thong she'd been wearing

earlier. My fingers played over her lips, teasing her and making her moan into my mouth. She pushed my pants down and I kicked them off, suddenly rolling over on top of her and pinning her beneath me. My raging cock sat atop her pussy now and she was looking at me with wide eyes that were a symphony of emotions- trepidation, excitement, fear and lust.

I desperately wanted to just push my cock inside her. One single thrust and we would both have what we so desperately wanted. I could see in her gleaming us how much she wanted me to take control, to simply fuck her right now in the most primal manner possible. Her pussylips slid beneath my shaft, pliant and willing.

"Alex..." she said in the softest of voices.

I sighed and settled down to kiss her gently, moving my lower body off her and to the side, she kissed me back, trembling in relief at my decision. She stroked my face and smiled at me lovingly as we broke the kiss.

"Thank God you were strong enough," she said, her voice now calm. "Because I wouldn't have been strong enough. At that very second, if I'd been the one in control, I'd have fucked you. I'm glad you had the reins right then."

"Believe me, I wanted to so badly," I said, holding her to me. "Took all my willpower to not do it, but I remembered how much we wanted our first time to be in that grove. I didn't know I was that strong."

She smiled and kissed my nose. "Well, I think I can take over from here," she mused. "Even if we stay naked and your cock is all over my pussy, I'm in control of myself now. You don't need to worry. Thank you for your resolve, my love."

"Well, what shall we do then?" I asked, feeling calmer.

"If you feel like we won't be discovered, why don't we get naked?" she suggested. I nodded and we removed the rest of our clothing. She giggled and pushed me down on my back, snuggling her body on top of me. We kissed and caressed one another as I let her squirm her pussy all over

my cock. I massaged her butt cheeks and she squeaked as I pulled them wide. Her eyes glinted in excitement and amusement as she looked down at me.

"Think about it," she whispered. "After you've fucked me in the grove, you can try my ass any time you like."

I grinned. "You like anal?"

"Oh, I love it," she sighed happily, resting her cheek on her hand and looking at me. "Been a big fan almost as long as I've been having sex. You ever done it?"

"Just once," I admitted, caressing her bum. "She was really awkward about it, so I was always afraid I was hurting her."

"Well, you're likely to tear me right in half with that monster," she giggled, reaching between us as stroking my hard cock and then putting it behind her pussy to rest against her ass. "But don't worry, any girl worth her tushie would love to be wrecked by that thing."

She sat up straight, swaying her torso back and forth like she was dancing for me. She moved her soft ass cheeks back and forth against my rigid tool, teasing me. I watched her move hypnotically, completely lost in how utterly enchanting this goddess was. She leaned forward and brushed her soft breasts against my face, letting me kiss them before pulling away.

"So tell me something, Alex..." she cooed, tracing a fingernail down my chest and around my abs. "What was the very first thing that occurred to you when you saw me?"

I made a show of thinking and she coerced my by taking hold of my cock and putting the head at the entrance of her pussy, teasing it just barely through her sticky lips. I shivered and confessed. "I remember being shocked and thinking 'Wow, I can't be related to anything that gorgeous'. What did you think when you saw me?"

"Oh, now that's a question you should never ask a girl," she chided, smirking. She pressed my cock flat against my stomach and settled onto it, her netherlips split by its length. "But I can't deny you anything, seemingly, so I'll be

completely honest too. I was thinking how unfair it was that you were my nephew, because I was instantly attracted to you and enchanted by you."

I pulled her down and kissed her. I didn't know why she was attracted to me or enchanted by me, but it didn't have to make sense to me. All I knew was that I felt every bit as strongly about her and needed to express it. We kissed deeply and lovingly, bodies nestling together perfectly.

She smiled and licked the tip of my nose. "When was the last time you had a soixante-neuf?"

"That depends," I said, squeezing her breasts. "How soon can the next fifteen minutes be the past?"

Alexa grinned and began to turn herself around, settling on top of me, her pussy in my face. I shuddered as she slid my cock down her throat and I hugged her hips while I began kissing her slit. She moaned around my shaft while I pulled her lips apart and flicked her clit with my tongue. The feel of her hand on my hardness, stroking up and down while

she sucked on me ardently was exquisite. My tongue snaked inside her and I tasted her heady wetness.

She moaned as I gently pushed a finger inside her and put my thumb on her tiny pearl. I lapped at her slowly, just savouring how erotic she felt. Everything about her was enthralling to me, I couldn't get enough of her.

She moaned and pulled her mouth off me for a moment, still pumping with her hand.

"My ass, Alex," she rasped. "Go ahead and finger my ass..."

I nodded and kept sliding my tongue up and down her slit and teasing her clit with my thumb while I teased a finger around her rosy little knot. I smeared some of her pussy juice on it and wiggled the tip of the finger inside. She moaned at the intrusion and I pushed the finger into the second knuckle. She tightened and clenched around me as I slid it back and forth while I sucked on her clit.

"Gnnn, that's so good," she hissed before going back to sucking my cock willfully. "Keep it up, lover. You'll make me cum so hard..."

We sucked and teased one another until we were both shivering and gripping each other tight. I pushed my finger farther into her ass while I lashed her pussy with her tongue. She squeezed my cock as she pumped it and slid her cock down her throat. I arched my back as she pushed back against me and we both moaned, shuddering as we came. She bathed my face with her pleasure while she swallowed my cum hungrily, determined to take everything.

We lay together, limp as wet dishrags, trembling and sighing in satisfaction. She nuzzled her face against me, kissing my shaft. I continued kissing and gently licking her, loving how her body felt- warm, soft and... mine.

Alexa slowly sat up and moved down my body, facing away from me. She slithered her gooey pussy against my cock before lying back on me, bringing my arms around to hug

her, hands on her breasts. My cock pressed to her slit, resting comfortably. She turned her head and kissed me.

"I could stay like this forever..." she murmured into my mouth. "I've never been this content with someone before."

We kissed as I caressed her body gently, just enjoying the contact. And I shared her feelings on the matter. I loved how we fit together so naturally. I was no longer nervous or the least bit awkward around her. We knew what we both wanted and there was all the time in the world to enjoy one another.

"You're so perfect," I whispered back, holding her close. "I've never known anyone like you before and you just came into my life almost randomly, it seems. Nobody luckier than me."

We simply lay still then, resting together. There was no need to speak, no need to express anything, just existing like this was enough for now.

Before long, of course, that didn't keep Alexa from finding her cellphone and taking pictures of us in all manner of compromising ways. She took a picture of our faces from below her breasts, she took pictures of her pussy with my cock pressed to it or even with the tip pushed inside. She took several of herself with my shaft in her mouth or between her tits. I took pictures of her straddling me in reverse cowgirl, my cockhead pressed to her tiny knot, on the verge of penetrating. Video of her sliding her pussylips up and down my shaft followed and then we were kissing deeply. She finally set aside her phone and smiled at me.

"I'm glad you are cool with all this," she said as she pulled out her laptop. She took the memory card from her phone and popped it into her computer. "I'm going to put all our photos and videos on my computer. Safer there."

"Good idea," I said as I watched her. She was still snuggled onto my lap, perfectly content. "Hey, you've already got a folder for the two of us," I laughed. "I'm flattered."

"Of course," she said simply as she transferred the files. "They're very special to me."

"You have a lot of folders," I mused as I watched over her shoulder, kissing her cheek. "What language are those folders in? Is that Finnish?"

"Ooh, you are good," she purred, snuggling into me, apparently turned on by my facility with languages. "Yes, it is. This folder, Koulu, is for school. This one, Matkustaminen, is for travel pictures, places I've been."

"Then this one, Tuhma, must be where you keep all your private pictures." I surmised, pointing to one in particular.

She turned her head to look at me. "And how, exactly, would you know that if you don't speak Suomi, good sir?"

I smirked. "It's got the most files in it. It's the same on my laptop, only mine says Xialiou."

She sighed and giggled. "You're too clever for your own good, I may just have to have you killed now."

"Well, as long as you're the one killing me and it's death by snu-snu." I said, causing her to giggle. She looked at me, her eyes glinting with mischief.

"Want to see what's inside that folder?" she asked.

"I don't want to intrude," I replied. "But I will admit to being curious."

"Normally I wouldn't show anyone," she whispered, clicking on the taboo folder. "But I want you to know me. I'm not embarrassed, Alex."

She showed me the sub-folders. "These ones are just porn pictures I've downloaded, these are probably the ones you're interested in, the ones of me."

She let me take over using her remote mouse that she had with her, setting it down by my side on the bed. She had expressed her desire to open herself up to me so I clicked on with confidence, opening up more folders.

"That folder is me with guys, both pictures and video..." she said, pointing to one. "This one is my lesbian folder where I am-"

She didn't finish talking as I clicked readily on the Lesbian folder, causing her to giggle. "You men are so predictable..." she said finally.

I perused the contents of the folder thoroughly, my grin growing wider as I watched videos of her with other girls, often several at once.

"Hey, you like to trib." I said, sounding quite pleased. "It's kinda my fetish, because it's the one sexual act I cannot do or imitate."

"Yes, I can feel that you like it..." she said as my cock started to swell beneath her. "Glad you approve of my scissoring act."

I went through the folder of her fucking guys, watching in fascination and remembering everything that she seemed to like. Watching two guys fuck her while someone else filmed, I could see she clearly loved having her pussy and her ass fucked at the same time. I also watched as two guys also fucked her pussy at the same time. I pulled her tighter to me as I watched, giving one of her breasts a gentle squeeze and making her squirm and sigh.

She had a masturbation folder as well that showed her using her fingers or various toys and sometimes even fucking other objects. I kissed her gently as we watched some of the more unusual ones, letting her know that I was perfectly fine with what I saw.

I finally closed the folder and smiled at her. "Loved it."

"Good," she said. "Give me your computer and a USB cable and I'll copy them to your hard drive so you have them whenever you like. I want you to have them, Alex."

I nodded. "Thank you, Alexa. That's a precious gift. We'll create more memories to share."

"I know we will..." she said gently, kissing me again.

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We laughed and chatted around the dinner table, eating the Italian food dad had ordered. We all asked Alexa what she thought of it since she'd lived in Bologna. She giggled and said she was enjoying the food, that the lasagna was very good and she was surprised to find polenta, which was actually from the Romagna region.

"So do you speak Italian, Allie?" mom asked.

Alexa nodded. "With a Florentine accent, admittedly."

"Oh, you should teach it to Michael," mom said almost excitedly. "I'd love for him to be able to whisper in Italian in my ear at night."

"Hey, you could teach it to Alex," dad said cheerfully. "Maybe he'd have better luck with getting a date."

Mom snickered as I rolled my eyes. Fortunately, Alexa came to my rescue. "Actually, when we were on the campus yesterday, I witnessed him nearly charm the pants off a young lady by speaking French. It was very impressive."

Dad looked at me, seemingly impressed. "Really? Good job, tiger."

Mom gave me a deadpan stare. "In front of your aunt, Alex? You took time out to flirt with a girl while you were escorting Allie around campus? Where's your sense of timing, boy? But he spoke it well, Allie?"

She nodded. "His accent isn't Parisian, per se, but it's sophisticated and very charming. He speaks confidently and that's a big plus if he wants to woo one of his peers. I had to admire his skill."

"Grazie." I said, powering through my lasagna, causing everyone to laugh.

It was a good evening.

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"Today was quite a day, wasn't it?" Alexa asked as she sat cross-legged on her bed, looking at me through her laptop. She was, of course, completely naked, as was I. This was going to be the natural and preferred way of doing things now. This is what we both wanted and needed.

"Yeah, it was," I said cheerfully. "I'm really beat from it, but I had an amazing day."

"Me too, Alex," she said, smiling. "So when do you think we'll be able to go back to that nature trail and enact our intentions on one another?"

"That depends," I mused, giving the matter some thought. "Best if we have a few hours to ourselves and no need to account to my mom and dad for our whereabouts. So either they need to leave for a day and simply assume we'll stay home or they need to think we're just going out to enjoy the weather and bum around, like you want to get me out of the house."

"That sounds plausible," Alexa said, grinning. "Convincing Karen that I should get you in the outdoors for a bit shouldn't be too difficult."

"No to mention it takes the onus off her to try and badger me into it, so she'll jump all over that." I agreed. "Good idea."

"So, what are you plans for tomorrow?" she asked, winking and smiling wickedly.

"I was thinking of sitting indoors and playing video games all day." I replied.

"Well, not if you want inside this," she purred, turning around and pointing her marvelous ass a the screen, reaching under and spreading her wet pussylips. "I personally think this is your better option."

"No argument there," I said cheerfully. "It's a deal, best one I've ever had."

She turned and sat again, smiling lewdly and stroking her finger up and down her pussylips. "That makes two of us, darling. I meant to ask, there's an actual dumbwaiter in the hallway here. Where does it to down to?"

"The room beside mine in the basement, it used to be a larder a hundred years and change ago."

"So what you're saying is that I could send my worn panties down to you and you can send them back up smeared in your wonderful cum and I can wear them all day without anyone knowing?" she asked, her eyes glittering with naughty mirth.

I nodded. "Sounds wonderful. Let's get to sleep, tomorrow's going to be the best day either of as has ever had."

She nodded and we both leaned forward and kissed our cameras and she murmured something in another language I assumed was 'goodnight'. We then placed our laptops in their designated areas where we could watch one another sleep and crawled beneath our covers. We waved to one another one final time before I closed my eyes and began dreaming, thinking of everything tomorrow was going to be.

Chapter 4- All-Consuming Desire

I woke early, knowing that Alexa was likely also up. It was also my parents' day off together, so they would sleep in. Better still, they were both sound sleepers, so we could make a little noise in the house without arousing suspicion.

I looked over at my laptop, which sat on a small TV tray right by my bed and saw that Alexa too was stretching and waking up. She saw me looking at her and came forward to her screen, kneeling on all fours, her lovely breasts wobbling below her. She smiled serenely and blew me a kiss.

"How'd you sleep, lover?" she asked in a soft voice.

"I slept well, thank you," I said, rolling onto my side to look at her. "My dreams, which I remember well, were very entertaining and totally Alexa-centric."

"Mmmm, glad to hear it," she said warmly. "Because I dreamed of you and I have the morning dew to show for it..."

She reached under herself and played her pussy for several seconds and then brought her fingers back up to display for me, demonstrating how sticky they were. She stuck them in her mouth and licked them off, making a moaning sound and then smiling at me wickedly.

"That was all you," she cooed. "You made me this wet and today you're going to have to finish what you started."

"Looking forward to it." I said, pointing the webcam I'd attached to my laptop down at my cock, which I was stroking to hardness. "Oh, and just so you know? My parents have the day off and will sleep in til around ten. And they're also sound sleepers, you'd have to fire a cannon in their room before they wake up on days off."

She considered what I was saying and disappeared from her screen. Seconds later, I heard her quickly and quietly padding down the basement stairs and she appeared,

wearing her robe that she had wrapped around herself. She threw it aside when she reached the bottom step, once again naked and collapsed onto the bed with me, kissing me hungrily. We rolled about, squirming and groping, swallowing one another's tongues, my rock-hard cock pressed to her wet pussy.

"I want you so bad..." she whimpered, biting my lower lip. "Alex, I need you. But I want you all wild and pent up for the grove..."

"I want you too," I growled, gripping her fiercely as we ground our bodies together. "I want to fuck you until we scream and pass out. But we'll be strong, Alexa. For our trip to the grove. Let's not cum until we're there. Then you can have all of me."

She kissed me feverishly for a while longer before rolling off me and lying on my bed, looking at the ceiling, her chest rising and falling as she tried to control herself. One of her hands clasped mine, fingers entwined. I know how she felt, my cock was standing straight, throbbing with need. It was going to be an icy shower I took in a bit.

"This is crazy," she murmured. "I've never wanted- no, needed someone this bad before. I don't know what you've done to me, Alex, but... I need you inside me. I can hardly explain it. How the hell are we going to make it until Karen and Mike wake up?"

I pondered that issue for a moment and looked at my alarm clock. It was officially after eight am, so city by-laws and ordinances about noise were no longer in effect. I got an evil smile on my face and turned to look at her. She turned into me and snuggled close, her breasts squashed to me and her body flat to mine. My cock poked between her legs and ass cheeks. She seemed determined to hold me here until she was satisfied with whatever my solution was.

"I'll go into the backyard and start mowing," I said, nodding in confidence. "This'll wake my mom and dad up. When they ask why the hell I'm doing it at such an ungodly hour, I'll explain that I wanted to get it done early so I could devote the rest of my day off to gaming. They get annoyed and you interject and tell me that you're not letting me stay indoors on a beautiful day and you're making me take you

on a picnic. My parents will love it because it gets me away from the games and they are home alone and can misbehave all they want."

She giggled and crushed herself to me, giving me a wet kiss. "It sounds perfect, they'll definitely go for that!"

As a sign of her approval of the plan, she took my cockhead and toyed it against her pussylips, pressing the head just a tiny bit inside, enough to make us both tremble. She nodded and looked at me steadily. "Soon, lover. This is what we're both waiting for."

She pulled away from me again, centering herself so that she felt more in control. She sighed finally and looked at me. "Shall I make everyone breakfast?"

"That works," I said, nodding. "I can say that your cooking woke me up and I decided to get the yard work done before breakfast was ready so that I'd built up an appetite. Check to see what we have and make some European breakfast if you can."

She rolled over top of me and kissed me deeply one more time before putting her robe back on and heading up to her room to get some pajamas on. I laid still for some time, watching her make a show of dressing for me and then heading downstairs. Meanwhile, I put on some ratty jogging shorts and a tank top and my sneakers, things I'd wear to mow the back lawn.

As I came upstairs, Alexa and I passed one another at the kitchen. We hugged and kissed as we spun around one another and kept going. We were getting good at this.

I made my way out to the back and went into the large shed. I knew that Alexa needed time to get some food started, so I pushed it out onto the lawn and did some stretches to limber up and get me going. I wasn't surprised to see her taking pictures of me from the kitchen window.

Once I saw her give me the thumbs up, I fired it up, the engine growling loudly. My intent was to wake mom and dad, of course, and I wasn't terribly worried about incurring the wrath of the neighbours, since on one side it was an

elderly couple who were mostly deaf and sat on their front porches all day and on the other it was a house that had been divided up into student lodgings and they knew better than to complain to the professors who lived next door. Our back fence abutted a long slope down into the ravine, a place I intended to take Alexa when I finally could.

We had a riding lawn-mower, but this one was louder and gave me a bit of a workout by pushing it around. Having gunned it, I then began pushing it back and forth across the lawn, causing a great deal of noise. I didn't look directly at my parents' window, but after about ten minutes I saw it open and then my dad was calling to me. I couldn't hear him, of course, and just kept on with my project.

Soon enough, dad was downstairs on the deck, dressed in his robe and giving me a very stern look. Mom was standing not far behind, as if keeping dad between her and myself was the only thing that was ensuring my continued existence. Upon seeing them I turned off the engine and looked at them both.

"Alex, what, in the name of Helmholz are you doing?" dad demanded of me, louder than he needed to because he clearly hadn't adjusted his volume from when the engine was running.

I shrugged. "Thought I'd get an early start on my chore for the day. Seemed reasonable."

"No, as a matter of fact, it was déraisonnable, the exact opposite of what you thought you were doing," mom growled, exasperated at being pulled from her slumber. "Your brain really takes a vacation during the summer, doesn't it? You woke your father and I up with that racket on the one day we get to sleep in. Please explain how your life is not forfeit."

At that moment, Alexa trotted out to join them on the deck, cheerfully wishing them each a good morning and giving them a hug. She then apologized and claimed fault, saying that it was entirely possible that I'd been awakened by the smell of the breakfast she was making for everyone and that once she'd explained it would take a while still, I came out here to do something useful.

Dad seemed mollified but mom was still determined to blame me. Alexa coaxed her inside and offered her a nice cup of strong coffee. I said I'd keep going with the mowing to finish it off.

'What? No!" dad exclaimed, looking at me liked I'd grown a second head. "Did you rattle your brain out when you started mowing with that relic? Get in here, we're going to have breakfast."

I shrugged and walked inside, joining everyone around the kitchen island. My eyes bugged out at the size of the meal Alexa was preparing- sausages, bacon, thin European pancakes, potato latkes, scrambled eggs, muesli, crumpets and muffins, grilled tomatoes, sautéed mushrooms, cheeses, baked beans, honey and berries.

"Zǔzhòu..." I muttered, looking on in astonishment. "That's amazing."

"I just wanted to show my appreciation for everything you've done," Alexa said, smiling warmly. "So I put together kind of a polyglot of European breakfasts. Hopefully there's enough."

"I'd say so," dad mused, looking at everything. "Your sister'll be in a coma for a week."

Alexa giggled and shooed us all toward the dining table, making sure we each had full cups of coffee before returning to get the food. She'd already laid out bowls and plates and silverware for everyone and then began serving us.

Dad and I ate a lot of everything. It was amazing and I couldn't get enough. Mom had a little of everything, since she wasn't the voracious eater dad and I were. Once we'd all been served, Alexa sat down and tackled her plate, demonstrating an impressive appetite once again. More coffee was served and Alexa insisted that no one help her, this was her thank you to us.

All the food was gone, to my amazement. Every plate was completely empty and even most of the condiments gone. We drank coffee and talked for some time, which was infinitely pleasant. Once she'd started a second pot, Alexa began to clear the table and I sharp look from mom told me I was helping her. I dutifully began stacking plates and bowls and bringing them to the sink. Alexa rinsed them while I loaded everything in the dishwasher. Once it was done, mom turned in her chair and assessed me casually.

"So, what's got you so fired up to finish your chores?" she asked, looking at over the rim of her mug.

I shrugged. "I wanted my schedule for the day clear. I was planning on getting online and playing some co-op kill on Call of-"

Mom cleared her throat, indicating that I was done talking. "Am I to understand that you woke your father and I up at least two hours early with that infernal racket so that you'd could hide in the basement all day and get your ass handed to you by twelve year-olds in a video game?"

I said nothing initially but Alexa snickered.

"Let's look at this from another angle, shall we?" mom said levelly. "If we were up here making a royal din while you were trying to play one of your games, what would you think of us? And don't try to tell me that you'd have headphones on, because I know you busted yours last week and haven't replaced them yet."

I sighed. "Sorry, I guess I've been looking forward to this all week and didn't think things through."

"No, Alex, Napoleon didn't 'think things through' when he invaded Russia; this is worse," mom replied. "What on earth makes you think I'd let you spend all damn day in the basement, ignoring the rest of us?"

"She does make a valid point," Alexa chimed in. "It is rather selfish."

"Yeah, I guess it is," I said, admonished. "I'm sorry."

"That's a good start," she continued. "But there's still amends to be made, both to me and to your parents."

Mom and dad looked at her quizzically, wondering when exactly they'd handed her the reins but then just sitting back and seeing where this would go.

"So," Alexa announced. "You may take me out and show me more of the city I now live in. I intend to find the shopping malls, the markets and any boutiques that might catch my fancy. I have no driver's license yet, that makes you my chauffeur. Agreed?"

"Alright." I replied, sighing loudly.

"It also has the added benefit of giving my sister and Mike the day to themselves," she pointed out, which put a smile on my mother's face and a big grin on dad's. "I'd say this is a win-win for everyone, right?"

"No argument there," dad said, standing up. "Alright, it's settled. Mom and I are doing nothing all day while you're

biffing off and making sure Gollum here gets some sunlight. Let's go back to bed, Kar."

"Right behind you, big man..." mom almost purred as she followed dad up the stairs. We heard her giggle and then squeak right before their door closed. Alexa turned and looked at me, a huge, expectant smirk on her face.

"Did we just win?" she asked in a whisper.

I nodded. "Big time."

She glided into my arms and kissed me, an almost molten expression of affection. We were still in one another's arms when I heard their door open and froze.

"Oh, and Alex?" dad called down. "We're turning our cellphones off, so call the house phone if anyone's dying. Have fun playing chauffeur!"

The door shut again.

We both exhaled and laughed quietly, foreheads and noses pressed as we hugged. She trailed a finger down my chest. "There's still stuff to do, in terms of getting ready," she said, smiling at me. "I have to shower and pick the outfit I want to have you take off me and then we need to shop a little to make this authentic..."

I chuckled and kissed her nose. "You are priceless, Alexa. Take whatever time you need and we can still see one another on the webcam anyway. I'll talk to you real soon."

We parted ways and I headed downstairs to find the clothes I would wear for her. I found myself being strangely thoughtful on the matter, since I would normally just wear whatever didn't completely mismatch. But his mattered to me. I turned and looked at my laptop screen to check on her- she was moving around her room, naked, examining various items of clothing. She saw me looking, smiled and waved before returning to her task.

I finally had my attire picked and then went to shower, cleansing myself but then leaving the water as cold as I

could take it for the last thirty seconds, to shock my body and keep me ready. I found myself checking over things needlessly, like I was nervous to go on a date. I shook my head and sat down on my bed, watching Alexa in her room.

She too had showered and was getting ready, still naked. It was a sight that made me smile and I knew I would never tire of it. She was wholly beautiful and I didn't want to stop looking at her. But then she caught me staring and smirked, waving a finger at the screen before closing it. I'd just have to wait. So I went upstairs and sat on the couch in the living room, the one we'd been naked on the day before, making out and teasing ourselves into a frenzy. I turned on a History Channel show and waited for her to come down.

"Thanks for waiting, Alex..." said a soft voice from behind me. I turned off the TV and turned around to look at my aunt- she was stunning. That's all I could say about her. She was wearing a light blue sundress, one that flowed around her and hugged her curves just right, sensual and elegant but not to be worn by someone with a less spectacular figure. Her golden hair spilled over her shoulders and back in waves and I couldn't wait to see it in the sunlight. Her

sapphire eyes glinted expectantly, waiting for my judgment of her appearance.

Apparently my gaze and inability to speak told her everything because she smiled and mouthed the words 'thank you' before coming forward and taking my hands in hers and looking into my eyes.

"Are you ready?" she asked, looking into my eyes. "I know I am."

I nodded and smiled. "Let's go. We've got a wonderful day ahead of us."

Alexa snuggled herself into me for a second before turning to the side and holding out her cellphone, taking a picture of us together. She also filmed a quick video, telling her phone about how today was the day I was going to make love to her. She indicated a large picnic basket she intended to bring, along with some girl's bag or satchel that weighed about 3.8 metric tons. I went outside and put the supplies in the back of my car while she strolled slowly toward my

vehicle, seeming pensive. As I pulled out of the driveway, I took her hand and gave it a squeeze.

"You okay?" I asked. "You're unusually... reflective."

"I'm fine," she said, smiling at me, her eyes shining. "I'm just happy, I guess. Happy to be out with you, happy to have a new life, happy to do what we're about to do. I guess I'm just feeling blessed somehow. Karen was asking me if I was alright, you know, with our mom dying and all the upheaval. But I'd had plenty of time to come to terms with it, while we were in Cardiff. You've all made it so much easier. Especially you, my lover. It was unexpected but so welcome."

"I can identify with that," I mused. "How often can a guy say the perfect girl came along and truly mean it?"

"Even though... I'm your... even though we're related?" she asked in a very quiet voice.

"I'll be honest, Alexa, I have no idea what to do about that," I said honestly. "Like none. But that doesn't mean you're not the most amazing and perfect girl I've ever met. Like you said the other night, you were dropped in my lap for a reason."

She smiled and was silent for a while longer while I drove into the downtown core, where I knew lots of places she'd been keen to shop awaited us. She grew more animated and more of her normal, cheerful self as we got downtown. I pointed out many stores and boutiques and she kept making small verbal notes on her phone about visiting them.

"Where shall we go first?" I asked.

"Well, I did tell Karen I wanted to go shopping, so I'd best find a new dress, at the very least," she stated. "After that, we'll find a deli and some other food stores so we can make a picnic."

"I'm amazed you can eat at all after that titan breakfast," I laughed. "Mom's not gonna eat for a week!"

"But not surprisingly you and your father can," she pointed out, smirking. "God save you two if your metabolisms ever slow down. And as for me, well, I need my energy to keep up sexually with a young buck like you."

I laughed so hard I almost lost control of the wheel. I look at her, my eyes almost stinging from tears. "You? Having to keep up with me? That is the most flattering lie I've ever heard. I need those breakfasts so I'll be able to satisfy you."

Alexa giggled. "I might have a bit of a sexual appetite."

She pointed out a store we were passing by and I pulled in and parked, opening her door for her. I found myself especially eager to accommodate Alexa, to be polite and gentlemanly for her. And it wasn't just because we were going to finally make love that afternoon, this was something more. I wanted to make her happy, to feel special. It was a compelling need that I couldn't readily explain.

One good thing about Alexa was that she wasn't one for endless dithering in clothing stores. It's not that she was like a man, where she knew what she wanted, bought it and left, but she moved efficiently, assessed her options and opinions, tried things on and made decisions, all the while exuding an air of romantic merriment. Watching her shop was... fun.

"I'm beginning to think there's nothing you can't make pretty," I said as I watched her hold a dress in front of herself. She looked at me and smiled. "I meant that I normally hate clothes shopping," I explained. "But you, I could watch you do it forever. Damned if I'm not enjoying myself."

She smiled. "You sure love earning those Dutch kisses, don't you?" she purred. She looked side-to-side, making sure no one could hear her. "Are you looking forward to sneaking into and making love in a change room one day as much as I am?" she whispered to me. I nodded, loving how involved I felt in her happiness.

She found a pretty dress and purchased it, one she promised we'd be using a lot in the future. We then visited a farmer's market, where we picked up the supplies for our picnic. Lastly we purchased some wine and some small glasses before we began our trek out to the nature trail. Our grove awaited.

We arrived and parked quickly, with me pulling out the picnic basket and also the heavy tote of other goods. Alexa took the basket from me and we began our walk. We took pictures along the way and I smiled and squeezed her hand.

"You sure do love pictures." I said to her.

"I'm usually not overboard about it like this," she said, pausing to take one of the two of us. "But this is my new life and I want to remember it in its infancy. I've only been here four days and look at how wonderful things have become- I have a loving family, a prestigious university to attend..."

She turned to look at me now. "And a wonderful lover."

I smirked, hoping what I was about to say wouldn't break the moment. "I guess I'm the extra-loving part of your family."

She pressed her forehead to my shoulder and giggled. "You are so funny..." she whispered.

We resumed our walk along the trail, just talking about whatever came to mind until we arrived at the little path that veered down the slope. It was mostly obscured by branches and thicket, so we were quite certain people hardly ever noticed it. We walked down it, hand-in-hand. I subtly looked at my watch and began timing our trek through the tangle of trees until we arrived at the grove nine minutes later- today was a perfect day, balmy and blue skies. The thick canopy of leaves over us allowed those magical rays of sunlight in while the emerald grass was soft and springy beneath us. The stream's crystal waters bubbled happily on their way, accompanied by the song of birds. There were low-growing patches of blue and white flowers everywhere. A large, sturdy and flat rock anchored one corner of the clearance.

"It's even more beautiful than it was yesterday," she breathed. "Have you ever seen anything more beautiful, Alex?"

"Answering that question will earn me a Dutch kiss marathon, but yes, it's absolutely wonderful." I agreed. She smiled at me, blushing and squeezed my hand. She put down the basket while I dropped the big tote and she open it to remove a large blanket. We kept this aside for our picnic, when we were finally hungry.

"I don't think we'll need it before then," she said, smiling at me. "This grass looks and feels wonderful."

We'd put everything down and aside and stood silently for a moment. Alexa looked up at me shyly and a naughty smile then played over her face. "Are you ready to make love to me, Alex?"

I nodded and she stepped up to me. We put our arms around each other, kissing deeply and without holding back. There was a sense of relief this this kiss, like we were finally free. We steadily pulled my shirt off, followed by

unbuckling and taking off my pants. She nuzzled her cheek against my boxers for a moment before pulling them down and giving my swelling cock a single kiss.

I raised her to her feet and then gently pulled her sundress over her head, leaving her gloriously naked. She hadn't been wearing a bra or panties and I almost shivered in delight at the sight of her body. We wrapped our arms around one another and kissed again, happy to be naked together. Our tongues tangled as our hands wandered and caressed.

Alexa broke the kiss and then slid slowly down my body, dragging her soft breasts over my skin as she kissed and nipped her way toward my hips. She squeezed her breasts around my throbbing hardness for several seconds, massaging it and kissing or licking at the head as it poked through. Finally she took him in her mouth, sinking all the way down to the base, where she held me and hummed gently. My fingers caressed through her golden locks while I closed my eyes and reveled in the sensation of this goddess pleasuring me. She bobbed back and forth slowly, caressing her breasts along the underside of my shaft while she sucked on me.

I then took her by the shoulders and gently laid her back in the grass. I knelt over her and kissed her neck and shoulders, making my way down to her breasts. I kissed and teased her nipples with my tongue, making her squirm and giggle while she looked at me with heavily-lidded eyes that glinted with total desire. I kissed down her torso, nipping at the skin of her flat stomach before arriving at her hips. She smiled and spread her legs for me, allowing me easy access to her pussy. She was already wet, so I slid my tongue slowly up and down, causing her to shiver and moan. She reached down and pulled her thick lips apart, showing me her glistening inner pink. I snaked for tongue inside her, tasting her and she pressed her hips against my face, moaning again.

But then she pulled me up her body, because we hadn't come here to tease one another with oral sex, we were long past that stage. I laid on top of her and we kissed deeply, while she shifted herself beneath me, parting her legs. My cock flattened itself against her pussy and I slid it back and forth in a final tease. We both sighed at the sensation.

I took her hands and pressed them down beside her head, my fingers knotting with hers. She looked up at me, a dreamy smile on her face. My cockhead was pressed to her lips, parting them ever so slightly.

"May I?" I asked. She nodded gently.

I slowly pushed the head inside and she bit her lip in anticipation. She was wet enough that I didn't need to be cautious and with a slow, firm push of my hips I slid all the way inside her. She shuddered and arched her hips against me, taking me in to the hilt. She sighed loudly at my penetration before looking at me, her eyes shining.

"Alex.." she said softly. "We're making love..."

I kissed her again and she squeezed her wet, tight pussy around my cock while she pressed up against me. I pushed down with my hips and she sucked in her breath and groaned.

"God, you're the biggest I've ever had..." she gasped. "Only my dildo... feels this big, oh God, Alex..."

"You're so tight, Alexa..." I whispered in her ear. It was true, I'd never felt anything like it. Being inside her was rapture.

"Yes, fuck me, Alex..." she sighed. "Deep in me, make me cum for you..."

I released her hands and she wrapped her arms around me as we kissed, tongues plunging again. I could feel her surrendering to the pleasure we shared, surrendering herself to me. She was giving me her body for our mutual ecstasy. I pushed my cock back and forth inside her while she worked her hips against me in churning circles, matching my rhythm. I could feel her squeezing her pussy muscles around me with each thrust. I was like nothing I'd ever felt before.

Her pussy stretched around my invading cock and her fingernails in the skin of my back sent shivers through me. She shuddered and bit my shoulder before wrapping her legs around my waist. The soft, springy emerald grass felt

cool against my skin. Aside from her breathing and soft moans, all I could hear was the stream, a gentle wind and the singing of the birds around us in the miracle of nature.

Her legs were still wrapped around mine and her hands clutched my back. She pressed her forehead to mine, her eyes closed. Her breath was coming in gasps. Her pussy was squeezing tighter and tighter. It was slippery, warm and soft, yielding before me iron-hard shaft.

"Alexa..." I breathed, looking down into her eyes as I propped myself on my hands to look down at her beautiful face. "Tell me... can you cum more than once?"

She looked back at me for a moment before nodding. "I usually... I have- oh, God, yes... I usually have a few in me..."

"Good," I said, smiling. "Because I want to make you cum several times before I do, I want you to feel everything you deserve."

Her eyes shone and she caressed my cheek, even as we fucked. "Alex, darling, you don't need-"

"I want to," I panted, pushing in harder to convince her to agree with my plan. She shuddered at my thrust and groaned. "I can keep from cumming, or at least I'll try to. Normally I can, but you feel so much better than any girl before. But I want you to cum hard and often..."

"Okay, Alex," she murmured. "I love that idea. You're so generous..."

I began moving faster, sinking my cock down into her and fucking her harder. She reacted by shivering and moaning again, churning her hips against me, pulling on my butt to get me in deeper. Sweat was forming on our bodies as they tangled, our breath coming in gasps and pants. Her skin was starting to flush, growing warmer as she got closer to orgasm.

"Alex..." she whimpered. "Oh, God, Alex. I'm going to cum for you, love..."

She crushed crushed herself to me and kissed me fiercely, her body shuddering beneath me and her pussy clenching my cock like a vise as she came. She moaned loudly into my mouth, fingers almost raking down my back. I could feel how wet she was, bathing my groin in her ecstasy. I rocked and pumped against her, not letting up. Her body was wracked with pleasure as she came.

She broke the kiss and flopped back against the grass, her chest heaving and her eyes glazed. Her arms were spread out to the side and she seemed almost dazed. I kept sliding back and forth inside her but slower, letting her relax and catch her breath. She finally focused her gaze on me and smiled.

"That was amazing," she said softly, reaching up and caressing my hair. "I've only ever cum that hard maybe twice before today that I can think of."

"Glad you like it," I replied, grinning as I continued to sink my cock into her squelching depths. "Sure you've got another in you?"

"Oh, hell yes," she said, nodding vigorously. "If that's what you're offering, give me more. Alex, break my cunt with that beast of yours."

"Okay, how would you like me to fuck you now?" I asked.

She giggled. "I don't think my legs'll be working quite yet... how about we spoon?"

I nodded and rolled off her, my dick coming out of her still-tight pussy with a loud, wet 'pop!' that made her squeak and shiver before giggling and slowly rolling onto her right side. I moved up behind her and she snuggled back against me, her soft behind against my hips and my cock between her thighs. She turned her head and kissed me lovingly while I reached around and fondled her perfect breasts, causing her to sigh into my mouth in pleasure.

We just cuddled like this for a minute or two, enjoying our unrestrained affection before she winked at me and reached down to stroke her gooey pussy for several

seconds. She brought the fingers up, showing me how wet she was and I kissed them. She purred as I sucked on her fingers for several seconds while caressing her breasts. When she was ready, she reached down and used two fingers to pull her netherlips apart, inviting me in. I used my free hand to place my bulbous head at the entrance and then slowly pushed into her. She sighed the whole way until I was up to my hilt again. She reached back and put a hand on my cheek as she kissed me, murmuring how much she loved the feel of me inside her.

Slowly, gently, I began to move my hips back and forth. She sighed again in pleasure and kept her fingers pressed to her slit, feeling my cock as it slid in and out of her. Slippery and tight as before, she felt incredible to be inside. The cool grass beneath more provided a wonderful contrast to her liquid warmth.

"It's amazing how you fill me up, my love," she said softly, snuggling back against me as I fucked her slowly. "I'm certain, yours is the biggest cock that's ever been inside me, probably as big as my biggest vibe or dildo."

"I'm glad to hear that," I said, trying to keep the swelling pride out of my voice. I was her biggest. "I'd survive if I wasn't, I promise."

"Yes, but I'm being truthful," she said, taking my hand that was caressing her breasts and bringing it down to her mons. She pressed it to her wetness, her hand on top of mine. "Feel that? You can feel your cock pushing back and forth inside me, under the skin that's over my pussy."

I shivered involuntarily at the thought of that being my cock I could feel moving inside her. "I can feel it," I said in a quiet voice. "That's crazy."

"Mmmm, not if you're a girl," she purred, smiling back at me. "It's one of the most amazing feelings in the world, having your cunt stretched by a lover, who penetrates you in ways almost no one has before. This, Alex, just proves my point. Other girls should be throwing themselves at you for this."

"Their problem," I replied, pushing farther inside her and making her shudder and gasp. "I've got you to please, to hell with anyone else."

"Gnnnnnn, baby!" Alexa gasped as I began fucking her hander. She rubbed her clit as my hand went back to squeezing and massaging her breasts, pinching and pulling on the nipples. She bit her lip and keened, trembling at the delicious sting. I bit her neck and she gasped, pressing her ass back against me in a desperate bid to get more of my cock inside her.

She ground and churned her hips against me, squeezing and gripping me with her pussy rhythmically as I fucked her. She was so wet now I could hear the sounds of us making love, the slick, sucking sounds her sex made as I slid in and out with increasing speed.

"Holy shit... holy shit... Oh, God, Alex..." she panted, pressing her ass back against me desperately and arching her torso forward. "Oh, God, it's gonna... fuck..."

She squeaked and strained desperately before she groaned gutturally, coming hard on my cock. Her hands had reached behind my ass and now her fingernails dug in as she writhed a squirmed through her orgasm. "Ohhhhhhhhh my God!" she screamed through clenched teeth.

Without warning, she now rolled over and pushed me onto my back. She straddled me and sank down onto my cock, hissing as she took me all the way in. Her golden hair spilled over her shoulders onto my chest as she looked down at me, her sapphire eyes glinting fiercely.

"And now I want you to cum," she said, her voice quiet but laced with iron. "I want all that cum inside me, Alex. And I want you to use all that strength in that amazing body too. I'm not a doll, fucking wreck me..."

I nodded and she began churning her hips on me, grinding on my cock before sinking up and down, groaning and panting shamelessly. No one could hear us but the stream and the trees. She gasped as I reached up and squeezed her breasts, her fingers digging into my pecs. I bumped my hips

up and down, battering her tight insides with my throbbing cock. She wanted me to cum and I wasn't going to control myself. I was surrendering to the pleasure, just like her and we would cum together. Hard.

I pulled her down by her breasts and she lay against me while I sucked hungrily on her nipples, swirling my tongue around them before biting and tugging. She keened almost in pain, still impaled on my cock and moving back and forth against it since she was lying flat on top of me. She bit my shoulder, causing me to squeeze her breasts even harder.

I pushed her up to sit on me again and she bounced lustily, unrestrained. Her breasts jiggled and wobbled and she let out a sudden cry as I slapped one of them. Her eyes flashed as she looked down at me, shocked by my boldness but not mad. I slapped the other one and she hissed and squeezed my cock tighter. I looked down between us and watched her pussy greedily swallowed my shaft, making loud slurping and sucking sounds.

Alexa leaned back slightly, resting her hands behind herself on my thighs. She humped her hips and we both moaned as the angle of penetration changed. Watching my cock slide in and out of her pussy, glistening with her wetness was hypnotic. One of my hands reached down and massaged her clit with my thumb and she mewled and bit lip.

Than I slapped her pussy and she juddered, crying out again. I pushed up strongly with my hips, driving deep inside her. She fell forward again, her claws digging into my pecs. She panted and ground like she was possessed, her blue eyes flaring with lust as we gazed hungrily at one another.

She smashed her mouth into mine, tongues tangling wildly as we fought to hold on. My hands found her ass and squeezed it, pulling the cheeks apart as I rammed my cock deep inside her. Her tight walls clenched around me, tighter and tighter. I could feel the boiling warmth in my balls beginning to spread, the unreal tingling shuddering through me...

I pressed up savagely with my hips as I came, crushing her to me and strangling a shout of unreal pleasure. Alexa almost screamed, biting my shoulder as she came with me. We writhed and humped shamelessly as I filled her ever-tightening pussy with my ropes of molten cum. It felt like I was on fire, right up to my throat. My head was spinning and explosions of sparks in unreal colours nearly shattered my mind.

I don't know how long we were cumming, nor how long we lay there afterward, spent and utterly exhausted. I could say with all honestly I had never cum like that in my entire life. I held her loosely, the two of us panting like we'd run a marathon. I could barely feel anything at the moment, just an exquisite undercurrent of pleasure that helped pin me to this universe in some manner.

Alexa finally stirred, her face still resting against my neck and shoulder, where she seemed to have passed out. She sighed and slowly raised her head, which was beautifully framed in by her golden tresses. A weak smile was all she could manage.

"Hey..." she said softly. "You alive?"

"I think so," was my reply. "That was the most intense thing that's ever happened to me."

"Me too," she cooed, raising a hand to caress my cheek lovingly. "That definitely was the crowning event of my sex life, no lie. That orgasm nearly broke my brain."

She pulled her face wearily to mine and we kissed, a final consummation of our lovemaking. She snuggled her cheek to me collarbone now and lay still, content to just exist with me. My cock was still buried inside her, pinning Alexa to me.

She sighed and kissed me pectoral and collarbone affectionately before pausing as she looked at my shoulder. "Goodness," she said softly. "I guess I'm a biter..."

I turned my head slightly to look down at where she was staring- indeed I had a set of teeth marks in the tender flesh of my shoulder, deep and starting to bruise. And the bottom

and top rows of marks were not that close together, so she must have really tried to take a bite out of me when she came.

"I don't feel it yet," I said, waving it off. "Don't worry about it, all I want to do is fuck you in half and I'm sure I'll leave some marks on you before we vacate this place."

"Mmmm, I'd love that," she purred, hugging me again. "I might need a little bit before I'm ready to go again, because that took a lot out of me."

"Me too," I sighed. "Pretty sure you're going to drown me when you pull my cock out of you."

"Oh, yes, there is that," she agreed, giggling. "Don't worry, we'll let you roll me onto my back first so you can pull out without a flash-flood. God, you cum a lot."

"Always have," I replied, caressing her neck and shoulders with both hands, making her wiggle sensuously like a cat. "I've zombie-masked a few girls in my day. And the girl I

fucked in the ass? She couldn't walk right for almost four days."

Alexa snickered. "That probably had more to do with trying to fit that monster of yours inside her ass than getting greased. But I can't wait to feel your cock deep in my ass. I'm really wanting it."

She then snuggled to me and sighed. "But not just yet..."

She was silent for some time and then giggled. "Can you believe we did this? God, you're my nephew. It doesn't gross me out or anything, I mean, I've had sex with two sisters before and cousins, but I never pictured it happening to me quite so intimately."

"I know what you mean," I said, holding her and look up at the green canopy of leaves overhead, even as I continued to gently slide in and out of her. "Before you, my only basis for comparison with incest would have been mom. Bam. Instant libidoectomy right there."

"Oh, pretty sure Karen's more attractive than you think and just hides it well," Alexa said softly. "I doubt your dad would let her be the potato she tries to portray, she probably does it for professional reasons."

"Okay, granted, but still, ew." I said, banishing it form my mind. "Not that I'm scared about it, but... why would happen if you, you know, got pregnant because of us?"

"Oh, don't worry, I'd have it covered," she purred, looking up at me and smiling. "And to be honest, I'm more concerned with how we hide this bite mark I left on your from your parents..."

"Hm, yeah," I mused, looking down at it again. "Guess I won't be going around the house bare-chest or in tank-tops for a bit."

She pressed her lips to the wound and kissed in gently, whispering in some language I didn't know. Her eyes were closed and she nuzzled her cheek to it before finally smiling at me, her eyes serene. "How are you feeling, lover?"

I considered. "To be honest, hungry. Fucking you gives me a big appetite."

She giggled and kissed my chest again. "Me too, I just was hoping you'd say it first. Okay, roll over on top of me so you can pull out, since you're still semi-hard."

I nodded and gently rolled, putting her beneath me. She shivered as my weight pressed down and my cock moved a little further inside her. She giggled and nodded. I knelt up between her legs and slowly withdrew from her pussy. The entire length of my manhood was glistening and sticky but nothing followed out immediately.

"You must've really cum deep inside," she mused as she felt nothing either. "Bring him here for a moment?" She held out her hand, beckoning for my cock. I placed it in her palm and she tilted her head forward and sucked our mingled cum off it diligently, determined to taste our mingled pleasure.

"Oh, you and I taste really good together," she purred, smiling as she stroked her hand along my shaft. "It's sweet and tangy, just the right amount of musk."

"I didn't know you were such a cum connoisseur," I laughed, kneeling by her head. She bobbed her hand back and forth a few times, swirling her tongue around for extra effect. "Glad you like it, though."

"Mmm, you straight boys don't know what you're missing," she said as she finally released me. "Alright, let's see what happens here..."

She carefully sat up. She opened her legs and used two fingers to spread her pussylips for me to see clearly. "Anything?"

I shook my head, smirking. "Nope."

"At this rate, I'll be sneezing it out," she muttered. "Oh, and I really have to pee."

"That something I should be filming?" I asked with a wry grin.

She looked at me with wide eyes but she was more amused than shocked. "And why the hell would you think I wanted that filmed?"

I shrugged. "Saw pics of you and other girls peeing outdoors, mugging for the camera. I'd hate to break a streak for you just because you moved to the colonies."

"Well, you got me there," she admitted, smiling. "I'm not at all squeamish about it. I'm a little surprised you're such a perv, though." She looked around the grove. "I don't want to pee here, what about behind the rock?"

"Works for me," I said, nodding. "That could be our designated area whenever we're back here."

She giggled and took her phone out of her purse and then slowly stood. "I love that you're seeing this as our little place now. I can't see it any other way, to be honest."

She put her hand in mine and we walked over to the large rock on the edge of the grove, one side of which had an almost flat surface on an angle that must have been over two meters long. We went behind it and she set up her phone to take pictures and video while squatting down with her legs apart. She made faces while I snapped the pictures and then I knelt and began recording while she finally got ready to pee. She massaged her pussy and spread it, shivering as she began peeing but also moaned as her slit made a sploosh noise and copious amounts of cum began dribbling out of her.

I moved up and down her lovely form, catching the look on her face and also how she massaged her breast while she peed. The other hand still kept her pussylips spread wide so the camera could see everything. I was rapt, I'd only ever watched a girl do this once before and it wasn't any where nearly as erotic as this. Everything Alexa did was erotic to me.

Even after she eventually finished peeing she stayed squatting, letting the cum continue to cum out. I kept

recording until she seemed to run dry. She looked at the camera and grinned. "Well, I guess anything left is mine to keep..."

She stood and sighed, obviously feeling relieved and refreshed. We walked back to our original spot, hand-in-hand and she pulled out the large blanket she'd brought for us to sit on while we ate. She sat on her side, legs together as she looked up at me coyly, twirling a lock of hair around her finger.

"So, shall we have our picnic dressed or naked?" she asked softly.

"Oh, naked, I think," I said, smiling. "I can't get enough of seeing you naked. I'll see you plenty in clothes all the rest of our time, together, but when it's just you and me, I think this is how we're happiest and want to be."

"You know me like a book, seemingly." Alexa replied, nodding. "Allow me to put our little picnic together, but would you do something while I am?"

"Of course." I said, nodding.

She pulled a small hardcover book out of the bag and handed it to me. I looked at the title.

'Nana', by Emile Zola.

"I love the sound of you speaking French," she said softly, as if she was confessing to something and a slight blush to her cheeks. "Could you read this while we eat and before we make love again?"

I nodded, unable to deny Alexa anything, seemingly. I opened the book to the first chapter and took a moment to skim ahead. I'd inherited my father's gift for compelling narration and felt a slight tingle of excitement at the prospect of reading for Alexa, perhaps making her like me even more.

"A neuf heures du soir, le corps de la maison au Théâtres des Variétés était encore tout, mais vide. A quelques

individus, il est vrai, étaient assis attendant tranquillement dans le balcon et les stalles, mais ceux-ci ont été perdus, pour ainsi dire, parmi les gammes de sièges dont les revêtements de cardinal velours tissés dans la lumière tamisée de l'éclat qui brûle encore."

Alexa listened quietly, almost reverently, as I read, spreading out our fare on the blanket. We had cheeses and hearty breads, plums and deli meats on little paper plates. She also opened the wine and poured as each a glass. She sat back on her side and listened to me reading while we nibbled at our food.

"Au même moment, les nuages à l'arrière de la scène ont été fendu en dehors et Vénus sont apparus. Excessivement grand, très fort, pour ses dix-huit années, Nana, en tunique blanche de sa déesse et avec ses cheveux blonds simplement coule détacha sur ses épaules, est descendu à la rampe avec une certitude tranquille de mouvement et un rire de saluer le public et frappé jusqu'à son grand chansonnette: 'Quand Venus erre au crépuscule.'"

Her eyes were shining as she listened, but she often closed them as well, as if being transported into the world I now described, that of a lowly courtesan in Paris who would become the greatest lady of that city's elite circles. I was so happy to be reading for her, eager though I was to make love again. I never wanted our afternoon to end, just being here with her, enthralling her and making love to her.

I paused for a spell to eat some more and she fanned herself, smiling. "We need to teach you Italian so that you can read The Decameron to me." she said, smiling. "I'd die of ecstasy if you could do that."

"I loved reading that book," I replied, remembering it fondly. "But yes, being able to read it in Italian would be pretty awesome."

"Got a thing for erotic literature?" she purred, looking at me, her eyes glinting with desire. "Like I could find you any hotter."

My cock was swelling and I couldn't stop it. We'd barely finished our picnic, as we stared at one another. I could see

one of her hands slip subtly down between her legs, beginning to stroke her pussy. Her eyes traveled to my hardening shaft and she bit her lip. I could tell she was on the verge of sweeping all the food from the blanket in her eagerness to get at me, so I stood and pulled her to her feet. I walked her over to the large rock and she pressed me down on my back against the flat surface. She then bent down and took my cock in her mouth greedily, I moaned and tangled my fingers in her hair, loving the feel of her warm, wet mouth around me. She had my legs over her shoulders as she fucked me with her mouth, her hand pumping along my shaft as it followed her eager lips.

I couldn't take much more and I pulled her off me and stood up. I then pushed her onto the stone on her hands and knees, facing away from me. She purred and squirmed lustily as I positioned her, looking back at me, eyes wild with desire. The angle of the flat surface was almost forty-five degrees and I pressed my hips to her to keep her in place.

"You don't need the blanket?" I asked as I pressed my throbbing tool against her ass.

"No," she said huskily, shaking her head. "Some knee and elbow scrapes to remember this by will be welcome. And don't be gentle, Alex. Let's fuck, hard..."

I could feel how wet her pussy already was and shoved my head inside her. She groaned and I let the angle she was kneeling at help her sink down onto me. We both sighed loudly as she took me in. This position felt so good now, better than I'd ever known it to before. I squeezed her hips and she ground against me, but at this angle, reaching her other parts was also easy. I wrapped her hair in my fist and and pulled, causing her neck to crane back.

"Gnnnnn, Alex!" she moaned, clenching herself around me. "Fucking impale me! Oh my God..."

My hand not wrapped in her hair reached under and squeezed her breast, making her shudder. I fucked her, hard, because she was going to make me cum soon. There was no way I could avoid it unless I pulled her off the rock and away from this position and I doubt she'd let me do that.

Fortunately, she seemed to be not far from orgasm either, as she was panting and shuddering with the effort of holding on. We were both sweating already, lost in one another's bodies. We humped and writhed against each other, Alexa's pussy clenching me fiercely. I pumped and pressed deeper and she gasped and cried out as she smacked her ass, shivering. I slapped her cheeks again and she gritted her teeth as she ground against me desperately.

"Alex!" she hissed. "Oh, fuck..."

I jammed myself up against her as I pulled back on her hips, driving deep inside her. She pushed back on her hands and we both shook uncontrollably as we came. I pumped my sperm inside her and felt her pussy slathering me with her lust. I came so hard I thought I'd pass out. I grappled onto her, needing to feel as much of her against me as possible.

She collapsed forward onto the stone, taking me with her. I lay on top of her, breathing heavily and still deep inside her. She did not be bothered by my weight, which I was glad for, because moving seemed nearly impossible.

"Oh, God, Alex..." she murmured finally. "Incredible..."

I nodded wearily against her ear, kissing it and eliciting a purr of pleasure at the sign of affection. "Turn me over and kiss me, lover..."

I slowly leaned back and bent her right leg gently and then used it to turn her over onto her back without my cock ever leaving her pussy. We both wanted it right where it was, deep inside her. I looked down at her beautiful body for a moment and she smiled back at me dreamily, her lustrous golden hair spread out like a corona around her face.

I laid back down on her and she wrapped her arms around me while we kissed rapturously, lost in one another. She hummed into my mouth, fingers kneading the flesh of my back. My hips undulated gently against her, sliding my cock slowly back and forth inside her. We ended the kiss and looked into one another's eyes, just staring.

"I can't imagine ever getting tired of this," she said gently, caressing her fingers through my hair. "And to be honest, I don't want to."

I smiled as she cupped her breasts, presenting them to me. I kissed and licked them lovingly but then she shuddered and seized up, gasping and whimpering as I bit down on the swell of her tender skin, clenching it between my teeth for several seconds. When I released her, she gazed back at me, her eyes wide and a touch of tears to them. But then she looked down at the bite mark I'd left on her tender breast and smiled warmly.

"Oh, Alex..." she purred, caressing me. "Good call, my love. You got it just right."

I nodded, relieved. "You said not to treat you like a china doll and I took a chance. I have a feeling we'll be marking one another a lot."

She giggled and wiped at her eyes, brushing away the sting tears. "I love it. Any time you want to mark me, I'm game for it."

I nodded, still moving gently on top of her, both of us enjoying the feel of my cock sliding back and forth slowly inside her, even though we both had cum hard. We kissed again, caressing and nuzzling, not a care in the world. A few minutes later I raised myself up and pulled slowly out of her, allowing her to sit up. She shivered and giggled as my cum started to burble out of her pussy wetly, oozing against the rock below. She drew her knees up to her chest, causing another squishing noise that made us both laugh and she stared examined her legs and arms.

"Been a while since I've scraped my knees and had chalky elbows from fucking," she mused, seeming pleased. "That's some good sex if that happens."

"So slivers in your back and ass from being fucked against a tree is good too?" I quipped, making her laugh.

"Wouldn't be the first time," she replied, standing now and nestling against me. "Mmmmm, we still have so much time today to be together, Alex. What should we do now?"

I smiled and then kissed the bite mark I'd left on her, making her shiver and giggle. "Well, you cleared up a lot of space on your phone, we could take lots of pictures here in our little kingdom."

"Ooh, very true," she said, thinking of what I said, biting at her fingernail while she looked around the grove. "Want to film me in the stream?"

The water was cold, but Alexa did not hesitate, walking into it like it was the hot tub back home. She giggled and shivered as she stepped into the center of the stream. The water came halfway up her shins and I snapped pictures and film as she waded in. She smiled prettily as she knelt, her legs spread wide, showing me her pussy. She scooped water into her hands and poured it over her body, her nipples hardening instantly as it trickled down her lovely form.

I got into the water with her, kneeling to take pictures from different angles and sides. I stood over her and filmed from above, from behind her so that I could see her incredible

ass. She looked back at me and winked, pulling her cheeks apart and leaning forward to let me see her pussy.

"You enjoying yourself, big guy?" she asked, looking at me seductively.

"Hell yes," I replied, clicking away happily. "It's like having my own private Kate Upton."

"Mmmm, high praise indeed," she purred, sitting back on her ass with her hands behind her and her legs spread for me. "She makes me so wet."

"Well, if we ever meet her then we'll fuck her together," I replied cheerfully.

"Love how you think," she sighed as she massaged her pussy for me while I leaned in for a close-up. "Bring your cock here..."

I continued filming while she bobbed back and forth on my shaft, causing it to swell. I was too tired to be hard yet, but if felt good to have her mouth around me. She hummed happily, seeming like this was the most natural thing in the world.

"I'd better get out before my clit freezes and snaps off," she said, laughing. "Summer or no, this water's fucking cold."

"Yeah, it is, isn't it?" I agreed, reaching out my hand to help her stand. She wiggled out of the water and walked over to one of the trees and we took several more pictures while she posed, leaning against it. Then we went to the rock we'd fucked on earlier and she took up several more erotic poses for me, smiling naughtily. She laid on her back, legs wide and used her hands to spread her thick lips for me. She stroked her fingers up and down slowly as I filmed.

I led her to a perfect spot on the grass and she rolled around in various poses while I filmed. She stretched her body sensuously, looking at me seductively.

"Do we have any wine left?" she asked, smiling. I nodded and went over to get the bottle, bringing it back to her. She crawled toward me on all fours, eyes glinting. "Now... pour it on me, lover..."

I kept filming as she knelt in front of me, looking up expectantly. I tipped the bottle and poured it slowly over her lower face and lips, over her chin and down her collarbone. I moved it over her breasts and she moaned lightly, cupping them together to catch the offering. Lastly, she knelt and laid back, her shoulder blades touching the grass. I poured it over her tight stomach and then her pussy. I couldn't resist and kept filming as I knelt beside her and began licking the wine off her breasts, then her stomach and finally sliding my tongue against her womanhood.

"So good..." she sighed, running her fingers through her hair and squirming beneath my tongue. "You make me feel so good..."

I massaged the inside of her pussy with my tongue as I teased the lip of the bottle over her taut belly. I loved the taste of her mixed with the Reisling she'd chosen. I still

couldn't believe this goddess was making love to me, that she desired me and wanted to pleasure me.

"Let me show you something..." she said, raising herself back to her knees and smiling wickedly. "May I have the bottle?"

I gave it to her and she traced the opening over her body slowly, eventually bringing it to her wet slit. She gently eased the mouth between her lips while I filmed intently and then sank down on it, moaning as she did so.

"That's so hot..." I murmured as I filmed. "Don't you worry about it breaking, though?"

She shook her head distractedly as she began squirming up and down on the bottleneck. "No... I chose this wine because the bottle is made of thick glass. It can take it, trust me..."

I nodded and kept filming, rapt by the show she was putting on for me. She groaned and pulled the bottle out finally, sliding her tongue up and down the glistening neck. I could

tell she was getting horny again and my body responded instinctively. She smiled wickedly as she saw my cock starting to swell.

"That's just want auntie needed..." she said huskily as she crawled toward me again. She knelt and took my cock in her mouth, bobbing back and forth. I was hard almost instantly, still filming as she sucked hungrily.

She pulled herself up my body and hugged me, her face to mine, eyes smouldering with lust. "Fuck me..." she hissed. "Push me up against that tree and fuck the hell out me..."

Without waiting I carried her backward and almost slammed her against the tree. She snarled as she hit the trunk, gripping me tightly and wrapping her legs around me. I held her tight with one arm as I continued filming. My cockhead split her lips and with a shove I slid deep inside.

"Fuck!" she almost shouted, gripping me tight with her legs. We kissed feverishly, desperate to feel one another's passion. I pumped against her strongly, pointing the

camera down between us, showing my cock sliding in and out of her pussy. God, she was so fucking tight...

"Fucking give it to me, Alex!" she growled, her hands in my hair. "Shred my cunt, lover..."

I pumped into her harder. If I went any deeper I'd bruise her brain stem. Her slippery tunnel clutched around me, a wet vise I could not get enough of. Our tongues wrestled as we fucked, the rhythm increasing steadily. I could barely concentrate on holding the camera and she thankfully took it from me, filming for us now. We were slick with sweat again, bodies squirming and grinding heatedly.

"I love it," she whispered, kissing my ear. "I can't wait to cum with you. Oh, God, your cum in me..."

It wasn't far off and we both knew it. We panted and moaned as we kissed and nibbled one another's lips. Bodies trembled and writhed as I pressed her back harder against the tree. She gasped and strained against me, clenching me tight, pushing me over the edge.

We came together, with Alexa pressing her face to my shoulder and crying out, shuddering in pleasure. I moaned loudly as I pressed into her, cock pulsing as I came deep inside. She didn't bite me again but kissed me eagerly, across my shoulder and collarbone and then finally my face, smothering me with a hungry affection.

I held her up by her ass cheeks, stroking slowly in and out as we came down from the orgasm, melded in a state of exhausted bliss. Her thumb finally pressed the button to stop recording and she put her tired arms around me, kissing me deeply. We were both completely spent and knew it. She sighed into my mouth, her voice little more than a whisper.

"The grass..." she murmured. "Take us back to the grass if you can... I need to lie down..."

I nodded and gently pulled away from the tree I'd had her pinned against. I slowly pulled my cock out of her and we both shivered as it popped wetly from its tight confines. I scooped her into my arms and carried her like a bride back

to the flat expanse of grass not far from the stream. I knelt and set her down gently, chuckling as I saw all the red marks on her back from the tree's rough bark.

"Yeah, I'm okay with that," she said, smiling. "Take a picture so I can remember it."

I used her phone to snap a few pictures and then she lay down, sprawling out and stretching deliciously. I just watched her, totally enchanted. I lay on my side next to her and caressed her soft skin. Even thought we were no longer making love, I wanted to feel her skin against mine in some capacity. I was well and truly addicted.

"Mmmmm, look at that mark you left on me," she purred, gently cupping her breast and looking at my teeth marks in the soft skin. "That's a good one, it'll stay for a while. Just like the one I put on you. It's so erotic when a lover leaves their mark on you."

She turned on her side to face me, tracing her finger over her bite mark on my shoulder. "I wish we could show off our marks. God, I'd love to be able to do that."

I chuckled. "And I'm trying to picture a world in which we wouldn't be assassinated for doing that."

"True," Alexa sighed. "So not fair. Boy of my dreams and he's not even taken, he's my sister's son. Talk about lousy."

She took the camera and nestled herself around on top of me so that the bite mark on her breast was right next to the one on my shoulder. We both grinned for the camera as she took the picture, then pressed her bite mark directly to mine for another.

"It's like they've kissed now," she said cheerfully, setting the phone aside to give it a rest. "I can't believe how many pictures we've taken today."

"It's been a blast, for sure." I agreed. "We've definitely christened this place and made it our own."

"I feel like it was meant to be ours," she said softly, looking off at the crystalline waters of the stream. "It's not even a man-made spot, you can tell it's completely natural."

"It feels like it was made for us, yes," I said, nodding. "Just you and I, Alexa. This is our refuge from now on. Whenever we want to be alone, we can come here."

"It's perfect, my love..." she cooed as she rolled onto me and kissed me lovingly.

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"So did he say more than ten words while you were out?" mom asked as she watched us bring in and unload everything from the car. We'd stopped and bought some more things for Alexa, just to make our outing more convincing.

"He did well," Alexa replied, smiling. "You've got a charming young man here, Karen, when he chooses to be."

"Well that's good to hear,' dad chimed in from his place at the kitchen island. "How was the picnic?"

"High Park is a wonderful place for a picnic," Alexa said, mentioning a large park we had stopped by briefly on the way back. "We stopped by the market and got supplies for a picnic and I bought a dress, along with some other small clothing items."

"Sounds like you had a busy day," mom agreed. "We, on the other hand, did absolutely nothing, and it was glorious."

"Well, nothing we'd discuss with you two, that is," dad added, smirking at mom. She gave him a wry smile and a swat on the shoulder. "Sounds like the kind of day we all needed."

"It was good," I declared, yawning. "I'm gonna help unpack this stuff and then take a nap. Keeping up with Alexa can wear a guy out."

"Sounds good, sport," dad said, taking a sip from his beer. "After you finish the lawn you started this morning. Can't leave it half-done."

I looked at him in exasperation. "Seriously?"

"Hey, it's still light out," he reasoned. "Go ahead and knock it out and then you can do whatever you like."

I sighed and nodded, knowing better than to argue. Plainly my parents were happy that Alexa and I had gotten out of their hair today, but there was still the matter of my atoning for waking them up so damned early. I scooped up the shopping bags with Alexa's purchases in them and tromped upstairs, trying to look annoyed. I put them down on her floor and returned to the kitchen, where the three of them were talking cheerfully about what we'd seen. Alexa seemed to have an eidetic memory, because she described several places we had seen just in passing but could make it sound like we'd been there.

"Well, let me go and get this over with." I muttered, heading out to the back. I've no doubt that if she could have, Alexa

would have watched, but keeping my parents engaged seemed more relevant, in fact. She didn't want to seem like she was focused on me for reasons we dared not explain.

I returned the push mower to the garage and brought out the rider, which was considerably quieter, if you can believe that, and also would take far less time. Now that I didn't need my parents annoyed with me, like I had this morning, I just wanted this over and done with as quickly as possible.

Half an hour later, I was pushing the rider back into the large shed and the sun was westering. I sighed and figured there was not much point in taking a nap since night would soon be upon us. I went inside and found them still chatting away in the kitchen, discussing her accreditation.

"Did I miss anything?" I asked in a tone that indicated my general lack of interest in an answer.

"Nothing to worry your pretty little head about," mom said, holding a glass of wine. "You going to be interested in supper?"

"I could be persuaded," I replied, not terribly hungry but not wanting to appear like anything was abnormal about my behaviour. "Picnic food was good, but there's always room for more."

"Spoken like my son," mom sighed. "Alright, why don't you three mosey on somewhere out of my kitchen while I whip something up?"

Dad, Alexa and I sat in the living room and watched TV for about half an hour before mom summoned us back to the dining room, where she'd laid out dinner, which consisted of a stir-fry. We ate and discussed the coming week's plans- mom and dad had papers to grade and then would begin their summer theses, so they would be gone a lot. Since my grades had been excellent, dad and mom had agreed I did not need to get a job for the summer, but I was obligated to keep the house in shape and also stay in practice for swim team.

This left the matter of Alexa, who's status was still up in the air, concerning not only her schooling come the fall but also

the finalization of her residency and citizenship. If Alexa was indeed worried about these things, she didn't express it, showing remarkable confidence and aplomb.

"Unless you need him for anything else," she mused as she finished her plate. "I was hoping I could borrow Alex again to go downtown and get a local phone number. I could also use some more supplies and the sooner I get all these things done, the less reliant I will be on having him take me everywhere."

"I don't see why not," mom reasoned. "It beats sitting here watching him play video games. Alex, will you please take your aunt to the mall tomorrow? Get an early start, we don't know what she might need."

I nodded. "Yeah, I can do that. I should start going back to the gym on campus once this is all done, I haven't worked out for a few days now."

"True," dad said. "See if you can get Alexa a membership, she was mentioning something about using the university's

gym while you were mowing. You'll have a workout buddy then."

"Okay."

"Try not to sound so enthusiastic about having a girl as a workout partner," mom chided, fixing me with a look. "May do you some good."

I helped clear the dishes and then went downstairs to shower. The bite mark was a little sore now, especially under the hot water, but nothing I couldn't handle. I looked at it in the mirror and had to admit that I was rather proud of it now.

Sitting on my bed, watching TV, my computer finally notified me of a Skype call. I opened the window and was rewarded with the sight of my beautiful aunt, smiling happily. I was thrilled when she blew me a kiss.

"Think we'll get any time together tonight?" she asked, giving me a naughty wink.

I nodded. "They'll turn in around ten because they have to be up early. If you wait til eleven, they'll be passed out, both of them."

"Good," she said, looking very pleased. "Because I need you. I don't want this day to be done yet."

"Me either, Alexa," I agreed, meaning it. I wanted to feel her again. "Just let me know when you can sneak down and we'll wrap up our special day properly."

She nodded. "I'll keep my screen up, but I'm going to relax until then. See you soon, lover..."

I nodded to her and went back to watching TV, every once in a while looking over at my computer screen to see my sensual goddess, laying on her bed, reading or sorting small items from her luggage. She was wearing sensible pajamas, in case my parents came by her room. But I knew that the moment they were gone, so were the pajamas and her glorious body would once again be mine.

And it seemed so right.

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Alexa squirmed in my lap, facing away from me, my cock deep inside her pussy. She had her face turned to me and we were kissing needfully, tongues slithering and probing. My hands wandered over her warm, soft skin, caressing every bit of her, tracing gentle circles around the bite mark I'd left on her lovely breast.

"Alex..." she murmured quietly, her arms reaching back around my neck as she churned on my cock, our bodies locked together in our lovemaking. I shuddered as she squeezed her muscles around my shaft, responding by tilting my hips to penetrate further into her and she gasped softly. We were on my bed with me sitting up propped against all my pillows and her nestled into my lap. She had come downstairs as soon as it was safe, melting into my arms and kissing me. Our bodies reacted to one another as if we were born lovers.

She hissed and bit my lower lip as I fingered her clit, making her grinding down in lusty circles on me. This was not a marathon fucking session, we wanted to cum together, to feel me deep inside her. The thrill of my parents being a mere two floors away was an unspoken taboo, but it was still there.

"Mmmmm, I needed this..." she whispered against my lips, caressing my cheek.

"At least we've gone hands-free now." I replied, causing her to giggle. Indeed our phones were recording, from a TV table at the bottom of the bed, looking straight on at us, where every single moment of my penetration of her was wetly visible. One of the phones was even zoomed in, to make sure we missed nothing when we watched later.

It was much longer before we were writhing and squirming heatedly, moaning into one another's mouths and then shuddering as we came, my cock throbbing madly as I released my essence deep inside her. Her pussy clenched me hard, milking every last drop out of me until we just went still, hearts thumping and chests rising and falling. It

was the perfect end to a day we had both desperately needed and looked forward to repeating as often as possible.

It was a day of great relief for both of us.

Chapter 5 - Under The Radar

I was rubbing my eyes as I took out a glass and poured myself some orange juice. Wearing only my boxers, I pressed the glass to my lips and took a stiff drink, hoping to revitalize myself. As much as I had enjoyed the previous day, I will admit I was completely worn out from it. I had fucked my beautiful aunt at least four times and cum hard each time. I was reasonably certain there was nothing left in my testes except some I.O.U chits.

Yesterday had been magical for both of us. Though we'd only known one another for four days, we'd been getting progressively intimate since that very first night. We'd returned to a small natural grove we'd found just off a nature trail and made love for several hours, lost in one

another. I'd never wanted it to end and we'd finished the day by making love in my bed down in the basement once my parents had gone to sleep.

I sighed as I wondered what to do. She was my mother's sister, after all, and we were madly sexually attracted to one another. We couldn't help it or fight it, the attraction, the need was so damn strong. The horror of what would happen if we were ever found out was too much to think about. Forgetting the shame and disgrace if it our affair became known, there were laws.

But we didn't care. We were determined to continue this for as long as we could, seemingly. Our lust for one another showed no sign of abating. My dreams were about her, most of my waking thoughts were about her, making love to her or finding ways to thrill her and make her like me. When I'd awoken this morning, I'd looked over at my laptop and smiled, because she was sleeping naked on top of her sheets, an angelic look on her face.

I'd had sex before, I was not inexperienced. But sex with Alexa, my aunt that I was named after, was unlike anything

I'd felt or experienced up to that point- it was primal, it was emotional, it was raw and torrid, but also had a deep, almost inexplicable bond. We'd whispered to one another, confessed that we'd been almost literally dropped in one another's laps, for reasons yet to be determined. It was an intangible and we didn't try to reason it out, only to act on what came so very naturally to us.

I smiled as I heard footsteps on the stairs, coming down to the main floor. She finally awoken and was going to join me. I'd greet her with the kiss we loved to share and we would spend the day together, finding every chance we could to get naked and make love.

But the footsteps were wrong...

Shit! Mom!

Without another word I put down my juice and hastily threw on my white t-shirt I'd brought upstairs, nearly getting my head caught in one of the sleeves. I'd just wrestled it over my waist when she walked into the kitchen, giving me a wry look. I whirled around to face her.

"Jeez, mom!" I exclaimed, my heart pounding. I was now standing there in boxers shorts and a t-shirt, nothing else.

"What's your damage?" she asked, clearly nonplussed by my weird behaviour.

"I thought you were your sister." I replied, trying to look exasperated. Calling Alexa 'her sister' to my mom struck me as a good way of making sure I didn't sound too familiar yet. For days now I'd been acting suitably aloof and my parents were buying it, to my great relief.

"Well, that would have been the end of the world," mom said dryly. "A family member seeing another family member in boxer shorts and no shirt. Ragnarok and Armageddon all rolled into one."

I sighed in mild irritation. "Look, I know she's family, but it's still gonna take me time to adjust, okay? It's only been four days, give me some credit already. Why are you even home? If I'd known it was you, I wouldn't have bothered."

She shrugged. "Just decided to start a little later, I don't have as many papers to grade as your father. He took off about half an hour ago, I told him I'd be there soon. Why are you up so early?"

"I set my alarm because your sister seems to get an early start on things and if I'm going to play chauffeur again, I wanted to be ready." I explained.

"Well, at least that's thoughtful of you."

"Eh, it has more to do with making sure she doesn't come downstairs to the basement to wake me up," I elaborated. "I sleep in just my boxers, you know."

"I'm pretty sure Alexa's eyeballs wouldn't melt," mom replied dismissively. "She's a sweet girl, but I doubt that would be her first time seeing a boy in his underwear, if you know what I mean."

"Could we please stop talking about my aunt and my underwear?" I groused. "I'm being good and dutiful, praise me, dammit."

Mom laughed and patted my shoulder, her hand touching the very bite mark Alexa had left on me the previous day that I'd been so desperate to cover with my shirt when she came down. Trying to explain that to my mother was the last thing I wanted to do.

"True enough, I suppose," she admitted. "Alexa says you're slowly thawing, so that's a good thing. I just hope you're making a genuine effort to be her friend until she can establish some of her own."

"I told you I would, but you know I don't make friends quickly," I said. "I'm not like dad, I'm more like you."

"Ouch. Okay, point taken. I guess because she's my baby sister, I just really hope you'll get along with her. As long as you're trying, that's what counts."

She filled her thermos with the coffee that had finished automatically brewing a while earlier and then grabbed her attache case and purse. She gave me a kiss on the forehead and waved as she walked out the door. I walked into the living room and sat on the couch, watching through the bay window as she got into her vehicle and pulled out. I sat for five minutes, making sure she wasn't coming back and then sighed heavily. That had been close.

Too damn close.

I went into the kitchen, drained my orange juice and quietly padded upstairs. I checked to make sure dad was indeed gone and then to the door of the room that used to be my bedroom. I gently turned the handle and opened the door- light was coming in through openings in the drapes, giving the room a warm glow. On the bed, naked atop the covers still, lay my beautiful aunt, Alexa.

And I couldn't get over how beautiful she really was.

She was not quite a year older than me, nearly twenty six years younger than my mother. It had been something of a

minor miracle, to be sure. She had long, thick golden blonde hair that hung almost down to the small of her back. Her eyes were a shining sapphire blue. Her lips were expressive and full, begging to be kissed. Her body was an erotic fantasy, with large, perky breasts that had small, pink nipples. Her waist was small, her stomach trim and her elegant hips curved into her long, supple legs. She kept her womanhood completely shaved, which drove me wild. Everything about her just made my body tremble with desire.

I knelt next to the bed, smiling warmly at the sighed of her. She looked like an angle as the light from the windows played over her body. She was smiling, even in her sleep. Her torso was turned at a slight angle so that her chest was facing me, those incredible breasts almost beckoning to me.

There it was. The bite mark I'd given her yesterday, to match the one she'd put on my shoulder when she had cum. It was on the soft swell of her breast, a defined set of teeth marks that had clamped down on that tender skin. She had gasped and whimpered at the time, but welcomed me marking her, a sign of our deep bond.

I gently leaned onto the bed, doing my best to not disturb her. I got my face next to her breast and then placed my teeth on her skin, exactly where I'd bitten her the previous day, applying the lightest of pressure. Alexa stiffened ever so slightly and moaned in her sleep before stirring, waking up as I pulled back and smiled into those deep blue eyes. She smiled dreamily.

"Good morning, Alex..." she whispered, her hand reaching to caress my cheek gently. "Making sure I was still marked as yours?"

"That and just wanting to see you," I said, slipping my shirt and boxers off and sliding onto the bed next to her. She received me readily, snuggling her warm body to mine. "It's been an eventful morning already."

"Mmmmmm, do tell..." she said softly, putting her arm around me and kissing her bite mark on my shoulder.

"Well, I was down in the kitchen, wearing nothing but my boxers and having a glass of orange juice when mom came downstairs. You've never seen a man throw on a shirt so fast in your life."

"Oh, did you think it was me?" she asked, smirking now and moving a lock of hair away from my face. "Yeah, I'll bet you moved if you had to cover up that bite mark. Why was she still here?"

"Bad luck, really, she was just a little lazy this morning." I explained. "But as you can tell, she's gone now."

"Mmmm, music to my ears," she purred, nestling her body even closer to mine. Her pussy touched my cock and that was all that needed to happen for the reaction you'd expect. He began swelling and Alexa reached down and massaged him gently. "We made love in your bed last night, perhaps we'd care to balance the score card here?"

I nodded and rolled on top of her, causing her to giggle and then we kissed deeply, sensuously, without reservation. She parted her legs to allow my hips to nestle between them. I

was already hard and she was already wet. Without further ado, I pushed my cockhead between her netherlips and then slid inside her slowly. She moaned into my mouth as she wrapped her arms around me and then her legs hooked behind my knees.

Keeping her beneath me, I pushed in and out of her pussy while we kissed, tongues swirling and tangling, tasting each other's mouths. Her fingers massaged and kneaded my back traveling up and down my spine. I slid I up to the hilt and we both shivered and groaned as I filled her.

"You feel so good inside of me..." she cooed, rocking her hips gently and squeezing me with her pussy muscles. "You make me feel like no one ever has before. Alex, it feels so good..."

"God, Alexa," I murmured, kissing her neck. "Everything about you, it's wonderful. I love how you feel, how I feel inside you... I love your voice when you whisper to me... everything..."

And then I remembered something that I was certain would put her over the edge. I gently pushed deeper inside while I repeated myself, whispering in her ear.

"Tout sur vous, il est magnifique. Je t'aime comment vous vous sentez, ce que je ressens à l'intérieur vous ... votre voix lorsque vous chuchotez à moi ... J'aime tout à propos de ça..."

She gasped loudly and clutched herself to me as I spoke French to her quietly, shuddering in delight. She kissed me feverishly and trembled as she held me to her, her heart pounding in her chest.

"Jeg elsker dig, Alex. Jeg er vildt forelsket i dig, og ville ønske jeg kunne fortælle dig. Jeg ønsker at bo for evigt i dine arme..." she whispered to me, almost panting in my ear. I didn't know at all what she was saying, but I knew that speaking French thrilled her and she was saying something similar to what I'd told her. I loved the sound of her voice when she was speaking other languages.

And the way her voice quavered in my ear now, as we rocked and squirmed against each other, making love on her bed, it was a pleasure I know I'd never tire of. I could never get enough of it and I hoped she understood this.

We ground our hips harder into one another, panting and gasping as we fucked. Her legs were wrapped around my waist as I rocked back and forth, feeling her pussy clenching my cock tighter and tighter while the tingling, boiling heat bubbled up in my loins...

We both cried out, hips writhing and straining as I burst, my cum spurting deep inside her. My back arched, my hands clenching the sheets beside her head. Her tunnel squeezed me hard, desperate for my offering. Our bodies shook as the mutual orgasm crashed over us, sweeping us away on waves of transcendent pleasure.

"Alex!" she moaned loudly.

"Alexa!" I growled, still straining against her as my ropes of cum lashed her pussy.

We finally collapsed together, panting heavily. We were warm and damp, bodies quivering from the intensity of our lovemaking. Her legs slid from behind mine and her hands lay beside mine on the bed. I knew she didn't want me to move, no matter what I may have weighed, because we both loved the feeling of my cock deep inside her.

Finally, slowly, she put her arms around me again in a feeble, exhausted hug. I pressed my lips to her neck and kissed her, loving that she moaned lightly at the touch. That we could share this exquisite satiation was so wonderful to both of us.

"Wonderful, lover," she murmured, finally opening her eyes. "I'd happily wake up that way every day if I could."

"You and me both," I agreed. "I'd die a happy man."

Alexa giggled and poked my nose. "Silly, no dying. I'm nowhere near done with you yet."

"As you wish." I sighed, smiling wryly. I slowly rolled off her and onto my back. My cock sprung up above me, still hard and glistening with our cum. Alexa now moved down next to my hips and took my member inside her mouth, bobbing back and forth, sucking our mingled pleasure off me. She moaned happily, loving to do this as one of the final acts of any lovemaking session. When she was finished, she smiled and laid back down beside me, her body snuggled to mine.

"So we know the general agenda for our day," she said quietly, tracing a fingernail over my defined ab muscles. "Do we have any plans yet for where we can get naughty?"

I pondered her question. "Well, you need a phone, so we'll be at the mall. I can think of a potential location there. I suppose we can go on a tour of the city and see if anything jumps out at us."

"Sounds wonderful," she purred. "We need to shower, of course, and then what about breakfast?"

"Why don't we have breakfast out?" I suggested. "Lots of nice places for it around this city. Besides, we might get lucky and find another place to fuck."

"Sold," she said readily, nodding her had at the thought. "Let's shower and get moving."

She took my hand and led me into the bathroom. While I grabbed two towels, Alexa turned on the water for the shower and stepped in. She giggled in delight as I joined her, pressing her now-slippery body to mine and kissing me, a gesture I returned willingly. We kissed and moved slowly together beneath the water, almost dancing to a music only we could hear.

Alexa broke the kiss finally and had a light frown on her face. "Damn," she muttered quietly. "Gotta pee..."

She looked past the shower curtain for a moment, to the toilet on the far side of the bathroom and bit her lip before looking at me. "I... okay, this might be weird, Alex, but... may I pee in here? I really don't want to get out."

I shrugged. "Doesn't bother me any, I'll let fly once in a while if I need to."

"Thanks," she said, nodding. "This'll only take a sec."

She kept her hands on my shoulders and closed her eyes, as if she was trying to concentrate on what she needed to do. Without saying anything, I took hold of her hips and moved forward into her, bending my knees slightly and placing my cock beneath her pussy. Her eyes flipped open and she blinked in confusion.

"I thought you might have an easier time if we made it naughty," I remarked, grinning. "Seems to do the trick for us, doesn't it?"

She gave me a wry smirk. "You think peeing on your cock is going to help? Well, can't hurt to try, right?"

She made sure her pussy was good and nestled on top of my member and stared into my eyes. She pursed her lips

and gave a tiny shiver as she began. I had my back to the shower jet, feeling it blast down my back, distinctly different from what she was doing. Her warm pee splashed and inundated my dick, trickling between and down both our thighs. She began giggling at the sensation and I was doing my best not to laugh at how absurd we were.

She finally finished and sighed. "Well, don't know if that helped me go, per se, but it was certainly different and fun to do."

"I wouldn't know yet, would I?" I teased, giving her a leering grin and then reaching to hold her in place. Her eyes went wide and she squealed, struggling to get away from me. The water made her difficult to hold on to, but I finally managed to wrestle her to her knees, facing away from me, her hands scrabbling at the back lip of the large tub. As she writhed to get away, I pushed the head of my cock against her pussy and began peeing. She shuddered and froze for a moment as she realized what I was doing and then moaned.

Feeling the stream splattering between us at such short range, cock to pussy, was thrilling in a way I couldn't readily

describe. Alexa groaned and reached under herself, using two fingers to pull her labia wide and expose her inner pink. I pushed my cockhead against the pink as I peed, even managing to force it slightly inside, despite being soft. Alexa shivered and sucked in her breath, almost whimpering.

I aimed the stream directly on her clit and she keened as I battered it. Just before I finished, I dragged my cock across her magnificent ass, baptizing it as well. By the time I'd finished, Alexa was leaning heavily against the back lip of the tub, panting. She slid slowly to the floor of the tub, lying on her stomach and just sighing. I laid down on top of her, nuzzling and kissing her neck.

"Mmmmm, add another perversion to our list of incestuous little activities..." she hummed, clearly pleased with what had transpired.

"First time I've ever done anything like that," I mused, still lying on her. "How about you?"

"First time with a guy," she sighed, gently squirming beneath me. "Had a girlfriend I'd go pussy-to-pussy with

and do it. Was a real turn-on with her. And it is here, too. Everything we do together turns me on."

I slowly turned her over and we kissed and made out while lying on the shower floor, the water cascading down on us. Finally, we stood and resumed showering, lathering and cleaning one another off, Alexa giggling as she squirmed her body to mine, like she was my own human loofah.

"Do you know what a nuru massage is, Alex?" she asked, looking up into my eyes.

I nodded and smiled evilly. "I have about ten movies on my hard drive and about twenty websites bookmarked.

"'Then you're in luck," she purred, holding me close and massaging me with her breasts. "Because I love giving those massages and have for quite a few years. I know where to order the gel online if we can't find any locally and all we need are towels, a big wooden bowl and an inflatable mattress."

"Sounds like Heaven," I sighed, picturing Alexa slithering her slippery body all over me to make us cum. "I know some shops we can look around in.

We finished showering somehow and got out, drying one another off. I sat and waited on Alexa's bed and watched her while she chose an outfit for the day. She put various top in front of herself, displaying them and asking my opinion. I decided on a v-neck shirt, as long as she promised to wear a push-up bra along with it. We then found her another set up curvy jeans and some panties to match.

"Keep in mind you have to desecrate these for me later," she purred as she slipped on the panties. I want to feel your cum against me all day."

We went down to the basement and she chose my outfit for me, something she seemed to take pleasure in doing, not to mention I enjoyed watchng her do. She dressed me, as she had before, and we went upstairs, hand-in-hand. We got into my car and she was alreadt taking video and pictures on her phone, iterating what we had in mind for the day. I

enjoyed listening to the matter-of-fact sort of way she used to describe our lovemaking plans.

We stopped downtown at one of my favourite cafes and had a light breakfast and strong coffee. My food included a lot of granola with berries and protein. She giggled and poke my hand.

"Keeping our zinc and folic acid count up, are we?" she teased.

"Got to around you," I replied. "Can't keep you filled up with cum if I run out."

"Well that would be a pity," she said quietly, tracing her fingernail around the edge of her cup. "I have to feed my addiction, after all. But Alex, can I... ask you something?"

"Sure. Anything."

"Do you... ever wish there was someone you could safely tell about us?"

I considered for a moment. "Well, not really. I guss I wish we didn't have to hide it, but tell someone since we have to keep it secret? No, can't think of anyone. Why?"

She drew a deep breath. "I've got a good friend back in Copenhagen, someone who was probably my best friend and confidante while I lived anywhere over there. And I really wish I could tell her. We talk nightly now, when I'm not with you, and she asks how I'm doing. It feels strange to omit one of the most, if not the most, relevant details of my new life from her."

I thought about what she was saying. There had to be aspects of her old life she missed. And what did I care if she told a friend about us? Not like it would really affect me, would it?

And it would make Alexa happy.

"So go ahead and tell her," I said simply, shrugging. "I don't see any harm coming of it if she's that good a friend to you."

Her eyes lit up. "You wouldn't mind?"

"Can't think of a reason I should," I reasoned. "Not like she's going to rat us out to anyone we know here, right?"

She sighed and smiled at me. "Just when I thought you couldn't get any more amazing. Her name is Freja, she's a lot of fun. Would you like to meet her on Skype some time?"

I nodded. "That might be fun. So were you two um, close?"

She giggled. "Yes, we were lovers. We promised one another we'd find time to be naughty on Skype, but we've only done that once since my arrival."

I smiled. "That night you told me I missed such a great little show on the webcam?"

"Yes," she admitted, blushing. "Freja and I were playing for one another. And it's fun, but I would rather be making love to you."

"Well, if she's interested, why don't we put on a show for her some night when my parents aren't home?" I offered. "Would she like that?"

"Oh, she'd love that, I'm sure, she's a real perv," Alexa mused, smiling naughtily at the thought. "Maybe we'll just start fucking one night without warning her."

"I'm in," I said cheerfully, finishing my zinc and folic acid. "So where shall we go now?"

She considered as she finished her coffee. "Might as well get the phone thing over and done with. I love my phone, so hopefully they'll just be able to put a North American chip in it and give me a new number."

I nodded and we went to the mall, where we found a carrier store. Rather than endure men leering all over her and trying to get her to buy a new phone, she went directly to a female attendant who was plainly dressed and asked her to see if her phone could be converted and given a new number. Seeing the way her male attendants were staring at Alexa, the woman decided to get this buxom blond vixen out of her store as quickly as possible, so she opened the phone, examined it and announced that she could indeed just convert it and give her a new number.

Alexa announced she was pleased, picked her plan and signed her contract. The entire experience was over in less than thirty minutes, which I didn't think was possible in a cellphone store. She was smiling at her phone as we exited the store, satisfied with the transaction.

"And I gave it international calling, in case I need to talk directly to someone in Europe on the spot," she said. "Never hurts to be prepared. Now didn't you tell me there might be a place in this mall where you could fuck me good and proper?"

I took her by the hand and led her through the mall and down a wing that was being redeveloped. None of the stores were opened yet and plastic sheeting covered most of the store fronts. A short hall off to one side led to an exit for the parking lot in the rear of the mall.

And it was here that there was a set of bathrooms, mostly unused. One was a family changeroom that I now took her into.

We walked in and I closed the door behind us, locking it and slotting the 'occupied' tab into place. There were benches spread around to allow moms to feed their babies in peace, along with some changing stations. At the back of the room was a wooden door and behind that was the actual bathroom. I took her into the bathroom and closed the door. She was already slipping off her shirt and wiggling out of her jeans. I stared at her body in renewed wonder as she stood there in her bra and thong, smirking at me with one hand on her hip.

"Not your first time fucking in a public bathroom, is it?" she teased.

"I was just thinking that I'm the luckiest nephew in the whole damn universe." I breathed, still staring. She blushed and knelt down in front of me, unbuckling my belt and then sliding my pants down. She slipped my boxers down and nuzzled her cheek against my cock before kissing it. I playd with her hair while she took me inside her mouth, slowly moving her lips back and forth on me until I was hard. She stood and pressed herself to me, kissing me as I undid the clasp at the front of her bra, letting her breasts free as it fell off her lovely shoulders.

I now gently pressed her back against the sink lowering my head to kiss her succulent breasts, swirling my tongue around the nipples slowly, making her coo and shiver. One of my hands reached down and slid slowly up and down the thong she was wearing, teasing her increasingly wet lips. I kissed and nibbled down her belly as I tugged the thong down, exposing her smooth pussy. She gasped as I kissed it and then snaked my tongue inside. I knelt in front of her and lifted her knees so there were sitting on my shoulders and her hands supported her upper body on the sturdy sink.

I massaged her gooey lips with my mouth and flicked her clit with my tongue and she moaned quietly as she crossed her legs behind my head. My fingers flexed on her thighs as I licked and kiss her pussy eagerly, loving how her body responded to my touches.

"Alex..." she whimpered. "Yes, lover..."

We wouldn't have forever in here and we both knew it, so I stood slowly, keeping her pressed back against the sink. She looked up into my eyes expectantly, biting her lip as she slipped one legs around my waist. I moved the head of my cock to her slippery entrance and guided it in. We both sighed as I pressed with my hips and slid deep inside her. It was almost a relief for us.

We kissed deeply as she held me inside her, her pussy embracing my cock like a returning hero. She moaned into my mouth as I began to slide back and forth slowly. She worked her hips against mine, keeping me in rhythm with the leg she had around my waist. I wished I had more hands, because there was so much of her I wanted to fondle all at once.

"Mmmm, fy anwylyd..." she murmured next to my ear, kissing and nibbling at it. "Rwyf wrth fy modd sut yr ydych yn teimlo y tu mewn i mi..."

"God, I wish I spoke Welsh now..." I breathed, kissing her neck and causing her to giggle. She shivered as I touched a sweet spot, crushing her body against me. She squeezed my cock with her pussy hungrily, wanting to feel my cum deep inside her. He hands clenched my behind, pulling on it, driving me deeper into her hungry womanhood.

I paused and pulled her off the sink, taking my cock out of her momentarily as I turned her around. She placed her hands on the rim and groaned as I held her hips and slid deep inside her from behind. I wrapped my arms around her, pumping back and forth. I kept her legs squeezed together between mine, tightening her slippery tunnel. My hands massaged her breasts as I fucked her and she groaned lustily, grinding back against me, her ass against my hips.

"Fuck!" she gasped through gritted teeth as I wrapped my hand in her hair and pulled on it, craning her neck back. My

other hand still squeezed her breasts hard, pinching her nipples and gripping her hard enough to leave the red marks we both loved. One of her hands moved down to play with her clit, also teasing her lips and my cock as it slid over her fingers.

We were both trembling and she turned her head and mashed her mouth to mine as we went rigid together, grinding as hard as we could into one another. Finally I broke and I rammed my hips as hard as I could into her, my cum exploding deep inside her. She screamed into my mouth as her pussy clamped down on my cock savagely, bathing us both in her wild desire.

She leaned against the sink and I held her tight as we both trembled, bound in waves of pleasure. I caressed her body and we kissed tiredly, her fingers on my cheek. My hips still moved against her, letting Alexa milk the last of my cum from me. As I finally started going soft, I stood back slowly and she turned around to kneel, sucking our mingled cum off my cock as was her habit and our mutual delight.

Her pussy squished below her as she stood and she giggled. "All that jizz of yours is going to be out of my cunt and on my panties in minutes. Good thing I brough some pads to wear on the outside of my thong so it doesn't show on my pretty pretty jeans."

I cleaned myself up slightly and wiped Alexa's inner thighs before she slid on her thong and fastened the liner in place and then I did up her jeans. I slipped on her shirt and then she dressed me before we went out to the outer room. Tempting fate because of the frosted glass, we held one another and began kissing deeply for a few minutes. If anyone went by, they didn't notice.

We visited several more shops in the mall, letting her get acquainted with its layout. She immediately found and made note of the locations of all the best clothing and beauty supplies stores, along with three different lingerie shops. As we exited, she asked if I knew of any reputable adult stores downtown. I thought for a moment and took her to the car. While we were in the lot, mom called.

"Hi," I said cheerfully. "We're just leaving the mall, Alexa's set up with her own local number now."

"You sounds unsually chipper," mom stated. "What's up?"

"Nothing, we've just been discussing things we have in common and I got to eat. I'm full of coffee and granola."

"And I'm full of protein now." Alexa whispered, giggling. I scowled at her and swatted her hand. I shook my head and went back to talking to my mother.

"So you made a genuine attempt to find common ground with her and get along? Good for you," mom said. "I just wanted to check in, what do you have planned for the afternoon?"

"Well, I told her I'd show her around downtown, so that she can find her way if she ever wants to borrow my car," I explained. "So we're just going to tool around, let her get the layout of the land."

"Good idea," she agreed. "Make sure she texts me her new number so I can reach her and give her my snapchat name as well. You kids have fun."

"See you, mom." I said, finally hanging up as we got in the car. I turned and gave her a look. "We are so lucky she didn't hear you," I chided, pretending to scold her. She tried to look sorry but could not get the naughty smirk off her face. "You're full of protein?"

"Well, I did eat quite a bit of yogurt at breakfast," she reasoned. "I can't rely exlusively on your cum as a protein source now, can I?"

"You are such a brat," I muttered, caressing her cheek. She took my palm and kissed it lovingly. "Not that I mind, of course, maybe I'll spank you later."

"God, I love spankings from the right person," she purred, smiling at me. "They give me such a tingle."

We drove and I finally brought her to an upscale adult shop I was aware of. No one knew me in there and I somehow doubted anyone knew my parents, so I felt safe being seen here with Alexa. We walked inside and she grinned, remarking on the size of the place. It reminded her of some similar shops she'd visited in Europe.

"I'm hoping I can get a few things in here," she used as we walked around. "I had to leave all my toys in Europe, of course, didn't want to bring those through customs. Maybe we can find some things we can both use."

Arm-in-arm, we perused the store for an while, discussing various toys and outfits we saw. It was a cavernous place, with a high ceiling, along with row upon row of items, tucked away in a corner of a ritzy downtown district. Even many locals didn't know it was there, but that worked out well for the store, who had the benefit of a prime location and discreet clientele.

"So no one here knows you, right?" she asked quietly while we looked at dildos.

"As far as I know, right."

"Let's be naughty and fuck with their heads," she whispered, smiling at me wickedly. "We're both blond and have blue eyes and we look the same age. Let's pretend we're twins."

I raised my eyebrow in amusement. "Really?"

She nodded. "Unless you just want to tell the truth and let them know we're an aunt and nephew who love to fuck."

I chuckled. "We'd better stick with the twins thing. If we say 'aunt and nephew', there's no telling who might talk to who and it makes its way somehow through the campus to my parents. Siblings is far more anonymous."

"I know," she sighed. "It's the one sucky erotic part about being directly related to you, incest roleplay isn't roleplay at all, kind of takes the kink out of it."

"Maybe, but it's not roleplay for us, it's the real deal," I pointed out. "We're living what people who roleplay dream about."

She nodded. "True. Alright, let's blow their minds..."

We walked around until we found a young woman attendant and got her attention. "'scuse me," I began, smiling. "Looking for a naughty schoolgirl outfit for the lady here."

The girl looked at us for a moment, perhaps noticing our physical similarities before nodding and taking us to a place where they kept fetish costumes. She displayed a range but Alexa immediately asked her to point out the best quality one. It was quite wonderful to look at, with a red plaid skirt and a white shirt that was meant to be tied at the midriff. Stockings completed the ensemble and some mary-jane shoes were also available.

Alexa asked if she could try the outfit on and the girl showed her the dressing room not far away. She waited nearby the room while I busied myself examining some

latex outfits. Then Alexa came out of the change room and my entire world stopped dead.

She walked forward slowly, smiling sexily, stepping one foot in front of the other and biting her lip. She had put her hair in pigtails. The blouse was tied but her breasts were almost bursting out of the top with her push-up bra. Her midriff was completely bare and the red plaid skirt barely fell past her hips and her ass. The white stockings and shoes looked incredible on her shapely legs.

"How do I look?" she asked breathily as she walked up to me, smirking.

I couldn't say anything. The attendant girl seemed to be stunned too.

"Mmm, you like, I take it?" she purred, leaning forward so her breasts gently bumped against my chest and gave me a wonderful view of her cleavage.

I finally regained my wits and grinned. "It's even better than the ones we had to wear to school."

She giggled. "Mom and dad would not approve."

"Well, it's not they're approval you need, is it? Your brother's is the only one that counts." I said softly but loud enough to be heard by our attendant. Her eyes got even wider, if that was possible, upon hearing us refer to one another as siblings.

"Mmmm, when we get home are you gonna strip it off me or make me wear it when you fuck me?" she cooed, her nose almost touching mine.

She then took out a little lollipop from the inside of the blouse, twisted off the wrapper and popped it in her mouth, a saucy smile on her face as she winked at me. As outrageously sexy as I found the action, I almost burst out laughing at it because of how ridiculous we were.

Alexa now turned to face the attendant, leaning back against me and I put my arm around her to hold her steady and balance us. The girl was still staring almost dumbly.

"Sweetheart, I am buying this outfit, no question, and a lot of other things," she purred, smiling sweetly. "But do you think it'd be okay if I snapped some pics in here? I want to remember this moment."

The girl swallowed. "Are... are you two... are you brother and sister? For real?"

Alexa looked up at me for a moment and then giggled before nodding at the girl. "What do you think, silly? We look alike, don't we? What do you want, a blood test?"

"Holy shit, that's hot..." the girl breathed. "Yeah, I... sure, please do. May I watch?"

"Ooh, an audience," Alexa cooed. "I like it. Maybe you can take some pictures for me, if you're not too busy?"

"I don't think it'll be a problem, we're not busy," she said readily. "I just... holy shit, you two are lovers?"

Alexa smirked again. "You need a demo or something?"

"Quit teasing her," I said, puller her tight to my body and speaking against her lips while one hand reached down beneath the front of the skirt and stroked her thong, causing her to shiver and moan in response. "Make nice with the girl, sis."

"Mmmmm, I will, I promise, just keep teasing me," she murmured, putting one arm back around my neck. "God, I'm so fucking horny."

"Already?" I asked cheerfully. "We fucked less than an hour ago in the mall."

"It's this outfit," she breathed. "I can't wait to fuck in it."

"Well, let's not get us all arrested here," the girl interjected. "But I'm willing to take pictures, no matter how sexy it would be to see you two- I... let's take pictures."

Alexa nodded and took up various sexy poses while the girl and I took pictures on my phone and Alexa's. She never actually exposed her breasts but came close on several occasions and also releaved her thong and her ass cheeks freely. For some pictures, she laid on her back, looking up at the camera, her legs spread and sucking on the lollipop, looking very much in need. She knelt on all fours, facing away from the camera but turning to look at us, her skirt hiked over her behind.

We then let the girl take pictures of the two of us, with her kneeling in front of me but slowly working her way up until we were kissing in the last snapshots. She finally pulled away and took a deep breath, her skin flushed.

"Okay, we've gotta stop or I'm gonna rape you right here on the floor," she said, gaining control of herself. "Taking pictures like this turns me on."

The girl handed Alexa her cellphone back and gathered her thoughts. "So will you just wear that or do you want to package it?"

Alexa giggled. "I'd better get dressed, no telling who we'll run into out there, right?"

I nodded. "And you did promise the nice lady that we had more stuff to buy. So get changed and let's continue with your purchases."

She wiggled into the changeroom and was back out in just a few minutes, reverted to her glorious self, although she kept the lollipop. I laughed as we walked around, still perusing.

"Where the hell did you get that thing?" I asked.

She shrugged coyly. "I knew I wanted to buy a schoolgirl outfit today so I brought it along, just in case. It pays to plan ahead."

We found a few dildos and vibrators she liked, one of which had a suction cup so it could be stuck to a wall. She picked up some smaller toys, like buzzing eggs and nipple clamps, along with edible lubricant and body paints. Two of her other purchases included a double-headed dildo and a strap-on dildo of no small size.

"Oh, don't worry, my love, they're not for you," she said in a soothing tone, noticing me eyeing them warily. "But you never know when an opportunity might arise."

"Good to hear." I replied. She saw several wonderful latex outfits and she made me promise we could come back for to to try them on at some point. I was looking at some silk restraints when Alexa called me, drawing my attention to another aisle.

She held up a box and smiled wickedly. "I found the nuru gel..."

She had indeed, along with an inflatable mattress and even a traditional-looking wooden bowl made for just such an occasion. I joined her and she snuggled up to me,

whispering in delight. "I can't wait to use this on you, lover..."

We went to the check out where our attendant was waiting. Her manager was nearby and he could hardly keep the grin off his face as he looked at us. Alexa saw him smiling and raised an eyebrow, smirking.

"Afraid you missed out on the show?"

"From what I heard, yeah," he said, nodding. "You two are welcome back any time."

"Can't understand why..." Alexa purred as she turned to me and put her arms around my neck, kissing me deeply. We made out for several seconds in front of the counter, the manager grinning and the attendant girl staring in wide-eyed shock. Alexa broke the kiss and turned her head to smile and wink at them both before I picked up the bags of her purchases and we walked out.

"That was quite the pretty penny you dropped back in there," I mentioned. "You sure that's alright?"

Alexa nodded simply. "It's not an issue. I told you, my mom left me a hefty inheritence and now that I know the university will give me a full scholarship I don't need to consider that aspect of it. More to the point, you have to remember that I left my entire stock of personal toys back in Europe, Alex, and I needed to replace those. It wasn't really an option, do you know what I mean?"

"I understand," I replied cheerfully, glad to be out with her. "I love how turned on and worked up you get when you do things like that."

"I do, but it's more acute around you then I ever remember it being," she said. "You bring out a sexual animal in me that I'm loving to embrace."

"So what shall we do now?" I asked as we got back to the car.

She thought about it for a moment. "Let's go find a small, secluded area in a park and make out."

Fortunately, I knew just the place.

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One great thing about High Park is that there are lots of little parkettes and areas that make up part of the greater whole. And some of these saw little traffic, even in the summer. So I took her to an area where I knew that we'd be alone, even if people were not far away, blissfully ignorant of our proximity.

And it was here that I had Alexa on her back, lying on the side of a small green hill, her legs spread wide and wearing only her shirt as I lapped hungrily at her pussy. She was hissing and trembling, a sheen of sweat already forming on her. She was sucking on the lollipop she'd had in the sex store as she looked down at me through heavily-lidded, pleading eyes.

"Alex, don't tease me, you bastard..." she whimpered, her gooey pussy begging for my tongue. "Please..."

She reached down with the cherry-flavoured lollipop and rubbed the candy up and down her slippery lips, even sticking it inside and sighing. It glistened wetly as she pulled it back out and showed it to me. She moaned again as she slid it back inside herself, wiggling it back and forth. When she finally pulled it out, she took it in her mouth and sucked on it ardently, enjoying the mingled taste of cherry and her own pussy. I wasted no time in wiggling my tongue back inside her and had to admit I agreed with her about how thrilling the taste was. I devoured her hungrily, making her squirm and writhe.

I pushed my tongue farther inside her he and she moaned loudly. I got on my knees and pushed on her until she was rolled up onto her shoulders, her hips and ass grinding in the air against my face. My hands reached down and squeezed her breasts while I snaked my tongue across her pussy. My tongue lashed her clit and she gripped my hands on her breasts and she strained, body shaking as she tried to not climax yet...

Her cum smothered my face as I pinned her by the shoulders, holding her in place while she thrashed. She sighed loudly, gripping my hands tight. I could feel her pussy clenching around my tongue and her incredible taste on my lips. It was intoxicating. Her natural taste, along with the sweet cherry of the lollipop. She shook and gasped, wracked by pleasure until she went went almost still, eyes closed and moaning quietly.

"Holy shit..." she whispered, reaching down to feel her pussy and then licking her fingers tenderly. "Oh my God... Alex..."

I slowly lowered her hips and then laid down beside her, caressing her breasts and stomach. I smiled at her while she stretched langorously and sighed in bliss. She slowly turned onto her side to face me and smiled.

"Are you sure you haven't been with lots of girls before?" she purred, tracing a fingernail over my cheek. "Because you eat pussy like a champ."

"Well, I have to admit, I'm really into pleasing you," I replied, smiling back. "I think doing it to you makes me better than I should be."

"Then they don't know what they're missing." Alexa sighed, stretching again. "God, that tongue. I can't feel my anything at the moment."

She snuggled closer and kissed me and I could taste her cum and the lollipop on her lips and tongue. I couldn't get enough of her. We kissed one another for some time before she finally smiled and stretched out on her back again. "Okay, I think I have my legs back. I'd better get my pants back on now that you've put out the fire in my girl. But we have to come and use this spot again."

I helped her back into her thong and pants before we made our way back into the park. We strolled around for some time, holding hands when no one was nearby and we both wished that we didn't have to be careful. I walked her down to the lake that was in the middle of the park and we sat on the water's edge, staring out over the expanse, watching swans and ducks float by.

"It's pretty here," she said quietly, sitting next to me. "Different from where I lived but similar in some ways. It'll take getting used to but... as long as I'm with you and Karen and Michael, well, I know it will feel like home."

"I'm glad," I replied, giving her hand a squeeze. "Because that's important to all of us. I know it's important to me."

We said nothing for a while before she looked at me and grinned. "Buy me some ice cream?"

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Not surprisingly, even watching Alexa eat ice cream was a total turn on for me, and we had to find a secluded location for me to lick the melted goodness off her breasts when it kept 'accidentally' falling on them. She hummed as I held her to me, sucking hungrily on her luscious breasts, now covered in soft-serve.

"Mmmm, way to be thorough, tiger," she purred, kissing my mouth and licking the ice cream off my lips. We were in the back seat of my car in a secluded parking lot, with me lying on top of her and her shirt off. Her legs were wrapped around my waists as she squirmed beneath me. "You sure know how to clean a girl off..."

I was horny as hell, but it was still daylight out and didn't want to risk getting caught. We wiped her bosom clean with some wet-naps she had kept in her purse (she seemed to be prepared for anything and everything) and then I asked her what else she had to do today.

"I need another bathing suit," she mentioned. "The one I have might be a little too immodest for wearing to a swimming pool or the beach in these parts, I think, or at least when Karen's around. And she did sat she was looking forward to us catching up by sitting in the jacuzzi and drinking champagne. So maybe we can find a one-piece somewhere for me?"

I nodded and headed to a store that I knew carried what she'd be looking for. I waited patiently while she tried on

several but what blew me away is just how good she made them look- her tits looked huge in all of them, her waist tiny and her ass was magnificent. She finally decided on a red and white one, but also purchased some micro-bikini's while she was at it, winking at me and saying they'd make up for the regular one she'd bought.

"It's getting close to dinner time, we should probably head back," I said somewhat regretfully. "I'd sooner be out with you."

Alexa sighed. "Maybe, but we probably don't want to be seen spending too much time together, at least by ourselves. We'll make time, we're clearly good at it, right?"

"We do seem to be," I agreed, nodding. "Alright, we'll head back. Besides, we can get together tonight after mom and dad go to bed."

"Mmm, I'm so glad for that," she said in a sultry voice. "Because I'm really tempted to give you my ass tonight."

She reached over from the passenger's seat and massaged my crotch while I was driving. "I really want to get that monster inside my ass. God, Alex, I'm getting wet just thinking about it. What have you done to me?"

"Pretty sure it's mutual," I said, feeling myself swell inside my jeans. "And yes, I'd love to fuck your ass tonight."

"Good, because I'm holding you to that..." she said quietly, releasing me and letting me drive without causing an accident.

We got home and she took her new items directly up to her room. I was drinking a smoothie in the kitchen when mom and dad came in, direct from work.

"Glad to see you made it back for dinner," mom said as she put down her briefcase full of notes. "So what did you two get up to today?"

I shrugged. "Nothing too exciting. "We went to breakfast, you know that, we went to the mall and got her a new

number, you know that part, she got some clothes, uh... I took her to High Park for a while and bought her ice cream and-"

"God save us, you could a V-E Day report sound dull," mom groused, cutting me off as Alexa bounced back down the stairs. "Allie, did you have fun today? Because he makes it sound as exciting as watching a hamster swimming in a bucket of thorozene."

Alexa smiled brightly. "We had a good day and he was very accomodating about driving me everywhere and putting up with my zipping around looking at everything. Be nice to him, Karen, it's not like he was taking some girl on a date, how enthusiastic do you expect him to be?"

Dad laughed and mom sighed, accepting her point. "Alright, I'm sorry, Alex. I am just really hoping to make everything wonderful for Allie and sometimes you have the delivery of Ben Stein."

"My day was very pleasant and I enjoyed his company, Karen." Alexa said, walking by me and ruffling my hair as she did so. "So what's on the agenda for tonight?"

"Well, Michael and I are feeling lazy after a long day's grading, so we were just going to order in," mom mentioned. "Should we try that new Moroccan place? They deliver."

"Mmm, I love Moroccan food," Alexa said happily. "I'm in."

We waited for dinner, allowing mom and dad to regale us with tales of some of the worst papers they were grading. Mom could not get over how dumb some university students were, even at a place with a world-standing, like ours had. The food arrived and we laughed and talked while we ate, drinking mint tea to wash everything down. I cleared away dinner and announced my intention to watch some classic games on the Hockey Channel. Alexa told mom she's bought a swimsuit, so if they wanted to use the hot tub, they could. Mom was delighted and rushed to set up and turn on the jacuzzi while Alexa went up to change.

I sat in the living room, watching a classic game from '67 when dad joined me. I got my love of hockey from him and we enjoyed watching games together. We were maybe an hour into the game when dad got a text from mom, insisting that we put on our bathing suits and come join them.

"She wants us out there with them," I said flatly, looking at him. "How much champagne has she had?"

"Enough that I know better than to say no," dad sighed, getting up. "And if you have a brain in your head, you'll learn that women never forget the times you've said no. Think about that and I'll see you out there."

He lumbered off, leaving me to my own thoughts. It was true, saying 'no' to mom was usually not a good idea, but if she was slightly inebriated and genuinely happy, after nearly two decades of missing her sister, then it would be selfish of me to decline.

And then there was the whole aspect of seeing Alexa in the jacuzzi again.

I waited until I heard dad go outside and then hustled downstairs to get my trunks on. I went outside and was greeted by the sight of Alexa in her one-piece, sitting modestly on a lower seat to conceal her chest, while mom was sitting across from her, wearing a surprisingly sporty black one-piece that had no sides, with the material tapering in over her midriff and attaching the bottom and top with a chrome ring. Dad was, I can only assume, wearing his habitual shorts, like I would do.

"Hi, Alex!" Alexa said brightly, waving. "C'mon in, water's great!"

"Glad to see you, Gollum, if somewhat surprised," mom mused, raising her champagne glass in response to my appearance. "Clamber in, plenty of room." They seemed to be on their second bottle of champagne, so dad had graciously brought out beers for he and I to drink. I slipped into the tub, sitting between mom and Alexa, trying to not sit too close to my aunt, however much I wanted to.

"Alexa was telling us about co-ed bathing facilities in Europe," dad said cheerfully as he clinked his bottle against mine. "Some of 'em are even clothes free, I was thinkin' your mother and I ought to visit a few of them."

Alexa giggled while I rolled my eyes. "I swear, dad, sometimes it's hard to remember you're a Rhodes Scholar and tenured professor."

He grinned. "I know, right? How awful would it be if I was some dusty old bookworm who wore a jacket with leather elbow patches?"

I made a face. "Was that ever a thing?"

"I've got a pipe, I could smoke a pipe..." dad offered.

"No," mom said, a note of finality in her voice. "We've got that hookah, that's enough."

"I love hookah," Alexa exclaimed, clapping her hands. "Can we all do it at some point?"

"That can be arranged," mom mused. "I'd be up for it. None of us smoke, but hookah's different. Heck, Mike and Alex even have Middle Eastern music to listen to while we do it."

"This is so exciting!" Alexa almost squealed. "I know how to belly dance! Alex, take me shopping tomorrow and I'll find a belly-dancing outfit!"

"Uh... okay." I said, trying to sound ambivalent, when I was, of course, completely stoked about the prospect.

"That sounds fun," dad mused. "Allie, you'll have to show your sister some of those moves for me."

Mom was going to make a face but squeaked and giggled when dad apparently pinched her ass. I turned my face away and pinched my eyes.

"Oh, don't be such a stick in the mud, Debbie-Downer," mom teased, apparently enjoying her champagne. "At least make yourself useful and take some pictures of us all, our first time as a familyin the hot tub."

"Total Kodak moment." I muttered, taking the cellphone from mom. I took some pictures of her and dad, then her and Alexa together, holding their champagne glasses up and smiling brightly. I got a picture of dad sitting between them with the two women leaning in and giving him kisses on the cheek.

"How about you and Allie now?" mom suggested. "I'll bet there's not a single pic of the two of you acting like a family."

It was hard not to smirk at the statement. Alexa stood up and wandered over to me, sitting me down and then sitting across my lap. I looked rather stunned while she gave the camera her best dazzling smile. Another picture was taken of her kissing my cheek. I, once again, looked nonplussed, whatever might have been happening inside my shorts. Mom took another pic of her kneeling behind me, her arms around my chest and her breasts squashed into my back.

Then she sat in my lap, facing the camera with my hands gently around her stomach. She made sure she was subtly squirming down onto my cock and could feel my erection.

Mom finished taking pictures and we went back to drinking and discussing the differences she'd noticed between Europe and her new home. Finding out new thing about Alexa was great, even just little things like who her friends had been or how schools had been different in each country. I was initially jealous of all her experiences, but then I remembered the price it had all come at, being deprived of her family.

Maybe it was amazing that she was such a cheerful and positive person.

Mom got overheated and was already drunk, so she declared it was time to go to bed. She made some uncharacteristically ribald remarks about what she needed her husband to do to her upon repairing to their bedroom and wished us both goodnight. She clambered out of the tub and sauntered inside followed by my dad who winked at us and declared that we shouldn't wait up for them.

"Wow," Alexa said quietly as she sat next to me in the tub. "Karen's actually got a not bad figure at all. She sure hides it well."

"I was surprised, I admit." I agreed. "I guess that's why dad's still only got eyes for her."

She quietly looked up at the second floor of the house, as if trying to figure out something. "That's my room up above us, right?" she asked. "Theirs is around and facing the back, isn't it?"

I nodded. "Yeah, I just wish I could trust to my dad staying in the room. We've got maybe five minutes before he remembers something he left downstairs, and then he's got a slim window to fuck mom before she passes out."

"Poo," she muttered, sighing. "Well, I guess you'll just have to kiss me for a minute before we get out, won't you?"

"Not that I mind, of course..." I murmured, pulling my lovely aunt to me and kissing her deeply. She melted against my body, humming softly. This was the most natural thing in the world for us both, it seemed, and we could never get enough of it. We finally broke the kiss and she poked my nose.

"You go down to your room and wait for me there," she instructed. "I'll be down as soon as I know they're asleep."

We got out of the jacuzzi and Alexa wiggled her way inside as I turned it off. I went downstairs and waited patiently, noticing she had turned off her webcam. I laid on my bed and surfed the internet on my phone for some time before I heard you coming downstairs. She was walking quietly but she had shoes on. When she finally sauntered into view- she was wearing her schoolgirl outfit again, her hair done up in curly pigtails and sucking on another lollipop. She was carrying her slim laptop case.

She strutted past me to the edge of the bed, where she sat down, legs crossed and looking at me pointedly.

"Daddy..." she purred.

It was, quite simply, the most erotic thing I had ever seen or heard in my entire life. She got on her hands and knees and crawled towards me, seduction in her eyes. She sat straddled my legs and swayed back and forth. "Mmmm, give me music, daddy..."

I nodded and turned on a trance station on the TV. She moved rhythmically on my lap, her tiny plaid skirt barely covering her womanhood. Her breasts strained against the taut fabric of her knotted shirt. Her hands trailed through her pigtails and her eyes were closed. She cupped her breasts and leaned in, letting me nuzzle her. I was completely rapt by her. She moved her palms over my bare chest, up over my shoulders and neck and then through my hair. Her touch sent thrills through me as she moved with the music.

She put her hands on my shoulders and looked down at me naughtily while her hips moved.

"You taking my ass tonight, daddy?" she asked in a sultry voice.

Stunned as I was, I managed to play along. "Yes, darling." I replied, nodding.

She smiled wickedly and slid off my lap, setting up our cellphones in two different locations to record us. She also opened her laptop, setting the camera on it to record. She was facing away from me as she did so, leaning down low enough for her skirt to ride up, revealing to me that she was wearing no panties. My cock swelled harder than ever at the sight.

She walked back over, her hips moving with a seductive swish. "Let's get those boxers off you, daddy, before you tear right through them..."

She crawled over me again, her eyes shining with desire. She was on all fours, her face over my boxers. She leaned down and took the band between her teeth and began to tug slowly. I lifted my hips, allowing her to finally strip them off me. She licked her lips at the sight of my iron-hard shaft.

"Ooh, daddy, for me?" she cooed, leaning in again to give me a lick. Her tongue trailed up the underside of my dick slowly, her eyes never leaving mine. She reached the tip and slowly swirled her tongue around it before taking it inside her mouth. She sucked gently on it, sending shivers all the way down to my toes.

Alexa hummed softly as she slid her mouth down the entire length of my cock, deep-throating me. Her fingers gently wrapped around the base and she held me inside her mouth for several seconds. Then she began to bob and down slowly, enjoying herself in driving me wild. My fingers ran through her curly, pigtailed hair. She pulled her mouth off me and flicked the tip of her tongue against the head repeatedly before sliding all the way down again.

"Mmmm, want to taste my pussy, daddy?" she asked, smiling up at me slyly as she pumped my shaft with her hand, never leaving it unattended. I nodded and she slowly wiggled her way around, until her amazing ass and pussy were in my face. Since I was sitting back against my bunched up pillows for this occasion, she spread her legs

and placed her knees into the pillows, her behind in the air. Beneath that tiny paid skirt, her pussy was already wet and glistened invitingly.

She moaned as I put my hands on her cheeks and pulled them apart slightly and she leaned back, pressing her gooey slit into my face while she began sucking my cock again. I squeezed and massaged her ass-cheeks while I lapped at her beautiful puss, tasting raspberry in her this time. She certainly had fun with lollipops.

"Daddy," she breathed. "Make sure my ass is good and wet for you..."

I nodded and used my fingers to massage her slippery lips, getting her arousal all over my fingers, which I then teased and massaged on her tiny knot. She sighed in pleasure at my touch, feeling me slip a finger inside her to prepare her for my very first intrusion of her ass. I worked it in and around slowly, stretching her a little, hopefully making this easier on her. She squeezed my cock as she squirmed and shivered, my tongue on her clit while I teased her ass.

She crawled away finally, turning around and crawling back toward me, eyes blazing with lust. She settled onto my lap, her arms on my shoulders, her pussy pressed to my thobbing cock. Her fingers were in my hair, flexing and gripping at me as she fought to control herself.

"A little warm-up first..." she murmured, looking into my eyes. She then slid around until she had my cockhead between her pussylips and lowered herself down slowly, exhaling as she took me all the way in. She kissed me deeply and moaned into my mouth as her pussylips met the base of my cock. My hands squeezed her back before sliding down to her ass cheeks, holding her firmly. She moved in gentle circles on my lap, fucking me, squeezing me with her pussy muscles and preparing herself for the main event.

Caressing my face reflexively as she found her rhythm, she stared into my eyes and then rubbed her nose against mine, smiling.

"Ready, daddy?" she asked quietly, her lips barely touching mine as she spoke. Without waiting for my reply, she slowly pulled herself off my stiff rod and positioned herself over

my cock, which pressed against her ass. I could feel the head touch her little knot. She smiled at me, knowing I was worried about hurting her.

"This... is going to be awesome, daddy..." she cooed. Keeping my eyes locked with hers, she pressed down firmly, my cockhead pushing up into her tight ring with a pop. She trembled and smiled wickedly as she slowly lowered herself, hissing as she took me deep inside her ass. She settled her cheeks onto my hips and held still, adjusting to the sensation. Her eyes were closed and she bit her lip.

When her eyes opened, they were shining with bliss and she pulled herself against me, kissing me deeply. Feeling her ass tighten around my cock was unbelievable. My hands held her close and we kissed while she experimented with squeezing me. Her fingers flexed on me shoulders.

"Let me do the work..." she whispered, beginning to slowly move her ass up and down on me, a little fraction of an inch further each time. The squeeze of that knot up and down my shaft was simply unreal and I moaned as she continued to fuck me.

"Feels so good..." she said softly, her cheek to mine, kissing at my ear. "Daddy, it feels so good having you in my ass..."

We kissed again as she established a rhythm and pace we both enjoyed. She moaned into my mouth, her fingernails flexing into my back. Feeling that divine ass press down on my thighs, the incredible, squeezing tightness of it on my cock and her magnificent breasts squashed to my chest was almost more than I could bear.

"I want you from behind, daddy," she purred, smiling slyly now. "I want you to fuck my ass from behind."

I nodded readily and she slowly pulled herself off me, shuddering as I popped out. She placed her hands down on my pillows and knelt on all fours, her ass ready to be taken. I knelt behind her, toying my throbbing mushroom head against the knot before pushing it in gently. It gave way more easily this time and she sighed. As I pushed forward, she moved back until I had sunk in up to the hilt again, buried in her ass.

I gripped her hips and began moving back and forth slowly, watching as my cock slid in and out, glistening. I stared in fascination as her little star pulled back with my cock as if unwilling to relinquish its hot, wet grip on my shaft before I pushed back in again. I heard Alexa moan, feeling her body tremble as I fucked her. I dug my fingers into her cheeks and she gasped, pressing back against me eagerly.

"Gnnnnn, fuck!" she grunted. "Give it to me, daddy... don't worry about being rough, your little girl can take it..."

I began moving faster, pumping my hips back and forth stronger and faster than I had been before. Alexa responded by groaning and grinding her ass against me, looking back through heavily-lidded eyes, glazed with lust. I knew my parents wouldn't wake up so I smacked her behind and she gasped again, squeezing me tight. I thumped my hips against her cheeks and she pushed back harder.

Needing to know more about what she liked, I gripped her hair and pulled back, craning her neck. She whimpered and clenched my pillows tightly in her fists. My free hand reached under and played roughly with her breasts, causing

her to shudder. She snaked a hand down and began playing with her pussy, teasing her clit and fingering herself as I plowed her ass.

"Daddy, I'm going to cum soon," she said in a soft but trembling voice. "But I want you one more way, okay?"

I slowed down and she knelt still for a moment, catching her breath. I slowly pulled back and out and she turned herself over and laid down on my bed, looking up at me. She spread her legs and used her hands to pull her cheeks apart, giving me my target. She waited while I pressed my knob against her knot and then sank in, making her sigh as I slid down inside her once more. When I was all the way in she closed her legs and we both groaned. Holy shit, that made her so tight! My cock was trapped inside her now and I laid on top of her to make sure I didn't pop out. She looked up at me with shining eyes as she put her hands on my back and nodded.

Slow, measured strokes began our rhythm, both of us experimenting with how much I could move inside her ass now. I didn't have the rang I did before, but the incredible

tightness because of her legs being nearly closed more than made up for it for both of us. Her hands took hold of my butt while my arms hooked under her shoulders. We stared silently into one another's eyes as we squirmed and moved in unison.

She pressed her mouth to mine, kissing me hard. Our tongues tangled as we pleasured one another. The tempo of our fucking picked up somewhat but we were both warm, sweaty and trembling now as our climax approached. She broke the kiss and crushed herself to me, panting as she held on, her legs wrapping around my waist.

"Daddy," she whimpered. "I love you, daddy!"

Her words sent a delicious chill through me, one I'd swear she could feel and I replied in the spirit of the roleplay, even if my feelings were considerably more involved and confused than that.

"I love you too, darling. Cum for daddy!"

She pressed herself harder against me, panting as she ground into me desperately. I pressed deep inside her, straining my hips for all I was worth. I jammed my lips against hers as we both cried out loudly, the orgasm crashing over us like a relentless tidal wave. I came harder than I thought possible, my cock throbbing as her ass clenched it with a demonic fury. Filling her with my cream, I hammered myself against her.

I collapsed on top of her, panting in what felt like exhaustion. She trembled beneath me, our bodies still tangled and bound together. I kissed her neck and cheek tiredly, reveling in her wonderful scent. Her slow breathing became erratic once in a while, which I completely understood as I tried to catch my own breath.

I felt something wet on my cheek.

I lifted my head and looked into her beautiful face. Her blue eyes were crystalline with tears. I was worried I'd hurt her.

"No," she said, smiling and shaking her head as she read my mind. "Not at all, Alex. That was so wonderful. Sometimes

tears of pleasure can happen too. I want you to remember that for as long as we're lovers."

I nodded, trying not to dwell on her words, which made our current relationship sound so... finite.

We kissed again and snuggled into one another, whispering and caressing without a care. We were both so spent that I drifted away, falling asleep on top of my beloved aunt, still deep inside her.

Author's Note: Couple of things to square away for the readers here, since there is a lot of feedback to take into account- first, my proofreader has been fired, so to speak, for their rather lackadaisical approach to doing a job they volunteered for and earned them free meals. I'll take over the editing and proof-reading myself for now, until I find another vict- I mean, proofreader.

This story was indeed a request from a close friend and originally supposed to be only a few chapters, so there was a lot of wall-to-wall sex happening. If that pace threw some of you off, I won't apologize since let's face it, we all wish we were living that depraved a life. My friend loved the story so much that she requested I continue it. It should have a somewhat more relaxed pace now, but keep in mind that this is an erotic site and lots of sex is going to happen. I'm sure you'll survive the trauma somehow.

The rest of you who are worried about the 'finite' comment in the last chapter, stop panicking. I like Alex and Alexa way too much to simply tear their hearts out. I have indeed written many of my stories ahead of time and they're often completed before chapters are posted. But my plate is full, since I am writing three books in the real world for publication and also post non-erotic works on another site, so please be patient.

Keep your stick on the ice!

- Management

Chapter 6- An Addiction To Danger

"Alex? Alex!"

I groaned at the unwelcome intrusion of my dad's voice. Seemingly he wanted my attention. He decided to be a pest about it and began flicking my lights on and off from the switch at the top of the stairs.

"You dead down there?" he called.

I grumbled and started moving but then froze. A sensation I should have found utterly wonderful was apparent but I was paralyzed with shock. Lying beneath me was Alexa, my aunt. We'd both fallen asleep in my bed after our intense lovemaking the night before, with me naked and her still wearing her abbreviated plaid schoolgirl skirt, stockings and Mary-Jane shoes. Alexa stirred and began to wake up but instantly went still when she heard my father's voice. Her eyes were wide with confusion and then horror.

"Yeah, I'm waking up..." I said, trying to sound tired and annoyed. "To what do I owe this unwelcome wakeup call?"

"I figured it's late enough for you to get a real start on your day," dad said simply. "Mom and I are heading out, but can you do us a favour?"

"Let me guess," I grumbled. "Spend the day carting my aunt off somewhere for you."

"Hey, you're getting good at this," he said cheerfully. "That a problem?"

"I can't begin to imagine any circumstances barring a severed limb where 'yes' would be an acceptable answer to that question." I groused. "Can you please turn that stupid light off? It's so damn dark down here that when you turn on the light like that it's like having the freaking sun blasting in your face."

He laughed and turned out the light. "You are definitely your mother's son," he quipped. "Anyhoo, when Alexa gets up, bring her out to the campus so we can go over some courses and ideas we have, okay? You come too."

"She not up yet?" I asked, trying to sound sarcastic. "I kind of expect her to be up harvesting fields and hunting game meat for breakfast these days."

Dad laughed again. "Yeah, she is a pretty awesome cook, isn't she? Anyways, just bring 'er out when she wakes up and gets ready. See you later!"

And with that he closed the door and I heard him stride out. A couple of seconds later, I heard mom's shoes clack down the hall and the door closed. Alexa and I waited in dead silence for almost two minutes before I finally spoke.

"Ho-ly shit..." I groaned, my head slumping down onto her breasts. "That could've been bad."

I felt her nod, her soft breasts jiggling ever so slightly under me. "I can't believe we fell asleep like that," she said quietly, as if she was not entirely certain they were gone. "Alex, I think you're still inside me..."

I blinked and carefully reached over to the side table, warning her to cover her eyes. I switched on the lamp and looked down at her. God, she was beautiful. Even when we were a mess and tangled up like this, my aunt was completely stunning. I gently moved my body and she shivered, sighing.

"Yep, I'm still in your ass." I remarked. "Hold still..."

I very carefully pulled myself out of her, my cock now limp. She bit her lip and gasped as my head popped through her knot, which slowly tightened itself up again. It was a tiny bit red, but nothing to worry about, I thought.

"You gonna be alright?" I asked, looking down at her. "I kinda had you stretched open all night."

She smiled and caressed my cheek. "I'll be fine, I've kept toys in there for a good day or so without discomfort. And last night was wonderful, Alex."

I laid on top of her and we kissed again, just enjoying our forbidden intimacy. She hummed into my mouth, her tongue caressing my teeth.

"Mmmmm, I love how naughty you make me," she purred. "I guess I've always been a naughty girl, but you really bring it out in me, Alex, like no one ever has before. Let's get cleaned up so we can fuck again."

I nodded and motioned for her to stay still. I threw on my boxers and a t-shirt and headed upstairs, making sure the coast was actually clear. Both vehicles were gone, so I was convinced mom and dad were well on their way to work. I headed back downstairs, stripping off my shirt and shorts and climbing back onto the bed with her, grinning.

"We're alone?" she asked, smiling brightly.

"That we are, sweetness." I declared, scooping her up in my arms and carrying her off the bed. She squeaked in surprise and delight as I went upstairs, holding her in my arms. She kept her arms around my neck, nuzzling against me. I walked her through the house and up the stairs to her bedroom, where I gently deposited her on the bed.

"Never been carried over a threshhold before," she said fanning herself, a most amusing visual since all she was wearing was a schoolgirl skirt, stockings and shoes. Her amazing breasts were out and her curly pigtails from the night before were all askew. "A girl could get used to that."

She stood and we kissed in the middle of her room for some time before heading to the shower. She smirked at me and give me a coy wink. "I've gotta pee. Should I take care of that now or should we wait until we're in the shower?"

I replied by turning on the water in the shower and pulling aside the curtain, gesturing for her to get in. She stripped out of her little skirt, stockings and shoes before stepping inside, poking my nose as she went by. I clambered in after her and we began laughing and feeling one another up

almost immediately. She squeezed some soap between her boobs and began massaging my body all over with them, paying special attention to my cock, which got hard very quickly. Once the water had cleaned me off, she took my length into her mouth, bobbing back and forth like she hadn't had cock for years. I pulled her to her feet and pressed her against the wall, pinning her to it and she shivered at my forcefulness, her eyes dancing. I placed my cock under her pussy and told her to let fly.

She nodded and put her hands on my shoulders, concentrating for a moment before sighing and beginning to pee. I felt her splash on me and I began rubbing my shaft along her pussylips, making her tremble. We looked into one another's eyes and she bit her lip again. I loved that little tell in her personality, it meant she was feeling very naughty and getting excited.

She finished and sighed, smiling. Her eyes wet wide as I slid my cock up inside her without a word and she gasped. Her fingers gripped the nape of my neck.

"Goodness," she breathed. "Someone's eager this morning..."

"Oh, maybe," I mused, smiling evilly. "Or I might just be looking for a place to pee..."

Her eyes widened in shock as I pressed her harder against the wall and began peeing inside her pussy. Her gasp became a very deep, almost tortured ragged breath as I filled her with my pee. She squeezed her eyes shut and bit her lip hard, hips straining and legs trembling. I could feel my pee gushing out of her now, almost squirting from the pressure inside her.

"Jesus, Alex..." she keened, almost squirming. She made it seem like she was going to burst. I finally finished and she still held herself still, her body tense. Her eyes were still shut, as if supreme concentration was all that held her physical form together.

"Keep holding me..." she whispered, her voice almost tense. "Keep holding me up when you pull out... oh, God..."

I braced her and slowly withdrew. What followed my cock out of her pussy was almost a blast of my fluids. She practically yelped and shook as her insides emptied. Once she was done, she held herself to me, face buried in my shoulder, chest heaving.

"Holy shit..." she whispered. "Holy fucking shit... Alex..."

"You okay?" I asked, more amused than anything. She eventually nodded.

"I just... wow, you feel like you're almost going to burst. And that rush out? Can't really describe it."

"Never done anything like that before?" I asked, caressing her.

"Oh, once or twice, maybe, but only with little hand-held shower jets, and that was just sticking the nozzle into my cunt and letting it blast for a moment or two. Intense, for sure, but I never filled myself up like that, for sure."

"Is that something we want to do again?"

She looked at me and nodded. "Yes, definitely. It'll just have to be occasional, though. Tell me first and make sure we're in the shower or a pool or something. Pretty sure I'd just die if we did it dry. Oh, God, that was so intense. Only downside, I think, is now it's gonna be a little bit before I can actually cum."

I nodded. "Note to self, fuck hot aunt to orgasm before peeing in her."

Alexa began giggling almost uncontrollably, a feeling I loved since her body was squished to mine in the shower. "You are so silly and wonderful. Whatever girl lands you is going to to have her hands full."

I shrugged. "It may be a while, now that I've been thoroughly spoiled by a real woman."

She was silent for several seconds at my response before smiling and kissing me deeply and lovingly. We then cleaned one another off and stepped out of the shower. We dried ourselves and went back to her room, where she put her hair in a braid and began planning her clothes for the day, making sure to walk around naked for me. Once she had her outfit picked, she led me by the hand, both of us still naked and walked downstairs through the house and back to my cave in the basement. She looked at me quizzically as I laughed suddenly.

"We left the computer webcam and cellphones recording all night," I remarked, pointing to them. They probably got everything from last night and then many hours of darkness, at least until the cellphones ran out of memory."

She made a wry face and checked on her phone and computer. She shrugged finally. "Computer's still running, so's the phone's camera. Good thing it was on the charger. How about yours?"

I checked my phone. "Alive but stopped recording ages ago."

She thought about something and sighed. "I don't want all that darkness for hours on end. It would be nice to keep your dad waking us up, though."

I waved it off. "I'll just edit the video later, cut out the sleeping and fade back in to the wake-up call. Easy enough. It'll look great once I'm done and be fun."

"Mmmm, love that idea. Let's get you dressed before Karen and Mike start asking where we are. Any idea why they want us there?"

I shrugged. "Damned if I know why my mom does most things she does. Guess we'll see soon enough."

She found my outfit and dressed me, something she genuinely seemed pleased to do. She then allowed me to slip on her panties and help her into her bra before she finished dressing herself. We agreed to grab something to eat while we were driving and headed out.

We headed to the university and parked next to dad's vehicle before heading inside the sciences building. Mom had left me a message saying that we should just head to office and wait for her there, she was going to be about half an hour later than she anticipated, being stuck in a meeting.

"A half hour..." Alexa mused as we walked through the corridors of the building. "That's enough time to get in some trouble, wouldn't you say?"

"I would think so," I agreed. "Got an idea in mind?"

She turned to smile wickedly at me. "How about her office?"

My eyes widened in shock. "Are... you serious?"

She shrugged. "Why not? She told me Michael fucks her in there all the time."

I was still stunned by her suggestion. "Yeah, but that's them, I never even remotely thought of anything like that."

"Oh, sounds like it's time for someone to step out of their comfort zone..." she said teasingly.

"Strange thing to say to a guy fucking his aunt." I pointed out.

"Okay, that's fair," she giggled. "But let me put it to you this way... are you, or are you not going to fuck me in your mother's office this morning? Because at this rate, it's there or nowhere."

"And if they come in?" I asked, trying to sound sensible.

"You said we had a half hour." Alexa replied. "While we could no doubt last a whole half hour, maybe a quickie is enough."

"Dad isn't in the meeting, what if he shows?"

"Oh, no, you didn't answer my question," she chided. "You tell me your answer first. Time's running out, stud."

I sighed. "Fuck you in mom's office or just wish later that I had, hm? Guess that makes it pretty academic..."

She smiled naughtily. "Good. We'll make it quick and dirty. You can even step out afterwards to get us food and make it seem like I waited alone while you filled that pit of yours."

I got us to the office and she simply swished in and looked around. Mom's office was spacious but didn't seem that way because the walls were lined with old-wood bookshelves cluttered with endless books. A huge old wooden desk dominated and there were some stuffed chairs in the corner.

"Yes, I can see this being Karen's office," Alexa mused as she looked around. "Looks stuffy and totally professional."

"That's mom for you." I muttered as I closed the door.

"I think you'd be surprised," my aunt replied, smirking at me. "They might do a good job for the most part concealing it from you, but I'm pretty damned sure my sister has a naughty side to her. I heard her and your dad talking the other day in their room a little too loudly. I think they'd been drinking."

I raised an eyebrow. "They're married. Getting freaky with dad doesn't make her a wild child."

"True, it was the subject matter of their conversation I was referring to," she said, examining an old plant. "I heard her talking about some sexy young student she'd had her eye on and your father suggested that perhaps they could share her."

I froze. I admit it, my hard drive completely crashed. Did Alexa really just say what I think she said? I stared at her in disbelief. She giggled. "If I'd known they were going to talk that way, I'd have recorded it on my phone for proof."

"Are you trying to tell me that my mom is bi and my parents fuck their students?" I asked incredulously.

She shrugged. "I leave this information to your discretion. They didn't know I could hear them, so why would they say it if they didn't mean it? Unless they were doing some really kinky roleplay, which makes my sister of a perv anyway."

I leaned against the desk, trying to process what they were saying. Alexa giggled and sauntered over to me. "Aw, did I break your brain, big boy? Well maybe these will help reboot you..."

She smiled wickedly as she pulled up her shirt and revealed her breasts. That was all it took and I leaned forward instantly, putting them in my mouth and sucking on them ardently. She shivered and sighed, clasping my head. In spite of, or just perhaps because of, our location, I found myself getting a raging erection very quickly once she placed her hand on my crotch and began rubbing.

"Do you want to take me here on the desk?" she whispered as she rubbed her breasts in my face. "Or over by her window?"

I picked her up and carried her to the window, where we hastily pulled down one another's pants and undergarments. I whirled her around and pressed her against the windowsill, which she leaned forward on and presented her ass to me, her eyes flashing with need.

"Give it to me, Alex," she said, her voice betraying her need. "Fuck me hard and fast and give me your cum..."

I pressed the knob of my cock against her already wet pussy and slid in, neither of us willing to wait. She moaned as I entered her and arched her back. I gripped her ass cheeks as I began pumping back and forth inside her, the two of us looking to cum as quickly as possible together. Thank God the drapes to her window were closed. Our panting breath echoed around the dim office.

She pressed back against me hard, grinding her ass in circles while she gripped the ledge. She squeezed my cock with that practiced expertise I'd come to expect from her now, a shameless and thrilling devotion to mutual pleasure for both her and her partner. I slid in slow at first but then strongly at the end of my thrusts deep inside her, a

technique I'd heard about and always wanted to try and Alexa seemed like the perfect lover to try it with.

Without warning, Alexa now threw open the drapes and then resumed clenching the window ledge, allowing the bright daylight in and displaying the open campus beyond. My eyes went wide at her reckless audacity, but I was too far gone to react to it either- I simply kept fucking her, needing to cum with her.

My mother's office window faced a swathe of campus that was seemingly empty at the moment, so for now we seemed to be in no danger of being spotted, but the intense thrill remained. If anyone did look up, what would they see? I've no doubt they'd see Alexa, an insanely hot young blonde getting fucked in the window, but by whom? Could I be seen? If questions were asked, could Alexa simply say that she found a hot boy she liked and dragged him into my mom's office to fuck him?

And where was I during all this insanity?

The question became moot as Alexa jammed herself back against me suddenly, grinding as hard as she could and groaning, her pussy muscles clenching me like a vise. I shuddered and pushed into her, reaching under and squeezing her breasts as I came, filling her hungry tunnel with my cream. We pumped against one another wildly for several seconds before relaxing and standing still. She leaned on the window ledge and sighed deeply several times before looking back at me and smiling.

"There, was that so bad?" she asked, winking.

"Not at all," I replied, wiping my brow. "I hate to interrupt the moment, but I'd better go get us some drinks to cool down with. Don't want to explain why we're all sweaty and smell of sex."

"Good point," she agreed as I pulled out of her and we both pulled our underwear and pants back up. "Go find us something cold and I'll air this place out and try to look industrious."

I nodded and trotted out the door, leaving it open to avoid arousing any further suspicion. I bought two fruit smoothies from a cafeteria a few halls down and then returned to find Alexa had opened the drapes fully and also the window, allowing the fresh air and sunshine to pour in. She was also watering the plants with water from a cup. She smiled cheerfully and took her drink before shooing me away to sit in one of the large stuffed chairs in the corner.

Maybe twenty minutes later, mom walks in, accompanied by dad and another professor. Mom smiled at seeing her sister hustling around the room and then looked pointedly at me.

"So you left my little sister to do all the work while you just sat on your throne and looked on, your majesty?" she asked, clearly unimpressed with my lack of chivalry. "If your father ever did that, I'd have him stuffed and mounted in the old taxidermy hall."

I rolled my eyes. "Yes, but you're married. I didn't ask Alexa to start reorganizing your office."

Alexa smiled brightly. "I just figured that you were working so hard on grading papers that maybe you could use some help tidying up. And to be fair, I did tell Alex to sit down and stay out of my way."

Dad laughed. "Allie, he's never gonna be in trouble as long as you're around, you're like a walking 'Get Out Of Jail Free' card for him. He's the only nephew you've got, there's no need to play favourites. That and Karen's head may explode at this rate if he doesn't get in trouble about something soon."

"Don't worry, dad," I quipped. "If anyone can find a reason to get me in Dutch, it's mom. She's resourceful."

Mom shot me a look.

"And at least we now know where Alex gets his love of caves from," Alexa added, looking around. "Honestly, Karen, when was the last time you opened those curtains?"

Dad laughed loudly while mom blushed before coughing and introducing the person accompanying them. "Allie, this is Professor Jan Marais from the liguistics department. Alex, you remember Professor Marais, right?"

I nodded. "I've took his Indo-European Root Languages class, it was great."

"Thank you, Alex," he said in flawless English but with a hint of an accent I had come to recognize as Afrikaans. "Miss Blackwell, your sister has intimated to me that you share your nephew's talent for linguistics and speak several languages aside from English."

"Yes, professor," Alexa said, nodding. "I've been told I have some skill in language and I do enjoy it, along with history and general anthropology."

The professor smiled, seemingly pleased. "The genetic capacity in your family is obvious, then, since you have such similar talents and interests. That being said, and with your imminent acceptance to our institution, I was hoping I could make a proposal to the two of you."

"Get up, Alex," mom said, trying to not make it sound like too terse a command. "Listen to what he has to say."

I nodded and went to stand with Alexa, actually intrigued by what the professor was suggesting.

"It may came as no surprise to either of you that the Linguistics Department, while held in esteem for its contributions, is one of the smaller ones and can be a little... disorganized. We have four professors and three part-time professors. We saw a surprising influx of students this past year and they generated an immense amount of paperwork. We are still busy grading papers and are falling behind rapidly."

We said nothing yet, waiting for him to get to the point, something Language professors are notoriously bad at.

"We need help organizing and getting ready for the new semester. There are more senior students we could ask, but many are gone or are otherwise engaged in other projects.

We could give you both honourariums for assisting us and I could also pull some strings to make sure you both get into all the courses you want..."

I could feel Alexa almost bursting with excitement next to me and I had to admit, I was rather pleased as well. True, it would eat up my summer, but they'd pay me and I'd be doing something I love alongside Alexa.

"I think I'll accept on both of our behalfs before my aunt explodes, professor." I said, nodding. "We'd be happy to help."

"I'm grateful," he said, nodding his head. "My only question is, and please take it seriously, because we've had issues in the past... can you two work together in spite of being family? We have attempted to allow siblings or other family units to do this sort of thing before and there end up being squabbles and drama issues that compromised the quality of work they did."

I shook my head. "No issue here, sir. It's hard to remember she's my aunt at all, given how close we are in age. We make a decent tag-team."

"Excellent," he declared, smiling. "I'll keep Karen and Michael informed and then contact you when we are ready, it should not be more than a week. Good day to you all."

Once he had left, mom and dad both seemed delighted. Mom hugged her sister while dad ruffled my hair. "I know we said you could have the summer off, but it looks like you'll get to be useful after all," he said cheerfully. "And to be honest, this is a big deal, you two will have your hands full. The department will really appreciate it and go to some lengths for you."

"So that's why you had us drop by," I mused. "Who cooked up this scheme with Professor Marais?"

"We'd recently heard him talking about how behind the department was and how much he wanted some fresh help to get things back in order," mom said, still holding her sister. "I mentioned that Allie was likely to be getting a full

scholarship from the university and studying in his department anyway, so she might be willing. I also said you were doing nothing of note this summer and had a good head for organizing. Saying he jumped on the suggestion would be a mild understatement. His seniors were making outrageous demands for doing what was needed. I told him Alex had been known to work for chicken parmesan."

Alexa giggled at the thought. "Why am I not surprised that he'll work for food?"

"Well, Alex, you have basically one week of freedom left before you become slave to the Linguistics department," mom pointed out. "Do your best to make the least of the time left to you. As for Little Miss Industrious here, I think I'll keep employing her services for a while today. She can prettify my office while I grade papers. Mike, take your son and make him useful."

Dad and I exited the office and head to his, which was in another wing of the building. Dad's office, not surprisingly, was far more dynamic than mom's, although it still looked

like the office of a tenured scholar. He sat down in his chair and grinned.

"Not much for you to do here, champ, my office is a lot more well-kept than your mother's," he said as he pushed and rolled himself across the foor to a reference guide. "My students do a lot of the cleaning for me, probably hoping that I'll reward them with better grades."

"And you just exploit their help?" I asked, making a wry face as I sat down in a chair nearby. His office was a lot of black and chrome, having a high-tech geek feel to it. One wall was dominated by a bank of computers, something he called a 'Beowulf Cluster' and batches of cables ran around the walls, giving the office some weird Borg feel. I have no idea if the Beowulf Clusters were functional or if dad was just fucking with everyone's heads, but no one questioned the Rhodes Scholar about it either way.

"My parents always talk me to accept help completely and graciously," he said, rolling back. "And I never agree to any desires they might have about their grades in exchange for

said help, inferred or otherwise. Japanese high school students clean their own schools."

"Well, you got me there, sensei," I sighed, "So what do you want me to do?"

He shrugged. "I dunno. Pick up a book and pretend you know something about physics, I guess."

He began working on grading papers while I sighed and started leafing through various books. I finally found one that basically amounted to 'Physics For Complete Idiots' and began reading. Maybe ten minutes later, there was a knock at his door and it opened.

"Hey, prof!" said a young woman brightly as she skipped in. She was in her early twenties, with curly brown hair that fell past her shoulders and a slim figure. She was pretty enough, I suppose, although it suddenly occured to me that I was instantly judging her against Alexa.

"Jeanie, hey," dad said, looking up and smiling. "This is my son, Alex. He just finished his first semester over in Linguisitics and History."

"Oh, hi," she said, turning and waving at me. "Wow, you two look alike."

"Thanks, I think." I replied, waving back from my seat.

"What can I do for you?" dad asked, pausing in his work to look at her.

"Any work to be done for you or Mrs de Bourne?" the girl named Jeanie asked. "All my classes are done but I don't leave dorm for another week soe I'm looking for something to do, y'know?"

Dad nodded. "Right this second I have nothing, but that might change, I'll email you if anything comes up, okay?"

She smiled and winked at him before waving to me and then turning and swishing out the door. My father just sighed and went back to grading.

"Nice girl," he mentioned. "Well-meaning, but if she were any dumber she'd have to be watered twice a week."

"Cute, though." I mused, causing him to look up at me, his eyebrow raised. It made me wonder if Alexa was right and if my father and mother were fucking that girl.

"Trust me, Alex," he said in a level tone. "As someone who has listened to her blather for an entire semester, you don't want to do that to yourself. No amount of getting laid could be worth that kind of intellectual pain. There were times I was certain that sticking a garden weasel up my nose and into my brain would hurt less."

"Ouch." I said, frowning at the imagery. Still, dad probably knew best and had no reason to deter me. I stopped thinking about it and went back to my book. True, most of what I was staring at was bafflegab to me, but I diligently took in everything I could. Never miss a chance to learn

something. Probably an hour passed before dad stretched and cricked his neck before looking at me.

"Gonna take Allie up on her offer to buy a belly-dancing outfit and dance for us all while we do hookah?" he asked.

I shrugged without looking up from my tome. "Sounds fun. When would we do that?"

"Tonight or tomorrow," dad replied, musing. "You know your mom, she'll want to do the whole Moroccan lounge thing in the living room with big beanbag chairs and plush pillows everywhere and then invite her friends. They'll all get to meet her sister while she gyrates and grinds around the room to Arabic music."

"Can't tell who's more eager for this, you or mom." I mentioned.

Dad laughed cheerfully. "Make no mistake, Alex, your aunt's a pretty girl, and watching her dance will be fun, but I'm not slavering at the notion or wanting to strip her naked

and throw her in the pillows. Your mom is more than enough for me."

It was weird, but I felt a slight jealous or territorial twitch at his words. I wouldn't blame my dad for finding Alexa stupidly hot and wanting to bang her, but he just said he didn't. And he wasn't aware of my relationship with her, so clearly he was just affirming his dedication to my mother.

Who apparently was something of a freak.

I wonder if dad pee'd in her.

I closed the book suddenly, my face contorting at the horrid notion I'd just considered. Standing up, I told dad I was going to take a walk and stretch my legs. He waved absently as he continued grading and I left the office to wander around. I didn't spend much time here in the Sciences buildings, because they weren't my field and also because there was always the risk of people knowing who I was and asking me for tips about how to deal with my parents.

I spotted mom in the cafeteria and walked over to her. She beamed brightly upon seeing me.

"So, did you help your father in his office?" she asked as she took the juices she'd purchased and began strolling toward her office.

"Nothing to help him with," I said, shrugging. "You know his office, it's all weird and geeky, but incredibly well-organized and hermetically sealed. I think dust is afraid of that space."

"Wish I had that problem," she muttered. "One of our mutual students came by and offered to help me."

"Lemme guess, Jeanie." I said somewhat flatly.

"Yes," mom said, smiling at me. "I take it she came by his office first, looking to curry favour?"

"Yep, and oozing her dumb all over the room," I confirmed. "Dad looked like he was ready to scratch his brain out with a cheese-grater just because she was there."

Mom sighed and nodded. "Her parents are very rich and make a lot of contributions to the university, so putting up with her lack of intellect is a necessary evil, I'm afraid. Still, I'm glad she showed, she met Allie and the two of them seemed to hit it off. I'm glad she's able to make friends."

"That is good," I agreed, pleased for my aunt. I didn't want to be the only person she knew. That would just be selfish. "Damned if I know what they would have to talk about though, if Jeanie is so dumb."

"It sort of went by too quickly for me, but Alexa complimented Jeanie on a piece of jewelry she was wearing and it turned out to be some icon or logo for a band they both liked and the conversation went off from there. Jeanie may not know a quark from a tricycle, but she knows her music, seemingly."

"Eh, better your sister than me," I mused. "Most bands I would listen to don't have icons or logos that would look good on jewelry. Jeanie said I looked like dad."

"You do," mom said, nodding. "You've got my serious nature, except for that abominable sense of humour, but you take after your father physically. If you ever get into bodybuilding the way he is, we're going to need to move to a bigger house."

I chuckled. "Might be a few years yet before I commit to that. So do you want me to take your sister to find-"

"Alex," mom said, interrupting me and stopping to turn and look at me. "Could you please start referring to her by her name? Allie or Alexa or something? Calling her 'your sister' or things like that sounds so impersonal and like she's a burden somehow."

"Sure," I said, nodding and secretly pleased that she had insisted, since it would no longer look like I was being fond or too informal if I used her name. This whole ruse was working out well. "As I was saying, would like me to take

Alexa to find her belly-dancing outfit while you and dad are here or should we wait for you?"

She considered. "That's up to you, I guess, but it might be fun to go along. Where would you even find an outfit like that?"

I shrugged. "I know a lot of cosplayers and people in the SCA, I'm sure they can point me in the right direction. Give me a little while to contact them and then we'll all go."

"Excellent," mom said, almost smiling cheerfully as she resumed walking. "I'll tell your father we're knocking off early and we'll make up the time another day. You talk to your nerks and I'll go tell Allie what we're doing."

I nodded. "Uh, okay, I'll see you back at the cars, then."

I guess part of me was disappointed that I wouldn't have Alexa to myself, but at the same time it did help to keep our cover if mom and dad were along for this expedition. Sure

enough, some friends knew exactly where to point me and I had the information we needed. God bless the geeks.

I meandered about for an hour and then went to the cars when I got a text from my mother saying they were ready. I was the first to arrive, my mom, dad and Alexa showing up a few minutes later. Alexa seemed excited about what we were planning. Mom asked her to ride in her vehicle so they could talk about the outfit and what she had planned. Dad would take his vehicle and I'd lead our little convoy to the place where she could make her purchases.

Exotic stores are easy enough to come by, if you know where to look. Our sojourn took us to the edge of downtown, not quite the burbs but a good jaunt nonetheless. The store we were going to was a pan-Middle Eastern place, covering clothing, furniture and decore from Afghanistan to Morocco. The attendants were very helpful once we'd explained what we'd wanted and I was not overly surprised to find out that Alexa spoke more than a little Arabic. I could say hello, thank you and you're welcome, that was about it, not including any loan words that had crept into the English language.

The girls shoo'd us away while they began their quest to find her ensemble. Dad and I wandered about for some time aimlessly, simply looking at the curios and other things of interest. Finally, though, dad grunted and declared he was buying two more hookahs, in case my mom's invitation list of large. He found two very exotic and classy Syrian hookahs, each of which had multiple hoses and stood well over three feet tall. Not one to stop there, he also bought two Turkish coffee sets, complete with trays. He never did anything half-assed, I'll give him that. We then went to inspect the available beanbag chairs.

Alexa clearly had something in mind, because she and mom were very busy, putting together an outfit that was best described as 'modular'- it was a base outfit that could be added to or taken away from as the wearer saw fit, complete with chains, bangles and diaphanous silks, gauzes and veils. I caught glimpses of the items, but if we ever got too close, mom made us go away again. I guess I'd be waiting to see it, which was fine, because I'd be enjoying it later in a way no one else would.

We met mom and Alexa at the front of the store, with dad and I having purchased the hookahs and four more full-sized beanbag chairs, one of which was big enough for two people. Mom made us wait outside before they purchased anything, so we couldn't see it. She then came out with Alexa and instructed us to meet them at home, they'd be following shortly.

"Mom's been a lot more chipper since Alexa got here." I mentioned as I stuffed squishy chairs into the back of my car, along with one of the hookahs.

"It's a good thing as far as I'm concerned," dad replied casually, putting the other chairs and hookah in his vehicle. "Although this party she seemingly has in mind is going to be a larger one."

"Define large." I requested warily.

He shrugged. "Large for her, maybe ten invitees along with the four of us."

"That's livable," I sighed as I shut my trunk. "I was having paranoid visions of a weird rave run by my mom and me being everyone's bitch for the night."

Dad laughed. "I wouldn't let her do that to you, Alex. That and she's loosening up, wouldn't you say?"

"Well, I guess. Any idea where they went?"

"Probably to buy fresh shisha and some ultrafine ground coffee, since I purchased those two sets," he mused. "Using regular coffee and fudging on the details woudn't do, of course."

"I'm still trying to picture anyone outside our family enjoying it," I laughed. "Gotta at least try, right?"

"It's the principle of the thing, you're right," he said easily as he closed his hatch and got into his vehicle. "See you back at the homestead..."

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Dad and I sat and waited at home for some time, drinking beer and watching some retro hockey games before they finally arrived. Sure enough, mom had a bag full of coffee and another containing several types of shisha. Her eyes were glinting with excitement.

"So the party is tonight, you two have your work cut out for you, rearranging the living room to Moroccan Lounge Theme Bravo. Step to it!"

Dad and I looked at one another and sighed. Yes, mom really did have distinct designations for different room themes. There were seven hookah party lounge arrangements and she wanted 'Moroccan Lounge Bravo'. Dad wasn't kidding about more guests. I just wish I'd had more notice about when this party was or my opinion asked.

So dad and I spent the next two hours moving everything around or to the study off the living room and brought in the new beanbag chairs, along with the ones we already

owned and the plush throw pillows and rugs. We took down the WASP-y decor from the walls and tables and replaced them with elements that sung of a Middle Eastern concept. Then we hung fabric from the ceiling, draping and billowing low enough to made a Berber exile feel at home.

Since there was not enough time to cook, mom was ordering in Moroccan again, not that any of us objected. Alexa offered to make fresh mint tea and other beverages, along with prepping for the coffee. I think as much as we'd been enjoying ourselves these past few days, she was looking forward to meeting more people.

And it made me smile.

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We sat around in the living room, laughing and talking while we ate dessert. Eight guests had attended, including mom and dad's friends and associates, Mr and Mrs Stevenson. Some neighbours from down the street had joined us, along with a local alderman and his wife. We'd served almond pastries and perfumed oranges along with

the mint tea. Alexa and mom excused themselves to begin heating the water for coffee.

I entertained everyone for several minutes by recalling an incident in the Linguistics department when dad suddenly pressed a button on the stereo remote and turned on our Arabic synth music. Everyone went quiet for a moment before mom came in with the Turkish coffee tray, serving piping hot and muddy coffee all around.

No sooner had she done this than Alexa swished and wiggled into the room, wearing her new belly dancing outfit.

I was really hoping my jaw didn't hit the floor.

She looked stunning. Her golden hair spilled down her back in lush waves and curls. The little headpiece she wore held a veil over her lower face, leaving her blue eyes shining. The top of the outfit deserved an award for containing her bust, accented by the see-thru fabrics I watched them buying. Her midriff and upper hips were bare, the only decoration being a thin golden chain around her waist and a large red

jewel in her navel. The underwear was covered by more diaphanous material and her legs were encased in billowing layers of the same. Her feet were bare. Little bangles that jingled adorned her ankles, biceps and wrists.

She slinked and shimmied around the room to excited applause. We hadn't told anyone about the entertainment and they reacted with delight. I had to fight not to stare stupidly, barely noticing mom pouring coffee into my ornate cup. Hopefully no one else heard my heart pounding.

I couldn't believe how much her eyes danced with joy as she entertained us. Her movements were enchanting, with a seductive serpentine grace. I was thankful she didn't spend much time looking at me, because I'm fairly certain my expression would have given us away. She removed various gauze wraps from her body, garnering catcalls from the women as she snaked one around Mr Stevenson's neck and he blushed furiously while his wife laughed.

She seemed to give everyone a personal show for a few moments, dancing in front of them and thankfully mine

wasn't special- she gyrated her hips and undulated her belly in front of me but that was all. I did my best to seem entertained without looking too rapt in the display. Alexa danced for several minutes and through at least three songs before bowing to much applause and sitting down to have coffee before it cooled off.

She was sitting beside mom and I had to look past dad and mom to see her as we sat around the circle. As much as I wanted to gawk at her, perhaps it was for the best that I had other things to look up. Dad had also been dutifully heating up the coals for hookah and we now brought these out, teaming people up to share them. Alexa got paired with me since everyone else had a spouse with them. She switched places with dad and settled down next to me, giving me an impish grin.

I let Alexa choose the flavour and she went with a papaya-mango-mint shisha from one of my favourite brands. Dad put the shisha in our bowl and then a coal on top. We waited expectantly and I took the initial draws to make sure it was ready. It was excellent and I passed her the hose.

I'm not kidding, watching her smoke hookah in that wonderful outfit, exhaling slowly and wreathing herself in tendrils of greyish-wish smoke was utterly transfixing. The light from the Moroccan lamps played over her divine body, sheathed in the silks and gauzes, glinting off her silvery bangles.

We continued talking with the music playing in the background. The room was thick with a myriad of flavoured clouds and contests began to see who could blow the biggest, thickets clouds. Alexa and I were beating everyone by a long shot until my father took a very deep inhale, filling that enormous chest of his and expelled an not a cloud but an entire weather front. I was amazed it didn't begin raining in the living room.

Mom and dad received their accolades gracefully for the victory while everyone laughed gaily. I shivered as Alexa leaned in against me while laughing at my father's antics. I felt her hand on my thigh, giving it a gentle caress and squeeze. I was thrilled we'd found a moment for some intimate contact.

Dad eventually replaced the coals and gave everyone new flavours as they'd requested. Mom then made everyone laugh and whistle when she took dad's face in her hands and shotgunned him, blowing smoke into his mouth. Mr and Mrs Stevenson followed suit, as did the alderman and his wife. Eventually everyone else had doen it and they all turned to look at Alexa and I.

Saying we blushed under the scrutiny would be a minor understatement. We both fidgeted, not knowing what to do. Finally she turned to look at me, her eyes betraying desire and fear.

"Alex, just... trust me, okay?" she said quietly.

I nodded.

"Okay, close your eyes," she instructed. "This'll be easier if you have your eyes closed."

I closed my eyes and waited patiently. She seemed to be working up her nerve.

"Open your mouth a little..." she said and I complied.

Oh God, she's going to shotgun me in front of all these people. In front of mom and dad! Holy shit...

I waited with my heart pounding in my chest as I heard her inhaling on the hose, the water in the hookah bubbling. I could sense her leaning in...

I felt something hard and round encase my lips and then there was an exhale and smoke blew into my mouth. The sensation of the hard object disrupted my concentration and I winced, coughing and sputtering uncontrollably. People around me were whooping with laughter.

I forced my eyes open even while I coughed and saw Alexa leaning in next to me, trying not to smirk as she held the cardboard toilet paper tube in her hand. People were still roaring with laughter as I fought to control the spasms in my thorax.

"You okay?" she asked innocently.

"Sort of," I hacked, expelling more smoke from my lungs. "That was unexpected."

"Funny, though," dad quipped, grinning. "You should have seen your face, sport."

"Harrrr," I grumped, taking the roll from Alexa and tossing it into the darkness. "Glad I amuse all of you."

We smoked more hookah and Alexa danced some more, keeping us entertained. She even gave me the neck scarf treatment, by way of an apology for my earlier discomfiture. It was well past 2 am when the guests finally left. We cleaned up the dessert and coffee debris and hookahs, but dad told me we could leave the rearranging of the living room for the following day. I was definitely thankful for this. Mom and Alexa said they were tired and going to bed. Dad followed mom shortly thereafter, leaving me to do some final straightening before heading downstairs.

Half an hour passed and I was lying on my bed thinking when my phone bipped at me. A message from Alexa asked me to activate Skype. I opened my laptop and smiled warmly when I saw her lovely face. She was still wearing her belly dancing outfit, as if she was reluctant to take it off.

"Hey," she said almost sheepishly. "You're not miffed at me, are you?"

"No, why would I be?" I replied, shrugging.

"Oh, because of the cardboard tube thing," she said, seeming relieved that I was not anonyed with her. "I was worried you were thinking that I'd done that to make you look silly or something."

"You kidding? I was terrified you were gonna have to shotgun me like everyone else. I'm glad you thought of that." I said. "Why the hell did you have a toilet paper tube handy, anyway?"

"Something my sister said in the car," she answered. "She mentioned she loves shotgunning Michael when they do hookah, and since we were having visitors, I thought it might set up a chain reaction."

"And since you and I were the only ones there without significant others, we'd get paired by default," I concluded. "Quick thinking on your part."

"Thanks," she said, smiling now. "But I'm wide awake and horny as hell because of the hookah and coffee and dancing for people. Any ideas what I can do about that?"

"I might have some ideas," I replied, smiling slyly. "How adventurous are you feeling?"

She raised and eyebrow. "I'm listening..."

***

"You sure this is safe?" she whispered to me as we snuck hand-in-hand through the backyard. It was pitch black out, the moon having been obscured by clouds. The only illumination was provided by the distant night lights that surrounded our fence.

"Not at all, that's the point," I replied quietly, pulling her along. "We wanted to do something risky, something even more dangerous than fucking in mom's office, I'd say this is it. Never let it be said you're the only one with a sense of daring-do."

"Fair enough," she agreed. "So what's the plan?"

"Simple, I take you on the grass and fuck you until we cum." I said.

"With your parents' right there, staring at us." Alexa said flatly, even as I brought her to the spot I'd chosen.

"Oh, you're just unhappy because I thought of it first," I sniffed. "Admit it."

"Well, maybe a little," she conceded. "But it's a big risk."

"Isn't that what we wanted? The thrill of living dangerous and expressing our taboo desires while on the razor's edge of discovery?"

"Yes, but... Alex, what happens if we get caught?" she asked hesitantly.

I was silent for a moment as I stopped and stared at her. "Well... I hope I can run faster than my mom."

She smirked and giggled. "I guess we do need to be faster than your parents."

"Oh, no," I said, correcting her. "I just need to be faster than you. If they come after us with cleavers, I'm tripping your sexy ass."

She fell against me, trying to contain her laughter. I held her tight, marvelling in how she felt against me, still clad in her belly dancer garb. Was I really going to get to make love to this goddess in this outfit?

I pulled her to me and our lips met, kissing hungrily. I could already feel my ardour building while we made out, tongues tangling and snaking inside one another's mouths. My hands wandered and caressed, loving the feel of her body within the layers of silk and gauze. Alexa slowly undressed me, leaning in and whispering in my ear.

"You know what the best part of this outfit is?" she asked quietly. "The material of the underwear part is very elastic, I can just pull it aside to let you into me and fuck me. I can keep the outfit on, my darling."

The notion sent a thrill through my body and she moaned in response. We grappled onto one another eagerly and she began to kiss her way down my naked body, nibbling and nipping at my skin. She finally arrived at my cock and took it into her mouth, bobbing slowly back and forth, determined to defy the danger of our surroundings and

take her time. She hummed around my shaft, making me shudder at the exquisite vibrations.

"So..." she said, taking her mouth off my johnson and looking up at my but continuing to stroke her hand up and down its length with a gentle twisting motion. "When we do this, Alex, when we fuck... should we face your parents' windows or face away from them?"

I thought about that for a moment. "Away," I said finally. "That way if they wake up and look out their window, I won't see the assassin's bullet coming."

"You're too funny..." she giggled before going back to sucking on my cock.

In spite of our surroundings, which included not only my parents' room facing us but also a university dorm facility next door, I was getting incredibly excited. Or maybe it was because of those surroundings, although it was hard to imagine Alexa not arousing me just about anywhere we might have chosen to fuck.

"Mmmmmmm..." she moaned around my cock, one hand following her mouth stroking up and down the shaft while the other gently fondled my sac. My hard-on was enormous and throbbing in no time flat and she finally smiled up at me and winked.

"I'm already wetter than Lake Superior, I think you should just fuck me, Alex," she said softly. "I really want you to take me."

I nodded and waited while she turned away from me and got on all fours, pulling the gauze that covered her lower legs above her knees to protect him. She had, thankfully, removed all of her jingling bangles as well. One of these days I'd have to fuck her while she wore them.

"Alright, Alex," she cooed in a quiet voice that belied her eagerness. She looked back at me and wiggled her behind. "Give it to me straight, doctor, I can take it."

"Your wish is my command." I breathed, kneeling behind her. I caressed her ass cheeks gently, causing her to purr and squirm. She reached under and pulled the now-sticky material of the panties or undergarment aside, exposing her moist pussy to me. I took gentle hold of her hips and pressed my throbbing cockhead against the pliant lips.

"Yesssss..." she murmured languidly as I slid inside her in one slow stroke. "Oh, Alex, what you do to me..."

I held her for a few moments, just enjoying the feel of being inside her while I marveled at her lovely form in the dim light. Slowly I began moving back and forth, feeling her squeeze me as she sighed in pleasure. Tracing my fingers over her creamy skin and the silken material of her outfit enthralled me, heightened by the near-darkness we were in.

She pushed back against me as I slid in and squeezed me as I pulled out, the two of us finding an wonderful, slow rhythm to make love at. One of my hands trailed up her back and wrapped in her lustrous golden hair, causing her to bite her lip as she fought off a loud moan.

"Gnnnnn, you cheeky bastard," she breathed. "You trying to get us caught?"

We writhed and ground slowly against one another, lost in a world of sensation no bigger than the two of us. At this point, I'm pretty sure my parents could have been staring right at us and I wouldn't have cared. All that mattered was Alexa and pleasuring her. Nothing else existed.

"May I sit in your lap, Alex?" she asked, almost panting. "I want to look into your eyes when we cum..."

I nodded and paused in fucking her, letting Alexa pull herself off my cock and I sat down on the cool grass, facing her. She clambered into my lap and settled down, pulling aside the panties again and hissing as she sank onto me. I held her tight, still somehow stunned by how good she felt, like nothing I could have imagined.

She put her head on my shoulder and held still for several seconds while she adjusted to our new position. The the moon came out from behind the clouds, casting a silvery light over us. She now looked up and stared deeply into my

eyes, her own shining like sapphires. There was something in the way she looked at me that made me want this moment to never end. If this was Heaven, it was more than I could have hoped for.

Slowly she began to move up and down on me, her arms around my shoulders while my hands rested on her lower back and caressed her waist. Our eyes were locked and we never looked away from one another. We said nothing, we just gazed into one another's timeless eyes.

My hands slowly wandered up and began squeezing and playing with her breasts, reaching under the fabric that contained them. She bit her lip and sighed as my fingers pinched her nipples gently. Her own fingers caressed my neck and played with my hair while she squirmed up and down slowly on my pulsing cock.

Our bodies grew warm as we writhed, fingers pressing into skin or squeezing more firmly as the tempo picked up. Our breathing grew heavier but our eyes remained locked. She squeezed me as she rode my cock, her face getting closer to mine with each passing second.

Finally we both shuddered and sighed as loudly as we dared, crushing ourselves together. I remember to keep looking into her eyes as I cum, the two of us looking deep into one another's souls at that singular moment of truth were nothing can be hidden. I could feel her pussy contracting and clenching around my shaft as I pumped my cum inside her, my body trembling in relief. I could feel her sticky juices on my thighs.

We looked at one another for several more seconds as we let the mutual orgasm subside, saying nothing. Then she leaned in and we kissed deeply and lovingly, a perfect denoument to our dangerous clandestine meeting. I don't know how long we kissed or held one another, nor do I exactly remember going back inside the house and parting ways, but later in bed, lying in the dark, all I could think about was how I wished nothing would ever interfere with the bliss my aunt and I shared.

***

I woke up to my phone buzzing insistently. I flopped my arm around, trying to find it for several seconds before it went silent. I shrugged and began drifting off when the infernal buzzing started up again. Grumbling, I found the device and thunked it against my ear.

"Hello?"

"Alex," my dad said in a very even tone. "Are you awake?"

"Sort of, now, I guess..." I mumbled.

"Listen to me," he said, his voice brooking no argument. "Wake up and listen. There's been an accident. Your mom and Allie were in her car when someone t-boned them. Your mom's fine and she's here with me, but Allie's in the hospital. Can you get down to Sunnybrook as quickly as possible?"

Chapter 7- What Will I Do Without You?

Driving was difficult. Concentrating on driving was difficult. My mind was going a million miles an hour, my heart thundering in my chest and my head was just full of white noise. All I could do was remind myself to not speed.

Don't speed. If you get pulled over, you'll be delayed.

What if I was too late because I got pulled over?

Alexa, what would I do if I got pulled over?

What if I don't-

Concentrate. Feel nothing for now. Feel ice. Be ice. Be mechanical. You'll get there sooner if you don't lose your head. You can worry when you pull into the parking lot and take the keys out of the ignition. There'll be time.

There's got to be time.

Please let there be time.

Oh God, please...

***

My hands were almost shaking as I pulled the keys out of the ignition. I'd arrived in good time, pushing the speed limit but never drawing attention to my driving. I flexed my hands several times as I tried to breathe. I felt like I was going to burst. I had to struggle to not hyperventilate.

I clutched the wheel tightly until it shook with my hands and let out a cry of pure terror and frustration.

Get it together! They need you! What will you do when you get up there? Be a part of the problem?

My head thunked back against the chair rest and I took several deep breaths. Deep, deep breaths. I didn't have long to compose myself, but I needed to be composed. I couldn't exactly go rampaging in, pretending she was my lover and beloved, could I?

I was ready a few seconds later, feeling significantly more in control and steeling myself for the worst. I got out of my car and headed in through the Emergency entrance of the hospital. A nurse behind the desk noticed me.

"Are you Alex de Bourne?" she aksed. I nodded.

"Your family's in room 709, straight back, take the elevator to the Seventh floor and then just around the left corner."

I nodded and walked quickly, horrified that they seemed to be waiting for me. I followed the nurse's instructions and took the elevator up. Rounding the corner, I almost ran into a young doctor, who was looking at his charts. He blinked as he saw me and then nodded when I gave him my name.

"I think your father took your mother for some fresh air," he said solemnly. "But you can go in if you like."

I thanked him and approched the door, my heart once again jackhammering in my chest. It was dim in the room, the heavy curtains drawn. There was only one bed and I saw her laying on it...

Alexa...

I couldn't help gazing in wonder. Even in this place, she was completely beautiful. There was a bandage around her head and one on her exposed arm. Her face was tilted to one side, eyes shut. Needles and sensors ran from her arm and her left temple.

One of the machines she was hooked up to beeped slowly.

My whole body trembling, I approached the bottom of the bed. I could see the charts hung on the bottom of her bed and took one up with an unsteady hand, looking at what it said.

Unconscious since arrival. No major injury, internal or otherwise, detected. Minor bruises and scratches. Recommended to keep overnight to watch for concussion or other head trauma. Vitals all strong.

I could feel my hands shaking worse than ever as I replaced the chart, but I knew now it was with relief- Alexa was going to live. I stared at the monitor that read her vitals, indicating a strong pulse and blood pressure. I'd never been so happy to see one of those stupid machines in my life.

I must have exhaled loudly, because she sighed as she laid there, almost as if in response to the audial stimulus. She stirred slowly, as if she was beginning to wake up. I stood still and just watched in wonder. Her head tilted up and slowly, ever so slowly, her eyes began to open. It took everything I had in me to not shout for joy.

Her lovely blue eyes fluttered open, staring at nothing for some time. Finally, though, they began to look around. After some time they settled on me and simply stared.

"Hey," I said softly, smiling warmly as I came around the bed to her left side. "Good to see you..."

She said nothing but her eyes slowly tracked me. Maybe she was really drugged up. I decided to stay patient and just let her hear my voice. Hopefully she would find it soothing.

"You gave us all a scare," I continued, speaking with a calmness I barely felt. "But your charts seem to say you're going to be completely fine."

She turned her head to look at me a little more, her eyes still bleary and red. Her mouth was moving a little but no sound came out.

I leaned in a little closer, trying to hear what she was saying.

"Who..."

I leaned in closer, my ear almost to her lips.

"Who am I?"

My world suddenly spun. I felt my knees almost give out and I reached backward to grip the armrests of the chair that was placed next to the bed. I missed and crashed to the floor, the chair making a terrible racket as it clattered away. I felt my head hit to cold tile floor and then everything sounded rather slow and sluggish.

"Oh my god, Alex!" I heard her exclaim. "I was only joking, you jerk!"

I said nothing. I did nothing. I just laid on the floor, letting the world rotate around me. A doctor rushed in at the noise, turning on the light and just stared dumbly upon seeing me. He was followed half a second later by my parents, who took in the whole situation quietly. Mom simply looked down at me, one eyebrow raised.

"Why are you lying on the floor?" she demanded, clearly not impressed.

"Mom, can we trade her in?" I asked finally, still lying where I'd landed. "I don't like her anymore..."

My mother now glanced at Alexa, while my father had his hands in his pockets and was looking at the ceiling with interest. Since nobody, including the doctor present, seemed inclined to help me up, I slowly rolled onto my hands and knees and pushed myself to my feet, rubbing the back of my head. It really smart.

"I... might've woken up while Alex was here," Alexa began to explain, now lying on her side so she could talk to people. "I pretended I had amnesia and didn't know who I was. Alex reacted unexpectedly poorly and lost his motor control."

My mother looked at me again. "You fall down, go boom? What's it like to be on the receiving end of an evil sense of humour, Grumio?"

"Ooh, good reference." Alexa said.

"And as for you," my mother said, turning toward her younger sister. "Are you trying to make him dumber?"

Alexa snickered. "No, I didn't expect that reaction from him, to be honest. I thought he'd laugh."

"Good God, I'm surrounded by lunatics," my mom muttered. "While you were taking your nap, the doctor was kind enough to tell us that your injuries, as far as they can tell, are completely ephemeral and superficial, much like a Sociology degree. Michael and I were relieved, of course, but they want to keep you for a day or two, make sure you don't have a concussion."

"Fair enough," Alexa agreed. "Is this likely to be covered? I've been here less than a week, even if I'm still a citizen."

"Oh, I doubt the hospital or province is dumb enough to give us grief about it," dad chimed in. "It makes no sense to screw over a brilliant young woman who was just offered a full scholarship to one of the best universities in the country. Besides, you've got bruises and scratches after a really bad accident, nothing for them to complain about."

"Yeah, what happened, anyway?" I asked, my mind now focusing on the hows and whys of my morning so far.

My mother shrugged. "We were just driving, passing through an intersection and some drunk moron ran his red light and t-boned my car. Spun us right out and almost up on the curb. I think he's a couple of rooms over, actually. He'll be charged no doubt."

"And your car?" I asked.

"Ugh, total write-off," mom said, scowling. "He nailed it good, I'm amazed neither of us was killed, to be honest. I was fine, since I could get out on my side and called the cops, while your aunt decided to take an unscheduled nap and scare the hell out of me."

"Sorry about that," Alexa said somewhat sheepishly. "I vaguely remember a crashing impact and spinning, but after that, nothing. Well, not until I nearly gave Alex a heart attack, anyway."

Dad chuckled. "Let's just all be thankful it wasn't worse. A wrecked car and some bruises is nothing to sniff at."

"Could you give us a few minutes while I check her vitals?" the doctor asked, walking up to Alexa, now that we seemed to have figured out everything. Mom, dad and I exited the room and sat on some chairs in the corridor. Dad put his arm around my mother and she sighed deeply, her eyes tearing up. I took her hand and squeezed it.

"She gonna be fine, mom," I said assuringly.

"I know," she said in a voice I could only describe as wet. "I just... sometimes you cry with relief, you know? She's my baby sister and I just got her back in my life, I don't want to lose her."

Dad pulled her to his chest and held her tight while she cried silently for some time. I just waited patiently, struggling with my own feelings. Mom and dad would expect me to be relieved, that was just common sense. But

they didn't know about Alexa and I, that we were lovers. They couldn't know how I felt, how terrified I'd been and how relieved I was now. What would I have done if the worst had happened?

Would I ever have been able to tell them?

A horrible chill ran through me. I could have lost my aunt and my mother.

I glared down the hallway, something hot and beyond angry rising inside me.

"Don't worry, Alex," my dad said, noticing my face and deducing what was going on in my head. "He's in pretty bad shape himself and there's a cop at the door of his room. His life is going to be hard enough from now on, show a little mercy."

I sighed. Dad was, of course, right as always. He was what mom referred to as annoyingly melioristic. Not only did he see the good in everything, he had this infuriating way of

being right and making you realize you were being selfish, without even trying. I pushed the thought of the other driver from my mind. There'd no doubt be plenty of fallout to deal with later.

The doctor came out a few minutes later and smiled. "We do want to keep her for maybe two nights, just to be absolutely certain, but my opinion is that she has no concussions or other head trauma to worry about. You're very lucky. You may go in and see her again until the nurses say it's time to let her rest."

We thanked him and went back in. Alexa beamed that beautiful smile at us from where she was now sitting in her bed, having raised it to a postion better suited for conversing. Mom sat in the chair while dad and I stood nearby.

"Really sorry about the nap," Alexa said to my mother. "At least Mike got a good laugh out of my prank."

Mom and I both looked at dad, daring him to answer. He shrugged. "Maybe just a little one. And on that note, I'm

going to go call the university and let them know what happened before they find out through the grapevine and begin calling in a total panic."

Dad stepped outside, cellphone in hand. Mom sighed and took Alexa's hand in hers. This had clearly terrified her.

"They say you don't appreciate what you have until it's gone," she murmured. "Let's hope that this was close enough for the lesson gods to leave us alone for a bit."

"No argument there," Alexa agreed. "Not sure what the lesson was, since we weren't at fault, mind you. But I'm going to do my best to never take my time with my family for granted, that's for damned sure."

"Glad to hear it," mom said, nodding. "I want nieces and nephews on day, after all. You'll probably find some nice young guy on campus. God knows you're pretty enough that you'll be beating them off with a stick before long. Alex probably has some friends to introduce you to. It's about time you began dating."

Alexa was silent for a moment as she looked at her lap. "Yeah. I guess it is..."

Mom's phone rang and she answered it. She looked at us and covered the speaker. "It's the insurance company, they have questions," she whispered. "This could be a bit, so I'll take it down to the cafe on the main floor."

She left and then we were alone. Neither of us said anything for sometime, lost in the last words she'd spoken before mom got the call. Alexa stared at her lap. I stared off at a cabinet. The air was heavy, the silence between us maddening. I'd never experienced anything like this with Alexa and wasn't even sure it would've been possible before now. We had no idea what to say.

I looked at her when I heard her sigh softly. She turned to look at me and I saw tears in her eyes.

"Could... could you turn off the light please, Alex?" she asked. "It feels so artificial..."

I nodded and walked to the door, turning off the light.

"And close the door, please?"

I closed it and walked back. She drew a deep breath before looking up at me.

"And please sit down on the bed with me," she said quietly. "I... looking at you is terrifying, but I need to, I owe you that..."

I sat down and she crossed her legs to make room for me. She took my hands in hers and I could see the fear in her eyes when she gazed into mine.

"I'm not frightened about the accident, Alex, not in the conventional sense," she began. "I'm... frightened because of the doors that have suddenly swung open, long before I was prepared for them to open and have to walk through them. I could've been killed and here I am, looking at decisions that I have to make. That... we have to make now."

I nodded, dreading what she was referring to.

"It's horrible," she said softly. "Horrible and unfair. We never discussed where this would take us, what we'd do when we reached a point where choices needed to be made. We were so lost in one another and selfish about it, not that I blame us. Alex, you make me feel like no one ever has before. I can say that with complete honesty."

Her hands squeezed mine now and I could hear the frustration in her voice as it cracked. "And it's so damned unfair that you're my nephew. How did you keep it together when you got here and not break down? Alex, I know how much I mean to you, I see it in your eyes when we're together. And you mean every bit as much to me. But if it'd been you lying here, I don't know if I could have kept up the facade that protects us."

There were tears on her cheeks as she pressed the back of my hands to her lips and kissed them.

"We should have always known, should have been more restrained. Because how the hell could we ever continue this, no matter how much we both want it?"

I pulled her to me and hugged her tight as she cried, her body shuddering against mine. I didn't really notice her breasts squashed to my chest or the softness of her skin or any of the other enthralling things I normally reveled in about her. I stroked her hair and kissed the top of her head, just letting her weep gently after her ordeal.

"I'm so terrified, Alex," she said against my shoulder. "I'm terrified because I knew all along I had to lose you."

Her next words were like thunder in my ears, even though she spoke them with the tiniest voice I'd ever heard her use.

"Because I know I'm in love with you..."

***

I was sitting in the chair reading when my dad and mom came in, obviously having met up after their calls ended. I put a finger to my lips, indicating that they should be quiet, because Alexa was sound asleep. I walked with them out into the hall.

"Any news?" mom asked.

I shook my head. "Nothing you don't already know. She just got tired and took a nap. She's probably pretty drained."

"Fair enough," mom said, rubbing her eyes. "Been a long day for everyone and it's not even noon yet. So what'll we do?"

Dad sighed. "Well, you and I are already behind on grading papers, maybe we should head to school and do our big people jobs? We know Alexa's fine, Karen. Leave her with Chatterbox McGee here, at least we know she'll get some sleep that way."

"And what if I had plans?" I interjected, trying to sound annoyed.

"Oh, please, Hyrule or whatever can save itself for a day," mom snorted before looking at dad. "Hyrule? Did I get that right?"

Dad shrugged. "I'm a PC gaming god, honey, not a dirty console peasant."

"You're worse than he is," mom muttered. "Fine, we'll come see her after we finish. Link, you stand guard for a while and keep us updated. We'll be done after five."

Then they turned and made their exit, leaving me standing in the hallway outside of Alexa's room, staring dumbly. With a sigh, I went back into the room and sat in the chair, reading stuff on my phone. Maybe an hour later, Alexa woke up and turned her head to look at me.

"Hey..." she said softly.

"Hey, you," I said, smiling. "Mom and dad went back to work since the university was calling like crazy, freaking out."

"I'm sure," she mused, sitting up. "They could've lost one of their senior staffers in the Physics department."

We sat silently for a few moments before she turned her head to look at me.

"Are we stupid for ever having started this, Alex? It could never be what we wanted, civilization wouldn't let us be together."

"I don't know," I answered glumly. "I... would have kept on as long as I could, but this scare sort of put it in perspective, right? Maybe we were fooling ourselves."

She laid back against her pillow, staring at the ceiling. "I've never been in love before, not like this," she murmured. "It feels so right and natural."

"I know," I sighed. "I've... well, Alexa, I'm pretty damned sure I'm in love with you too. Hell, I know I am. You're all I ever think about and I nearly fell apart on the way over here. Thought my heart was going to burst out of my chest."

She smiled sadly and squeezed my hand. "It thrills me to hear you say that, Alex, but it also makes me sad, because now we share the pain. If you didn't love me the way I love you, at least only one of us would be suffering and I'd never wish what I'm feeling on you."

She closed her eyes, still holding my hand. "It feel so right with you. Like it's meant to be. But it's not. And I don't know what to do."

I drew a deep breath. "Do we... do we just see other people and hope it fades in time?"

"I guess," she replied, opening her eyes and looking at the far wall. "But I live with you, I don't know how that will help. I'll be seeing you all the time and just yearning."

"I know," I sighed. "But I'm out of ideas."

We were silent for a while longer when someone came in. Jeanie, the student of my mom and dad's that I had met the previous day, swished into the room, looking quite concerned.

"Alexa!" she exclaimed as she came over and gave my aunt of big hug. I began to understand what my mom and dad meant about her being dumb, because any person with functioning neurons would have known better than to bear hug a person in a hospital bed after they'd been in a car accident and were still hooked up to the machines. Alexa graciously returned the hug and smiled at her.

"Hi, Jeanie," she said pleasantly. "I'm glad you could come down, that's very nice of you."

"Of course I did," Jeanie said, holding Alexa's hand and looking stern. "Had to make sure you weren't trying to get out of our playdate, after all."

"Perish the thought," my aunt said, waving the concern off. "I wouldn't dare miss it. I'm only a little banged up, no broken anything, no head trauma, just badly shaken nerves and maybe my pants need washing."

"Kinky," jeanie said slyly before looking over and finally noticing me. "Oh, hey, I remember you, you're Mr de Bourne's son, right?"

"Yep," I said, standing to tower over her, perhaps feeling a little possessive of my aunt. "I met you yesterday in dad's office."

"Yeah, you do look alike," she used nodding. "Your dad's hot. So you two know each other?"

Alexa and I paused for a moment, bewildered by her question. This girl really was dumber than a box of rocks.

"I- yes, sweetie," Alexa said. "My sister is Alex's mother. I'm Alex's aunt."

Jeanie's eyes widened in confusion for a moment as she tried to process what Alexa was saying. She screwed up her face for a second and then exhaled.

"Oh, I get it," she said finally before looking at me. "You're adopted?"

"No," I said slowly, trying not to sound exasperated while Alexa's eyes clouded over with tears of laughter. "Alexa is my aunt. She is just much younger than my mother, your professor. We're the same age."

"Oh." Jeanie said, trying to figure that out. "Oh, wow."

She looked at the two of us. "That's kinda hot, actually."

I pinched my eyes.

Jeanie clapped her hands together once. "Well, I gotta go, but I couldn't get on with my day without seeing you once

Mr de Bourne mentioned what happened. So, you're sure you're gonna be alright for our playdate next week?"

Alexa nodded. "They'll let me out of here tomorrow night with a clean bill of health, I promise I'll be fine, sweetie."

"Good!" Jeanie said brightly. "Okay, gotta bounce! Lates!"

She started to exit the room before pausing and then scurrying over to Alexa and giving her a hug and kiss on the cheek. She then made her way to the door and paused once more. She turned around, went up to my aunt and put her arms around her, kissing her on the mouth, rather deeply. She moaned through the langorous kiss and I'm pretty sure slipped Alexa the tongue.

"Much better..." she said as she stood up and then swished out of the room, leaving my aunt and I staring after her. We said nothing for several seconds before Alexa sat back and sighed loudly, looking at the ceiling.

"Guess we know what kind of playdate I'm in for."

"Could be worse," I chuckled. "She's about as smart as a bag of hammers, so she's gotta be great in the sack."

Alexa gave me a look. "I thought you said I was great in the sack."

"Don't you try and turn this around on me," I said, holding up a finger. "I just meant she's an idiot so being good at fucking is all she's got. You're the most incredible person I've ever met, you're intelligent, you're kind, you're beautiful, you're a sex goddess..."

"Oh, don't stop, go on please," Alexa said, turning on her side and smiling. "I could use some good news today."

I sighed grumpily. "Well, I've got good news and bad news for you. Good news, I am very, very in love with you. Bad news, you're my aunt and I can't be with you the way I want to be."

"I know," she said quietly, her eyes said. "It sucks. It's so beyond unfair. Alex, this may sound dumb, but... would it, would it not hurt as much if I just dated girls?"

I thought about what she was saying. If she dated girls, I didn't really have anything to be jealous of. It was a service I couldn't provide. I don't know if it actually solved anything for me, but if it helped Alexa feel like she was sparing my feelings, why would I deny her that?

"Okay," I said finally, shrugging. "As long as I don't have to date guys to make you feel better."

She giggled. "I somehow doubt the thought of you having super happy bum-fun with boys will make me feel better, although I'm willing to bet that picturing me scissoring with a hot girl will be good for you..."

We were silent for a while again.

"Alex, can you please close the door again?" she asked quietly. "Because I... I really want to kiss you..."

I got up and closed the door quietly, putting a sign on the front indicating she was sleeping. I then came back to the bed and she sat up, tucking her feet under her. I sat on the bed next to her and she stared deep into my eyes, caressing my cheeks. Her own beautiful sapphire eyes were crystalline with tears.

"I can't believe how quickly I fell for you," she whispered. "I had no control over it and I didn't even try to fight it, I was so confused. And now I know I love you and you're perfect for me and I'm forced to give you up... and I don't know how..."

She leaned in and kissed me lovingly, trying not to cry as she did so. I could feel the tears on her cheeks, her skin against mine. I held her and kissed her back, letting her feel everything I had in me, showing her exactly what she meant to me.

"I love you, Alex," she choked through the kiss. "I'm so in love with you. Damn you for being my nephew..."

"I love you too, Alexa," I murmured back. "I love you so much and I don't want to give you up."

The kiss ended, for the moment, and she pressed her forehead to mine, still caressing my face as she tried to compose herself. "It's so stupid," she whispered. "All this confusion I'm feeling, and fear about everything, and the one thing I'm absolutely certain of is my love for you, which is the problem everyone else would have. It's the only part of all this that feels right, like it's supposed to be or meant to be. It's everything else that's fucked up. At least, that's how it feels."

I said nothing, just holding her and thinking about how cheated we both felt. Finally, I posed a question I was inexplicably terrified to ask.

"What if... what if we just faked dating?"

She looked at me for several moments, wiping her eyes. "Fake date?"

I nodded. "Go out on dates with other people, y'know, people we're pretty sure we have no interest in, except for maybe fucking them for the sake of something physical. But then we'll still be seeing one another behind the scenes. If we're careful, mom and dad won't suspect, because they'll see us dating other people."

She thought about what I was saying for a few moments. "We could... we could still be together, at least for a while."

I nodded. "I don't think it solves our ultimate problem at all, but at least we'd have more time together."

"Yes," she said, looking at my face and touching my lips with her fingers. "And it might make parting even harder than it is right now. I don't know if I could be that strong. But... well, I don't know if I'm strong enough to give you up even now. I sure as hell don't want to."

She sighed and sat back in her bed, her eyes distant. "I don't know. Inevitably we'll be forced apart, no matter how in love we are. I couldn't do that to Karen. But the thought of being without you, Alex, I..."

She finally closed her eyes. "This is all so much right now. I guess... let me sleep, Alex. I don't mean to sound selfish, but I think I need to sleep and be alone for a few hours. Maybe I'll have clarity when I wake up. I can't be objective around you, I'm sorry."

"No, trust me, I understand," I said readily, rising from the bed. "I'm not the least bit objective around you either, Alexa. You think, I'll think. We may not come up with an answer we like, but if we both think it through, at least we know we'll come up with the right answer."

She nodded. "I'll message you later, think of something I need from the house so you can bring it over."

I nodded, not wanting to leave or even take my eyes off her, as if I was afraid something would happen the moment I did.

Her eyes were glassy as she looked up at me. "Kiss me, Alex?"

I went to her and gently pulled her into my arms, kissing her deeply and lovingly again. It felt like the most natural thing in the world, even if those crystal tears from her lovely blue eyes ran between our cheeks. She was beautiful when she cried, even if it tore my heart out.

"I love you, Alex," she murmured again through the kiss. "I'm in love with you."

"I love you too," I replied, memorizing what she felt like against me. "Sleep now, Alexa, get better for me. You'll see me soon."

As I closed the door behind me, I could hear her beginning to sob and it took every bit of my willpower to not rush back in and comfort her. She needed her time. My face was warm and flush as I walked out of the hospital, my mind spinning. To lose the woman I loved...

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I'd taken a nap myself upon returning home, since my nerves were pretty shot. I'd done some thinking about the predicament but there were no satisfactory answer to be found, nothing she and I would like. I'd crashed on the long couch and was awakened when I heard my dad's vehicle pull up and the doors close. I blinked and checked my watch. It was almost 6:30.

Dad and mom came in, noticing me rising from my nap on the couch.

"Did you sleep well, Alex?" mom asked as she came in. "We stopped by the hospital on our way back and Allie said she'd sent you home so she could sleep and not feel obligated to stay awake and entertain someone. She's had a long day."

I nodded. "I think we all have. You okay, mom?"

"Oh, I'm fine now, thank you," she said almost cheerfully. "Now that I know my baby sister is going to be okay, I'm relieved and able to think again. We just brought home take-out, darling, you hungry?"

"When is he not?" dad chuckled. "It's just burgers and stuff, but it was quick and easy. I somehow doubt he'll object."

I stood up and joined them at the table, where mom filled me in on more of the details of the incident. It seemed a little surreal to hear about it since I already knew the outcome. But mom told me about it at length and in great detail. It occured to me that she was doing this as much for her own benefit as mine. Her analytical, scientific mind was describing and formulating it so she could deal with it. I let her talk as much as she needed.

She showed me pictures of what was left of her vehicle and I was amazed- the passenger's side was royally fucked up. It was hard to imagine Alexa not having been killed in that impact, forget escaping with just minor cuts and bruises. A cold chill ran down my spine.

Mom sighed and nodded her head. "I'm just glad there's nothing wrong with her."

"I wouldn't say that," I muttered. "Anyone who would pull a prank like that the moment they woke up from a car accident isn't right in the head."

Dad laughed. "Turns out your family has a sense of humour after all, Karen. It must have just skipped you."

My mother shot him a look. "That's right, Mike, keep feeding the bear. I hope neither of you mind, I might go through an entire bottle of wine by myself this evening. Help with the nerves and all."

"Doesn't bother me," dad said cheerfully. "I promise to not even try and take advantage of drunk you this time around."

"How chivalrous of you, Conan," mom said dryly, rolling her eyes. "But stay nearby, in case I need a shoulder to cry on."

Dad nodded and began clearing the remains of supper away. Mom looked at me. "I've had enough of cars for one day, Alex. If Allie calls and needs anything, you're getting

stuck driving since I'll be in no shape to make it out there, got it?"

I nodded. "I'll play offline for a change, just so I don't get tooo caught up."

"Good," she declared, taking a wine glass and an entire unopened bottle of Old-Vine Zinfandel. "I'll be up on my bed getting blitzed. Your dad's in charge of directing you now. G'night."

I went down to my room and began playing a game, to keep myself occupied and keep from fretting when there was nothing I could do. I'd been playing for maybe two hours when my dad called down the stairs.

"Alex?" he said loudly. "Your aunt was hoping you could take her some of her books and her laptop? I guess she's a tad bored."

"Yeah, I can do that," I said, trying to sound resigned to the prospect. "I'll be up in a minute to get her stuff and then go."

Dad seemed satisfied with that answer and left me to finish up. I went upstairs and packed her laptop, along with some of the novels I found under her nightstand. I also packed her webcam, in case her friend Freja wanted to see her. I called out that I was leaving and drove back to the hospital. It was now dark and the place was practically empty. The nurse at the desk nodded me through, reminding me that visiting hours ended in just under forty-five minutes.

The door was open so I knocked and went in. Alexa's face lit up when she saw me, smiling radiantly. She never ceased to get more beautiful in my eyes.

"Alex," she said almost dreamily. "Close the door. Come here and let me kiss you..."

I did so and then put the laptop and books down as she held out her arms. They'd removed the IV's and sensors from her, meaning she could move freely. I pulled her into my arms and kissed her deeply, enthralled to be feeling her against me again. I couldn't get over how right it felt. It was

Heaven. She moaned through the kiss, apparently every bit as relieved as I was.

She pulled back from the kiss and smiled at me. "I love you, Alex. And it may not be the smart thing to do, but I want to be with you as long as I can. I need this and I need you. I won't give up my present happiness because of a possible future sadness."

She pulled me down to sit on the bed, her hands clasped in mine. "I guess I did need that time. So if you have no objections, let's go with the fake dating plan."

I looked deep into her eyes and drew a deep breath. "Well, actually..." I said reluctantly.

Alexa froze. I could almost feel her heart stopping, her blood turning to ice. Her eyes were wide with an instant horror at what I was obviously going to say next.

I grinned. "Gotcha. Now we're even for that amnesia prank. Yes, we should fake date other people."

Alexa's eyes almost spiralled in her head as she collapsed back against her pillow, staring wide-eyed at the ceiling and her hand over her heart, to make sure it was beating.

"You... txortalari..." she sighed finally, still staring at the ceiling. "You nearly fucking killed me. Haven't I nearly died enough today, you bastard?"

I chuckled. "At least your head landed on a pillow when you fell backward."

"Oh, just give me a minute and shut up, motherfucker..." she breathed. "Holy cow, you really got me. Shit..."

Finally she made a beckoning motion with her hand. "Your dick, please. No arguments."

I laughed and stood, unzipping my pants and going to stand beside her head. She turned on her side and took hold of my cock, stroking it for several seconds before sliding it inside her mouth with practiced ease. Her moan was one of

both pleasure and relief, clearly delighted to have me in her mouth again. I sighed and caressed her beautiful hair as she bobbed up and down my length slowly.

Her hand followed her mouth as she sucked on me, her tongue swirling around the skin with devlish skill. I could not believe how wonderful everything she did felt and my erection was massive and rock hard in no time at all. Her sapphire eyes looked up at me, lust kindling in them. One of her legs bent up, the hospital gown dropping away to reveal her smooth pussy, which was already wet with her desire.

"Mmmm, she's been waiting for you, you know," Alexa purred, smiling up at me and winking. "Almost a whole day without her best friend. You plan to apologize and make it up to her, right?"

"Sure do," I said, nodding. "But what if someone comes-"

"I don't care, Alex," she said bluntly. "Not at this very moment."

And that was good enough for me. I loved her and I wanted, no, needed to make love to her. Consequences be damned.

She pulled her wet mouth off my cock and indicated a chair with no arms. "Go sit, please..." she said huskily. I nodded and went to sit down, pulling off my pants and my t-shirt while I did so. Alex got off the bed, shedding her hospital gown and standing gloriously naked in front of me. My cock throbbed at the sight of her body, aching in need. Smiling, she straddled my lap, putting her arms around my neck. Looking into my eyes, she pressed her pliant, slippery pussy against my cockhead and slowly sank down, taking me deep inside her. We both moaned in pleasure, happy to be one again.

We kissed soulfully, lost in one another as she began to move slowly up and down on my lap. I held her tightly against me as I dared and she made no demur. Alexa squeezed and rippled herself around my cock, transporting me to a world of bliss, consisting only of us. And that was all I needed.

"Alex, I'm so in love with you..." she murmured as she moved up and down on top of me slowly and gently. "I can't be without you."

I bit her neck and she shuddered and moaned, clasping me to her. I leaned my head down and bit her breast again, over the previous mark I'd left on her and she gasped in delight.

"Yes, my love," she whispered, fingers flexing on my neck and bck. "Mark me again, Alex, make me all yours..."

I took her nipple in my mouth, sucking it greedily. Alexa shivered and thrust herself down on me even harder, fucking me eagerly. It never ceased to amaze me how rapt I was by her, every aspect of her. She was my goddess and I loved her madly. There was nothing I wouldn't do for Alexa.

We kissed again feverishly as she began to squirm up and down faster and faster on me. We were swallowing one another's tongues as I ground my hips up into her and she pushed down harder, desperate to feel me as deep insider her as possible. Our bodies were warm and wet together,

pink with our exertions, shining with our sweat. Her heart pounded against me and I could feel my own, as if it was going to burst right out of me. She looked into my eyes, hers flashing with a great eagerness.

"Cum in me, Alex," she growled softly. "Please, cum in me, let me feel you again. Oh God, Alex..."

We kissed again, almost to silence our screams as we crushed ourselves against one another, shaking uncontrollably. She moaned into my mouth and I groaned in ecstasy as I came, pumping my thick, pearly essence deep inside her clenching, tight pussy. She bathed my thighs with her wetness and her nails almost dug into my back.

She collapsed against me, panting, her chest heaving. The wonderful feeling of her soft breasts pressed to me was heavenly. I just held her, wondering what could ever be more blissful than this. And I knew I never wanted to give her up.

"So in love with you," she whispered against my shoulder, kissing it gently. "That's all that matters right now..."

I held her for a while longer before slowly rising and removing my cock from her pussy. She giggled as my cum seeped out of her, dribbling on the floor. I deposited her gently on the bed and went about cleaning up after us while she replaced her gown and wiped her pussy clean. Neither of us felt like answering questions about why she smelled like sex when the only visitor had been her nephew.

"God, I needed that," she sighed, stretching her arms over her head like a contented cat. "I'm pretty sure I'm a total addict now. Think you'll be able to sneak back tomorrow?"

"I would think," I reasoned. "Mom and dad are easier to keep track of now, since they share his vehicle temporarily. So we've got that working for us."

"Good," she said, smiling. "I guess I'll start fake-dating Jeanie, which has the added bonus of really throwing Karen and Mike off the trail about us since they'll now think I'm into girls. Who will you date?"

"I have no idea," I confessed. "Haven't given the matter any thought. But I will now, once I head home."

She nodded. "I'll probably be Skyping with Freja tonight, since she's really worried and wants me to prove I'm okay."

"I don't blame her," I replied. "Her best friend was in a car accident and there's nothing she can do about it. Did you at least send her some pics from your phone to ease her mind?"

"Yes, it seemed like the thing to do, you know?" she agreed.

"I actually have a question about that," I said, sitting down on the bed next to her. "We've taken a zillion pictures. Who do you send them to?"

She giggled. "Nobody, dopey. Not the naughty ones, anyway. I sort them into folders and I have sent Freja and some of my other friends back in Europe some of the G-rated ones, to let them see my life. I wouldn't show them

any of the personal ones without your say-so, and even then only Freja, because she'd think it was kinky and like it."

I shrugged. "I don't mind if you do or if she knows about us. If she'll be happy for you, Alexa, go for it, okay?"

She smiled warmly. "Thank you, Alex. But you'd better get home before Karen makes Mike call. You were just supposed to drop off my stuff, right?"

"Yeah," I sighed, unhappy at the prospect of parting from her. "You can text or message me whenever you want. It doesn't matter if I'm asleep, hearing from you is what matters to me, okay?"

Alexa nodded and pulled me in for another loving kiss. We confessed our love for one another and then I left, sad to be going but knowing I had to. The drive home was a quiet one for me, lost in contemplation about what would happen next.

How would I fake date? Who? How much did I need to like or just not mind a person to make it convincing dating? My parents weren't likely to fall for a ruse for long if I didn't find the right person. And what if the other person became interested in me? What would I tell them? Did I just never date a person more than once? Maybe I could just get some friends with benefits who didn't really want anything more.

I was lying in bed when a text message from Alexa asked me if I wanted to Skype. I opened my screen and activated the program, smiling when I saw her beautiful face. She told me quietly that she'd already talked with Freja, assuring her friend that she was fine. She was smirking as she looked at me, her hospital robe not visible on her shoulders or the swell of her bosom.

"So," she purred, smiling slyly. "Am I naked or just teasing?"

I chuckled. "Normally I'd hope for teasing, because then you could strip for me, but it's a hospital gown. Only you could make stripping out of a tent sexy."

Alexa giggled and slowly panned the camera down her body in the dimly lit room, revealing her incredible breasts, trim stomach and finally her smooth pussy. She used two fingers to pull the sticky lips apart and show me her inner pink, which was glistening invitingly.

"I've got an idea," I said as she returned the camera to her face. "Each of our laptops has a built-in cam and we also have the webcams. Let's open two windows each, one fixed on our face and the other on our bodyparts as we choose so we can see one another cum."

Her eyes lit up in delight. "I love that idea, Alex. Tell me how to do it and we can cum together. I love your cock but then I can always see your face too..."

She followed my instructions and soon we each had two windows on our screens opened, one fixed directly on our faces, the detatchable webcams displaying my hardening cock and her wet slit. We watched one another silently as she began to finger herself and play with her breasts while I stroked my dick. I could hear her sigh in pleasure, thrilled to have me watch her.

"Do you like it, Alex?" she asked quietly, using her fingers to spread her lips and show me inside herself. "Do you like how wet I get for you? Ohhhhh, I wish I could be louder, make someone in the hall wonder what was happening in here..."

I was lying on my side, stroking my shaft and watching her intently, my eyes darting back and forth between the two windows on my screen. I was loving how she played with her pussy, but at least as mezmerizing for me was the look of pleasure on her face. Her eyes were sometimes closed, but other times those captivating sapphire eyes were looking straight at me, knowing she held my gaze. I moaned and pushed my hips closer to the webcam centered on my cock, letting her see up close exactly what she did to me. She gasped in response and slid two fingers deep inside herself, working them in and out feverishly.

Oh my God, she was so wet I could hear the slick, juicy noises she was making as she fingered herself. It drove me wild and I was pumping my hand furiously up and down

my length, desperate for release. I was hoping she'd cum soon, because I was ready to blow.

She bit her lip as she stared at me, sweat shining on her brow. Her fingers were plunging into her pussy now, glistening with her arousal. She panted as our eyes locked, both straining to hold on for one another to peak.

I groaned as loudly as I dared while she craned her neck and moaned wantonly, all thoughts of who may be outside her door forgotten. Cum pumped from my cock, splattering the old white shirt I'd laid in front of me. I spared a look at her womanhood while she came, the entire region of her inner thighs shining with her essence.

I rested my head on my arm as I slowed down, casually stroking now, just watching her. Her fingers had finally pulled out of her steaming tunnel and she caressed her lips slowly, a look of bliss on her face. Her eyes were closed as she brought herself down from the orgasmic high she felt. When her eyes fluttered open, she smiled at me serenely and mouthed the words 'I love you'.

I told her I loved her back and we simply lay together for some time, watching one another relax. She pulled her hands up from her pussy and sucked on her fingers, enjoying the taste of herself and winking at me. She fondled her breasts for me and I tapped the aperture of my webcam with my cock, like I was tapping her face. She giggled and smiled naughtily.

"It feels so good to be able to say 'I love you' in English," she said finally, stretching her arms overhead and jutting her breasts forward proudly. "Doing it in other languages you didn't know was not quite as fulfilling, but I was afraid to tell you how I really felt."

"Fair enough," I replied, nodding. "I was fit to bursting not being able to tell you. So when you said 'I love you, daddy' the other night during our little roleplay, you meant it."

She nodded slowly. "It was my chance to say it to you in a context that could be excused, but I really needed to say it to you. I don't see myself getting tired of saying it, I'm warning you."

"And I don't object and never will." I promised. "Hearing you say it is the best thing about my day. I nearly burst when you confessed it to me earlier today."

"I had to, Alex," she said, her voice carrying a note of seriousness. "After what happened, I couldn't not tell you any longer. I wasn't sure what we'd do, but I couldn't go on without you knowing. The minute I saw you at the airport, I had a dread feeling you were someone I was going to fall in love with. And I don't fall in love easily."

I nodded slowly. "I was crazy about you really quickly too, although I was really confused by how I felt. I fought my feelings, telling myself I was insane, but there was no way I was winning that. And I'm glad I lost. Because loving you, being in love with you, Alexa, makes me happy."

"I'm glad," she said softly. "That means the world to me. I don't know what will happen ultimately between us, but I'm determined to love you for all I'm worth until that fateful moment. I'm in love with you and I've surrendered my heart and my body to you."

I sighed and nodded. "I feel the same way, but... what about other people? I don't know what to do and I'm conflicted. Sure, I can fuck another girl and it'll feel good, but I can't stop thinking about you."

She smiled lovingly. "I know. And I can fuck girls and still be stuck on you. Who knows, maybe we'll find one who can keep a secret worth a damn and share her. Wouldn't that be a thrill?"

I laughed softly. "I love how depraved we are together. That doesn't bother me a bit, that idea, because I'll be sharing her with you."

She giggled and then yawned. "Well, I should sleep. Oddly enough, it's been a long and emotional day with its fair share of scary happenings. I hope you sleep well and you'll come by and see me tomorrow and make love to me?"

"I can't think of anything I'd rather be doing," I said, grinning. "Get some sleep. I love you, Alexa. Don't forget that."

She nodded. "And I'm in love with you, Alex. Dream of me, okay?"

I nodded and smiled while she kissed her fingers and pressed them to the camera before turning them both off. I turned onto my back and stared at the ceiling, lost in thought. My body felt heavy but contented. It certainly had been a wrenching day, but we had confessed our feelings and were determined to be together as long as possible. We were in love and promised our hearts to one another. She was my angel and my goddess, to whom I was utterly devoted.

And who could have asked for more?

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Chapter 8- I Hate Playing Pretend

"Hey Alex, can you possibly go check in on Allie? Your mom and I are stuck grading. Bring her some non-hospital food if possible, okay?"

"Yeah, yeah."

Hopefully that was just the right amount of apathy to convince them that I would only grudgingly do as requested. I had recently been playing noticeably less video games due to the arrival of my aunt a week ago, and most of the interruption in my routine was indeed centered around accommodating her. Not that I minded, of course, but it was important that my parents not know that. After all, they could hardly find out exactly how Alexa's and my relationship had...blossomed.

I headed on out to the hospital and found Alexa in bed, reading a magazine. Her eyes lit up when she saw me and she hopped out of bed, rushed up and hugged me.

"I missed you all night," she whispered, nuzzling her face into my chest. "I love you so much..."

"I missed you too," I said, kissing the top of her head and caressing her hair. "But you probably shouldn't be jumping up and down like that, you were admitted to the hospital for a reason, you know."

"Oh, it's just a formality at this point," she replied, smiling up at me and booping my nose. "All the doctors agree there's nothing wrong me with me, I'm the very model of health."

"Okay, but either curb your enthusiasm in greeting me or show the same level of enthusiasm for greeting everyone else," I chided. "We've been damned lucky to not arouse suspicions so far."

"Don't start your man logic on me," she sighed, taking me by the hand and leading me back to her bed, which she climbed into. "I'm a woman in love, after all."

I held up a bag of fast food. "Thought you might be getting sick of hospital food, brought you some junk as a final meal before they kick you out. Any idea when that'll be?"

"Well, probably not until your dad and Karen come to get me," she replied as she dug into the paper bag and began annihilating the food I'd brought her. "Since she's listed as my relative, they might want her around."

"So later today," I concluded. "'sides, it'll give mom a chance to fuss over you, which I know she's been looking forward to."

"I suppose I can allow that," she mused. "As long as I get some tlc from you too, of course."

We were silent for a few moments while she caressed my hands, looking down at the blanket that covered her lower half. She finally sighed, smiling forlornly.

"Being in love with you is very inconvenient, you know." Alexa remarked. "All the questions and objections people would have, blah blah blah..."

"I've mulled it over a zillion times, trust me," I replied, knowing exactly what she meant. "That's why we're doing the whole date ruse thing."

She squeezed my hands and nodded. "I know. But I will admit, there might be a tiny spark of worry deep down in me."

I tilted my head. "Why?"

She drew in her breath. "I guess deep down I worry that you might find someone you really like," she confessed. "Someone you could love."

I chuckled. "Alexa, believe me, if we can't figure this out between us and I end up with someone else, it's only because I settled. I don't know if there's another person anywhere on this planet who could come close to making me love them the way I'm in love with you."

She didn't look at me but kept listening.

"I don't know what's going to happen, I really don't." I continued. "But nothing and no one will ever fulfill me the way you do. Maybe I just have to live with that, but don't you ever doubt my feelings for you. I stood no chance whatsoever against falling in love with you."

My aunt nodded. "I'm pretty sure that's how I felt the moment I met you," she confessed. "I knew instantly that I could fall in love with you and I had no defences against it. It would either happen or it wouldn't, no matter how I tried to rationalize or prevent it."

I raised her hands to my lips and kissed them. "Regardless of what happens, this whole accident thing has made me realize exactly how much more amazing my life is because

of you. In one week, you've made me feel like a new and better person. That'll never change now. Your impact on my life and my heart was immediate and... eternal."

She smiled warmly at me. "And I can tell you're being honest, and also that you've never said anything remotely like that to anyone before. I've told people I've been intimate with that I love them, but I've never been in love with someone the way I am with you."

She kissed my hands and then smiled at me slyly. "Go close the door and put the sign on it. Who knows, this might be our last chance to make love for a while..."

I nodded and went to close the door, putting the 'Do Not Disturb' sign on the outside. It occurred to me that the front desk knew I was here, but hopefully they wouldn't coordinate with the nurses on duty and become suspicious. I went and sat back down. Alexa smiled at me.

"Last nurse who visited me told me it'll be at least three hours before they come to check on me, and that was only an hour ago. That gives us a two hour window, right?"

I nodded. "Mom and dad are at work and up to their ears in papers still."

"Well," she mused, looking thoughtful. "If you haven't had a shower yet..."

Alexa stood, took my hand and led me to her bathroom, which did indeed have a shower stall. It was meant for one person, but with some creative engineering and maybe some moisturizer, it could accomodate two.

She smiled at me as she shed her hospital gown, leaving her gloriously naked. She then began undressing me, planting kisses all over my body almost reverently. She knelt in front of me, her face close to my swelling cock, caressing it and smiling.

"I missed you..." she whispered to my member. She then stood and went over to the shower stall, bending over to turn it on, her pussylips peeking out from beneath her pert behind. I smiled as I watched, totally rapt by her lovely

body. She turned her head and saw me staring. She smirked and wiggled her bum at me, a promise of things to come.

Once the water was a temperature that satisfied her, she took me by the hand and led me inside the stall. As predicted, it was rather tight, with the only extra space being a recessed area where a person could sit for a shower in case they couldn't readily stand. Alexa giggled as the water cascaded over us.

"A bit of a snug fit," she said in a lilting, musical tone, smiling up at me. "God knows your mom and dad wouldn't fit in here, no matter how much moisturizer they used."

"Don't blow the moment by making me think of my parents," I sighed, causing her to giggle again. She began kissing my neck and shoulders, slowly working her way down my chest. She wanted to go lower, but there wasn't enough room for her to bend over in the stall, so she used her flexibility to her advantage, turning her legs out to the sides as she squatted, kissing and nipping my skin on the way down.

She moved down slowly, her thighs and calves taking her weight easily. No wonder Alexa had such an amazing ass. She finally arrived in front of my cock, kissing it lovingly before sliding it inside her mouth and reaching her hands around to caress my behind. I shut my eyes and trembled as she bobbed back and forth, humming as she sucked on my throbbing shaft. Nothing felt as good as having Alexa's mouth or pussy wrapped around my cock.

My hands clasped her head, flexing in her wet hair. The water trickling down my body plus the liquid heat of her mouth had every one of my senses alive and tingling. She pulled me out of her mouth long enough to wrap a hand around my shaft, pumping gently while she snaked her tongue around my cockhead, teasing me with kisses and flicks.

Finally she stood up slowly, dragging her wet, slippery breasts along my front. My hard-on was raging between us and she kept a gentle hand on it, stroking me slowly. She smiled wickedly up into my eyes.

"So..." she began, teasing the head against her pussylips. "I don't expect you to somehow crouch down in here and return the oral favour, so I'll let you go straight to fucking me and cumming deep inside my hungry pussy. Do you want me from the front... or from behind?"

I smiled back. "How about a little of both?"

She raised her eyebrow and her expression was one of amused approval. "Ambitious. I like how you think, good sir. So then, I'll start facing away from you and then turn inward, so we can look into one another's eyes while you cum in me?"

I nodded. "Best idea I've ever heard, Alexa."

She slowly turned herself around, her body necessarily sliding against mine. She was now facing into the back wall of the shower, her breasts pressed against the tile, her hands supporting her. She turned her head to the side and winked at me while squirming her butt against my manhood. My whole body was aching with need as I pulled her cheeks

apart. I toyed the head of my cock against her pliant pussylips, making her moan and tremble.

Alexa and I both sighed in pleasure and a sense of relief as I slid deep inside her, up to the hilt. It felt so natural and right to be bonded like this, the most perfect thing in the world. She squeezed around me, her pussy holding me tight as if she never meant to let go.

"Mmmm, back where you belong," she purred, smiling at me. "I love you, Alex."

"I love you too, Alexa..." I said softly as I held onto her hips and began to slide back and forth inside her. She moaned and pressed her forehead to the wall while she squirmed her ass back against me. She was already sighing in pleasure.

"Oh, that's so good..." she moaned, squeezing me each time I pushed inside her. "You hit every spot I love, it's like you're made to fit inside me, Alex..."

I knew what she meant, being inside Alexa was unlike any other girl I'd known this way before. I didn't know if it was because of our powerful love and lust for one another, but it certainly did feel like our bodies were pieces of a puzzle that fit together perfectly and brought utter bliss in the fitting. Destiny or dopamine, I didn't care which, I loved her and wanted to make her feel wonderful.

She hissed as she writhed her ass back into me while I pushed forward, getting deep inside her pussy. My hands slid up her body and between the wall and her breasts, massaging and squeezing them, causing her to moan. The touch of her body was normally thrilling to me, but the slippery wetness of the shower made it more incredible than ever.

"Nnnn, Alex..." she panted, trembling beneath my touch. "Oh God, turn me around if you want me facing you, I won't last like this..."

I nodded and pulled out of her momentarily while we turned her around, her slippery body gliding over mine, making me shudder. She was finally facing into me, back

pressed to the wall and her incredible breasts squashed to my chest. Her arms went around my shoulders and she looked up at me with hungry, expectant eyes. I could feel her chest heaving as she waited to feel me back inside her.

I put one hand on her hip and used the other hand to guide my tool to her molten sex. She hissed and I sighed loudly as I pressed up and deep inside, pinning her to me. My public bone met hers and we kissed hungrily, tongues lashing around one another. She moaned into my mouth as I began to move back and forth inside her.

"Uhhhh, fuck," she murmured through our kiss. "You're gonna make me cum so hard, Alex..."

She snaked one of her legs around my behind, slightly changing the angle of penetration and we both shuddered in pleasure. She pumped her hips against mine as I fucked her, spearing deep into her core. She moaned into my mouth as our tongues tangled and wrestled eagerly. Her fingers gripped my shoulderblades, nails almost digging in.

We broke the kiss as we looked into one another's eyes, baring our souls for one another to see. I loved her for being so open to me, nothing held back. I could see in her eyes how she felt, the pleasure of our lovemaking, the excitement of fucking in her hospital shower and the unbridled love she felt for me, something I could never doubt having witnessed those eyes.

Our bodies were trembling as we thrust against one another, driving me deeper and deeper inside her, but our gazes stayed locked. Neither of us wanted to miss that moment of looking into one another's souls when we came together. Her sapphire blue eyes flashed with lust but also deep desire to see that honesty no one could hide at the moment of climax.

And I wanted her to see it.

Panting and squirming, we ground together fiercely, bodies slapping wetly as my cock slid in and out of her tightening tunnel. Her fingers were starting to dig into the meat of my shoulderblades, but I couldn't feel it at all. There was only

the unreal tingling wet heat building between us and the bottomless depths of her blue eyes, staring deep inside me.

Her mouth opened and she stifled a cry, exhaling hard, still looking up at me while she crushed her hips into me desperately. I returned her gaze as I pressed her against the wall with all my might, straining my hips as I pushed in as deep as I could and then began shuddering as her pussy clenched and fluttered around my cock, spilling my cum inside her. I growled as I squeezed her back with my hands.

My God, those eyes...

We both instinctively knew the moment and attacked one another's mouths in a frenzy, kissing like our lives depended on it. Seeing into her eyes, into her soul in that orgasm, it triggered an unreal lust in me and she clearly felt it too. My body jackhammered against her, slamming her ass back against the shower wall loudly. She screamed into my mouth as I continued to cum inside her, the demon strength her pussy gripped me with almost making me dizzy.

I felt berserk somehow.

I pulled on her hair, craning her neck while her hands grappled onto my back, nails raking across me. Her eyes were flashing, her mouth wide open and white teeth exposed. I slammed my hips against her still, battering her pussy, the head of my cock touching her womb. We were almost like animals, our sex taking on the qualities of frenzied mating. Gone was the lovemaking, this was primal and savage sexual response, something neither of us had expected but were powerless to stop.

And neither of us wanted to.

The madness of the orgasm ended and we collapsed against one another, panting heavily. My limbs were heavy as lead and I felt drained. My body twitched while she trembled and gasped, still pinned to the wall by my bulk. Neither of us could say anything, we were both beyond words. Besides, what was there to say that we didn't already know?

The water beat down on us while we stood still, tangled in one another's limbs, my cock still deep inside her slippery

depths. I don't know how much time passed while I just felt her heart beating against my chest, her pussy still caressing my cock, a needy lover unwilling to let go. Finally, Alexa stirred and pressed her lips to mine, kissing me so lovingly I thought my heart would burst.

"Perfect..." she whispered against my mouth. "No other word for it, Alex. I couldn't have dreamed for more..."

"I agree," I said back softly, my lips touching her while I caressed her exquisite body. "That was unlike anything I've ever experienced, Alexa, even with you."

"I know," my aunt sighed, shaking her head slightly. "I just... that orgasm, Alex, it brought out something so primordial in us both. I hope we can find that again some time, when we don't need to be so guarded."

I nodded and pulled back from the wall as much as I could, my cock popping out of her wetly. She supported herself with her hands on my shoulders and stretched on her toes, rotating her neck and doing what she could to squirm the kinks out of her body. True, she was still pressed against me,

her tits squashed to my chest, but at least I didn't have her pinned and immobilized.

"Mmmm, we'd better shower off before anyone arrives." Alexa mused, smiling at me. "ShallI lather you up first?"

I shook my head. "No, I'm just gonna rinse off and get out so you can shower up properly."

She looked confused. "You're turning down my invitation to lather you up using my body?"

"I don't want to refuse ," I replied, shrugging. "But I don't think it's a good idea for both of us to smell like your hospital's shower gel when my parents get here."

"Oh. Good point..." she conceded. "Well, I'll just have to make it up to you another time. Okay, you rinse off and then I'll do my thing once you're out."

I nodded and turned around, allowing the showerhead to cleanse me while doing my best to ignore Alexa giggling and fondling my body from behind. Her hand took my limp but swollen shaft and caressed it slowly, seeing if she could make me hard again. Half of me wanted to resist out of principal, but I also needed her to know what sort of effect she had on me and I was soon hard and throbbing again.

"Naughty boy," she cooed, lightly slapping the top of my shaft, making it bounce up and down comically. "Too bad you need to get out now, right?"

I shot her a look and she smiled innocently. I sighed and got out of the shower while she giggled at her torture of me. She couldn't stop me after I'd wrapped myself in a towel and left the bathroom, flushing the toilet on the way out.

There was an evil smirk on my face as I heard a shriek of discomfort from the shower stall. I didn't know that happened with the water in hospitals too...

***

After Alexa was done promising to kill me for the hot water prank, we made sure I was completely dry and sat around, listening to music on a radio station and reading magazines. Restraining ourselves from locking the door and making out was difficult, but necessary. My mother finally texted me and announced that she and dad were on their way over. I replied I'd been reading while Alexa had taken a nap before their arrival and her release.

My mother breezed into the room, followed by my father, who was his normal, giant and genial self. Mom hugged Alexa close, sniffing her and commenting on how glad she'd be to get her home so that the shower gel smelled not so antisceptic. I stood up and gave mom the chair while she interrogated her little sister, making sure she was ready to leave. Mom was more than willing to take the entire hospital faculty on in a no-holds-barred pitfight if Alexa felt she needed to stay longer. And with my dad as her tag-team partner, I didn't really fancy the hospital's chances.

My mother began going on about how they'd keep an eye on her for a few extra days, just to be sure, but I couldn't

help noticing that Alexa didn't seem to be paying attention. She was staring at something. She caught my eyes and nodded her head subtly, directing my gaze. I followed her eyes over where she was looking...

Towels on the floor. Three of them. One of which would not smell like hospital shower gel.

Normally one wouldn't think that was a big deal, but if my mother decided to fuss and clean up after her younger sister, there was no chance she wouldn't notice how one of them smelled differently and then she'd be asking questions. Why give her the opening, right?

I excused myself to go to the bathroom, making a show of noticing the towels strewn on the floor and kicking them into the bathroom ahead of me, using my foot to wipe up any water on the floor with them. This virtually guaranteed my mother would be loathe to touch them now. I tossed them in the hamper as I closed the door, waiting an acceptable length of time to go to the bathroom before flushing the toilet and coming back out into the room,

where my mother was still explaining her plans and Alexa listened intently.

I was also listening, but I made a point of looking around the room, inspecting other things, seeming like I wasn't paying attention. I allowed my mother to call for me twice before looking over, coming out of my 'fog' that I was apparently in.

"Ugh, just like you to not be paying attention," she sighed, rolling her eyes. "Listen, Oblio, while you were wandering around in the Pointless Forest, I was telling Calamity Jane here that we'll be keeping an eye on her for a few days and she's not allowed to exert herself- no heavy lifting, strenuous exercise or extreme excitement."

I shrugged and nodded. "I promise not to take her weight lifting and if I see her trying to run a marathon I'll trip her. Anything else?"

"Smart-arse," my mother muttered. "Your father's more useful than you."

"Oh, he can't be as useless as all that, can he?" Alexa inquired, smirking.

"Please," my mother groused. "When he was eight, he named his rabbit Biscuit Hammer. Who does that?"

"So he's a little bit random," my aunt reasoned. "And I hardly need a chaperone while I recover."

"Just as well that you're starting to work for the Linguistics department, then," my mom concluded. "I can keep an eye on you myself and when I'm busy, my peers in Linguistics can do it for me, tell me if you look tired or pale."

Alexa sighed and laid back on her bed, looking at the ceiling. "Yes, my lady..."

***

Dad and I strode alongside either side of my mother like imposing bodyguards while she pushed Alexa's wheelchair down the hall. My aunt had protested, saying she was perfectly fine to walk, but a single hard look from mom cowed her and she sat obediently in the chair, rapping her fingers on the padded arm as we steered through the hospital.

Dad drove mom and Alexa home while I followed. Once we were back in the house, mom was insisting that Alexa lie down on the couch and take it easy. Alexa insisted that all she wanted to do was eat real food and she'd be willing to pay if we could all go out to eat. Mom finally yielded to pressure and agreed we'd go for Mongolian if Alexa would take a short nap first. Alexa in turn turned on her side and took her nap on the couch. My mom sighed and put her hands on her hips, clearly disasatified with this outcome.

"How are we supposed to sit around and discuss you if you're right here?" she groused.

We sat around the kitchen island, discussing the watches, such as who would check on Alexa at what hour. While the

hospital had said that they saw no signs of concussion, she was clearly taking no chances and I was secretly relieved about that, even if I tried to sound dismissive of the notion.

I was also obviously the designated driver for the evening since mom was on her second glass of wine and dad was having a third beer. True, dad could drink a keg and not feel it, but the law's the law. Hence, my niggardly half-bottle of root beer.

"I worry about her and the stairs at night," mom said quietly, her voice betraying an earnestness borne of genuine concern. "If she gets up in the middle of the night, tries to go downstairs and has a dizzy spell or something..."

"You proposing to let her stay on the couch?" dad asked. "If she needs to sleep and we're bustling around in the morning, it's hardly fair to her."

"Good point," mom said, nodding. "No worries, then, we'll just put her in Alex's room in the basement. It has a bathroom and a fridge, everything she needs. Gollum can sleep in her room."

"Correct me if I am wrong," I interjected, trying to sound exasperated. "But didn't you just kick me out of that room a week ago and put me in the basement, only to kick me back up to it again?"

Mom favoured me with a look. "There's no pleasing you, is there? You whine about losing the damn thing and then you don't want it back. We raised a son, not a teenage girl, or at least I thought. What's wrong, Gidget?"

Dad snickered but then cleared his throat and listened quietly.

"So we put her in the basement," I said. "Now we-"

My phone buzzed in my pocket. I paused in speaking for a moment and fished the device out, seeing who had messaged me.

It was a video message, one showing someone's very wet pussy being massaged on what looked suspiciously like our couch in the other room.

"Something going on?" mom asked, her eyebrow raised.

"No," I sighed, saving the video and putting my phone back in my pocket. "Just someone I know being a moron."

"Imagine that," mom muttered. "Anyway, you were saying?"

"What I was going to say was that now we put her in the basement and you've got one of us going to check on her every four hours," I continued. "Meaning one of us is now hauling ourselves from the top floor down to the basement at all hours. Doesn't exactly sound fun."

There was dead silence in the room while my mother merely stared at me. My father, meanwhile, who had been sitting between us, visibly winced and then nudged his seat closer to my mother and away from me.

"Where are you going?" I asked, scowling.

"Juuuust moving away from the impending lightning bolt..." he said, crossing himself. "That was just about the dumbest thing I've ever heard you say, junior, and frankly, you're on your own for this one."

I thought about what he was saying and then looked at mom. She just kept staring at me and I realized I'd screwed up, big time.

"So..." she said quietly. "How long of a headstart do you require?"

I didn't say anything, but then my phone began buzzing again. Several messages came in, one after the other. Unable to stare my mother down, I nervously checked the messages.

"Oh, you really fucked up!"

"Nice knowing you! I'll miss that beautiful cock of yours."

"Try not to call out my name as you die, I don't want to be implicated."

Then a random tit picture.

"Do you need me to message your friend back and tell them when the funeral is?" mom asked, her voice very even.

"No, pretty sure I wouldn't want them there," I replied, knowing that Alexa could hear me. "I'll just come back and haunt them. I'm sorry, mom, I wasn't thinking. Probably just stress after all this."

"Well, it's true, you weren't thinking, but yes, this has been stressful for all of us, except possibly the Friendly Giant here," she replied, cocking her head at dad. "Anyway, we'll overlook your little derp there and proceed with the plan. After Allie wakes up, we'll go for dinner."

Another video, this time Alexa sucking on her own nipple, with the words "Mmmm, yum yum yum" across the bottom of the screen. Thank God I have my media volume on silent.

"Well, I'm going to go and change out of these stale work clothes and put on something fresh for dinner," mom announced. "Mike, I might need some servicing prior to this. Care to join me?"

"My day's looking up suddenly," dad said, hopping up spritely and grinning. "What are you gonna do, son?"

I shrugged. "Go downstairs and game until Alexa wakes up, I guess."

Mom headed upstairs, followed closely by dad. I heard her squeak and giggle at the top of the stairs, telling him to wait until they were in the bedroom. I sighed and shook my head, turning and walking into the living room. Alexa was lying on the couch still, covered by a thin blanket. She saw me and smiled, pulling the blanket aside and revealing that she was completely naked. She smiled and squirmed

slightly, caressing her breasts and dropping one of her legs to the floor, opening up to show me her glistening pussy.

"So how much time do you think we have?" she asked quietly.

I shrugged. "They'd probably stay upstairs until you woke up, to make sure hey didn't disturb you, but if they're doing what I think they're doing, we've got a full hour at least."

She stood up slowly, reaching for my hand, still naked. "Then you need to take me downstairs and lick me until I cum, since you owe me from earlier in the shower."

We walked hand in hand to the stairs down to my room, Alexa seemingly unafraid of being caught in the altogether. I walked behind her as she descended the steps, watching her wiggle as she turned her head to smile up at me. When we reached the bottom, she headed straight for the bed and splayed herself out on it, writhing slowly and caressing herself.

"I know I have my own room," she purred as she looked at me with bedroom eyes. "But I love being in your bed, my love. I can smell your scent on the covers and I know you've been naked with these sheets and mmmmmm..."

I walked toward her and pulled off my shirt before crawling onto the bed. She smiled at me playfully, squeezing her breasts.

"You might want to strip to be comfortable," she whispered. "But if you plan to cum, don't wipe youself out, I was hoping to do something special tonight that we talked about earlier this week."

I considered and stripped off my pants and boxers, my cock already swelling at the sight of her. Alexa licked her lips as she watched my member hanging between my legs while I knelt over her.

"Well, maybe I won't cum yet," I mused, caressing her leg. "But I'm gonna make sure you can barely walk straight by the time we're supposed to go to dinner."

"Mmmm, bring it, big boy," she said in a husky voice, her eyes smouldering with desire. "Lick me like ice cream and make me melt..."

I positioned myself between her legs, which she spread wantonly, exposing herself without shame. One of her fingers slid up and down her slippery slit before she used it and another one to part her lips, showing me her inner pink. She was already wet and sticky, gleaming tendrils of her arousal pulling away with her fingers.

I began planting kisses around her inner thighs while I held them and she sighed, caressing her breasts while watching me. I brushed my lips across her nether regions, causing her to shiver and squirm. But her giggling made me pause.

"Something funny?" I asked, looking up from between her legs.

"Your poor back," she cooed, reaching down and stroking at my shoulders and traps. "You've got red marks and

scratches all over your shoulderblades and even little marks where I dug my fingernails in when I was cumming. I'm sorry, you'll have to cover up for a while still."

"No worries," I said, waving it off. "You've got some lovely reddish welts on your back from where I gripped you a little too tight, to go along with my bite mark on your boob."

"That's not just a bite mark, it's a badge of honour. Looks like neither of us will be spending any time in a state of undress around Karen and Mike," she sighed, smiling down at me and caressing her fingers through my hair. "Not that I had any intention of being naked around either of then, mind, but we can't even use the jacuzzi with them now. We'll probably need to be a little more careful, even if we don't want to be."

I nodded and went back to her pussy, which begged for my attention. I began gently, holding her thighs as I slowly kissed and nibbled my way around her shining, swollen lips. Alexa cooed and trembled beneath me, her fingers in my hair, eyes closed while she let me pleasure her.

Soon I used my thumbs to carefully pull her lips apart, opening her to me. She shuddered as I kissed her clit and then slid my tongue down to her inner lips and pink walls. Massaging up and down her pussy with my tongue, I held her captive, a slave to my carnal whims. Alexa whimpered and clutched my hair, squirming her hips against my mouth.

"Fuck, you're so evil..." she gasped, squeezing her eyes shut and trying to remain quiet. "Oh my God, you're going to make me cum so hard, Alex..."

She must have been horny, because I'd barely touched her as yet, at least not as much as I'd planned to. There was a yearning and urgency to the way her body was responding to my tongue, not a casual acceptance of pleasure, like we often had, but a need she could not articulate with mere words, only her body's actions could express it.

My tongue snaked inside her and she hissed, pressing up with her hips. I could feel her pussy squeezing and throbbing around me. One of my hands kept massaging her lips and clit while the other trailed down, over her taint and

then pressing against her puckered knot. She drew in a deep breath and went rigid as my finger penetrated her slowly, up to the second knuckle and then the third at the base.

"Fuck..." she rasped, her body squirming and writhing in several directions at once, seemingly. "Are you trying to make me scream?"

I didn't say anything, I just worked her pussy with my tongue while my finger wiggled and caressed her back passage, crooking up occasionally so I could feel it press through the membrane and against my tongue in her womanhood.

Alexa squirmed and ground, her hands leaving my head to molest her breasts, squeezing them hard or pulling at the nipples, causing her to squeak and whimper. She seemed to desperately need this, now that she was back in the comfort of our home. I was relentless in tongue-fucking her, reaching further inside her with each moment. Her body was shaking and covered in a sheen of perspiration now and I knew it wouldn't be long.

"Oh fuck," she grunted, starting to roll from side to side as she approached orgasm. "Gonna be so good, oh God, fuck yesssssss..."

I pushed my finger deep inside her ass and she bucked and went rigid while I pressed a thumb on her clit. She pressed her hips off the bed and strained for a moment, fighting to hold on.

But then the dam burst and she pulled a pillow tight over her face, screaming into it as the orgasm crashed over her like a tsunami. In spite of the pillow, I felt a tinge of worry that my parents might hear her, but then I remembered they were probably busy too and dismissed it. I lashed her pussy mercilessly with my tongue and wiggled my finger in her ass while she writhed and ground like a woman possessed. She screamed and moaned into the pillow, yelling incoherent things until she collapsed back into the bed, her body shaking.

I finally slid my tongue out of her and my finger, instead just planting gentle, loving kisses around her saturated pussy. I knew my face was glistening with her cum and I

was looking forward to feeling her kiss and lick it off me, which she seemed to enjoy doing.

Alexa was still just shaking like a leaf when she finally removed the pillow from her face. She stared blankly at the ceiling, lost to this particular plane of existence as yet. My kisses tapered off and I let her just float for a while, to find her way back to me. After a few minutes, she slowly blinked and looked down at me, smiling serenely.

"Hey," she said softly. "How are you?"

"Just fine," I replied, giving her gooey pussy a gentle kiss for emphasis. "And you?"

"Oh, just floating around Nirvana some place," Alexa murmured, one of her hands gently caressing a breast. "Maybe being in love with you is a mistake, because the orgasms you give me are going to fucking kill me."

"Helluva way to go, though," I mentioned, massaging her lips and grinning. "I know I like the idea."

She giggled tiredly. "Well, I can't complain, can I? How often can people be this in love?"

I crawled up her body, nestling down gently on top of her. She smiled into my eyes and we kissed lovingly. Her legs parted, allowing me to rest my cock against her pussy. It felt like heaven, even if my erection was throbbing. She giggled again, wiggling her hips a tiny bit to feel him.

"Poor fellow," she cooed. "He missed out on the fun. Can you... can you possibly put him in me without fucking me and cumming?"

I thought about that. "So, like, park him inside you and then just leave him there while we relax and love one another?"

She nodded.

"Well, as long as we're not groping or making out or you don't troll me with those inner muscle flexes of yours, then yeah." I concluded. She smiled and allowed me to slide my

cock deep inside her for safe keeping, both of us enjoying the quiet intimacy of our position. It felt good, really good, but I also found I could just relax and let him be. I wanted this with Alexa.

We caressed one another's faces gently, saying nothing but looking into one another's eyes. We didn't need to say anything, because we were open books to one another. Normally I'm sort of closed off, but not with Alexa, I wanted her to know me, all of me. I needed her to, I no longer felt complete if I thought there was something I hadn't shared with her. I knew deep down that nothing I said, thought or had ever done would make her judge me or think less of me, to cause her to pull away.

At least, not until we found a solution to our underlying dilemma, something we'd tacitly been avoiding today.

Alexa seemed to pick up on my thoughts and sighed, her breasts rising and falling under me quite delightfully. "So, any idea about who you're going to date?"

I shook my head. "Not really, I'm sure it'll be easy enough to find someone though."

She giggled. "That almost sounded like a boast. I guess I'll be dating Jeanie, since she's interested and it'll help throw Mike and Karen off the trail about us if I'm dating a girl."

She saw my expression and cupped my cheek, caressing it gently, her eyes tender with love. "I know it's not ideal, Alex, but we agreed it's our only chance to be together, for as long as possible. The day will come where we can't hide anymore and will in all likelihood be forced to part. If that's the case, I'll grieve then. But until then, I want to spend every possible moment I can with the man I am so in love with."

We kissed again, loving one another, souls slowly winding around one another in a slow dance of eternal passion. The kiss ended and we both sighed, Alexa pressing her lips to my shoulder.

"I can't believe you kept sending me those videos, you little troll," I said finally, trying to scowl down at her. She got a big grin on her face and then giggled, clearly not affected

by my (feigned) irritation. "Mom wanted to know who it was."

"I know," she quipped, winking at me, even as I settled my weight further down onto her as a sign of my disapproval. She tried not to wheeze. "But I could hear you all and decided to have some fun. After all, I was the one being left out."

"Well, you heard what you missed," I sighed. "You'll be down here for the next few nights."

"Meaning you will be too." Alexa added.

"Where you're in no danger of falling down the stairs from your bedroom," I continued dryly. "Every so often, one of us will come down and check on you, make sure you are okay."

"Poo," she said, pouting. "If your parents come to check, it means I can't sleep naked."

"Well, not on top of the covers, anyway. Stay under a simple coverlet. I'll see if I can get her to calm her shit and stick to one check-in a night. The nights we know it's me, stay as naked as you want."

She giggled. "Calm her shit. Yes, my sister really needs to hakuna her ta-ta's in some ways, doesn't she? I can't believe she called you Oblio, I nearly lost it and began laughing when she did."

"Yeah, that was an obscure reference even for this household," I muttered. Fuck Harry Nilsson. "Still, keeping things and people on task is how she copes. My dad and I balance out her control freak tendencies, because he can't be controlled like that and I'm too big a smart-ass to let her get away with it all the time. Pretty sure without her, dad and I would have turned this house into a commune by now."

Alexa rolled her eyes and shook her head. "I can see it, that's the problem. How's Slugger doing down there?"

I wiggled my hips for a moment and then shivered when Alexa smiled wickedly and squeezed her pussy around my still-hard cock.

"Nff, fine," I grunted, pressing down a little into her. "I think I'll pull him out now, I'm not feeling too in control, y'know?"

She nodded and allowed me to withdraw from her tight, slippery confines, but not without taking hold of my cock and pulling me up to her mouth, where she kissed and sucked on my shaft for several seconds while looking up at me. This woman drove me nuts. But before I got too carried away, she released me and sighed happily, drawing her knees up to her chest. This did nothing to preserve her modesty, of course, since she was naked and her wet pussy was still clearly visible.

I settled down onto the bed beside her and she caressed my chest contentedly. "Being in that accident just reminded me of how precious my time with the people I love is," she said quietly. "My family. You, Karen, even Mike."

I looked amused. "Even my dad? You're surprised you like him?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that," she corrected, smiling. "Your dad's just so much, well, bigger than anything else in my life, not just his body, but his personality, his sense of humour, his ambitions... he's almost fictional, you know?"

"Well, just don't get any ideas about trying to bed him," I teased, reaching over and caressing her breast. "I might get jealous."

"Noooooooooooo," Alexa said readily, shaking her head. "Nope nope nope. Karen can have him. I've no doubt he's a demon in the sack and he's sexy as hell, but no, thank you. I'm prefectly happy having him as my brother-in-law and that's it, Charlie. I can't see him any other way. I wasn't enchanted by him when I saw him, I was duly impressed. You, on the other hand..."

It was too succinct a response to not be true. She liked my dad a lot, she might even love him as a family member, but she'd never be in love with him or feel more than an

ephemeral attraction to him. Under other circumstances, who knows? But that wasn't my concern and it was clear I had nothing to worry about.

It actually made me feel a lot better, because if she wasn't attracted to my dad, of all people, then no one else aside from me was ever going to get her attention. No other guy, anyway.

"So are you gonna tell me what this 'special' thing is you have planned for tonight?" I asked, brushing my fingers over her nipple. It hardened under my touch, i loved how easily her body became aroused. Alexa bit her lip and gave me a naughty smile.

"Nope," she said simply. "You'll just have to wait like a good boy and find out."

"What if I don't feel like being good?" I countered, sitting up and now giving her breast a squeeze. Alexa sighed and closed her eyes.

"You can't break me," she murmured as I massaged her silken, squishy skin. "I won't tell, no matter what you do to me."

"Is that a dare?" I asked, now grinning as I could see her wrestling with her growing arousal.

Before I was ready for it, Alexa had turned and pushed me onto my back, fast as a viper. Her eyes flashed as she pressed down on my shoulders, pinning me. I felt her pussy sink down onto my cock and I groaned in sudden ecstasy.

"You're going to be a good boy," she breathed as she slid up and down my shaft. "Or I'll make you cum so hard right now that you're too pooped to pop later and you'll miss out on the surprise. Is that what you want, Alex?"

"I don't know," I rasped, reaching up and cupping her breasts, massaging and squeezing them. Alexa moaned and her head fell backward. "Do I?"

"Oh God," she panted, riding my cock, her body still damp from her earlier sexual exertions. "You really want to, Alex. Oh, fuck, I want to feel your cum in me..."

I rolled her over, pinning her on her back and Alexa gasped, her eyes going wide as I exerted my physical strength over her. She gasped and panted while I thumped my hips against hers, driving my cock deep inside her pussy with an increasing need. She gripped by ass cheeks and pulled me deeper inside, fingers digging into my skin.

"Oh God..." Alexa whimpered.

I clenched my teeth and slowed my pumping, finally pulling myself out of her. We both shook and moaned as we fought to control ourselves. She clutched the sheets of my bed and sighed almost in frustration. I laid down on my front, face buried in the pillows as I took deep breaths and tried to think of something, anything, to calm myself and stop wanting to immediately cum.

"Roseanne Barr... wearing nothing but a thong... riding away on a unicycle..."

Done.

I slowly turned over on my back stared at the ceiling, sighing heavily. Alexa too was lying down, her eyes looking mystified.

"What sort of alien steel are you made of that you could do that?" she asked. "Holy shit, Alex. You must be looking forward to that surprise tonight."

She looked down her body, still amazed. "My poor little girl. She's so hungry now and..."

She turned on her side and looked at me, caressing my face. "Thank you. I don't know how you did it, but maybe that was the right thing to do, even if neither of us liked it. I'll make sure tonight is extra-special for us now."

Alexa stood up and smiled at me, cupping her breasts. "I'm going to rinse off in your shower so I don't smell like horny and sex. I'll be quick. God, I love you..."

She turned to walk toward my shower before pausing and turning around. She walked back to me quickly and collapsed on top of me, her lips locking onto mine and kissing me hungrily, her pussy grinding on my cock. I kissed her back readily, amazed that I hadn't exploded yet. She stood up suddenly and wiggled off quickly to the bathroom, before she completely lost control of herself.

I put my hands over my face and groaned when the door to the bathroom had closed. This girl was going to kill me. My cock, which I had worked so hard to calm, was throbbing and rigid again. My heart was thundering in my chest.

I hadn't been quite as sweaty as Alexa, since I hadn't cum the way she had, but I still needed to cleanse myself. I got off the bed and found a package of body-safe wipes. I rubbed several all over my body, but mostly my poor, abused cock. Alexa had been so aroused that my midsection was sticky with her essence, which almost had the consistency of tree resin at this point.

Alexa came out of the shower seconds later, drying herself with my towel. Her hair was up and she grinned at me.

"Much better," she said, massaging her butt cheeks. "Didn't do my hair, since I didn't want them to know I took a shower or why, but the cold water quenched my fires for now."

"Best not to have to answer questions," I agreed. "And as much as I'm enjoying watching you naked, I thinking you should probably head upstairs to the couch and get dressed."

She sighed and nodded. "I know. However, dinner will be fun and tonight will be quite wonderful, I promise."

She dropped the towel and walked up to me, leaning in and giving me a chaste peck on the cheek, her nipples barely brushing my chest.

"I love you," she whispered. "I'll see you upstairs..."

I watched her head upstairs, missing her already. I decided to put my clothes back on and began playing a game, wondering when my parents would finally be ready to come down.

***

"Is your aunt up yet?" read the text message.

"How would I know?" I replied, frowning. "I'm in the basement, you're as close as I am."

"Fine, let's try this again. Go upstairs, check on Allie, report back. Am I achieving clarity?"

I think what worried me is that I could readily identify the tone of my mother's voice, even though this had only been text. I shrugged and went upstairs, finding Alexa lying on the couch and texting on her phone. She saw me and smiled warmly.

"Time to get up?" she asked.

"I think mom's hungry," I replied. "She told me to come and check on you."

She giggled. "I guess getting fucked in half by your dad kick-starts her appetite."

"The less I think about that, the better," I muttered. "Go ahead and get ready, I'll go get them."

I went up the stairs and knocked on the door to their room. Dad opened it after a moment, wearing jeans and no shirt. He seemed to have hastily put them on. Mom was sitting on the edge of the bed, wrapped in a white blanket and presumeably naked beneath it. She looked away from the door politely.

"I take it Allie's awake?" dad asked, grinning. I nodded.

"About time," mom sighed. "Contrary to popular belief, I do get hungry on occasion."

"I told her to get up, so come down whenever you're ready." I said, taking the doorknob and closing the door. I headed downstairs and told Alexa they'd be ready in a bit, since they seemed to have just finished up.

"Cool," she said, standing and walking up to me, thankfully dressed. She put her arms around me and smiled, brushing her lips against mine as she looked up into my eyes. "You know I'm going to do everything I can to make you absolutely crazy during dinner and not get caught, right?"

"I had a feeling you might," I replied quietly, wanting to just kiss her and pin her to the couch. "I'm looking forward to seeing you try."

We shared a loving kiss before we heard my parents coming down the stairs and stood apart, waiting patiently.

***

Dinner was fun. I always enjoyed hot pot, but the four of us had developed a dynamic that worked well around a dinner table. True, the structure of the huge heater beneath the table meant Alexa couldn't play footsie with me readily the way she had perhaps planned, but we nonetheless had an excellent time. Not surprisingly, the table was loaded with food and even mom was hungry. Perhaps Alexa was right, maybe getting fucked in half by dad really did stimulate her appetite.

"Have you met anyone at the university yet that you liked, Allie?" mom asked, popping some freshly fried beef into her mouth. "And I don't mean friends, I mean some guy you might want to date."

"Well, I..." Alexa began somewhat uncertainly. "I've only been to the campus a few times, Karen, I haven't really been concentrating on developing a social life, not to mention it's summer. The waters might be a little thin."

"Well, don't give up hope," mom said casually. "Y'never know when someone you don't expect will just show up, right?"

Alexa shrugged. "True enough, and I'm patient."

"I'm glad you made friends with Jeanie," mom added, putting some lamb strips into the boiler. "Think you'll find her amusing enough to hang out with? You two have a playdate coming up, don't you?"

I didn't make a sound, but there was clearly a smirk on my face and mom saw it. She looked at my stonily.

"Something to add, Wamba?" she asked, seemingly unaumsed.

"Er, no," I replied, going back to my food. "That just might be indicative about why Alexa's gonna have a hard time meeting boys..."

Alexa blushed and looked at her food. Mother's eyes went wide. Dad supressed a chuckle.

"Outed..." he said under his breath.

"I had no clue you liked girls, Ali," mom said in a kind of wonderment. "Not that it matters, of course, I guess it just took me off guard."

Alexa turned her head to look at me pointedly. "It wasn't supposed to be a big deal."

Her words expressed disapproval, but I felt her foot sneak over and caress my shin. She'd taken her shoe off. Clearly she wasn't too overwrought.

"It's not," mom said, shrugging. "It doesn't matter if you're hetero, gay, bi or demi, not to us, anyway."

"Well, I guess I'm bi," Alexa continued, pulling lamb out of the pot. "Sort of on a girl kick at the moment, maybe, but it's hardly the sort of thing that you plan, right?"

"Well, good to know there might be nieces or nephews in my future," mom mused. "Goodness only knows when we'll get grandkids out of Chuckles over here."

She looked at me for a moment. "Unless you're gay."

I rolled my eyes while dad tried not to burst out laughing and Alexa snickered. "I'm not gay, mom."

"Well, it wouldn't matter if you were," she answered in a non-chalant voice. "It would just explain a few things is all."

I sighed and concentrated on eating while Alexa reached across the table and fist-bumped mom. Even though I was driving, dad took some pity on me and allowed me to have a beer, ordering a Khan Brau for me. The mood lightened up again and we talked cheerfully about funny things that

had happened to Alexa in Europe and what our course loads should be like this coming years.

"So when do you think they'll allow us to start doing the deparment work?" she asked. "More to the point, when do you suppose they'll allow me to start working?"

Mom and dad thought about that and looked at one another for a moment, seeming to communicate telepathically. Dad shrugged. "No reason you can't start along with Alex, as long as you agree to do nothing pants-on-head retarded and do any heavy lifting or strenuous exercise for the next few days."

"I'm pretty sure I can do the department's lug work while Alexa sorts and re-files," I mentioned. "I'll keep an eye on her."

"Good, then start when you're ready," mom concluded, smiling as she put some Chinese cabbage in the boiler. "Y'know, Allie, concerning Alex's seeming inability to find a date with anything containing an X chromosome, maybe it wouldn't be so bad for you to be seen in his presence. Might

generate some interest in him when other girls see a pretty young thing on his arm."

Alexa and I paused and looked at one another and then back at mom.

"It was just a thought," mom said, shrugging. "Nobody knows you're related except a few staff members and you don't share a surname. Just think about it when you're not doing anything better."

"Thanks, mom." I said dryly, taking a pull from my beer bottle. "My aunt is the secret to my getting a date, is that it?"

"Oh, don't be so uppity," mom replied dismissively. "It beats dating your 360 controller, doesn't it? Allie's ridiculously pretty, she's exactly the right age to be seen on your arm and other women will wonder what you have going on to keep her interest. Everyone wins."

"Now, Karen, there's no such thing as 'everyone wins'," dad chided, holding up his chopsticks. "Well, except in the Special Olympics... and even then you have to tell them..."

"Oh, you're awful!" mom said, swatting dad while Alexa went wide-eyed and began giggling at what dad had said. As progressive as he might have been in his world views, he wasn't above politically incorrect humour by any stretch of the imagination. I just ignored the statement and continued eating.

"Besides," mom pointed out. "You're going to be seen in one another's company on-campus anyway while you're working, so rumors are inevitable. Just trying to help you out, Sparky."

"Great," I muttered. "My mom's advice to getting women attracted to me is to date my aunt. Nothing weird about that."

"It's a tad unconventional," Alexa mused. "But I guess I don't mind pretending to date my nephew, as long as he doesn't get underfoot while I'm hitting on some cute girl."

I hung my head in despair as mom and dad roared with laughter.

***

I drove us all home, since I was the DD. We went into the house, mom giggling as dad picked her up and carried her through the door and into the loving room. He placed her on the chesterfield and sat down, putting her feet on top of his lap. He removed her shoes and began massaging her feet.

"Mmmm, heaven," mom sighed as dad worked her toes. "Allie, honey, you need to find a girl who'll do this for you."

Alexa shrugged as she sat down in one of the big chairs. "I don't doubt that, but the only girl I know thus far is Jeanie."

"Oh, she's hopless," mom snorted. "She's got big, cute eyes, but they don't leave a lot of room for anything else in her

head, trust me. What were you thinking when you asked her out?"

"Actually, she asked me out," Alexa admitted, blushing a little while I sat in a big chair nearby. "I kind of said yes because I wanted to know someone and she is sort of cute. She came to see me in the hospital and your son got an eyefull when she said goodbye to me."

Mom began giggling uncontrollably, to the place where dad almost had to stop rubbing her feet. "Oh, honey," she teased, looking over at me with tears of mirth in her eyes. "Did your auntie traumatize you?"

"Har-har, mother," I sighed, rolling my eyes. "Jeanie just gave your sister a rather involved kiss before she left, it's not like I've never seen two girls lez out before."

Alexa flushed scarlet at my language and dad chuckled. My mom seemed to not know what to say for a moment, a dear blessing from my point of view since she'd been scoring off me all evening. I stood and went over to the entertainment center, putting on a CD of Lionel Hampton, one of mom's

favourite jazz artists. She relaxed again and hummed contentedly.

"Alex, move Allie over to the other chesterfield and massage her feet," she said languidly. "She could use the tlc and you could use the practice for when you get a girl, you'll need to know how to spoil her."

My aunt and I shared a look and I shrugged. I stood and took her by the hand, leading her over to the other chesterfield. I gently laid her down and then lifted her feet, sitting beneath them. I removed her shoes and knee-length socks, trying to not look up her skirt. It was a ruffled, flowing thing that terminated maybe mid-thigh. I looked over at mom and dad while I began rubbing her toes. Alexa sighed and settled into the couch.

"This is nice," mom murmured, tracing a fingernail along the carpet at the foot of the chesterfield. "It's been a very busy week for everyone in this family and hopefully we're settling into a pleasant and relaxed rhythm for the rest of the summer, no more surprises."

"Amen to that." Alexa agreed. "Hey, Alex isn't too bad at this."

"Better not be," dad said, still working the balls of mom's feet. "I taught him every single technique I used in seducing your sister."

"Well, let's hope he's not that good..." Alexa said, causing mom to giggle again.

I felt her clasp my fingers with her toes, almost caressing me, a secret signal between us.

We sat in silence for some time, the men reverently servicing the women they worshipped and loved. Alexa's arm that was pressed into the back of the couch her hand subtly touching my forearm and caressing it. Neither dad or mom could see that from their angle, so it was alright.

"Well, at least Alex will get glowing references from me about his foot massages if girls ask," Alexa murmured. "But I'm not ready for sleep yet and he's sending me there."

"Well, I'd say let's open some wine, but Allie can't have any for the next few days," mom mused. "Oh, I know. Honey, go and get one of the hookahs, she can do that."

"I thought we had a kid so he could run and fetch things," dad answered, pretending to look confused. "Was I wrong?"

"No, not at all, but he's busy turning Allie into a puddle and that's more important, so be a dear and get one of the new ones, will you?"

He nodded and got out from beneath her, heading off to get the hookah and supplies. Mom got up slowly and sighed, rotating her neck.

"Mmm, what that man does to me," she breathed. "He's in for a great night."

I screwed up my face, retreating inside my head and trying to not hear what my mom was talking about. I'm glad and

grateful she was relaxing, but this was a little much and not quite what I had in mind.

"Are you sure it's okay for me to take Alex's room for the next few days?" Alexa asked. I don't want to be a bother."

"Darling, you'd be a bother if you had a dizzy spell in the middle of the night and went crashing down the stairs," mom chided. "Gollum will be fine, he'll just be suffering separation anxienty from his gaming consoles."

I just rolled my eyes.

"I'll make sure that he stocks the fridge downstairs with things you might need, juices and snacks and so on," mom added. "Is there anything Alex can get from your room for you?"

"Er, no." Alexa replied.

"Oh, Allie, don't be vain," mom insisted. "I don't want you going back and forth up the stairs, a switch in head elevation too rapidly and you-"

"It's not that Karen," Alexa interrupted. "It's just that, well... anything I might need from my room, I really don't think Alex will want to be getting for me."

Mom thought about what her sister was saying for a moment and then began giggling, to the place where tears were running down her face.

"It sounds like you both really need to find some dates..." she wheezed.

Alexa and I looked at one another, clearly not impressed.

Dad returned, with the hookah, coals an shisha. "Who's up for a little Seventh Heaven?"

***

Alexa and I now sat on the couch my father and mother had recently vacated, the two of them headed to bed, with mom informing me that I'd be on duty for checking on her sister at 3 am. We'd gone through one bowl of shisha when mom got light-headed and giggly, telling dad she needed to take him to be so he could have his way with her. She kissed us both goodnight and they headed out of the room, with their arms around one another.

Alexa was curled into my side, watching as a blew a large cloud of billowing white smoke into the air. It smelled like papaya, mango and mint, one of my favourites. I offered her the stem and she took it, inhaling deeply. She then leaned up into me, pressing her lips to mine and gently blowing the smoke into my mouth, following it up with a loving, wet kiss. She put her arms around me, hugging me close, her cheek on my shoulder.

"I'm so in love with you," she whispered. "And you know what sucks about that?"

"What?" I asked.

"We'll never be able to share another Dutch Kiss," she said quietly. "Because I'll always have a reason and need to kiss you."

She climbed into my lap, straddling me with her arms around my neck. I could feel her thong panties nestle down against me and pressing her chest against mine. She stared deeply into my eyes in the low light of the room. Slow jazz music caressed the air. With a single, fluid motion, she used one hand to pull her shirt over her head and toss it aside, leaving her magnificent breasts exposed. It was a risk, of sorts, but neither of us cared at that moment.

We kissed deeply and passionately. She reached down and picked up the stem, taking another deep inhale before pressing her lips to mine and blowing the smoke into my mouth. I smiled and exhaled gently, billowing the smoke around her heaving breasts. She stored the stem between her breasts and pressed to me, holding it in place while we kissed. Alexa smirked as she simply bent her head down to put her lips around the mouthpiece and take another pull.

"This is exactly how we should be partaking in hookah," she whispered, the smoke escaping in mystic tendrils as she spoke. "Together, like this, looking into one another's eyes."

I nodded, my hands resting on her lower back. I didn't need to respond verbally, we both knew the truth of her words. We kissed again, lost in one another. She pulled her head back just far enough to stare deeply into my eyes while caressing her fingers through my hair.

"I'm about to ask you an irrelevant question, Alex, but I just really want to hear your answer..." she said quietly. "Would you marry me if you could?"

I nodded. "Without even thinking about it, Alexa. There's no choice in the matter. Yes, I would ask you to marry me in a heartbeat."

She smiled and wiped at her eye, clearly pleased with my answer. "Let's finish this bowl and then head downstairs. Your dad's not the only one who's going to have a good night."

We finished the shisha maybe fifteen minutes later, kissing and loving on one another the whole time. As I put away the hookah, Alexa waited for me in the living room, laying demurely and caressing herself. When I came back, she said she needed to retrieve something from her bedroom and would meet me downstairs. She kissed me and disappeared. I headed downstairs and sat on the edge of the bed, waiting.

Alexa joined me a few minutes later, wearing her bathrobe and carrying her laptop. She sat down next to me on the bed, put the computer on the TV tray next to it and opened the screen. She then put a finger to her lip while she looked at me, indicating I should be quiet. She maximized a black window on the screen and waited patiently.

Before long, a young woman about our age appeared. She had dark blonde hair, cut in a shaggy bob, greenish eyes and her smiled excitedly when she saw my aunt.

"Alexandra!" she exclaimed in delight. "Jeg håbede du ville kalde!"

She was speaking Danish and she certainly looked the part, meaning that this could only be...

"Of course, I called, elskede," Alexa replied. "And I have a surprise for you. Alex, I'd like for you to meet Freja, my best friend."

She now pivoted the laptop to point the camera at me. I tried to not look uncomfortable as I waved at the camera, naked from the waist up.

"Hi, Freja." I said, waving and trying to not sound awkward. "Nice to finally put a face to a name."

"You as well, Alex." Freja replied, smiling happily. "Your aunt is my best friend and I miss her very much. I hope you are treating her well for me."

"That would be a mild understatement, Fre," Alexa said, smiling slyly and putting her head on my shoulder so we were both in the picture. "He's treating me very, very well..."

Freja snickered. "So you are Alexandra's lover? I am jealous, I miss making love to her."

"It's me you should be envying, Fre," Alexa purred, tracing her hand up and down my chest. "He makes me scream. See the bite mark on his shoulder here? He made me cum so hard I had to bite him to keep from alerting the whole city."

"And this..." she added, shrugging one shoulder of her robe off and exposing her breast. "Is his mark on me, declaring me as his own."

"Oh, that's a good one, Allie," Freja said, grinning as she inspected the teeth marks on her friend's skin. "I am twice jealous now, ja?"

"So I was thinking," Alexa remarked as she removed her robe, leaving herself naked. "That the three of us might have a little fun together. Kunne du tænke dig at se min smukke nevø kneppe mig?"

"No," Freja replied, shaking her head. "I would not like it. I would love it."

Alexa turned her head and smiled at me, her lips close to mine. "Would you like it if Freja watched us fuck, my love?"

I smiled back. "That sounds wonderful. I'm in."

"I'm glad you're okay with it," Alexa said, standing and letting her robe drop away to reveal her glorious, naked body. "Because I want her to see you and see what you do for me and appreciate it."

"It's true, yes," Freja said, standing and pulling off her t-shirt, revealing her breasts and then hiking out of her pants and tossing them aside. "Allie has told me she is in love with you and that makes me happy. I am probably the only other person she's been close to being in love with, but I'm happy to give you my crown."

I took a look at Freja's body as she adjusted her camera to show her whole body, something she did readily and

without hesitation. She was certainly attractive, though not a knockout goddess like Alexa. She had a pretty face, slender neck and shoulders, her breasts were not as large as Alexa's and somewhat pointed in comparison, but I couldn't imagine complaining if I'd been dating her. She had a trim stomach and wore a strip of honey-blonde hair above her pussy. Her legs and ass were toned, no doubt from playing a sport like soccer.

"Isn't she pretty, Alexa?" Alexa purred, tracing a finger up and down my screen like she was caressing her friend's body. "I miss fucking that bod."

Freja smiled, sitting in her chair and spreading her legs wide, resting them on the arms and exposing herself to us. She stroked her fingers up and down her slit, teasing us.

"Where are the roomies?" Alexa asked as she made me stand, recealing that I was still wearing my pants. She began unbuttoning them.

Freja shrugged. "Who cares? I think Ansgar is studying with a friend and Marna is sleeping off a hangover. Don't know

where Izzy is, she's been gone for two days, probably with that mand tøs of hers."

"Then we'll be uninterrupted for our fun and games," Alexa concluded, winking at her friend. "Just the way it should be."

"What about your sister and that kæmpe stor you said she was married to?" Freja asked. I could only assume that that 'kæmpe stor' meant behemoth or some such thing, referring to my father.

"Asleep, and they sleep like logs, elskede," Alexa answered, continuing to unfasten me. "Fortunately, the son takes after the father, at least I'm assuming. Are you ready for the big reveal?"

Freja nodded and watched intently, stroking her pussylips with her finger.

Alexa slowly pulled my pants and my cock was swollen enough to almost sprung out once released. Freja sucked in her breath and smiled almost hungrily.

"Jesus Kristus, Allie," Freja breathed, seemingly astonished. "Where do you put it all?"

"Mmmm, you're going to find out, my love," Alexa purred, gently stroking my cock, which twitched under her touch. "Wouldn't you love to feel this enormous cock in your hand?"

Freja nodded, stoking her pussy more firmly now and staring intently. I could see she was already starting to get wet.

"How about putting it in your mouth and sucking on it?" Alexa asked, smiling wickedly at her friend.

"Oh, God, yessss..." Freja moaned, using her other hand to hold her pussy open while the fingers on the first hand teased around her inner lips and clit.

Alexa turned me sideways so that she could hold my cock up and sliding her tongue along the underside of the shaft,

making sure Freja could see. She swirled her tongue around the head, looking sidelong at her friend and then up at me. Both Alexa and Freja moaned then as she took me inside her mouth, beginning to slowly bob back and forth along my length.

As always, it felt amazing to have her mouth around me, wet and warm, while her hand moved up and down, twisting gently along my shaft. Her thumb gave the throbbing vein along the bottom of my cock a gentle squeeze during the movement. She hummed, vibrating her vips on my cock and making me shudder.

She pulled her mouth off and smiled up at me wickedly, her stroking motion enhanced by the pad of her thumb pressing against the top of my cockhead. I knew that look in her eye now, she was getting incredibly turned on. She wouldn't make me cum like this, because she'd want me to fuck her and cum inside her while Freja watched.

"Do you like it, Freja?" she asked in a husky voice, turning to stare into her webcam. "Do you like watching me suck my nephew's cock?"

"I love it," Freja moaned, massaging her pussy, her eyes getting glassy and her hips starting to squirm. "Suck his cock, Allie..."

Alexa nodded and slid her mouth down my manhood again, deep throating me. The wet, greedy sucking sound filled my room, punctuated by Freja's sighs and moans. My hands gently clasped Alexa's head, fingers flexing in her luxurious golden tresses. She held her head still and I began to slowly pump back and forth, pushing my cock in and out of her mouth. She was breathing through her nose, her eyes locked with mine.

"Mmmm, you're so bad, Allie," Freja moaned, watching us while her hand churned inside her pussy. "I can't wait to see him lick you and then fuck you..."

"Let me lick you, Alexa," I panted, fingers and thumbs caressing her ears now. "Let me lick you for her..."

Alexa pulled her mouth off me and nodded eagely, standing up. She gently made me sit down on the floor and adjusted the camera to show her body above her knees. She stepped over me, gently tipping my head back and nestling her pussy down against my mouth and her legs on either side of me. I snaked my tongue out and began lapping at her wet slit, making her tremble.

"Mmmm, Fre," she moaned, squirming on my mouth and fondling her breasts. "He's so fucking good at this, I wish you could feel it."

"Uhhhn, Allie, would you share him with me?" Freja whimpered, watching eagerly while I tongued her friend's slippery lips. "Would you let him fuck me?"

"Yes," Alexa panted, her skin already flushed and getting damp. "Yes, love, I'd let him fuck you. I'd lie beneath you and- nnnnn!- lie beneath you and hold you tight and squirm my cunt into yours while he fucks you and cums in you. Oh God..."

"Allie, you slut," gasped her friend, her hand a flurry of activity on her pussy. "Yes, fuck... I want to fuck him with you!"

Alexa shivered and pinched her nipples, biting her lip as she squirmed over my mouth. My face was already glistening with her arousal, her wonderful taste on my tongue. "Yes, oh God, yes, Fre... want to watch him fuck me now? Oh shit, Alex..."

"Yes," Freja hissed, reaching over and picking up a large dildo. "Fuck her, Alex. Fuck your aunt and cum inside her."

Alexa climbed off my mouth and set up the webcam to allow Freja a perfect view of our fucking. She moved onto the bed and got on all fours, facing her friend. I moved around to her ass and knelt behind her. As I was doing this, Freja crawled on her bed and stuck the imposing dildo on the headboard with a suction cup. She intended to mimic our positions, feeling what Alexa felt in a way.

Alexa tried to control her breathing, hands flexing on the edge of the bed while she watched her friend get in position.

I took gentle hold of her ass cheeks and parted them slightly, looking down at her incredibly wet pussy. My cockhead teased against the lips, sticky with her desire.

"Ready, Fre?" she breathed. Her friend nodded, kneeling on all fours, facing us, her ass wiggling as she positioned herself. Alexa looked back at me through heavily-lidded eyes and nodded. Keeping her cheeks pulled apart, I pushed my cockhead through her netherlips and then slid all the way inside, making her arch her back and groan wantonly. As I entered her, Freja pushed back against her dildo, moaning loudly as she took it into her pussy.

I began to push in and out of Alexa, establishing a steady rhythm so we could watch her friend fuck herself. They stared at one another intently, clearly indulging in an age-old ritual between them and sharing it with me. Alexa was very turned on, her pussy incredibly hot and wet around me. She panted as she bumped her ass against my hips, her breasts swaying and jiggling beneath her.

"God, Allie, you're so beautiful," moaned Freja, her eyes glued to us. "I wish I were there with you."

"Wish you were here too, Fre," Alexa grunted, biting her lower lips while she ground her ass back against me in eager circles. "He feels so good..."

I breathed deeply and steadily, determined to not cum until Alexa was done putting on this little show she had planned for her friend. We both watched Freja, thrilling to see her squirming against the dildo she was fucking herself with. She supported herself on one hand while she other massaged and squeezed her breasts. She licked her lips as she stared into Alexa's blue eyes, rapt by what she was watching.

Soon, Alexa pushed back against me and straightened her back, putting me on my haunches while she rested on my lap. I wrapped my arms around her and she began grinding or moving up and down on my cock, which Freja could now see as Alexa spread her legs- my glistening shaft was swallowed repeatedly by her greedy pussy, which made the squelching noises we'd come to love hearing from our fucking.

Freja was panting as she watched me molest Alexa's breasts, massaging them in circles or pinching and pulling on the nipples. Alexa's breath was ragged and she turned her head and jammed her mouth to mine, our tongues tangling as we kissed feverishly, one of her hands running through my hair.

"Oh, God, fuck him hard, Allie..." Freja mananged to gasp, her skin going pink and shining with her exertions. "Lie on your back on let him pin you and cum in you!"

"Is that... what you want?" Alexa panted, trembling in excitement. "You want him to pin me down? Pin me and fuck me so I can't escape?"

"Yes..." the Danish girl whimpered. "Please!"

Before I knew what was happening, Alexa had managed to turn around in my lap, facing into me and then lying down on her back, her head over the side of the bed and looking at the laptop screen, where Freja was still fucking herself madly. She gripped my arms as I leaned over her, pushing

deep inside and she groaned so loudly I thought my parents might actually hear her.

"Fuck me, Alex," she hissed, her eyes flashing as she looked up at me for a moment. "Fucking give it to me so Freja can see it. Show her what you do to me!"

I began pounding down onto her, my cock ramming in and out forcefully. Alexa's body shuddered and thrashed beneath me, squeezing my shaft feverishly while we fucked. Her breath was little more than a series of pants and gasps while she looked upside down at Freja, who was almost slamming herself back against her dildo, her whole body shaking.

"Oh, Jesus, he's gonna make me cum, Fre!" Alexa grunted, her fingernails digging into my triceps as she held up. Her hips were pistoning up and down beneath me, our pubic bones almost smacking into one another as my cock drove deeper and deeper inside her.

"Fuck him, you slut!" Freja growled, her eyes glassy and her mouth hanging open. "Take his cum in you!"

"Cum in me, Alex," my goddess said, her voice shaking almost as much as her breasts were. "Cum deep in me, please."

I pumped harder and harder, arching my spine down as I pressed inside her. Her pussy clenched me with increasing fervour, my head almost spinning from the pressure. The boiling tingle was building as I felt my balls tighten, a delerious pleasure spreading through me...

I dropped my weight on top of Alexa and jammed my mouth against hers, kissing her madly as she screamed when the orgasm hit her. Her legs had locked around my waist and her nails almost tore at me. I crushed her in my arms as my cock throbbed relentlessly and pumped my cum deep inside her pussy. Tongues plunged while hips thrust and ground with unreal eagerness. I growled in ecstasy, a primal sound that sent shivers through us both.

She collapsed completely, her arms spread out to the sides, her neck limp and her head craned over the bed to stare at the laptop screen through wide eyes, glassy with release and

euphoria. Tremors ran through her as I kept stroking in and out, allowing her greedy slit to milk me dry. We both watched Freja in exhaustion, her face buried in her arms on the bed and her ass up in the air while she rode out her own orgasm, body shaking like a leaf in the wind.

When the almost paralyzing pleasure had finally passed, Alexa pulled my face down to hers and we kissed deeply and slowly, lost in one another's bliss. Her eyes were moist, no doubt for several reasons, all of them good.

"I love you so much," she whispered, her lips still pressed to mine. "You're my world, Alex."

"I love you too, Alexa," I replied, knowing that she believed me. "Thank you for sharing this with me."

She hummed and smiled, rubbing her nose against mine now. "Any time you like, I promise. This was so hot, my love."

Alexa finally turned herself over onto her stomach, spreading her legs wide enough for me to rest between them and keep my still-hard cock inside her. She smiled tiredly at Freja and blew her a kiss.

"Enjoy yourself, Fre?" she askedalready knowing the answer.

Freja slumped forward onto her bed, the dildo popping out of her, glistening with her cum. It was several seconds before the Danish girl answered. "Best... incest... ever..."

Alexa giggled. "We would know, we've both fucked those sisters, right? But they're not a patch on my nephew."

"Nej," sighed Freja, her brow dripping with sweat, her whole body glistening. "That was the best sex I have had in a long time. I would love to do this again, but let's space it out a little, or I will die."

"Fair enough," Alexa said, nodding. "I almost die every time we have sex, after all."

"Riiiiight..." I said in response. She giggled and squirmed her butt against me cheerfully.

"Well, I have papers to write, but I don't rememver my own name at the moment, so maybe I'll just go to sleep," Freja said wearily. "Can you forgive me for ending our session, Allie? I know it was relatively short."

"There will always be more sessions, my love," Alexa cooed. "And one day, you'll come and visit us or we'll come to you. Wouldn't that be wonderful?"

"Ja, if it does not kill me," the Danish girl quipped, prompting a giggle from my Alexa. "It was very nice to meet you, Alex, I mean that on every possible level. Take good care of my Allie. I love you, whore!"

"Love you too, slut." Alexa purred, reacing over and pushing a button on her laptop to kill the Skype window. She sighed contentedly and rested her head on her arms, face turned to the side and eyes closed.

"That was perfect," she mumbled after some silence. "You are too wonderful, my love. What would I do without you?"

"I dunno, but I'm pretty damn sure I'd wither away and die without you." I replied, leaning down and kissing her cheek and neck, causing her to moan in pleasure. "I enjoyed that as much as you did."

"I'm glad," she said, nodding. "I'm glad we could all share one another. She means a lot to me. Are you really going to be okay with that?"

"Definitely," I confirmed, nodding. "I love you."

"Mmmmm, love you too," she cooed, turning herself over to look up at me. "I love you so much..."

We kissed and caressed one another gently for some time until Alexa yawned and giggled.

"Guess I'm tired," she mused, stretching her arms over her head, her beautiful breasts displayed prominently. "Wonder what brought that about."

"I'd better get moving, then." I stated, not happy about leaving her but feeling a mite tired myself. "I'll grab my laptop and keep it trained on you overnight."

"Same here," she said, smiling at me lovingly. "Good night, my loving nephew."

"G'night, aunt I want to marry." I replied, kissing her one more time and then climbing off her. I retrieved my laptop and put on some pajamas, heading upstairs after she blew a kiss my way.

Lying in my old room, watching her sleeping form on my webcam, I realized exactly how committed and addicted to Alexa I was, and it pained me that I had no solution for keeping her as my beloved. We were dating other people just to steal moments alone with one another. It was so unfair.

Sleep took me and I resolved to not worry about it until tomorrow.

The love of my life held me in my dreams.

Chapter 9 - Title Up for Grabs

"Plop-plops."

"Um... git."

"Wanker."

"Pillock."

"Dubya."

"Ooh, good one! Chuffed."

"Yobbo."

"What in God's name are you two doing?" my mother asked with a frown as she walked by us. Alexa and I were sitting across from one another at the dining room table and drinking coffee. She grinned at her older sister.

"We're suggesting words we think no one will hear Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth ever use." Alexa replied, her eyes glinting with mirth.

Mom rolled her eyes. "Ladies and gentlemen, two of the brightest young minds of our age..."

She now looked at my dad for support. He was leaning back against the counter, sipping at his own cup of coffee. "Do you believe these two?"

Dad looked down at his fingers and began counting. "Actually, you two forgot 'bollocks', 'fanny', 'goolies', 'squidgy', and 'todger'..."

"Oh my God," my mother sighed in exasperation. "You're worse than the two of them!"

"You don't want to play?" he asked, smirking.

"That depends, 'enry 'iggins," mom said flatly, turning around to hold up the heavy glass container of our blender. "Just 'ow badly do you want a Vitamix blender lodged in your bonce?"

Dad laughed loudly and went over to hug my mother, taking her into his powerful arms and encasing her in his embrace. She closed her eyes and almost purred, clearly very content. They held the pose for several seconds before he released her and they picked up their briefcases.

"Right, we'll be on campus until about nine," mom announced. "Allie, have fun on your date with Jeanie, if such

a thing is possible. Alex, have fun saving Hyrule or Skyrim or wherever it is you're off to. See you both tonight!"

And then they were gone. We were silent for a few moments before Alexa sighed and looked at me. "So, yeah. No idea when I'll be back. I think it's safe to say this date with Jeanie will be rather... physical."

I nodded. "Seems likely. Does that bother you?"

She shook her head but made a wry face. "I... normally sex wouldn't. You know me, I'm pretty liberated about my body. But I feel like I'm almost cheating on you, Alex. And that's kind of crazy."

"I know what you mean," I said in agreement. "I'm set for a date Wednesday night with a girl named Heather and I feel the same way."

"It's because we're in love," she sighed heavily, leaning against the table. "You and I love one another so much and

now we are being forced to date other people, because... well, it can never happen, it can never get out, can it?"

"No, it really can't," I said in resignation. "I feel really cheated by that. But, you need to know that I'm not begrudging you this, Alexa. I can't be all jealous and possessive of you going out and dating, it wouldn't be fair."

"Oh, you're wonderful," she said softly, her blue eyes shining. "I think it's okay for you to be a little jealous and possessive of me, I won't mind."

I smiled back, unreasonably heartened by her words.

"Besides," she lilted, getting off her chair and wiggling her way around the table, clad in her plush bath robe. "My date with Jeanie isn't until tonight. If your parents are guaranteed to stay away, you have plenty of time to ravish me and remind me what other potential suitors have to measure against..."

"My day is suddenly looking up," I said cheerfully as she drew close to me, undoing her belt and letting the robe drop to the floor. My aunt stood in front of me in all her naked glory, her silken skin beckoning to be kissed and caressed. Her perfect, opulent breasts begged to be teased and sucked on. "God, you're so beautiful..." I breathed.

She took me by the hand and began leading me upstairs, forgetting her robe on the floor. If my parents came home and saw it, there'd be some questions I really didn't want to answer, but at this point I was willing to take that risk.

I followed her into her room, where she turned around and pressed herself to me, kissing me deeply and passionately. I held her body to mine, enthralled by the feel of her. I could not foresee getting tired of it in a thousand years. As we kissed, Alexa began pulling my t-shirt over my head and then managed to pull my shorts down over my hips until they dropped to the floor. My rapidly-swelling cock pressed against her smooth pussy now while we wrapped our arms around one another and kissed hungrily, tongues slithering into one another's mouths.

"God, I love you so much, Alex," she moaned through our kiss. "I'm so in love with you."

"I love you too, Alexa," was my reply. Our hands wandered freely around one another's bodies now, exploring and groping eagerly. "Let me lick you..."

I didn't wait but simply pushed her backwards- her knees touched the edge of the bed and she buckled with a gasp at my directness, falling onto her bed. She had barely bounced on the mattress before she spread her legs wantonly, inviting me to eat her already wet womanhood. As I leaned in, she reached down and used her fingers to spread her netherlips wide, exposing herself to me. Her coral-coloured inner pink glistened, begging for my tongue.

Alexa moaned loudly and shuddered as I pressed my mouth to her pussy, snaking my tongue inside her. She tasted sweet and I felt her legs wrap around my shoulders while her hands tangled in my hair, rocking my head. My hands clamped down on her thighs, pinning her to me while I began to lash her slit mercilessly. There was no

foreplay involved, I just wanted her as wet as possible for when I fucked her.

"Gnnnnnn, Alex!" she gasped, almost doubling over as I tortured her. "Fuck, you're going to make me cum! Oh God!"

She pushed up with her hips suddenly, crushing her pussy to my face and gripping my head tightly. Her groan of pleasure was guttaral, shameless as she came, slathering my face with her essence. I couldn't believe how quickly she'd cum.

Alexa pulled me up to her face and kissed me, hard. Her tongue plunged into my mouth, tangling with mine as she tasted herself greedily. Her hips ground against mine, her sopping pussy hungry for my swollen, throbbing cock. She pulled back from the kiss, her eyes flashing with lust.

"Fuck me, Alex," she hissed, her hands massaging the back of my neck in her need. "Fuck me and make me scream as you cum in me. I'll suck your cock after, but please fuck me now..."

I nodded and pinned her down, her loud moan all I could hear as I pressed my cock head between her slippery lips and sank deep inside her. She pressed back up against me, taking me in to the hilt. Her hands grabbed my ass cheeks and she began bucking voraciously.

I looked down into my aunt's eyes and she stared back into mine intently, lost in one another. I slid my cock in and out of her pussy, which flexed and gripped me tightly as we established a heated rhythm between us like I'd never known with any other girl. Her legs wrapped around my waist and she rocked against me.

We made no attempt to prolong our lovemaking, we just wanted to cum together. I could feel the sweat on our bodies as we fucked, panting as we stared into one another's eyes. The sticky, wet sucking sounds of my member pushing back and forth inside her made us both wild with desire. My balls slapped against her as I pushed harder and harder, propping myself on top of her with my hands.

"Oh, shit, Alex!" she gasped, her eyes wide, her whole body shaking. I pressed desperately, trying to reach as deep inside her as I could, arching my back as that tingling, boiling fire welled up in me. I clenched my teeth as I strained, calling out her name.

Alexa crushed herself to me, crying out loudly, her pussy devouring my cum as I lashed her insides with my warm offering. I thumped against her madly with she locked her legs around me in a vise, her nails raking along my back. She almost wailed as she came, eyes squeezed shut while she worked her pussy around my cock. She pulled me down to her and we kissed deeply and lovingly, expressing our deepest emotions for one another. And I never wanted this moment to end.

I finally sagged down on top of her and she hugged me gently, almost purring as she whispered in my ear about how much she loved me. Her lips planted soft kisses along my neck and shoulder while her fingers caressed my back. I still moved slowly in and out of her and she squeezed my ebbing cock with her pussy. I slowly rolled onto my back, bringing her with me so she was on top with me still inside her. She giggled and kissed my nose.

"You and I are ridiculous," she cooed, tracing a fingernail along my cheek. "I have no idea how I'm going to get any work done at the university if I cannot keep my hands off you."

"I've been wondering that too," I admitted, nodding. "Then I decided that I didn't care and I'd just deal with that issue when it came around."

"Fair enough," she agreed. "It'll be interesting to see how much privacy we actually have."

"Oh, we'll get plenty," I replied, reaching up and caressing her magnificent breast. "The Linguistics profs will do their best to not be around so that we can do their work uninterrupted and my parents will be away in another faculty, busily doing their own thing."

"Whether that's fucking one another or one of their students," she said, closing her eyes and trembling at my

touch. "Ohhhh, God, that feels good... but I have to pee. Come with me..."

She slowly pulled herself off me, took my hand and dragged me out of the room and to the bathroom down the hall. She plunked herself down on the seat and shivered as she started to pee. I stood nearby watching but then she took gentle hold of my cock and pulled me over by it. As she sat, she leaned forward and took my manhood in her mouth, moaning as she tasted our mingled cum on my shaft.

"Mmmmmm," she sighed happily. "I love how we taste together, Alex."

I closed my eyes and held her head gently while she sucked contentedly on my cock and peed. She finally finished her first task and continued with the second for a while longer, eventually releasing me and smiling up at me.

"A girl can't get too much of that," she purred. "We could just shower together, but I do believe we'd both fit easily enough if we shared a bath."

I nodded. "I'd like that. Go get your robe and then wait in your room while I get the water going."

She nodded as she rose from the seat, kissing my cheek and wiggling out of the room. I put my plan into action quickly.

***

Alexa responded to my call some minutes later, coming back through the bathroom door and pausing- the room was dim, lit only candles I had spaced about. The radio in the corner was playing mellow classical music and I had infused the water in the tub with scented oil and found some of my mother's rose petals in a cupboard to spread on the surface.

Alexa stared in silence for several seconds, her flawless skin and lustrous golden hair glowing in the flickering candlelight. I smiled and then shrugged. "Hope I got this right, never tried to do a romantic bath for a girl before, y'know?"

"It's wonderful, Alex," she murmured. "You made everything perfect. You're even playing Debussy."

I smiled again and nodded. "Seemed appropriate. I'd have played this at the little glade the first day we'd made love, if I'd had a music player with me."

She walked into the bathroom, looking into my eyes as she approached. I took her hand and eased her into the tub. She knelt and smirked up at me, crooking her finger and beckoning me in. Without hesitation I joined her and she laid me down gently, so she could settle in on top of me. The water level was perilously close to the lip of the tub, but I didn't care.

"Mmmmm, this is paradise, ma coeur," she purred as she lay on me, facing up and pulling my hands over her breasts. "I could stay like this forever."

I gently caressed her breasts and kissed her neck. She hummed and rubbed her cheek against mine. We turned

our faces and kissed softly, her fingernails grazing my cheek. Everything about this girl and everything she did was so completely erotic in every sense- it was like she'd been put on this earth for the express purpose of making love.

I don't know how long we lay in the tub, letting the oiled water soak into our skin and simply caressing one another, but it didn't matter. There was only the music, the flickering candlelight, the warm water, and each other. Time meant nothing. I did not doubt we would be making love before getting out, but right now we found simple perfection in holding one another close.

"Alex," she whispered, slowly turning over to face me, her breasts pressed to my chest, her pussy against my cock. She looked deep into my eyes. "Are you absolutely sure you're okay with me going on this date with Jeanie?"

I nodded. "I think you need to. First, it'll thrown my parents off the trail. Second, you messing around with a girl wouldn't bother me. I'm serious. I just... I know I have to give you up eventually, Alexa, so anything I can do to

prolong our time together is good by me, even if it means dating other people as a ruse."

She considered my words and then looked into my eyes again. "What about you? Do you think this Heather girl is likely to put out for you?"

I nodded. "I've gone out with her before, she dropped her panties pretty quickly on that first date."

Alexa giggled. "Well, I should be jealous, but I know better than to be, since it's all a ruse. If you're getting laid, at least your dad will sense it and think you're on the right track."

We kissed then, with me holding her tight and our lips pressing together. Our wet bodies moved together, the scented oil in the water adding a romantic layer to the moment, along with the serene music. Her body felt like heaven against me and I found myself thinking for the millionth time I'd never tire of it. How could I?

We made out for some time, with Alexa squirming her breasts, stomach and pussy against me slowly, sensuously. This had a predicatable effect on my anatomy and she smiled at me warmly. Without a word between us, she pressed her netherlips against my cock and settled down, sighing quietly. She laid her cheek against my chest.

"Don't fuck me just yet," she whispered. "Just let me feel you inside me..."

We just stayed where we were, content to be together. I could feel my cock throbbing inside her and I could feel her heartbeat inside her tight pussy. It thrilled me to think we were somehow that in tune with one another, that bonded. Alexa seemed to agree.

"It's because we're in love," she murmured. "That's why everything we do together feels perfect. I can't really remember ever feeling this content before."

Everything she said was true, there was no denying it. If I could have stayed her in this tub with her, my cock embedded in her pussy and not moved a muscle except to

kiss her, I'd count myself the happiest man in the world, and the luckiest.

Her hands slowly reached up behind my neck and began gently massaging and caressing the base of my skull. My whole body relaxed and she purred as she felt it. Her fingers were absolutely magical, and while I harboured no doubt they'd pleasured many other lovers before me this way, there was a satisfaction in knowing that what she was doing for me here and now meant more to her than any other time in the past with anyone else, even her friend Freja.

"I absolutely revere you, Alex," she whispered, her lips pressed to my chest as she spoke. "I want to spend my whole life pleasuring you, making you the happiest of men."

I nodded and kissed the top of her head. "I feel the same way. I worship the ground you walk on and there's just such a certainty and purity about my feelings for you, Alexa. I'm so glad I can express them to you, even if it's taboo everywhere else."

She slowly raised herself until she was looking into my eyes. The flickering tendrils of light from the candles were reflected in those sapphire galaxies I was so lost in. The universe, eternity in her eyes. I smiled. "It must be true love."

She smiled in return. "Of course, but please tell me your reason for saying so."

"Because lame Eighties love ballads sound wonderful when I think about you."

My aunt beamed a megawatt smile and giggled. "Funny, I tend to think of Motown romantic songs when I think of you."

I raised my eyebrow. "Motown?"

Alexa nodded and shrugged. "It was a big fixure in my life as I grew up. Mom loved Motown."

I grinned. "Want to know what my dad's song for my mother is?"

"Oh, gods, the mind doth boggle at the prospect, knowing Michael," she said, wrinkling her nose. "Okay, I'll bite. What is it?"

"It won't surprise you, it's 'All Of Me Loves All Of You' by the Bay City Rollers."

She dropped her head and giggled. I could feel her breasts jiggling against my pecs. She finally looked up, her eyes dancing with mirth. "I can absolutely see that. Those two are so weird."

"It's their wedding dance song." I said flatly. "Every anniversary, there they are, Seventies-dancing away to it."

"How does one even dance to the Bay City Rollers?" she mused.

"It defies description, but tartan pants are involved." I replied. "I've been trying to get them to update their playlist, but no luck."

She giggled again and leaned in to rub her nose against mine. "So, do you have a song for me? A song that describes me or how you feel about me?"

I nodded readily. "Two actually."

"Goodness, I'm flattered," my aunt said, smiling. "What are they?"

"First one is 'She's So High' by Tal Bachman," I replied. "It rings really true for me about my feelings for you."

"Well, who am I to refuse to be put on a pedestal?" she said sweetly, fanning herself. "And indeed I'm all natural with no tucks or silicone, maybe just not as random as the girl in the video. What about the second song? You said you had two for me?"

I nodded again. "That one was easy and describes you perfectly. 'Any Way You Want It' by Journey."

She stopped and thought about what I said, some great realization dawning on her. "Oh... my... God, Alex," she murmured. "That's perfect. I've been wondering what my own personal anthem was my entire life and you absolutely nailed it without trying. Damn you."

I chuckled. "Happy to help. Do you have a song for me?"

Alexa blushed. "Maybe..."

"Well, go on, tell me." I pressed, nudging her.

"It's not even a Motown song," she mumured. "It's 'Strangers In The Night' by Sinatra."

I pulled her close, holding her to me and kissed her, deeply and lovingly. "You're too wonderful for mere words."

We stopped talking and she held me close, moving and undulating on me slowly. The music played and we kissed, lost in one another. Several minutes later, we both moaned and sighed as we came in unison, not strident and frenzied, but gentle and warm. My cum filled her and she squeezed my cock ardently, looking into one another's eyes. Alexa exhaled deeply, pressing her breasts against me and her forehead to mine.

"A moment like this should never have to end..." she whispered.

We moved slowly and said nothing for several minutes, simply content to be together. Finally, though, she took up a sponge and began washing my body reverently, allowing me to do the same to her. Once we'd exited the tub and dried one another off, we walked hand-in-hand downstairs to my room, collapsing on the bed together.

"You sure you're okay with me dating Jeanie?" she asked, smiling down as she lay half on top of me.

I returned the smile and brushed a strand of hair from her lovely face. "I already said I was, and to be honest, Alexa, I'm kinda looking forward to it. Even if we could be together as a couple, I wouldn't object at all if you were having sex with girls."

She giggled and poked my nose. "You are such a male," she teased. "Okay, I promise to have as much fun as I possibly can and I'll take lots and lots of pictures and videos for you."

"Now who could say no to that?" I laughed as I pulled her down to kiss her.

***

I'd been invited out to hang with some friends, but begged off as not feeling well so I could stay home and play games. Not because I wanted to play video games, but because Alexa had been bombarding me with pictures and videos all night of her date with Jeanie and I sure as hell didn't want to be out and distracted while that was happening.

My game spent at least half the night on 'Pause' as I gaped at my cellphone screen. Jeanie had come by in her car and picked up my aunt, with Alexa and I feigning familial disinterest in one another's goings-on. But soon enough, I began receiving pics of the two of them while they were out. As the evening progressed, though, the pictures got more intimate, seemingly. She sent me several of the two of them kissing or fondling one another's breasts through their shirts since they were still in public.

They apparently had gone to a club because Alexa sent me pics and video of the two of them on a noisy dance floor, squirming and grinding on one another. One video evolved from dancing into a very deep and involved tongue kiss.

Some minutes later, in the darkness of Jeanie's car, there was a video involving lots of kissing and moaning as they groped one another feverishly. I watched as Jeanie pulled Alexa's top down and sucked her nipple into her mouth. My aunt shuddered and clasped Jeanie's head, but looked at me directly while she filmed, her eyes glassy with need. My cock, quite pridictably, got hard and I pulled it out as the pictures and videos kept streaming in.

Upstairs, I heard the door close and footsteps, my parents talking with one another. My father's voice boomed down the stairs.

"We're back," he announced. "Heard from your aunt?"

"I got a one text message from her, just checking in," I said, telling the truth. I'd only recieved one actual text message, the rest were pics and videos. "So I guess she's fine."

"Yeah, we got the same message, so I guess she just sent a blast," dad replied. "Well, good she's having fun. We brought home Indian, y'want some?"

"I'll get it later," I answered. "On the Ogma Infinium quest at the moment." That was also true, it just happened to be paused.

There was a pause and then dad spoke again. "Your mom says the bathroom smells like her scented oils. Did Allie borrow some for a bath?"

"I think there was something about that, I told her where to find it," I replied. "Probably wanted to smell all pretty for her date. I think some candles got used, too. Want me to ask when I see her?"

"No, it's not a big deal," dad said. "Your mom just wanted to make sure she wasn't having olfactory hallucinations. Have a good night, Alex."

"G'night, dad."

With my parents thrown off the scent, I returned to my cellphone, which had taken in three more pictures and two more videos during my brief conversation with my dad. I saw Alexa and Jeanie kissing just inside a front door, which I could only assume was Jeanie's place. Videos of them getting undressed as they kissed and staggered toward an apartment bedroom followed until they were both naked.

I wondered how on earth Jeanie was cool with Alexa doing this constant filming, but then it occured to me that my

aunt had probably told her she filmed as much of her life as she could anyway. Jeanie also struck me as the type who probably didn't care about being flimed and if she asked if she was sharing, Alexa could simply say that she was sending them to Freja, no harm done.

The next half hour of pictures and videos were a jumble of slippery activity where they were lying on Jeanie's bed, kissing in a tangle of limbs, sucking on one another's breasts, licking and fingering one another's pussies while they both came several times. I was rapt as I watched Alexa's glorious body, gyrating and squirming, glistening with pleasure. I'd been stroking my cock for some time now, my head almost spinning. I couldn't believe how much watching this was turning me on.

I watched as they pressed their slippery pussies together and began writhing and grinding, both girls panting and moaning loudly. I knew from talking with her that Alexa loved this more than just about anything and you could tell from her eagerness that she was in her element. Their wet netherlips mingled and clits kissed, the camera zoomed in as Alexa tried to keep it steady while she girl-fucked Jeanie.

The orgasm they had was so intense that they both screamed, causing me to hastily turn down the volume on my phone in case my parents heard it and thought I was watching porn. A few seconds later, another video followed, showing their pussies glued together, undulating gently in their post-ogasmic bliss. The camera trailed up Alexa's lovely body to her face and she smiled at me tiredly and blew a kiss.

That was the last video for nearly half an hour. To be honest, I was okay with that, because I now had the chance to transfer all the pics and videos onto my laptop and watched them in sequence, jerking off furiously. I grunted and came hard as I watched Alexa and Jeanie cumming while scissoring, catching my desperate load in an old towel. Breathing heavily, I lay back on my bed and stared at the ceiling, thoroughly spent. I couldn't believe how hot that was.

The next video was a complete surprise- Jeanie's face appeared on my screen and she was grinning wickedly.

"Hi, I think you're name is Alex?" she said. "I conned your aunt into giving me her phone for a moment and telling you that we're doing all sorts of nasty things to one another!"

And then as if I needed proof, she showed herself kissing my aunt, their tongues tangling as they lay together, heads on a large pillow. This continued for a about ten seconds before the phone was pointed somewhere randomly and I heard Jeanie ask. "Oh, hey, he's eighteen or older right?"

I heard Alexa mutter something and then lots of shifting before the video ended. I blinked and shook my head for a moment as I tried to figure out what had just happened- had Alexa told Jeanie about us?

No, that didn't seem likely. There was way too much at risk. Which meant the obvious conclusion was that Jeanie, wild space cadet that she was, wanted to troll someone and asked Alexa if she could try to give me the jibblies by showing her having sex with my aunt. There was no need to inform her how that would backfire now, was there?

Pictures and videos began arriving again soon after, showing them in the various stages of heated fucking, like Alexa wearing a strap-on and sliding it in and out of Jeanie's pussy or ass, the two of them locked in a trembling, sweaty 69 or Alexa shaking and gasping while Jeanie tongued and fingered her rosy little knot.

The location finally changed from the bedroom to the bathroom, where they were laughing and taking silly videos of Jeanie peeing and then inside the shower. Thank God for Alexa's European, water-proof phone. They lathered and cleaned one another, along with kneeling to suck on and finger one another's pussies until they came. Alexa favoured me with another video of their pussies squirming together wetly, covered in shower gel as the water beat down on them.

Then another Jeanie video, this time showing Alexa out of the shower and still gloriously naked but holding a towel and looking at the camera, seeming not pleased.

"So, this is what your aunt looks like naked, Alvin," she said. "Whaddya think?"

"First of all, his name is Alex," Alexa said, trying to sound annoyed. "And second of all, are you trying to kill him?"

"Hey, he's a big, strong boy like his dad, right?" Jeanie chided, still filming and getting closer to my aunt. "He should be able to survive seeing his hot auntie naked. You might as well put on a show now, he's seeing all this."

Alexa, who had been in the process of wrapping the towel around her body, rolled her eyes and sighed, opening it back up to expose herself. Jeanie got up close and panned down Alexa's body over several seconds, finally focusing on her smooth, bare pussy. Alexa had her legs pressed together in some attempt at modesty, but Jeanine was apparently having none of that and coaxed them apart.

"So yeah, that's your aunt's cunt," Jeanie remarked from behind the camera. "Really pretty, really wet, really tight and really, really tasty..."

To emphasize her point, she poked her head into the shot and showed herself flicking her tongue up and down Alexa's lips. One of Alexa's hands came to rest gently on her lover's head. Finally, Jeanie stood and nestled up to Alexa, the two of them smiling at the camera.

"So she's here with me, doing this and you're apparently back home playing Skyrim or something." Jeanie teased. "Which of us is having the better night?"

The video ended with the two of them kissing again.

I put my phone down and rubbed my face for several seconds, trying to banish the disbelief from my brain. I sure as hell had no objections to what I'd seen, I just hoped Alexa knew what she was doing.

There seemed to be no further pics or videos, so I returned to playing my game until I got drowsy and shut off the system. I transfered all the files to my computer and then shut out the lights and settled in to sleep.

***

I heard someone quietly come inside, followed by some whispering and giggling. Then there were quiet 'goodbyes' and the door softly shut. Feet padded through the kitchen and the door to my cave opened. Alexa quietly came downstairs in the dark and crawled onto my bed. I reached out and pulled her into my arms, kissing her deeply. She sighed and melted against me, almost in relief, back where she belonged in my embrace.

"Well, if my inbox is any indication, you had a wild evening." I said, grinning in the dark and poking her nose. She giggled and nodded.

"I have to admit, the lesbian sex was great, no question, that girl is a perv. But I also have to admit, that whole time I was missing you."

"I'm flattered," I said, holding her to me, letting her bury her face in my shoulder, kissing me. "Because I was really enjoying the show. Think you'll see her again?"

"I... no, probably not," Alexa sighed. "Not that way, anyway."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because she's fucking your dad and your mom." Alexa said flatly.

"Which means that it feels like you've almost fucked your sister and your brother-in-law." I concluded. "Brutal. You sure you're okay fucking me?"

She giggled. "That's different, I'm in love with you. But I can't get my head around that her pussy has had my sister's tongue in it or that her tongue's been in my sister's ass and Mike's dick has pounded that it."

I made a wry face I'm sure she could see even in the dark. "Yeah, I won't be able to see her as sexy or fuckable anymore either. I have a hard enough time remembering that I came out of the vagina my dad's been in."

"Ew!" she squeaked, giggling again. "I'm so weirded out, Karen, Mike and I have shared a girl, even if it's only indirectly. And they knew I was going to date her and probably knew she'd put out and they let me do it anyway."

"Yeah, they're real free spirits, my parents," I sighed, holding her close and trying to not think of that quadrangle. "Should we delete all the videos and pics?"

She shook her head. "No, that sex was damned hot, we'll watch it together, at least when we can stop remembering that she fucks your parents."

"Gonna be a while then," I muttered. "I was a little confused when she began messaging me."

Alexa nodded. "She wanted to troll you. She may not know your name occasionally, but she thinks your hot, especially since you're over eighteen, although I'm not sure she would have waited if you weren't. She asked me if she could fuck

you and I said to leave me the hell out of that dirty litle equation."

"You and me both."

"She also thinks that you and I fucking would be hot," she added. "Or a threesome between us would be spectacular. I expressed what I can only describe as a grossed-out horror I wasn't actually feeling. I made it seem like fucking my nephew was the worst idea I'd ever heard. She laughed and dropped the subject. I think once she was done teasing you for the evening she went on to her next amusement."

"Well, as long as there's no fallout from it, no harm done and you got laid," I concluded, kissing the top of her head. "I think Freja knowing is more than enough."

"Hm, no argument there," Alexa mused. "I wouldn't trust Jeanie with a secret if she was the only other person on earth. She's a demon in the sack, but they do come smarter."

"Her parents must've made a huge contribution to the university to keep her in my parents' courses," I sighed. "I'm just glad you're back in my arms."

"I agree," she purred. "So... want to fuck me?"

"I dunno," I said, sounding wary. "That pussy has indirectly touched my mother's..."

She almost laughed out loud as she thwapped me.

***

Wednesday night came around and I was on my date with Heather. Predictably, her panties had come off relatively early in the evening and we were in the back seat of my car with her impaled on my cock. She groaned lustily as she ground on my lap, staring down at me.

"Gnnnn, fuck, you feel just how I remember, Alex," she panted, bouncing up and down, her hands around my neck.

"You and that big fucking monster dick of yours. I love how you tear me apart."

I nodded and bit her shoulder so that I didn't have to talk. Our sweaty bodies slid together feverishly in the darkness of the empty lot outside High Park. Heather's body wasn't an erotic fantasy, like Alexa's, but there was certainly nothing to complain about. Her heavy breasts were lush and soft, caressing my chest while she squeezed me with her wet pussy. My fingers dug into her meaty ass cheeks as I pulled her tight against me, her wetness glistening on my fingers.

The date had gone smoothly enough up to this point, with my parents sending me out the door and Alexa waving absently from the living room, where she was reading a book. We'd already said our heart-felt goodbyes a few minutes earlier in private. We both knew I was going to fuck and she made me promise to try and take pictures or video if Heather would allow it.

We'd gone to dinner at a local pizza joint, where Heather had made it clear we were going to fuck before the evening

was out and discussing where. We then had gone to see an action movie and sat in the back row, where she leaned over my lap, pulled my cock out and sucked on me ardently, to make sure I was ready to go. I then drove us to High Park and was ready to get out and go find a dark corner of the huge expanse, when she expressed the need to fuck right then and there in my car, she wasn't willing to wait.

So here we were, rutting like animals in my car, and try as I might to do the right thing by my date, I just could not keep imagies of my lovely aunt from entering my head, unbidden. It made me fuck Heather harder, not that she was complaining about the results. I crushed her against me and she was wracked with spasms, moaning loudly and cumming. I bucked my hips beneath her and came, thankfully wearing a condom. She collapsed against me and was breathing heavily, almost in a swoon. I kept my arms around her and kissed her neck.

She finally sighed and listed her head to smile at me. "It's a good thing you're so smart, or I'd be in real trouble here."

I blinked and looked at her quizically. "Come again?"

"Soon enough, I just need a minute," she quipped, winking. "I just meant that you're too smart for me, Alex de Bourne. I plan to marry rich, get a divorce and live off the alimony. You're too smart to fall for that and you're too smart for me to fall in love with you, I wouldn't be able to marry you."

"That's an interesting reason to not fall in love." I allowed.

"Don't get me wrong, I'm totally in love with sex with you," she added, trying to make sure she hadn't hurt my feelings. "I love your cock and you're an amazing fuck, but I think that's what we can be, fuck buddies. Would being a booty call bother you?"

I raised an eyebrow, giving her the chance to continue.

"You're too smart for me to date," she sighed. "I don't want to disappoint you by dating you and coming up short. But I think our sex is hot enough for us to agree to exercise our bodies on one another, you know? We can be casual friends and hook up, we just shouldn't seriously try to date."

"I know what you mean," I said finally. "We can certainly talk about it, Heather. I've certainly had worse proposals that 'fuck-buddy' thrown my way."

This answer seemed to suit her very well and she smiled naughtily while pulling herself off me, slipping off the condom and sucking my cock eagerly, licking me clean. We went on to fuck twice more that evening, with the last time seeing me fuck her ass and cum deep inside her. I'd promised Alexa I would take pictures and videos, which I did, with Heather's permission. She said as long as I wasn't showing it off to any guys, she had no problem with it. I guess it never occurred to her I'd be showing them to my aunt.

I pulled up into the driveway of her house that she shared and she pulled herself onto my lap and we made out for several minutes before she finally exited my car and went inside. I could see two other girls in the house greet her at the door and they seemed to be eagerly asking questions. I drove off, shaking my head and wondering what I was going to do.

Heather was a nice girl. And the sex was great, it felt really good, she was a great fuck. But she just didn't compare to Alexa- not in terms of looks, not in terms of her sexual skills, not in terms of how she made me feel. Alexa made everyone else seem like goldfish food.

And that was a problem. I just wish I knew what to do about it.

Of course Alexa felt this way too. We both had thrown ourselves into dating other people with all the energy we could, desperate to find an alternative to the agonizing bond between us, something that would allow each of us to ease away, with as little pain as possible, leading full and fulfilling lives with other people.

Nothing. I couldn't even fuck another girl and keep my mind off Alexa. I wanted the girl I was fucking to be her. And the girl I was dating, whoever she happened to be, didn't deserve this from me. I was very glum on the way home, considering I'd just gotten laid repeatedly by a hot chick who liked to fuck.

The house was dark except for a dim light in the living room. Alexa had told me that would be the signal if she was awake and alone. My insides were quite confused, because I was eager to see her, to hold her and kiss her, but I didn't know what to tell her. I didn't even know why I was so reticent about this. I fucked a girl and felt nothing except my continued love for her.

And against all possible logic, that was a problem.

I came in quietly and looked in the living room. Alexa was reading the Decameron while lying on the couch and saw me. She smiled warmly, put the book down, and held her arms out for a hug. I walked over and knelt down, taking her in my arms and kissing her deeply, lovingly, with everything I had. She sighed into my mouth, returning the kiss with such incredible devotion that I was instantly lost in her. She was like my own private universe.

She pulled back from the kiss and smiled, her eyes shining with love and kindness. "No luck, I take it?"

I shook my head. "Nope, still in love with you and only you."

"Well, drat," she said, winking. "You had no more luck than I had. I fucked Jeanie near to death and I am still only in love with you. We must be going about this wrong."

"Then who wants to be right?" I asked, sitting on the couch while she snuggled into me, tracing her fingers over my shirt. "I wish I knew what to do."

"Well, I have it realtively easy," she mused, caressing me. "I am decidedly bisexual and can play the field if I like. You, you're just stuck fucking girls."

"Normally that wouldn't be an issue for me," I sighed. "I should have really enjoyed that date and that sex tonight. And I guess I did, speaking objectively, Heather's good at sex. But she's not you and she doesn't hold my heart. It feels unfair, to all three of us. I guess it's a plus that she thinks I'm too smart and only wants to be fuck-buddies."

Alexa giggled. "So pretty much the same as Jeanie. I can't imagine trying to be in a serious relationship with her, even if she weren't fucking your parents."

She screwed up her face and made a 'bleh' sound. "Shit. I just grossed myself out. May I have your cock?"

I looked around for a moment. "Here? Now?"

She nodded. "I want to taste another girl on you. See what it's like. And no, I don't want to hear about how your penis passed through your mother's vagina once and therefore indirectly touched Jeanie's. Just hand it over..."

I chuckled and stood, allowing Alexa to sit up on the couch and unzip my pants, dropping them and exposing my cock. She held it gently and seemed to breathe in the scent.

"Well now, it's not so bad..." she whispered before taking me inside her mouth, her tongue rolling around my now-swelling shaft expertly. She held her mouth at the base of my cock, eyes closed, as if feeling something.

"She's a little salty," she mused, pulling back and smiling up at me. "But not unpleasant. She can't be a total slag."

"Another word the queen would never use," I replied, grinning. "Slag."

Alexa giggled and popped my cock back into her mouth, bobbing back and forth until I was good and hard. She finally looked up again and took her mouth off me, pumping my shaft with her hand. "How many times did you cum today?"

"Three." I said simply.

She considered and shrugged while looking at my throbbing dick. "Well, you might have a little left in you, we'll see. I'm taking you downstairs."

She lead me down to my room and put me on the bed, undressing quickly and crawling on top of me. Without a word between us, she lined her pussy up with my throbbing

member and sank down onto it, taking me all the way in. We both groaned in relief as she sat still on top of me. Then she pinned my wrists beside my head and looked down into my eyes as she began to undulate slowly on top of me.

"I could taste the condom you wore too," she whispered. "I'm sorry you had to do that, but I guess I'm relieved, too. I love having your cum all to myself."

I smirked. "If we ever have the three-way you want with Freja, it's gonna be awkward to fuck you without one and then have to slip one on to fuck her."

Alexa giggled and leaned in to kiss the tip of my nose. "I think if we're sharing someone, I'll be willing to make an exception, my love."

She shuddered and gasped softly as I tilted my hips up, penetrating deep inside her. Her fingers gripped my wrists tight as the pleasure rippled through her.

"Naughty," she sighed. "But auntie loves it."

We pumped and writhed against one another in the darkness for some minutes before she crushed herself to me and moaned as loud as she dared into my pillow, cumming hard. I felt the ecstasy flood through me, although my offering deep inside her pussy was spare- Heather had milked it out of me earlier in the evening.

"Don't worry, Alex," Alexa whispered as she pressed her body down on top of me and smothered my face in kisses. "I'm just relieved to have you back inside of me. My day is not complete unless you're in me, Alex."

I caressed her face. "I'm in love with you."

She smiled and gently brushed her lips against mine, whispering it back.

Not a damn thing had been solved.

***

"So, your mother and I have just found out we're getting raises," dad announced as we all sat around the kitchen island, drinking coffee. "Good ones."

"Hey, that's awesome!" I said, genuinely thrilled for them while Alexa clasped her hands in delight and threw herself against her sister, giving her a hug. "And you were doing pretty darn well already."

Dad nodded. "It doubles our income and jumps us a few tax brackets," he said, waving it off modestly. "But it does mean that we can do a few things we've been planning on sooner than we'd expected."

"We were anticipating raises, yes," mom said, finally breaking out of Alexa's bearhug. "But modest ones, not anything quite so extravagant. We initially protested, but it turns out the university has recieved some very generous donations recently, so they can expand several key departments and still pay your father and I what they think we're worth."

"So we'll be building that expansion on the house we've talked about," dad said, nodding. "If we get a good design, we'll actually turn most of the backyard into an atrium, with the outlying part being visible gardens. How does that sound."

"I've been wondering since I got here why your house was built in this particular shape," Alexa said, her mind obviously picturing what my parents had in store. "Because it was meant to be added onto, like another piece you didn't have yet."

Mom nodded. "Third phase will be to allow for a glass roof over the atrium that can be put up in the late fall and removed in the spring, so that we can use it all year-round. Until then, having a courtyard of our own is nothing to sneeze at."

"We've also been considering buying the dorm apartments next door," dad added. "The guy who currently owns it is a sleeze. If we own it, we can write it off in taxes because we'll continue to house students there. If you or Alexa felt the need for your own space, you could move next door."

"However," mom said, leaning against the island and drinking her coffee. "We wanted to talk to you both about the expansion. What if you each got your own considerable amount of space in the new addition? Good-sized bedrooms, your own bathrooms and big closets and dens and so on?"

Alexa's eyes went wide while I raised my eyebrow. "I didnt know you two had abandonment issues."

Dad laughed. "Not even close, your mom and I have plenty of misbehaviour planned for when you're out on your own, eaglet. But this addition needs users and since you're both going to university here in the city, it makes sense to give you first crack. When you leave, your mom and I might take in some needy students or something."

"My own private space?" Alexa breathed. "It's almost like having my own house."

Mom nodded. "No need for any answers yet, your father and I have a lot of consultations to make with contractors and such. And to be honest, the reason we told you about the raises is because we're going to go celebrate tonight. So make sure you're dressed nicely."

Alexa giggled and clapped her hands before giving me a hug and dashing upstairs. Mom watched her run off and shook her head while dad chuckled. "She's in a good mood," mom mused. "I take it her date with Jeanie went well?"

I sighed. "That'd be my guess. Jeanie ganked her phone at one point and kept sending me videos of her doing things to Alexa and teasing me about sitting at home playing games."

Dad snorted and burst out laughing while mom looked shocked for a moment and then concerned. "You're... you're not... are you okay?"

I rolled my eyes. "I'm fine, mother."

"She shouldn't have done that, it's irresponsible," she said somewhat tersely. I could tell her ire was rising. I played my one card to diffuse the situation before things became complicated.

"Could've been worse, she might've messaged me from your phone." I said pointedly.

My mother stopped dead. Even my father stopped laughing and went silent before coughing into his hand. I could see her cheeks go pink as what I had said sunk in.

"Oh, Jesus, you know," she breathed. "Alex, I-"

I held up my hand. "You don't have to account to me about anything, you're the best parents a guy could ask for. You aren't amazing in spite of this thing, it's just part of who you are. And frankly, now that I've seen Jeanie, the less I know, the better."

"Which means Alexa knows," mom muttered. "What did she have to say?"

"Well, I don't like discussing these things with my aunt," I stated, telling a half-truth. "But to quote her, she doubts she'll see Jeanie again, now that she knows dad's been inside her and you've bumped donuts with her."

My dad's roaring laughter echoed in my ears for several minutes afterward.

***

Since we were going out to celebrate, mom and Alexa went shopping for new dresses. They'd no doubt be purchasing something sexy and slinky if I knew mom and I couldn't wait to see Alexa. Dad and I simply opted for our good suits.

"Did you have a good time the other night with Heather?" dad asked casually as we put on our ties while standing in the living room. We'd agreed to meet them at the bar of our restaurant of choice so that we'd be pleasantly surprised by what they were wearing.

"Yeah, it was a good night," I answered. "She hasn't really changed since my last date with her."

Dad chuckled. "We went to school with her mom, everyone called her 'Give-It-Away Colson. Except your mother, who called her Miss Good'n'Plenty. Like mother, like daughter, I take it?"

"Definitely." I said. "But she says I'm too smart for her to seriously date, so we're more likely to just be friends with benefits from the sound of it. Not that I am objecting."

"Well, as long as you're careful, I guess," dad mused. "Chances are your mom is talking with Alexa and making sure things aren't awkward all of a sudden. Anything you want to ask or know?"

"Nope," I said as I adjusted my tie, looking in the mirror. "Less I know, the better. And to be honest, if you two are happy, there's no reason for me not to be on your behalf. It's like I tell my gay guy friends, I'm happy for them, do whatever the hell you want, just make sure I don't have to see it or hear about it."

"Very enlightened," dad laughed. "Your mom and I have had student playmates for a lot of years, so this is nothing new. This is just the first time it's ever come up because your aunt went out with Jeanie."

"And that didn't worry you two?" I asked, shrugging. "Let's face it, she was gonna find out."

Dad nodded. "We'd talked about it, figured we might need to talk to Alexa, but we weren't sure you'd find out."

"Well, she doesn't know many people yet and I'm more or less her age, so I'm kinda her default confidant." I reasoned.

"Yeah, you really are on the short end of the stick there," he agreed. "You're her nephew and you get most of the workload concerning her because you're so close in age."

"Eh, it's not that bad," I added, trying to sound accomodating. "There are worse things than having an intelligent and funny aunt."

Dad slipped on his jacket and clapped me on the shoulder. "Alright, let's get going, they'll probably be there soon and waiting for us."

I couldn't wait to see what Alexa was wearing.

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Mom and Alexa were indeed waiting for us when we got to the lounge. They must have seen us coming in the mirror behind the bar, because they were facing away from us and turned around upon our approach. Dad and I both nearly stopped dead in our tracks.

Drop-dead gorgeous was not even close to beginning to describe Alexa- her sultry figure was clad in a black cocktail dress that hugged her curves perfectly. The neckline was low and drew attention to her magnificent bust. The dress ended somewhere above mid-thigh with a split on the side, revealing miles of shapely leg. She'd done her hair up in a

coil that was elegant with just enough hint of cheerful messy to be fun.

Mom was wearing a deep royal blue dress that accented her curvaceous figure and bathykolpian nature. Mom's dark, lush hair hung down and spilled over her shoulders. Both women were wearing silve jewelry that complimented their attire.

Alexa smirked as I tried not to stare, dumbstruck. Thankfully, dad might have been equally amazed, but at least he could speak.

"Whoops, we're in the wrong lounge, Alex," he said. "Apparently only angels drink here."

Alexa blushed and giggled while mom smiled and rolled her eyes, doubtless used to dad's unusual and often cheesy flattery. She took him by the hand and pulled him over to a seat beside her while I sat on the outside of Alexa. We all laughed and enjoyed some drinks before heading into the elegant dining room and having a wonderful dinner. I tried

not to blush as I kept feeling Alexa's foot graze up and down my leg under the table.

Dinner was over and we were all drinking port with poached pears for dessert. Mom was apparently under the influence enough to try and seduce dad, not that this required any work on her part. She leaned into my father and whispered something in his ear. He listened, nodded and they both stood up, finishing their glasses of port quickly.

"Alex, be a sport and pay the bill, will you?" dad asked as he led mom away from the table. "Order yourselves another round or something, we'll be back in a... whenever."

I blinked as I watched them leave, trying to do the math in my head about whether my bank account could possibly handle this unexpected burden and leave a generous tip. Alexa snickered, knowing what was going through my mind.

"Your bank account can handle it." Alexa said sweetly, winking at me.

"And why would you know that?"

"Well, your mom tried to help me open up an account today and I can't have one on my own just yet, so she attached me to yours. So I know how much is in your account. You've got this covered and Mike will no doubt reimburse you. Grace under pressure, right?"

I frowned. "How did she do that without my signature?"

Alexa shrugged. "She knew the branch manager of your bank and she helped us directly, apparently they're good friends. I saw some looks between them and the woman asked how your dad was in a nuanced voice. I think they're fucking her."

"And I'm beginning to think I live in a brothel." I sighed, causing her to giggle again and pat my arm. I ordered more drinks for us and then paid the bill. We waited for about half an our before mom and dad got back, trying very hard to look unruffled and dignified. They sat down as if nothing

had happened and mom looked at me as she picked up her glass. "What?"

"Ab-so-lutely nothing." I replied.

"Damn straight."

"Well, at least I am." I quipped, causing Alexa to double over and begin giggling until tears were running down her face while mom almost choked on her port. Dad simply looked away and up at the ceiling.

With mom and dad's horny demons seemingly sated for now, we decided to vist another establishment, this one more of a club, with lots of pulsing music and flashing lights. Mom and dad were not nearly as out of place in these environs as one might imagine and were having quite a good time. Alexa and mom were dancing and definitely the center of attention on the floor. They were dancing together but not 'dancing together' as so many other girls out on the town often do. Mom seemed to be throwing some sort of provocative mating dance in my father's

direction while Alexa was trying to not obviously throw one my way.

At some point, mom must have called her friends, Dr Stevenson and his wife Helen, who now showed up. Now those two seemed out of place in this loud club full of gyrating rhythms and flesh. They almost huddled together for protection but were assured by mom and dad's presence.

Eventually, all the evening's drinks had a predictable effect on my system and I excused myself to the bathroom. A few minutes later, dad also came into the john to relieve himself. We'd both finished and were coming back together when we paused, noticing something was wrong.

A group of guys who were wearing biker clothing seemed to have gathered in a cluster around mom, Alexa and the Stevensons. One of them was standing close to Alexa, seeming to try and get her to open her legs so he could stand between them. Alexa was getting angry, as was my mother, while the Stevensons were pale with fright. There were maybe ten guys.

The one guy tried to use his hands to pull Alexa's legs apart when she rammed her knee into his crotch, causing him to grunt and double over. Another swore and raised his hand to slap her when mom's hand flashed out and her nails dug into his eyes. He screeched and reeled away but another made to hit her.

Dad was on them like a tiger.

If there is one rule I have ever learned in my life, it is to never enrage my father. Never threaten his family or the people he cares about.

I was only a heartbeat behind him, but dad was already in there like a maelstrom and the men harrassing my mom and aunt backed up quickly in shock. Dad punched one of them square in the face, knocking him backward and through a round wooden table that splintered under the impact. He grabbed another and rammed his knee into the man's chest before throwing him down onto his face. People were stampeding away from the scene in a panic.

It didn't take the bikers long to rally and start fighting back against us. One tried to get behind dad, but I grabbed his arm and wrenched it, hard. There was a wet popping sound as his wrist and elbow dislocated at the same moment. He cried out in pain and I shoved him aside, lunging in at another. I ducked under a punch that was so slow you could have preserved it in amber. My fist rammed into the guy's sternum and another cracked across his jaw before he went down.

Mom kept Alexa and the Stevensons back against the bar, knowing better than to interfere while dad and I fought to push the men away from them. Their numbers were starting to work against me, because while I'm very adept at the fighting styles I'd learned, I'm not a patch on the raging engine of destruction my father becomes when you threaten his woman.

Clearly they thought he was the bigger threat (literally), because they were converging on him, one of the injured ones having stood back up to join the fight. This allowed me to grab one who wasn't paying attention and ram my knee into his lower back, dropping him. Dad slammed his fist across the jaw of another and blood sprayed in a wide arc.

He grabbed two more and rammed their skulls together, a loud crack echoing across the club. I threw another aside and he tumbled into the bar next to mom. She scowled at him and broke a beer bottle over his head. He slumped down and went to sleep.

I couldn't stop what happened next, I was tussling with a biker and not able to disengage. The injured biker who had stood up pulled a knife and lunged in, ramming it into my father's side. Dad grunted and grabbed the man by the wrist holding the knife, making sure he couldn't get away. Glaring down at the biker, he smashed his forhead right into the man's face, which dissolved in a welter of blood and bone before punching him, hard. His neck snapped backward like he'd received a Tyson uppercut and he collapsed to the floor.

In spite of the shouts of panic, feet running every which way and the cries of fright, the seeming silence that followed the brawl was deafening. Dad was towering over the carnage, his suit ripped, his chest heaving, teeth clenched and eyes blazing. I glanced over at Alexa, who had her hands over her mouth, her eyes wide with what might have been shock or fright.

It was then that I noticed the spreading red stain on my dad's shirt just above his belt.

Mom leapt out of her chair and rushed up to me while Alexa hustled the terrified Stevensons around behind the bar away from any harm before hurrying to join my mom at my side. Dad was still nearby, standing over the bikers, waiting to see if any were stupid enough to get up.

Mom was fussing over me, checking me or injuries when Alexa came up. I assured her I was fine, they hadn't laid a finger on me. One she was confident I was telling the truth, she looked at Alexa and put my arm around my aunt's shoulder.

"Allie, take my son and sit him down and look after him. I need to be with my husband now."

And then she turned and walked up to my father quietly, standing on front of him. He may have been spattered in blood, both his own and the bikers', his muscles bulging and

his tendons tighter than ships' cables, but the sight of his wife softened him instantly. He looked down at my mom and pulled her into his arms, hugging her close. She sighed and nuzzled her face into his shoulder, relieved.

Alexa dutifully walked me over to the bar and sat me down, doing her own mini examination of me to make sure mom had missed nothing. I absently let her do what she liked while I watched my parents in wonder- mom knelt and pulled his ragged shirt up, exposing the knife-wound. Her expression didn't betray anything about the severity of the injury. She then walked him over to one of the bar stools and sat him on it, standing between his legs and pressing her forehead to his, whispering to him. My father smiled and held her gently.

The bartender approached them and said the police and ambulances were on the way. Mom smiled to him and nodded before returning her attention to dad. We were just close enough to hear what they were saying to one another.

"Don't worry," dad was saying. "The knife didn't hit anything vital."

"Then why didn't he stab you in the head, you giant oaf?" mom whispered, teasing him. "I guess we have another sexy scar to add to the list of things that turn me on about you."

"I don't think this one's going to be too sexy."

"They're all sexy, Michael. Trust me on this."

Her hand was holding a folded cloth that she was pressing against the knife wound, even as she was keeping him occupied. Her free hand's index finger trailed down his massive chest beneath the unbuttoned shirt, heading toward his pants.

"Trying to give me a massive erection to keep the blood away from my boo-boo?" he asked, smiling.

"Whatever it takes, my love," mom said gently. "There's no one like you and I'm not complete without you."

Alexa and I watched silently from some distance away. Her hand reached over and squeezed mine.

"Wow," she said quietly. "Look at her. I hope I'm that desperately in love with you."

I nodded. "I hope I don't need to get stabbed for you to figure it out."

Alexa turned and looked at me and smiled, resuming examining me so that it looked like she was doing something practical. "You were very brave, Alex. Those were five-to-one odds."

"Yeah, that's some serious Henry the Fifth Agincourt shit right there," I sighed. "My dad had it handled, Godzilla would think twice about pissing him off."

"You're not worried about him?" she asked as she lifted my arm to check my ribs.

I shook my head. "I suppose I should be, I mean, he got stabbed and is bleeding out and all, but I'm not. Dad's had worse things happen to him, believe me."

"It was terrifying to watch him," Alexa breathed, shuddering as she thought of something she'd witnessed during the fight. "Mike's big and imposing, but I've never been frightened by him before. He's like a killing machine."

"Well, I doubt they're dead," I replied, shrugging. "Probably wish they were, though."

Alexa stopped what she was doing and pressed her face against my shoulder from the side and her hands clenching my shirt, almost shaking.

"Alex, what if it had been you that got stabbed?" she asked in a tiny voice. "I don't know what I'd do."

I put one of my hands over hers and squeezed it assuringly. "Don't worry, I'm pretty sure I can survive a knife wound."

"Only if they stabbed you in the head." Alexa muttered, echoing my mother's sentiments before finally composing herself. I think I was still too high on adrenaline to feel anything and I looked around almost in a daze- the club was pretty much obliterated in a large radius around us, the remains of tables and chairs everywhere, strewn through with biker bodies. Most of them were unmoving. Those that were could do little more than twitch. Most of the club's patrons had stampeded out soon after the fight began, those who were still there were spaced around the walls, gaping in shock.

Mom was still holding dad and whispering to him. The bartender was on the phone while the Stevensons had finally come back out from behind the bar and were standing nearby mom and dad, wondering if they should do anything.

The music had stopped. The silence was indeed deafening.

"Y'better let me up," I said, rising from my chair. "I'm gonna go stand near the bikers, make sure none of them get up."

Alexa nodded and came with me, holding a beer bottle in her hand just in case. I caught dad's eyes as I walked into the center of the room and he smiled and winked at me, plainly in good spirits despite bleeding out. I became aware of the wail of approaching sirens. Maybe a minute later, police and parameds rushed into the club, not knowing exactly what to expect.

Mom stepped aside dutifully but remained near dad as a two medics began examining him. Other checked the bikers while the police began handcuffing those not in need of serious attention. One officer approached Alexa and I and began asking us questions. He originally wanted us to come down to the station but once it was apparent that it was my father who had been stabbed, he agreed they could get all their answers from the hospital.

Since we'd been drinking, Alexa and I allowed the Stevensons to take us to the hospital, while mom rode in the ambulance with dad, who protested the need for one at all. A stern look from my mom told him to play nice with the good parameds and we were off. We sat in the back of the Stevenson's sedan, saying very little but just holding hands.

Arriving at the hospital, we found mom waiting outside the emergency ward, sitting by herself and staring off into nothingness. Alexa hugged her and asked how my dad was doing. Mom smiled and informed us that he was very conscious, very alert, and hadn't shut up or stopped telling jokes the whole way here. Doubtless the poor parameds stuck in the ambulance with them were considering tanquilizing him just to get him to shut up.

We were all laughing but mom's eyes were glistening as she fought back her tears. Alexa and I sat on each side of her and held her close. She took a deep breath to compose herself.

"I have to admit, Alex, I'm a little paranoid about having you this close," she said quietly. "This doesn't seem to have been a good week for being in proximity to me. First my little sister, now my husband..."

Alexa pulled her head back and frowned at mom. "You can't be that retarded, Karen, to think you're somehow cursed or

a smite magnet. Even your big-foreheaded husband's quantum math skills couldn't prove you cause disasters."

"You so sure?" mom asked, her eyes glassy. This had been a very emotional two weeks for her all around.

"If they were, he wouldn't have been stabbed by that dinky little knife," Alexa said, smiling and caressing my mom's cheek. "Alex already allayed my fears and told me he's been through worse, so there's nothing to worry about."

Mom sighed and leaned her head on Alexa's shoulder while my aunt kissed her older sister's cheek, consoling her. I stayed right beside mom, regardless of what she thought, and held her hand. Within half an hour, a doctor came out of the emergency rooms and removed his mask to speak to us.

"Well, the good news is, he's perfectly fine. The knife hit no vital organs and what blood he has lost we are already replacing. Stitching him up once we were sure there were no internal injuries was a breeze."

"Can we see him?" I asked.

"That's the bad part," the doctor admitted. "He refused to be put under while we were examining him and stitching him up, he just kept talking. So, we might have knocked him out for a while, just so that he was quiet."

Mom shook her head and sighed while Alexa burst into fits of giggles. The Stevensons, sitting across from us, also began to laugh. The doctor grinned and told us he'd be awake and available to visit in a few hours. The stay would be a short one, no doubt.

"I need to stay the night, at least the first one," mom said, her tone brooking no argument. "I can sleep in a chair, but I need to be with him, doctor. This is not up for discussion."

He smiled and nodded. "That won't be a problem. I've heard the police are waiting to talk to you all, so you might want to take care of that before he wakes up."

We did indeed give our statements to the police, fully corroborated by the bartender's account as well as other witnesses. They'd talk to dad when he woke up, but they eventually determined that the principal grievance actually belonged to Alexa, whom the bikers had first harrassed.

"They may have been taught a lesson, ma'am, but the law does provide you with recourse to press charges, up to and including aggravated assault, possibly. Would you like to press charges?"

Alexa lowered her head and thought deeply for several seconds. "I don't know," she murmured. "I've come back so recently, I don't want to complicate my residency with legal proceedings like this. Karen?"

Mom took Alexa's hand and squeezed it. "I'll be honest, Allie, I'm of two minds. Chances are if Mike was here, he'd say they've suffered enough, you know what he's like."

They both looked at me now. "Alex?" mom asked softly. "You get a say too."

Thinking like dad was probably the right thing to do. But my memory of the event was seen through a black filter of boiling fury. I could have lost Alexa.

"They tried to hurt my aunt, mom." I growled, the look in my eyes apparently dangerous enough to give even her pause. "Your sister, my aunt. They tried to hurt her. Let them rot in jail, even if they're crippled."

Mom considered and nodded before looking at the officers. "We'll be pressing charges to the fullest extent of the law, officer. Since Alexa is the principal victim and complainant, my husband will doubtless agree when he wakes up. You have our answer."

The cop nodded and walked away. Mom turned and looked at me, her eyes uncharacteristically soft.

"Alex, I know how you feel. They might have killed my husband. You are right to be enraged, your wonderful aunt only just came into our lives and we're blessed for it. But

don't let this fury colour your judgement from hereon out, you'll hate it down the road when it brings you no satisfaction or peace. Don't lose sight of everything your father and I have taught you when the going gets tough."

I looked at Alexa and nodded, a silent understanding passing between us. She had deferred her own decision to my anger and I would never lose sight of that again. I couldn't. I owed her that.

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"Rather amusing that your father was put in the same room Alexa was in just a few days ago, wouldn't you say?" Mr Stevenson mused as we drove back downtown to retrieve the vehicles. The cops had determined I was sober enough to drive, so I would take my car home while The Stevensons brought my father's vehicle back.

"And you could see the look in Karen's eyes, the wheels turning in her head when she saw the size of the shower stall," Mrs Stevenson added, laughing. "If Mike's stitches are

strong enough, I've no doubt he'll be getting lucky in there before he's discharged."

Alexa and I said nothing, but she squeezed my hand.

"The university is going to have a stroke," Mr Stevenson sighed. "First Karen's in a potentially fatal car accident and less than a full week later, Mike is stabbed in a bar brawl. Good thing they already got their raises in writing. I don't think you two will need to worry about coming in to do any of the university work, at least until he is discharged."

Alexa opted to ride with me, not surprisingly, once we had retrieved the cars and begun heading home. She seemed somewhat quiet and pensive, not that I blamed her.

"Should we have insisted on staying longer, after he woke up?" she asked, looking at me, hoping she didn't need to feel guilty.

I shook my head. "Nope. That was definitely mom and dad personal time, nobody in their right mind would interfere.

I feel bad for the nurses and so on who will keep interrupting them."

She leaned her head back against the passenger chair and sighed, looking at the ceiling. It was getting on toward dawn now that we'd left the hospital. It had been such a fantastic evening up until that fight in the bar. I couldn't remember any of us being happier or more excited.

"I think you and I have some serious competition for 'greatest romance of the age'," she mused. "I don't know when I've ever seen two people so desperately in love before."

"I think you and I are the upstart challengers for that title," I replied. "If I'm as in love with you as dad is with mom, then I'm pretty damned amazing."

Alexa giggled and caressed my arm, looking over at me. "Karen won't leave his side, will she?"

I shook my head. "Not unless you and I are suddenly taken hostage by terrorists, not a chance. The house is ours for two nights, guaranteed. Hell, mom'll be so focused on dad she'll probably forget to call or text me except minimally. She'll simply expect us to show up and then get lost when they want alone time."

"I'll be happy for our uninterrupted alone time," she purred, smiling at me. "Unless, of course, you have another date on your itinerary."

I laughed. "You are the only thing on my itinerary. I want to spend as much of the next two days as possible making love to my aunt, who I am so crazy about."

And what a pleasure it would be to prove that to her.

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Alexa moaned and panted loudly as she ground her hips down onto me in eager circles, my cock deep inside her pussy. I was squeezing her breasts and pinching her nipples

while I fucked her, pumping in and out of her tight wetness. I shuddered as she squeezed me with her slippery, clenching walls, her sticky desire glistening all over our groins.

"Gnnnnnn, Alex..." she gasped, her golden locks spilling around her shoulders as she rode me. "Alex, you're so deep, God, I can't take it!"

"Let me cum in you Alexa," I groaned, squeezing her tits harder and tilting my hips up to reach even deeper inside her. "Please, let me cum in you!"

She pressed her hips down with all her might, arching her back and neck before crying out my name. She pinned me to her bed and screamed, bucking furiously as she came. I growled as I felt my cock pulsing and releasing torrents of my pearly cum deep inside her greedy pussy. We thrashed and writhed like animals in heat, locked to one another. Her fingernails dug into my chest and I was squeezing her breasts so tight I was leaving red welts.

She collapsed on top of me, chest heaving, exhausted. I wrapped my arms around her tiredly, also overcome by waves of pleasure and a delicious, gratifying fatigue. Her sweet breath on my cheek imbued me with a great sense of serenity, like my life was complete as long as we were together like this. There was no way this was wrong.

"Alex," she finally said in a tiny voice. "I'll keep dating girls and you need to keep doing the same, but I'm certain now, I can never be without you. I don't care if I have to change my name legally or sit on top of the microwave until the radiation changes my genome so we're no longer related, but I can't live without you. We need to find a way to be married. I need you for my husband."

I held her tight and kissed her, knowing the truth of her words. "I know. We'll keep up the facade until we figure it out. We'll figure out how to be husband and wife without destroying our family and our future. You have my word from this moment on, Alexa. I plan to make you my wife."

There was a certainty to my tone and in my conviction that defied all logic, I know this. Historical evidence and societal

traditions made our desire to marry next to impossible, not just for legal reasons, but out of consideration for our family. How would my parents' peers view Alexa's and my relationship when it became public?

Because it would.

My parents were incredibly popular professors, but as a result they also had their petty, jealous detractors. It would be selfish to damage their careers, after everything they'd ever done for me and most recently for Alexa. Maybe other countries had laws, it's the sort of thing I could look into, but it changed very little realistically about what we were considering and the impact it would have. Prejudices about being married to a blood-relative, legal or not, could affect your employment or applications for employment. You couldn't magically make people not discriminate. The stigma of incestuous marriage aside, what would it mean about children?

I think the truly scary part was that I saw these issues now as obstacles, rather than sound arguments to re-examine my course of action. I was madly in love with my aunt and

behind my rational thought, this was all that actually mattered to me.

Damn the rest of it.

We'd just have to find a way.

Chapter 10- Awkwardness Mounting

I pulled on Alexa's hair and she groaned in pleasure. I was fucking her from behind, with her bent over the desk of the big office we'd been working in. She ground her ass back against me and flexed her pussy around my cock, making me shudder. I'd never known anything like it.

And I was so in love with her.

"Gnnnn, Alex..." she hissed, flexing her fingers against the pad that topped the desk. "You feel so good..."

"I love you, Alexa." I panted.

"I love you too," she replied, turning her head to look at me, eyes shining. "You gonna marry me?"

"Uh-huh."

"And be mine forever?"

"Yes."

"Alex, I- uh! Oh God... Alex, I can't live without you. We need to be married, somehow."

I nodded, enthralled by her voice, smooth with pleasure. We had gone to the university to do our summer work and after the campus had emptied out, she slipped into her schoolgirl outfit, which I was now fucking her in. The little pleated skirt was hiked over her beautiful ass while the blouse, knotted at the midriff, was unbuttoned, her

incredible breasts spilling out of it. They were pressed now against the desktop while I watched my glistening cock sliding in and out of her wet pussy.

Within seconds of her putting on the outfit we were making out hungrily and the piles of papers on the desk were now scattered around the floor as we made room for a badly-needed fuck session. My addiction to my aunt was exactly that- an addiction. In spite of it breaking one of the world's most universal taboos, there was nothing I could do about it, even if I'd wanted to. And I sure as hell didn't want to.

I reached down and squeezed her breasts, gripping them and pulling her upright to me. She shuddered and moaned, turning her head to kiss me hungrily, tongues tangling in one another's mouth. I squeezed the silken flesh and pulled gently on her nipples. Her ass squirmed against me and I pushed in and out of her. The moist heat of her womanhood, it's velvet clutch around me, was sheer heaven.

"Let me turn around, Alex," she said breathily, her hairline damp with sweat and her skin pink. "I want to see you, to look in your eyes when you cum in me..."

I nodded and pulled out of her for a moment when she turned around. I marvelled at the sight of my aunt, who was so inhumanly beautiful to me- her lush, golden blonde hair, penetrating blue eyes, her kind smile, her sculpted body, adorned with glorious breasts, athletic legs and her wanton pussy. She looked up at me with molten eyes, her hand slowly pulling up the hem of her tiny skirt, exposing herself to me. She parted her legs to make room for me.

I took her by the hips, staring back into her eyes. We knew one another's bodies well enough that I easily found her entrance and we both sighed as I pushed back up inside her, the pliant, slippery walls giving way before my hard cock. She put her hands gently on my shoulders, her butt resting against the desk and she legs on either side of mine. My hands found her bountiful breasts and her head fell back when I massaged them as I began to push in and out again.

"You feel so good, Alex..." she whispered, her eyes closed, letting the sensation of our lovemaking flood over her, stroking the back on my neck with her fingers. "Unlike anything or anyone I've ever been with. It's so perfect and right with you..."

She squeezed me rhythmically as I pushed inside, filling her. My throbbing cock stretched her walls and we could hear the wet sounds her pussy made as I fucked her. Her breasts jiggled hypnotically and I squeezed them again. Her head fell back, her eyes closed. She ground her hips in circles against me. I gazed hungrily at the glistening wetness of my cock and her slit, bonding us to one another.

"Cum in me..." she whispered. "Let me feel you cum deep inside me, Alex."

I took hold of her hips and began pumping back and forth with more vigour and she squeezed me tighter. We both groaned, no longer trying to delay our climax. The goddess I worshipped wanted my cum and I would give it to her. We squirmed and ground against one another, sweat shining on our skin, hearts pounding and panting.

I could feel the tingling boil inside my balls, spreading through me, my thrusts becoming almost desperate, pushing further inside her. Her hands gripped my ass and squeezed before trailing up my back, nails straking my skin. They finally arrived at my upper back and she pulled herself against me, wrapped her legs and arms around me.

"Oh God!" she gasped, shaking almost uncontrollably.

My hands found her ass cheeks and I pulled her against me as tightly as I could, pushing my hips forward with all my might. Her eyes flared open and we stared into one another's eyes as I began to cum inside her. The warmth flooded through me and I lost myself in those sapphire eyes while I pumped my essence deep into her yielding pussy.

I treasured this moment in our lovemaking, where I felt like I was seeing right into her soul, to my aunt's true self. I could see how much she loved me, her total and even fanatic devotion to me. And she could no doubt see how in love I was with her, nothing held back.

Trembling, we kissed one another, relieved to have cum together, something we were both dependent upon now. We kissed lovingly and deeply, my cock still filling her. We whispered loving words to one another while kissing, hands caressing each other's bodies gently. I held her to me, never wanting to let go.

"Oh, wow..." came a familiar and unwelcome voice from the doorway.

We both turned our heads to gaze at the interlocutor before Alexa sighed quietly and pressed her forehead against my shoulder in despair. I kept staring as Jeanie leaned in the doorway, arms crossed over her chest, smirking at the two of us. There was no point in moving away from Alexa and trying to salvage the situation, because we had no idea how long she been standing there and I was clearly buried deep inside my aunt and had been playing tonsil-hockey with her.

"Don't mind me, I love a good show as much as the next girl." Jeanie lilted, finally walking into the office and closing the door behind herself. "Gotta admit though, Alli, you

really had me fooled when you seemed all grossed out at my suggestion that you two would look hot fucking."

She must have seen the look in my eyes because she put up her hands and smiled. "Easy, tiger, I'm not gonna blackmail your aunt or anything, I promise. After all, I'm fucking your parents, so I'm not exactly clean here."

She stood a few steps away from us and sighed. "I... well, I'll just come out and say it. I'm jealous."

We both stared at her.

"Look, I'm not gonna plead some poor rich girl case or anything, but I'm not fooling myself either. I got into this university because my parents are stupidly wealthy and contributed a whole goddamn wing or something and I'll get a degree in whatever because of it and I'm never gonna hurt for money, but none of that matters, does it? Because I'll never find anyone to be as madly in love with as you two are with one another."

I think I saw tears in the corner of her eyes. She put her dainty fingertips over her lips.

"I mean, I'm jealous, yeah. But not angry, just envious." Jeanie continued. "What you two have is beautiful. I've never seen anyone so in love, except maybe the profs, y'know? Don't worry, your secret's safe with me. I know you think I'm a ditz and maybe I am, but I'm a good-hearted airhead."

She looked at Alexa and sighed. "I spent all that time teasing you about fucking your nephew, just to be funny and hope you'd think I wasn't a total waste of time. Guess the joke's on me."

I sort of expected my kind-hearted aunt to detach from me and give her friend a hug, but instead she held onto me a little more tightly. Whatever Jeanie meant to Alexa, it wasn't a patch on what I meant to her.

"Just so y'know, I'm not gonna be messing around with your folks anymore," our guest said, looking at me now. "It'd just not feel right, since I've been with Alli. And while

I'm sure they enjoyed sharing me, I don't think they'll miss it if we stop fucking. Not a big deal to them."

"How long were you watching, Jeanie?" Alexa asked, but her voice was not unkind.

Jeanie smiled weakly. "Long enough to not fool myself into thinking that my words made you want to fuck your nephew," she said quietly. "Long enough to hear you talk about how in love you are. I really hope it works out for you. Because that's not how my parents are and I don't see that in my future. So I really want it to work out for someone."

She looked at me again. "You're a lucky fella. And if she's in love with you, that must mean you're awesome, so she's a lucky girl. I... I don't care how you do it, but... get married, please?"

Jeanie blew us a kiss, turned and walked quietly out of the room, closing the door behind her. We stared at the door for several seconds before Alexa sighed and pressed her forehead to my chest.

"What was she even doing here at this ungodly hour?" I asked. "During the summer?"

Alexa shook her head. "I sort of remember her telling me during a pause in our lesbian sex pretzel that she sometimes came late and wandered the campus, trying to find some purpose in being there. She... when people were around, she felt like a fake, like she didn't belong there."

"Maybe she doesn't." I shrugged.

"Maybe, but that's not our judgement to make, Alex. Mike and Karen seem to believe in her, at least to some degree, and we know at least that's she got some emotional depth to her, even if she's a round-heeled bimbo. I... we need to remember to be kind to her. She wants us married, after all."

I sighed heavily. Getting caught had definitely not been in my plan for the evening, but clearly it could have been a lot worse...

***

A few days had passed and we were sitting in one of the offices, going over papers and sorting them into piles that hopefully represented categories. We hadn't been given too many instructions, so Alexa (probably rightly) surmised that what organization we gave the department was a welcome improvement to the no-system they seemed to run on.

Dad had been allowed back to work on a casual basis, as long as he was mostly sitting and did not exert himself. There was the option of a wheelchair, of course, which mom offered to push him around in, but he declined and bought himself a Segue, which he spent the next few weeks on, bombing around and annoying the faculty, who knew better than to complain. Dad was larger than most of the faculty put together, so nothing was said, unless he left skidmarks in the hallways.

"Lets count our blessings," Alexa said as she sorted. "Some night we're going to look out a window and see your mom

and dad silently glide by in the moonlight, naked and fucking their way across the campus on the damn thing."

I squeezed my eyes shut and shook my head. "Thanks for the libidoectomy, I was getting rather horny."

She giggled and she resumed her sorting. We were silent for some time before she spoke again, her voice tinged with regret. "I really wish I knew what to do, Alex. It's so damn unfair that you're my nephew. I wish we could get married, but we can't. Not here. We'd have to move to France or Finland or something. And that would destroy my new family anyway. I feel so... trapped..."

I nodded. "I know a few places allow avuncular marriage over in Europe, you're right. But if we're married and in love, there's a risk if we decide to have kids."

She nodded. "I looked it up, could be as high as a thirteen percent chance of passing on congenital defects. Do you know of any in the de Bourne family?"

I shook my head. "No history of congenital diseases or cancers or anything. Mom always said one of the reasons she married dad was because of his impeccable good breeding stock."

"None on the Gordon side either," she added. "Same fantastic genetics. So if we did have kids, they might just be advanced and impossibly blond and blue-eyed."

"Oh good, little Aryan children of the damned," I laughed. "Inbred superhumans."

She grimaced. "I've seen the size and your dad's skull, and yours isn't much smaller. I'd be frightened of pushing those kids out..."

I sighed and shook my head again. "It's all just whimsy at this point. We can't exactly break apart the family because we happened to fall in love."

"I know..." she said quietly, trailing off as she looked at the papers in front of her. We continued sorting out papers

related to Proto-Indo-European language theory when she just stood up and looked at me.

"Take me to the maze?" she asked, holding out her hand. "I'm feeling like some Dutch kissing."

Without even blinking, I stood up and took her hand, leading her out of the office and onto the campus. It was late Saturday night and I knew we'd be alone.

***

I was sitting on the stone bench and Alexa was straddling me, her crystalline blue eyes looking down into mine. Tears glistened on her cheeks, but she wasn't crying. She was sad, yes, because we loved one another so much, but she wouldn't cry. I wiped some tears away with my thumb and she pressed her lips gently against mine, whispering about how much she loved me. My hands rested on her waist and I whispered back, the two of us enjoying the solitude of the hedge maze. Moonlight shone down on us and she looked beautiful as her golden hair caught the silvery rays. I

wondered if this was what it was like to be in love with Galadriel or Indis of the Vanyar.

Forehead to forehead, we said nothing for some time, just comforted by each other's presence and feelings. Her fingers caressed the back of my neck and her breasts pressed to my chest. Normally the feel of her body against mine turned me on, but right now, we just wanted solace in one another. Together and desperately in love.

"I want to marry you," she whispered in my ear. "I don't know if I can love anyone else. It sounds silly to say, since we're so young, but I don't understand how to love anyone else any more. If... if I went back to the other side of the world tomorrow, I could lose myself in sex, but be in love again? Even with Freja? No. I... oh, Alex..."

"I know how you feel," I murmured back. "I don't see how my life continues without you, except in an unsatisfying manner. There'd always be a big, nagging hole I couldn't pretend wasn't there."

She got off my lap and pulled me to my feet, leading to a patch of soft, emerald grass and laid down. I settled myself gently on top of her and we kissed lovingly for several minutes, my aunt and I. Desperate to feel close, to feel one another's heart, lost in the deep truth of our feelings and comforting one another because of the hopelessness of our predicament.

"I want to do silly things like marry you here and now, to commit myself to you, as if it were a real and legal thing. But I can't just stay with you always and never marry you legally, can I? We can't do that to our family."

I shook my head. "I wish we could. Why does this have to be so difficult?"

She sighed and I stood up, pulling her gently to her feet. We walked silently around the center of the maze, her fingers tracing along the statue in the center. Finally, I pulled her to me and leaned back against the hedge wall, holding her tight. She snuggled into and sighed, wrapped in my arms.

There was a giggle and the rustle of movement on the other side of the wall and we froze, eyes wide and not daring to make a sound. What if we were discovered?

"I can't believe we're doing this!" whispered a familiar, giddy female voice. "What if we're found?"

"Big deal, people know we're married," my father said in his distinctive baritone. "Maybe I should shout loudly to the night that I'm violating my wife in the campus hedge maze."

"Don't you dare!" my mom hissed, scandalized but also giggling. "I have a reputation to maintain!"

"The same reputation that gained notoriety when we were caught boning in Convocation Hall four years ago?" dad teased. There was movement against the other side of the hedge wall and the endless leaves shivered, as did my spine. Mom almost squealed and there was a sound like playful struggling.

"Be careful, you thunderous oaf," she said, trying to sound commanding. "Your stitches won't- gnnn!- you need to be careful, the doctor said -oooooh, dammit, that's cheating, you bastard..."

"My doctor said what?" dad asked in a seductive tone.

"How the hell would I know?" mom said breathily. "Get that tongue in me..."

We held perfectly still, unwilling to move a muscle. We felt something, or someone, push into the hedge wall directly on the other side of us. We heard clothes rustling and then my mom moaned wantonly.

"God," she hissed. "I love your tongue, baby. Right there..."

Alexa and I looked at one another in dread. Were my parents really getting it on two feet away on the other side of a hedge? Her eyes were wide with concern. I shook my head ever so slightly, warning her to stay absolutely still.

"Gnnnn, yes..." mom moaned, clearly enjoying whatever dad was doing to her. "Oh God, my ass, yes, finger my ass..."

I squeezed my eyes shut, unable to run away in horror. Alexa placed her forehead against mine and said nothing, obviously feeling trapped as well. Mom's moans became panting and the hedge wall continued to rustle against us. We could have, possibly, attempted to extricate ourselves away from the leaves slowly, to sneak away, but we were both too scared to take a chance. If they heard us and came around the corner...

"Give me that cock now, big boy," mom breathed. "I need it so bad..."

We heard my dad unzipping his jeans and then the rustle of them getting shimmied down. Dad sighed as we heard mom begin to give him head. She moaned and started sucking loudly, like something out of a porn movie. Alexa's eyes went wide as she listened and she fanned her face in response.

"God, you suck better than anyone, baby," dad groaned. "Your mouth is magic."

"Mmmmm, better than my pussy or my ass?" mom purred, pausing for a moment to tease him.

"No," dad chuckled. "But every bit as thrilling. Let me fuck you now."

"Take me however you like me, Michael..." mom said in a sultry voice dripping with lust. "This is no marathon fuck session, give it to me good and hard and make me cum."

We heard them rearrange themselves and then mom groaned as dad got inside her. They whispered and panted together as they fucked. The leaves of the hedge kept rustling, meaning they were pressed to it somehow. We still didn't dare move.

"Oh, fuck!" mom gasped, trying not to be loud. "You feel so good. Yes, right there..."

"Hold on, baby girl, daddy's gonna make you scream," dad grunted. "You're so fucking tight, Karen."

"Ah!" mom squeaked. "Yes, bite it, my love! Tug-gnnnnn!-tug on it. Ohhhhh, God..."

"You're so beautiful," dad moaned. "I love you, baby."

"I love you!" mom panted. "Cum in me!"

They mercifully stopped talking and fucked faster and faster until they were both gasping and then dad kissed mom, stifling her scream as they both came. We could feel their bodies tangling and thrashing through the leaves, reminding us exactly how close they were.

Finally, they stopped moving, breathing heavily as they basked in the afterglow of their lovemaking. We could hear them kissing and mom giggling as dad caressed her. Pretty sure this whole scene would have been hot as hell if it weren't mom and dad.

"Y'know," dad said finally, and I could almost picture him laying next to mom on the grass, tracing the tip of his finger around her nipple as he spoke. It just had that tone to it. "You're probably still young enough to give Alex a little brother or sister and Alli another nephew or niece."

Mom giggled. "You're sweet. Alex would make a wonderful big brother and Alli'd be the best aunt to ever live. We could talk about it, I suppose. Sure you're up to it?"

"Baby, I'll make sure everyone can hear you sloshing when you walk," dad replied. "Think they're still working away?"

"Oh, you know Alex, get him going on a project and he won't come up for air," mom said. "I suppose we could go check on them and then all go out for a late bite. I think the Siam Palace is still open."

"Alright, let's dress and get them, they've going been at it for hours now."

"Don't say it like that," mom hissed, swatting dad. "You make it sound like they're having sex on the desk of something."

We heard them wandering away, with mom muttering that they'd be forever trying to find their way out of the stupid maze. We waited silently until we were sure they were thoroughly lost in another part of the maze. Alexa looked at me in trepidation.

"You remember the way out?" she asked.

I nodded. "They're heading in exactly the wrong direction for the exit we'd use. If we go now and keep quiet, we'll never run into them."

She took my hand and followed me, both of us listening carefully for signs of my parents. I led us through the maze as quickly as I dared. As important as anything was making it back to the office without looking flushed or like we'd just been running.

We stopped dead and jammed ourselves up against a hedgewall at one point, pale with fright as mom and dad walked right by us, hand-in-hand and heading down another wrong path. Once they turned the corner, we continued on our original route. We came into the clearing beyond the maze and broke into a sprint toward the main building.

"We smell like the hedge," Alexa remarked as we ran toward the building. "I'm not kidding, when we get in the room, we're rubbing old books on ourselves!"

We dashed into the building and up to the office we'd been using, thankfully running into no one along the way. Alex went up to a shelf full of musty old books and grabbed several that were related to the subject matter of the papers we were organizing. She hastily rubbed her hands and arms on the pages and then did the same to me before sitting down on the opposite side of the desk from me. About three minutes later, my parents came in.

"Look at you two, so industrious," mom quipped as she walked through the door. "Enjoying your privacy?"

"I'm enjoying the honorarium and chance to get ahead," I replied practically before looking at them. "Got lost in the maze?"

Mom frowned. "And why do you think we were in the maze?"

"Grass stains on the knees of your pants." I said, pointing at her jeans. Mom blushed and shut up while Alexa giggled.

"Well, now that you've trivialized our romantic coitus, how about you two smart-asses join us for Thai food?" dad asked, grinning. We may have clammed mom up but there was no sense trying to stop dad. We both nodded and exited the office with them, locking it up for the night. We followed in my car while dad led the way to the restaurant.

"Good catch on the grass stains." Alexa mentioned, squeezing my hand.

"Oh, they're barely noticeable," I said, shrugging. "But her knees were slightly wet and they couldn't really call me on it, since they didn't know we were there. I just wanted them off-balance and instantly focused on something else."

She clapped giddily. "I'm gonna be an auntie. Again, I guess, but this'll be like it's supposed to be. Are you excited to be a big brother?"

"I think I'd like that," I said, nodding. "Mind you, I already know what the names'll be if they have another kid."

"Oh, really?" Alexa mused, looking at me. "They've always had it planned, hm?"

"Yep. If it's another boy, he'll be Connor Elryk Endymion. If it's a girl, she'll be Aurora Indis Veronica."

Alexa shook her head and smiled. "Indis? Like second wife of Finwe, Indis?"

I laughed. "They'll both be so pleased you got the reference. You know it's Quenya for 'Bride', right?"

"Yes, yes, I'm a Tolkien geek," she replied. "Great names, I'm not the least bit surprised, given what mighty nerds they are."

She leaned back against her head-rest and sighed, staring at the ceiling of my car. "The one dorky nerd family I want to marry into and I can't because I'm already related to it. Talk about a bitch of a spin on the Wheel of Transmigration. Ugh, falling instantly in love with you was such a bad idea, and I had no choice in the matter. I was yours the second our eyes met."

"Yeah, ditto," I said grimly, staring ahead at the road. "And the only people who know are some bimbo at our school and a Danish hooker."

Alexa looked at me, her eyebrow raised. "Freja. A hooker."

"Go ahead and tell me I'm wrong," I said, shrugging. "She makes money by fucking, right?"

"It's... not completely uncommon," Alexa said somewhat quietly. "I might have had sex a few times when I was younger for money."

"Don't worry, I'm not knocking it," I offered. "I'm just saying that I had a pretty good hunch how she paid for university."

"University is free in Denmark," Alexa pointed out. "She uses her hooker money for other things."

And then I laughed. I love my aunt so damn much.

***

Alexa was kicking my ass at Mortal Kombat. She was doing the stereotypical girl one-button-mash thing and it was working. She'd won several matches in a row before I

sighed and put the controller down. Dad was sitting nearby and chuckled as I admitted defeat. "So what's his punishement, Alli?"

"I dunno," she quipped, grinning and ruffling my hair. "Might put him on a dress and take pictures. Throw a tea party with all my stuffies for him. The possibilities are endless."

I grunted and ignored the teasing, doing my best to look bent out of shape. Win or lose, I knew lovemaking would be the stakes of our matches, only Alexa got to choose the type since she'd won. She'd doubtless sneak back down to my room after mom and dad had gone to bed and we fuck until we were ready to pass out. Losing at Mortal Kombat really didn't bother me.

We played a couple more rounds where I tried to even the score, but Alexa won out. Dad laughed and wished me well in my career as a drag queen before heading up to join mom in bed. We continued playing a while longer, to make sure they were asleep before she hit the Pause button and

turned on the chesterfield to look at me. Her blue eyes were warm with lust.

"Let's fuck here on the couch, Alex," she said quietly. "I'm feeling daring tonight."

I shrugged. "We've fucked on the couch before. There's no place in this house we haven't fucked."

"Yes, but with Mike and Karen upstairs, there's a certain risk involved and like I said, I'm feeling daring." Alexa pointed out. "We'll put down a towel to cover our tracks, but I want to make love to you here tonight. I won the game, those are my terms."

I nodded. I had to at least pretend to be the voice of reason before I acquiesced to her crazy idea. She waited quietly while I retrieved a large towel and laid it out on the chesterfield. I pulled her close to me and we kissed deeply as we began undressing one another. Soon we were naked, bodies pressed together, fitting like pieces of an erotic puzzle. We whispered to each other about how in love we were before Alexa sank to her knees in front of me and took

my already swelling cock into her mouth, sucking on me hungrily.

I did my best not to moan as she bobbed back and forth along my shaft, her hand caressing my length as it followed her wet lips. My hands were resting on her head, fingers in her hair, kneading and caressing. I moved my hips back and forth slowly, matching the rhythm of her mouth. It felt so good to have my aunt sucking my cock.

She brought me skillfully to the edge of climax several times before backing off, until my body was trembling with need. I pulled her off my shaft and pushed her down onto the chesterfield, pulling her legs wide to expose her glistening pussy. Without a word, I knelt and buried my face in her slit, my tongue pushing through her netherlips and deep inside her. She squirmed and moaned silently, thrilled by my assertiveness. I teased her the way she had teased and edged me until her body was warm and damp with need.

Without a word I crawled over top of her and she spread her legs wide, looking up at me expectantly. I pushed my

cock head through the slick lips of her pussy and we both sighed almost in relief as I slid all the way in. She squeezed herself around me tightly as I pushed in, the resistance thrilling us both. Once I was buried deep inside her, I looked down into her eyes and she reached up and cupped my cheek, whispering 'I love you' before we began to fuck. I started moving in and out slowly and she pushed her hips up against me as I pushed down. The rhythm we had with one another was wonderful, natural and intuitive. As I pulled back, she squeezed with her pussy muscles, making the withdrawal feel every bit as good as the press into her. I marvelled at her control of her body, somehow pushing up without squeezing but doing that while lowering her hips. All I could do was piston my hips at varying speeds or gyrate while inside her.

We kissed feverishly, her hands roving in my hair while I gripped hers. Keeping silent was more effort than fucking her. Alexa strained to keep her panting inaudible, but this had been her challenge, so she must have thought she was up to it. We pumped and slithered against one another, torn between wanting to cum and wanting to keep fucking daringly, just a single floor away from my parents. The risk

we were taking was insane. If either of them came down, there'd be no time to recover.

I pushed her deeper onto the plush couch as I leaned more of my weight over her. She shuddered as I sank still deeper inside her, her eyes wide and glazed with lust as she looked up at me. Alexa grabbed my butt cheeks and pulled on them, hard, as if trying to pull my whole body inside her. I grinned evilly and thrust forward out of our rhythm, my deepest penetration yet.

My aunt yelped in sudden pleasure.

"Alli?" came a voice from upstairs.

My mother.

Without a word, I had pulled out of her and in a blur of motion gathered up all my clothes and darted silently to the basement door. I could hear mom's footsteps upstairs as she came to investigated and mostly closed the door behind myself, heading downstairs quietly as I could. I hated the

notion of leaving Alexa so suddenly to face my mother, but she was a big girl and hopefully would figure it out. I just dared not be anywhere nearby. At all.

I practically leapt the six feet to my bed, diving into the covers as I heard my mother's footsteps upstairs. Finding a towel, I cleaned myself off before spreading out on my stomach and haphazardly throwing a blanket across my middle. I quickly turned off my bedside lamp, knowing that I needed to be feigning sleep if we were to survive this. I turned my head to the side so I could listen, closed my eyes and hoped for the best.

"Alli, are you alright?" my mother asked as she headed into the living room.

"I... I'm sorry, Karen," Alexa faltered. "I... I was..."

"Are you naked under that cover?" I heard mom ask.

There was a rather pregnant pause. "Yes..." my aunt admitted.

"Oh," mom said, somewhat awkwardly. "You were... well..."

"Yeah." Alexa almost whispered. "Sorry. I just... I called my friend Freja after Mike and Alex had both left and our conversation got rather hot. And with your room being so close, I didn't want to-"

Mom giggled. "That's very considerate of you. We wouldn't have heard you if you hadn't made that noise and God only knows, if Alex is asleep then he wouldn't hear you if you were doing it in the same damn room. Dead people are easier to wake than that boy."

I heard Alexa giggled now. "I probably traumatized him enough with those involuntary photos of Jeanie and I, no point tempting fate."

"Well, for the record, darling, if my husband falls asleep he won't hear you either, and I don't mind what you do in your room, a woman has needs, right? Don't feel like you need to go to extraordinary lengths before enjoying yourself, okay?

Hell, use the Jacuzzi jets if you need to, I've cheated on Mike a few times with them."

My mom and aunt both laughed before mom sighed. "So my son left you alone to go sleep, hm? King of Chivalry, that boy."

"To be fair, I told him I was tired and ready to turn in," Alexa replied. "I couldn't exactly tell him I was horny and needed to get off with a Danish lesbian."

"Yes, I can see how that would be best avoided," mom mused. "Well, sorry to have interrupted your play time, I just heard the noise and wanted to make sure you were alright. Call your friend back and finish up if you like."

Alexa laughed. "I think I killed the moment, Karen. I'll finish up with Freja later. I think I'll just read some periodicals to cool off and then actually go to bed. Had my excitement for the evening."

"Alright, Alli, have a good night," mom said as I heard her walking out of the living room and through the dining room. "Remember what I said."

"I will. G'night, Karen."

Silence.

After several minutes, I heard feet quietly pad across the dining room floor and the basement door creak open. Alexa crept downstairs and crawled into bed with me. Her heart was still pounding as she embraced me.

"Okay, that was a little too daring," she whispered. "Forgive me?"

"Nothing to forgive," I said, cuddling her close. "I'm just glad you managed to pull that off with mom."

She nodded. "Karen's pretty hip, she knows I have needs. We've discussed it when we're alone. Horniness seems to be a genetic condition of the women in our family."

She then pulled aside my tangled blanket and crawled down my body. "That being said..."

I couldn't believe it. We'd nearly been caught in the most terrifying position of our lives, twice this week, and she needed to relieve the fright by fucking. I shivered as she took my cock inside her mouth, moaning around it as she bobbed up and down expertly. My objections vanished and I was hard in no time.

"I wasn't lying, auntie has needs," she said breathily as she now squirmed her amazing tits around my cock before crawling back up my body and straddling me. "I think I'll stay on top this time, to control the rhythm and your misbehaviour..."

Without another word, she sunk down onto me and we both sighed quietly as I filled her. I reached up and groped her breasts eagerly and she bit her lip to keep from

moaning too loudly. She began a grinding motion, moving her hips in circles and keeping my cock buried deep inside herself. Alexa leaned down and pressed her lips to mine, kissing me deeply and passionately. I put my arms around her back and hugged her to me, lost in her lust and love for me.

I felt her lean her hips up and my cock popped out of her while we kissed. I wondered what she was doing but then my cock head pressed against her tight knot and she pressed down, shuddering as she took me inside her ass. She was so unbelievably tight and I stiffened as I tried to control myself.

"God, I love having you in my ass," she murmured through our kiss. "I love having you inside me everywhere, Alex. I'm yours..."

"I'm yours too, Alexa." I panted as I hugged her tight and began pushing my hip up and down, sliding in and out of her. Because she was lying down on top of me, I had to push up with my hips to move my cock inside her. She whimpered in pleasure before finally sitting up and settling

down on my cock, causing me to sink into the bed and not have to push up so much.

We said nothing for some time as she fucked me with her ass. I could only see the faintest outline of her from light coming down the stairwell, but her lush body felt very real against mine, my hands squeezing and massaging her opulent breasts. It was every bit as thrilling as getting to look at her in a way.

We'd had enough close calls recently and decided not to prolong the act or turn it into a maenadic frenzy of sex for fear of involuntarily making more noises it was best not to explain. We ground and squirmed against one another faster and more heatedly until I pushed my hips up, straining and Alexa bit her knuckle to keep from screaming. Second later, I was pumping my cum inside her ass, which twitched and gripped me tightly.

Alexa collapsed on top of me, panting, her body limp like a rag doll. I was almost deflated beneath her, my hands resting on her back. Her ass was still throbbing around my softening member, milking me dry. After several minutes,

she stirred and pressed her lips to mine, whispering her undying devotion to me. I kissed her back, whispering about my need to marry her.

"Guess I'd better go," she said finally. "Don't want my sister coming to check on me."

We both shuddered as she moved and my cock popped out of her ass. She giggled as she wiggled over to my bathroom to freshen up. She came back out after a few minutes, knelt on the bed, took my face in her hands and kissed me lovingly. She then gathered her clothes and headed upstairs, retiring to her room.

I looked at the ceiling for a few minutes before deciding I was no closer to answers about our predicament than I was before. I went to the bathroom and washed myself before heading back to bed, determined to not think about things until the morning. Basking in the glow of our lovemaking was good enough for tonight.

***

I woke to the sound of laughter upstairs, specifically my mom and Alexa. They were clearly sitting at the kitchen island and talking over the coffee I could now smell.

"I can't believe you woke him up," my mom laughed. "My poor son, sleeping away peacefully, having not noticed your noisy masturbation habits, and you get bored and head downstairs to harass him into keeping you entertained with video games?"

"He lost the video game rounds earlier and I got to choose the punishment. It could have been worse, Mike was convinced I was going to make Alex wear a dress and take pictures, like he was a doll to dress up or something. All I did was wake him up and make him play video games until I was bored and tired. At least he likes games."

"Well at least that's true," mom agreed. "Did you at least shower or towel down before bothering him so you didn't fill his brain with your pheromones?"

"Was it that bad?" Alexa laughed.

I could almost hear mom nod. "We Gordon women seem to ooze them. I got your horny scent from the stairs when I came down to check on you."

"Mom used to talk about that, I thought she was bullshitting, but I guess it's true." Alexa mused. "But no, I didn't, I just got dressed and went down to pester him. He was pretty groggy and out of it for a while, mind. I don't think he would have noticed if I'd been sitting naked in his lap."

"Well at least you don't have to go to those lengths to get him to pay attention to you," mom said somewhat dryly. "Does he wear anything when he sleeps?"

"Thankfully he had a coverlet over his midsection when I so blatantly went down to pester him," Alexa replied. "I poked his cheek until he woke up and whined that I wanted to play video games. He mumbled about sleep but I reminded him he lost the best and what I said went. Then I

hid in his bathroom until he kindly put clothes on and we played video games until I was sleepy."

"You are such a brat," mom exclaimed, laughing. "That's a brat kid sister move, are you sure you're his aunt and older than him?"

"It's still nice to get attention paid to you," Alexa pointed out. "And since I'm his social responsibility until I'm ready to fly on my own, I'm getting the most out of him."

"This family is so weird," mom said cheerfully. "Well, I suppose we should get him up."

"I'll do it." Alexa said, moving her stool to stand.

"Dressed like that?"

"Hey, he's seen me naked, this'll just shock him into waking up quickly. I don't know about you, but I'm tired of waiting for him so we can get on with our day."

"Well, it's true he's being tardy," mom mused. "Alright, bringeth my son unto me, sister-mine."

"As you will, Great Lady of the Manor!"

I continued to pretend being asleep while Alexa turned on the stairwell light and skipped downstairs. She turned on the master light and then was silent as she did something.

"Allllllllllllllex..." her voice rang lyrically.

Playing along, I opened my eyes, to see my aunt standing there in very sheer pink panties and a lacy pink bra, which she had pulled over her magnificent breasts to expose to me, a wild grin on her face.

"JESUS!" I shouted in an alarm I didn't feel, throwing myself off the bed backwards and crashing into some non-essential furnishings, making a horrible din. Upstairs I could hear my mother whooping with laughter at my perceived shock and discomfiture.

Alexa wiggled her tits from side to side, smirking in amusement at my antics.

"Put those away!" I said loudly, utter shock and almost horror in my voice. "I'm your nephew!"

Alexa made a show of pouting and lowered her bra before turning on her heel and heading back upstairs, where I could hear my mom still snickering.

"He's awake..." she said casually.

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"You really bring out the troll in my mother, you know." I mentioned as I drove my aunt and I into the downtown core to do some shopping. Near the lakeshore was a huge Asian supermarket my parents liked to frequent to get their more exotic culinary supplies and apparently dad needed thousand year eggs."

"Oh, it was funny and you know it," Alexa replied, reaching over and squeezing my hand. "Besides, this sort of thing throws them off, since in their mind our relationship is somewhat awkward and antagonistic, in a platonic kind of way."

"Mom's right, this family is weird." I muttered, not feeling any of the exasperation I was attempting to convey for effect. "Mom didn't give me a list; did she give you one?"

"She texted it to me," Alexa answered. "Nothing too extensive, but it looks like your dad wants to make siu mai and har gow for some reason."

"Sounds like dad, for sure." I said. "Any other errands while we're out?"

"I told Karen I needed some personal feminine supplies, so she thinks you're my chauffeur while I pick things up."

"But you don't." I posited.

"Nope," my aunt replied. "But it gives us time to go somewhere and fuck ourselves stupid before heading home to eat green and black eggs with your dad."

"Could be worse, could be hakarl." I sighed. Thousand year eggs weren't anywhere near as bad as they look or people frighten themselves into thinking they must be. More than anything, they taste sort of like a rich blue cheese. You just don't eat a lot of them. And God only knows I've eaten worse things, thanks to dad's crusade to try every cuisine from around the world.

"We'll need to head back to the faculty tomorrow, finish up that clusterfuck of papers on Ural-Altaic languages." Alexa mentioned. "How can such a prestigious and internationally recognized department of Linguistics have such dismal organization skills?"

"Good luck more than good management, clearly." I said. "You take the Turkic stack while I tackle Finno-Ugaritic?"

"Ugh, sure, leave me the super-messy one," she grimaced. "Is this because I flashed my tits at you this morning for your mom's amusement?"

"Wanna switch?" I offered.

"Hell no, I fucking hate Finnish and Estonian." Alexa spat.

"There's no pleasing you, is there?" I laughed. "You're such a Gordon woman."

"Suksi vittuun, nephew." Alexa jibed. "Preferably mine."

It felt good to be out with my aunt, just natural and right. We drove to the supermarket and began shopping. I would I could have held Alexa's hand, like the lovers we were, but my parents and I had been here often enough that the attendants recognized us. Even so, Alexa held my arm as I pushed the cart around. That could be construed as familial and Alexa did have European mannerisms. She squeezed my bicep as we walked and playfully bumped into me when she could.

My aunt was wearing a pretty sundress that accented her perfect figure, a cornflower blue in colour with blossom patterns on it. The skirt part was quite short and she teased me by bending into a freezer to get some frozen goods we needed, exposing her but and the tiny thong she was wearing. I coughed as someone walked nearby, staring and shook my head upon her return, sighing at her shenanigans.

"Chilly freezers," she whispered, subtly pulling the front of her dress forward to allow me to see down her dress, where her pink nipples were pointy and hard. "The nippleometer says it's glass-cutting cold in those things."

"You're killing me, Smalls." I sighed. "You do know I can't just rape you in the middle of a Chinese grocery store, right? There are laws and things."

"True, but knowing you want to is enough." Alexa replied simply, releasing her top and letting conceal her goodies once again.

"No argument there." I admitted. "Let's finish up so I can take you somewhere private and rape you."

There was a certain note of fleetness in her pace after that.

***

We'd returned to our little glade where we first made love. The trees overhead allowed golden beams of sun into our enchanted kingdom and one such beam was falling on Alexa's beautiful hair as I fucked her, bending her over the large rock that anchored the glade. She gasped and moaned as I pushed and ground into her, knowing that she didn't mind her skin rasping against the coarse stone, she considered the scratches marks of love or honour.

"Yes, Alex..." she panted, squeezing as she pushed her ass back against me. "Gnnnn, fuck me until I scream, my love..."

I didn't hold back as I thumped my hips against her, her tits pressed to the stone while she squirmed eagerly. I pulled on her hair and she almost growled as her neck craned back.

Her sapphire eyes flashed at me, shining with lust. I could tell she was close, her pussy throbbing around my cock faster and tighter than ever.

"Gonna cum?" I panted as I pushed farther inside her.

"Yes!" she hissed.

"Want my cum In your pussy?"

"Gnnnnn, Alex!" she whined. "Don't fucking tease me, please! Cum in me before I fucking die!"

I pushed with all my might, crushing her to the stone and she keened as she tried not to scream. I felt her pussy clench around me and a strangled cry of pleasure was torn from her throat. I groaned and shuddered as I felt my cum pumping deep inside her. Alexa writhed and churned against me, almost like she was having a seizure. After a final strain and incoherent sound, she collapsed against the rock, panting heavily, body trembling.

I laid gently over my aunt, caressing her as we basked in the afterglow of our shared climax. I couldn't believe how perfect these moments felt. Why did this have to be so wrong?

Slowly, with deep breaths, Alexa reached out a trembling hand for her phone, while was sitting in its stand on a nearby rock, pointed at us. She brought the screen to her face and smiled at it.

"So?" she said wearily. "How was that, darling?"

On the screen, her beloved friend Freja smiled. "Everything with you is wonderful, Alli. Seeing you fuck your nephew is so hot, especially because I know you are so in love. And your secret little area is so beautiful."

"Thanks, we like it," my aunt breathed, stretching her spine to press back against me and squirm her lovely ass. "Our perverted little sanctum sanctorum."

"I hope to see it one day," Freja remarked, massaging her wet pussy, having just cum with us. I found it quite a turn-on to have her for an audience, actually. "If you don't mind having anyone else see it."

"You're an exception I'd willingly make, if Alex was okay with it," Alexa cooed, finally standing and letting my softening cock fall out of her with a wet 'pop'. "As for you visiting, that would be both wonderful and convenient, to be honest. Karen and Mike know about you, and about you and I, it might continue to throw them off the trail for a while about Alex and I."

Freja giggled. "Is that all I am to you, my love? A tawdry sexual decoy?"

"I couldn't ask for a better one," my aunt said sweetly, snuggling back against me and letting me put my arms around her in a close embrace. My hands cupped her breasts and she sighed in contentment. "Can you see us married, Freja?"

Freja grinned. "Yndling, if it isn't me that you marry, then I think you couldn't do better than your nephew. You make a wonderful couple and your inbred children would be glorious."

We both laughed. Alexa promised to discuss a possible visit for Freja with her later, she kissed her phone screen and ended the call. She looked around in amusement at our surroundings. "I swear, it looks like we're a million kilometers from anywhere and I still get 4G. God bless the New World."

"He did when he brought you to it." I said lovingly, kissing her ear and making her shiver.

"Mmmmm, you've had enough Dutch kisses, don't try so hard, you greedy thing," she purred, massaging my groin with her ass. 'This is all your fault, you know, making a poor, innocent girl from Europe fall in love with you against her will."

I laughed and bit the juncture of her shoulder and neck, causing her to gasp and shudder. "Riiight, poor innocent

succubus who seduced her nephew and made him fall hopelessly in love with her absolute perfection. A tragic tale of woe even Sophocles would be awed by."

She turned into me, her body pressed to mine as she hugged me, looking up into my eyes, hers shining with the absolute love she felt for me. "It's true. The minute I laid eyes on you, I hoped against all sense we would find one another. And even though I didn't actively try to bring us together or seduce you, I didn't do anything to stop what was happening. I felt... bewildered, helpless against it. It was so exhilarating to be swept along by that tidal wave."

I pulled her to me and kissed her deeply. Alexa melted into my kiss, her body molding to mine. It was perfection and completeness that I felt to have her against me and I couldn't imagine living any other way now. I just wished there was a plausible answer.

She seemed to be reading my mind. "What... what if I got pregnant?"

I looked down at her, eyebrow raised. "We'd be together in Hell, I imagine, watching my parents raise our child after they killed us dead."

She sighed, pressing her forehead to my chest. "I know, I know, just trying to think of every possible solution, no matter how crazy. Every single one, though, leads to the destruction of my family. Nothing about this is fair for anybody. It would cost Mike and Karen their credibility and careers if their son was in a relationship with his aunt and even if we left and moved to France or somewhere, that'd still be true. The stigma would ruin them."

I laid down on the emerald grass with her and we forgot our troubles for a time as we held one another close and kissed, murmuring to one another about how in love we were. Eventually she slid down between my legs and massaged my cock with her breasts before taking it into her mouth, sucking me to hardness. She then lay on her stomach and I rolled on top of her while she parted her legs. We moaned as I slid deep inside her. As spirited and assertive a girl as Alexa seemed to be, she loved and even craved feeling my body covering her, protecting her and dominating her. I was happy to oblige.

I pumped up and down on her for some time, causing her to groan in pleasure before I smiled evilly and knelt up- before she had a chance to recover from her languid state, I pulled her ass cheeks apart and pushed my cock head through her puckered rose. She gasped and went rigid for a moment as I pushed steadily inside her.

"Gnnnnn, sneaky nephew..." she wheezed as I filled her, finally clamping her muscles around me once I was fully in her ass. "You know I love your cock in my ass."

She pushed herself up to her hands and knees, but I then reached forward and took hold of her opulent breasts, pulling her up into a sitting position on my lap, impaled on my throbbing member. She groaned loudly and began to move up and down while her hands joined mine in squeezing and molesting her breasts. She turned her head to the size and we kissed hungrily, our problems a thousand light years away.

Alexa hissed as strained, squirming against me urgently as she ass clenched around my cock and came, sending me

over the edge. I crushed her body to me as I spurted inside her, biting her shoulder. We shook and writhed against one another until the orgasm had faded and collapsed onto our sides wearily, with me still inside her. I don't know how long we laid there, but the sun had moved significantly west by the time we stirred. She nudged forward until my cock was out of her ass and then turned around to snuggle into me, looking deep into my eyes and holding my hand against her heart.

"I love you so much," she whispered, her voice deep with emotion and undeniable truth. "I'm yours in every sense of the concept, Alex. It was inevitable."

I looked back into her sapphire eyes and nodded. "Let's come back here at night and marry one another. I know it's not official or anything and it only makes our problem worse, in a sense, but I just don't care, Alexa. I want to hear myself marry you and I want to hear you marry me. It's stupid but it's all that matters to me right now."

Tears glistened at the corner of her eyes and she put her fingers over her mouth and she nodded. "Yes," she said quietly. "You name the time and I'll be there."

***

Shopping with mom and dad was always entertaining, especially now that Alexa was along to add to the chaos. Mom was wearing one of her flouncy sundresses that made it obvious what a gorgeous cougar she was and hanging on dad's arm, making sure every guy we passed on the street was jealous. Alexa was a tight crop-top that showed off her midriff and a sports bra beneath, probably at my mother's insistence, so that male heads everywhere didn't explode. She was wearing daisy dukes that hugged every curve of her luscious hips and ass and her long, perfect legs were capped with sandals that had strap heels. Her hair was in a long, single braid down her back.

I was wearing cargo shorts and a tank top while dad just wore jeans and a t-shirt advertising Black Sabbath. The combined IQ of our little tribe was well over 700, but we'd certainly not chosen to not advertise this point today.

After some browsing for a new laptop for dad, we sat down in a small artisan café for coffee and a treat. To mom's bemusement, they didn't take debit or credit cards and she needed to scamper across the street for actual cash. No bank machine was in the vicinity so she ended up buying something from a drug store to use their 'cash back' function.

She returned with two Ring Pops. Remember those things? The goofy little plastic rings for kids that had the huge 'gems' made of variously-coloured sugar fixed to it? Yep, two of those, which she tossed to Alexa and I.

"Don't say I never give you anything," she declared as we stared at her gift before she headed up to the counter to pay. They'd already given us our coffee, especially since mom had agreed to leave dad in the shop as collateral in case she didn't return. The barista behind the counter seemed rather crestfallen when mom returned. "Honestly, where's a bank machine when you need one?"

She turned to look at dad, sitting next to her at our table and they began discussing dinner plans while we stared at our Ring Pops and then unwrapped them. Alexa's was some ungodly red colour while mine was a hideous cerulean shade.

"We've done a lot of Thai and Moroccan recently, along with Italian," mom mused, sipping her coffee and still talking to dad. "Maybe we should switch it up?"

Dad nodded. "There's that new Ethiopian place on Baldwin Street, that seems promising."

"Oh, there's a good idea," mom agreed, nodding. "There's also the Afghani place around the corner, so we have some options. What do you two thi-"

Mom had turned to ask us our opinion about what sort of food we wanted but stopped dead, staring. Alexa had her ring on her pinkie finger and was holding it up to my mouth. I was sucking on the sugary offering eagerly until mom saw us. After a pregnant pause, Alexa popped her ring

out of my mouth, put her hands in her lap and looked at the ceiling innocently.

Mom blinked for a moment. Dad said nothing, still looking at his spouse. Slowly she turned back to look at him. "Well, let's discuss dinner for you and I, since plainly pablum is in order for these two," she sighed. "In any event, I personally like the Ethiopian option, I'm really feeling like-"

She paused as she noticed dad trying not to smirk and her head snapped around to look at us. This time Alexa had my ring in her mouth. It didn't show (I hoped) but I could feel her swirling her tongue around the candy. She stopped as she noticed mom staring at her and slowly pulled her mouth off the ring and wiped at the corner of her mouth with a finger.

"Low blood sugar?" she offered.

Mom pinched her eyes for a moment and drew a deep breath. "Honey, are you absolutely certain we can survive a nine-hour road trip with Sid and Nancy here?"

I tilted my head. "Road trip?"

"Oh, right," dad said, snapping his fingers as if he'd forgotten something. "Our friend Lil Duchesney, remember her? She's getting married in Gatineau and invited us to the wedding. We thought we'd make a road trip of it."

"Cool," I replied. "When is it?"

"Not until the last week of August, so we've got a few days yet. But we thought we'd make it a road trip, rather than fly out and feel rushed."

"And since Alli is now part of our merry little band, she can go as your plus one," mom added. "Saves us having to drag along some dimwit girl you'd doubtless ask along at the last moment."

"My aunt," I said flatly. "As my date to a wedding."

"It's pretty much a given on Lil's end, they've heard all about my sister and are eager to meet her. I told her she'd accompany you for convenience."

"Your son's a boy," Alexa chimed in. "I like girls."

"Suck it up, Buttercup," mom replied plainly. "I'm sure you'll survive the trauma."

Alexa looked at me for a moment and stuck out her tongue, as if she was sneering at me.

"And keep your tongue in your mouth, Alli," mom sighed. "You look like you blew a Smurf."

***

Alexa was helping me unload and fold all the laundry in the laundry room while my parents were watching TV. She was neatly folding everything into four separate stacks while I

sorted. She kept smirking and finding time to flash her tits at me or turn and bend over, showing me her ass in those wonderful shorts she was wearing.

"D'you think I'm hoping against hope that Karen giving us those rings was secretly a sign that she wants us together?"

I nodded. "Afraid so. She buys ring pops every time she needs cash or to buy a small item. They've accounted for most of my dad's sugar intake over the years. Much as I'd like for it to be true, I'm afraid that this is old hat."

"Poo," she muttered, setting down some of her own thong panties. "Got my hopes up and everything."

"Well, on the plus side, we now have rings we can wear when we marry one another in the glade." I pointed out. "And even if they're ring pops, I'm happy to have them."

She smiled warmly and hugged me close, her lips close to my ear.

"I am too," she whispered, moving her body subtly against mine. "You'll put the ring on my finger, take me for your wife and then make me yours forever. I can't wait."

"Neither can I." I murmured back, reaching down and cupping her ass cheeks, causing her to moan and squirm in my grip. Her crotch pressed against mine and we began kisses hungrily, acutely aware of the fact that my parents were not far away, but desperate to ravage one another. Tongues slithered and tangled while hands groped and fondled.

My dad's solid footsteps not far away, approaching and causing us to hastily pull apart, returning to our respective roles in the chore. "Having fun yet?" he asked as he loomed in the doorway.

"Yeah, great, dad, nothing I love more than handling my mom and lesbian aunt's panties." I replied tersely, turning to give him a deadpan look while holding up some women's underwear. "My life's pretty darn complete."

Dad chuckled at my reticence about the situation and moved on, clearly on a mission to do something else. We didn't risk making out again, although we moved close enough to touch one another or hold hands for a brief moment.

We both were feeling the giddy excitement of getting married. It was silly, since we were doing no such thing legally, but the heart-wrenching thrill and fulfillment of hearing one another say those words was all we could think about. We knew it would make things even more difficult than they already were, but we didn't care. We needed this.

"I've... been considering having Freja on the phone as a witness, which makes it feel more real to me somehow, but I also just want you to myself that night, you know?"

I smiled and nodded. "Considering our other potential witness is Jeanie, I think we should probably just keep it between the two of us. Why don't we record it and then you can send Freja a copy?"

"Oh, you practical male, that makes perfect sense," she cooed, squeezing my hand. "This is why we women keep you around, you know."

"Good, I'd hate to think it was only for tawdry sex." I replied, grinning. We finished the laundry and deposited the stacks in their assigned rooms. We met back down in the living room, where mom and dad were watching a Kurosawa movie. Alexa flopped into a chair opposite me while I was stretched out on the loveseat.

"We could knock out the walls to push the chairs back if you two need to sit farther apart," mom said, looking back and forth between us with a wry expression. "Does one of you have cooties or some such thing?"

"What, a guy can't spread out and relax?" I asked somewhat defensively. "She's my aunt, not a therapy animal."

"And he's kinda lumpy for a girl," Alexa added. "Weird angles and bulgy lumps. How you can stand resting on Professor Hulk over there is beyond me. Doesn't he ever give you a black eye by flexing on accident?"

Mom snickered while dad tried to look offended. Mom happened to be sitting on his arm at the time and he flexed his bicep suddenly, causing her to yelp and spring off his lap in shock. Alexa and I both laughed as she looked at him, trying to not hold her butt.

"Don't encourage them, man," she hissed, trying not to giggle. "Even across the room for one another they're a better tag-team than we are, mostly because you keep switching sides at random moments!"

Mom sat down again, after moving dad's massive arm and putting it around her shoulder. She sighed wearily as his hand came to rest on her boob. We resumed watching the movie and when it was over, Alexa yawned and announced her intention to go chat with Freja for a few before turning in. She gave mom a hug and then ruffled my hair as she swept by me on her way out of the room.

Mom retired shortly thereafter, poking dad's nose and making him promise to not keep her waiting long. She kissed me on the top of the head and left. Dad and I watched

some goofy kayfabe wrestling from the 80's before he got ready to turn in.

"Back to the university tomorrow?" he asked. "The department is ecstatic with what you and Allie have done for them so far."

"That's unreal to me," I admitted, shaking my head. "It doesn't seem like that much, it's just basic unit organization. Language groups, languages, dialects and sub-dialects. We're kinda amazed it wasn't at least this organized to begin with. It's so simple."

"Geniuses are rarely tidy, Alex, and those are some of the most brilliant linguistic minds in the field today," dad replied, cricking his neck. "They're so happy with what you two have done, they'll start offering you accelerated private lessons and have you in PHD's before you're twenty-one if they have their way."

"Wacky thought," I laughed. "Well, whatever makes them happy."

"You actually okay with taking Alli to this wedding?" he asked. "You know it's okay to say no."

I shrugged. "Dad, it saves me having to look around for someone I could tolerate for the trip. And if everyone knows she is my aunt, there's no expectations about why we're not more huggy and lovey and shit, right? Maybe there'll be a cute girl or two at the wedding I can score with."

"As long as Alli isn't competing for their attentions too, that could get awkward," dad laughed. "Sleep well, I'm gonna go get my gin-gan goolied."

I shook my head. Dad and his weird expressions. I shut down the TV and turned off all the lights on the main floor before heading downstairs. I opened my laptop and activated the chat program, not at all surprised to see my lovely aunt waiting for me, completely naked on her bed, smiling seductively and using two fingers to spread her pussylips wide while the other hand caressed one of her breasts.

"I refuse to believe that wrestling was preferable to this..." she said in a quiet, sultry voice. "I've been getting so wet waiting for you."

I stripped out of my clothes quickly, letting her see my rock-hard cock at full attention for her. She squirmed at the sight of me, massaging her wet netherlips. I stroked my shaft and she fingered herself while we watched one another, wishing we could be together but knowing this would have to do.

"Let's go tomorrow night," I suggested. "I want to marry you tomorrow night, after we're done at the faculty."

"Yes, Alex," she said in barely a whisper. "I want to become your wife tomorrow and you my husband. Marry me, please."

We teased and played until we both came hard, leaving us trembling and limp on our respective beds. Alexa sighed finally and told onto her side, caressing one of her nipples languidly as she smiled at me, eyes shining with love. We agreed to not fuck at the university but to keep ourselves

pent up until night, when we'd make love as husband and wife.

It was all I could think about as I passed into the realm of sleep.

***

We walked hand-in-hand through the moonlit glade, Alexa having changed into a simple dress of pure white that reflected old Luna's silvery beams. I was wearing my linen pants and a Moroccan shirt with a simple pattern on it. We set up our phones on two rocks and began recording before taking off our shoes and stepping into the crystalline water. I held Alexa's hands between our chests as I looked down into her sapphire blue eyes. My heart was pounding as I thought about what I had promised myself I'd say.

"Pourquoi sous tes cheveux me cacher ton visage? Laisse mes doigts jaloux écarter ce nuage : Rougis-tu d'être belle, ô charme de mes yeux? L'aurore, ainsi que toi, de ses roses s'ombrage. Pudeur! honte céleste! instinct mystérieux, Ce qui brille le plus se voile davantage ; Comme si la beauté,

cette divine image, N'était faite que pour les cieux! Tes yeux sont deux sources vives Où vient se peindre un ciel pur, Quand les rameaux de leurs rives Leur découvrent son azur. Dans ce miroir retracées, Chacune de tes pensées Jette en passant son éclair, Comme on voit sur l'eau limpide Flotter l'image rapide Des cygnes qui fendent l'air! Ton front, que ton voile ombrage Et découvre tour à tour, Est une nuit sans nuage Prête à recevoir le jour ; Ta bouche, qui va sourire, Est l'onde qui se retire Au souffle errant du zéphyr, Et, sur ces bords qu'elle quitte, Laisse au regard qu'elle invite, Compter les perles d'Ophyr! Ton cou, penché sur l'épaule, Tombe sous son doux fardeau, Comme les branches du saule Sous le poids d'un passereau ; Ton sein, que l'oeil voit à peine Soulevant à chaque haleine Le poids léger de ton coeur, Est comme deux tourterelles Qui font palpiter leurs ailes Dans la main de l'oiseleur. Tes deux mains sont deux corbeilles Qui laissent passer le jour ; Tes doigts de roses vermeilles En couronnent le contour. Sur le gazon qui l'embrasse Ton pied se pose, et la grâce, Comme un divin instrument, Aux sons égaux d'une lyre Semble accorder et conduire Ton plus léger mouvement."

Alexa's eyes shone as she listened to my recitation of Lamartine, who she had previously told me was one of her

favourite chanseurs. I coughed somewhat apologetically and smiled.

"I had to get some French in there for you somehow. But you know I love you. I... have no choice, Alexa. If there is indeed such a thing as being 'fated', this is it. And I wouldn't resist it if it was true."

I slipped the blue ring-pop onto her finger, still looking into her eyes. "I wed thee now. I devote my heart and soul to you, Alexa. And you are forever mine, come what may."

Her eyes were shining with tears as I spoke the words she was so desperate to hear. She nodded when I finished and drew a deep breath.

"Alex, I don't speak Sumerian, you're better at the ancient languages than I am. But this is the world's oldest known love poem, from Sumer, because I feel our souls have been bonded as one since before recorded history..."

"Bridegroom, dear to my heart, Goodly is your beauty, honeysweet, Lion, dear to my heart, Goodly is your beauty, honeysweet.

Bridegroom, let me caress you, My precious caress is more savory than honey, In the bedchamber, honey-filled, Let me enjoy your goodly beauty, Lion, let me caress you.

My precious caress is more savory than honey. Bridegroom, you have taken your pleasure of me, Tell my mother, she will give you delicacies, My father, he will give you gifts.

You, because you love me, Give me pray of your caresses, My lord god, my lord protector, My Shu-Sin, who gladdens Enlil's heart, Give me pray of your caresses."

She looked into my eyes as she slipped my ring-pop onto my finger, quoting the play Much Ado About Nothing.

"As you are mine, so now am I yours."

I pulled her close and kissed her deeply, as her husband. It felt so right and any complications were banished from my mind. There was only Alexa, only this moment of universal perfection with her. Short of a comet hitting the city, nothing could intrude upon it.

I led her onto the shore and we looked into one another's eyes as we pulled the clothes from each other's bodies. Her skin shone in the moonlight as I laid her down on the emerald grass gently, her golden hair arrayed in a corona or halo around her angelic face. I settled over her and she spread her legs to accommodate me. She smiled lovingly as she looked up at me, her hands resting on her breasts.

"May I?" I asked quietly and she nodded. I felt my cockhead press against her pliant and wet pussylips, sliding it up and down for a moment before kissing her lovingly, her hands on my shoulders.

"With my body," I whispered to her. "I thee worship..."

I pushed inside her and we both sighed in relief, joined now as husband and wife, bound forever heart, soul and body.

With the moon shining down on us, we made love in this sacred cathedral of nature, the babbling brook and the wind through the trees a perfect song to accompany our union. Alexa sighed, panted and whispered in my ear as I pushed back and forth inside her. I kissed her hungrily, devoted to her transcendent pleasure and happiness. I could feel her legs wrap around my waist as we rocked and squirmed against one another.

"Alex!" she hissed as she strained against me, pushing up with her hips...

We groaned in mutual pleasure as we came, with me pumping my essence deep inside her. We kissed feverishly, lost in rapture as we consummated our bond. No matter how many times we'd made love before, this, for whatever reason, was the most intimate and intense moment yet.

It didn't matter that we weren't legally married. Between us there was an understanding and troth that needed no words or understanding. It simply was and there was no denying it. Not for us. It was maybe the one thing in our topsy-turvy world that finally made any sense.

I made love to my bride twice more before we admitted that we needed to get home. It was getting late and the excuse of working at the faculty would only hold for so long. Reluctantly, we disentangled and cleaned ourselves off before dressing in our clothes from earlier that day and returned to my car. We said little on the ride back, listening to Sainte-Saens and then Bach.

I pulled into the driveway and we went inside, somewhat confused that the place was dark with no signs of habitation. Alexa found a small note on the table in my mother's flowing cursive.

"Dear Sid and Nancy,

Kegger for the Physics Department. Unlike you Linguistics nerks, scientists know how to party. Will be back at some point tomorrow after the inevitable hangover wears off.

Alli, make sure he pays attention to you at least once. Tattle if he doesn't.

Big Sister and Professor Hulk"

Alexa was already undressing as she read the note, clearly inspired to continue our wedding night since the folks were absent. She tossed the missive aside and crushed her naked body to mine, insisting I take her upstairs and ravish her until dawn.

I was the happiest man alive as I carried her over that threshold.

Chapter 11- (Near) Public Indecency

"Since it's a straight nine-hour drive, we should be able to make it in one day, so long as we take turns driving. We'll take both vehicles and rotate drivers every four hours."

While it didn't exactly suit me to have to rotate Alexa out of my vehicle, there was no denying the logic of this plan. I also reminded myself that there would be little or no time to get up to any mischief with my aunt whilst we drove together, since my parents would inevitably be nearby and the expectation for safety's sake was that one person would no doubt be napping to stay fresh. Aside from restroom breaks, there was only one food stop planned, a restaurant my father had found and wanted to try. We would simply pack snacks to graze on for the rest of the trip.

Granted, a handy from my aunt wouldn't hurt. Where there's a will...

Since my mother and father were involved, the planning for our road trip was all done well ahead of time, just about every detail accounted for. There was little for my aunt and I to do, except wait and make sure we were packed. Occasionally, we'd go out on supply runs, in case mom thought of anything we might need.

"Make sure to take some protection with you, Alex!" my mom called from upstairs at one point. "You never know if you might get lucky!"

I grunted while Alexa snickered from her place on the couch.

"You too, Alli!" came the follow-up call.

"Why would I need condoms?" my aunt protested, calling back. "I like girls! Are you expecting any hot hermaphrodites at this wedding reception?"

"Because even Michael and I are bringing some," mom explained as she came downstairs and entered the room.

"We're meeting some old friends we had fun with ages ago, it's good to be prepared."

"Still so weird to me that you two are swingers," Alexa sighed. "Can't wrap my brain around it."

"Get used to it, honeybunch," mom said dismissively as she checked the details list on her Blackberry. "Besides, you can't be a total lesbian. You said you've done things with guys back in Europe."

"Well, yes," Alexa said uncertainly. "But I was younger and just feeling things out. Since then I've developed a decided preference for..."

"Poooooon-tannnnnnng." I drawled, smirking and finishing the sentence she was reluctant to. Alexa shot me a withering look.

"Alex, be nice to your Aunt Honeybunch," mom said, rolling your eyes. "If your dad had shot from the left, instead of the

right, she'd be braiding your hair and putting makeup on you right now."

Alexa stifled a giggle and I shifted uncomfortably in my seat. Mom had apparently always wanted a girl.

"Sweetheart, check this out," dad said, striding into the room to tower over everything and everyone and holding up a small box. "Found the slides of that ski trip from '81!"

"Noice!" mom said, making a fist.

Alexa looked at me in confusion and mouthed the word 'Noice?', clearly bewildered.

Dad shrugged. "Yeah, but we don't have a slide projector to play them on."

"Yet," mom corrected, turning to look at me, snapping her fingers and pointing. "Rochester, go!"

"Yes, Mister Benny!" I replied, getting up and making sure I had my wallet. "Can I at least take Honeybunch with me so I don't get bored?"

"Sure, sure," mom said distractedly, waving with her hand in a shooing motion while she examined the slides. "Pick her up some condoms while you're out, just in case she forgets how to lesbian or something."

"That's not going to happen, you know!" Alexa called back at the living room as I dragged her out the door by her hand.

***

"Your family is weird." Alexa remarked as she sat in the passenger's seat while I drove into the city.

"My family?" I asked, raising my eyebrow. "They're yours too, y'know. Or is this that same bullshit my mom does where if I do something dumb, all of a sudden I'm my father's son?"

Alexa sighed. "Is my sister always that snarky?"

"I think she has to be, to keep up with dad and I," I replied. "She usually the straight man in our little tribe."

"I've got a feeling I'll be inheriting that unenviable position." Alexa sighed.

"Not a chance," I laughed. "You're every bit as weird as the rest of us and you're as big a troll as I am, you just hide it better. You're not fooling anyone in this household."

"Guess the jig's up," she mused. "Oh well, guess I'll just look forward to the madness, right?"

Her hand reached over and squeezed my thigh before travelling further up to rest on my crotch, causing me to tighten my grip on the steering wheel.

"Besides, now that we're married, I shouldn't pretend to be something I'm not, right?" she whispered, smiling slyly.

"Just keep pretending you're a lesbian until we figure this out," I said, trying to concentrate on driving. "At least we're fooling them in one way."

"Thank Heaven for that..." she purred, unbuckling her seatbelt and leaning down, her head now in my lap. She unzipped my fly and pulled out my already hardening cock. "I hope for your sake these windows tint, because I'm not stopping."

I tinted the windows as dark as I could, praying for the best. A shiver went through me as I felt my aunt's wet lips form a wonderful seal around my shaft and then she began bobbing up and down slowly, humming to vibrate her lips around me. My head thunked back against the headrest of my chair, but I kept my eyes on the road. I flipped on the cruise control, thankful for the feature on a level I never had been before.

"Mmmmmm, I'll be my sister doesn't do this..." she murmured, following the statement up with a pause. "Actually, never mind. She probably does."

"Best to assume that," I breathed as she resumed sucking on me. The incredible wetness of her mouth around me felt incredible. "I have no idea how long I'll last with you doing that, it's feeling really good."

I heard her giggle. "That's okay, I just wanted your cum. And I haven't given you roadhead yet. Just correcting an injustice."

I kept driving, steadying my nerves as I felt the familiar tingle bubbling up inside me. I sucked in my breath and moaned, somehow pushing my hips up against her mouth. Alexa pushed her mouth down, taking me all the way inside and swallowing greedily as I shot my cum down her throat. She moaned in pleasure, squirming in her seat.

She finally sat up, sighing happily as I continued to somehow navigate the vehicle. She wiped at the corner of her mouth and beamed a smile at me.

"Yeah, definitely not identifying as lesbian at the moment," she said. "Was pretty dumb of me to not wear panties, though. I'm gonna soak right through these jogging pants."

I looked sideways, noticing for the first time that she was indeed wearing jogging pants. How the hell did she make those look so amazing? She grinned and drew her legs up onto the seat and spread them, showing off a tiny dark patch right at the seam of the crotch.

"And just to make you paranoid, I'm not gonna do anything about cleaning myself up," she said, smirking. "If people see my wet spot, they see it. What do you have to say to that, nephew?"

"I think you're avenging yourself somehow for the poontang remark," I muttered. "Guess I'll take us to the specialist electronics shop on the far side of town. Less likely to run into anyone I know there."

Alexa snickered evilly. "How terrible for you."

***

Dad and I had packed the vehicles a full four hours before mom announced we were needing to leave, keeping only our personal packs out of the cars to allow for last minute additions. Mom held the final pow-wow in the living room, gathering us around for inspection.

Not sure exactly why, since we had a nine-plus hour trip ahead of us, probably closer to twelve if you accounted for stops. But whatever made her happy was what made the rest of us happy.

She walked around me, inspecting me appearance and grunted. "You're okay with showing up like that in front of your distant relatives and associates?"

I shrugged. "Just planning on changing in the bathroom of our last stop, probably." I replied. "I have another outfit handy, I just wanted to be comfortable for the trip."

"Such a clever male, aren't you?" she mused, ruffling my hair before moving on to inspect her sister. Mom pursed her lips, noticing that Alexa was wearing her long blonde hair in a sloppy ponytail, and was clad in a tank top over which she was wearing an oversized shirt she'd left open. This did little or nothing to conceal exactly how large or impressive her bust was. She finished her ensemble with her jogging shorts again and flip-flops.

"Wow, you tried even less than Alex," mom commented. "If that's possible."

"You have no idea," Alexa replied, shrugging casually. "I'm not even wearing underwear."

I coughed and looked away as mom's eyes widened. "Are you serious?" she exclaimed.

"What?" dad reasoned from his place nearby. "You're not either."

"Hush, you..." mom hissed, shooting him a look. "She's supposed to see me as a good example, I don't actually need to be one."

She then decided we were ready, making sure everyone's phones were charged. "Alex, go with your father for the first stretch. I'll take Alli in your vehicle, I'm going to fill her in on all the people she's likely to meet over the next week."

"Oh, rapture." Alexa muttered as she followed my mother out the door. Dad and I chuckled and took two minutes to shut down the house and lock the doors. He clapped me on the shoulder and led me to the car. I paused on the stairs.

"Uh, just in case I have to take over the driving," I said somewhat uncertainly. "You are wearing underwear, right? Dad?"

"You'll just have to hope I'm not lying when I say yes!" he laughed as he unlocked the doors to the vehicle.

***

Dad had scoped out restaurants along our route and we were now sitting in an Indian restaurant, having vegetarian food. Alexa seemed right at home and dived right in, eating lots of everything.

"Not a big stretch for me," she explained as she worked her way through her mutter paneer. "I almost went vegan when I was sixteen, but giving up dairy and a few other things entirely was too darn hard. Hell, a real vegan can't even eat honey, so forget that."

"I tried being a vegan for a while," dad commented as he dipped his naan bread. "Worst two minutes of my life."

Alexa almost choked on her food as she stifled a laugh. She recovered and told my dad she loved his sense of humour. She asked mom why she wasn't always rolling on the floor laughing at his quips.

"They're one of the reasons I fell in love with him, initially," mom said, eating her korma. "But, like any addicting drug,

you get used to it after a while and it stops having the effect that got you hooked in the first place. Now it's more or less just a filthy habit I can't do without, whether I like it or not."

"It's true," dad added. "Just one of my zingers used to result in her panties going missing in under three seconds. Bad news when your mother walked in on us about fifteen minutes later."

Alexa looked at my mom with wide eyes. "You let yourself get caught by mom flagranting the delicto with gargantua here? No wonder she developed heart issues."

Mom blushed and looked at her food. "Not my finest moment."

"The eight millimeter recording of it says otherwise," dad countered. "That incident was what convinced me that you remembered my name."

I couldn't help but burst out laughing, while my aunt looked at her sister incredulously. Mom just hung her head and

said nothing. Alexa finally turned her head to stare at my dad in a mixture of wonder and horror.

"Are you Satan?" she asked.

I'd never seen mom guilt-eat so much ras malai before.

***

"So here I am in the car with you again." Alexa mused as we followed my parents toward Gatineau. "Karen seemed eager to ride with Michael."

"She's either going to fuck him or try to kill him," I answered as I drove. "We won't be able to tell which if they spin off the road."

Alexa snickered and relaxed into the seat. "So, you've got your dad's sense of humour. Is this what I'm in for, now that we're married?"

"Afraid so," I replied, nodding. "You've still got time for an annulment if you want, we didn't have any witnesses except furry animals at the wedding."

"Not a chance," she said, shaking her head. "You're stuck with me, junior."

"That sounds so weird coming from you," I muttered, mulling our entire situation over in my head. How on earth was I ever going to marry my aunt without destroying our family and our family's world? "You're only a year older than me."

"And don't you forget it," she declared, stripping off her shirts and then wiggling out of her jogging pants, leaving her completely naked. "Tint the windows, will you? I kinda want to take a nap before our last pit stop."

"Hey, who am I to object to your nudity?" I said cheerfully, tinting the windows to their max level to give her some privacy. I looked over occasionally, smiling at her beautiful, angelic face while she dozed. My eyes trailed down her magnificent body, forcing me to remember to pay

attention to the road. The temptation to reach over and grope her was significant, although I somehow resisted the urge.

Not that my aunt would have minded, of course, but driving with her being buck naked next to me was hard enough without trying to molest her as well. So I drove, minding my own business and trying to keep my mind off the naked goddess a mere foot to my right.

She wasn't out for long, maybe a half hour, and my parents had only checked in once in that period. Mom phoned and I told her Alexa was sleeping and I was driving. She hung up promptly, saying to call her back when her sister woke up. Alexa stirred and moaned quietly as she came back to life. Her eyes fluttered open and she smiled at me serenely.

"Hello, husband," she said whispered, reaching over to stroke my arms. "Did I miss anything?"

"Just my mom calling to check in," I said, shaking my head. "And our abduction by aliens and rather thorough anal probes."

"Damn, I do love a good anal probe," she sighed as she sat up and stretched, jutting her magnificent breasts out. "Guess I'll just have to make up for it by masturbating..."

"What, now?" I asked in confusion.

"Well I'm not waiting until we meet up with Karen and Mike again, am I?" she pointed out, settling herself into the seat and spreading her legs wide. Her left leg rested on my right thigh, something I'd have to work really hard to ignore. Without another word, she began fingering herself, sliding her slender digits up and down her pussylips while the other hand began fondling her breasts. She let out a sultry moan and her hips began to squirm in the seat.

"Mmmmm, Alex," she murmured, sliding two fingers inside herself. "God, I wish these fingers were your cock right now..."

"No argument there," I muttered, keeping my eyes on the road.

Alexa was getting really wet, I could hear the sticky sounds her pussy made as she slid her fingers in and out or played with her clit. She groped her breasts harder, tweaking and pinching her nipples. She was almost writhing in the seat now and her murmurs and moans had become shameless groans of pleasure.

"Gnnnn, yesssssss..." she hissed, arching her back. "So fucking good... Alex, I want you..."

"Alexa, you're making my brain sweat!" I answered, focusing on the road even as I felt her thigh grinding down onto me. "Have you no mercy, woman?"

"No! There is no mercy, only Xuul!" she panted, her hand churning between her legs. How on earth did she find the brain power to crack a geek joke when she was so close to cumming?

I couldn't look directly at her, but I could still hear and feel it. Alexa came hard. Out of the corner of my eye, I could

see her actually squirting and baptizing the little door of my glove compartment. She wailed and thrashed about, squeezing one of her tits so hard I thought it'd burst. If anyone did manage to see through the tint of the windows, they were in for a helluva show.

And apparently one truck driver did, because he honked as he went by us. I could just see him grinning while looking down at us from his cab. Alexa was too far gone to care, awash with pleasure as she was. Any irritation or jealous flash I might have felt was sublimated to my need to keep us on the road.

Alexa collapsed back into her seat, breathing heavily and trembling. Her body was shining with sweat and I could feel the warmth radiating off her. She let out a languid moan and brought the fingers she's been using in her pussy up to her mouth, sucking on them.

"God, I needed that," she murmured as she slid her fingers in and out of her mouth. "I'm sorry I couldn't wait for us to be stopped so I could fuck you somewhere, Alex. I'll make it up to you, I promise."

My cell began buzzing. I activated hands-free. "Hey, mom."

"We heard a truck honking as it passed you," she said. "Everything alright? He didn't nearly hit you, did he?"

"No, we were getting passed by a car full of schoolgirls and my aunt flashed them. I guess the truck driver saw everything and decided to voice his approval." I replied, while Alexa looked at me in horror.

"Alli!" scolded my mom over the phone, sounding like she was going to come right through it. "How could you do that?!"

"Yeah, you're muscling in on Karen's gig when we're far away from home!" I heard dad call out from the driver's seat in the other car. There were a few seconds of rustling sounds, followed by a thump! noise.

"Ow..." was all I heard dad say next.

"Anyway," mom continued, composing herself. "How could you do that with your nephew in the car?"

"What?" Alexa reasoned. "I flashed my boobs at him just the other day to wake him up. With your approval, I might add. I love flashing girls. Alex kept his eyes on the road."

"I thought he said you were napping," mom said suspiciously. "Did you smell schoolgirl flesh and it woke you up?"

"I'm pretty impulsive right after I wake up," my aunt said casually. "But don't worry, they sped off, so the urge to expose myself has died completely with no girls around."

"Hmmm," mom said, not mollified but clearly in no position to not accept the answer she was given. "If they pass up this way, I'll guess I'll continue the trend you've started."

"Mom!" I protested, almost swerving. "I don't need to hear that you're doing that!"

"Alex, shut the hell up!" dad called. "What're you doing to me?"

"Hush, you!" mom said sharply.

"This is nuts," I said loudly. "Hanging up now!"

I ended the call just as Alexa burst out laughing. Shaking my head, I kept driving while she was curled up on her seat in tears of mirth.

"Oh my God, I love my family," she wheezed. "We're all insane."

"You won't hear me disagreeing," I muttered as I lowered the window somewhat. "I'm gonna air the car out, it smells like a girl orgasm in here."

"Is that a problem for you?" Alexa asked, looking surprised.

"Not in and of itself, but I have absolutely no interest in explaining to my mom while it smells like you were getting yourself off in here while we were driving." I pointed out.

"Oh, true," Alexa admitted. She looked down between her legs and then at the glove compartment. "I glazed your seat pretty good, not to mention that bullseye on the glove compartment. Good thing I have lots of wet-naps in my backpack to clean up with."

Alexa turned around and half-crawled into the back seat, making sure she was kicking her legs and wiggling her butt for me while she reached for her backpack. She came back armed with feminine wipes, some sanitary wipes, and panties. She cleaned herself off and wiped the sweat from her body before giving the seat and glove compartment a good scrubbing and getting dressed again.

"There, no one will be any the wiser," she declared, sitting back down and smiling at me. "Even someone as innately suspicious as my sister."

"I'm learning way too much about that woman on this trip." I muttered.

***

The resort in Gatineau where everything was happening was pretty impressive, in fact. Mostly renowned as a deluxe ski lodge in the winter, it was a hotel surrounded by nature the rest of the year. There were a few locations meant to host outdoor weddings and it had extensive banquet facilities, one of which had been rented out for our friends' wedding reception.

We found parking and dad was checking us in with registration while mom was going over a few details. We all had our backbacks with us, the main luggage still awaiting dad and I to retrieve them. Dad returned with the room keys.

"You'll be happy to know that I secured three rooms," he declared, holding up the envelopes in which were contained our key cards. "They're all on three separate floors, however, not together."

"I don't object to some privacy," Alexa said, smiling. "Never know who I might meet."

"Yeah, me too." I added, making my mom snort.

"Anyway," dad continued, speaking before my mom and I got into it. "There's a jacuzzi in Karen's and my room, which we'll all be able to use. Your rooms don't have the jacuzzi amenity, but they're still pretty impressive, from what they told me."

"We're also here a full two days earlier than anyone else," I noted. "Sure the university can do without you two for that long?"

"Are you kidding?" mom answered. "They were ecstatic to get your father away from his work, they're still paranoid about his injury."

"You haven't had any complaints about my physical condition, I'd like to point out..." dad said to her.

"None whatsoever, champ," mom agreed. "Better yet, they even gave him some paid leave, so it's like the university is paying for our hotel rooms at this point. We thought it'd be fun to have a few days as a family before the hordes arrive and everything gets loud and drunk and crazy."

"I do love drunk girls at wedding receptions." Alexa agreed, smirking.

"Just make some minimal effort to ensure they're eighteen first, okay, Allie?" mom added, handing Alexa her room key.

"And save a few for your sister and Iyooooooof!" dad said before receiving an elbow to the ribs.

"What about me?" I protested. "No hopefully eighteen year-old girls left for me?"

Mom smirked and patted my shoulder as if I'd said something cute while dad handed me my key. "Your room

has an emulator for both Xbox and Playstation games built into the TV, sport. I'd say your week is looking pretty booked."

"Thanks..." I grumbled sullenly while Alexa burst out laughing.

***

I closed the door to Alexa's room as we tumbled into it, kissing feverishly and groping one another. We'd already begun trying to remove one another's clothes outside her door, unwilling to wait a microsecond longer than we had to.

"Mmmmfffff, Alex..." she moaned through our kiss as she pulled my shirt off, exposing my chest and then fumbling with the buckle of my belt. "God, I need you in me!"

"I need to fuck you, Alexa." I panted, biting on her lower lip and tugging it, making her moan. I hastily pulled her shirt over her head, her magnificent breasts springing free of

their confines. She'd already slipped her bra off under her shirt while we were in the elevator, heading to her room. Mom and dad had decided to go exploring for a bit around the premises. Knowing dad, that gave us at least an hour.

"Gnnnnn, yes!" she hissed, pushing my pants down. "You going to fuck me? You going to fuck your wife?"

"Yes," I said, picking her up and carrying her toward the bed, her jogging pants still on. "I'm gonna fuck you until the whole resort hears you scream and I cum in you!"

"God, yes, I want your cum in me!" she breathed, kneeling on all fours as I placed her on the bed. She squirmed her ass at me while I tried to pull her pants down, her eyes flashing with desire as she looked back at me. "Get that fucking beautiful cock in me, Alex!"

"Not before I have you begging, little girl!" I growled as I gripped her hips and pushed my tongue inside her already glistening pussy, making her shake and groan loudly. Her pants were still on, hugging her knees and almost pinning her. She squirmed at being restrained, but I was holding her

firmly. She pressed her ass back against me and I pushed my tongue deeper inside her still.

"Gnnnnnnn!" she whined through gritted teeth, pressing her face down against the plush bed. "Alex..."

I loved the taste of Alexa. My aunt.

My wife.

I moaned into her pussy while lapping at it, my fingers flexing on her thighs. Alexa whimpered and squirmed, driving me wild as only she could. No one had ever got me as riled or turned me on as much as she could. Fucking her, making love to her, cumming in her and feeling her pleasure was all I ever wanted. Everything else seemed so damned irrelevant and unfair if it required my attention.

"Give me your cock, Alex," she rasped, her face already flushed pink. "I need it! Please..."

I scrambled onto the bed, lying on my back. Alexa knelt on all fours over me, her face above my throbbing manhood. Before I could say anything, she plunged her mouth down on it, sucking hard. I groaned and my toes curled at the exquisite, wet heat of her mouth around me. She bobbed up and down hungrily, her hand following her lips and pumping the length of my shaft.

Alexa moaned as I pulled her hips down and slithered my tongue around her throbbing clit while my fingers played with her pussylips, massaging them and pulling them wide to give her that delightful stretch she so loved. She almost screamed around my cock as I slid my fingers inside her, probing and wiggling into those tight depths.

"Yes, Alex..." she panted quietly, trying to control her voice. "Mmmm, yessss, fuck me with your fingers! I love how your tongue feels! Lick my clit, my love!"

Unwilling to disobey my goddess, I pushed my fingers deeper inside and snaked my tongue around her clit with renewed vigour. She writhed and squirmed on top of me fiendishly, all the while sucking my cock hungrily, like it

was the last thing on earth she'd ever taste. Her juices were slathering my face, her heavenly scent permeating me.

She squealed in pleasure as I wiggled a finger inside of her ass, even while I slid two more in and out of her slit. Her grip on my shaft tightened in response while she sucked ardently. Her tongue swirled around the tip while she held it in her mouth and then sank down again, taking me in until her lips touched the base. She hummed, vibrating my cock and sending shivers of pleasure through me.

Panting like we were running a marathon, we both knew instinctively when it was time to fuck. She pulled her mouth off me and spun around hurriedly, looking down into my eyes as she straddled me. I was desperate to feel her pussy around my cock, my hips pushing up almost involuntarily. She grabbed hold of my throbbing shaft, pumping her hand up and down while she toyed the engorged head against her netherlips, teasing us both almost beyond endurance.

It could only be described as a cry of relief that we both let out when she sank down on my cock, burying me deep

inside herself. She shuddered as I bottomed out, my cockhead almost touching her womb. Her eyes were shining with tears of joy as she smiled at me, her hands supporting her by resting on my chest.

"Back where I belong, my happy place," she whispered, holding still but squeezing me with her pussy muscles. "With my beloved, my nephew, my Alex... my husband... deep inside me."

My hands reached up and took hold of her prominent breasts, giving them a gentle squeeze. She arched her back and sighed, lost in bliss at my touch. I caressed her and she held still, just enjoying my touch. Her golden locks cascaded down her back and around her shoulders. Everywhere her silken skin touched me was simply Heaven.

Could I have been more in love?

She looked down and smiled at me again. "We haven't got long, we'll have to make this quick," she said, her fingers

flexing against my chest. "We'll fuck like savages, get your cum in me and then shower to appear normal. Deal?"

By way of response, I thrust up with my hips while I squeezed her breasts, hard. She gasped and shuddered as my cock battered her pussy and I began pumping strongly.

"Fucking cheater!" she hissed as she began rocking her hips against me, keeping pace and squeezing with each thrust. Alexa was amazingly tight and her movements had me swooning before long. She ground and writhed over me, body trembling as we fucked ourselves into a frenzy. Her nails were beginning to dig into my skin, her legs clamping in around my waist. My hands almost mauled her breasts as she leaned down and pressed into me, her mouth jamming against mine while we kissed.

Tongues plunged and tangled desperately while we thrust against one another. Our panting breaths and the greedy sucking sounds of my cock and her pussy were all that we could hear. I felt our hearts thundering as we fucked, eager for our shared climax. She bit my shoulder while I reached

down and massaged her ass, pulling the cheeks apart and making her keen.

Without any warning, I rolled over on top of her, pinning her beneath me and fucking her harder than ever. Alexa grunted and kissed me again, tongues once again locked in a duel. Our hips were starting to slap together, we were thrusting so hard against one another. The base of my cock thumped against her clit as I drove inside her. She was almost yelping into my mouth, her hands on my back, nails straking down my skin.

Neither of us needed to tell the other how close we were to cumming, we could feel it. Sweating bodies writhed and slapped, her tight tunnel gripping me fiercely while me cock was throbbing and swelling inside her, about to burst. The tingling sensation overwhelmed me as she screamed into my mouth.

I crushed Alexa to me as I came, her legs wrapping around my waist and pulling me inside her as deep as possible. My pearly offering filled her, almost squelching out because she was clenching so tight. Her cum slathered all over our

midsections, trickling down her hips. I could almost feel my body contorting as it fed her my cum, desperate to please its goddess.

We collapsed in exhaustion, a tangle of sweaty limbs and untold pleasure. Chest heaved while our minds drifted and whirled on clouds of ecstasy. I was only dimly aware of my surroundings, feeling little more than the velvet touch of her body and the wet vise of her pussy, still milking my cock for cum.

Finally, we both stirred. I looked down into her eyes for several seconds before we shared a deep, soulful and loving kiss. Tongues didn't tangle so much as caress one another, a gentle dance with the deepest feelings expressed.

Her deep, glassy eyes looked up into mine as she caressed my face. There was almost a sense of wonderment in her expression, and I had to admit, I could identify readily- what had I ever done to deserve her?

"I know it sounds insane to say," she said in a voice barely above a whisper. "But there is truly nothing on earth I want

more right this second than to think that your making a baby inside me."

"I would love that," I said gently, nodding and meaning it. "You having my baby sounds like the best thing to ever happen. Period."

We kissed again deeply, my still-hard cock sliding in and out of her pussy slowly, while she rocked her hips, taking me inside her. Bonded like this, we needed nothing else in creation. We were perfect. Finally, my erection subsided and I slipped out of her, helping Alexa off the bed. We went into the bathroom and she sat down on the commode, having to pee. She kept me close, holding me by the hips and sliding her mouth back and forth on my cock while I gently clasped her head. She murmured about how in love with me she was, how much she treasured our alone time.

Alexa looked up at me, her mouth leaving my cock. "Do you think we have time to shower together?" she asked. "Or should we not risk it?"

"If we shower together, we'll end up in a tangle, you know it." I replied, thinking it over. "And while I think it's unlikely that mom and dad would be back in time to interrupt us, it's probably best not to skimp on the timing, you know?"

"You're right," she sighed, not liking the logic but accepting it. "I suppose you'd better get back to your room and shower there. At least then you can look like you've been goofing around on your video games when they get back, right?"

"How come I'm always the twerp with no appeal or sex drive?" I laughed.

"Because they already know I'm a depraved European lesbian, while you've been a gaming nerk your whole life," she answered, winking and giving my cock a kiss. "Now get going, before I just drag you into my shower with me and let you rape me."

"As you will, your majesty." I chuckled, leaning down and kissing her on top of the head before exiting the bathroom. I got dressed and hurried back to my room, taking a badly-needed shower. Once that part of the operation was

finished, I laid down on my bed and began exploring my gaming options on the entertainment system. Some fifteen minutes later, my phone buzzed with a text from my mom.

"Dinner in 30 min. Meet in lounge. Dress nice. Bring aunt."

I sighed and began fumbling through my wardrobe, looking for an acceptable outfit. We were staying at a ski resort, so I went with a distressingly preppy look, refraining from popping my collar. I had just put on my preppy loafers when there was a knock at the door. Alexa beamed a dazzling smile at me when I answered.

"Well, don't you look pretentiously handsome," she quipped, sauntering into my room. She was wearing a sundress I hadn't seen on her yet, a cornflower blue with embroidered blossoms accenting it. The skirt portion ended somewhere around mid-thigh and billowed beautifully. The top barely contained her bust, the two straps deserving of the Victoria Cross for the job they did

supporting her. Sandals completed her ensemble, her hair tied back in a ponytail. "Ready to go?"

"With you on my arm, I'm ready for anything." I said, leading her out the door.

***

We spent the next two days just relaxing and having fun. We did many things as a family, whether it was hiking around the expansive property, rowing on the nearby lake, going into town to shop and sightsee or just hanging around, usually in mom and dad's jacuzzi. This was where we were all sitting, the night before everyone was due to arrive. Thanks to the rather impressive foam and distortion generated by the powerful jets, mom had decided that the whirlpool was a skin-only zone.

"Not uncomfortable for you to be like around us like this, is it, Alli?" mom asked as we all sat inside the tub. The water level was high enough that mom and Alexa's breasts were both submerged below the waterline. It came up to mid-chest for me, while it barely touched the bottom of dad's

pronounced pecs. How there was any room for the rest of us while he was in the tub was a mystery, but it also explained why the water level was so high.

"Not at all," Alexa said simply. "Most of the beaches and resorts and such that I chose to hang around at were clothing free, not to mention co-ed. Nudity is not a taboo for me at all."

"It isn't for Dave Draper here either," mom said, tilting her head toward dad. He gave her a sidelong look and then went back to staring over all our heads. "He can be remarkably difficult to keep in clothes. He's worse than a four year-old that way."

"At least until Patron finds its way into Karen," dad interjected. "Then I look like a Carthusian monk in comparison."

"Oh, hush, that was one time," mom scolded, smirking at some memory. "Not that bad."

"Actually, six Patron-related scandals," dad corrected. "And that's just the ones where questions got asked."

"You and your eidetic memory," mom sighed. "It's true, I generally lose one major article of clothing per agave-based drink I have. Let's just say I'll be avoiding Patron at the wedding reception."

"Sounds like a good idea," Alexa agreed. "Hard for me to make a play for girls if you're getting all the attention because you're naked."

"I don't think you're in any danger of a lack of attention," mom replied. "You're going to be hands-down the most gorgeous woman here all week."

Alexa blushed.

"It's true," mom continued. "We could roll you in mud and bird droppings and you're still going to be prettier than the bride. I'm not saying she's a schnauzer, but she's not my baby sister by a long shot."

"Well, thanks," Alexa said humbly, still obviously embarrassed by the compliment. "Hopefully there'll be some liberated girls around."

"As long as you're willing to put up with the endless hordes of males who will be pawing at you," mom muttered. "Alex, she's technically your date, so you make sure you do everything you can to keep the horny slugs off her while she hunts for girls."

"That'll make my personal hunt for fun easy," I grunted. I was only interested in Alexa, but I had to play the part. And if mom seemed capricious, it's only because she was looking out for her little sister, who had only just rejoined her life. "What if I get lucky?"

"Then I've got Godzilla here as backup," mom said, indicating dad. "I'd just rather not have to unleash him, because of his injury and also because he's scary."

"I can take care of myself, I don't really need a bodyguard." Alexa said helpfully.

"Everyone knows that Alex is your nephew and your date to this shindig," mom reasoned. "It shouldn't be too big an issue, but sometimes men get drunk and leave their reasoning at the bar."

"Well, I couldn't ask for a better chaperone." Alexa said sweetly, smiling as she reached over to pat me on the shoulder. "I'll see if I can fix him up with some pretty young thing."

She then excused herself to go and use the restroom. She stood up and clambered out of the tub and wiggled away, not at all bothered by our presence. I kept looking out the window while dad and mom followed her exit from the room. Mom just shook her head and sighed.

"That girl has no flaws," she said. "Did you see that ass?"

"Yup," dad agreed, nodding. "Good thing she's your sister and not a student, eh?"

"Tits for days," mom added. "How did she get those and I didn't?"

"You do have them!" dad laughed. "And the ass. Her package is just newer than yours."

"I can't believe you two are talking about my aunt's tits and ass," I muttered, trying to sound disconcerted. "Blood relative, remember?"

"Yes, and we're both just lamenting that fact," mom agreed. "Besides, you're a red-blooded young man who's seen her boobs. They're amazing, aren't they?"

Dad looked at mom. "Alex has seen her boobs?"

"Yeah, she went into the basement and flashed him one day to wake him up," mom replied, snickering as she remembered the incident. "Should've heard him yelp."

"Can we please stop talking about my aunt's jugs?" I groused, hopefully sounding convincing. I wanted nothing more than to agree with them, but I couldn't really do that now, could I?

Alexa returned, climbing back in. I made a point of not looking again, which sucked. "So, what'd I miss?"

"Michael and I were commenting that you had an amazing figure and Alex is whining because we were talking about your cans."

"What, these?" Alexa asked, turning to face me and raising herself out of the water enough that her glistening breasts were visible. "What's the big deal? They're just boobs, ever woman has them."

I didn't look, while my mother and father started to snicker.

"I mean, they're just lumps of fat, right?" Alexa continued, swaying them back and forth. "Big, soft, jiggly lumps of fat, covered in silky skin."

"That's it, I'm outta here," I announced, standing suddenly and climbing out of the tub and stomping over to get my towel. "You people are crazy. I'll be in my room."

"Nice butt, nephew!" I heard Alexa call at me while my mother began laughing. I wrapped my towel around my middle and exited the room, heading down the hallway.

Fifteen seconds later, right on cue, Alexa came out of the hotel room and jogged down the hallway toward me, wrapped up in a towel. I paused and waited for her. With a huge grin, she pulled me around the corner into the ice dispensary alcove. She pressed herself to me and we kissed heatedly. She reached under my towel and massaged my cock with her hand, which was making me swell rapidly.

"They sent me to get you," she said finally, taking her hand out from under my towel and just putting her arms around my shoulders. "You're doing a really good job of throwing them off the trail, you know."

"Good," I agreed, nodding. "Sucks that I have to do it, but necessary."

"I know," she cooed, smiling warmly. "I'll stop teasing so much, so that you can stay put for a bit. Just keep acting uncomfortable, or if you do have to look at me, be polite, like you don't want to. They're buying it."

"Now I just need to wait for this hard-on you gave me to go away." I muttered.

"Oh, no problem," she said, grabbing a large cube of ice from the tray in the dispenser and reaching under my towel to press it against my cock. I shuddered, my eyes going wide as the cold splintered through my groin, making me soften and shrink almost immediately. "All gone!"

She gave me a final peck on the cheek and led me in triumph back to my parent's hotel room. The rest of the jacuzzi session was a relaxing one.

***

People began arriving the following day. The Duscheney family showed up first, of course, and there was an ecstatic reunion between my mother and her friend. Dad and I were polite and genial with people, staying out of the way while they fawned all over my aunt. Once it was known there was a hot tub in my parents' room, the women all decided that they needed to try it out. Dad took me for a nature walk, far away from all the estrogen.

"Nice people, I guess," I said as we clambered over some rocks and fallen trees. "Liz has grown up to be pretty."

"She's been dating that Colin kid forever, it's about time they got hitched," dad mused. "And I suppose she's pretty enough, but your mom's going to have to talk with Alexa tonight."

"What about?" I asked, playing dumb, although I was fairly certain I knew the answer.

"Your aunt is going to be, hands down, the prettiest young woman at this whole event," dad said simply. "And outshining the bride is often a bad idea."

"Not like she can help it." I reasoned.

"True, but if we decide that something needs to be done to prevent hurt feelings, then we might find ways to tone her down just a bit," he pointed out. "Not during the whole stay, of course, but during the reception when everyone will be checking out what everyone else is wearing. And no matter what your aunt wears, she tends to be... prominent."

"Well it's not like we can make her wear a gunny sack."

"She'd probably still pull that off," dad mused. "In any event, if your mom makes a decision, be ready to be helpful however you can. We're lucky, you and I, we wear our suits

and that's it. There's a whole different layer of plot device for the ladies."

We discussed his courses and what was involved in them- true, I wasn't even in the quantum and theoretical physics field, but dad still had the expectation that I, as his son, would have a more-than-rudimentary understanding of what he was talking up. It kept my brain nice and elastic. Mom expected the same of me, but she got tired of my 'walk the Planck' jokes sooner than dad did.

Dad then asked me about our work in the Languages department, showing a predictably disturbing familiarity with what I was talking about. Dad may have been a scientist, but he knew linguistics and history better than many professors. I was proud to think of him as a Renaissance Man. Maybe I would be one too.

Sure I would. An incestuous gamer-geek would be the next Renaissance Man. No problem.

He asked me if I was actually okay with taking Alexa as my date, hoping it wasn't too much of an imposition. I replied

that it shouldn't get in the way of finding a girl to mess around with, if I felt the need. He laughed and said to just make sure I wasn't distantly related to any girl I got into bed. I laughed as well and said I'd try.

If he only knew.

***

I didn't to spend as much time with Alexa as I would have liked, but that was to be expected. I had old family and friends obligations and Alexa had tons of people to be introduced to. Not surprisingly, she was the center of attention when people weren't fawning over the bride. I think Liz, the bride-to-be, was a little jealous of the way men were spending time around my aunt. Of course, Liz was about to be married and therefore off-limits, and everyone knew that I was Alexa's surrogate date for this event.

Even though she was quite open about being a lesbian, this fact didn't deter all the males who tried to flock around her, particularly one young sixteen year-old horndog and one

of the groom's uncles. He seemed to think it was okay to put his arm around her and be rather casual. Alexa subtly shook her head when I moved to intervene, indicating that at least for now she had things covered. I know dad was keeping a quiet watch also. Mom trusted the two of us to look after her little sister.

The sun had set and mom found me, giving me a hug. All this socializing was keeping her busy.

"Alex, I think it's time for you to take your aunt for a walk, she no doubt needs a break," she said quietly. "And I'm sure her ass feels like a pin-cushion. Get her away from the crowds, will you?"

I found her with a group and asked her if she wanted to go get a refreshment. She excused herself from the crowd she was mingling with and followed me, maintaining a small distance between us as we walked, something we both hated.

"Mom said to come and get you, relieve you from the pressures of socializing." I mentioned as we walked.

"Thank God," she breathed. "Want to go somewhere and make out?"

"Pretty sure we can arrange that for a bit." I replied, grinning. We exited the lodge and wandered along one of the many paths, now holding hands under the stars. We didn't really say anything, just content with one another's presence. It was a warm night and a lovely breeze played through the trees. The lights of the lodge were soon far behind us. Aside from our footsteps, the only sounds were the songs of night creatures.

"I love moments like this," she said quietly. "Just the sounds of nature."

"Yeah?"

"It's so romantic," she lilted, before smirking. "Until you realize it's just tens of thousands of animals trying to get laid."

I tilted my head back and let out a Wookie call, making her laugh. She found a tree she liked and leaned back against it, smiling at me coyly. I walked up to her, my body just touching hers. I could see why she'd picked this spot- a silvery ray of moonlight caught her beautiful face, illuminating her light an angel.

She giggled. "You look positively enraptured."

"I am," I breathed, gazing at her in wonder. "You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. You're perfect."

"Oh, c'mon, that's a little much." Alexa said quietly, but I could see the thrill in her eyes at my words.

"No, really," I insisted, placing my hands on her waist and my legs between hers. "You're... you're what I pictured Galadriel always looked like in the books. You're tall, your hair is golden, eyes of sapphire blue, you're regal..."

"No gap between my front teeth." Alexa quipped, winking. "Did you picture Galadriel with big tits?"

"Well, yes, she was my fictional crush," I admitted. "I was annoyed when Celeborn didn't die in the book, paving the way for the make-believe young Noldor hero, Alexildin."

"You're such a man," she sighed, shaking her head slightly. "But only an idiot of a woman wouldn't be flattered by being compared to Galadriel. Thank you for saying so, Alex. I think you deserve a reward..."

"I dunno that we have time to fuck." I said somewhat morosely. "I was just supposed to get you away from the ass-grabbers for a bit."

"Well there have been a slew of those, for sure," she agreed, taking a hair-tie out of her jeans pocket and pulling her hair back in a ponytail. "And a reward doesn't mean I need to fuck you."

I grinned as she took me by the arms and gently turned us around until I was the one leaning on the tree. Alexa smiled

slyly as she sank to her knees, dragging her lush breasts down my body and then undoing my pants.

"Is it awful that every time I see a girl pull her hair back, I automatically get a tingle?" I asked as she took my already-swelling cock out of my pants.

"Not at all," she replied, giving it some gentle strokes while she looked up at me with sultry eyes. "It's pretty much a universal symbol when a girl is around her guy. If she pulls her hair back and she's not about to blow him, she'd better be about to puke. Not nice to get a guy going like that."

She definitely had me going as she slowly took my cock inside her mouth, humming softly. Her eyes were closed at first, but then they fluttered open and she looked up at me, those unreal blue eyes gazing at me languidly. I was hard in no time and gripped the tree, my head thunking back against it, like the headrest on the car drive in.

We were far enough off the main trail that we didn't need to worry about anyone interrupting us and if someone did come this way, we'd no doubt hear them. Alexa went at it

with a will, beginning to bob back and forth, her hand making a gentle twisting action on my shaft as it followed her mouth. I shivered as I felt her tongue swirling around my pulsing head.

"God, I love you so much." I breathed.

Her only response was to hum again, no doubt indicating her total agreement. I tried not to groan as her lips touched the root of my cock, my member now in her throat. She held me there for several seconds, letting me feel the wet heat of her mouth before beginning to suck on me again. It was absolute Heaven.

My hands went to her head, holding it gently as she fucked me with her mouth. My hips began to pump back and forth in time with her lips and I knew it wouldn't be long. Alexa didn't seem interested in delaying the orgasm, she wanted me to cum in her mouth, and hard. Hey, who am I to disappoint the woman of my dreams?

I trembled and groaned as loudly as I dared, the tingling warmth spreading through my as I began to cum. Alexa

moaned lightly and bobbed back and forth faster and faster before I erupted in her mouth, taking my warm offering down her throat hungrily. My fingers kneaded her hair reflexively and my knees were trembling. Her thumb pressed along the vein on the underside of my cock, helping to milk every last drop from me. I was panting by the time she finished and stood up, smiling at a job well done.

"You sure I can't... lick your pussy to make it even?" I breathed, looking up at the stars and moon through the boughs high overhead.

"We're even now, my love," she purred, stroking my cheek and looking at me lovingly. "A girl doesn't let a compliment like being compared to Galadriel go unanswered. You said the most wonderful thing and I thanked you. It'll always be that way or better. Count on it."

In the back of my mind, I realized we were talking about this sort of thing like we had a future together, that somehow this craziness was all going to work out. And neither of us had any idea whatsoever how it could, forget

would. I ignored it for the moment, enjoying being in love with my aunt.

She bent over and pulled my boxers and pants back up, dutifully zipping and buckling me before giving me a hug. I held her to me and sighed contentedly. This was one of those moments that could last for ever and I'd be the happiest man alive. How many men get to hug, kiss and make love to their goddess, forget worship them?

"These moments of ours go by too quickly," she murmured, her face pressed into my shoulder. "I guess we'd better go back."

Reluctantly, I agreed, walking hand-in-hand, we started heading back when Alexa stopped suddenly.

"Oh, shit," she exclaimed quietly, suddenly reaching up and feeling her hair. "Stupid pontytail is still in."

"That wouldn't have been good," I laughed while she futzed with her long, blonde locks, pulling the tie out. "Jig would've been up then, for sure."

"Getting outed as not being a lesbian would have been the least of my worries at that point," she muttered, her gorgeous tresses falling around her shoulders and down her back again. "Getting caught with bee-jay hair in the presence of my nephew, that would probably overshadow the whole damn wedding."

"Along with seeing us get killed." I agreed, falling in beside her as we resumed our trek back to the lodge. "This... is going to sound weird to say, Alexa, but I think you should really play the lesbian card this week while everyone is here."

She looked at me as we kept walking. "What, you want me to sleep with a woman?"

"I don't mind," I said simply, shrugging. "I know you like girls and I completely confident in your love for me. We're not going to have as much time as we want to make love,

we both know that. And it'd really keep up the image if it was a poorly-kept secret that you'd hooked up with at least one other wedding guest."

She giggled. "You make me sound like a lesbian slut."

"You are a lesbian slut, or at least a bisexual slut with lesbian leanings," I said reasonably. "Who just happens to be in love with her nephew, who in turn is madly in love with her. And it'd go a long way to keeping up the façade."

"Well, you got me on the lesbian slut part," she sighed. "But what about you?"

I shrugged. "What about me?"

"Aren't your parents expecting you to possibly get a girl in the sack? They got you your own private room, after all. And I wouldn't be jealous."

"I know what you mean, but they also wouldn't be surprised if I didn't get laid." I mused. "They are half-convinced that I'll spend all my time in my room playing games. They're happy you're along because if I'm your chaperone, then I'm not holed up making love to the console."

"I'll make you a deal," she said, turning and looking at me. "I'll keep my options open for hooking up with a girl or two, but only if you do the same. If a girl hits on you, Alex, and people are noticing, like my sister and Mike, take her to bed or something. That'll help keep up the façade as well, you know."

I sighed. "Fine, you win. I'll consent to getting fucked if necessary."

"Such a chore," she giggled, tracing a finger down my chest. "And there'll be times we can make love, you know. It's not a total washout. Having sex with other people won't kill us. After all, if Freja visits, we're going to share her."

"Yes, but that's the thing right there," I pointed out. "Share her. We're not sharing anyone at this little shindig. I don't think I'd fuck Freja without you."

"I wouldn't care if you did, truthfully," she said, taking my hands in hers. "Part of me would expect you to look after her if I wasn't around."

"Well, one charade at a time," I replied, looking at her with a firm expression. "Get your lesbian on noticeably during this trip. I'll play it by ear."

"It's not your ear she'll be playing with," Alexa teased, smirking and winking before threading her elbow through mine. "Now get me back to the lodge and let's find me a girl."

"This is the weirdest taboo romance..." I muttered, shaking my head.

***

I was standing in a small knot of people, conversing politely with my mom nearby. She came up and put her hand on my arm, giving me a subtle squeeze. I excused myself from my chatter and moved aside to see what she had to say.

"Don't turn around and stare, but your aunt seems to really be hitting it off with some woman over there," she said quietly, nodding subtly in a certain direction with her head. "I think her name is Cori or something."

I peered around and indeed saw Alexa talking with a rather attractive woman in her late-thirties, with dark hair and a pronounced bosom fitted into a red dress. The woman, Cori, was clearly putting the moves on my aunt, who was playing the part of interested. They were standing close to one another, hands gently holding their drinks, only occasionally moving to touch one another's arm, or pull back a stray lock of hair.

"Huh," I mused, seeming to shrug it off. "Good. That should keep her busy. I'm happy for her."

"King of the romantics, you are," mom said dryly, fixing me with a look. "And what about you, Casanova? I saw that girl Jennifer talking you up and making her thoughts known."

"Yeah," I admitted. "But isn't she, like, distantly related to us somehow?"

"Oh, she's removed from you by a factor of eight," mom said dismissively, waving it off. "You're more closely-related to the stuffed bear head overlooking this hall than you are to her. Seriously, she's practically a different species."

"Are you saying you want me to whomp Jennifer, mom?" I asked bluntly.

"It beats the alternative, having you holed up in your room, making love to that console," she answered, iterating my earlier conversation with my aunt. "Have fun and don't get her pregnant, how difficult can it be? Your dad and I are hosting a small party later, why should you be the only De Bourne or Gordon not getting laid?"

"Thanks for the pep talk, mom." I sighed as she turned and walked away. The complexities of this whole situation were rather astounding, when you thought about it- my aunt and I, who were in love, were looking to fucking other women at this wedding, which we were at as a platonic couple, in order to throw people off the trail about our feelings for one another. My mother approved of my aunt's lesbian hookup, while encouraging me to get into bed with a girl I might be distantly related to, but only so that I wasn't the most boring person at the wedding, because she and my dad were planning to host orgies over the next few days.

Couldn't be simpler.

I looked over at Alexa, who was smiling at me subtly while Cori leaned in and whispered in her ear. Whatever the woman and said, Alexa nodded and then accompanied her away from the gathering, but not before indicating I should follow them. I did so, making sure nobody noted my exit.

I stayed just out of their sight as they threaded their way through the halls of the lodge. I heard Cori ask Alexa if she

knew where she was going, to which my aunt replied that she knew of a little nook nobody ever seemed to be around.

I knew the place she was talking about, we had found it the previous day and she'd told me how great it would be to give me head in. It was an out of the way coatroom and indeed there never seemed to be any traffic, even hotel staff. If Alexa was taking her new friend there, she was hoping I'd find a concealed place to watch from.

They found the coat room and Alexa positioned herself in the farthest corner of the unlit room, the only illumination coming from the hallway it sat off of. She faced out, meaning Cori had her back to me as I drew close. Giving me the opportunity I needed, Alexa pulled Cori in, kissing her deeply and pressing their bodies together. Cori moaned as she surrounded and began kissing back, groping my aunt eagerly.

Once I was convinced that Cori was too far gone to notice, I slipped into the room and behind some rolling clothes frames, on which were situated dozens of long suit and coat protectors. In the darkness, there was no way in Hell that

Cori would see me, unless I tripped and made a racket. Alexa, however, was doing a great job of keeping the older woman occupied.

I took out my phone, setting it to low-light enhancement and pushing it through the protectors, making sure I had an excellent video clip to show my aunt later. As I recorded, Alexa and Cori groped and fondled one another while they kissed, the older woman undoing the blouse Alexa was wearing and letting it hand free. She then lifted her bra, exposing her magnificent tits, which she leaned down and began sucking on hungrily. Alexa moaned and clasped her head, shivering while Cori's hand squeezed one of the succulent mounds and then trailed down to make its way under her skirt.

Cori slowly knelt and pulled Alexa's skirt up, then hiked down her thong, exposing her wet pussy. She dove in eagerly, licking my aunt's womanhood and sucking her clit. Alexa sighed in pleasure and clasped her head, undulating her hips against the brunette's face. I watched rapt as she slid her tongue inside and massaged her tight tunnel with it.

Alexa squirmed, biting her lower lip, looking directly at me and the camera. She was looking at me while she let this woman pleasure her orally and I had a massive hard-on from watching. Cori's head was in the way of getting a good look at Alexa's pussy, but just seeing my aunt in the throes of sex was incredible. She massaged her tits while Cori slurped her pussy so loudly I thought we'd be found out. Fortunately, no one came by.

Alexa was breathing harder, her skin going flush and she started trembling. One hand gripped Cori's head while the other continued to maul her breasts. She bucked her hips, hissed and then arched her back, sighing. Cori clenched Alexa's hips as she came, licking and sucking her pussy relentlessly. I heard my aunt's hips smack against her face at one point, but she didn't stop.

And then Alexa slid down the wall, breathing heavily, her eyes closed. Cori waited until she was sitting and then straddled her, settling onto her lap. They made out for some time before Alexa whispered something, and I saw Cori nod. She stood up slowly, reaching down to undo a

zipper that ran up the side of the skirt part of her dress. Easy access, I guess.

She then hiked her skirt up, exposing her panties, which Alexa slid down her legs and she stepped out of. Still sitting in the corner, Alexa simply tilted her head up while holding onto Cori's thighs, while the older woman moved in until Alexa's mouth was on her pussy. She moaned as my aunt started lapping at her.

Cori lasted even less time than Alexa, leaning against the corner and shuddering within three minutes, cumming on my aunt's face. She then sat down again, the two of them kissing deeply, wrapping their arms around one another.

I was so transfixed that I almost didn't notice Alexa use one hand to make a shooing motion at me while Cori was still sucking on her tonsils. I hastily ended the recording and then quietly made my way out of the little room, while Alexa kept Cori totally occupied and beyond noticing anything. Some minutes later, back in the common area where everyone seemed to be gathered, I saw the two of them walk back in, trying to look like nothing was amiss.

But Cori still looked a little dishevelled and Alexa had that post-orgasm glow I'd learned to associate with her. They smiled at one another and parted ways, with Alexa sauntering over to me.

"Now I think you owe me," she announced, smirking. "I can't wait to see that video."

"It was pretty epic, I have to say." I agreed, handing her a flute of champagne. Thank God for open bars. "You look like you enjoyed it."

Alexa shrugged. "It wasn't the most intense orgasm a woman has ever given me, but only an idiot turns their nose up at the opportunity to have an orgasm. What bums me out, though, is that I'm going to be spending the night with her, from the sounds of it. I was hoping to sneak down and make love to you."

"I'd love that too," I sighed. "But being seen with Cori is best, I guess."

"You can make it up to me by fucking some girl and letting me watch via webcam," she said, taking a drink. "We brought them both for a reason."

"Well, since my mother is convinced that our unfathomably distant relative Jennifer wants to play Holland Tunnel with me, I should be able to arrange that." I mentioned. "I guess I'll relent tomorrow at some point, for your amusement."

"Aw, how terrible for you," she said in a mocking voice and patting my arm. "Having to get laid, it's the worst of things."

"Zip it, Galadriel." I laughed.

***

Fortunately, Jennifer had said she needed to use the bathroom when we made it back to my room. I took the opportunity to open my laptop webcam and make sure that Alexa was already in place in her room. I saw her sitting on her bed, naked and waiting. She smiled at me and winked,

letting me know she was prepared. I nodded and minimized the camera window and turned my screen black.

Jennifer got out of the bathroom a minute later, taking no notice of my laptop. We began making out, pulling one another's clothes off. Her body wasn't all that bad, perhaps a little plain, but I was comparing her to Alexa, so I wasn't being fair. Jennifer's hair was a sort of dark honey colour, her eyes hazel and she had a rather pronounced bridge to her nose. Her breasts were on the smaller size of average, but pleasingly sensitive as I took them into my mouth, sucking on them.

We were finally both naked and collapsed on the bed, rolling around, kissing and fondling. She obviously didn't shave her pussy, although I'm pleased to report that her hair wasn't really thick either, so I didn't feel like I was hacking my way through a jungle when I went down on her. She writhed and moaned as I lapped her clit and slid my fingers in and out of her.

She then rolled me over and began sucking my cock, kneeling above me. I pulled her around so that Alexa could see her mouth moving up and down on me, using the excuse of fondling her ass and tits while she bobbed up and down on my pole. She had apparently heard of grazing with your teeth when you suck cock, because I was convinced more than once that she was going to bite it right off. But she got me hard all the same, and then was ready to fuck. I slipped on a condom and she clambered on top of me, letting my cock penetrate and then sinking down onto me.

She gasped and murmured my name as she rode, needing me to grip her hips firmly and control the rhythm. She whimpered as my cockhead hit her cervix, so I slowed her down and made her start a circular grinding motion on me. She settled down and moaned loudly, which I'm sure amused Alexa no end. I pulled her down on top of me, holding her close and using my knees to pull her legs further apart so that my aunt could see my cock spearing in and out of this girl's pussy.

Jennifer shuddered and groaned very suddenly, an orgasm crashing over her while I held her against me. I kept thrusting into her, making her ride out two more in quick

succession. Then I turned her around so she was sitting on me and facing away. I reached up and fondled her tits while she rode me, coming to another rapid climax while Alexa no doubt got an excellent view.

I smiled evilly and I pulled her straight back down on top of me, her torso pointed at my ceiling. I held her by her arms, her knees still bent at my waist and began fucking in and out of her quickly, causing her to gasp and then almost begin hyperventilating. I felt my own orgasm building as her pussy clamped down tightly on my cock, fluttering and gripping me wetly.

I turned her head and jammed her mouth against mine as she began to scream while she climaxed, her body seizing up. I pushed my hips up, burying myself inside her as I came, the condom preventing me from flooding her wanton pussy. We writhed and ground as we rode out the waves of pleasure, with Jennifer finally lying on top of me like a dead thing. Her breathing was heavy, her eyes shut. I could feel her heart pounding through her back.

"Damn," she murmured finally, seeming to recover from her tiny death. "I don't think I've ever cum like that before."

She slowly turned over, my cock flopping out of her as she lay on top of me, her face above mine, looking into my eyes. "How about you?"

I'd be lying if I said it was the best orgasm ever, but no man should ever be stupid enough to be honest right at that very moment. I smiled and kissed her nose. "I really, really needed that orgasm." I said non-specifically. "Thank you, I feel great."

My answer seemed to satisfy her and she snuggled into me, humming contentedly. I was holding her close and caressing her body gently when she pressed her lips to my ear and said something that froze my blood.

"I think I'm in love with you..."

My hands stopped moving and I lay very still, waiting to see what she said or did next. Why the hell did she have to say that?

"But don't worry," she continued, smiling sweetly and poking me on the nose. "I've already got a boyfriend and you live too far away. I'll get over it."

"I'm... flattered." I said, trying to not let my terror and then subsequent relief show. "And I do live really far away."

"I know, silly, I just said that," she giggled, poking me. "But oh, God, do I want to be in love with you. Maybe next time I won't make you wear a condom and we can see if you put a baby in me, right?"

"I..." was all I could manage.

"Ohhhhh, my daddy would kill me," she giggled, thinking about me pumping my seed into her. "And you."

"You know we're distant cousins, right?" I asked nervously.

"But don't worry, nothing'll happen," she continued, ignoring my question. "Y'know what might be fun? I brought a friend along, she and I play together a lot. Maybe the three of us could come back here and all party together?"

"That... sounds great," I said awkwardly. "You know where to find me, right?"

"I love your sense of humour!" she laughed as she sat up, stretching. I hope she didn't notice my cock almost shrivelling up in horror beneath her. Apparently she didn't because she began bouncing up and down on my groin, like she was four years old, her arms out to the side.

"Bouncy bouncy bouncy!" she chirped as I turned my face to look directly at the webcam.

"This is all your fault..." I mouthed silently.

***

Of course, Alexa had blown up my phone during and after the Jennifer thing, initially with videos of her masturbating while watching me fuck this girl, then of her laughing her ass off after she heard Jennifer confessing she was in love and how she wanted me to put a baby in her. She couldn't stop snickering as we all sat around a table having breakfast the following morning.

"What's eating you?" mom asked her younger sister, looking at her. "Cori aside."

Alexa cleared her throat. "Alex got laid last night, by Jennifer. She told me alllllllll about it."

Mom raised an eyebrow and then looked at me. Dad grinned and clapped me on the shoulder. "Hey, good for you, son. A lot better than video games, isn't it?"

"She told me that he did such a good job on her that she confessed her love to him," Alexa continued gleefully,

making me blush crimson. "She's considering not wearing a condom next time so that Alexa can father her child, and she's thinking of bringing her bff with her for a threesome."

My mother just stared at me while dad's grin got even bigger.

"I knew you had it in you to carry on a proud family tradition," he said. "If you need pointers, your mom and I-"

"Shut... up..." mom said. "You utter troll. Have mercy on your son."

Dad was still chuckling, high-fiving my aunt before returning to his massive breakfast. Mom ignored them both.

"Running on the assumption that you're not pants-on-head retarded enough to rawdog this girl, do you think you'll see her again for another tryst?" she asked.

I looked at her in disbelief. "Why the hell do you know the term 'rawdog', mother?"

"Your father and I have sex with our students," she said, shrugging. "Bound to pick up a term or two along the way. I know what bukakke is too, for your information."

"Not sure I'm old enough to hear this conversation." Alexa mused, starting to stand. "I need more orange juice, anybody need more orange juice?"

"Where do you think you're going, Sappho?" mom said, looking at her sister and then pointing at her seat. "Park it."

Alexa sat while mom reached over and poured her a glass of orange juice from the big jug in the middle of the table. Alexa sighed and drank her juice.

"She's not going to be an obsessive psycho, is she?" mom asked, looking back to me.

"She's related to us," I muttered, trying to eat. "How sane can she be?"

"Distantly related," mom reminded me. "Nothing illegal or creepy. But she's not going to follow us home and leave impaled cats on my lawn, is she?"

"No," I sighed. "She already told me that she's got a boyfriend and I live too far away."

"She's got a boyfriend and you still boned her?" dad asked, looking at me.

"Oh, for- she told me after," I sighed, rolling my eyes and pushing my plate away, having lost my appetite. "Apparently I'm just her different area code fling."

"Oh, well that's not so bad," mom mused, tapping open another poached egg. "Your dad and I have a few of those lined up. Old friends who were playmates at one time or another."

"Well just make sure Mister Fertility keeps it under wraps, then," I grumbled, indicating my dad. "You said you got pregnant with me by him just looking at you."

"Nah, I'm not that good," dad replied. "But her panties were off within seconds of me looking at her."

"That's a downright lie," mom shot back, pointing her spoon at him as if to scold him. "You know damn well I wasn't wearing panties."

"Oh yeah..." dad seemed to remember. I just hung my head in shame. Me falling in love with my aunt made a little more sense now- we were all complete deviants.

"In any event, both of you just play nice with whomever, okay?" mom continued.

"That'd be Jennifer, seemingly." I mumbled.

"Whomever?" Alexa interjected. "As in possible plural? Exactly what kind of lesbian harlot do you think I am? I'm not the one planning orgies, may I point out."

"Exactly," mom said, agreeing. "And you two aren't invited, so find your own fun. Michael and I are actually going with a few people down to the lake for some adult entertainment this afternoon, so you've been warned in case you were thinking of heading down that way."

I just pinched my eyes. At least now that my parents were going to be gone, I had a plan in mind...

***

Alexa was sitting in my lap, hugging me close, her body squashed to mine as we writhed and thrust against one another. Tongues plunged and wrestled while she rode on my cock, throbbing deep inside her. She panted and rested her forehead against mine, her hands on my cheeks.

"This is what I want," she said in a breathy whisper, her eyes flashing with her desire. "To be here, like this... with you in me, Alex. Oh God, I want your cum in me...."

We kissed again and I fondled her breasts while she ground down on me. These were the moments we'd looked forward to the whole trip. Together, making love and lost in one another's eyes. Her pussy rippled and squeezed around me as she used those contractions she was so adept at. She was going to make me cum like there was no tomorrow, I could feel it.

She moaned and bit the juncture of my neck and shoulder, her arms wrapped around me. She whispered how in love with me she was, a sentiment I returned readily. We were both wearing our little plastic rings, the remnants of the Ring-Pop candies we'd married one another with that night in our secret glade. We tried to wear them whenever we were alone and able to make love.

"Alex," she breathed, moving up and down on top of me. "Please... fuck my ass. I want you to cum in my ass..."

I nodded and she slowed the pace of our fucking, finally coming to a complete stop. Gazing into my eyes, she slowly rose in my lap and then reached down to take hold of my sticky member, placing it against her puckered knot. I was still slippery with her pussy lubrication and the same wetness was already glistening on her ass. It was with little difficulty that the head of my cock popped through the tight ring and then she settled down slowly, letting out a groan of pleasure.

"Yesssssss," my aunt sighed as she held me deep inside her, adjusting to the feel of me. "I love this so much."

I gently fondled her ass cheeks and squeezed them while she wrapped her legs around my waist. I used my hands to begin moving her up and down, providing most of the momentum for us while she squeezed her tunnel around me rhythmically with each push up. We kissed sloppily, tongues wrestling and her nails grazed my back in response.

"Gnnnnnn, Alex..." she moaned into my ear. "You're going to make me cum so hard..."

We began moving faster, Alexa squirming her body into me. I bent my neck down to suck one of her nipples into my mouth, making her gasp and shudder as I bit and tugged on it gently. Her fingers gripped my neck and her ass squeezed me even more tightly. I bounced her up and down on my lap until we were both panting, bodies covered in sweat. We kissed feverishly again, grappling closer than ever as we sought mutual ecstasy.

"Cum in me, Alex..." she gasped. "Cum in me..."

Her voice and the frenzied squeezing of her muscles around me sent me over the edge. I growled and bit her neck as I started pumping my cum into her clenching ass. Alexa shuddered and sighed loudly, her forehead pressed to my shoulder. I used my hands to push her as far down onto my cock as I could. Ripples of unreal pleasure washed through me as we came together.

Alexa... my lover... my aunt... my wife...

We sagged into one another, breathing heavily again, lost in bliss. Hands caressed slowly, gently, hearts beating

together. These moments were perfection, the culmination of everything I could ask for in this life. I loved them and I loved her. We whispered our unconditional love, thankful for one another.

She slowly pushed me down onto my bed, laying on top of me, my cock still in her ass. She drew a light blanket around us, smiling in contentment as she did so. We kissed and fondled, just enjoying our post-climax pleasure being bonded so intimately. I never wanted it to end.

Knock! Knock!

"Alex?" called my mother's voice from the other side of my door.

Alexa and I both froze, my blood turning to ice while we turned to look at the door in wide-eyed horror. What the Hell did she want?

Knock! Knock! Knock!

"Alex, I need you to open up the door, pronto!" she called.

Alexa flung herself and the blanket off the bed with a thud! and rolled under it hastily while I tried to gather my wits about me. "Mom?" I called out, uncertainly.

"No, it's Norman Bates!" she snapped, her voice betraying annoyance. "Open the damn door, boy, I have a situation here!

"Right now?" I exclaimed, slowly rising, still uncertain about what to do. "I'm a little-"

"Alexander Orion Dayraven, open this door or they will never find your body!" she growled. "I'm a scientist, I can make it happen!"

Pale with fright, I got off my bed, pulling a sheet around my waist to cover myself and walked toward my door. A

million different horrible things were going through my mind as I approached that fateful portal. Almost as if watching myself in a movie, I saw my hand reach out and turn the handle to unlatch the door...

It pushed open and in swept my mother, buck naked and clearly annoyed.

"What took you so damn long?" she hissed, turning around to glower at me, her hands on her hips. "We gave you the smallest room of the three."

I blinked repeatedly, still completely flabbergasted by the fact that my mother was standing naked in my room. I heard the door click shut behind me. I shook my head to clear it of the confusion.

"Why... why are you..."

"Naked?" my mom asked, finishing my sentence. "I got punked and someone stole my clothes when we were doing a streaking race. I needed to come back to get more clothes

and plot revenge on the bastard who did this, whoever they are."

As weird as this situation was, and as terrifying, given how close she was standing to her naked sister hiding under my bed, I got a chill when she mentioned taking revenge on whomever it was- my mother was downright evil when she put her mind to it.

"Why didn't you go to your room?" I asked, hoping I sounded reasonable, acutely aware of the fact that my cock was probably still bulging under the sheet I wore, even if I was no longer hard.

"Because my room is on the third floor and in a much busier traffic area," she said stonily. "Your room was closest for me to-"

She paused and sniffed the air for a moment, then frowned. "Why does it smell like sex in here?"

I gave her a deadpan look. "Why do you think, mother?" I said sarcastically.

She blinked. "I interrupted you having sex?"

"Yes."

"With a girl?"

"Of course!" I snapped, my face colouring. "You interrupted me having sex with a real, live girl."

She looked around. "Where is she?"

"She heard you knock and demand to come in and threw herself under my bed." I replied, knowing exactly how precarious this moment was and trusting to my mother's sense of decency. "I'll probably never get her back out now."

"Oh," mom said, considering and apparently forgetting that she was still completely nude in the middle of her son's hotel room. "Is it Jennifer? Is that you, Jennifer?"

"No, mother, it's not Jennifer." I said in exasperation, wishing she would just do whatever she needed to do to leave my room. "It's someone else entirely."

She raised an eyebrow. "You're cheating on Jennifer? She's going to make a wallet out of your face when she finds out."

"I'm not cheating on Jennifer!" I complained, marching forward and whipping off my sheet to give to her. "And please cover up, this is very disconcerting for me!"

"Oh, you're such a drama llama," she said, rolling her eyes and wrapping herself in the proffered sheet, choosing to not notice any sticky spots on it. I took a towel I'd been wearing earlier from a shower and wrapped it around my waist. "So who is she?"

"Someone not related to any of the people we've met at this wedding," I said matter-of-factly. "Another guest of the hotel."

It wasn't a lie, it was just a misleading truth. Hopefully it was good enough.

"Well, that's unusually ambitious of you," mom mused, sitting down on the edge of the bed and crossing one leg over the other. She then patted the mattress. "Hello under there. I hope I didn't frighten you."

"Vallitettavasti minun Eglanti ei ole hyva!" Alexa squeaked from under the bed.

Mom looked at me in confusion. "What did she say? What language was that? Souded like Finnish"

"Yes, mother, that was indeed Finnish she was speaking to you."

"Huh," mom mused. "Your Finnish is good enough to get her in the sack, hm? Nice job."

"My Finnish doesn't need to be good to get a girl in the sack, mother." I said dryly. "Maybe I just looked at her and her panties flew off."

"If she was wearing panties then you were working too hard," mom answered. "Have you seen Alli?"

"I- Not in the last little while, no." I replied. It was another misleading truth, I hadn't seen Alexa for nearly two minutes now, since my mom nearly caught us. "Maybe she's with Cori again?"

"No, Cori was down with us at the lake," mom answered, still sitting on the bed, perilously close to her younger sister. "So if Alli is with a girl, it's someone else entirely. You two are showing real ambition this weekend, I'm impressed. Up 'til now, I've only heard about her messing around with that ditz Jeanie and you with... oh, what was her name... Heather?"

"Guess I'm going to be going back to messing around with Heather, since my guest hiding under the bed is going to want nothing to do with me once you're done rattling off the list of other girls I've been with." I grumbled. "Seriously, mother. I'm not sure normal parents do this to their children."

"True, but if you'd been a normal or average kid, I would have left you to perish on a windswept crag after you were born," she replied, finally standing. "Well, sorry about interrupting your coitus, but this an emergency, as you can see. Your dad was elsewhere and not able to help, although I'm sure he knows by now. I'll be borrowing this blanket if you don't mind, and heading back to my own room. If you see Alli, tell her I need to talk to her."

I nodded as she swept by me and let herself out. Several seconds passed and I opened the door and peered outside, to make sure she was nowhere around. I closed the door and breathed a sigh of relief, my heart pounding.

"She's gone..." I said wearily.

Alexa slowly climbed from under my bed, her eyes still wide with paranoia. She finally rolled onto the mattress and put her hands over her face, her glorious body once again exposed to me.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh my God," she moaned into her hands. "That was the worst moment of my life. And I've seen David Hasselhoff perform live. I was so frightened I had wrapped myself up like a mummy in that sheet, in case she looked under the bed."

"Quick thinking with the other language," I replied, coming over and laying down next to her, my body still trembling with anxiety. "I thought we were dead. So very, very dead."

"Well, like my mother always said, don't start what you can't Finnish." Alexa quipped, trying to lighten the mood. "Sounds like a joke your dad would tell."

"He has," I muttered. "Those two are out of control. If it weren't for incest, we'd be nowhere near as poorly behaved as my parents."

Alexa sighed, putting one forearm on her forehead as she stared at the ceiling. "You know the two of them have shared twin sisters?" she asked, making me turn my head and look at her wryly. "Yeah, they've fucked two girls who were sisters. Students of theirs, apparently."

"Are you intimating that we should drop Linguistics and join their science classes so that you and I can fuck?" I asked.

"Noooooooooo," she said in a resigned tone. "Kinky sisters are one thing. You and I in love and wanting to get married? Have kids? That's another. It'll ruin their careers and everyone's lives, I imagine."

We both sighed in despair and turned to snuggle in to one another, bodies fitting together perfectly. I felt her tremble and looked down, worried. Her eyes were crystalline with tears as she gazed back at me.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, her voice raw with sheer emotion and anxiety. "That was just so frightening and it brought home exactly how dangerous a game it is we're playing and how completely we're going to lose... I'm sorry, Alex... so sorry..."

I hugged her to me fiercely and let her begin to cry. I squeezed my eyes shut, willing myself to remain strong for her. I encased her smaller form in mine, letting her know she was loved and protected. Maybe three minutes past before she looked up again, sniffled and smiled weakly.

"Sorry about that," she said, much more herself now. "I was just freaked out. Don't worry about anything I said, I had a weak moment. You know I'm totally in love with you."

"I know," I replied gently, smiling and kissing her forehead. "And you know I am with you. Could you see what was happening out here at all?"

"Mostly no," she admitted, shaking her head. "I saw her come in back naked, which was really weird, but mostly then just her ankles while she talked to you. And then she sat on the bed..."

"And I had the tenth of about thirty mini-heart attacks..." I muttered. "That woman has the worst timing."

"Well, at least you threw her off the trail and now she thinks your studly," she giggled, poking my nose. "And I really could stand to fuck again, but one terrifying encounter a day is enough. I think I'd better head back to my room and find a way to smell like lesbian sex, rather than her son."

I hated to admit it, but she was right. She got dressed and snuck out once I told her the coast was clear. I then went to take a shower, hopefully bleeding away the incredible stress I felt. I may have been only eighteen, but I was beginning to feel eighty.

I was getting too old for this shit.

***

"I know it's sudden notice, but I'm really in a bind," Liz said, talking to Alexa and holding her hand while I was standing nearby. Mom was with them, as were other women, mostly members of the bridal brigade. "One of my girlfriends got busted in the airport with weed and she's not making it for this, meaning I'm short a girl. Can you please fill in for her?"

Alexa blushed. "I'm flattered, but are you sure it's the right decision for you? There must be a ton of other girls here who you know better and would-"

"It's true, I know just about everyone here better than I know you, but you're other person everyone seems to be clamouring about, so I figured I should include you. C'mon, it's all the champagne you can drink!"

"But I don't even have a dress to match what your-"

"It doesn't matter," Liz insisted. Terry is stuck with hers in the Carolinas, so you can just wear whatever you were going to wear as a guest. I'm sure you'll look great!"

Alexa seemed uncertain still, looking at my mother for guidance. A subtle nod was all it took and she'd made her decision.

"Alright, I'll do it."

The bridal party broke into cheers and shrieks of elation, everyone hugging Alexa enthusiastically. Liz gave her a big smooch on the cheek and then began dragging her off somewhere to begin preparations.

"Bye!" Alexa called, turning to wave at mom and I as she was hauled away. Mom looked on in amusement.

"Well, she's in for a helluva night."

I gave her a quizzical look.

"Your dad and I come by these friends and associates honestly," she said, turning and walking with me, her arm through mine while we headed out to find dad. "And Liz is apparently no exception. Her parents were swingers with us. I've had it intimated to me that Liz plans to let her bridesmaids do many naughty things to her tonight as a final hurrah before tying the knot."

"Liz is bi?" I queried.

"Maybe," mom said, shrugging. "Most girls have at least a phase and even straight girl will allow themselves to be ravished by other girls as part of a once-in-a-lifetime event. I've no doubt there'll be male strippers as well."

"My aunt's gonna love that." I chuckled.

"I made it clear that Alexa liked girls and if she agreed to do this that no one would pressure her about the male strippers," mom explained. "I have to look out for my little sister, after all."

"I'm sure she appreciates it." I said cheerfully.

"But just so you know, Jennifer is part of the bridal party, chances are she and Alli will be naked together," mom mentioned. "That's not a problem for you, is it?"

"Probably no worse than you and my aunt indirectly sharing Jeanie." I answered.

"You really need to stop bringing that up..." mom muttered, her grip on me tightening so she didn't throttle me.

***

Alexa texted me when she could throughout the night, showing me wild scenes of the closed-door party they were having. Mom had been invited, although she declined to go, out of respect for her sister. Video clips of the girls in various states of undress and drunkenness abounded, doing crazy things to each other. Games of naked Twister, spin the bottle and dancing abounded. I watched a video of

Alexa grinding pussies with another bridesmaid while Jennifer and Liz each sucked on one of her tits. At one point, Liz was getting rogered by three girls at once, taking a strap-on dildo in her pussy, another in her ass and a third in her mouth. Alexa was the one fucking her ass, while completely naked. Liz wore her bridal headpiece all night and little else.

"Don't worry," one of the texts said. "She's got two different people recording the entire thing. We'll watch it together at some point, she says they'll be private videos meant for her bridesmaids."

There was nothing for a while, then another text.

"Have you ever considered being a stripper? Because you'd be amazing at it if we could teach you how to move. You have the perfect body."

Five more minutes before another set of texts.

"And your dick's a lot more impressive than this guy's."

"Liz and a few other girls are sucking him off..."

"Now Liz is riding his cock."

"Now a few of the other girls are taking a ride."

"Watching this is making me really horny, Alex. I'm going to fuck you to death when I see you."

"Ooh, naked karaoke! Back in a bit!"

I chuckled and put my phone away, determined to get some sleep. She promised me video, I'd see it later. More than that, I completely trusted her. I finally dozed off, dreaming of my aunt, imagining myself as an exotic dancer at a party and how she was fucking me.

***

Liz looked pretty enough the next day up at the alter. The bridesmaids were all wearing metallic green dresses that made her look amazing in comparison. Mom said it was more of a chartreuse, but that meant nothing to me. They were all in green.

Except Alexa. She was wearing the black dress she'd planned to wear as an attendee, and she looked radiant. The fact that the dress was form-fitting and pushed up her already massive cleavage to 'could-be-seen-from-orbit' levels was not lost on people, although most of the bridesmaids were also showing. Just not so strikingly.

Alexa held her bouquet and watched quietly while the minister spoke. We were all sitting in a large garden, while the ceremony took place in a small white gazebo at the far end. It was a warm day, but the sun was not too oppressive as we all looked on.

I hadn't seen Alexa since the previous day, but we'd texted back and forth, promising to both silently recite the wedding vows we heard, meaning them for one another. If they were any good. They were actually pretty dumb, especially Colin the groom's, so we just recited the minister's standard vows, somehow bringing us closer together in our secret marriage.

The ceremony ended and the marriage party was whisked away to continue celebrating while we waited for the

reception. Mom, dad and I discussed the wedding in the lodge's cocktail lounge with some friends until the reception hall was opened. We found our table, sharing it with another couple and waited for the wedding party to return.

The reception was even bigger than the wedding, since people happily showed up for the food without having to spring for a hotel room. A music act was playing in the corner, covering just about everything from swing and big band for the older crowd to more modern numbers so that kids had something to dance to.

Finally, though, the wedding party was announced and Alexa came in with the other members, sitting at the end of the long table which was on a raised platform. She was politely rebuffing the attentions of the groomsman she seemed to have been paired off with, reminding him she was a lesbian.

Liz and her new husband were announced and we all stood and applauded while the entered. Some initial speeches were made and dinner served. It felt weird having the seat

next to me being open, now that Alexa was up at the head table. Once again, she looked completely different from everyone else and I could see endless numbers of people gazing at her from around the hall.

After the newlyweds had their first dance, the socializing became general. A DJ took over and my first dance was with Jennifer, who spent most of her time holding me close and grinding her crotch into me while whispering in my ear about how much she would miss me when this was over. She hoped we'd find time for me to fuck her before she had to leave.

I danced with mom and a few other of her friends, while Alexa was obligated to keep partying with the bridesmaids, who spent a great deal of time dancing together drunkenly. I was with dad at the open bar when I noticed the groom's uncle, now rather inebriated, approach her and beginning to hang off her again, whispering in her ear.

My dad and I were both watching carefully, ready to act, but Alexa caught our eye and subtly shook her head, indicating she was fine. We relaxed and let her handle it, although I

kept watch for a while. He kept trying to slobber on her and even grabbed her ass. Alexa had finally had enough and indicated he should follow her out of the hall. She wiggled her way out, followed by the uncle. Trusting to her instinct, I continued socializing.

My aunt sauntered back in a few minutes later, looking smug and dusting her hands off, as if having completed a job well-done. Not long after, the drunk uncle returned as well, walking stiffly and trying not to wince, occasionally holding his crotch. I laughed to myself, making sure dad knew what had happened. He said he wasn't surprised.

Jennifer got to blow me once more that evening, but the highlight of my night was making my way back to the coatroom with Alexa, pressing her into the corner and hoisting her up to rest on my thighs to fuck her. We kissed one another eagerly as I plunged my cock in and out of her. She'd managed to snag Liz's wedding headpiece and now wore it while she kept her arms around my neck, looking into my eyes while she thrust against me.

We were reasonably certain we wouldn't be interrupted, but the thrill of fucking in a relatively exposed place made the coupling that much more incredible. Her legs wrapped around my waist and I pushed inside her harder, lost in her eyes.

"My God, Alex..." she whispered, panting. "I love you... so in love with you... I want you to cum in me..."

Her eyes locked with mine. "And I wish you were giving me a baby..."

My aunt's words made me wild and I fucked her harder than ever, desperate to cum in her. We ground and writhed against one another until I crushed my mouth to hers, both of us shaking as we moaned. My cum flooded inside her and her pussy gripped me like a velvet vise. We kissed deeply and lovingly until I grew soft inside her. I gently let her down and she pulled her thong back up and smoothed her skirt out.

"Guess I'll be visiting the bathroom before I head back," she whispered as she knelt in front of me and pulled my pants

up, kissing my cock before tucking it away. "And don't ask me why, but there are chairs in the larger stalls, sitting in a corner and looking at the toilet. I mean, am I supposed to bring someone with me in there? Sure, I sometimes brought girls with me to the bathroom, but that was to fuck them. Is that chair really there for conversation?"

I chuckled. "Men's washrooms are a lot simpler. Go to the bathroom, do your business, no eye contact. If someone stares, time to leave. How long with it be before that creepy uncle is walking straight again, by the way?"

"I doubt he learned his lesson forever," she mused as she straightened out my suit. "But he won't be trying to stick it any girl for a week at least."

"I'm so proud of you," I said, cupping her cheek as she stood in front of me. "You're the best wife a man could ask for."

"Your wife..." she murmured almost to herself, nuzzling against my palm and kissing it. "I love how that sounds. I'm sorry I'll be spending my night with Cori, but she was rather

insistent and I couldn't exactly come up with an excuse, could I?"

"I understand," I replied, hugging her to me. "It's fine. She leaves tomorrow and we're here for another full day. We'll find time."

When you were in love, the hiccups along the way that kept you apart were manageable, even if it meant your beloved sleeping with another woman. Alexa understood if I was having sex with Jennifer, because it was a necessary façade. We still had no idea what we would ever do to work our situation out without destroying the lives of everyone around us.

But if our dreams failed, it wouldn't be for lack of trying to find that solution.

***

Mom, dad and I were having breakfast in our kitchenette when Alexa came downstairs, wrapped in her terrycloth robe. She smiled radiantly at us as she sat at the island.

"Good morning, Sleeping Beauty," mom said, looking at her sister and passing the coffee carafe to her. "You look exceptionally cheery."

"That shouldn't be a surprise," my aunt, said as she poured herself a cup. "My best friend in the whole universe, Freja, is coming for a visit..."

Chapter 12- What They Have

Saying that my aunt was excited about her friend Freja's visit was a minor understatement. While I understood that she hadn't been gone from Europe for that long, it no doubt still felt like a million years since she'd seen her bestie. Apparently, the last time had been at my grandmother's funeral in Cardiff, which Freja had attended.

Alexa made it abundantly clear that she intended to share me with Freja. Or share Freja with me. Or maybe it was to have me and Freja share her. I don't remember, but it added up to the fact that the three of us were going to be having a lot of sex while Freja was here. She loved her friend dearly, she was in love with me and this was going to be a natural extension of our dynamic.

Hey, who am I to complain?

Alexa was on Cloud Nine most of the time, including when we were at work. So it wasn't terribly surprising when I found myself in the university's gymnasium late one night,

flat on my back inside an equipment room and lying on an acrobatics mattress with Alexa bouncing up and down on my cock, panting in pleasure and excitement.

"You'll love her, Alex..." she breathed as she ground her pussy down onto me, her sapphire eyes shining with lust. "I mean, I don't have a cock, but I love how her pussy squeezed my fingers and my tongue. And she's always chewing gum, so her mouth is a minty kiss to die for!"

"I'm liking the- nnnnnnnn- sounds of her already." I replied, reaching up and squeezing her opulent breasts and making her shudder and moan. We were certain there was no one else around, so we could be as loud as we felt like, fucking heatedly in the equipment room. She bent down and kissed me hungrily, moaning into my mouth. Her pussy clenched me wetly and I pushed my hips up, driving deeper inside her.

We stopped talking and concentrated on fucking one another into a frenzy, a tangle of limbs and sweaty, glistening flesh. We panted and groaned, writhing against each other, lost in mutual pleasure. I kneaded her breasts

and her fingers flexed against my shoulders, nails pressing into my skin. She was shuddering and gyrating her hips on me in circles, keeping me deep inside her.

"Gnnnnn, Alex..." she sighed, her neck craning back. "God, you feel so good inside me, I can't wait to let Freja feel it..."

I'd give my aunt one thing, she certainly wasn't the jealous type. She made it abundantly clear that if for some reason she was occupied, I was to 'entertain' her friend and not leave her dry. Freja was attractive enough to warrant such attentions, but I would certainly have felt awkward if Alexa hadn't drilled it into me that she was sharing me with Freja, no questions asked.

And, to be honest, that didn't bother me one bit. I was completely secure in my aunt's love for me and Freja was no threat in that regard. I thought it was hot that they were lovers and sharing the Danish girl with Alexa would certainly be an experience. I'd had a few threesomes in my life, but they were less than stellar. This promised to be quite different.

Alexa was wracked by shivers and groaned loudly, arching her back and pressing down with all her might. This sent me over the edge and I squeezed her breasts hard as I began pumping my cum inside her. She jammed her lips against mine and we kissed feverishly as her hungry pussy milked me greedily. Pleasure blossomed through us both, the universe falling away and leaving only our souls, twining around one another in a dance of ecstasy and love.

We lay on the mat for some time, panting and recovering from a charged sex session. It had been rather spontaneous, but that was not terribly new for us. Alexa and I lusted after one another literally all-day, so any excuse to slip away and fuck was guaranteed to be taken. We were in love and nothing would stop us from expressing it whenever possible.

She sighed contentedly and kissed me on the nose. "Love you..."

"I love you too," I replied, reaching up and massaging her butt cheeks. She purred and wiggled them in my hands, my cock still deep inside her. "Pity the department doesn't pay

us by the hour, since half our time here on campus is spent making love."

"Mmmm, getting paid to fuck you does sound pretty enticing," she mused, resting on me. "Hell, I've been doing it for free up until now. Not that it's a chore, mind."

"Good to hear, I'd hate to think I was a burden on you."

"Only when you're on top." Alexa quipped, sitting up and stretching. We both shuddered as she squeezed herself around me and then allowed me to slip out of her with a wet 'plop'. She giggled and wiggled down my body, taking my softening cock into her mouth and sucking it gently, making sure she had all the cum out of me. I let her finish up and then we began to get dressed, knowing we'd be using the showers to hide any trace of our carnal activities.

We were lathering and kissing one another in the shower, enjoying the feel of our slippery bodies. Alexa ground her ass on my cock, teasing me and trying to get me hard again, but I told her to behave, since we had to get back to work. I was putting my jeans back on when my phone buzzed.

"Bugger," I muttered, checking the message. "It's mom and dad. They're upstairs in the faculty office, wondering where we are."

"Those two," she sighed, rolling her eyes. "Always getting in the way of our incestuous fun. No consideration at all."

"What do I tell them?" I asked.

"Tell them I got real bad cramps and was cranky and you took me for a walk to see if we could calm my uterus down." Alexa suggested. "Girl things are an automatic pass."

I shrugged and did as she instructed, unable to refute her logic. Mom replied that we should get our butts back, they wanted to go eat. She also mentioned it looked like we hadn't accomplished very much that night, based on the relatively small stacks of sorted papers and tomes set out. I replied by saying we were well-ahead of schedule, which she would have already known from talking to the

department's professors, and so a single lazy night was not out of line.

We arrived back at the room, with me helping Alexa walk, like she was in discomfort. Clearly she was believable, because mom shooed me away and walked her younger sister over to a plush seat and set her in it. She began offering her various pain medications to deal with her cramps. Mom had not gone into menopause yet, in fact the doctors had told her she probably could safely have another kid since she was in such good health. Apparently negotiations between her and dad were ongoing, I just stayed out of it.

"Well, we were thinking of Thai food, but Cramperella might not enjoy that so much," mom announced, sitting on the edge of the desk. "Any suggestions?" Dad was nearby, recategorizing some papers Alexa and I had obviously made some mistakes on. He may have been the Physics Department principal professor, but that didn't mean he didn't know everyone else's job too. Once again, I stayed out of his way, since he was no doubt right.

"You guys got the Finno-Urgic category all backwards," dad muttered, holding up many folders in one hand while sorting with the other. "This shouldn't take me more than five minutes."

"Excuse me, Brainiac, I'm trying to crowdsource an answer here," mom said to him, her hands on her hips and trying to look indignant. "Haven't you got anything to add?"

"Yes, your son is ruining history," dad replied, still scanning the paper pile. "Okay, this goes before the Vowel Shift of Thirteen-Fifty..."

He looked up for a moment and stared at me. "tu'HomI'raH SoH net Sov wo'."

"My son has not brought shame to the Empire!" mom said hotly.

"Mom speaks Klingon?" I asked, baffled.

"No, but I've heard him say that before to his students and know what it means."

"Should've said it in Dothraki or Elvish..." dad muttered.

"Is this what passes for a fight in my new family?" Alexa asked from her place in the big, plush chair, sitting sideways with her legs slung over the arm casually. "Because it's really weird and somewhat frightening."

"No argument there." I sighed.

"Hush, you disappointment to the Empire," mom sniffed. "I've decided we're going for German food. If that doesn't work for you, I don't care. Alli's stomach can handle it and it's not far from here. Hey, Humboldt, put the papers down and let's go."

Dad sighed and abandoned the paper piles, patting them and promising to return.

"Never start what you can't Finnish..." was all he said.

***

German food is filling, there is that aspect to it. We all sat around laughing and talking, mostly about Alexa's plans for when Freja got here.

"Of course, she's welcome to stay at the house," mom said, shovelling another slab of schnitzel over to dad. "I'm sure we can make room."

"That's a kind offer, but I'm not sure it will work," Alexa replied, smiling. "Given the somewhat maenadic nature of our friendship, we wouldn't want to be an imposition."

"Oh, that's true," mom allowed. "God knows, you've traumatized Alex enough already with Jeanie, best he not be exposed to you at full-throttle."

"Thanks, mom," I said dryly. "We all know what a shrinking violet I am."

"Oh, don't be such a diva," she chided. "Alli and her friend want time to themselves, a place where they can be together."

"Hopefully with sound-proof walls..." dad added, causing mom to roll her eyes and Alexa to giggle.

"It's true, there's going to be a lot of depravity involved, I imagine," my aunt stated, topping off her sauerkraut. "No sense pretending otherwise, but yes, she's already booked at the Grand downtown for the week."

"I imagine you'll spend most of your time with her, but at least bring her over for dinner and so on," mom continued. "It'll be nice to reconcile your two worlds, bring them close together. You've been gone for so long, it would be a shame to miss the chance."

"Agreed," Alexa said. "Don't worry, you'll see plenty of us while she visits. I need her to be crazy about my family, after all."

"Did she get along with mom?" asked my mother, curious. I sometimes forget that she and Alexa shared a mother but knew her at different times in her life. Me, I never really knew her at all, which made this sort of surreal. Even dad knew grandma, and he had nothing but good memories to share about her.

"Like gangbusters," Alexa answered readily. "Not to sound cliché, but she was almost like a second- well, third, daughter to mom. Mom may have been a little concerned about her unabashed promiscuity, but Freja was actually no worse than me, I just hid it better. More to the point, Freja never bothered to hide it."

"She'd be popular on our campus," dad chuckled.

"No, none for you," mom said, giving him a look. "Let Alli have her plaything, don't you wreck it for her, you greedy ogre."

"I wasn't offering," dad insisted. "I haven't absolved Denmark for giving the world Aqua in any event."

"Jesus, man, it's been twenty years," mom sighed. "Let the grudge go, you're worse than a dwarf."

I pinched my eyes. "First, she knows Klingon, now she's making D&D references. None of this weirdness was happening before they turned on the Large Hadron Collider, you know. What mirror universe am I stuck in?"

"Don't worry about it," Alexa said casually, stabbing some cabbage with her fork. "Cute as your dad is, all bets would be off with Freja when she found out he liked the Bay City Rollers."

"Not everyone can appreciate true art," dad said airily while my mom snickered. "So how do you want to play this, Alli? Do you want to go and pick her up or shall we all go? Totally up to you."

My aunt considered. "Hadn't really given the matter much thought. Although two options shouldn't be that hard to resolve. I guess it would be nice to have you along. I mean, yes, I'll be spending a lot of solo time with her, but this is my new life and I shouldn't be trying to separate them."

"Fair enough," mom said. "So we'll all go and pick her up at the airport and then take you guys to her hotel, how's that sound?"

"Sounds great, actually," Alexa replied, beaming. "Give us a few hours and then we'll all go for dinner?"

Mom nodded. "If you're sure you won't be too pooped, of course."

"Not to mention she might have already eaten." I mentioned, causing Alexa to almost choke on her cabbage and earning me a deadpan stare from my mother. My father said nothing, but the grin behind his cup of coffee was more than enough.

***

Alexa was lying next to me under my covers, tracing her fingernail over my chest. My bedroom was dark, except for a tiny light that allowed me to see her beautiful face. Her warm, naked body felt so heavenly pressed to mine. I never wanted this moment to end.

"I'm glad you're not jealous of Freja," she whispered, staring off into nowhere, seemingly. "I mean, of course I'd pick you, but it's nice that I don't have to."

"It's a no-brainer, Alexa," I replied, hugging her close. "She's your best friend and you love her. And since I'm in love with you, seeing you happy should be my only goal in life, right? You like sex with girls and I can't provide that, so I'm perfectly content to let you two do your thing."

"Mmmmm, because you know we have every intention of including you," she purred, nipping my skin before reaching under the covers and stroking my shaft. "I can't even conceive of not sharing you with her. I mean, sure, she and I will be having sex by ourselves on occasion, but only

because you can't be with us every moment of the day. I'm pretty sure Freja would be perfectly okay with you joining us constantly, she's pretty easy."

"I got that impression from talking to her and also how you speak about her." I said, loving the feel of her hand caressing my cock, which began to swell.

"No, I'm serious," Alexa added, still massaging me. "I'd lay odds she'd put Jeanie to shame in the 'unabashed slut' department. She once just stopped a man on the street in Copenhagen and dragged him into an alleyway to fuck, because she got horny. No idea who he was."

"I thought she was a prostitute." I chuckled.

"No, she's an insatiable slut who will pay her non-tuition expenses with money she makes from having sex, but having sex for its own sake comes first." Alexa pointed out. "Her libido matches mine, I just have more restraint."

"You sound like you might have some regrets," I mused as she kissed her way down my body and began teasing my cock with her tongue. "Guess it's up to me to fill that gap in your life, right?"

"Mmmmm, I was hoping you would offer," she sighed as she began to pleasure me with her mouth. "There's a lot she wants to see and do, but she's really keen on us taking her to our glade where we got married, if you're okay with that."

"I'm perfectly happy to show her," I replied, my toes curling as she deep-throated me. The warm wetness of her mouth was Heaven. "I assume you two have plans to fuck there?"

"Only with you," Alexa purred, looking up at me seductively. "We wouldn't make love there without you. That's where you and I got married, after all."

Alexa sucked my cock until I shuddered and groaned quietly, cumming hard. She swallowed my offering readily before cleaning me off and then crawling back up my body to snuggle into me. She sighed in contentment, listening to my heart beat.

"So aside from wild, lesbian sex," I sighed, stroking her back. "What do you two like to do for fun?"

Alexa thought for several seconds, making no reply until I slid my hand down and pinched her behind. She giggled and smiled at me. "Alright, alright, there's actually more than just sex."

"I don't know whether to be pleased or disappointed." I quipped.

"It's going to sound cheesy, but Freja really loves karaoke." Alexa mentioned. "If she's not fucking, she's happy deep-throating a microphone."

"So she can sing?"

"Not at all, I've heard cats fuck with more harmony," Alexa sighed. "But when was karaoke ever about being able to sing?"

"True," I admitted. "So karaoke will be fun and painful in equal measure."

"She doesn't mind if you laugh, she's a bit of a ham." Alexa assured me. "It's not like she thinks she's Edith Piaf, she knows she sounds like a dying giraffe when she sings. I think that's part of the fun for her."

"But you've got a beautiful singing voice, so I imagine duets are awkward."

"You'll have to see them to believe them." Alexa giggled.

"You two can face off against mom and dad, they're quiet the karaoke tag-team." I told her.

"Riiiiight," Alexa snorted. "Like there'd be any room for my sister on a karaoke stage once your dad somehow squeezed onto it."

"She sometimes sits in his lap, it's like watching a talking puppet routine," I chuckled. "Especially funny when mom gets shit-faced and forgets or can't keep up with the lyrics."

"God, my sister drunk and doing karaoke." Alexa almost moaned, burying her face in my shoulder. "You sure I'm ready for that? Sounds painful."

"She's definitely a disappointment to the Empire." I agreed.

***

We were waiting inside the terminal, just past Customs. It wasn't terribly busy, since it was three in the morning. There were maybe ten other people, excluding employees. Freja's flight had arrived maybe twenty minutes ago and she'd just messaged Alexa to let us know she'd be outside shortly. My aunt was trying to stand still, but she was moving back and forth from foot to foot, her gaze fixed squarely on the exit Freja would emerge from. My mom smiled at her and squeezed her hand gently.

I already knew, of course, what Freja looked like, all of her. But Alexa had shown my mom and dad pictures so they knew who they were looking for, in case she came out a different exit. Alexa had also sent Freja pics of my mom and dad, so she knew who to look for and what to expect. Not that she'd have any problem seeing my dad, who was a good head taller than anyone else in the terminal, myself included. And I'm not exactly short.

People started exiting from the Customs and Inspections station and I heard Alexa draw in a breath, plainly getting worked up. Her eyes darted over the passengers, scanning for signs of her friend. People were met by those awaiting them and departed, leaving us waiting. I could almost feel Alexa's panic when there was no Freja to be espied.

And then there she was. She came out last, standing in the doorway for dramatic effect and letting us see her. Her honey-blonde hair fell almost to her shoulders. She smiled warmly upon seeing us. She was wearing an old Horrorpops t-shirt and snug jeans. Her rolling suitcase, plastered with Danish sticker-flags, waited at her side.

"I think that's your cue, Alli..." my mom whispered.

Alexa broke away from us, walking forward slowly while Freja came into the waiting area. At about twenty feet, they both broke into a run and then leapt at one another. Their bodies crashed together mid-air and they fell on their sides, holding each other tight. Freja's legs were wrapped around Alexa's waist. People still in the terminal glanced over for a moment but politely said nothing and continued on their way.

We waited for several seconds to see if anything happened, but they didn't stir. Mom tilted her head to one side in curiosity while dad checked his watch. Mom finally looked at me and made a subtle motion with her head, indicating I should go investigate, make sure they hadn't knocked themselves out with that unexpected (on our part) impact.

I walked up slowly, standing near Alexa and looking down. They weren't unconscious, but were holding one another tight, foreheads pressed together and eyes closed. They weren't even saying anything. I don't think I've ever seen two people so relieved to see each other.

"Glad to see you didn't kayo yourselves with that greeting." I said, waiting patiently. "Need some time still?"

"It's okay now, Alex," my aunt replied in a voice barely more than a whisper. "We're just glad to be back together."

Freja barely nodded.

Alexa finally held her hand out toward me, indicating a desire for an assist in getting up. "Little help?"

Freja stuck out her hand as well and I planted my feet at the bottom of theirs and took their hands, pulling them up. They rose easily, the hands I was not using still wrapped around one another's waists. "Thank you," they both said to me as my parents walked up. "Thank you, Alex."

"Quite the greeting," mom commented as she arrived, smiling. "That a tradition in Denmark?"

"Not so much, no," Freja admitted, blushing slightly and nodding her head respectfully. "Maybe just for Alexandra and I."

Without another word, she stepped forward and hugged my mother, who returned the hug easily. Alexa's eyes almost teared up, she seemed so delighted that her friend was adjusting readily and making friends with her family. That had to be emotional for her. Everything seemed to come so naturally to my aunt, I was always intrigued to see moments like this.

"Thank you for having me here." Freja said quietly before breaking the embrace with my mother and turning to my father, whom she stared up at almost in disbelief. She was the shortest person here and barely reached the bottom of his pecs.

"Hvor forsøger man at kramme det?" she asked Alexa out of the corner of her mouth.

"Omkring taljen er en god begyndelse." Dad replied simply.

Freja goggled up at dad with mild shock while Alexa almost scowled. "Since when the Hell do you speak Danish?"

"Ikke min skyld ingen spørger." dad pointed out. Alexa shot my mother a look, who put her hands up in a gesture of non-invlvement. "Don't look at me, I don't keep track of what he speaks."

She looked at me next and I shook my head. "Short answer, don't try to have a private conversation around him, I guess."

"Odin ser over mig, mens jeg forsøger at kramme denne kæmpe..." Freja muttered before hugging dad around the waist as he had originally suggested. Mom just rolled her eyes while Alexa giggled. Dad returned the hug before Freja broke it and turned to me.

"And this is the nephew with the games, yes?" she mused before hugging me. I scowled through the hug while my mother snickered.

"Your fame precedes you, Alex." she quipped as she watched Freja hug me. But what she didn't see was the Danish girl subtly stroking the back of my neck as she did so and whisper in my ear ever so quietly.

"Don't worry, I'll make that crack up to you later..."

She ended the hug and took her place at Alexa's side, their fingers laced together. Mom and dad asked her how the flight went and asked if she needed to change any currency before suggesting we get on the road. Freja proved accomodating to all suggestions, admitting she was tired from the flight but also excited to be here.

"Well, we've got at least a week to get to know you," mom pointed out. "Let's get you two to the hotel and then we'll come and get you after you wake up. Sound good?"

"It sounds wonderful, Mrs De Bourne, thank you." Freja said.

"Please, call me Karen, darling," mom said. "You were Alli's family before, you're our family now. We won't have it any other way."

"What do I call him?" Freja asked, cocking her head at dad, who loomed over us all.

"Norse mythology is full of giants and monsters, I'm sure one will present itself," mom said simply. "Let's get you to the hotel, shall we?"

***

Mom and dad led the way in their vehicle while I followed in mine, with Alexa and Freja in the back seat together. They were, predictably, attached at the lips, kissing hungrily and fondling one another while whispering in Danish. I occasionally looked in the rearview mirror, but mostly just gave them privacy.

They finally broke the kiss, breathing heavily while their foreheads were pressed together. I waited to make sure they

were actually taking a break from playing tonsil hockey before talking. "I can see you two have some catching up to do."

"To say the least," Alexa breathed, nodding while stroking Freja's cheek and looking into her eyes. "Really wish you could be with us, Alex."

I smiled. "I don't want to mess up your reunion."

"Maybe we could send him pictures and videos from the hotel?" Freja asked.

"No, that'll wreck the moment," Alexa replied, shaking her head. "We'll just turn our phones on to record everything and then fuck one another brainless. Wish I'd thought of bringing my laptop so we could just Skype with him."

"I have mine." Freja pointed out.

"I'll settle for the recording phones idea," I laughed. "I can't guarantee that I'll be able to live-time with you anyway, I might point out."

"Poo," Freja sighed. "That will have to do."

"There'll be plenty of time, my love, I promise." Alexa reminded her. "We'll have all week, after all."

They resumed kissing while I drove. My phone bipped at me and I turned on the hands-free. "Hey, mom."

"Still with us, I see," she commented. "How're Allie and Freja?"

I looked in the mirror and saw they had stopped making out once mom called and were sitting there, holding hands and smiling at me. "They're just sitting in the back seat, talking and catching up."

"Huh," mom mused. "I half-expected them to be making out the whole way to the hotel."

Alexa coughed at the inference while Freja giggled. "I do have some measure of self-control, sister-mine." Alexa called out, trying to sound indignant.

"Your loss, I guess," mom replied. "We're almost there, talk to you in five."

I ended the call and Freja snickered. "You were not joking about their timing, were you?"

"Not at all," Alexa muttered. "Remember when I told you that Karen nearly caught Alex and I fucking at the wedding?"

"When you had to hide under the bed and pretend to be Finnish?" giggled the Danish girl. "I'm amazed you were not caught, your Finnish accent is atrocious."

"Suski vituun, lutka." my aunt shot back, making them both break into fits of giggling. They were still trying to compose themselves when I pulled itno the hotel parking lot and we met mom and dad at the entrance, with the girls walking hand-in-hand while I dragged the luggage.

The room Freja had reserved was comfortable but nothing special, its only real attraction being the king-sized bed. Aside from that, it was fairly standard, with a couch, desk, mini-fridge, coffee maker and a shower that would fit two, possibly three with creative use of shower gel. I dumped the suitcase on the couch and waited while Alexa and Freja hugged mom and dad, promising to be in touch as soon as they woke up. I got hugged last, with secret promises of recordings of everything that transpired for the next several hours. Then we left them alone.

"Well, I'm pumped," mom said cheerfully. "Anyone up for some Turkish or Greek coffee?"

***

I decided to get some sleep while I could once we arrived home. Knowing my aunt the way I did, she and Freja would be going at one another for at least two hours before collapsing in exhaustion and then sleep until noon. We'd make arrangements to meet and have lunch after that.

There was still the matter of our commitments to the Linguistics faculty, but I assured my mother I'd be able to keep up for both Alexa and I for the duration of Freja's stay. I would normally feel slightly disappointed at not being with them, but I knew my aunt would be coming by regularly with Freja to meet me at the university, just as we'd planned. My parents didn't need to know that, of course.

Dad had offered to fill in for Alexa, but mom quickly quashed the notion, indicating that she expected to be having at least as much sex as Alexa and Freja would be having. This sounded like a better idea to dad than helping me, and the offer of assistance was quickly withdrawn.

"You're on your own, kid!" he said to me in Klingon.

I actually got quite a few hours sleep before my dad called down to me, saying that Alexa had just indicated they were up and ready to meet. It was just after one in the afternoon. We drove over to the hotel, finding the two of them waiting out front, holding hands. It must have been girl talk time, because they hopped into mom and dad's car while dad took over the wheel in mine. Mom apparently decided to let Freja choose where we'd eat, so dad agreed to just follow to wherever we ended up.

We drove around for nearly half an hour, seemingly aimlessly, before we pulled into a McDonald's.

"Is she serious?" I asked, a little bewildered. "She does know that this city is five million people and has every ethnic cuisine on earth, right?"

"McDonald's is apparently a little different in Europe, Alex," dad chuckled. "I guess she wants to try the real, atrocious McCoy. Besides, it's only lunch, mom's making a nice dinner for later."

Sure enough, Freja was delighted by exactly how gross real fast food here in North America was and she ate it with gusto. Alexa sat beside her, watching in delight at how much fun her friend was having. I sat next to Alexa, her excitement palpable. We discussed what sights Freja might want to see and what plans they had made.

And, of course, my chauffeur services were offered, especially if they planned to do any drinking or clubbing. Mom had no intention of letting anything go wrong this week, even if she let Freja consume six ten-packs of McNuggets in a row.

"Dear Lord in Heaven," she breathed in morbid fascination as the Danish girl finished the last pack. Dad was trying not to smirk while Alexa just shook her head. "One more pack and you'll have so many preservatives in you that you won't be biodegradable for three hundred years."

"Keith Richards ear your heart out," dad quipped. "So was it everything you were hoping for, Freja?"

"Umph, yes," replied our new friend. "What a great experience."

"I refuse to believe that Europe and even Denmark doesn't have crappy fast food," mom pointed out. "Hell, I know they have garbage food."

"Yes, but we know it," Freja agreed. "It's a sinful treat, not a real option. And this, this is a whole new level of atrocious. It tastes so good, Karen!"

"I'll take your word for it," mom said dryly, finishing her McSalad, if that's what they're called. Dad and I polished off our Big Macs.

"Oh!" Freja said suddenly, turning to look back at the counter somewhat eagerly. "Do that have those... what are they... 'shamrock shakes'?"

"Sorry, babe, those are strictly seasonal," mom said, probably secretly relieved. "They're a March thing."

Freja was still turned and staring at the counter, while rubbing the material of her shirt between her thumb and finger, considering. "Do you think they would make one for me if I-"

"No." mom, dad, Alexa and I all chorused.

"Poo..." the Danish girl said, clearly disappointed that sex was not the answer here.

"I'm sure we can figure out how to make one at the house, right dear?" dad offered, looking at mom.

"You prepared to buy me a new Vitamix after I have to throw the ruined one away?" mom snorted. We all laughed and prepared to leave, with mom asking what the plans were now.

"Alexandra has offered to show me the university," Freja replied. "After that, we'll be going out for dinner, yes?"

Mom nodded. "Yes, Mongo and I will meet you and we'll go to our favourite steakhouse. You have a good six hours to kill until they open their doors. Rochester, will you ferry them over and then meet us at the estabishment in question?"

"Yes, boss," I said, nodding. "It'll give me a chance to catch up on some of our work for the faculty. We'll see you tonight."

Mom and dad said their goodbyes and headed out, leaving the three of us. "Alright, ladies, where to?" I asked.

"The hotel room, of course," Alexa replied, smirking. "We've been desperate to get you back there. We'll put in an appearance at the campus, just so it's not a lie that we were there."

"Oh, but it's okay for me to lie about doing our faculty work?" I retorted, grinning. Alexa rolled her eyes and shook her head before they each took me by an arm and escorted me to the car. They waited patiently in the back seat, holding hands. Clearly they were intent on not getting

started without me. I drove as quickly but safely as I could, feeling a certain urgency building within.

We reached the hotel and took a backdoor into the place, since having the concierge recognize me next time my parents were around might not be a good thing. We had barely made it into the hotel room when the girls locked the door and put a 'Do Not Distrub' sign on the knob outside. Not sure if anyone would actually bother us at this hour, but the symbolic gesture was duly noted.

Alexa led me over to the bed and looked into my eyes as Freja took both laptops and all three of our phones and positioned them strategically around the room and began recording. Before I knew it, she had joined us by the bed and the girls were eagerly stripping me out of my clothes. I could feel my cock swelling with ardour as their hands wandered over me and groped. They kissed one another, moaning lightly.

"You're about to have a Hell of a night, my love," Alexa whispered, her sapphire blue eyes shining. "I really hope you remember how to walk afterwards."

I was now completely naked and Alexa turned me around to face Freja, who was waiting expectantly. I began undressing her, pulling her shirt off, followed by reaching behind and using one hand to unclasp her bra, while my other hand traced down her stomach. She shivered as the undergarment fell away, looking slightly surprised at how deft my hand had been.

"Told you he had game." Alexa giggled

I used one hand to undo the button on her pants next, my other hand reaching around to her back and caressing it. My eyes never left hers. I didn't want to think I'd learned this from my dad, but overhearing mom talk to a friend on the phone one night about how he pulled this little stunt made me wonder if it was a genetic gift. Either way, it was having the right effect on Freja, who seemed rooted to the spot. Alexa's hands were wandering over my abs and up my chest as she cuddled in behind me.

Freja stepped out of her pants as they puddled at her feet. I wasn't terribly surprised to see she hadn't been wearing

panties. She then took gentle hold of me and turned me around to face my Alexa. While Freja fondled and caressed me, I undressed the woman I called my wife, once again not surprised to see she too had 'forgotten' to wear anderwear. Not that I was objecting, of course.

They now both held me and quietly began undulating their soft, silken forms against me, which was a heaven unlike anything I had even felt before. Their breasts squashed against my chest and my back while each of them reached a hand down to caress my already rock-hard cock. I shivered as I closed my eyes and let these two goddesses work their sexual magic on me. Freja's hands roamed over my shoulders as she nipped at the skin of my back.

"I can't tell you how thrilled I am that Freja's here, my love," Alexa purred as she grazed my chest with her nails and kissed my pecs. "But make no mistake, Alex, she's also a gift, from me to you. Her visit here is going to be the most immensely enjoyable thing, for both of us. She's going to let us share her fully, because that's how she and I have always been."

She looked up into my eyes. "She may not be in love with you like I am, but she understands how in love with you I am, possibly even better than you do, and that means her dedication to you is total."

The two of them then laid me down on the plush bed, and I couldn't help but think that they'd been making love on this very mattress I was now lying on. My legs were bent over the side and Freja parted them slightly so she could kneel between them. Alexa, meanwhile, had straddled me, her body facing down mine, and her glistening pussy mere inches from my face.

I shivered as I felt a dainty hand wrapped around the base of my shaft and then two sets of lips begin kissing my cock gently. I couldn't see anything, but I have a very vivid picture in my head of what was happening. The girls flicked their tongues against me, and traced the tips up and down my length , teasing me.

My hands flexed on Alex'a calves as one of them took me inside their mouth. Warm and wet, I felt them hum around me. I focused past the pleasure and pulled Alexa's waiting

slit down to my mouth, kissing and nibbling her. She gasped and shuddered, moaning my name. My cock was still envoloped in a mouth, meaning it was Freja sucking me.

I couldn't help it, my toes curled.

Alexa giggled. "Really good, isn't she? We leaned to suck dick together, from the same older girl. Remember Astrid, darling?"

"Mm-hmmm..." Freja responded, still sucking on me. "I still meet and fuck her on occasion." She and Alexa really did have the same technique, her hand gently following her mouth up and down my shaft, making a gentle twisting motion on the skin as she pumped. Alexa moaned again as I slid my tongue inside her, my fingers pulling her lips apart. She squirmed on my face while Freja bobbed up and down hungrily on me.

"Oh, God," Alexa breathed. "This week is going to be heaven..."

"Mmmm, beyond heavenly, I think," Freja added, pulling her mouth off my cock and letting Alexa take over. While my wife moved her lips up and down my length, her friend caressed and fondled my sac and nipped at the skin on the inside of my thighs. "I still cannot believe I am here with you both, min kaere."

Alexa was too busy to respond for several seconds, but then she stopped sucking me long enough to share a wet, passionate kiss with Freja before they both went back to driving me wild with their mouths. My tongue snaked around inside Alexa while one of my fingers toyed with her ass. She shivered and squirmed on top of me,moaning shamelessly.

"Alex," she panted, pausing to kiss her friend again. "I want you to fuck Freja now. I'm going to sit on your face and look into her eyes while you make her cum. Oh God, I want to see that..."

She sat up straight, sinking her pussy down onto my mouth while Freja stood and clambered onto my thighs. I could

feel them embracing and hear them kissing while hands reached down and positioned my dick until she was right over it.

"Fortsaet," I heard Alexa whisper. "Du vil elske det."

And then Freja sank down onto me, the noise she made somewhere between a moan and a hiss. Her wet, slick pussy enveloped me as she took me in to the hilt. She wasn't as tight as Alexa, but she was every bit as wet and warm, an exquisite sensation. My hands gripped Alexa's ass cheeks and I groaned into her, lost in bliss.

Freja sat still for several moments, seemingly savouring the sensation of having me buried inside her. I heard her and Alexa whispering to one another, in Danish, before she began to move up and down slowly, riding me. I could feel her squeeze me with her pussy muscles as she moved down, felt her trembling in pleasure. It was wonderful. I resumed licking my aunt's womanhood, my hands latching around her thighs.

Alexa leaned forward, her pussy still on my lips, and I felt Freja shift her weight too. They seemed to embrace one another and began kissing hungrily. Freja moved up and down rhythmically while Alexa squirmed on my face. They were kissing very loudly, moaning and panting the whole time. One of Alexa's hands moved down and caressed Freja's pussylps and clit while I fucked her.

"Didn't I tell you?" I heard her whisper. "See why I'm so in love with him?"

"Nnnnnn, yes, yndling," Freja moaned, groping Alexa's lush breasts. "To be with you again, and sharing your nephew..."

I knew we were going to be fucking for some time, so I was determined to control myself and not cum. But that didn't mean I couldn't make the two of them cum repatedly before I did. I pushed my hips up, going deep inside Freja and she almost doubled over, groaning loudly and shamelessly. I began pumping steadly and strongly while she matched my rhythm, grinding down on me. I pushed my tongue deeper inside my aunt and pulled her ass cheeks apart, stretching her and making her hiss in delight. It

helped to occupy me and keep my mind off Freja's powerful, skilled muscles squeezing me relentlessly.

My tongue lashed my aunt's pussy as my fingers probed her puckered knot. It was actually serving as a good distraction to keep me from cumming. My iron-hard cock plunged in and out of Freja as she bounced on me. She and Alexa were latched onto one another, kissing feverishly, moaning and whispering. My finger wiggled into my aun't ass and she gasped and shook almost uncontrollably. This caused Freja to seize up as well, riding me desperately. I was thrilled that I was about to make them both cum, I could feel it.

Okay, they were both helping a lot, fingering and molesting one another, but still, they would cum, hard. I sucked Alexa's clit into my mouth as I thrust up hard into Freja one more time. The Danish girl went rigid and screamed into Alexa's mouth, her pussy clamping around me fiercely as she began to cum. Alexa wailed through their kiss, bathing my face with her essence while her ass gripped my finger tightly. Their thrashed and ground over me, lost in their shared ardour.

Then Freja sagged forward, panting heavily while my aunt embraced her, giggling at her friend's reaction. Even as her own orgasm ebbed, she settled back genty onto my lips, hugging Freja close and whispering to her. They whispered to one another a lot, seemingly.

Finally, Freja sat up straight again, stretching her muscles after the climax she'd experienced. Alexa giggled and reached down to massage her pussylips.

"Alex, you should see your middle," she snickered. Freja's a bit of a squirter and she varnished you from knees to navel."

"Another way you two are alike." I quipped, making my aunt blush and Freja laugh. They kissed some more as they sat on me, Freja still impaled on my cock, while Alexa sat forward slightly, giving me room to breathe.

"Let's have some fun with him," Alexa said slyly. "Pull off him for just a moment. Alex, move up onto the bed, please."

I felt Freja rise up, my throbbing cock leaving her warm, wet confines. Alexa removed herself from my face and I sidled up farther toward the center of the bed as instructed. My aunt crawled up to me and smiled down, kissing my nose.

"I want you to close your eyes, Alex," she purred. "We're going to play a little game of Guess Who, okay?"

I nodded and closed my eyes, looking forward to whatever she had planned. They were both know kneeling near my cock and they caressed and massaged it with their hands or breasts gently. Finally, the breasts were replaced my a mouth, which took me deep inside and began bobbing up and down slowly. A tongue swirled around me expertly.

"Mmmm, that's Freja." I said almost dreamily.

"Good work," Alexa said, amused. "How did you know?"

"Truth? When you do that thing with your tongue, you swirl to the left. That tongue went to the right."

"Clever boy," she giggled. "Next are gonna be tits. One of us will tap your thigh when it's time to start guessing. Relax and keep those eyes closed."

I hummed contentedly as they played with me, two sets of breasts once again enveloping my throbbing cock. Then there was one silken sensation, caressing around me. A finger tapped my thigh. I let her continue for close to two minutes, saying nothing.

"You brat," I heard my aunt say, snickering. "You're not even trying to guess, you're just in this for the titty-fucking."

"Guilty," I replied, not at all denying it. "But I know it's you. Your boobs are bigger than Freja's."

"It's true," Freja sighed, pretneding to lament. "Your aunt has the most amazing tits I've ever seen. Large, soft and utterly perfect."

"Oh, stop, you," Alexa chided, still massaging me with her breasts. "I'm going to get a swollen head."

"Already there." I said, causing them to both begin laughing. They went back to sucking on my cock again for some time, just enjoying sharing me with one another before I felt them both shifting around. There was a lot of weight over my hips and then soft, slippery wetness. I felt them both trembling and sighing.

They were sitting over me and slithering their pussies against my cock at the same time. I wasn't in either of them, but I could feel myself splitting their lips and brushing their clits with my pulsing head. They moaned and squirmed against one another, keeping me trapped between them. I desperately wanted to look, to get that wonderful visual, even if only for a moment, but I didn't want to ruin the game, either. There'd be time to play again.

Then one of them sank down onto me, taking me deep inside. The other kept squirming against us.

"Alexa again." I moaned, pushing up with my hips.

"See, my love?" I heard Freja say. "You are tighter than me, he knows your feel so well."

"Someone's pussy wouldn't be so loose if she kept her whoremones under control." Alexa teased, causing Freja to giggle and reach down to pinch her clit. My aunt squeaked and pulled back, letting Freja push herself down onto me again. She rode up and down a few times while Alexa ground her pussy into hers. Then she pulled off and they began sucking my cock again.

"Alex, I'm going to lie Freja down and then lie on top of her. I want you to fuck her and cum in her, so I can look into her eyes when you do, okay?" my aunt said breathily. I moved out of the way and sat up while Alexa eased Freja down onto the soft mattress before lying on top of her, their breasts squashed together. Freja spread her legs while Alexa kept hers bent but hooked them under her friend's thighs, allowing me room. I moved around and knelt between their entwined legs, my hands on Alexa's firm ass. They both looked at me and giggled, with my aunt wiggling her butt at me.

I took my cock and begin teasing it against their mingling pussylips, causing them both to shiver and whimper. Alexa wrapped her arms around Freja and kissed her deeply, making the Danish girl moan. My throbbing head slid up and down the two slits, teasing them both. I pushed the tip into Alexa before pulling out and then inserting myself just slightly into Freja.

"So, do you want it slow?" I asked, smiling slyly. "Shall I drive you crazy?"

"Nej!" Freja gasped, writhing beneath Alexa. "One hard, good thrust, Alex, plunge it deep inside me. It's okay if it hurts a little, just drive it into me!"

"You heard my friend, Alex," my lovely wife-aunt panted. "Skewer her!"

"As my lady commands!" I said before thrusting forward hard, ramming my cock deep inside Freja. She went rigid for a fraction of a second, her eyes flaring open and she

cried out, a sound that was a mingling of delight and pain. She began thrashing around madly beneath Alexa, who began kissing her fiercely. They were occupied and in no position (literally) to give me instructions, so I began pumping back and forth strongly inside Freja, pounding her pussy relentlessly.

Freja was choking and gasping, writhing beneath Alexa, who kept her pinned. Alexa squirmed her sticky womanhood down onto Freja's, shivering as she felt my shaft sliding against her as it went in and out of her friend. She was looking into Freja's eyes, savouring the shameless lust and pleasure she saw there. My hips smacked against her magnificent ass while my hands gripped the cheeks firmly. She hissed and moaned while she ground against Freja and back against me.

I'd been in a few threesomes before, but nothing had ever compared to this. Fucking my aunt and her beloved friend was hotter than I could have ever imagined. The three of us moved in a frenzied unison, writhing and undulating. Freja's ragged gasps were almost torn from her throat as she churned beneath me.

"She's gonna cum, Alex," my aunt rasped, looking back at me for a split second, desperation in her eyes. I could tell she was going to cum as well and I yearned to be inside her, but I'd promised that I'd fuck Freja and cum in her first. "Make her cum hard!"

I drove my hips forward, lurching Freja back and forth on the bed, in spite of Alexa's weight being on top of her. Her yelps were punctuated by completely incoherent sounds and her body began to shake. Her fingernails were digging into Alexa's back, making my beloved groan in pleasure. The red marks were fierce and bright, but I had no doubt that their sexplay involved this sort of thing all the time.

I could feel my own orgasm building steadily, and while I normally preferred to hold off and make a girl cum at least twice before allowing myself to climax, this wild, savage sex was meant to result in all three of us cumming together, tumultuously. I didn't hold myself back, therefore, thrusting rapidly and with all the strength I could, arching my back as I drew close.

Freja went rigid again and Alexa jammed her mouth down on top of her friend's kissing her hard before her orgasm-induced shriek blasted the walls of the hotel room over. And scream Freja did, right into Alexa's mouth, her fingernails almost mauling my aunt's back. Alexa moaned loudly through the kiss, cumming as well. I slammed my cock into Freja, grunting and releasing myself, spurting thick, creamy ropes into her clenching pussy.

I almost collapsed on top of Alexa, trying not to rest my full weight on her while they seemed to almost puddle beneath me. I heard Freja sobbing, although I could only assume it was with bliss, and the two of them whispering to one another in Danish. Hands caressed smooth bodies and they began kissing, even while her slit gripped me wetly. I could feel myself throbbing inside her, the last of my cum milked greedily from me. The room was almost spinning and my breaths were heaving as I tried to control myself.

I slowly pulled out of Freja, causing her to shudder and then relax, but immediately pushed myself into Alexa's wanton pussy, which blossomed and glistened invitingly. Alexa gasped and ground back against me, clearly approving of my actions. I stroked back and forth inside her while they

kissed and whispered, enjoying their post-orgasmic rapture.

Finally, I slid myself out of her and rolled off to the side, exhausted and unable to do anything except look at the ceiling. Alexa and Freja whispered to one another, once again speaking Danish. They finally detangled themselves, their pussies coming apart with an obscene, slick sucking sound that made them both giggle madly. If I had to hazard a guess, this was far from being their first time doing this or hearing that particular noise.

They crawled like cats down to my midsection and began cleaning my cock slowly and lovingly, sharing it or taking turns, but making sure they got every drop of my essence out of me. They then came up and snuggled into my sides, purring contentedly. I felt like a king.

"Mmmmmm, didn't I tell you?" Alexa sighed blissfully. "He'd make you explode like no other."

"You did, yes," Freja agreed. They were speaking English now, which was no doubt for my benefit, letting me know

I'd done my job and done it very well. I was still blown away that I was having sex with these two goddesses, who shared a fanatical devotion to unrestrained pleasure. "He made me cum harder than any man has in some time."

I blushed. I didn't know for sure if she was telling the truth or if she was just stroking my ego, but I preferred the former notion and went with it. I'd have plenty of opportunities at this rate to keep proving myself. If these two maenads didn't exhaust and kill me first, that is.

Alexa slowly got up and moved to straddle my flaccid cock, her gooey pussy pressed to it. She faced down my body so that we could see her shapely back. She turned her head to look back at us, smirking slightly.

"Not bleeding, am I?" she asked.

"No, not that I can tell," I remarked, gazing in wonder at the red striations along her skin. "Nope, just a latticework of angry red marks."

"First time for everything," she giggled, squirming against my cock. "There've been some instances were I thought she was going to bleed me out."

"Tch," Freja snorted from where she was pressed into my side. "What about that time you nearly clawed my poor tits off, tos? Your teeth nearly sheared my nipple right off. Now that time I bled. Your back has a series of love caresses on it, nothing more."

"I believe it," Alexa purred, swaying her back hypnotically. "Alex, take a picture or six with my phone, please? I know we've got all the cameras set up, but I want some close-ups, you know?"

I nodded and reached over to grab her phone, keying up the camera. She let me take several pictures, some with her hands behind her head or reaching back to feel the red marks. She seemed very pleased when I handed her the phone and let her see them. She laid back down on me, facing the ceiling. My hands and Freja's wandered over her form, caressing her gently. We lay like this for some time before Alexa sighed, a sound of regret.

"Alas and alack, we need to take my nephew to work, my love," she said. "We'll drop him off and I'll show you around the campus for a bit while he does the necessary work to keep us from being liars. With any luck we'll be able to bring him back here for another fling before sending him home."

"I'd better pump myself full of electrolytes and zinc while I'm there." I muttered causing them both to giggle. Alexa turned over on me and brought all of our faces together for a three-way kiss. They moaned into my and one another's mouths, our tongues all tangling hungrily. Alexa's eyes fluttered open and she shivered slightly at something before breaking away from the kiss and looking down her body.

"Shit, Alex," she almost exclaimed. "Already?" I shrugged while Freja giggled.

"He reminds me of Vignar," the Danish girl quipped, her hands stroking Alexa's butt cheeks. "It just keeps getting up, only your nephew is bigger. Remember Vignar?"

"Not fondly," Alexa almost grimaced. "He was terrible with his tongue and he never evenly trimmed his fingernails. Pretty sure he scratched me inside and gave me an infection once. I think I fucked him all of twice, and that one time with you."

"Yes, but he could get it up again in no time flat," Freja pointed out. "I"m just saying that Alex shares this delightful quality."

"It's a very, very good thing..." she added, smiling at me and pinching my cheek like a was a five year-old kid. "But this does leave us in a quandary, my love."

"What's that, yndling?" Alexa asked.

"Alexa must be clean and made presentable," Freja stated. "He's going into work and may see people, so he needs to shower so he doesn't smell like sex. But I'm not done feeling his cum inside me or ours all over my cunt. I love the idea of showering with him, but at the same time, I am loathe, this once, to do so."

"You have a point," Alexa admitted. "I'm not interested in not smelling like fucking and cum yet either."

"I'll make this easy, then." I offered. "I'll go shower right now. You two can stay out here and fuck some more, or, if you can behave, you can watch me."

"I like that idea." Freja said with some eagerness. "But your shower will no doubt be a quick one and we will barely have time to get going."

"I'll just going and shower," I said, gently easing Alexa off me and rolling out of the bed. "You two stay here and violate one another, I shouldn't be more than five minutes."

They nodded as they cuddled into one another, caressing and kissing, but I could feel their eyes on me as I walked away. I closed the door and then, on a hunch, locked it quietly. I was putting the little shampoo and conditioner bottles in the shower when I heard the doorhandle rattle as someone tried to open it.

"That clever little fucker," I heard my aunt say. "He locked us out. Knows us better than we thought."

I chuckled to myself as I turned on the water.

***

I'd been filing and sorting away for nearly two hours when my phone buzzed. It was my mom, asking how things were going. I said I was making progress, although not as much as if I'd had Alexa with me. Mom wondered if Freja might not mind sitting with us while Alexa and I did our work, but I quickly nixed the notion, stating that they probably wouldn't be able to keep their hands off one another and I didn't need to be exposed to that. Mom grunted and agreed.

Alexa texted me shortly after, asking if I wanted to join her and Freja in the hedge maze. I agreed to take a break and meet them, so I put down my papers and headed outside. It was dark now, and the campus was mostly empty. I strolled through the night and made my way into the maze. They

were waiting for me in the center, sitting on a little stone bench, holding hands and staring at the sky. Alexa beamed in delight as she noticed me approach.

"There's my wonderful husband," she purred, coming up to me and putting her hands around my neck while she gazed into my eyes in adoration. "And not a moment too soon, I might add."

I grinned. "Well, don't get any ideas about wild, jungle monkey sex in here tonight, you never know when my mom and dad might stop by."

"Yeah," she agreed, her voice tinged with regret. "We already thought of that. But just spending time with you is what we want."

"I thought you would spend most of your tme together, alone," I reasoned. "Not that I object to being included, mind. But I would understand."

She smiled. "We will have plenty of alone time, my love. But Freja wants to spend as much time as she can with us, the couple. This is my life, and she wants to be a part of it."

But then her expression changed, becoming slightly melancholy and her eyes glistened. Freja seemed to sense it and looked away.

"But even Freja and I can't... we don't have any answer yet about how we can be together, Alex. We've talked and talked, but no solution is ever satisfactory. They all end in complication or downright disaster."

I nodded solemnly. This was nothing I hadn't contemplated a million times before.

"Every option ends in heartache and destroys our family," she said quietly, trying to control her emotions. "If word of us gets out, it will wreck your Karen and Mike's careers, not to mention be breaking the law. If we run away to some place where we could get married, we're abandoning them and breaking their hearts. I love you more than anything,

Alex, but to give up my family that I'd been deprived of for all these years..."

A single, crystalline tear trickled down her cheek. I felt a knot in my throat at the sight of it. My hands were resting on her hips and flexed almost impulsively as I fought to not tear up. Looking into her eyes, it was so damn difficult. I could see the pain and while I shared it, I could do nothing about it. Nothing real.

"And we can't continue like this forever," she sighed. "It'd kill me, being secretly with you, but knowing that we had to move on with our lives somehow. I feel so... so..."

"Trapped." I murmured, finishing her thought to let her know I felt the same way.

She pressed her cheeked to my shoulder and nuzzled me, sighing softly. "Stupid world. Do you want to hear the one and only resolution our silly girl asses came up with?"

"Anything at this point." I answered.

"It's going to royally weird you out." Alexa seemed to warn me.

I shrugged. "What? Me marry Freja as a proxy?"

Alexa giggled. "We hadn't thought of that, but no. If we can't be married, and can't be together, I wanted us to share a bond, Alex, something that was even stronger than just avuncular ties."

I nodded and listened, waiting to hear what she had to say.

She looked deep into my eyes, beginning her line of reasoning. "Technology in the medical world had leaped forward significantly, Alex. There are clinics in Europe doing amazing things."

I nodded again. She seemed almost hesitant, but then in true Alexa fashion, just grabbed the bull by the horns and went for it.

"We thought that you could get me pregnant. Then, very early on, before I began showing, we visit a clinc which safely removes the fetus from me and Freja carries it as a surrogate and becomes its mother. You and I would always know we had that child, no matter where else life took us."

My eyes must have bugged out of my head because Alexa began giggling at the expression on my face. Even Freja was snickering. I didn't know what to say. At all. Talk about left field.

"What if the kid looks undeniably like me?" I asked.

Alexa shrugged. "Then we admit you fucked Freja and marry her and she's my proxy. You suggested that first."

I pressed my forehead to hers and sighed, even while she giggled. "You were right about that idea being batshit crazy."

Freja came over and joined our hug. "I would do this for you," she said quietly. "I love Alexa so much, I would do it in a heartbeat if it was the only option to join you together."

She then pressed her chest against the two of us and squirmed it around for a moment. "Besides, if I get pregnant, maybe I'll end up with more than these measly little 34B titties of mine, ja?"

Alexa broke down laughing and shook her head. "She's always been jealous of my breasts, because I'm a 38CC or a D, depending on the time of the month. Maybe if she ate more and fucked less, she'd keep some calories and store them as fatty tissue in the right places."

"Whore." Freja replied, sticking out her tongue.

"Well, I'll tell you what," I said, hugging them both to me. "I'm not agreeing to that looney idea, not initially, but I'll keep it in the back of my mind as a very last resort, okay? You have my word."

"And maybe he could fuck me and put a baby in me after that..." Freja suggested in a quiet voice she hoped was subliminal. She shivered as Alex pinched her nipple.

"Let's go back to the office and help Alex sort for a few before Mike and Karen inevitably show up." Alexa sighed, her cheerful demeanour returning. We had no real answers to our problem, but we were together, right now, and in love. Living for the moment was good enough.

***

Mom, dad and I were all laughing as Freja told us anecdotes about Alexa when they were growing up. She was not one for holding back details, omitting only the most graphic and depraved onces but leaving plenty to the imagination. Alexa mostly made a show of rolling her eyes and blushing in embarrassment she clearly didn't feel. They'd known one another for many years and there were no secrets between them. Freja seemed happy to divulge quite a few.

"Alli, really now," my mom chided, but was unable to keep the amusement off her face. "Who taught you how to do that at such a tender age?"

"Satan, obviously," my aunt muttered, trying to look disgruntled and beshat upon. It wasn't working. We were sitting in a steakhouse, in a far back corner where we could laugh and talk without being an imposition on other patrons. "And from what I've observed, you're not so innocent yourself, oh sister-mine."

"As long as you didn't learn it from me..." mom said airily as she took a sip of her beer.

"Sounds like growing up in Europe was kinda fun," I chimed in, trying to save my aunt a few moments of humiliation. I know she wasn't actually bothered by all this, but everyone had a role to play in this dynamic and I was apparently the foil. "And you lived so many places. Did you have a favourite?"

Alexa thought about that for a few moments before saying something to Freja, seemingly forgetting that my dad spoke

the language all of a sudden. He was irritating that way. She then looked back at us. "In terms of a residence, probably the atelier in Paris. It was in the Sixth arrondissments, Saint Germain. Mom and I lived there for nearly two years."

"You lived in an artist's commune?" mom queried, almost fascinated. "Mom must've loved that, it'd be right up her alley. How old were you when you lived there?"

"We were there while I was fourteen and fifteen." Alexa answered. "And yes, mom loved it. I think she was slowing down just a little by then, but her creativity was still in overdrive, so we were a welcome addition."

"Any other kids your age to play with while Miranda was getting her creative groove on?" dad asked. He had apparetly always loved my grandma, the one member of the Blackwell and Gordon clans that he didn't want to punch into orbit.

"No, not really," Alexa admitted. "Which made sex with the other commune members rather interesting."

Mom hung her head, trying to control her giggle fits. Did looked away, smirking, while Freja fed Alexa a piece of rare steak. I just shook my head in wonder.

"I should be outraged at mom," my maternal unit said finally, wiping a tear of mirth away from her eyes. "But knowing her logic, it was safer for you to be fucking sixty year-old artists in the commune rather than out in Paris with God-only-knows-who. She never really put a leash on me about sex either."

"That was the gist of it," Alexa agreed. "At least she could keep tabs on me this way. Not that I didn't have dalliances outside the atelier, of course, but sex in-house was more convenient and I did learn quite a few naughty things from those old pervs. I miss them."

"I don't doubt it," mom sighed, taking another pull of her beer. "While I regret none of my life with Ig and Ook here, I'll admit to being a little jealous of the chance you had to live in Paris."

Dad shrugged. "We could all take a vacation out that way at some point," he suggested. "Not like we haven't got the funds for it, right?"

"Very true," mom agreed, squeezing his hand. "We'll plan it out after next semester. Sound good?"

We all nodded, even Freja.

"You should perhaps think of visiting Denmark," she added. "We are a beautiful country, with barely noticeable racism, by European standards."

"Not to mention the Roskilde Festival," dad added, pointing with his fork. "I'd love to hit that up."

"Oh, you'd be the biggest metalhead there, literally," mom snorted. "There'd be no damn room left in the mosh pit for anyone else."

"What about something more rural?" I asked. "I know Europe's pretty heavily populated, comparatively speaking, but there must be lots of greenery too."

Freja nodded. "Poland and Hungary and good for that. And especially Slovenia. Remember the trip to Slovenia, my love?"

Alexa smirked and nodded. "I loved that. I think that was us at our most out-of-control."

"The mind doth boggle at that prospect." I muttered.

Alexa ignored me and continued. "Mom let us go by ourselves on a little trip to Slovenia, just to stretch our legs. She had some friends in Ljubljana who would keep an eye on us, but we spent very little time in the capital."

"I'm almost afraid to ask," mom sighed. "Go on."

"Well, mostly we were just interested in violating one another, and anyone else we fancied, in the wilds of Slovenia," Alexa said. "We might have met some associates there, who took amateur films of us."

"You mean there's porn of you out there?" mom asked, almost agape, but not horrified.

"Well, probably," Alexa admitted. "Two girls, running around in the forest, dressed as faeries and peeing on things is probably pretty hard to-"

"Got it..." dad announced looking down at his tablet, an evil smirk on his face.

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Chapter 13- Slovenian Pee Faeries

We all stared at my dad, my mother looking nonplussed while Alexa and Freja seemed rather shocked. Me, I just resisted the urge to pinch my eyes.

"How... how the Hell did you do that already?" my aunt asked.

Dad shrugged, still looking down at his tablet. "It's like you said, pretty small niche to look for. Specific searches are a great thing."

Mom clucked her tongue. "So, you just did a search for Slovenian pee faeries and these two heretics came up?"

"Hey, bitcoin and the Silk Road weren't the only reasons the deep web existed," dad pointed out. "You just have to now where to look."

"Why do you have access to the deep web at all?" Alexa muttered.

"Michael and I correspond with professors in other countries where freedom of education and science are often oppressed," mom explained. "Communicating on the deep web is the best way to ensure their safety."

She looked at whatever dad had pulled up. "Yep, that's Alli. Wearing faerie wings, makeup and almost nothing else."

Alexa blushed. "I loved that look."

I could hear my aunt giggling in whatever video dad and mom were watching, and then mom's eyebrow went up before she looked at her younger sister. "I didn't know faeries peed. Y'learn something new every day."

"Am I in the video yet?" Freja asked, curious.

Alexa gave her a look. "You could at least pretend to be embarrassed. I pretended."

"Yup, there she is," dad commented. "Steady camera work, whoever's doing the filming."

"He was a Bulgarian, but I forget his name." Freja mused.

"Stoyan Stoyanov?" mom posited.

Freja's eyes went wide. "You know him?"

"No, I'm just pretty damned sure all Bulgarian men are named Stoyan Stoyanov," mom replied, still watching the screen. "I've known three."

"Oh." Freja said quietly, somewhat deflated.

Mom looked at her sister again after seeing something. "How on earth did you get yourselves in that position and still pee together?"

"Relatively easy," Alexa answered, smirking now. "We were both inhumanly flexible when we were fifteen."

Dad put down the tablet quickly and resumed eating his steak. Mom just sighed and shook her head while Alexa and Freja giggled, happy to have finally gotten the better of my dad at something. We resumed conversing about Alexa's life in Europe, specifically while she lived in Denmark so that Freja was included.

They also made dad officially forgive Denmark for Aqua, which he did only grudgingly. Alexa pointed out that since he liked the Bay City Rollers, he didn't really have much leeway in the musical morality department.

"Watching two fifteen year-old girls pee in the woods is less of a crime, I'm pretty sure..." she added.

***

We dropped my aunt and her friend off back at their hotel for the night, exchanging hugs all around before we returned home. It had been a long day for me and I yawned loudly, announcing my intention to turn in. I would need to visit the university again tomorrow to continue working and I harboured no doubt that Alexa and Freja would be including me in their depravity.

"What about you two?" I asked mom. Dad had headed upstairs to shower.

Mom shrugged. "Go upstairs, do some correspondence," she mused. "Maybe watch some documentaries on Slovenian pee faeries."

I made a wry face.

"I just want to know what her life was like," mom said in a tone meant to be assuring. "She found some other links to stuff about her and gave them to me. She doesn't seem too worried about it."

"And dad?"

Mom shook her head and smiled. "Knowing him, he's already enlisted some of the best students and profs in the computer sciences department to help him engineer a virus that will utterly destroy those servers and websites. He's pretty steamed."

"Should he be if Alexa isn't?" I asked.

"It's the principle of the thing. He'll retrieve Alexa's videos for Alexa to possess and then inflict his wrath on the men who do the exploitation. Truth be told, the more he watches, the madder he'll get, even if none of you can tell."

"Yeah, good to know," I mumbled, feeling a cold chill go up my back at the notion of a furious dad. He was easy-going, but the De Bournes were very clannish, and once you were family, there was nothing and no one he wouldn't destroy for you. I was just glad to be a De Bourne. "I'm heading to bed, I'll see you in the morning."

Mom gave me a loving hug and I retired, heading down into my cave. Getting undressed, I realized it was going to feel strange, not having Alexa come down and say goodnight, to make love to her and hold her, whispering to her about how in love with her I was.

As if in response to my silent wish, my computer bipped at me, indication someone was calling on Skype. I smiled warmly as I sat on my bed, opened my laptop and hit the Talk button...

Only to be greet by a close-up of Freja's coral-pink pussy, spread wide by two of her fingers while she and my aunt giggled off-frame.

"Looking for somewhere to park that thing, big boy?" I heard her snicker, repeating something Alexa had said to me in one of our first few Skype conversations and with the exact same view. Clearly she'd mentioned it to her Danish friend, not that I was surprised. They seemed to share everything.

"And a genial hello to you too, Fru Kjaer," I mumbled. "My, what a big smile you have."

There was a pause and then Freja asking a question in confusion. "Did he just say my cunt smiles?"

"Might as well, it's open more often than your mouth, as if that's possible," Alexa said dismissively as she eased her Danish lover out of the way and now smiled at me. "Hey, handsome."

"Hello, beautiful," I said, beaming at the sight of my beloved. "I trust you two are having a good time?"

"Well, not as much fun as if you were here with us," she purred as Freja knelt behind her and wrapped her arms around Alexa in a hug, cupping her full breasts. "Really wish you could have come stayed with us."

"If only," I sighed. "Just so you know, dad'll probably be mounting a jihaad on those sites that host your videos, according to mom. Says he'll get the best and brightest to

engineer some kind of virus and annihilate them. To be honest, that's kinda scary."

"I believe it, but let him," Alexa replied, shrugging. "Between the two of us, we have just about every video of us ever made. We'll show them to you when time allows, we were planning on going over them tonight."

"In one night?" I asked.

Alexa blushed. "I... this is going to sound super-slutty, Alex, but eight hours in one night probably couldn't get us through a hundredth of the videos. We were busy and naughty girls growing up."

"Like I care," I replied, shrugging. "You're beautiful and I love you."

They both blushed on Alexa's behalf and smiled. "Will you come by and get us tomorrow and we can accompany you to the university?"

"I was hoping to," I said, nodding. "Break up the tedium of all those papers I've gotta deal with."

"You tired and wanting to sleep?" she asked.

"Nope, not as long as you're around."

"Tell you what," she said, smiling slyly. "Plug in your earphones and then you can cum while Freja and I fuck one another silly. Would you like that, my love?"

"Do you even need to ask?" I replied, reaching over and sliding my headphones over my ears. Alexa and Freja, meanwhile, turned in toward one another, kneeling on their bed and began kissing lustily, bodies pressed together while their hands roamed and groped eagerly. My cock was already swelling as I took it in my hand and began stroking.

I loved watching Alexa and Freja together, because they knew one another so intimately. Alexa said they'd been lovers for over ten years now, meaning not only that they were familiar with each other's bodies now, but, having

grown up together, their lovemaking possibly influenced their development. In a strange biological sense, there were who they were because of each other. Alexa had told me she'd had many lovers over the years, but none for as long as Freja and none she loved as much. At least until I came along.

I was glad Freja was here. I truly felt like she was no threat to Alexa's and my relationship, despite their long past together. And to be honest, if things couldn't work out between my aunt and I, it was comforting to know that Freja was there for her.

Freja now had Alexa on her back on the bed and was between her legs, licking her pussy hungrily. Alexa was moaning and squirming her hips into her Danish lover's face, fingers knotted in her hair. Freja's tongue was not flickering lightly, but slithering forcefully around Alexa's netherlips, massaging her clit and pushing deep inside her. It was almost a churning motion and Alexa loved it. I resolved to remember that little technique and spring it on her. Who better to learn from than the woman Alexa had fucked for nearly a decade? She had to know what Alexa loved and all her sweet spots better than anybody.

"Gnnnnnnn, yessss..." Alexa hissed, her body already covered in a sheen of sweat, her skin flushing pink. It was incredible to see how riled Freja had her already. "Ja, min kaere... få din tunge i mig! Oh, my God..."

Alexa's nails were digging through Freja's hair, I was beginning to wonder if she'd leave grooves in her skull. Freja didn't seem to notice or mind, though, and kept licking my aunt into a frenzy, something she did almost effortlessly. Alexa's hips ground against Freja's mouth with a dreadful eagerness, her teeth bared as her lips were almost curled in a snarl. It was a look I'd seen on her face once before- that time I'd fucked her in the shower in her hospital room. We'd both almost lost control and were fucking savagely. It was fascinating to see it again.

Alexa arched her back suddenly, pushing her hips off the bed and growled loudly, her hands still latched onto Freja's head and not allowing her to escape as she came. The Danish girl made no attempts to do so, however, continuing to punish my aunt's pussy as she came. Alexa almost looked like she was possessed, and she certainly sounded the part.

It was an incredible turn-on to watch and I stroked my shaft steadily, remembering that this show was far from over.

I'm not sure even Freja was ready for when Alexa surged off her back and threw her onto the bed, so hard that she bounced. Alexa's vibrant blue eyes were fairly blazing with lust as she pinned her lover down, who laughed in delight as the blonde goddess took over. Freja was still on her stomach when Alexa got between her legs and grabbed them. She then lifted Freja's lower half, bending her back until her pussy was almost in her face. She wrapped her arms around Freja's waist and crammed her mouth against her lover's dripping womanhood. Freja wailed in delight at the violation, her fists gripping the bedsheets.

I had no idea how she could enjoy having her spine accordioned like that, but I didn't much care either at this point. They may have been lovers and even in love, but Alexa had told me that she was the dominant one between them, with Freja enjoying being subjected to restraint and forced into positions I could barely imagine.

Alexa devoured Freja's pussy as if making up for lost time between them. The Danish girl could do little but take it in her current position and her eyes almost rolled up into her head. There was a surrender and embrace of not just pleasure but depravity between them, as if there were no boundaries whatsoever. And it wasn't that I thought that there were boundaries between Alexa and I, it was just that I had not even scratched the surface yet, forget plumb the depths of perversion with her.

I watched as Freja came again and again, helpless before Alexa's ravaging of her pussy. Alexa threw her aside and she twisted onto her back, as if she knew what came next. Then my aunt was on top of her and they kissed feverishly, squirming their bodies together. Freja stiffened and whimpered as Alexa pushed a finger into her pussy, followed by another and began sliding them in and out. Alexa was squeezing her lover's breast with her free hand while Freja writhed in delight.

Then a third finger joined the others inside her, followed by the forth. I watched in amazement as Alexa finally pushed her entire hand inside Freja, who sounded like she was having an asthma attack, she was wheezing so loudly.

Alexa smiled evilly and caused Freja to spasm by making a fist inside her. I could tell because I could see the swell of it just above her pussy mound, beneath the skin.

Slowly at first, Alexa began pushing her fist back and forth inside her lover, Freja closing her eyes and moaning. But then she picked up the tempo and began moving her fist faster, causing the Danish girl to gasp. Before long, she was gritting her teeth and whimpering, tears streaming down her face. Unable to control herself, her body began to writhe, responding to Alexa's relentless assault.

Freja was shaking as Alexa battered her pussy and she was suddenly wracked by ecstasy and pulled a pillow over her face, shrieking into it. Even through the pillow, she almost blew my earphones off my head. If anyone else in the hotel heard her, they'd think a murder was in progress.

And then she collapsed. Freja wasn't moving, I couldn't even see her breathing. The pillow fell away and her eyes stared blankly in the general direction of the webcam, glazed over. Alexa was caressing her gently, whispering in Danish to her. Freja finally shivered as Alexa slowly

withdrew her hand from her pussy, with a loud, sticky 'pop!' noise. The Danish girl began breathing again, making me think Alexa had been gripping her windpipe from the inside.

Alexa licked at her fingers, which glistened with Freja's cum. She'd been so far inside her lover that I could see cum past her wrist and on her lower forearm. She smiled and winked naughtily at me.

"I can get even farther up her ass." Alexa quipped.

I was pumping my cock furiously at this point, and Alexa could clearly see my need. She giggled and pulled the laptop closer, laying on the bed between Freja's legs. She smiled at me, mouthed the word 'enjoy' and crawled gently on top of her lover. I was now treated to a close-up of her settling her pussy down onto Freja's , their sticky lips mingling. She then began slowly undulating herself against Freja, allowing me to see everything.

I stroked faster and faster as she girl-fucked her friend, squeezing her ass-cheeks with each thrust of her hips,

squirming her sticky snatch into Freja's. The Danish girl's thick lips parted before Alexa's blossoming out, shining wetly with her cum. I could see her hands come to rest of my aunt's ass, squeezing the toned cheeks and pulling them apart, giving me an even more exquisite view of their fucking.

Their moans were muffled by what I assumed was kissing, punctuated by gasps and whispers. Freja's hips were moving now, squirming below Alexa's, while her fingernails dug into the flawless skin of her cheeks. Alexa cooed in pleasure, pressing down harder still. Their pussies were making squishy, greedy sucking sounds as they fucked and I could feel the tingling building inside me, meaning I was past my boiling point.

My hips stiffened and I stifled a groan, pumping my throbbing cock madly as I came, thick white ropes shooting from my engorged head. I heard the girls sigh in pleasure as they came again, right after I did, releasing themselves now that I'd been seen to.

I slumped back into my bed, watching tiredly as their hips stopped churning and moving. All I could hear was whispering and giggling, along with some wet kisses. Finally, they both wiggled around and lay on the bed facing the camera, side-by-side and looking very pleased with themselves. Freja blew me a kiss while Alexa winked.

"So? Did that hit the spot?" she asked.

"Minor understatement," I sighed, waiting for my heart to quit thundering in my chest. "You two are demons. It's amazing that I survived fucking with you two."

"We might've been holding back a little," Freja added, smirking. "But once we have you up at our level, I'm sure you will find it quite enthralling."

"Sure, just don't try to put your fist in my ass." I replied, causing them both to snicker, but they promised all the same.

"Wish we were there to clean up all that yummy cum, my love," Alexa cooed, smiling warmly. "But don't worry, we'll make it up to you tomorrow, okay?"

I nodded wearily.

"I was thinking I'd take Freja out for breakfast in the morning, and then I'll bring her to the uni via the bus," she mentioned. "Does that work for you, big man?"

"Works for me. You two enjoy yourselves."

We exchanged expressions of love and then I saved the video recording of the Skype session before closing my laptop and turning out the light. I was asleep within seconds, dreaming of my beloved Alexa and the life I wanted us to have together.

***

I didn't need to pick the girls up, so after a leisurely breakfast with mom and dad, I headed over to the campus and sank my teeth into my work. Alexa and I had previously taken care of the comparatively easy piles of papers, dealing with Indo-European languages, meaning that now we were tackling smaller projects that required a lot more attention to detail, because we were not as familiar with the subject matter.

There are five hundred and twenty-one ethnic groups in Nigeria alone, and many different languages. I could feel my brain throbbing and started organizing them under general headings of Hausa, Yoruba and Igbo groups. It might not be completely accurate, but it was a starting place. I had done the same thing with Mongol and Turkic languages earlier, lumping Kazakh, Kyrgyz, Uzbeki and Uhlan into a general group to be filtered later. Just eliminating the haphazard piles in and of themselves was significant progress, because Basque and Hausa don't share a language group, any more than Wu Chinese and Proto-Hittite do.

The girls kept me informed of their movements, taking them time to send me naughty pictures and videos along

the way. She shared a toilet stall in the café they had breakfast in, with Freja taking a picture from above as she sat on Alexa's lap in the cramped stall, not a stitch of clothing on either of them. Then there was a close-up video of their pussies squished together while they peed against one another, giggling the whole time like five year-olds.

They were both wearing dresses, exposing themselves to one another for pictures while on the bus- there was a wonderful pic of Alexa making an 'oops!' face with her hand to her cheek and her eyes wide as she lifted the hem of her skirt to reveal her smooth pussy, sans panties. Another showed Freja splaying out across her seats, legs wide and fingering herself.

Then Alexa had her face right next to Freja's exposed breast, her tongue sticking out to almost touch the nipple. These two were insane together. I loved it. I was so happy that Freja was back in Alexa's life.

At some point, they shifted to the back of the empty bus, where the seats were facing forward. Alexa was hunkered down in the seat and had pulled the skirt of her dress up.

Freja was kneeling between her legs and lapping at her pussy quietly, while Alex stifled moans and recorded the event. Then another video of their pussies slithering together while they whispered to one another, still in the seat of the bus.

Half an hour later, they sent me a video from the center of the hedge maze on the campus, lying on the lush grass, making out and fingering one another. I rolled my eyes and went back to my work, knowing they'd be here soon. Sure enough, I heard them in the hallway, talking and giggling before piling through the door and into the Languages Faculty office, arms around one another's waist. Alexa let go of Freja and came over to me, throwing her arms around me and kissing me deeply.

"Mmmm, God, I've missed you..." she murmured through the kiss.

"We haven't even been apart for twelve hours," I chuckled. "And I'm assuming Freja took good care of you. Hell, I know she did."

"She took very good care of me, my love," Alexa purred, ending the kiss and resting her forehead against mine, her eyes closed. "But she knows it's you I'm totally in love with and being away from you is a special kind of torment, even when I'm with her."

"And I would never begrudge my beloved Alexa any happiness," Freja said cheerfully, approaching us and giving us both a hug. "We have meant too much to one another for too long to be selfish in our love."

Alexa looked up at me and smiled. "Are you sure you don't need my help? I feel bad for dumping all this on you while I go galivanting around with this cheap Danish whore and have fun."

"I'm not that cheap." Freja sniffed.

"You once fucked a guy for his kringle pastry," Alexa countered, turning her head to look at her pointedly. "That thing cost him less than two Euros. Meaning, by dint of logic, that your cunt can be had for two Euros."

"Okay, okay, I'm cheap," Freja sighed, trying to sound put upon. "But they say the best things in life are free, ja?"

We all laughed and I told Alexa that I didn't mind one bit, especially since they kept sending me naughty updates of the misbehaviour.

"Hey, guys," Jeanie said as she sauntered in the door. "I was just milling about near the campus and thought I'd check and see if my two favourite flunkies were- oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you had company."

"No intrusion," Alexa replied, walking over and giving our air-headed associate a hug. "I should make introductions..."

She brought Jeanie into the room to join us. "Jeanie, this is my very best friend, her name is Freja. She's from Roskilde, Denmark. Freja, Jeanie is a student here at the university with Alex and I and we've become good friends with her."

"Oh, uh... hi..." Jeanine said somewhat awkwardly, holding out her hand and looking at Freja. The look on her face was unusual.

"Hello..." Freja said in a quiet voice, taking the proffered hand. They didn't shake, they just stopped at the clasping part and stared at one another. There was a rather pregnant silence that followed. Alexa and I just looked on curiously as they said nothing. She tilted her head slightly, as if she couldn't figure out what was happening.

Jeanie stared at Freja, her free hand coming up to play somewhat nervously with a lock of her hair. My eyes flicked down and I could see a gentle increase in the pressure of their hands clasping. Their thumbs were moving almost imperceptibly in a micro-caress.

Freja bit her bottom lip, as if she was struggling to say something. Her eyes never left Jeanie's. This was really weird. And given the last few months I'd had, that was saying something.

Finally, Freja took a breath and spoke, her quiet voice still sounding incredibly loud in the silent office.

"I do not wish to sound forward," she began, her voice hesitant. "But would you perhaps like to go somewhere and fuck?"

"Oh, GOD, YES!" Jeanie exclaimed loudly and with relief, whirling around and heading straight for the door, pulling Freja with her by the hand she hadn't let go of. The Danish girl turned to us as she followed Jeanie and waved hastily before she disappeared. I was still staring in disbelief while Alexa let her head drop and chuckled.

"Even I didn't see that coming," she mused. "It never even occurred to me, but now it's as plain and daylight."

"What is?" I asked.

"Let's do some work for about half an hour and then I'll show you," she said cheerfully as she took my hand and led me back to the work area. "This is gonna be fun."

"Why half an hour?" I queried, probably sounding dumber than a rock.

"Because I know Freja. Just trust me on this. Now what are you working on and where would I be the most help with what you've started?"

And back to the African languages struggle I went.

***

"Okay, it's been half an hour, where are we headed?" I asked as I walked arm-in-arm with Alexa, who was smirking while we walked down a hallway on the lower level of the main campus building.

"The big gym," she said casually. "Specifically, to one of the equipment rooms, where they keep all the gymnastics mats."

"Because..." I continued, trying to lead her to the answer.

"Because it's Jeanie's favourite place to have sex on the entire campus," she said simply. "So she took Freja there."

"Why half an hour, might one inquire?"

"Whenever Freja meets a girl she wants to impress or has major lust for, she has a certain sexual routine she initiates and it lasts almost exactly half an hour. I know this for a fact, I've seen her do it countless times and had it done to me so she can practice it. I call it the Geno 52-Chilead Maneuver."

"What the Hell does that mean?" I asked, making a wry face.

"Nothing at all, it just sounds impressive," she giggled. "And the name needs to be, based on what Freja's about to do to Jeanie."

I just shook my head and kept walking with her. She put her hand on top of mine as we walked, smiling to herself and

humming lightly. Before long, we saw the big double doors that led to the main gymnasium. As we approached, we could hear sounds coming from the other side, even though they were closed. I could make out moaning and panting now.

"Shameless," Alexa sighed as we walked. "Those two are totally without shame."

"Says the woman who was moaning loud enough last night to wake an entire hotel." I countered, smirking at her.

"Well, at least I try to have some modesty," Alexa pointed out. "Freja and Jeanie don't even know what the word means."

"Jeanie probably can't even spell it." I snorted, making Alexa giggle and thwap me on the arm as we reached the doors. We opened them and strode through. The sounds were now almost deafening, echoing around the huge room. Pants and cries of delight echoed around us. Alexa led me straight over to one of the rooms off to the side of the court, as if she knew exactly where to go already. The metal doors

into this equipment room were flung open and the lights were on.

Sure enough, sprawled on a thick gym mat in the middle of the floor, Jeanie and Freja were lying on their sides, faces buried in one another's wet pussies. They were gasping and squirming heatedly, fingers plunging in and out of one another's orifices. Alexa leaned against the door frame and watched intently while I just gaped.

Freja was sucking on Jeanie's throbbing clit while she wiggled her thumb inside her pussy and her middle finger deep into her ass. Jeanie was doing something much similar to the Danish girl. They were both covered in red welts, lipstick from kisses and even bite marks. They churned and writhed with abandon, bodies trembling as they began to lose control.

Alexa grinned widely as Jeanie squealed, smacking her hips against Freja's face so hard that I was sure she'd end up with black eyes. Freja's hips juddered and then squashed against her lover's lips. They screamed into one another's pussies

as they came, Jeanie sputtering in delight as Freja squirted her.

"Guess I could've warned her about that," Alexa mused quietly, watching. But then she shook her head. "Nah, this way's better. Element of surprise."

Freja was doing something to Jeanie that was making her rock her hips back and forth madly, almost as if she was trying to escape, but she seemed pinned- I guess she was, since Freja had a thumb in her pussy and a long finger in her butt. It was almost a bowling ball grip on Jeanie's privates.

Why was I thinking about this? What had they done to me?

They both sagged finally, panting as if they hadn't had air in their lungs for weeks. The mat beneath them shone with sweat, while their bodies glistened from their efforts. Both their faces were sticky with cum. Through the gasps, they both seemed to be laughing, as if unable to control themselves. If they weren't having trouble breathing from

the massive orgasm they'd just shared, I'd have thought they were high on nitrous oxide.

"Thirty-three minutes," Alexa stated as she walked forward, looking at the clock on her cellphone. "You're out of practice, whore."

"Say what?" Jeanie asked, turning her head and scowling at my aunt.

"Not you, babe." Alexa replied, waving a hand with dismissive assurance.

"Oh, good." Jeanie mumbled, going back to resting her head and trying to recover.

"Am not." Freja protested tiredly, managing to turn herself onto her back and stare at the ceiling while Alexa squatted beside her.

"Puh-lease," Alexa retorted. "Making Jeanie cum is easier than depressing a teenager. She didn't need three extra minutes, you did."

"I don' mind..." Jeanie murmured, seemingly in a stupor as she lay there in a sticky pool of her own cum. "Three extra minutes, three thousand extra minutes... all good... all good..."

"What counts is that it worked." Freja insisted.

"Yup," Jeanie agreed. "It sure did. I dunno on what, but I'm sure it worked."

Alexa looked over at Jeanie, who lay right nearby. "I'd say you fucked her stupid, but it's too late for that."

"Yup." Jeanie mumbled. "Too late."

"Oh, be nice," Freja said. "I like her."

"No kidding," Alexa mused. "I've seen you fuck people you don't like, you never go to that sort of trouble."

"Hee, I'm liked!" Jeanie giggled, holding her arms in front of her chest and wiggling giddily. I was beginning to think Freja really had broken her. Whatever the hell that would entail.

"You two recovered yet?" Alexa asked, standing and pulling her sundress over her head, her glorious breasts springing free of their confines and leaving her clad only in a tiny lace thong.

"Don't need to recover when we're still in the zone," Jeanie said, pushing herself into a sitting position. "Get in here."

"Let's go, Alex," my aunt said, hiking down her thong and then stepping out of her sandals. "Time's a'wastin'."

"What, here?" I asked. "Now?"

Alexa paused and turned to look at me, as if I was dense. "Alex, how many guys can actually say they've had an orgy with four gorgeous girls instead of just writing about it?"

There was absolutely no arguing that logic and I began undressing readily. Alexa took my phone, along with Freja's and Jeanie's, as well as her own, and set them up around the enclosed space, beginning to record for posterity. None of us wanted this to not be remembered for the ages. Soon, we were naked and joined the other two on the mat. We pulled into a tight circle on our knees and began kissing, hands roving around one another's bodies. I could feel my cock swelling rapidly and then there was a hand wrapping around it.

"Ooh, Alvin," Jeanie breathed, smiling at me wickedly. "You take after the prof, I see."

"Don't talk about my dad at a moment like this..." I moaned.

"Sorry," she said, continuing to stroke my shaft. "My bad."

"You do know his name is Alex, right?" Alexa asked, leaning down and sucking one of Jeanie's nipples into her mouth.

"Gnnnnuhhhh!" gasped the vacuous brunette, shivering while Alexa swirled her tongue around the nipple. "Alex, Alvin, Alvarez, Aloysius... he'll have me speaking in tongues once he gets this monster inside me..."

We caressed and fondled one another for a few moments longer before Alexa smiled and eased me onto my back, my titan erection standing straight up above me. The three girls giggled as they gathered around my hips, stroking, and teasing me while I watched.

"You first, Jeanie," Alexa offered. "He's been in both of us already."

"Luckies..." Jeanie pretended to mope as she leaned in and flicked her tongue against my pulsing cockhead. Her hand wrapped around the shaft to hold it steady while she swirled her pink tongue around me, moaning in approval at the feel and taste of me, seemingly.

"She made those same noises while she got her tongue in my cunt," Freja mused, watching intently. "Like she was hungry and going to eat me, literally."

"Helluva way to go, getting cannibalized by three bisexual goddesses." Alexa quipped, winking at me as she knelt net to Jeanie, her hands resting on her thighs so her huge, glorious tits were pressed together. "You should feel honoured."

I moaned as Jeanie slipped her lips down over my throbbing head, humming and using her tongue to great effect. Then she shivered as Freja reached behind her and snaked a finger into her ass. She was very dextrous with her tongue- even while her lips were wrapped around my cock, I could feel it pressing along the large vein on the underside of my shaft, sliding up and down the length.

Then Alexa's hand was on the base of my shaft, stroking gently behind Jeanie's mouth while she steadied herself by putting her hands on my thighs. Freja continued to finger her new lover's ass while she pushed her mouth further

down my cock. She finally bottomed out, holding me there and moaning in a low voice.

Slowly, but with practiced expertise, she began bobbing up and down, my cock glistening with the moisture of her warm mouth. I wasn't sure I'd ever been this hard before, surrounded as I was by all this succulent female flesh, filled with a fierce desire to fuck them all.

"Mmmmmm, God, your cock tastes good," Jeanie murmured, her curly brown locks falling around her shoulders. He pretty cheeks puffed out slightly as she sucked, while breathing through her nose. "A girl could get used to this."

Alexa and Freja were both using their free hands to finger themselves while they watched Jeanie. Alexa's hand, still wrapped around my shaft, stroked up and down slowly, following Jeanie's mouth and using a gentle twisting motion that made me shiver in pleasure. Jeanie moaned again while Freja reamed her.

Then she pulled off of me and Freja leaned in, taking me into the wet depths of her mouth. She bobbed up and down, more quickly than Jeanie had, helping to get me ready for what lay ahead. Jeanie now crawled beside me, getting her head under Freja's spread legs and beginning to lap hungrily at her dripping pussy. I caught Alexa's eye and nodded to her. Her face lit up in delight and she deftly turned about until she was straddling my face, leaning forward still to keep stroking my cock. Without any hesitation, I began kissing and licking her womanhood, eager to make her cry out in ecstasy.

Alex moaned and squirmed on my face while Freja sucked my cock and Jeanie licked her pussy. My head was almost spinning from the sheer pleasure. I couldn't imagine anything feeling better than this.

Placing a band of gold around my aunt's finger...

I gripped her hips and pressed my tongue inside her, causing her to gasp suddenly, grinding back down against my face lustily. The tempo of her stroking had increased with Freja's mouth, bringing me a peak state of hardness, to

the place where my toes were curling and I moaned into Alexa's dripping pussy.

"Okay, here we go," my aunt said breathily, her voice tinged with a deep, wanton hunger. "I'll go first, since he can make me cum quickly. Then Freja rides and Jeanie goes last, to finish him off."

Freja pulled her mouth off my cock while Alex sidled forward, facing down my body as she positioned herself over my erection. Freja knelt between my legs and attacked my aunt's body with her fingers and tongue, causing her to shudder and moan loudly as she sank down onto me. Jeanie replaced Alexa above my face, mushing her puss down onto my mouth without a second thought while she groped Alexa from behind. There was a tart, earthy note to her taste and I lashed my tongue deep inside her, making her cry out.

Alexa bounced up and down on me, not at all trying to delay her orgasm, but bring it around as quickly as possible. I pushed my hips off the mat, spearing deep inside her and she shuddered and almost doubled over, groaning shamelessly. Her pussy was already clenching around me,

fluttering as she surrendered to the pleasure. She grabbed Freja's cheeks and jammed her lips against her mouth, shrieking into them as she came, hard. Freja's hands were almost mauling her tits while she churned violently on top of me.

Alexa fell off to the side, her hands holding her pussy while she shivered, still in the throes of her climax. Freja plunged her mouth back down onto my twitching rod, sucking Alexa's cum off it hungrily. She then looked at Jeanie and myself, her eyes glinting with lust.

"I want you behind me, Alex," she panted, stroking my cock. "Fuck me from behind."

Jeanie clambered off my face and I took her and lay her on her back. She waited while I positioned Freja over her, looking down at her new lover. Their breasts squashed together and they kissed one another eagerly while I knelt between their spread legs. Taking hold of Freja's hips, I slid my cockhead up and down along her lips several times until she was whimpering in protest at my teasing. Truth be told,

I had been so close to coming inside Alexa, I needed a few seconds to adjust and calm down.

Having witnessed Alexa's rather rough treatment of her on the webcam, I simply pushed deep inside her with one long, decisive stroke and she bawled into Jeanie's mouth, her body shaking at the sudden penetration. I gripped her hips tightly and began thumping back and forth strongly. She almost screamed through her kiss with Jeanie, writhing sensually into the girl below.

Alexa pulled herself to her hands and knees and crawled over Jeanie's head, breaking the kiss she was sharing with Freja and settling down onto her waiting lips. Jeanie began sucking on her clit with a will, wrapping her arms around Alexa's thighs. Freja pushed herself up and began swirling her tongue around Alexa's nipples, gently biting and tugging on them, and making my aunt moan with abandon.

I thrust into Freja, who was the slightest of the girls, and the power of my body was telling. She was almost wheezing as she sucked on Alexa's breasts, sweat streaming from her sensual form, while her pussy swallowed my cock greedily.

Like Alexa, she didn't do anything to prolong her climax, for which I was thankful, because how I hadn't cum before now was already a minor miracle.

The orgasm crashed into her and she doubled over, shaking uncontrollably and biting Alexa's thigh as she moaned loudly, bathing my midsection as she squirted on me and onto Jeanie's pussy below. I pulled free of her slit's wanton grasp and she settled tiredly onto Jeanie below. The brunette knew what was happening next and her hips were squirming in anticipation, her pussylips glistening and slightly parted by her eagerness.

I knew that there was no call to be slow or sensual here, either, and just buried my cock deep inside her, trying to pin her to the mat below. She wailed into Alexa's snatch, shaking with delight as I bottomed out in her.

"Ohhhhh, Jesus!" she panted between licks. "Ohhhh, that thing'd feel good everywhere! Shitshitshit..."

I leaned down on Freja's back, getting deeper inside Jeanie still and began pumping up and down, causing her to yelp

with each thrust into her warm, wet quim. She pushed her hips up against me, an impressive feat, since she had the weight of both Freja and myself on top of her. She was clearly eager to feel me as deep inside her as she possibly could.

I was propping myself up on my arms, breathing heavily as I looked at Alexa across from me, squirming her hips on Jeanie's face. She seemed revived and energetic, her eyes dancing with excitement as we shared a look. Her angelic smile filled my mind and she mouthed the words 'I love you' while we shared our friends.

Jeanie's body was starting to tremble and I could feel her pussy grip me erratically, getting wetter still. I was breathing heavily and the familiar tingle was starting to build. I looked at Alexa, almost pleading with my eyes. She nodded and raised herself off of Jeanie's lips.

"Jeanie? You good to be nutted in?" she asked the girl below.

"Yuh-huh!" panted the brunette, her body churning in need.

Alexa smiled evilly and nodded to me, the permission granted. I held nothing back and began slamming down into Jeanie, pounding my hips into hers. She screamed into Alexa's pussy, shaking violently as I skewered her. Unable to wait any longer, I arched my back and pressed as hard as I could, my cock battering her womb. Liquid pleasure surged through my body as I spurted rope after rope of hot cum deep inside her spasming pussy. Freja ground down onto her, her mushy netherlips mingling with Jeanie's and my pulsing rod. I was groaning and I heard Alexa keen as Jeanie made her cum as well.

My arms gave out and I toppled, rolling onto my back to avoid squashing Jeanie and Freja beneath me. Jeanie yelped as my cock was wrenched from her confines- it sounded like I'd pulled her inside out. Alexa pulled away from Jeanie's wicked mouth, settling down on top of me and kissing me deeply and lovingly. I held her closed and caressed her, shivering slightly as she took my still-hard cock into her pussy. Beside us, Jeanie and Freja were melded together, kissing and moaning contentedly.

I couldn't believe how sated I felt- we'd just had the most incredible four-way sex and now Alexa was on top of me, with me deep inside her as we gazed lovingly into one another's eyes. Right here, this very moment, was just about the most gratifying thing I could imagine. I felt bad for anyone who wasn't me right then.

"I am so in love with you..." she whispered before she kissed me again. I caressed her gently, just content to be bonded with her this way. We finally looked over at Freja and Jeanie, who seemed to be finishing their liplock and were reduced to cuddling. Jeanie sighed as she looked at the ceiling.

"Wow..." she said finally. "I need a good quote about sex right now."

Alexa giggled. "It is a foolish dimwit who doesn't realize it a waste of time unless a thing concerns fucking."

"Pietro Aretino, circa 1525." Freja added. "Smart, smart man."

We were all silent for some time, catching our breath after our frenzied carnal activities. Alexa lay on top of me, my cock buried inside her, while Freja was nuzzled to my side, facing into Jeanie and cuddling her. They kissed quietly, caressing one another's faces.

"I'm rich, you know." Jeanie said finally.

"You are?" Freja queried.

"Well, mom and dad are," the brunette corrected. "But I'm an only child, and I get a cubic shit-ton of money when I turn twenty-one. Now I just need someone to share it with."

"You need to find a responsible man?"

"No, it doesn't have to be a man," Jeanie said. "Daddy'd be perfectly happy if I found a girl who was good with money."

Freja pursed her lips. "I'm good with money."

Jeanie raised her head. "You are?"

"It's true," Alexa added, smiling. "You've never seen a hooker who's better with money than Freja."

"You're a hooker?" Jeanie exclaimed, sitting up. "Good with money and a career? Daddy'll be thrilled!"

I raised an eyebrow at her statement.

"Oh, no, shit, wait," Jeanie said suddenly, frowning at the ground as she thought about what she'd just said. "Hooker, no, daddy wouldn't approve of that career. Shit, ummm..."

She looked at Freja again. "Do you... are you going to university at all?"

The Danish girl nodded. "Civil engineering major with a minor in Scandinavian traditional music."

"Oh my God," Jeanie said in excitement, taking Freja's hands in hers. "I don't know what those are, but they sound like great covers for being a hooker! This is awesome!"

She pulled Freja into a kneeling position so they were looking into one another's eyes, faces inches apart and their nipples lightly kissing. She kept hold of her hands. "If... if you wanted to, you could transfer any credits you have here for equivalency, and we'd get to be together. You could very well be the girl my parents are waiting for."

Freja bit her lip while Alexa and I looked on in wonder.

"Think about it," she said eagerly. "You'd be right here near your bestie and her guy, we'd all get to fuck all the time, and you'd be with me. I..."

There was a pause before Freja spoke. "You want to be in love? To marry me?"

Jeanie could barely nod, looking like she was fit to burst.

Freja turned her head and looked back at Alexa, who rolled her eyes.

"Well, duh..." my aunt said.

She looked back at Jeanie and after a moment nodded. The brunette cried out in delight and crushed herself to her newly betrothed, kissing her feverishly. Freja returned the kiss whole-heartedly and they began rolling around on the mat together, laughing, kissing and crying, all the while feeling one another up.

"Wow, that was even quicker than you and I." Alexa mused as she watched the two of them.

"Oh, please," Jeanie almost sneered, taking a moment to look at the two of us. "Like love at first sight is the exclusive domain of you two, or the profs."

"Well, she got me there." Alexa chuckled. "Congratulations, you two."

"Oh, right! Congratulations!" Jeanie said, sitting bolt-upright suddenly, leaving a very confused Freja lying on the mat. "We need rings!"

She stood up quickly, pulling Freja to her feet. "We gotta go shopping! There's a People's I like not far from here!"

Jeanie darted out of the equipment room, dragging Freja by the hand. The Danish girl waved hurriedly to us before disappearing with her new fiancée. We heard the gymnasium doors clank shut.

We waited several seconds in confused silence. Then the heavy doors groaned open and we heard the hurried patter of feet. Jeanie and Freja rushed back in and gathered up the clothes they had inadvertently left behind, along with their cellphones.

"Might need these!" Jeanie remarked before dashing off again, followed by Freja.

When they were well and truly gone, I looked up at my aunt, beyond confused. "Did that really just happen?"

"Yyyyyyyyyyup," she said, nodding. "Not gonna lie, even I didn't anticipate that."

"So, what, they're gonna get married?"

"Seems to be the plan." Alexa confirmed.

"And Freja's gonna move here and live with Jeanie in ditzy splendour?"

Alexa nodded.

"Well, they both seem happy and you must be thrilled to have Freja around now." I suggested.

"Yeah, but..."

"But what?"

"I'm not sure any single location on the planet can handle that much concentrated slut," Alexa mused. "I mean, okay, yes, I've done the total slut thing, like having two dicks in my pussy at once, and I've been with more lovers than all four of our family members have fingers and toes, but my sluttery tends to be selective these days."

"I should be thankful." I replied, grinning and squeezing her butt cheeks. She smirked and wiggled on top of me.

"I'm just saying that they might fuck too hard and merge into some sort of relentless slut black hole, sucking everything into its vortex," she sighed. "Not how I planned on dying."

"I guess we've got another wedding to go to." I mused. "Should we tell mom and dad before they find out the crazy way?"

"Probably," Alexa agreed. "But first, it'd be really nice if you'd fuck me and make me cum, o nephew-mine."

"Nothing'd make me happier," I said cheerfully, keeping hold of her ass cheeks and beginning to pump my cock back and forth inside her warm, wet pussy. "Because I am so desperately in love with you."

"I love you too, Alex..." she whispered as she bent down to kiss me.

***

We were sitting around the dinner table that night, eating Lebanese food we'd ordered in. It was just past sunset and Lionel Hampton was playing on the radio sitting nearby.

"So," Alexa said as she ate. "Freja met Jeanie today and now they're engaged."

Mom kept eating, but dad paused and then sighed, setting down the fork he was using. He reached into his back pocket and pulled out his wallet, handing a fifty-dollar bill over to my mother, who took it without ceremony and slipped it into her cleavage.

Alexa seemed stunned and I silently despaired of ever being as clever as my progenitors.

***

I suppose one benefit to Jeanie and Freja now getting set to be hitched was that Alexa stayed home that night while the newly-betrothed couple went to the hotel. Alexa and I sat on my bed and watched on our laptops, side-by-side, as Jeanie and Freja fucked each other into a frenzy. We were both naked while we watched, Alexa reaching over and stroking my cock while I fingered her pussy. Mom and dad were gone for the evening, so we felt safe to be together like this.

Jeanie was lying on her back, moaning loudly and writhing while Freja had her thumb inside her fiancée's pussy and

her middle finger in her ass. She was smiling evilly as she did something to the brunette.

"Wow, look at Jeanie go," I mused, watching in fascination. "She looks high. Are Freja's fingers laced with crack?"

"No," Alexa said simply. "Right now, the pads of her thumb and finger are touching one another through that thin membrane that separates Jeanie's pussy and ass. She's rubbing gently and tapping them together."

"Damn," I muttered. "Not sure how that could be pleasant."

"Oh, it is, trust me," she replied. "At least when it's done right, and Freja is a Jedi at this."

Jeanie began shivering and gasping suddenly as Freja did something else to her.

"Now, believe it or not, she's snapping her fingers inside Jeanie," my aunt continued. "It'll either make her cum like no tomorrow or kill her."

"Insert dead whore in hotel joke here." I sighed, making Alexa snicker.

Fortunately, it seemed to make Jeanie cum, rather than expire. She shook and moaned loudly, writhing beneath her lover's expert touch. He body shone in the dim light with sweat and her back arched. She finally collapsed, panting heavily, her curly brown hair plastered to her forehead. Freja withdrew her fingers and laid down on top of her, kissing her deeply while Jeanie wrapped her arms and legs around her lover. They hummed contentedly through the kiss.

Alexa stiffened and sighed as she began to cum on my fingers. Seconds later, I grunted and my cock spurted, Alexa leaning in quickly and taking the creamy shots on her lovely tits. Sated for now, we both settled in and watched our friends make out, not a care in the world.

They finally broke the kiss and turned their faces to the webcam, smiling at us. "So? Was that worth the price of admission?" Freja asked.

"Since when has there ever been a cover-charge to watch you fuck?" Alexa laughed.

"Well, not for you, maybe," Freja sniffed. "But I have made decent money some nights, charging students and faculty members to watch me."

"Oh, is that what I am? A charity case?" Alexa teased, winking at them.

"More like royalty I do not dare charge," replied the Danish girl. She leaned up now, sighing in pleasure as she caressed Jeanie's breasts with her own. Her hips pressed down, their pussies now squashed together. "We're always as your beck and call."

"Good to know," Alexa said easily. "Got a date in mind yet?"

"Not just yet," Freja replied, shaking her head while Jeanie leaned in and sucked on one of her breasts. "It is not as simple as marrying, your nation is not part of the EU, after all."

"I'm aware of this," Alexa said dryly. "You might want to get on that."

"She's on the one thing that counts at the moment," Jeanie said in a muffled voice, her mouth full of tit. "Besides, she still has to meet daddy and mommy."

"What about far and mor?" Alexa asked, cleaning her own breasts off, which were slathered in my cum. "Pretty sure they'd want to know their lille tøs is getting married."

Freja giggled, her tawny eyes dancing. "They were always certain it would be you. They were surprised but happy for you when I told them about Alex. And yes, they understand that Michael and Karen can never know."

"True enough," Alexa sighed. "I told them about you two."

"Oh?" Jeanie queried, pausing in sucking on Freja's breast to look at us. "What did the profs have to say about that?"

I shrugged. "Guess they had a bet on it, because my dad just sighed and handed my mom fifty bucks."

Jeanie sighed. "Would've been nice to generate a little more surprise, but at least someone got the better of that oversized braniac for a change. No flies on the Mrs Prof, is there? In any event, yeah, I've still gotta show her off to my parents, but I think they'll be ecstatic."

"They should be," Alexa said easily. "Freja's the most amazing person I've ever known and I love her to death. Agreeing to fuck was the smartest decision you ever made, Jeanie."

"Thanks," the brunette said in delight, pleased with herself. "We should celebrate."

"My folks think so too," I replied, nodding. "They want to take us all out to karaoke tomorrow night."

"I love karaoke!" Freja and Jeanie both exclaimed at the same moment.

"Wow, slut consent in stereo," Alexa laughed. "It's a date, we're gonna to to the place they first met at and we'll have a blast."

"Aw, shit..." I muttered.

"Make sure you wear something Seventies-looking," Alexa said, holding up a finger. "Jeanie, you can look online if you don't know what that is."

Jeanie shrugged. "I actually have a few disco slut outfits I could wear. I'll take Freja shopping."

"God, I love you!" Freja said as she pressed her mouth to Jeanie's and kissed her hungrily. Their limbs began tangling

and the laptop they were using got knocked out of position, leaving us staring at a hotel room ceiling, punctuated by the sounds of lesbian sluts making out.

"Well, that's all we're getting out of them for this evening," Alexa announced, closing her laptop and turning to look at me, smiling lovingly. "I guess the only thing that bothers me about all this is that it'll be so easy for those two to get hitched, even if Freja's from another country, but you and I..."

I sighed and pulled her to me, hugging her gently. It didn't matter that her soft skin caressed mine, or that her magnificent breasts were pressed inot my side, I just needed to hold her. I kissed the top of her head and she nuzzled her cheek against my shoulder.

"We... we could just bite the bullet and tell them, you know." I suggested as I caressed my fingers through her lush, golden hair.

"No," she answered quietly. "We both know that won't work, Alex. It's way too much to ask of them. Even if they did

approve on a moral standpoint, we've no right to jeopardize their careers like that. And we both know that'd happen. It's selfish of us."

I didn't say anything, because I knew she was right. What sort of amoral, sociopathic bastard would I be if I couldn't understand or didn't care about how this might affect the most amazing parents the universe had ever given anyone?

I just held her, now feeling the same twinge of jealousy she did toward Jeanie and Freja. I couldn't help it. This all seemed so unfair. I kept hoping things would work out, but I still didn't see how without causing people a lot of undeserved hurt.

I held my aunt silently, until she fell asleep in my arms.

***

We were all laughing and enjoying ourselves immensely, gathered around a table which was burgeoning with pub food and beer. The bar was packed with people, most of

whom were cheering for the people up on the spacious stage, singing terrible renditions of their favourite songs. Right now, some drunk redhead was sitting unsteadily on the stool, alternating between singing sharp and flat while butchering a Tina Turner classic.

Mom and dad had told me before that this was the very bar they'd met in while attending the university. Apparently mom saw dad up onstage, singing a Bay City Rollers song. To my amazement, she hadn't run away at that very moment. Love is weird and clearly can forgive the unforgivable.

I took another swig of my beer and looked around the table- we'd gone totally Seventies for this event, for sure. Dad was wearing his tartan pants and a black Zeppelin shirt. Mom was wearing hip-hugging jeans that had bell-bottoms and a t-shirt that had that cherry red mouth with the tongue on it, while ridiculous platform pumps anchored her look. Jeanie, as promised, had found a disco bodysuit, a white one that hugged her curves like it was painted on and with a v-neck front that literally went down to just above her navel and exposed the inner half of her breasts. She had John Lennon shades on and the same type of elevated shoes as

mom. Freja was wearing gaudy floral-print pants, hippie-sandals and a garland of flowers on her forehead. Her shirt was covered in a little cannabis plants.

Alexa looked stunning to me and I was careful not to stare. She wore a thin hemp headband around her head, her glorious golden locks spilling in waves over her shoulders and down her back. Her white t-shirt was noticeably tight against her and in big black letters asked 'DOES THIS SHIRT MAKE MY TITS LOOK BIG?'. She wore hip-hugger bell-bottoms like mom, except hers were a cherry red colour. No idea where she'd found them, but she was wearing a pair of Roots sneakers with that weird inverted heel to complete her ensemble.

Me, I'd been lazy- faded jeans and a t-shirt with a little cartoon character on it that said 'Keep On Truckin'. It was good enough for this soiree.

I guess the girls had all decided that any calories they ate tonight didn't count, because they were eating almost as much as dad and I. Not that I minded, I just wasn't used to seeing it. Jeanie was something of a lightweight when it

came to drinking, soon reduced to a giggling mess. Alexa had to eventually sit between her and Freja because they were starting to get a little too liberal in feeling one another up and making out in a public setting. Mostly that just led to the two of them kissing her as a proxy, which had my parents snickering while Alexa blushed with an embarrassment I doubted she was actually feeling.

"I approve of this place," Freja announced, looking around and smiling. She had enough beer in her that her Danish accent was really beginning to show through. "Good food, fun with the music and they serve a Danish beer that isn't Carlsberg or Tuborg. What's not to like?"

"How do you like the city?" mom asked her from across the table, almost having to yell to be heard over the noise.

"Ja, I love the city!" replied Freja, beaming. "So much bigger than Rosklide or Copenhagen. Much newer, too! It is not stodgy to me."

"Over here, people love to see old architecture and so on, because we have none of it," dad mentioned, downing yet

another beer in one gulp. He could drink an entire Viking village under the table single-handedly. "Some of the oldest ones are a hundred and fifty or two hundred years old, but those are few and far between. Old cities are romantic to us."

Freja nodded. "I can understand this. But when you are surrounded by it all your life, maybe it loses some of its charm. Even Alexa grew tired of Paris."

"Not really," my aunt corrected. "I could've stayed there, under the right circumstances, but mom's career took us elsewhere. If I'd been older and had my own money, I might've stayed."

"Number Forty-Four!" called out the karaoke host for the evening.

"Alright, that's me," dad announced as he got up from the table. "Ladies I need backup."

Mom and Freja stood and followed him. Jeanie blinked as she swayed slightly. "Iono, I might be a li'l too drunk for this."

"Move your ass, slut!" dad said in a commanding voice and Jeanie practically hopped to her feet.

"Ooh, yes, daddy!" she giggled as she swished after them and scampered up to the platform. I stayed at the table and watched, wondering what the heck was going to happen. This was our first time up, since the docket seemed quite full. The crowd got a little quieter as the five of them got onstage, probably because dad took up most of it and the four women accompanying him were really hot.

"I need two more mics!" dad called out to the emcee, who nodded and got two more standing mics put up on the stage. Dad sat in the middle while mom and Alexa stood with of one mic, Jeanie and Freja with the other.

"What're we singing?" Alexa asked, not seeming to care that people could hear her through the mic.

"You'll find out..." dad said easily, before nodding to the emcee.

The song began and everyone in the bar began cheering loudly. Alexa and mom laughed and hugged one another while Freja bounced up and down giddily. I grinned broadly. I couldn't wait to see this. The intro over, dad began singing.

"It was a hot summer nightand the beach was burning.There was fog crawling over the sand.When I listen to your heartI hear the whole world turning.I see the shooting stars fallingthrough your trembling hands."

People were cheering as he sang and I was rapt watching as my family, including my newly-extended family, entertained everyone from the stage. As the next stanza began, the four girls began their backup vocal part, leaning into their microphones and crooning. "You were licking your lipsand your lipstick's shining.I was dying just to ask for a taste.We were lying together in a silver liningby the light of the moon.You know there's not another

momentNot another momentNot another moment to waste!Well, you hold me so close that my knees grow weak.But my soul is flying high above the ground.I'm trying to speak but no matter what I doI just can't seem to make any sound..."

The entire pub was silent, listening to the music and excited for the next part of the song. I could feel my heart thumping in my chest. I tried not to stare at Alexa, watching them all intently. "And then you took the words right out of my mouth.Oh it must have been while you were kissing me.You took the words right out of my mouth.And I swear it's true,I was just about to say I love you!"

"LOVE YOU!" the girls chorused into their mics, looking at one another.

"And then you took the words right out of my mouth.Oh it must have been while you were kissing me.You took the words right out of my mouth.And I swear it's true,I was just about to say I love you!"

"LOVE YOU!" "Now my body is shaking like a wave on the waterAnd I guess that I'm beginning to grin.Oh we're finally alone and we can do what we want to. And the night is youngAin't no-one gonna know whereNo-one gonna know whereNo-one's gonna know where you've been.

"Well you were licking your lipsand your lipstick's shining.I was dying just to ask for a taste.We were lying together in a silver liningby the light of the moon.You know there's not another momentNot another momentNot another moment to waste."

I just stared at the scene, rapt. In spite of my secret with my aunt, in spite of the hopelessness of our cause... at that very moment, I felt like the luckiest son of a bitch on the planet. This was my family, and they were killing it. I never wanted this moment to end."And then you took the words right out of my mouth.Oh it must have been while you were kissing me.You took the words right out of my mouth.And I swear it's true,I was just about to say I love you."

"LOVE YOU!""And then you took the words right out of my mouth!Oh it must have been while you were kissing

me.You took the words right out of my mouth.And I swear it's true,I was just about to say I love you."

Dad stood as he began the crescendo repeat of 'you took the words right out of my mouth' while the girls echoed him and the crowd was now singing along joyously. The girls were gyrating while singing and dad was doing this absurd pelvic thrust that made me laugh. Then they put their arms over their heads and clapped for the final lines and the audience did the same. They finished and there was thunderous applause and cheering while they all bowed.

Dad allowed the girls to exit the stage first and then lumbered down after them, back to our table. Drinks kept arriving, bought for us by other patrons until the table was almost overflowing. Dad and I had our work cut out for us. Mom snuggled up to dad, thanking him for such an amazing experience.

Pretty soon, my back teeth were floating and I excused myself to go drain the lizard. After what seemed like an interminably long time draining a bladder that apparently had the capacity of the Hoover Dam, the door to the tiny

bathroom muffling the strident and often ear-punishing karaoke beyond, I was zipping up when I thought I heard talking. Women talking. Two very familiar voices.

I looked around in confusion, wondering where the Hell the sound of mom and Alexa talking was coming from. I spied a vent over one of the stalls behind me. I looked around and went in, locking the door behind me. The music outside ended and I could hear them a little more clearly, but it was still difficult. I stood on the toilet carefully, getting as close to the vent as I could and cupped my ear, hoping to understand.

"You're sure you're okay, darling?"

"Really, Kar, I'm fine. I'm happy for them."

"I just want to be sure, Alli. I mean, she came to see you, after all."

"I know."

"And you've told me what you meant to one another, that you thought maybe you'd been in love in times past."

"Maybe we were, and I think maybe we're soul-mates, after a fashion. But this is really okay with me. Her being in love with Jeanie doesn't affect my relationship with her at all."

"They'll probably just include you in their depravity."

"If that's our dynamic, great. You know me, I love sex. And yes, she came to visit me, but she wouldn't have stayed if she hadn't met Jeanie. Now she's going to stay, Kar. My best friend is going to move here and I'll see her as much as I like. I'm thrilled."

"That's a wonderful view to have, Alli. I'm proud of you. But every once in a while, it may cause you a pang to see them together, and that's natural. There's nothing wrong with it, unless you act on it to hurt them. If you ever need to talk, you can always come to me, or to Michael. I'm pretty sure even Alex would be a good ear for you and a shoulder to cry on."

"Yeah..."

I climbed down from my perch, washed my hands and made my way back out to the table, where I plunked down into my seat. Mom and Alexa weren't back yet, so I just resumed eating nachos and wings.

"Your mom and Alli went to the ladies' room," dad mentioned. "They'll be back soon."

"Yeah, except your mom said Freja and I can't go to the bathroom together." Jeanie pouted.

"That's because we want to end our evening without public indecency charges." dad replied.

"You and the Lady Prof are a lot less adventurous since Alli showed up," Jeanie sighed. "It's like you've developed a terminal case of the respectabilities. I should know."

Freja snickered while dad just ignored the statement and killed a plate of wings. Mom and Alexa returned shortly after, both in good spirits. We laughed and ate and drank until dad got called up again. We joined the other patrons in whooping and cheering as he broke into singing 'Saturday Night!' by the Bay City Rollers.

"This was the song your dad sang the night I met him," mom leaned over and said to me. "Come to think of it, he was wearing plaid pants that night, too."

"Why am I not surprised?" I sighed, making her laugh.

"I'm just surprised there's enough plaid material outside of Scotland to make pants for that behemoth." Alexa muttered.

Mom pointed to a far corner. "I was sitting back in that corner with three of my girlfriends when the big lummox got up and began bellowing that ridiculous song. Nearly blew us out the back wall, I tell you."

"It's still weird to me that he can hit those higher notes," Alexa mused, watching dad and clapping. "He's a baritone when he talks, he's a heldentenor when he sings."

"He does an amazing 'Old Man River' too," mom mentioned, looking around. "This place hasn't changed all that much in the past few decades since we met."

"You'll have to tell me about it some time." Alexa stated, nodding to mom. "I'd love to know how you and Gigantor met."

Dad finally returned and within minutes, a song Alexa had called for was up. Everyone watched at the gorgeous blonde got on stage, sitting in front of the microphone and nodding, closing her eyes as she sang an Edith Piaf anthem.

"Non, rien de rien, non, je ne regrette rienNi le bien qu`on m`a fait, ni le malTout ça m`est bien égalNon, rien de rien, non, je ne regrette rienC`est paye, balaye, oublie, je me fous do passe

Avec mes souvenirs j`ai allume le feuMes chagrins, mes plaisirs,Je n`ai plus besoin d`euxBalaye les amours avec leurs trémolosBalaye pour toujoursJe réparas a zéro

Non, rien de rien, non, je ne regrette rienNi le bien qu`on m`a fait, ni le malTout ça m`est bien égalNon, rien de rien, non, je ne regrette rienCar ma vie, car me joiesAujourd'hui ça commence avec toi!"

I was spellbound watching her, but I glanced over subtly and could see tears in Freja's eyes. It's perfectly true, everyone who understood those soulful words would assume it was about the Danish girl, but I couldn't help but believe that they were truly meant for me.

When all was said and done, she regretted nothing.

It was so hard to keep the tears out of my eyes.

***

"Well, I'm sure those three are in for a raucous and debauched night," mom mused as we sat around the kitchen island, drinking Turkish coffee. It was late, but we all needed caffeine to sober up and none of us were ready for bed in any event. "This day has just been a whirlwind."

"No argument there," I sighed, shaking my head. "This whole Jeanie-Freja thing still has me knocked for a loop. How you two figured it out is beyond me. Even Alexa hadn't been expecting it."

"You just develop a sense for people when you get older, Alex," dad said, filling mom's cup again. "You'll develop that intuition soon enough."

"Yup, a true romance for the ages, that one..." mom said, smirking.

"You don't think they'll make it?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm pretty sure they will," she replied, considering. "Freja may be promiscuous, but deep down she's got a

loving and monogamous heart, Alex. It's amazing she was ever able to let go of Alexa. And Jeanie, well... she seems all fun and games, but that is a very lonely girl. And I think she was truly afraid of being alone her whole life, drifting from marriage to marriage, searching for that one person who would see the worth in her beyond her sexual prowess and her family's money."

"Then it's a good thing they found one another," I said. "Put it in those terms and they're pretty perfect for one another."

Mom nodded. "They'll still be promiscuous together, but their hearts will belong to one another, and that is exactly what they both crave. Alexa knows she's young and beautiful, she knows there's time to find the right person. Freja and Jeanie both have drawbacks that count against them and need to be overlooked. Alexa doesn't. "

"If you say so." I agreed in a neutral tone.

"Oh, c'mon now," mom chided. "Alex, even you have to be able to put aside the fact that she's your aunt to see exactly what's going on there- she's absolutely stunning to look at,

she's every bit as smart as we are, and she's got a passion for life that very few people can match. Not to get all Mary Poppins, but she's practically perfect in every way."

"She'll make a great find for someone, no doubt." I allowed. "Sorry, if I'm not objective about it."

Mom patted my hand. "No worries, you get along very well with her, and that's all I can ask for."

We talked for another hour or so, with me promising that we would start going to karaoke at least once a month, since mom and dad had rediscovered how much they enjoyed it. Eventually I said I was calling it a night and heading to bed. Mom gave me a hug and a kiss while dad ruffled my hair and sent me off. Apparently they had more Slovenian Pee Fairy documentaries to watch. I shook my head in despair, mumbling a disdain I did not actually feel, of course.

Downstairs and on my bed, I casually opened my laptop and initiated a Skype call. A few seconds later, Alexa appeared, totally naked and smiling at me lovingly. "Hello, my love."

"Well, hello, beautiful," I said in my best imitation of Ozzy. "I more than half-expected to not get a response, I thought you might be occupied."

"Was until recently," she sighed, picking up the laptop and panning it over toward the bed, where Freja and Jeanie were both passed out in a sweaty tangle. "It's been quite the evening."

"I've no doubt," I chuckled. "Highlights?"

"Well, I thought I was going to have to surgically remove Freja's right arm just below the elbow when she got it stuck in Jeanie's ass," she began, shaking her head as she remembered the incident. "Then Freja tried to drown Jeanie again when she squirted into her open mouth and it went down the wrong pipe. I'll be amazed if these two survive up until their wedding next week."

"Oh, they picked a date, did they?" I noted.

Alexa nodded. "Just a quick civil court thing, one that'll allow Freja to stay. Jeanie can support her, so there's no worries there, and her marks back at the uni in Copenhagen were surprisingly good, so getting her admitted here shouldn't be an issue."

"A quick civil ceremony sounds ideal." I agreed.

"They were initially whining about finding a beautiful spot like our glade that had emotional significance," she added. "Neither of them were amused when I suggested the gym equipment room we all fucked in."

"Can't imagine why," I laughed. "Do we think Jeanie's parents will approve?" I asked.

My aunt shrugged. "We Skype-called them."

"And?"

She took a deep breath. "It probably would have gone better if the two of them had remembered to put some clothes on before they made the call."

I started chuckling and Alexa waited politely until I managed to control myself. "Hey, at least it was a waists-up conversation, with only their tits visible," she added, trying to emphasize the positive. "Given that Freja still had her end of a massive purple double-dildo shoved inside her."

"The mind doth boggle," I sighed cheerfully. "In spite of that, the conversation somehow managed to go well?"

She nodded again. "Once they accepted the fact that their daughter found someone as depraved as her, they began asking questions and are perfectly happy with Freja's university choices and aspirations. They approved the marriage and I thought Jeanie was gonna faint on the spot. The call ended when she tackled Freja in excitement to kiss her and knocked the laptop off the bed."

"Sounds familiar." I laughed. "You managed to steer clear of the minefield?"

"Oh, yes," she said seriously. "No way I was jumping into that potential dumpster fire, unless they completely blew it and needed an intermediary. Then I probably would have called your dad to just scare Jeanie's parents into saying yes."

"Helluva night." I concluded.

"That wasn't the end of it," she sighed wearily. "Then we went online to look at rings, since they apparently didn't make it to People's Jewellers earlier, so that took the best part of an hour."

"But..."

"But even while we were surfing, they couldn't keep their hands off each other, or me, and we ended up in another sweaty Sapphic tangle. We spent half an hour trying to pussy-fuck one another all at the same time, with no success, so we just made one another cum until they passed

out and I was the only one left conscious. I just got out of the shower a few minutes before you called."

"I'm a little annoyed that they just started looking for wedding rings like that while you were around," I muttered. "Wasn't very sensitive."

She smiled lightly and shrugged. "It's okay, Alex, Freja's my friend and needs me. It's not in any way, shape, or form her fault, or Jeanie's, that you and I are in the quandary we're in."

"True," I admitted. "Besides, have they got sweet wedding rings like these?" I asked slyly, holding up my hand to show her the Ring-Pop base I wore on my ring finger.

She giggled and held up her own hand, showing that she was wearing hers. "They'll never find anything as epic as these, you're right."

She then looked at the floor for a moment and then back at me. "You're... you're not mad at me about that song I sang tonight, are you?"

I shook my head. "I know everyone will assume it's meant for Freja, but I was pretty damned certain it was directed at me, even if you were looking almost exclusively at her."

"I couldn't look at you while I sang it," she said sadly. "First, because Karen and Mike couldn't know, but also it would have just hurt too much. I might have started crying. Hell, I almost did anyway."

"I know," I said heavily. "I saw. And it was a sad song, but I loved that you did it, Alexa. Because you're right. No regrets. Even if we can't be together, our time with one another will always be the high-point of my life."

She smiled at me and there were crystalline tears in her eyes.

Chapter 14- Well, That's Not Good...

Yet another wedding. And once again, not Alexa's and mine. Okay, granted, we live in a country where avunculate marriage is illegal, but after a while, going to other people's weddings can be frustrating, even if they're people you care about very much.

Freja was marrying Jeanie and it had turned into quite the whirlwind of activity. Jeanie was rushing around, not accomplishing much, but to her credit still finding plenty of time for spontaneous sex and orgies. Alexa usually got sucked into the vortex of depravity, and they included me when they could, but they had to be a little more careful about that for obvious reasons. Mom and dad expected my aunt to be apart of that maenadic frenzy, they couldn't know about my involvement.

A lot of times, I was chauffeuring Alexa to the hotel where Freja was staying while I supposedly headed out to the university to continue with our summer internship for the

Languages department. When I did make it to the university, I worked like a madman, to make up for the time I was spending with Alexa, Jeanie and Freja. No one seemed to have caught on, thankfully.

This afternoon I'd been playing hooky from my duties and found myself in a sweaty, slippery tangle of female flesh as we all churned, writhed and moaned on the hotel bed. Freja was lying on her back with her legs spread wide while I knelt between them, pumping my cock in and out of her strongly. She was moaning loudly into Alexa's pussy, who was grinding on her friend's face while kissing Jeanie greedily. Jeanie's body was suspended over Freja's, her arms wrapped around Alexa's shoulders while I held her by her hips, supporting her weight and lapped at her gooey slit.

Alexa's and Jeanie's tongues tangled and they moaned into one another's mouths. Alexa and I were more than strong enough to support Jeanie comfortably in what would otherwise be an awkward position. Freja was the slenderest of the three girls, while Jeanie was in the middle and Alexa was the tallest and most athletic. This isn't to say she was big, of course, because my aunt couldn't even be called

husky, but she had the largest tits and her body was exquisitely toned all over.

Jeanie shuddered and wailed into Alexa's mouth, cumming on my tongue. This seemed to set off Freja, who squirmed on my cock and clenched it fiercely, bathing my hips in her essence. Seconds later, Freja's tongue sent Alexa into orbit, her face glistening with my aunt's cum. Now that all the women had climaxed, I surrendered to the overwhelming urge to orgasm, pumping my creamy offering into Freja's wanton pussy.

Heaving and panting, we all basked in the afterglow of our shared climax. We gently set Jeanie down onto Freja and they wrapped their arms around one another and began kissing and cuddling. I laid Alexa on her back and sank my cock deep inside her, both of us sighing in pleasure and relief. I felt truly contented and at home now. We kissed lovingly and she wrapped her legs around me to keep me deep inside her.

As couples in love, we laid side-by-side, enjoying our moments of bliss. Jeanie and Freja were pressed into us, but

we didn't mind. After making out for several minutes, Freja sighed. "It is a pity we must relinquish Alex to the university, because I could really stand to be fucked some more."

"Sorry, darling, you'll just have to make due with Jeanie and I using strap-on's on you while he's gone," Alexa said soothingly, reaching over and caressing her best friend's cheek. "How ever will you survive without cock?"

Jeanie giggled. "I kinda like doing the ol' bump'n'grind when there's no guy around. It's something only we girls can do, sorta like a secret club thing."

"True, I do love to scissor," Alexa agreed. "But it's a two-girls-only sport and that means one of us is always only watching, or at best getting eaten out."

"Huh?" I asked somewhat obtusely.

"Well, I wouldn't expect a guy to understand, since you can't do it or even simulate it," Alexa replied. "But it just occurs

to me that there's three of us and tribbing only has room for two. There's no way for us all to get in on the action."

I frowned. "Bull."

My aunt raised an eyebrow at me. "Alex, it's been that way for thousands of years, trust me."

I knelt up now, my cock still inside her, but thinking. Alexa almost frowned at me, taking exception to interrupting our tender moment to disagree about the logistics of tribadism.

"Alex, we've thought about this before."

"Well, yes, but thinking is for the gloopy ones," I replied, channeling my inner Anthony Burgess. "While the oomny use, like, inspiration, and what Bog sends."

Freja gave Alexa a sour look. "Is he using A Clockwork Orange against us?"

"Well, his name is Alex..." my aunt sighed.

"Ooh, I've seen that movie," Jeanie said, trying to contribute. "I cosplayed as the main guy one year. I think I fucked a girl as him, too. Didn't kick her in the stomach, though. Drank a lot, felt like barfing."

"Jeanie, darling, hush," Alexa said gently, touching her fingers to her friend's lips. "Continue, Brainiac."

To my regret, I pulled out of my aunt and studied the three of them, as well as the bed. Alexa propped herself up on her elbows, clearly considering this a waste of good cuddling and fucking time. However, she allowed me to ruminate, so props to her. Jeanie was absently humming 'Singing In The Rain' to herself.

I began pointing. "Freja, lie on your side in the middle of the bed." The Danish girl complied and then I motioned to her fiancée. "Jeanie, do the same and press yourself into her as hard as you can."

Jeanie scuttled down, lying on her side and pressing herself as hard as she could into Freja, their breasts and pussies squashing together.

"Now can you two girl-fuck one another like that?" I asked.

In response, they looked into one another's eyes while Jeanie slung a leg over Freja's waist and began squirming and grinding their hips, their wet slits mushing together. They both nodded in the affirmative.

I looked at my aunt. "Alexa, since you're the tallest and have the longest legs, just kneel between them and push in, holding on to their upper legs if need be. Go on, try it."

Alexa made a wry face, but did as I asked. While Freja and Jeanie kept their pussies squished together, she told hold of their legs as she knelt over them. Her longer limbs allowed her to scissor herself in, her wet womanhood pressing into theirs. The shuddered as she began to squirm in rhythm with them.

"Fuck," she grunted, her eyes squeezed shut. "You motherfucker, you were right! This can work if you try!"

"Maybe, but I wanna try something else," I replied, smiling evilly. "Freja, Jeanie, lie in opposite directions from one another on your backs, but keep girl-fucking."

The two of them pulled away from one another while Alexa disengaged and watched. They laid on their backs and scissored their legs past one another until their pussies squashed again. Holding one another's wrists, they began squirming, moaning in pleasure and clearly enjoying the experiment, whether it failed or not.

"Can you arrange yourself on top of them and sorta nestle in there?" I asked. Alexa snaked herself over the other two and pressed down onto them, her pussy squirming into theirs. Her long legs allowed her to steady herself while writhing. She closed her eyes and sighed.

"Gnnnn, you bastard," she sighed. "I oughta be so mad at you about this. You proved three-way fucking for girls exists."

"I know," I said, pleased with myself. "Before my dad did, possibly. It's like finding the theory for infinite energy. An engine powered by a lesbian flywheel."

"Klamt," moaned Freja, shivering as their three pussies mingled against all odds. "Is he always this insufferable?"

"Only when he's right," Alexa panted, leaning down and reaching for their breasts, which she groped eagerly while fucking them. "Guess he takes after my sister that way."

"I got one more," I said, beckoning to them. "C'mon over to the chesterfield."

The three girls disentangled themselves and followed me to the indicated furniture. I then took Alexa by the hand and began positioning her. She allowed me to do whatever the Hell I was doing, because she trusted me implicitly, no matter how crazy it seemed. I made her lie on her shoulders and upper back at the foot of the chesterfield, resting against it with her legs in the air. I then pulled her legs apart

gently until she was almost doing a perfect split upside down.

"Freja, Jeanie, stand over her and you can grind against her and each other now." I said to them, pointing at my aunt's splayed legs and available privates. They both eagerly clambered over her, one of their feet near her head while the other leg knelt on the cushions above. The two now pressed their pussies down onto hers and into one another's. It worked because Alexa's hips were the widest and she was the most flexible. Freja and Jeanie grappled onto one another and began kissing hungrily while squirming their slits together and down onto Alexa's. All three moaned in pleasure. My aunt sighed and fondled her breasts while the two above fucked shamelessly.

I just watched smugly, using my phone to get some up-close and personal recordings of the action, especially when all three of them strained and groaned loudly, cumming on one another before Freja and Jeanie collapsed on the chesterfield, exhausted. They pulled Alexa up to join them in the slick, warm tangle of female flesh and cuddled into her. I nodded in satisfaction and stopped recording.

"Well, my work here is done," I said simply, but my tone of voice had the quality of a grand bow. "I suppose I should get dressed and head off now, gotta keep up appearances at the university, after all."

"Yeah, that's right, you'd better run..." Alexa murmured rather feebly, flopping a hand in my direction. Y'know what's good for you... smug bastard."

"Thanks, by the way!" Jeanie called out as I gathered up my clothes and headed into the bathroom to change.

"Jeanie, no!" Alexa hissed. "If you compliment him, then he's won! Never let the male think they've won!"

"Oh, shit, I've been doing it wrong my whole life, then." I heard the air-headed brunette say in distress.

***

Several weeks had passed since my dad had been stabbed and he was working out again regularly, with mom watching carefully to make sure he didn't overdo it. I made the mistake of pointing out that he would probably only overdo if it he was trying to impress her, so her presence might be counter-productive.

The look she gave me made it abundantly clear that she wasn't too old to have more children. If she killed me, she'd just make another, and tell them what an idiot the last kid was. I stopped talking.

So, there we were, in the campus gym, watching my dad use the curl bar to help peak his already ridiculously peaked biceps. Mom was sitting nearby, drinking water and reading a treatise on dark matter. Dad invited me to work out alongside him, but I wasn't feeling it at the moment, having done some exercise that morning, and just spotted for him instead.

Alexa showed up after a while and my mom got up and hugged her before bringing her to sit.

"Where are Flopsy and Mopsy?" mom asked.

Alexa smirked. "I'm sure they'll be here soon, I told them Mike was working out and Freja hasn't really seen your husband's shredded bod yet. They can't be far off."

"Which one's Flopsy and which one's Mospy?" I asked my mother.

She shrugged. "Well, which one is likely to end up on her back first? That'd be Flopsy. The one you'd use to sponge up all the fluids after would be Mospy."

Alexa shivered and made a grossed-out face. "There's some imagery I didn't need. Even worse, I still can't decide which is which."

We all laughed, including dad from his place nearby. Alexa gave him a wry look as she observed the amount he was curling. "I'm pretty sure that's more than Jeanie and Freja weigh combined, bro. You're scary."

"You think I convinced them to give me the department head post in Astrophysics when I retire with my intellect alone?" he replied cheerfully, doing his eight-zillionth rep.

"Probably," Alexa said. "I'm just surprised you didn't pull a Milton Berle and flop your johnson out on the table to intimidate them all."

"Oh, you didn't actually do that, did you?" mom asked in distaste, giving him a wry look.

"Not without you being there," dad answered. "Can you imagine how that would've gone?"

Can we please stop talking about my dad's weenie?" I pleaded. "First it's my aunt's jugs wiggling in my face, then mom's nude in my hotel room, guilty of streaking, and now dad owes his senior position in the university hierarchy to the size of his shmoo? Why can't this be made up?"

They were all laughing at me when Flopsy and Mopsy arrived. Jeanie was giving mom and Alexa squishy hugs (the

only kind she knew) while Freja had simply walked up to dad and was staring at his muscles in fascination.

"You're too big," she muttered, poking his abdomen. Dad had been exercising without a shirt, so his muscles were quite visible beneath his gleaming skin. "What would have been so wrong with being a normal size?"

"More me means less biomass available to cultures who inflict Aqua on the species," he answered, smirking. "Consider it a world-wide service, hopefully worthy of a Nobel Prize."

"Here we go..." mom muttered under her breath.

"Don't make me come up there." Freja said in what she hoped was a dire tone.

"Or what?" dad asked carelessly, continuing to work with his curl bar.

"I'll teach you," she shot back. "I have taken ju-jutsu, I will have you know."

"Huh," he grunted with mild disinterest. "What school?"

"Gracie."

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said, his voice oozing sympathy. "How many participation trophies did you get at local martial arts tournaments?"

"The bigger they are, the harder they fall!" Freja said hotly, her body stiffening. Her little fists were bunched up at her sides. "Would you care for a demonstration, Grendl?"

Dad considered for a moment and shrugged. "Why not," he said finally, putting down the curl bar. "I've got a few minutes before I start my next set."

He gestured toward the area where the wrestling mats were set up, allowing Freja to stride purposefully toward them,

leading the way. I looked at mom warily and she shrugged and stood up, putting down the treatise.

"You can always find a new bestie, right, Alli?" mom asked her sister.

"I dunno," Alexa replied. "Freja's pretty good, she actually got her Second-Dan black belt in ju-jutsu."

"Uh-huh," mom said somewhat disinterestedly, leading us over to the mat. "Alex, you know where the squeegee mops are in the supply cabinet, right?"

"Yup." I said grimly.

We stood at the edge of the mats while Freja stared up at my dad in the middle of them. The height disparity between them was nothing short of amusing, since she barely reached dad's sternum. To her credit, she didn't budge as he towered over her.

"So, how do you want to do this?" dad asked, looking down at her.

"It's your funeral, why don't you choose?" she said in a challenging tone.

Dad shrugged and laid down on his back. "How about this? At least you can reach me from here."

Freja cheeks coloured quickly and she bolted in and grappled onto one of dad's arms, locking it up and wrapping her legs around it, like she was going to wrench it out of the socket. Dad just waited patiently. Freja grunted and strained with the effort. Almost a minute passed and nothing seemed to be happening.

"How's it going over there, Reepicheep?" Alexa called to her friend.

"Gnnnnn, he... will submit..." Freja growled.

"He will?" dad asked, looking up over his shoulder, pretty much directly at Freja's booty shorts-encased butt. "Why is he always the last to know?"

"I... am... your... God!" she gasped as she strained, pulling for all she was worth.

And then dad lifted his arm- not quite ninety degrees, but right off the mat, with Freja still grappled onto it. She squeaked in surprise as she realized she was no longer in contact with the floor.

Then he dropped his arm. Not hard, he just let gravity do the work for him. Master of physics and all that.

THUMMMMP!

Jeanie and Alexa both winced while mom watched impassively. Now back on the mat, Freja didn't move at all for several seconds. She just stared at the ceiling blankly, her limbs still locked around dad's arm. Then her arms and

legs slowly uncurled and she lay very still, gazing off into space. Dad stood up and walked away.

"Puny god..." he rumbled, heading back to his curl bar.

We all stared at Freja for several seconds before Jeanie went over and knelt down next to her, concern playing over her features.

"She's not dead, is she?" the brunette asked. "Because getting another fiancée on such short notice would be a real pain in the ass."

"Seriously, girl, what were you thinking?" mom inquired as she went and knelt next to Jeanie and helped the Danish girl sit up. "I didn't know being uppity was a national trait for you people."

"It's not," Alexa sighed. "It just is for her. I'll be honest, though, I thought she'd last a little longer than that."

"Oh, now you're just being dumb, Alli," mom chided. "You remember the fight in the bar. He's at least as good at breaking things as he is at weird physics."

"My cunt can attest to that." Jeanie said, earning her a look and a swat from my mother.

"Why didn't you warn me?" Freja groused as she let my mom and Jeanie help her stand.

"Why bother?" Alexa replied, shrugging. "Not like you would've listened. Having him shatter every bone in your body is as close as you'll ever get to having sex with him, so you just went for it. How the Hell could anyone stop that?"

"Fine, fine," Freja grumbled. "You got me. Worth it, though."

"I'll never understand women." I muttered, making the four of them giggle.

***

Two days before the wedding, Freja's family arrived at the airport. Alexa had explained to me about who everyone would be and any details I should readily know. The first thing that made my head spin was the sheer number of them who were showing up. It was beginning to sound like half of Denmark was going to be at the wedding.

Freja's parents, three grandparents, a younger sister and brother, six cousins, three aunts, two uncles, two step-cousins, twelve cousins-once-removed or something... there were well over thirty people arriving, and chaos ensued.

There were endless cries and screams of delight when everyone saw Freja and equally as much noise when they saw Alexa, who was apparently one of the family. Freja's parents hugged her tight and there were tears shed.

"I swear, Alexandra," said Freja's mother in heavily-accented English. "I thought for years it would be you that she married. Your mother never agreed, but she knew how close you were. I guess Miranda was right."

"It's okay, Anna," Alexa said, with tears in her eyes. "You know I love Freja, but Jeanie is going to make her very happy, I promise you."

"And now let us meet your family." Anna announced.

Introductions were made, and it was sort of surreal, to be honest- everyone was clamouring to know Alexa's older sister, whom they had never met, even though they knew my grandmother, Miranda. Add to this the complication of mom's maiden surname being Gordon and Alexa's being Blackwell and you had a recipe for confusion.

And then everyone gawked at my dad, who was, once again, far taller than everyone. One little girl about age three hid behind a cousin and cried, at least until dad gave her a treat; then he was her boyfriend and couldn't get rid of her. She rode around on his shoulders, lording it over everyone else.

Several members of Freja's family expressed an interest in Alexa as a mate, now that she was back on the market, and

when she made it abundantly clear that she was not available, many of the women began inquiring about me.

"You should consider it, Alex," Freja teased. "Danish families can be fun!"

The mingling was likely to continue, but we were taking up a great deal of the room inside the terminal, so mom announced that we should head out to meet Jeanie's family. Vehicles had been rented, hotel rooms reserved, and they followed us out. Dad and I led the way, since mom, Alexa and Freja were the center of attention.

"That was strange." I mused as I walked with him at the head of the pack.

"Get used to it where Gordons and Blackwells are concerned, boyo," he said cheerfully. "They attract a weird crowd."

"So, all of Denmark is weird, then?" I posited.

"Aqua."

"Right, right," I muttered. "They sure like mom and Alexa."

"They're happy to see Alli again, rightfully, and your mom represents a missing piece of a puzzle for them. Your aunt told us one night exactly how close they were to Freja's family when they lived in Denmark. I guess we'll be treating them like an extension of our clan now."

"D'you think they'll like Jeanie?" I asked.

"She's a likeable girl, Alex," dad replied. "Good-hearted and well-meaning like few people are. To be honest, it was kind of a curse for her to be born wealthy, because she can't just be a normal girl. It's gotten in the way of her happiness. Yes, she's dumber than a bag of hammers, but Freja doesn't care. I don't think Freja really cares about the money, either."

"So you think they're a good match."

He considered. "I think they'll beat the odds, yes. And I'm happy for them. They're luckier in that sense that you'll be."

I tilted my head as I looked at him.

"Something I realized a long time ago, when I fell in love with your mother," he explained. "And the same will apply to you. If you ever take any piece of advice I ever give you concerning marriage, Alex, it's this- marry someone who is your intellectual equal."

"Like you and mom."

He nodded. "Your mother is every bit my equal, no question, she's just not as overtly bombastic. I may have hoped to marry her, but she decided to marry me. And it was the best thing that ever happened to me. Except possibly you, of course."

"That's me, everyone's favourite afterthought." I laughed.

***

I'll give her credit, Jeanie was a big hit with the Kjaer clan. She was genial and courteous, even if it was obvious that she didn't have a lot going on upstairs. She was constantly getting names wrong or mixed up, but no one was offended and the laughter wasn't derisive. It was good to see her getting along with people who weren't after her for sex or money.

Her parents, who I was now meeting for the first time as well, were stand-offish initially. The Kjaers seemed to not notice the derisive tone Jeanie's parents were taking with them, almost as if their disdain for peasants could be barely be contained.

But then mom took them aside. They weren't gone more than ten minutes, and when they returned, their attitudes had changed entirely. They were every bit as genial and welcoming and pleasant as their daughter, almost feverishly so.

"Okay, how the Hell did you manage that?" Alexa asked as we stood nearby with my mom and dad, watching the new dynamic.

"Simple," mom said somewhat sternly. "I spoke in the language they understand, money. I let them know that you and I were Blackwells, a family that could buy theirs about ten times over, and that if they didn't start treating Freja's family with respect, we would buy them. And I'd adopt their daughter and make sure she couldn't even remember their names two weeks from now."

Alexa giggled. "Nice bluff, seeing as how you and I aren't heirs to the Gordon or Blackwell fortunes."

"No, but we could be if we wanted to be," mom pointed out. "Don't forget, darling, at the end of the day, you and I are the crowning achievements of both those families. What we say would be law, if we chose to assert ourselves, just like mom could have."

"Never really considered it, because I've never really dealt with them." Alexa admitted. "I guess you guys are getting to

know my Kjaer family and I've got to learn about the Blackwells and Gordons. And the De Bournes, of course."

"Of course." dad said, nodding.

"I don't need to become a business magnate or anything now, do I?" Alexa asked, making a wry face. "I mean, I like drinking whiskey and I like using software, but I don't want to focus on them."

"No, it won't come to that," mom said dismissively. "You're perfect the way you are."

We'd actually nabbed some facilities at the university for this big get-together, courtesy of mom and dad, so that Jeanie's parents didn't feel put-upon for having to rent a hall. The university had even agreed to let the reception be held on the grounds, while the wedding would be held in the nearby botanical gardens. Dad arranged all of this, as long as everyone promised no Aqua would be played at any point during the reception. You take victories where you can get them, I guess.

Catered food arrived, much to my surprise, but when it turned out that Jeanie's parents had ordered it on the fly and I remembered mom's threat, it all made sense to me. Dad and I corralled the Kjaer men into helping us set up tables and chairs for everyone, which they did readily. I kept working steadily while dad had to stop on a regular basis to hear stories about Danish men of impressive size and strength. Pretty sure I got the better end of the deal.

Mom, dad, Alexa and I mostly sat and watched while Jeanie's family and Freja's began getting to know one another and make arrangements. The Kjaers promised they weren't moving here en masse, while Jeanie promised to continue her education, in whatever field would have her. Mom and dad, as the power brokers for this whole thing, simply made sure that everything kept on track. A Lutheran minister was found to do the ceremony through the university's faculty of religious studies.

"I can't decide if this is gonna be a big thing or a small thing." I mused as I watched the proceedings. "Yeah, there's thirty

weird Danish people here, but only Jeanie and her parents on the other side."

"Jeanie's whole family will be there," mom said, nodding. "And I've invited the Blackwells and Gordons, at least the ones nearby. It's a great way for them to meet Alexa, but more to the point, it'll really make this a dream-come-true wedding for Jeanie."

"You really have a soft spot for her, don't you?" Alexa said, putting her hand on mom's forearm and giving it a squeeze. Her eyes were shining.

"It's hard not to," mom replied. "She's a sweet girl, genuinely nice and well-meaning. She spent most of her life terrified that she'd be alone, emotionally if not physically, that people would only ever want her for money or sex. Making sure this happens for her is the least you can do for someone who's so nice."

"As long as you don't have to talk to her," Alexa giggled, looking at my dad. "What was it you said once about conversing with her?"

Dad shrugged. "Talking to Jeanie is like masturbating with a cheese grater- slightly amusing, but mostly just painful."

"The things that come out of your mouth, mister..." mom sighed, shaking her head.

"Freja's rather smart, so this should be interesting," Alexa added. "But you can't choose where the heart leads you."

"No argument there." mom muttered.

"I'm glad Jeanie said she'll continue her education," I said, diverting the conversation. "But do we even have graduate programs to become a paperweight or a speedbump?"

Their laughter was drowned out by the general merriment of the festivities around us.

***

Jeanie's parents had gone home for the night, leaving their daughter in our care. We ended up at the hotel room of Freja's parents, which just happened to be in the same one their daughter was staying at. Freja told them quite bluntly she had no intention of being quiet at night just because her parents were nearby, to which her dad replied that some things never changed.

People seemed to have divided up into little groups to talk at this point- dad, mom and Freja were sitting with her parents, mostly getting to know one another. Mom's eyes were often glistening with tears as she listened to them talk about Miranda, my grandmother, and how much she and Alexa meant to them.

Alexa had been stolen by the young children, who had apparently missed her horribly. Alexa, inhumanly flexible creature that she is, had her feet hooked behind and over her shoulders, and was walking around the room on her hands, making growling noises as she chased them. The kids were squealing in delight and they stampeded around, ignored by everyone else. That left me sitting in a corner with Jeanie, occupying two comfy chairs.

"D'you really think it's gonna be okay?" she asked in a quiet voice as she watched. "I mean... I'm getting married. I'm scared, Alex."

"I would be worried if you weren't," I said easily, looking at her. "It's only natural to be scared, Jeanie. But I'll be honest, you got really lucky. I don't mean that you're lucky because you're marrying up, what I mean is that you're lucky someone like Freja literally just dropped into your life. And she's lucky too."

"I guess," she murmured, looking at everyone. "I could've fallen in love with Alexa, because, well, who wouldn't, right? And Freja wrestled with her feelings over Alexa for years, knowing that they couldn't ever truly be together. She may've wanted it, but she knew she wasn't the right person for Alexa."

"They're best friends, no doubt, but that doesn't mean they're in love," I agreed. "I'll tell you what my mom and dad said about you and Freja, and I'll be honest- true love comes around probably only once, if you're lucky. Maybe

Freja's smarter than you, Jeanie, but she also doesn't care. You've got a whole world of love to offer her, so don't squander it. I'm pretty sure Alexa will tell her them same thing."

"Sorta seems unfair, Fre and me getting married just like that, while you and Alexa can't even be found out," she said, a note of regret in your voice. "You're a perfect couple, just like the profs. I wish I knew how to help you, but there I days I don't even get your name right. I only remember Alexa's because she spelled it out in my cunt about two hundred times with her tongue."

"I don't need you to remember my name that badly," I chuckled. "But for what it's worth, we're all in your corner, and we're all very happy for you."

"Thanks," she said, smiling at me warmly. "That means more to me than you'll ever know."

She went back to looking at the proceedings around the room. I couldn't tell if she was actually paying attention or had just spaced out. Probably two minutes had passed

before she blinked and looked back at me. "This may be a strange question, but, um... after Fre and I tie the knot, d'you think that... y'know, you, Alexa and us can still, well, have fun?"

I ignored her grammar and nodded. "You are absolutely welcome to with Alexa if she's okay with it."

"What about you?"

"If Alexa's involved, then yes," I said. "I would be happy to, you girls are the best sex I've ever had."

"That makes me happy," she said, beaming. "Life's changing so much, I don't want all the little joys in life to suddenly go away."

"I somehow doubt that marrying Freja means spontaneous sex is no longer an option for you." I pointed out.

"Oh, I know that," Jeanie agreed. "We've talked about a committed marriage that is still open, we decided that we'll simply share anyone we're going to fuck."

"Sounds perfect for you both." I said, grinning. "I'm happy to be a part of it."

"Well, you're kinda the go-to dick now, with your dad out of the picture," she admitted, making my skin almost crawl. "Not that I'm complaining, you're really good at what you do."

"Just don't let it get around," I said somewhat uneasily, with my mom and dad sitting not too far away, even though they were deeply engaged in conversation. "They know you two fuck Alexa, trying to explain how I fit in would ruin everything."

"Oh, that's true," she said, as if that hadn't been apparent already. "My lips are sealed. You sure the secret's safe with Fre's family? She said they know."

"I sure hope it is..." I sighed, watching my aunt waddle around the room on her hands, chasing the children.

***

We'd returned home. It had been a long day, so my parents had gone up to bed, with Alexa yawning and doing the same. She waited until after my parents had drifted off and then came down to the basement to see me. She melted into my arms and we kissed deeply, moaning in relief at finally being together. Our naked bodies pressed and she caressed me lovingly as I ran my fingers through her hair.

"I've wanted you all day," she whispered through the kiss. "All day, I've been wet for you, Alex. Desperate for you. Even while I was having fun with Freja's family, who I've missed so damn much, there was always this deep yearning to just be with you, to have you inside me, to make love to you."

I rolled her onto her back and undulated my hips against her. She squirmed her gooey pussy against me until my cock was throbbing and hard, at which point I slid it deep

inside her. She sighed in pleasure, her eyes shining with love as she looked up into my face.

"And welcome to my happy place," she cooed, her hands caressing up and down my back now as she pumped against me slowly. "I love you so much, Alex."

"I love you too," I whispered, meaning it with all my heart and soul. "I've been wanting you all day as well."

We stopped talking and continued to make love, words becoming unnecessary. She held me close as I slid my cock back and forth inside her and we kissed deeply and lovingly. She squeezed her pussy around me, making me shudder in pleasure. We kept the lovemaking slow and sensual, not at all eager to cum any time soon, but simply to be lost in one another. These moments between us were far too few, and we were desperately in love.

She sighed loudly, crushing herself against me as she came, her womanhood clenching and fluttering around me. I made her cum two more times before she smirked at me and poked my nose.

"You take such good care of me," she purred. "How about you take good care of my ass now?"

I nodded and pulled out of her. She felt no need to switch positions and simply tilted her hips up, exposing her puckered knot to me. Still slippery with her cum, my cockhead pressed against the little ring and popped through, making us both shiver. She moaned softly as I pushed myself deep inside her, finally bottoming out and holding myself there.

"Mmmmmmmm," she sighed, her eyes closed while she reveled in the feel of me. "I'll never get tired of this..."

I rocked back and forth on top of her, rolling her hips slightly while she churned and squeezed me with her ass. Her arms were hooked around my neck and she clamped her legs around my waist, pulling me in even deeper. We kissed feverishly, one of my arms propping me over her while the other squeezed and groped her breasts. The feel of her incredible body beneath me, the unreal delight of making lover to her... how could I ever give this up?

Why must I?

Alexa was panting beneath me and bucking her hips rhythmically, flexing her ass around my throbbing tool. She pressed her forehead to mine, gripping me tight. My thrusts were strong and steady, bringing us both closer to the bliss we now sought- a mutual ecstasy that we could not do without.

"Yes, Alex..." she whispered, her fingers caressing my neck. "Cum in me, my beautiful husband. Cum in your loving wife..."

Her words sent my heart soaring and I pushed down deeper inside her, making her gasp. She pressed her mouth to mine and kissed me feverishly, using her legs around my waist to pull her hips off the bed and crush herself to me, straining. I pushed down into her with all my might, my body shaking with effort before the dam burst- we moaned into one another's mouths as we came together, my pearly essence flooding deep inside her ass. We writhed, bucked and churned together, lost in rapture. The tingling fire of

orgasm blossomed through me, touching ever fibre of my being.

She collapsed onto the bed and I went with her, both of us panting in exquisite exhaustion. I could feel my cock throbbing inside her and the beat of her heart around me. My eyes were closed, the darkness punctuated with unreal scintillating colours and a deep bliss. I don't know how long we were holding one another, just that this moment never needed to end.

Alexa finally sighed in contentment and found her voice. "Love me?"

"I gots no other way to be." I replied, smiling and rubbing my nose against hers.

"Let me stay with you tonight, Alex," she whispered, caressing my face. "My door upstairs is closed, Mike and Karen will just assume I'm sleeping in after a long day. I already told Freja and Jeanie to let me contact them and not the other way around, so they won't message me. Your parents won't come down here, will they?"

I shook my head. "They never have. That one night my dad called down and turned on the lights was as close as it's ever gotten. They respect my privacy, especially since they know I sleep in the buff."

She giggled. "That's one of the principle reasons that I like to come and bother you in the mornings. May I stay with you tonight, then?"

"I'd love that more than anything," I said with complete honesty. "If you never left my side again, I'd be the happiest man to ever live."

She kissed me again and then allowed me to pull gently out of her ass. We took turns using the bathroom and then cuddled close, arms wrapped around one another. We kissed and whispered words of love before drifting off to sleep, both of us dreaming about a future we knew could never be.

***

I was yawning and scratching as I stumbled upstairs, clad in boxer shorts and a t-shirt with a Clan Wolf logo on it. The kitchen and dining room smelled of strong coffee, bacon, eggs and toast. Sure enough, dad was sitting at the table, reading a paper while mom was shovelling a few kilotons of eggs onto a large plate.

"Good morning, Cinderfella," dad said cheerfully, looking over at me. "Nice to see yesterday's insanity didn't wipe you out completely."

"I got off lucky," I said, shrugging. "All I really had to do was talk to Jeanie for a few, literally a no-brainer. At least I didn't spend two hours walking around on my hands with my knees latched beside my ears."

"Good Lord, that girl is unreal," mom muttered, pushing a few pigs' worth of bacon onto dad's plate. "She belongs in Cirque Du Soleil with that flexibility."

"I wonder if we could turn that into a sex position..." dad mused as he put down the paper and reached for the Tabasco sauce for his eggs.

"Dear!" mom exclaimed, shooting him a look while I scowled and clamped my hands over my ears. "It's too early to troll your son like that."

"If we don't talk to our son about circus freak sex, who will?" dad laughed, making mom roll her eyes and sit down, resigned to my mental corruption. "But Alex is right, I'm sure Alli is completely dragged out after all that activity. She's still sound asleep up there, her door is shut tight."

"Well, even if she weren't exhausted, she sleeps in the buff, so the closed-door thing is a courtesy," mom pointed out. "She must really be zonked, though. Even the coffee isn't waking her up, and this is her favourite roast."

"She messaged me last night before she crashed," I said as I poured a cup of coffee for myself. "Told me that she would get up eventually and that she told Fric and Frac to let her

sleep, that she'd call them. She gave me a heads-up in case they decided to bug me by proxy."

"Nice to know she's thorough before she goes comatose," dad mentioned, already halfway through his first plate of food. "Your mom and I will be somewhat busy today, we convinced some Hospitality students from the nearby tech college to coordinate the planning for the events."

"How'd you do that?" I asked.

Mom shrugged. "We know the profs at the college and they agreed to let this count as practicum for any students who volunteered. There's four of them working on it now. Brute labour'll be provided by the Kjaer men, your father and yourself."

"This is turning into quite the event." I said.

"Well, once we knew it was actually happening, we subtly began planning," mom explained. "We had no idea how involved Jeanie's parents would be, and the Kjaers were still

in Denmark. We had to be ready for a small ceremony or a big to-do, so we kept our options open. And it didn't cost us a penny, so win-win."

"But Alli'll need to get up at some point," dad mentioned. "We have a rehearsal dinner and all that. Which reminds me, would you be okay with standing in as part of the wedding party, if necessary?"

I shrugged. "For who? I mean, Alexa's probably gonna be the Maid of Honour for Freja, and there's plenty of women on the Kjaer side, not to mention men. How would I fit in?"

"Jeanie invited a few of her friends in addition to family," he replied. "One of whom is Heather, who you already know biblically. I imagine you'll be paired off with her for convenience."

"Beats getting stuck paired with my aunt again." I sighed.

"Oh, be nice, Groucho," mom chided. "You could do a lot worse than being matched off with Alli for a wedding party.

People get stuck with relatives all the time, they're just never as spectacular as she is."

"Spoken like a true big sister," I grimaced. "Look, whatever needs to happen, whatever part I need to play, that's fine. If there's an open bar, it's all good."

We ate and discussed the day's plans over coffee before dad announced his intentions of going for a swim. Mom followed him out, deciding they would be skinny-dipping together and leaving me to finish my breakfast. The sliding back door had barely closed before Alexa came padding quickly up the stairs from my room, dressed in the see-thru nightie she'd been wearing when she came down to see me, along with see-thru panties. She pulled me against the wall and we kissed and ground hungrily against one another for several seconds before we broke the lip-lock, panting heavily and staring into each other's eyes in barely-restrained lust. She then hurried upstairs and quietly closed her door. I sighed heavily and sat back down, trying to calm my raging hard-on.

Mom and dad came back in finally, wet of hair but thankfully wrapped in their plush robes. Mom made a wry face and looked up the stairs.

"That girl still not awake? Alex, go get her, will you?"

"Uh, no, she sleeps in the buff, remember?" I replied.

"Yes, the sheer trauma of seeing your gorgeous aunt naked," she said dryly, shaking her head. "What ever would you do? Fine, wait here, Pollyanna."

Mom went upstairs while dad and I drank coffee. We heard her knock and announce herself, then open the door to Alexa's room and head in. It was maybe five minutes before they came downstairs together, with Alexa wearing a long t-shirt and some panties beneath them. The t-shirt did very little to restrain her opulent breasts and I did my best to make a point of not looking, as my parents had come to expect.

"She's clothed, Lord Autumnbottom, it's okay to look up."

I sighed and greeted Alexa, resolutely making eye contact and looking nowhere else, to the amusement of my parents. Under other circumstances, I would find the amusement annoying, but it was better this way, for obvious reasons. The plans for the day were laid out again, and Alexa finally messaged Freja and Jeanie. Within moments, her phone was blowing up with endless messages. Her head thunked against the dining room table in despair.

"Is it too early for absinthe and champagne?" she groaned.

***

Tradition was mostly thrown out the window for the day, since there was much to do. I ended up playing chauffer for the brides and closest associates as they went for their final wedding dress fittings. Neither girl was assuming a 'groom' role in the marriage, so two elegant bridal gowns were in order. Not surprisingly, neither gown was all that modest. Both were backless and the bodices enhanced Freja's and Jeanie's cleavage to the place where they almost looked like they were Alexa's size.

I was sitting on a small padded bench and watching the proceedings, while Alexa was fussing over her friends, who stood side-by-side on a small dais for viewing. Two of the shop's attendants were making sure all the alterations were in place. Freja and Jeanie mostly just stood there and giggled, trying to not feel one another up.

My eyes were closed and I was lost in thought when I felt someone sit down next to me- I opened my eyes and saw Freja's mother, Anna, smiling at me. She was a kindly-looking lady, about my mom's age, with greying hair and cheerful hazel eyes that reminded me of her daughter.

"It is very good of you to be patient with all this, Alex." Mrs Kjaer said.

"Oh, uh, thanks," I replied somewhat lamely. "It's no big deal, I'm happy to help."

"Yes, but you misunderstand me," she said, placing her hand on top of mine. "Freja told us about you and Alexandra,

remember. Do not worry, my dear boy, your secret is safe with us."

"I... thanks..." I murmured, no doubt a few shades paler than I needed to be.

"I admit I thought for years that my daughter and your aunt were destined for one another," she said quietly, still smiling. "I would have thought I'd be disappointed at a different outcome, but I am not. Jeanie is a very good person, and a good match for my daughter. They will be very happy together."

"But more than that," she continued, leaning in and still squeezing my hand. "Alex, you and Alexandra, I see it- you are so perfect for one another, in a way that is so rarely seen. And it is so unfair that you cannot marry, my friend. So unfair."

I said nothing, but nodded, looking at her hand on mine. I didn't rightly know what to say, to be honest.

"It is not an easy thing, your situation. You could absolutely be married elsewhere; even little Denmark would allow it. But the cost to your family, the stigma of it, of breaking the law, even if the law is unjust... I understand how you feel trapped. Alexandra does not wish to cause problems for her family that she just came home to. And you do not wish to complicate matters for your parents, who are upstanding citizens and could be compromised by such a scandal."

"Yeah..." I said uselessly. "That's pretty much it. Marrying Alexa comes at a cost I have no right to inflict on my family. I wish I knew what to do."

"Many people would say you should take a chance and just tell your parents," she said gravely. "But even that is still fraught with endless complications. If your parents approved, it would still need to be kept a total secret. If they fought for you publicly, it might cost them everything. And while any parent loves their child enough to make such a sacrifice, no child could live with that guilt."

I nodded.

"And if they approved, you would still need to leave the country and go elsewhere, to a European country that allows avunculate marriage, or Australia, or one of the American states where it's allowed, and then you would have moved Alexandra away from the family she's missed for nineteen years."

"And that's not fair to her, either," I sighed. "There's no good answer, is there?"

She shook her head sadly. "No, my friend. There is only today's answer."

She now turned her head and looked at Alexa. "And that answer is for you to take her away from distracting herself up at the front there with her friends and to be with you for a few precious moments."

I blinked. "What, right now?"

Mrs Kjaer nodded. "Freja has been giving me subtle looks and hints to get Alexa away from the platform. She knows

your aunt very well, my friend, probably better than you do. Alexandra is delighted to be helping her friends, but she is distracting herself, do not doubt it. She needs you. Right now."

"What... what would I do?"

"Take her out to your car and do what people in love do," she said kindly, smiling. "You're our chauffeur, it's not like you can take off on us. Just look after her while I see to my daughter and her bride, okay?"

I took a breath and nodded. She squeezed my hand again and stood up, walking over to the platform. She put a hand on Alexa's shoulder and they began speaking in Danish. Alexa initially seemed to protest, but then both Freja and Jeanie chimed in, agreeing with Mrs. Kjaer. They all hugged her and scooted her away gently. She walked up to me, smiling weakly and wiping at her eye.

"Guess it was pretty obvious," she said, trying to not sound emotional. "I'm sorry."

"I'm the one who should be sorry," I said, rising and taking her hand. "I thought you were perfectly happy doing what you were doing, but Freja and her mom know you so well that they could tell what you really wanted."

"Having people who know you inside and out can be a real pain in the ass," she agreed. "They said we're gonna go sit in your car and be together while they take care of all this stuff?"

I nodded and hugged her. She wrapped her arms around me and just sighed. We walked back to the platform, hand-in-hand, thanking them for their kindness and consideration. Freja and Jeanie stepped down and hugged us both before we exited, heading to my car, which was around the back of the building. I clambered into the back seat and then Alexa followed me in, straddling my lap, her forehead pressed to mine.

"Freja's mom's a smart cookie, isn't she?" my aunt whispered to me.

"Seems to be," I agreed, my hands resting on her waist. There was nothing sexual about what we were doing, it was strictly an emotional response to the stresses we'd been feeling for weeks now. "I see bits of Freja in her, but they're different in more obvious ways."

"True," she said, smiling. "She loves her daughter, no matter how promiscuous she might be. Mom was the same with me."

"I never knew grandma," I sighed. "I think she raised you differently, at least somewhat, from mom. Probably had to do with where she was in her own life, I guess."

Alexa considered my words. "I haven't really asked Karen enough about how she lived her life when she was younger," she said. "I mean, she's certainly a subtle libertine now, as we well know. I don't know yet about earlier. She's always been an empowered woman, clearly. She'd have to be, to keep up with your dad."

I nodded. "Dad and I were talking yesterday about how to be happy in marriage and he said the most important thing was to marry your intellectual equal."

She smiled. "And your dad considers my sister his intellectual equal?"

"If not his superior," I mused. "He's pretty fanatic about her."

"And you, good sir?" she cooed, her hands on the back of my head. "Did you marry your intellectual equal?"

I shook my head. "Not even close. In every single way, I married up."

"Oh, you..." she giggled, booping my nose.

"I'm serious," I said. "I'm pretty damn sure your psychic dick is bigger than my actual dick."

"I've got an absolutely titanic psychic dick, then..." she purred, squirming on my lap and sending shivers through me. "So, did momma Kjaer have any words of wisdom for you that make our lives easier?"

"No, unfortunately," I sighed. "Just to seize every moment with you while I can."

"Like I said, she's a smart cookie." Alexa whispered before pressing her lips to mine.

***

Rehearsal day went off without a hitch, and I found myself at home, wishing Alexa was with me. Not surprisingly, she was at the hotel with Freja and Jeanie, along with Heather and a few other girls who made up the bridesmaids on both sides. There were some groomsmen in the wedding procession for form's sake, even thought there was no groom.

If it had just been Alexa, Jeanie and Freja, she no doubt would have Skype-called me, but there were a few people there who didn't know about Alexa and I, so we relegated ourselves to texting until we said our goodnights and went to bed. I lay awake for some time, lost in thought and, predictably, coming up with no satisfactory answers.

Morning arrived and before I knew it, the ceremony was upon us. I was technically paired up with Heather, my former flame, who was delighted to be included in the proceedings. As much as I wanted to be with Alexa during the reception, I was pretty much obligated to be glued to Heather. I shouldn't complain, she's a nice girl, as I've mentioned before, and getting laid by her is easy, at least for me. She made it abundantly clear that she intended to fuck me before the night was out. I sighed inwardly, knowing that fucking Heather would be a good thing in terms of throwing everyone off where my aunt and I were concerned.

And it occurred to me that my feelings for Alexa, my aunt that I could never have, were ruining my enjoyment of sex with girls I was perfectly capable of having a relationship with.

I just... didn't care.

I didn't resent Heather wanting to have sex, it was perfectly reasonable for her to want to- we'd done it several times before and enjoyed ourselves immensely. Her desire for sex was hardly an imposition, so why did it feel that way? Alexa had already told me that if I needed to have sex with Heather to keep up appearances, that she really wouldn't mind. And I believed her. But that didn't mean I didn't feel like I was betraying her.

If Alexa could hear me having this argument with myself, she would have laughed and told me I was silly, since she often had to sleep with girls so that everyone thought she was a lesbian. But in my mind, that was different. Alexa fucking girls genuinely didn't bother me, because it was a desire of hers I couldn't fulfill. More than that, she was all too willing to share said girls with me, when it was safe to do so. Me fucking other girls, that was different in my books.

I looked around the breathtaking botanical gardens we were standing in and wondered at how my life had ended up here, at this point- in love with my aunt, unable to marry her and keeping our relationship a secret, even if it was doomed to a bad end.

Beautiful flowers everywhere. Endless bushes of grandiflora roses, trellises and archways burgeoning with lilacs and lavender, the delightful scents mingling as they were carried on a zephyrian breeze. A string quartet was playing 'Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring' as the girls walked down the aisle together, followed by their fathers. The music had been chosen by Alexa, who was allowed to pick the procession music as a thank-you from Freja and Jeanie.

And I felt sad, because she had once told me that it was what she would have picked for our wedding procession music, if such a thing had been allowed. It wasn't just a thank-you from her friends, it was a tribute to her, to what might have been. Should have been.

Don't look at me, Alexa. Not with tears in your eyes...

I went back to concentrating on the event at hand. Considering how quickly it had been thrown together, the ceremony went off without a hitch.

Well, almost. Jeanie couldn't find her ring to give to Freja, looking around in confusion for several seconds, to the consternation of many in attendance.

"Well, that's not good..." I thought to myself, seeing Alexa standing across from me and frowning slightly.

But then Jeanie made an 'Oh!' face and pulled it out of her cleavage, making everyone chuckle. Except her parents.

"Could've been worse," I saw my mom whisper to my dad nearby. "She could've pierced her clit with it..."

I really wish she'd been kidding, but it was a distinct possibility, I had to admit.

The wedding vows were exchanged, once Jeanie had fished Freja's ring out of her boobs, and all those attending applauded loudly as the brides kissed one another. Many children were turned away or their eyes covered as the brides kissed, their prominent breasts squashing together. Alexa laughed and rolled her eyes. I just applauded the rampant public indecency.

Lineups to kiss the brides continued for some time, and champagne was served before everyone headed back to the reception at the university. Heather used this time to pull me aside to a well-concealed area some distance away, which was considered rented by us for the day and therefore not open to the public. Before long, she was bent over a stone bench and I was pushing my cock in and out of her from behind, making her hiss and moan, trying to keep her voice down.

It felt good, of course, and I was determined to make her cum. But I was wearing a condom, which cut down on my sensitivity and made the experience last a little longer than I would have liked. Determined to not draw this out, I began fucking her harder, closing my eyes and thinking of Alexa.

"Nnnffff, oh yes..." she panted, squirming her ass back against me. "You're really strong today, Alex, are you-gnnnnnn- are you fucking another girl who likes it rough?"

I didn't answer her but pushed inside even harder, my hand now snaking into her hair and gripping it tight, pulling on it and making her moan rather more loudly than I would have liked. I knew she liked having her hair pulled, but I was pulling it how Alexa liked it.

"Ahhhhhhhhh, Alex, you... gnnnnnnn, you bastard, yesssssssss..." she moaned. I forced myself to open my eyes staring down at my glistening cock as it slid back and forth inside her. She was beginning to shake and I could feel her pussy tightening around me. I knew she expected me to cum and I began fucking her harder and faster, both my hands now reaching forward and clamping over her mouth, to muffle the scream I knew was imminent.

And scream she did. I was pulling back slightly, clamping my hand over her mouth and bowing her spine while I pushed in as hard as I could. She convulsed as we came

together, my cum pumping deep inside her, stayed by the condom. Her pussy bathed my hips as she squirted on me. Thank God the wedding party had been dress casual.

I let go of Heather's mouth and she sagged against the stone bench, breathing heavily, her eyes wide and her body trembling. My cock was still throbbing inside her and she stayed still, just feeling me. My hands rested on her ass, caressing it absently as I tried to catch my breath and compose myself. A few moments passed before she reached behind and pulled me forward, slowly turning herself around. I sat on the bench and Heather sat on top of me, facing away. Her hands brought mine up to rest on her breasts while we sat quietly, recovering.

"Holy shit..." she said, still breathing heavily. "Whoever the Hell it is you're fucking, remind me to send her a thank-you card."

I rested my forehead against her back, trying to remember to not give the secret away. "Maybe... I was just excited to see you."

"Yeah, no," she said shaking her head. "I'm not an idiot, Alex. You're smarter than me, but that doesn't make me a moron, you know. And I'm not unhappy about it- you fucked the shit out of me, to the place where I nearly screamed and ruined a wedding. How many girls can say that?"

"Glad to be of service," I mumbled, reaching under her blouse and giving her boobs a squeeze and making her giggle. "Always happy to be a part of the problem instead of the solution."

She squirmed on my lap for a while, enjoying the feel of my hard cock inside her before standing up and turning around to kneel in front of me. She stripped the condom off and sucked the cum off me, licking me clean while smiling up at me dreamily. Discarding the prophylactic discretely, she began dressing herself and then pulling my pants up to make me look presentable.

"That aunt of your is pretty hot," she mentioned as she straightened her skirt out. "I'd fuck her and I'm not even bi."

"First of all, ew, she's my aunt," I said, making a wry face. "Second, she's a lesbian, so you'll have more luck with her than any guy ever will."

"Oh, c'mon," she said, palming a crease out of my shirt. I had to admit, she liked taking care of whatever guy she was with. "Can't you at least objectively admit that your aunt is stupidly attractive?"

"Yeah, I see it, but there's always the squick factor," I insisted, returning the favour and smoothing out her blouse. "So yes, she's attractive, I just don't know why everyone, my own mother included, insists on asking my opinion."

"Betcha wish she wasn't your aunt, though." Heather said slyly, reaching down and cupping my cock though my trousers and making me shiver. "Y'know, I've been thinking... I'm on birth control, and I know you're a straight-up kinda guy who would always be level and never give me anything. I might break my condom rule for you one day and let you start cumming in me. Because I'll bet that'd feel really good for both of us."

"It usually does," I agreed, trying not to squirm as she fondled me. She was really good at what she did. True, she wasn't Alexa, but she knew how to turn a guy on. Why was I so conflicted by all of this? "And yeah, I would agree. Cumming inside you would feel really good."

"Then that's what we'll do next time, slugger," she whispered in my ear as she leaned forward. "Now let's get back before too many people notice we're missing."

She turned around and led me back by the hand, clearly pleased with how her afternoon turned out.

"What can I say, weddings make me horny!" she said cheerfully.

***

The reception proper back at the university hall had begun, with a DJ providing the music. People danced and laughed, drinks flowed freely, there were many toasts, and people

tapped their forks on their glasses endlessly, simply because people loved watching Freja and Jeanie squash their boobs together when they kissed, something they were only too happy to do.

And because this was Freja's wedding, karaoke was inevitably involved. She sang some Danish love song to her bride, which, frankly, sounded like a cat being strangled. It was probably just Freja, because if that had actually been how Danish love songs sounded, the race would have been extinct. People applauded loudly, my mother because Freja had finally stopped singing.

"Hey," Alexa said, sidling up to me and speaking quietly. "Wanna help me troll your dad?"

"Like you even need to ask?" I replied, grinning. We assumed our place by the microphones and dedicated the song to dad, on behalf of the nation of Denmark. Everyone (except dad) was roaring with laughter as we sand the Aqua song 'Dr. Jones', with me providing the male vocals while Alexa sang the female lead. We concluded the song to much applause, especially from the Kjaer family present. Alexa

went back to her place at the head table while I visited mom and dad, sitting down next to him.

"Forræder." he grumbled at me.

More people butchered more songs, the karaoke occasionally punctuated by dancing. I ended up dancing more than I normally would, with mom, Alexa, Heather, the brides, Freja's mother and a few of the younger girls, who blushed and giggled as I asked them to join me. I guess having a few absinthe drinks in me helped.

Speeches were given, some in Danish, with Alexa providing comical and often intentionally inaccurate translations. She was really enjoying herself up on stage. It occured to me that she was a lot like my dad that way, whereas I took after mom, usually avoiding the spotlight unless called upon. It's not that mom was any sort of a shrinking violet, of course, she just found people gawking at her annoying. She could give lectures to intellectuals like nobody's business, but drunk crowds were not her thing.

Freja and Jeanie were both rather inebriated at this point, and had been convinced to read each other's vows out loud. This caused endless laughter, since Freja couldn't read Jeanie's terrible handwriting or atrocious spelling, while Jeanie was trying to read her wife's Danish. She sounded like she was having a stroke with a potato in her mouth.

One of the highlights of the evening was the bride throwing the bouquet tradition. There were two bouquets, so Jeanie and Freja tied them together, giving whomever caught the bouquet extra-good marriage karma, I guess. Dozens of women gathered in the middle of the dance floor while the brides turned the backs. Freja and Jeanie counted to three and tossed the bouquet back over their heads.

Every woman on the floor scattered away, leaving a very confused Alexa by herself in the middle. She'd caught the bouquet before she had fully realized what was happening. Everyone laughed and applauded and cheered for her, while she looked around in initial confusion and then dismay.

I glanced over at mom, who was smiling and winked at her sister. Damn, she'd convinced everyone to not grab for the bouquet so Alexa would get it by default. I'd heard of people doing that before, singling a girl out to get married in the near future. Everyone laughed and called out best wishes and hoping she'd meet the girl of her dreams. If they'd only known.

Our eyes met and locked. I couldn't look away, I had no reason to, I was supposed to be laughing. So I clapped and forced a laugh at the farce.

Dammit, Alexa, look away...

The evening continued with much gaiety and revelry, drunking singing and dancing. Everyone listened reverently while Alexa sang the Edith Piaf song 'Je ne regrette rien', assuming it was dedicated to her best friend Freja. But I knew who the tears in her eyes were for, as they had been that night a few weeks earlier in the karaoke bar.

"So are you two off on some grand honeymoon?" my mom asked Freja and Jeanie as they made the rounds and came to sit with us.

"Nothing grand," Jeanie answered, shaking her head and then wobbling and nearly falling over because she was drunk. "We're just gonna visit our little cottage in Muskoka for a few days. We might do something a little more special over Christmas break, like visit Europe, see her family and so on."

"Just a few days alone will be nice for you," mom said cheerfully. "A little quiet serenity is never a bad thing for a couple. Even newlyweds."

"And we can be as loud and nude as we like," Jeanie continued, offering too much information. "My family owns the land for almost a kilometer in each direction, and most of the shoreline our cottage sits on."

"Just watch out for mosquitoes and try not to get molested by bears," mom reminded them. "That means no honey on naked bodies while you're outside."

Jeanie nodded dutifully and pulled out a notepad out from between her boobs to write that nugget of wisdom down. They then hurried off to the next table. Music started up again and I found myself dancing with mom.

"So, you got a little from Heather, hm?" she asked, smirking as I blushed. "Don't worry, I'm pretty sure only half the attendees heard her."

"She was insistent," I said somewhat lamlely, like I was not allowed to say no to sex. "Pretty sure it was the main reason she agreed to attend. She said weddings make her horny."

"I'm not blaming you one bit, after all, your dad and I found some time to get freaky earlier," she said, to my surprise. "Pity you didn't know ahead of time you'd need to gag her."

"Yeah, that girl is full of surprises." I muttered.

"She's not entirely a bad fit for you, you know," mom said in a pensive tone. "I'm not trying to matchmake, I'm just saying there might be something there to explore."

"I've considered it," I admitted. "But something dad told me the other day sorta makes me discount the notion."

"And what's that?" she asked.

"Always make sure you marry your intellectual equal."

"Smart cookie, your father..." she said cheerfully.

***

Freja and Jeanie had clambered into a car and headed out for their mini-honeymoon, with everybody calling and waving after them. The Kjaer clan was heading out the following morning, so Alexa stayed with Freja's parents overnight, since we weren't certain when she'd see them again. I laid awake in bed, hoping she would Skype-call me

or at least text me, but she didn't. I guess she was really involved in talking with them and I couldn't say as I blamed her.

We met them all for breakfast and saw them off at the terminal, waiting around until their various flights had departed. We all piled into dad's vehicle and headed home. It had certainly been an eventful two weeks.

Alexa and I returned to our duties at the university, taking every opportunity we could to make love. We had just finished a round of intense fucking and were laying side-by-side on a gym mat when I reached over and stroked her cheek.

"I'm sorry." I said gently.

"What for?" she asked.

"Because I fucked Heather at the wedding." I replied.

She smiled and turned in to face me, caressing my hair. "Alex, you had to. I know that. Not fucking her would have been awkward, to say the least, with everyone asking why you didn't do it. What purpose can that possibly serve?"

"I know," I sighed. "That doesn't mean that I didn't feel like I was cheating on you."

"Oh, you," she purred, leaning in to kiss me. "Really, Alex, it doesn't upset me. Not one bit. You need to believe that."

"I do, it's just my own demons I'm wrestling with." I admitted. "She's still interested in fucking. And she's upped the ante, she says she wants me to start cumming in her."

She was silent for a moment as she considered. "That's still okay, Alex. I'm assuming she's not psycho and trying to get pregnant."

"No, I don't think that's it," I agreed, shaking my head. "I just don't like the level of intimacy she's trying to take us to. Sounds stupid, I know, since any guy would love to nut in a

girl with no condom or consequences. But it feels like cheating."

"I understand how you feel." Alexa said gently.

"But, there can't be anything between us." I stated.

"Why?"

"She's nowhere near my intellectual equal."

"God, I love you..." my aunt said as she pressed herself to me and kissed me hungrily.

***

"So, I was thinking that if you're going to continue with Heather as a cover, maybe we can use that for some fun." Alexa said as we talked over Skype. She was up in her room and I was down in the basement, but both my parents were

home so it wasn't really a conversation we could have face-to-face.

"Oh? Go on."

"Well, it would involve some risk, certainly, because we'd have to tell her about us." Alexa explained. "But if she was cool with that, maybe we could share her. I saw her looking at me, I know she wants to try me on for size."

"Everyone wants you," I chuckled. "She's straight and she said she'd fuck you."

"Oh, the curses of being a daughter of Aphrodite," she said dramatically, putting her the back of her hand to her forehead. "Perhaps I'll-"

She paused in what she was saying and put her finger over her lips, indicating that I should be quiet. I listened and could hear footsteps in the hallway arouside her door.

Then there was a knock.

"You awake, Alli?" I heard mom asked from the hall.

"Sure am!" Alexa said, winking at me and then touching a button on her laptop to make the screen go black. I couldn't see anything, but I could still hear everything. I heard her pad over to her door and open it, letting mom into her room. "Hey, Kar, what's up?"

"Thought we could talk for a minute," mom said.

"Sure," my aunt said, easing herself onto the bed. "Anything you like!"

"I'm glad to hear that," my mom said quietly. "Because I'd like to know how long you've been in love with my son..."

Chapter 15- Nightmare Manifested

I was frozen in place, stunned. There was absolute silence for several seconds behind the screen. My mother was saying nothing. Alexa was saying nothing. A chilling sense of horror was coming over me. How had this happened?

"Alli?" I heard my mother query from behind the black screen of my laptop. Her voice wasn't harsh or accusing, it was rather... neutral. "Alli, we need to talk about this."

"I..." was all my aunt managed to say, her voice almost faint.

"You're surprised, I can tell," my mother continued. "I don't know what you're thinking, but we do need to have this conversation, Alexa. And maybe it'll be hard, but it's necessary nonetheless."

"I..."

"We'll take our time, if you like," mom said. "I only arrived at this conclusion recently, I admit. It's been a lot of observation over the weeks since you've arrived, and not always easy- glances you gave him here and there, the way you interacted with him, in spite of your preference for girls..."

What?

"And I'm concerned for you, and for Alex," she said. "Because he's warmed up to you, yes, but I'm worried about what he'd think and how he'd react if you ever learned about your feelings for him."

Shit!

"It really seems out of left field, to be honest, because you've been dating girls exclusively, but after a while, Michael and I were certain of it. I'm sure it was tough for you, fighting with your feelings, but that's why I want to talk, before things get really complicated and people get upset or hurt."

There was a long pause and then Alexa spoke. I had never heard her sound this way, and couldn't readily conceive of that tone in her voice. Her words terrified me.

"Yes... and I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. You're right, Alex can't know..."

Alexa, what are you doing?! What the Hell are you doing?!

"I know he can come across as a little awkward," mom said softly. "And I know he's accepted you and loves having you in this family. If this created a rift between you, I'd be heartbroken. So, I want to talk and figure out what to do about it, to ease this in a direction that won't end in disaster."

"Yes..." Alexa said distantly.

My feet were moving. My mind was whirling, but my feet carried me up the stairs from my room in the basement. I couldn't hear them anymore, but I didn't need to. I couldn't

believe I was doing this, but it was almost involuntary. I was insane!

My mother and father thought Alexa had fallen in love with me and that I was blissfully ignorant of this fact! If I'd stopped to consider, I would have been completely shocked. How on earth had they not noticed my feelings for my aunt but noticed hers for me?

My mother wasn't enraged, she wasn't being forceful, she was doing her best to help her younger sister in what she perceived as a difficult situation. I was in the dining room now and kept walking forward woodenly, toward the stairs.

Why was I still walking? My mother was, possibly, offering a solution to the dilemma my aunt and I had found ourselves in. She was offering to help Alexa fight her feelings for me. Didn't that mean all I had to do was somehow wrestle my feelings- my love- for my aunt down and we could move on with our lives as was meant to be? Where we could all still be a family without burgeoning and terrifying secrets?

I walked up the stairs.

"It's tough, I know, Alexa. But I want you to be able to talk to me."

My aunt was trying to force herself to accept full responsibility for how we'd fallen in love. She was going to take the bullet and spare me, to make sure my parents didn't suspect me.

My heart was thundering as I walked down the hallway, toward the open door leading to the room they were sitting in. The ball of ice in my stomach was spreading through my body. My chest felt tight and there was a cold sweat on my brow and my palms. My feet were like lead.

Why was I still walking?

My shaking hand touched the door frame as I rounded the corner and walked stiffly into the bedroom. I was no doubt almost pale as a ghost, which is how Alexa looked when I

saw her. Her heard snapped to look over at me, her eyes widening with horror at my presence.

"Alex..."

"Alex, would you excuse us, please?" mom asked, looking up at me. "Alli and I are having a rather private chat."

"I... I know..." I managed to say, my heart in my throat as I looked at my mother, who was sitting in a chair not far from the bed Alexa was sitting on the edge of. "I know what you're talking about mom... and I... I'm not letting her take this on alone."

"Alex, no..." my aunt pleaded.

I ignored the plea, steeling myself. "She's not the only one in love, mom. We've been in love with one another for weeks now... we're... we're lovers, and have been almost since her arrival."

My mother stared at me. Her expression was neutral, but I could see it in her eyes, a whirling sense of utter confusion. Slowly she turned her head to look at Alexa and then back at me. Alexa stared ahead blankly, as if withdrawing from reality.

Alea iacta est.

***

"Alex, please say what you said again?" mom requested in a quiet voice. "I'm... not sure I heard you correctly."

Good Lord, I didn't know it was possible for a person's heart to pound so forcefully. I felt like I was going to pass out. I took a deep breath and steeled myself.

"No, you heard correctly, mom. I'm in love with your younger sister, my aunt. I pretty much have been since the moment I laid eyes on her at the airport. And I'm pretty damn sure she's every bit as much in love with me."

Mom just stared at me. How ever composed her exterior might have been, I could see and feel the total bewilderment in her- this had come completely out of left field and she hardly knew what to think. This possibility had not crossed her mind. She really believed that I'd lived on in blissful ignorance of Alexa's feelings for me.

Had I done that good a job at seeming aloof?

Mom looked back at Alexa, but my aunt seemed to have withdrawn in on herself. She stared ahead blankly, her normally bright blue eyes dull and... defeated. What the Hell could I possibly do for her? I'd already let the cat out of the bag and everything seemed to be hanging by a thread.

I had absolutely no concept of what could possibly happen next.

Mom blinked slowly and stood. She went over to the bedroom window and opened it.

"Dear?" she called. "Would you come up here, please?"

Fuck. Mom didn't know what to do. She was calling for dad. The cold chill I'd felt earlier in my spine had nothing on the one crawling up it now. It bordered on terror. I was absolutely still.

For a man of nearly two-hundred and eighty pounds of solid muscle, dad moved up the stairs quickly and lightly. Somehow I was thankful for that, because if his footfalls had been booming, I might have fainted. Alexa said nothing, staring off at the wall. Mom moved back to her seat and waited quietly.

Dad turned the corner and came into the room, but stopped short upon seeing me. He glanced from me, to mom to Alexa, then back to mom. It hadn't been more than three seconds before I felt a change in his demeanour, the whole spectrum of the situation laid out for him.

"Oh, Hell..." he said quietly.

I didn't dare meet his gaze, I just let him walk by me and stand next to mom, who was still in the chair she'd sat in when she came to talk to Alexa. Dad sighed and nodded to himself.

"Okay," he said. "From the beginning. Who wants to start?"

Alexa was still seemingly catatonic. I was beginning to worry about her, I'd never seen her like this before. So instead of forcing her to say anything, I began talking. I really hoped I wouldn't start babbling. Getting the first few words out was so hard.

"I... I overheard mom and Alexa talking about her apparently being in love with me."

"How?"

My lips wrestled as I tried to form words, my throat suddenly very dry. "Alexa and I were Skype-talking before mom knocked. Alexa minimized the screen, but I think she

forgot to turn off the feed, so even though I could see nothing, I heard everything."

"Okay," he said evenly. "Alex, why are you and your aunt in love?"

I shrugged somewhat helplessly. "Not like either of us planned it, y'know? We were just really attracted to one another."

"And none of this struck you as a complication?" mom asked, her tone indicating that complete honesty was the only accepted answer here- no nuanced replies, the straight truth.

"Yes," I said finally. "It occurred to us constantly."

"And yet..."

"Mom, I... I couldn't have stopped if I wanted to," I said, trying to keep the pleading out of my voice. What was I

even pleading for? Her to understand the quandary? Acceptance of our relationship? "And I... I couldn't bring myself to want to. I don't think she could either."

"So the moment we met her in the terminal, you were love-struck," mom said, her voice factual, devoid of any emotion, be it sympathy or scorn. Just flat, scientific fact. "And apparently she felt the same way?"

I nodded slowly. It was really weird, talking on Alexa's behalf, but she seemed to still be retreated into her own mind. I didn't know what to do, except explain as best I could on behalf of us both. My heart was still pounding.

"But... so much has happened," mom said, exasperation on the edges of her voice. "The accident, the weddings, Allie dating girls... how did you manage to..."

I shrugged. I was as stunned as she was.

Mom almost sagged back in the chair. Dad remained unmoving, towering over us all. Mom had a finger resting

on her lips, lost in thought. Her eyes flicked up to me and then over to Alexa. It was obvious she still didn't know what to make of all this. Not only my affair with her younger sister, but how blind they'd been to it.

"It never occurred to me," she murmured to no one in particular. "I suspected Alli, then was pretty certain. But not you, Alex. Not in the slightest."

My normal defence mechanism of making a wry statement did not kick in, thankfully. I couldn't imagine there being a less perfect time. Dad wasn't laughing. No amusement in his expression or hiding behind his eyes. This was serious. I'd do well to not get ahead of myself, concentrating on fighting down my sense of panic.

I didn't know whether to talk or stay quiet and let mom talk. If I said nothing and she felt like I was forcing her hand, there'd be trouble. But if I began babbling, which I was on the verge of doing at the moment... my stomach churned. This was a nightmare come to life.

Maybe it had been inevitable. Of course it had been. There was no way we wouldn't be found out if we kept this up. And yes, perhaps the revelation did not go down how anyone expected, but that didn't change the fact that the jig was up. My parents knew. All that remained was Armageddon.

Mom rubbed her eyes for a moment, clearly grasping for sense in all this madness she saw surrounding her. Her deep brown eyes, with their bewitching tawny flecks, looked straight up at me, seeming to look right through me or deep into my soul. I was rooted to the spot. I didn't dare look away and couldn't have in any event. I trembled at the effort of meeting her gaze.

"My own son," she said softly. "In love with my sister. And she's in love with him. I... don't even know where to begin asking questions."

I crossed my arms across my chest and scratched at one of my biceps reflexively. I wanted to run. I wanted to explode. I wanted the earth to open up and swallow me.

But more than anything, I wanted to look at Alexa. And I didn't dare.

Why? Because they'd see the emotion in me? Emotion I had just readily, desperately admitted to? Why on earth was I still trying to conceal it? Habit? Fear?

I couldn't help it. My eyes flicked over to look at Alexa for a fraction of a moment, as if to make sure she was really still there. If my mom or dad saw me look, they didn't register it. I didn't know if that was a good thing or not, if anything in this entire situation could be considered good. It felt like there were only varying levels of terrible.

"What I don't understand," mom said quietly, not looking at either of us. "Is why you allowed it to continue. You had to know that this could never become a thing."

I nodded. "We know mom. And I think we really tried. Especially after the accident. It was in the hospital that we admitted we were in love, but knew we could never be together. We sort of resolved to try and date other people, then."

Mom nodded. "You with Heather, her with Jeanie."

"Yeah," I said heavily. "But we both knew those'd never work, as long as we were in love with one another. After a while, dating other people just became a cover."

Dad said nothing, he just kept watching, keeping his own council. I didn't find that at all encouraging. Mom was the frontman on this gig. I waited for the next question.

"So you two are lovers."

I nodded.

"And have been since before the accident."

I nodded again, but I felt like I was going to be sick. Being desperately in love shouldn't make a person feel nauseous. "By her second day here, we were kissing and naked

together in the jacuzzi that night. But yeah, we've been lovers since before your car accident."

"That was weeks ago," mom breathed in a voice little more than a whisper. "How... often?"

I just shook my head. "More times than I could possibly count, mom, no lie. If you two weren't around, chances are, we were... y'know."

Mom looked up at the ceiling, clearly still not able to totally shake her disbelief. She said nothing for some time, before finally lowering her head and looking at me.

"What was your hope here, Alex?" she asked.

Of course, I had no worthwhile answer. How could I? In response, I shook my head slowly, admitting I truly had no idea.

"That's about the only honest answer there is," mom said heavily. "You knew this was a no-win scenario and still soldiered on. Normally that's admirable, but... Alex, if this got out..."

She pinched her eyes again. "I refuse to believe that nobody knows. Alex, who knows?"

I swallowed. "Freja, of course. And Jeanie."

"Oh, Jesus..." mom almost groaned, putting her hand over her face. She may have adored Jeanie, but clearly had no faith in her ability to remember to keep her mouth shut.

"Freja's family, she told them some time back. Freja's known since before she arrived. Jeanie's known for quite a while too."

"Anyone else?" mom asked pointedly.

I actually had to think about that, because fear was close to shutting down all my cognitive functions. I was normally proud of my ability to perform under stress and pressure, but this was taking and draining every last drop of strength and fibre of courage in my body.

"I... can't think of anyone else, mom." I said finally. "Yeah, I'm pretty sure that's it."

"Could be a lot worse," she muttered. "If this got out on the campus- Alex, have you and Alexa made love when you were on campus?"

I nodded. There was no point in lying.

"Often?"

"Pretty often." I admitted. "The day Jeanie and Freja met, we ended up in a foursome in the gym."

I couldn't readily identify the feeling that was starting to crawl over me. I was uncomfortable. Warm and cold at the same time. My foot was trembling. The whisper of nausea was now replaced with a cold wave of it.

I was going to be sick.

"'scuse me!" I said quickly before turning and dashing down the hall to the bathroom. I managed to close the door behind me before collapsing over the bowl and retching, the roaring of the ocean in my ears while my stomach roiled with a sickening fire. They no doubt could hear what was happening to me. I was thankful they left me to it.

Probably only a minute or two had passed, although it felt like hours. I pushed myself up unsteadily, sucking in lungfulls of air. Standing in front of the sink, I was shocked by how pale I was. I got water and rinsed my mouth before exiting the bathroom and heading back to join my parents and Alexa, my hand trailing along the wall to help me keep my balance. As I walked in, my mom looked at me with concern.

"Feeling better?"

"No," I said wearily. "But I don't feel like I'm gonna hurl right this moment."

"I'm sorry this is difficult," she said quietly, her voiced tinged with regret and even sadness. "And I don't see it getting less difficult any time soon, but this needs to happen. It must be dealt with."

She now looked at her sister. "Alli, I'm so sorry. You're my sister and I love you more than life itself. I need you to talk with me, with us, because this family is paralyzed and we need to work this all out. Please, speak to me."

There was nothing for several seconds. But then Alexa spoke, still staring at the far wall, her blue eyes distant, unseeing.

"Would you... please give me a little time to myself?" she asked in an impossibly small voice. "I need... I..."

Mom flicked a quick glance up at dad, who nodded subtly. Mom then looked at her sister and nodded. "Okay, Alli. Take your time. You just came into my life, I don't want this crisis to mar things so completely that we can't work it out. Take the time you need, until you're ready to talk. We'll be around."

Mom stood up and walked over to her younger sister, leaning down and giving her a gentle kiss on top of the head. She then looked at me and made a shooing motion with her hand, indicating that I would be the first one out the door and I wouldn't be looking back. Mom followed me out and dad came last, closing Alexa's door. I cast a sidelong glance before it closed completely. I could see Alexa had turned her head and was looking at me.

There were crystalline tears in her beautiful blue eyes.

***

I walked down the stairs, feeling rather numb. Mom was behind me and dad brought up the rear. I may have wanted to hide in my den in the basement, or to have the earth

open wide and swallow me, but instead I instinctively headed to the living room and sat in the chair, while mom and dad sat together on the chesterfield. Nobody said anything for a few minutes.

Finally, mom sighed. "I thought this whole thing was going to be awkward when only Alli was involved."

Dad nodded in agreement. "What blows me away is that we didn't suspect you one bit, Alex. One would think that you'd be the one we'd easily pick up on, since we've raised you. But... you played it so straight, just treating your aunt civilly or a little awkwardly when you were around us, that I freely admit your romantic involvement never crossed my mind."

I smiled weakly and shrugged. I didn't really have that much to say.

"No argument there," mom added. "I thought Alli's feelings, if they happened to become known to you, would screw everything up. I was intent on helping her work through her feelings about you, so that we could all just live on in peace and harmony. Now, I..."

She was silent for a few moments before she sighed quietly. "I don't know."

There was another few minutes of silence. Mom and dad seemed content to not talk right then. God knows, I didn't know what to say. Dad finally allowed me to escape.

"Alex, I don't know if your mom and I are ready to have a talk with you right this second, we just want to regain our equilibrium. We're stunned, Alex, even shocked. But not mad at you. I think your mom and I just need to talk for a bit, so why don't you head downstairs?"

"Okay." I replied, getting up.

"But promise me," he added, looking at me. "Do not initiate a conversation with your aunt right now. If she contacts you, that's different. But give Allie her space, no matter how difficult that may seem. Promise me?"

I nodded. "I promise."

I left the living room and headed downstairs. It sounds strange, but I was acutely aware of the weight of my phone in my pocket. I laid on my bed and stared at the ceiling. My heartbeat had finally returned to normal, now I just felt numb, kind of heavy. My mind was whirling still. I looked over at my laptop, the screen still open, the way I'd left it.

I listened intently, wondering if her mic was still on, our Skype chat still open.

There it was. Very faint, almost inaudible. It crushed me to my core.

The sound of Alexa crying.

She must have been crying into her pillow, because it sounded muffled and very faint. My fists clenched at my side as I remembered my promise to my father, to leave her alone, to let her have her space. Her sobs made it hard to think. My heart was pounding again and my eyes stung. I squeezed them shut.

I fished my phone out of my pocket and put it aside.

Please, Alexa, stop crying!

I wanted to close my laptop, to make the sobbing go away, but I couldn't bring myself to. Alexa was hurting, and f I couldn't be there for her, the least I could do was share her agony.

I turned over onto my stomach and put my pillow over my head, trying to hear nothing, in spite of my resolve to share her tears.

It hurt so bad.

***

I don't think I fell asleep, because I wouldn't call what I did sleep. But I was elsewhere, not exactly conscious. My thoughts or dreams, whatever you want to call them, were

troubled. Images and scenes drifted through my mind, images of my beloved aunt and myself, our time together. Unbidden images of her being taken from me made me bolt upright in a cold sweat, breathing hard.

I looked at my phone. It was nearly nine pm. I'd been lost in my mind for nearly four hours. How had that happened?

There were no messages. From anybody.

I sat up and moved over to my laptop. The Skype chat had been closed at some point. I squeezed my eyes shut in frustration. I knew my parents weren't keeping me from her to punish me, I understood that she really needed time to herself.

I sagged on my bed, staring dully at nothing. This was it. Everything had blown wide open and now we had to deal with the mess. I put my face in my hands, trying to collect my thoughts. The inevitable point hard arrived, where Alexa and I would need to stop being together. How would that happen? Mom clearly still wanted her sister in our lives,

meaning Alexa and I were required to get over our feelings for one another.

How?

I could see it. What could have happened- I could have not gone upstairs, I could have let my mom and Alexa have that talk and working things out. It would have been cowardly, but it would have, conceivably, solved all the problems we had. Alexa and mom could have helped her through her feelings and I would have just had to deal with mine. My mom talking about possibly dating Heather took on a whole new meaning for me. Had she been gently nudging me in that direction because she knew she was going to be speaking with Alexa?

How had I blindsided my parents so completely? I'd always been terrified that I was the one who was going to give us away. I felt so obvious in my feelings for Alexa. Apparently not. And I didn't know whether to be relieved or furious about that.

My parents weren't the unobservant type, I must have done a spectacular job, not that I was proud of this at the moment. Incidents around my parents whirled through my mind- Alexa wiggling her breasts at me in the hot tub, ostensibly teasing me and how I was acting embarrassed. How amused my parents were by my reaction. Or how I'd steadfastly refuse to look at Alexa when she walked around in a state of relative undress, like a long shirt and panties.

I'd really duped them. But Alexa hadn't. I shivered at the thought of how much she must love me if she couldn't keep it out of her eyes when she looked at me.

I felt so unworthy.

So, this is how it ended. My eyes stung, and I blinked the feeling away. What would happen now? How on earth were we supposed to make this work? Could Alexa really surrender her feelings for me? I had no idea if I could about her, and I wasn't sure I wanted to.

I looked at my laptop. I had endless gigs of pictures and videos of Alexa and I on there. Just being together, or

making love. What would I do with them? Would I delete them? Keep them and never look at them? I couldn't imagine getting over Alexa if I kept watching them. Hell, just being around her would make that seem impossible.

What did my parents think of all this? Aside from shocked. Were they disappointed in me? Annoyed with me for not knowing better than to let this get out of control? They'd said they were sure it was going to be difficult for them when they thought it was just Alexa. Now I was involved on levels they hadn't considered. Maybe I didn't blame them for how speechless they felt, unnerving as it seemed. They hadn't created this situation, had they?

It's over. Whatever this was, it was going to end now. I felt sick.

My phone buzzed and I swept it up in the blink of an eye, checking the message. My heart sank when it was my dad.

"She hasn't let her room yet. We've decided to speak with the two of you together, we didn't want you to feel like we were ambushing you. Your mom is stressed and tired, so

we'll see you in the morning. I know this is difficult, Alex, but it will get worked out. It may be hard, even painful, but don't think you're alone."

That was a long text message from my dad, meaning that even he didn't really know what to think. I couldn't blame my mom for being stressed now, could I? This whole situation had just become exponentially harder for her.

For all of us.

Fatigue overtook me. Alexa wasn't contacting me. My parents were giving me my space. In spite of the swoon I'd been in, I felt the need to sleep. And yet I knew I couldn't, not immediately, my mind was still wrapped around Alexa.

My aunt that I was in love with.

My wife.

I couldn't help it. I stood up and got my laptop, bringing it to the bed with me. I leaned back against the walls and my pillows, set the laptop on my knees and opened up the folder I needed more than anything right now...

***

"Are you sure no one can see us back here?" she whispered huskily me as we scampered through the back yard under the cover of night. I was holding her hand and leading her over the lawn, toward the back of the property. The sky was clear, and stars were visible, even though we lived within the bounds of a major metropolis.

"We'll know soon enough, won't we?" I replied, grinning. "But yeah, reasonably certain. I did it with a girl back here a few years ago, and my parents were in the house. They didn't notice back then. We just can't scream our heads off."

"God, this is so wrong," Alexa giggled, smiling at me while I recorded her on my cell. "I feel like we're violating their house."

"We've violated most of the house already, except their bedroom," I pointed out as we rounded some bushes and were officially out-of-sight of the house. We hunkered low, both of us breathing in excitement and anticipation. "Might as well complete the desecration, right?"

She knelt beside me and looked at me, her eyes bright with a giddy excitement. Her breasts were heaving beneath her tight shirt. My eyes were almost magnetically fixated on them. Her hands were in her lap, just on top of the gym shorts she wore.

"God, being in love with you feels so dangerous," she breathed, her smile warming me. "Can you believe we got married yesterday?"

My phone centered on the little plastic ring on her fourth finger, matching the one I wore and that we'd wed one another with in that enchanting glade we'd found. Silly little Ring-Pops, given to us by my mother, of all people, and now a dorky but eternal symbol of our love for one another.

The backs of our hands met as we pressed the two little bands of yellow plastic together. Alexa smiled at me lovingly, her eyes shining. "I take it back, I can't believe I lived life without being married to you."

I was still holding the phone, but moved it aside as Alexa nestled in to kiss me. Our lips met, and she moaned gently as we expressed our deep love for one another. In the dark, only the moonlight reaching down to us provided illumination, which was why I had chosen this spot for us. I knew two spots we could put our phones to record what was about to happen, allowing us to make love freely. I could hardly wait.

Alexa smiled wickedly as she kissed her way down my neck, slowly pulling my shirt over my head, exposing my torso. Her eyes stayed on mine as she lightly kissed and nipped at my skin, heading further down until she reached my shorts. I moved around, allowing, my wife to deftly peel them down and then off, exposing my already swelling cock to her. She smiled at it with adoration and perhaps hunger, taking it in her hand before looking up at me again.

"Talk about Christmas in July..." she purred before beginning to kiss it gently and slide her tongue around it, rapidly bringing me to a state of full arousal. Her mouth was absolute magic. I knew about her past, knew she'd been with a lot of lovers over the course of her life, and a lot of repressed or twisted people would think that made her a slut or a whore, but I didn't care. If I, as a guy, got fucked as often as she had, everyone would congratulate me and think I was 'The Man'. I wouldn't be getting called horrible names by shitty, repressed people. I was benefitting now from all that experience, so who was I to complain?

She took me inside her mouth and moaned in delight, beginning to bob back and forth. Her eyes closed in rapture while she swirled her tongue around me and my fingers kneaded her scalp and her hair. I'd chosen this spot because the moon's silvery rays beamed down on us and caught her beautiful face at just the right angle while she sucked on my cock. Her hair shone like spun gold and her sapphire eyes seemed deeper than the universe to me. The camera on my phone could never do her justice. I don't think any camera invented ever really could.

I closed my eyes and savoured the sensation of her warm, wet lips sliding up and down my length, a pleasure I would never tire of. I kept filming, even as I was lost in bliss, my cock touching her throat and she moaned around me. Her hand held the base of my manhood or gently fondled my sac, her fingers stroking just underneath it and sending shudders of delight through me. I could never describe how much I loved her or how addicted to her I was, the sheet joy she made me feel by her mere presence, let alone our lovemaking as man and wife.

But I didn't want to peak too soon, so I gently pulled out of her mouth, Alexa giggling and protesting the action. She smirked up at me while I held my cock, gently tapping it against her face, teasing her. With my hand, I gently made her lie down on her back and then lay alongside her. She crawled on top of me and squashed her body to mine while we kissed deeply and lovingly, murmuring our feelings for one another.

Alexa slowly turned around and laid down my body, her face over my throbbing cock. She spread her legs for me, allowing me access to her beautiful and already gooey pussy. She shivered and moaned quietly as I took hold of

her inner thighs and began planting kisses on her netherlips, her sweet taste making my heart soar. I felt her hand wrapped around my shaft and then her mouth sink back down onto me, sending ripples of pleasure through my core.

I licked her pussy and nibbled her clit, sliding a finger or two gently in and out of her while she sucked on me. Both of us squirmed and writhed at the other's touch, a now-familiar but welcome dance between us, one we would never grow weary of. She giggled around my cock and her body trembled as I teased her little pink knot.

"Mmmm, Alex," she cooed, taking her mouth off my cock to speak, but massaging my length with her hand. "You know just what I love. It's like you were born to pleasure me..."

She plunged her mouth back down on me with a will, picking up the pace as we both grew in our desire to fuck. I'd set the phone down in one spot, catching all the action, while Alexa had set hers in another. In the days that followed this tryst behind the bushes, we would take the two

recordings and I would use my editing skills to blend them into one slick little movie. But nothing like that was on my mind at the moment.

"Alex," she breathed, her face flushed pink and her eyes glassy with desire as she looked back at me. Her hand kept working my ramrod-erect cock. "I need you in me... please..."

I nodded and watched as she lifted herself up and wiggled her way down my body, pressing her pussylips along my form. She finally straddled my hips, still facing down my legs and sighed as loudly as she dared while she sank down onto my cock, taking me in. She stayed still for several seconds, her hands resting on my thighs, while she just savoured the feeling of having me deep inside her. My hands settled on her perfect ass cheeks and I closed my eyes and sighed in pleasure.

She began to rock back and forth slowly, and I opened my eyes and watched, enthralled, as the moonlight shone down on us, showing my cock shaft glistening as it moved in and out of her wet, tight confines. I love reverse cowboy,

because the angle of penetration feels so amazing to me when the girl is leaning slightly forward. My hand found my phone and I moved it in for a close-up of pussy swallowing my cock hungrily. Alexa had found her phone as well, recording herself undulating on top of me.

Her back-and-forth rocking motion was soon replaced with an up and down rhythm, my cock almost leaving her pussy and then sinking deep back inside. My hands massaged her ass cheeks and teased her knot while she rode me, our pace casual and languorous. Now that we were joined together, as we both so loved and needed, we felt no hurry to cum, simply to be together like this.

"You feel so perfect in me," she breathed, flexing her hips and ass expertly with each upward motion, gripping me tightly. "Oh, God, Alex, it's so perfect."

"You really... feel perfect for me too," I replied, still massaging those glorious cheeks. "I love how tight an wet you are."

"Mmmm, husband..." Alexa purred, now lying back on top of me, facing up. My cock was still inside her while she squirmed and undulated, rocking her lips and gripping me with her pussy. She somehow managed to steady her hand enough to reach down and get a close-up of my cock sliding in and out of her. We could hear the wet, slick sounds of our fucking and we both shivered in delight before she pressed her lips to mine and kissed me ardently. I'd set my phone aside and now my hands wandered up and began groping her glorious breasts, making her shudder and moan loudly into my mouth. Our tongues tangled as we fucked, the pace increasing.

Even now, I couldn't believe I was calling this goddess my wife. Forgot for a moment she was my aunt, my mother's sister, I still had no clue how I had gotten so lucky, that such a perfect girl could fall in love with me. What on Earth had I ever done? My angel, my Galadriel, my... everything.

She moaned loudly into my mouth as I squeezed her breasts, pinching her nipples, and tugging on them, just how I knew she loved it. Her pussy juices were trickling down my inner thighs already. She was so wet and aroused, it was almost beyond belief. Our tongues plunged and

wrestled between our mouths. She panted as I bit her lower lip and tugged, whimpering when I twisted her nipples slightly. Her arms came up to wrap around my head and neck while her body squirmed and writhed heatedly on me now. A sheen of sweat was covering us both, proof of our lustful exertions on one another.

My hips began pumping steadily, moving in a complimentary rhythm with hers, bringing my cock almost all the way out before sliding it in again with long, slow strokes. She moaned with each thrust and pressed down to match me, driving me dep inside her pussy. Without saying anything, we knew we both needed to cum now and we were fucking our way toward that end. My hands groped and molested her while her fingers kneaded and knotted in my hair.

Both of us were panting and beginning to shake, the warm tingle beginning to bubble inside me. I could feel her pussy fluttering around my cock and her body was stretching itself on me, even as she pushed down harder than ever. She whimpered in my mouth again and that enchanting sound was followed by a shameless moan that would have been heard for blocks if I hadn't been kissing her. I pushed my

hips up, straining against her, desperate to draw this moment out...

And then the dams broke, and we shuddered and writhed uncontrollably, with my cum pumping deep inside her. Her pussy slathered me in her essence, bathing my hips and thighs. My hands squeezed her breasts so hard I thought they might pop, but Alex simply groaned in ecstasy at my strength. Her fingernails almost straked my skin as she came.

A full minute must have passed before we finally settled, steam coming off our heated forms, in spite of the night's sultry warmth. Our chests heaved as she kissed deeply, tiredly, and in complete satisfaction. We always made one another cum hard, and we basked in the afterglow of our lovemaking, my hands now caressing her divine form gently.

Her tongue left my mouth and she sighed against my lips, her fingers under my chin.

"Thank you," she whispered. "I love you so much, Alex."

"And I am so in love with you," I whispered back, meaning it with every fiber of my being. "To be married to you, and to make love to you as my wife, it's... perfect..."

She sighed in contentment and agreement with my words, laying still while we felt my cock still pulsing in her pussy and our hearts beating in time. We were so in love, and this was as perfect an eternal moment as one could ever ask for. We savoured every microsecond of it, wishing it would never end.

Alexa finally say up, still impaled on me and stretched, letting out a blissful sigh. Almost reluctantly, she pulled herself off of me and then knelt between my legs, kissing and cleaning my shining, sticky cock lovingly and thoroughly while I recorded it. I shivered as she squeezed her thumb along the underside of my shaft, milking the last drops of cum from me, as if she needed it to live.

I sat up after she was finished tending to me and she melted into my arms, hugging one another tight. Her face was buried in my shoulder and I stroked her magnificent

golden hair while she whispered against my skin. I have no idea how much time passed, knowing only that this was yet another moment that was free to never end.

She finally looked up and her sapphire eyes were warm with love. She caressed my face gently, her body snuggled to mine.

"I love you, Alex," she said in a soft and undeniably honest voice. "And I always will. I am yours."

I smiled. "Car, vois-tu, chaque jour je t'aime davantage, aujourd'hui plus qu'hier et bien moins que demain."

She bit her lip and a tear trickled down her cheek. She wiped her eye and smiled at me. "Charmer. You know what French does to me."

She pressed her forehead against mine, her voice the softest caress against my lips, like petals on a gentle breeze. "Best get me back inside, before I succumb to the urge to let you put a baby in me."

I chuckled and kissed her nose. "I would love that, I really would. You, as the mother of my children? I can't begin to imagine being happier."

We both reluctantly got to our feet and dressed one another, whispering words of love the whole time. Hand-in-hand, we walked slowly across the yard and back to the house, not fearing that anyone would see us.

And I was pretty sure at that moment, I wouldn't have cared if they did.

***

I closed my laptop and sighed, rubbing the sting from my eyes. I felt cold and lonely. Worse, I felt like I had abandoned the woman I loved, the woman I called my wife. When she needed me most, I had promised to not be there. And yet she was the one who had requested time to herself. And I really didn't know what to do about any of this.

What was there to be done? We'd been found out. It was inevitable, and we'd continued our love affair anyway, knowing that it would never work. What fools we'd been. And yet I cannot imagine how anything could have played out differently, because meeting Alexa was what sealed my fate. I could see no scenarios in which I would not fall in love with her. It was simply impossible.

I knew she felt the same way about me. What torture had she been putting herself through when she was agreeing with my mother that she had to bury or release her feelings for me? What manner of strength would that take? Even now, it was shocking to me, in spite of all our despairing talk about how we knew we'd eventually need to give one another up.

And we made love, and we'd fallen in love, and then we'd married one another. And it could never be.

I squeezed my eyes shut and my body shook as I resisted the urge to throw my laptop at the far wall in frustration.

It was too much. I turned onto my stomach and buried my face in a pillow as tears almost burst from my eyes. I never would have seen it coming, but I cried. Helpless and feeling broken, there was nothing left to do but that.

Alexa...

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I wiped at my eyes as I felt my phone buzz. Shaking my head to clear it, I picked up the device and squinted, noticing it was already nearly 9 am. I saw I had a message from dad and I opened it.

"Time to come up, Alex. Today is going to be a long day for everyone."

I knew he was right and I sighed heavily. Pushing myself out of bed, I showered quickly to rinse myself off and then fumbled through putting on some clothes that I really didn't feel like wearing. I checked myself in the mirror, to

make sure I looked human and presentable before taking a deep breath and heading upstairs.

Mom and dad were sitting in the living room quietly, both dressed casually. Mom looked up and I could see the concern in her eyes, even if her face was passive. "Would you like some coffee, baby?" she asked. I pursed my lips as I considered and then shook my head. Dad gestured for me to sit in the chair nearby, so I plopped down into it and allowed my gaze to meet theirs.

"Did you sleep alright?" dad asked. I just shrugged and he nodded. "Understandable. To my amazement, your mother and I both slept like rocks. She was really stressed by the time we went to bed."

"I don't blame her one bit," I allowed. "This whole thing is... I dunno. Sorry."

"Alli's still not down," mom said, stating the obvious. "Poor thing must be exhausted. I've never seen her like that before."

She looked at me, curious, but not unkind. "Alex, have you ever seen her like that?"

I shook my head slowly. "No, mom. Not even in the hospital. I didn't even think it was possible for her to be that way. I..."

I faltered in what I was about to say, and dad nodded. "It's okay, Alex. Say what you were going to. We're still waiting for your aunt before we begin really talking, we promised you we would. We're just concerned that she hasn't left her room yet."

I sighed heavily. "I've seen her sad. I've seen her feel despair. About us. She even cried. But... I haven't seen her retreat away like that before, as if... as if her whole world had suddenly disappeared."

Mom looked at her coffee cup, her eyes somewhat cloudy. "She's told me about her life and I think Allie has led a somewhat charmed existence up until now. I'm not saying

she's spoiled or anything, but even my mother's death was not a jarring event for her, she had time to prepare herself. She'd probably admit that just about everything has gone her way in life, until now."

I tilted my head. "You... you think she's never dealt with a crisis like this before?"

"I don't know, but it's possible," mom answered. "My poor sister. This has to be so hard on her."

Mom looked at dad. "She hasn't responded to your texts?" Dad shook his head and mom sighed again. "I... Mike, you'd better go and get her, please. I know we said we'd give her time, but that was well over fifteen hours ago."

Fuck, it had been fifteen hours?

Dad nodded and got up, leaving the living room and heading upstairs. After a couple of moments of silence, mom looked at me.

"We'll wait until she's here to really talk, Alex, but I just want you to know how much your father and I love you. We love Alli too, but you're our son. We'll always love you."

"I know, mom," I said quietly. "Thanks. I love you guys too."

"We'll get through this," she said, leaning forward and smiling gently. "You'll get through this. You're a De Bourne, a Blackwell and a Gordon, you couldn't ask for a much stronger lineage, you know."

I nodded. "When I heard you two talking, and how she was going to take it all on herself, I couldn't stop myself from coming upstairs. I was terrified, but I knew I couldn't let her take it on alone."

Mom's eyes were a little glassy as she smiled at me. "Staying downstairs might have been the smart thing to do, Alex, but I'm glad you didn't. Not only because your father and I now know, but because it took strength to come up those steps and confess to what you did. Great strength and courage. Another boy your age might have just hidden his head under the pillow and let the girl take on the burden."

"I couldn't let that happen," I said distantly, my eyes on the floor. "I... this was inevitable, I know that. I always did. But I couldn't let her stand alone, at the end of it all."

"It's not an end, Alex," she said softly, her eyes misty now. "Yes, some aspects of it will seem that way to you, possibly for quite some time. But our family will survive this and grow stronger, united and loving one another."

"I wonder if Alexa can ever forgive me for all of this?" I murmured.

"You might find out sooner than you think," dad said in a grim tone as he stood in the entryway to the living room, holding up a small envelope. "Alli's not in her room and I found this. I think she's gone..."

Chapter 16- Here with You, At The End Of All Things

"To my dearest family...

I am so sorry I will no longer be with you. I have caused perhaps irreparable harm and cannot continue to do so. Know that I am fine and in no danger. I love you all so much and would never want you to worry about my well-being that way, since I've caused enough turmoil already.

Michael- you're a tower of strength and you inspire me. You always will. Anyone should be proud to become one tenth of the person you are, with your convictions and resolve. I will miss you so much.

Karen- my only sister, an eternity of words cannot possibly suffice in apologizing for the hurt I have caused you. It breaks my heart to need to leave, so soon after getting you back in my life. Circumstances robbed us of our lives together as sisters, and now my choices have done that

again. Please know and remember that I love you, even if I cannot be here.

Alex- I shouldn't even bother trying to say anything, should I? I don't know if it's possible to stop loving you. I don't know I would try if I could. All I can hope is that you find a way to move on and live your life, becoming the person we both know you can be. I won't say don't worry about me or just forget me, we're both far beyond that point, aren't we? I'll always love you.

I'll always love you all.

Alexa."

I slowly lowered the letter, letting the words sink in. Reading it aloud with my parents sitting on the couch nearby had been tougher than I could have imagined. I felt... heavy. My body was heavier than stone, my mind numb. When dad brought down the letter, saying that Alexa was nowhere to be found, a sense of dread had washed over me. He'd given the letter to me, clearly deeming that I should be the one to read it, even if it was addressed to all

of us. I guess I should be thankful that he understood what Alexa and I meant to one another.

I looked up from the letter and over at them. Dad was sitting beside my mother, his arm around her, while she had her elbows on her knees and her hands over her mouth, tears streaming down her face. My heart broke again, she looked like her whole world had ended.

"She's gone," she whispered, her voice barely audible. "I just got her back, and now she's gone..."

I hung my head and squeezed my eyes shut, wrestling with my emotions. The sound of my mother trying to not break down completely was all I could hear aside from my own thumping heartbeat. I'd thought getting caught would be the worst thing to happen, but I was wrong. Even my dad seemed at a loss for what to do. That terrified me.

"I need her back," mom said turning to look at dad, her eyes glassy and her cheeks red. "My God, we have to do something."

"I don't know what yet," dad said, his hand over hers now, but he kept looking at the floor, perhaps unable at that moment to cope with the anguish that was so evident in his wife's eyes. Dad tended to look at the floor while he was thinking, or he'd pace back and forth when he was really agitated. Mom used to say he'd wear a groove in the living room floor when something was bothering him. He wasn't pacing, but only because he truly didn't know what to do. "She said not to worry about her, Karen. I think she's hoping we'll trust to that."

I said nothing, merely looking at the letter again. The fine paper seemed marred in places and I realized they were the marks of tears. Alexa had been crying at she wrote the letter. I pressed the paper to my face as I lost myself in dark reverie, trying to imagine what she'd been feeling as she wrote this. I wouldn't have had the strength. My God, she was strong.

Mom was leaning against dad, sobbing now. The depth of Alexa's and my folly was becoming increasingly clear to me with each passing moment. My head spun as the magnitude

of what we'd done was out for me to examine. We'd compromised and hurt my family in ways I'd never conceived of.

I don't know if Alexa had always thought it may come to this moment, or it had just been an instinctual reaction on her part. We'd talked, of course, about what would happen when we were found out, but I don't think either of us had seen it playing out quite like this.

"I guess we'd better still have that talk, Alex..." dad said heavily.

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It sounds silly, but it was hard to know where to begin. Obviously, I told them about our instant initial attraction to one another and how quickly we became comfortable in one another's presence. We'd been kissing while at the university by her second day here, and naked together in the jacuzzi by that night while they were away at the Stevenson's place. They both listened silently, but I could tell they were bewildered, even stunned by my revelations.

I continued, telling them about how we became sexual by the third day, or very close to it, rubbing on one another and even climaxing together, even if we didn't have full-on sex. We knew we were going to, and neither of us were the least bit interested in curbing the urge, even if we knew how taboo it was. Part of me was so shocked I was willingly telling my parents all this, after so many weeks of keeping it a secret. Mom's hands were over her mouth as she listened.

"I don't believe this," she said finally. "You knew better, and you still went with it. You both knew better. Alex, how could- what were you thinking?"

"I don't know," I said in exasperation, my voice perhaps somewhat terse. "I'm pretty sure it wasn't me who drove her to-"

"Alex!" my father snapped, his eyes flashing as he looked at me. "I know you're upset, but that is no excuse to talk to your mother that way! She did not cause this problem!"

No matter how angry I might have felt, my father's voice shocked me out of it and all defiance drained from me in a cold chill. I sagged in on myself. No matter how much I miss or loved Alexa, I couldn't defy my father.

"I'm sorry," I said sheepishly. "Mom, I'm sorry I did that. I was angry, but that's no excuse for disrespecting you. And you're right, none of this is your fault."

Mom wiped at her eye and shook her head. "Don't worry about it, Alex. I have to take your word for it than you didn't really intend for any of this to happen. Just... I guess go on. Your father and I need to know everything. So that we have a chance of understanding."

I swallowed. "Everything."

Dad nodded. "That would be everything, Alex. The situation is serious enough that it warrants holding nothing back."

I sighed. "Y'remember that day when we went for breakfast out at the barn and then went to the provincial park? Well, we... we found an absolutely enchanting place there and we decided that would be the first place we'd make love."

"How?" mom asked. "Your father and I were right there."

"Well, we did split up for a bit, and Alexa told me she suspected of a place that you and she had walked by on the trek in. We got ahead of you guys and checked it out. It was incredible. We resolved to come back there the next day to... y'know."

Mom rubbed her face. "We thought you were begrudgingly running errands with her. You always came back with the things she said she needed."

I nodded somewhat guiltily. "Seemed like a good idea if we didn't want to get caught."

"No arguing that point," dad agreed. "At that time, we still had no suspicion of what was happening."

I nodded again. "We... we went the following day, had a picnic, but we also had sex. I took lots of pictures of her, and read a French book to her, and-"

"You were reading French lit to your aunt?" mom asked, looking at me. "In a glade? While having a picnic and sex with her?"

I shrugged. "Sounds a little strange when you say it that way. But... we were really into one another, mom. I was terrified, not just of getting caught, but how quickly my feelings for Alexa overwhelmed me. I've never known anyone like her."

"That's because there is no one like her, Alex," mom said softly. "But she is still your aunt. Go on."

I shut my eyes and collected my thoughts. "I... there was no stopping after that. We made love whenever we could, and it was so intimate. The hookah party that night, we were both terrified about the shotgun thing, but..."

"But Alexa had a workaround in case something awkward happened," mom mused. "Clever girl."

"Yeah," I agreed somewhat wearily. "But even though we didn't admit it to one another, we were falling in love. Then there was the accident."

"Oh, God," my mother said reflexively, covering her mouth and her eyes tearing over. "I'm sorry. Please go on, Alex."

"Mom, I... when dad called and told me to come to the hospital, I was in a state of sickening terror the whole drive over. I'm not kidding, I was worried I might lose concentration and spin off the road or cause an accident. I didn't know what I'd do if she'd..."

I choked back something and then took a deep breath. "It was the first time I admitted to myself that without doubt, I was in love with her. And then when I saw her charts, that she was going to be okay, I was so relieved."

"Then the whole amnesia prank," dad mused, cutting in, but his expression was neutral. "We still suspected absolutely nothing. I think your mother and I were so focused on the two of them reconnecting that we might've been blind to anything else. That or you just were doing such a good job of snowing us that we couldn't have noticed."

I shifted uncomfortably. Dad may generally sound more reasonable and conciliatory than mom most times, but this wasn't one of them. His tone was making it abundantly clear that he was not in my corner about this. Not that I could blame him. I forged ahead.

"I know I tried to sound put out, but that was a cover, of course. We made love in her hospital room, and-"

"Alex," mom gasped, her eyes wide. "She might have had a concussion! We weren't sure yet!"

I struggled to keep talking, not to shrink in on myself. "I know, mom. But I can say with complete honesty that I didn't initiate those times in her hospital room."

"Times?"

I squeezed my eyes shut as I forced myself to keep talking. "At least twice. I showered with her at one point, it was pretty intense. But that was also when we admitted to one another that we were in love. And also, the beginning of our first real conversations about how the two of us could never truly be together. We... didn't know what to do."

"You knew all along what you were doing, but when you admitted you were in love to one another, that's when you started talking about how you couldn't be together," mom said evenly. "Is that right?"

I couldn't readily answer her then. Why did everything sound so stupid when it was given context?

"Alex," she said softly. "My baby sister has run away because of this thing you two had. She's gone. I need you to help me understand everything."

I could have felt a snap of irritation or anger at how she put everything squarely on Alexa's and my shoulders, but she was right. We'd broken a societal legal and moral taboo and done it willingly. This was in no way, shape or form my parents' fault. It was all on Alexa and me, choosing to not control ourselves. No anger, no irritation at her words, only... guilt, and loss.

"I'm sorry," I murmured. "it's just hard to pony up to that."

"I know, baby," she said. "Take a moment and then go on."

"We agreed to see other people," I finally continued. "She saw Jeanie and I started seeing Heather again. It wasn't clear to either of us if this had any chance of working, and we didn't really want it to, deep down."

"Her date with Jeanie, when we concluded she was a lesbian," dad sighed. "We were really thrown off the trail, then. Even though we hadn't been on it to begin with. So, she was having sex with Jeanie and you were back with Heather."

I nodded. "Sex was good, of course. I enjoyed Heather and you can't not enjoy sex with Jeanie."

"We know," mom agreed evenly. "Go on."

"Well, it didn't help that we were still living together under one roof," I said. "Seeing each other like that, of course we ended up in one another's arms, falling more and more in love."

Mom rubbed her face again. She'd stopped crying for now, but her eyes were still red. This had to be so hard on her. "And we insisted she stay with us, excited that we could finally justify in expanding the house. Continue."

My accounting of the situation was feeling listless and even pointless to me, since they already knew that we were in love and shouldn't have been. But they had a right to know whatever they liked. Thinking back about all the times Alexa and I could have been caught at the university or

other locations... how it would have reflected on my parents...

"This next part is really hard to talk about." I murmured.

"Oh, God," mom said, going pale. "She's not... Alex, you didn't get her-"

"No," I blurted, shaking my head. "No, nothing like that, I promise you. What happened next is even weirder, or at least it will seem that way to you."

My parents said nothing but merely looked at me, waiting for me to get the gumption to follow up on my statement.

"Freja knew at this point," I forced myself to say. "Alexa never keeps anything from her. They're soul-mates that way. So she watched us make love one night over Skype."

"Are you about to tell us that there's an unsecured Skype video of you making love to your aunt all over the internet?" mom asked.

I shook my head again. "No. Pretty sure you two'd know by now if that had happened. No, Freja was a part of things now, at least indirectly. One night when we went out to run errands, Alexa and I returned to that glade I told you about. It was the most beautiful scene you could imagine. Clear sky, the moon shining in on us..."

"Uh-oh..." dad said quietly.

I steeled myself. "In that glade, Alexa and I married one another."

My parents said nothing for several seconds. Finally, my mom asked the question that was on her mind. "Just the two of you physically present?"

I nodded, knowing what she meant. "Didn't feel like we needed anyone else. And aside from Freja, there was no one else to tell."

"When two or more are gathered in My name, I am there with them," dad said quietly, pinching his eyes. "You married your aunt."

I nodded slowly, unable to verbally answer him.

"Alex," he said patiently. "I'm going to ask you to do something absolutely terrifying. I want you to step back from yourself, from your perspective, and look at the big picture. And then I want you to tell me what you see."

I knew what he meant, and I admittedly didn't want to do it, not one bit. But I couldn't defy my father. I squeezed my eyes shut again, allowing myself to look over the whole drama that had unfolded since her arrival. Even though things had happened since the point in the narrative I had reached for them, this was the crux of it, the moment where I threw always all possible logic and married my blood aunt.

And I couldn't even begin to justify how stupid it all looked.

"It doesn't matter, dad," I said finally, opening my eyes. "I love her."

***

I wasn't being defiant, and my parents knew that. I was merely stating how lost I was, how this entire mess, though it was entirely my fault, had overwhelmed me. I understood now exactly how sublimated my entire being was to the limitless reality of being in love with her. It was stupid, and maybe it was even wrong, but there was nothing I could do about it.

"At least I understand fighting a hopeless fight," dad offered. "I couldn't have given other women a second thought after I knew I'd fallen for your mother. She was the most beautiful and extraordinary person I'd ever met."

I smiled. "Thanks."

"She also wasn't in any way, shape, or form related to me, Alex," dad continued, his voice indicating we were not in the slightest agreement about my quandary. "This is something entirely different."

"I know." I sighed. "And before that was the barfight where you got stabbed, and that pulled us even closer, terrified that something like that could happen to one of us."

"And I understand your terror in that circumstance," mom murmured, nodding slightly. "I remember once being worried sick when your dad and I travelled to and attended an Antifa rally. He was tanking while I was organizing demonstrators and there ended up being some really ugly fight with the Nazis we were there to oppose. Your dad smashed a lot of them, but he ended up with a few lacerations and cracked bones himself. I was worried sick."

"I remember that, although I was at summer camp, so I only had to go on what you told me." I said. "I was so proud, bragging to all the kids around me about how my parents

would beat up Nazis. But yeah, that incident really scared Alexa a lot, and we got married soon after that in the glade."

They simply looked at me, listening. My hands flexed as I tried to think of things to say. "It was about that time that we found out about you guys and Jeanie. Jeanie then caught us making love in our assigned office."

"Oh, Lord," mom said, pinching her eyes. "Are you insane, Alex? Not only could you have been caught by absolutely anybody, but you got caught by Jeanie. You know I adore her, but she's an idiot. She'd forget not to tell anyone the moment she walked back out the door."

"I guess we got lucky," I admitted. "She was really devoted to the idea of the two of us and she managed to keep her word."

"I can't believe you did that in the faculty office," mom sighed in exasperation. "What if you got caught?"

I couldn't go on a counter-offensive, because I had no right to do so, but I was so desperate to take the attention off my idiocy, even for a moment, that I tried a little gambit. I needed something. "We were pretty dumb about it. We made love in the hedge maze more than a few times late at night. One of our most terrifying moments happened in there."

"Someone nearly caught you?" mom asked, her tone unimpressed.

"Yeah, you two," I replied. "We were on the other side of a hedge wall when you both came in and began fooling around. We heard the whole thing, two feet away from us, and were petrified. The race to beat you back to the faculty had my heart ready to burst out of my chest."

My parents said nothing. Having nearly been caught themselves, by their son and sister, was giving them pause. I took advantage and drew several deep, quiet breaths, trying to compose myself. I was still wholly miserable, but at least I wasn't short of breath anymore.

"Well played, Alex," dad said finally. "Needed a moment, I take it?"

"You have no idea." I sighed heavily. "And then we went to the wedding in Gatineau and things were comically awkward there."

"Did you and Alli find time to get it on there?" mom asked.

I nodded. "You nearly caught us when you barged into my room naked."

Mom blinked. "That was Alli under the bed? Alli was pretending to be a Finnish girl you just met and were having sex with?"

I nodded sheepishly. She flopped back into the couch, looking at the ceiling. "This web is so tangled," she lamented. "That incident in the jacuzzi was the first time we noticed something about Alli. She was jiggling her breasts at you a little too eagerly, I thought. Not just enjoying teasing her nerdy nephew, but almost... needing to, I guess."

"You have no idea how badly I wanted to look." I muttered.

"But you just kept staring directly ahead, looking embarrassed as Hell," mom continued. "And then your wonderful performance where you got up and almost stormed out, and we sent Alli to retrieve you. I didn't think too much of it, because she was having sex that weekend with that woman. And you have a session or two with that uber-distant relative girl of ours."

I put my face in my hands, rubbing it wearily.

"And you're sitting there trying to figure out why we have a problem with your marrying your aunt when we didn't blink about you fucking a girl who is a relative removed by a factor of twelve," she said dryly, not terribly impressed with my exasperation. "Alex, she's your aunt. A very direct relation to you, and she's my baby sister. Forgetting for a moment that avunculate marriage is legal nowhere in this country, how on Earth could I possibly be tra-la and whimsical about my sister and son getting being in love and getting married?"

She had me there. She sat back and sighed, making a motion with her hand. "Just continue, I refuse to believe this has ended."

"Well, Freja visited after that, which no doubt threw you off the trail again," I said. "I'll admit, they included me in their lovemaking as often as they could."

Mom raised an eye. "So at this point you were having sex with your aunt-wife and her soul-mate?"

"I... yeah. Freja totally approved of Alexa and I being in love. She even offered to legally marry me and carry a baby that Alexa and I would conceive, so that we were bonded."

"This gets more twisted-sounding with every moment," mom muttered. "And then Freja met Jeanie and they fell in love. And since Alli was involved with them sexually, I can only assume that means you were too."

I shrugged. "We had a foursome in the gym and that was when Jeanie asked Freja to marry her."

Mom was lost in thought. Dad stayed resolutely quiet beside her, a figure of towering calm. The more I looked at the two of them, the more obvious the folly of all this became to me. What had I done?

"The Edith Piaf song," mom murmured. "It was never about Freja, was it?"

I shook my head. "It was Alexa singing to me, telling me that even if we never managed to work things out, she regretted nothing, and she would always be mine."

Mom's eyes were tearing again. "Alex... she's your aunt. It would have been the most beautiful story in the world, except for that. I... you know, your father and I could possibly have accepted you two having casual sex, because you were physically attracted to one another. I could possibly overlook that, if you were being careful. But in love? Were you planning to run away to somewhere that allowed avunculate marriage?"

"No," I said firmly, shaking my head. "We couldn't. She just got here, mom. That was never a serious consideration. It would have broken Alexa's heart to leave you behind so quickly."

"Just go on, Alex," dad said. "There's no doubt more."

"Freja had told her mother and her dad, and they approved, seemingly," I said. "I guess avunculate marriage is legal in Denmark, so it wasn't a big deal to them, if somewhat uncommon. Anyway, her mother was very kind in her advice to me, telling me to spend every moment I could with Alexa if I truly loved her. I guess she knew what was coming."

"I remember the bouquet incident," mom said distantly, remembering. "I convinced everyone to let her catch it. And her eyes shot immediately to you. You kept laughing and clapping, giving no indication of your feelings, but Alli's eyes betrayed hers. It was at that moment that your dad and I were convinced she was secretly in love with you and that we had to do something."

"Makes perfect sense when you put it that way," I sighed. "I... that's pretty much everything unless you want lewd details. I've been as honest as I could. So... now what?"

There was a long silence. I said nothing. Everything depended on mom now. Finally, she spoke. "I understand why Alli ran away. But it was the wrong thing to do. I need my sister back."

She couldn't hold it in any more and she turned to my father, her eyes brimming with tears. "Michael, I need my sister back..."

She burst into sobs and dad held her, caressing the back of her head, his eyes closed. I waited, my mother's tears slicing through me like knives. I'd caused her such anguish. Getting her sister back should have been one of the happiest days of her life, and I'd become the reason Alexa ran away.

"Alex, do you have your phone?" dad asked finally. I nodded and pulled it out. "Give it to your mother, please."

I unlocked it and gave it to mom, who disengaged from my dad and took the phone, sniffling as she composed herself. Her eyes were red and bleary, and I'd never seen her look so heartbroken. I felt like the worst person to ever live.

Mom composed herself and dialed a number in the phone and then activated the speaker function. We waited silently while it rang and finally someone picked up.

"Heya, Alex," Jeanie chirped cheerfully. "How's it hangin'?"

"Jeanie, sweetheart, it's Karen, Alex's mom." my mother replied.

There was a pause of confusion on the other end. I cold almost hear Jeanie looking at her phone screen to check the number, but she recovered quickly. "Hi, Lady Prof, how's your bod?"

"Jeanie, would you please put Freja on the phone?" mom asked levelly. Jeanie called out for her wife and the Danish girl answered seconds later.

"Hello, Mrs De Bourne?"

"Hello, Freja," mom said, trying to keep her voice from breaking. "I know you're still on your honeymoon in Muskoka, and I'm sorry to bother you, but I was wondering if you'd heard from Alli."

"No, we have not, not in the last day or so," Freja replied. "Is everything alright?"

"No," mom almost choked. "Michael and I told her we knew she was in love with Alex. We gave her some time alone, but then she disappeared, leaving a note saying she loved us all."

What followed were several seconds of silence and then Freja spoke.

"We'll be down immediately."

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Muskoka was normally three hours away, but there was a knock at the door within two. We'd mostly been sitting quietly, with mom crying against dad occasionally. There wasn't too much to say just yet. Dad got up and answered the door, while mom and I both stood. We heard him invite Jeanie and Freja inside.

Jeanie immediately rushed over to mom and hugged her, both of them bursting into tears. Freja, meanwhile, walked up to me, took me by the hand and led me out of the living room and into the kitchen. She turned around to look at me, taking my hand in hers and placing it against her heart. Her eyes were hard with fear and worry.

"What do they know, Alex?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"Everything," I replied. "Everything."

She thought about my response and nodded. She then led me back into the living room and went to hug my mother, starting to cry with her while Jeanie came over to me and took my hand, watching.

"I am so sorry, Karen," whispered Freja. "So sorry for my part in this."

"You're the best friend she could ask for, Freja," my mom breathed, trying to control herself. "Do not be sorry, just... help me get my baby sister back, please..."

"I think we'd all better sit down and discuss this," my father said, watching us passively. He gestured for Jeanie and Freja to sit on the love seat while he and mom sat back on the large chesterfield. I took my place in the lounger. He looked at us all and sighed. "I guess let's all get caught up so we're on the same page."

I recounted for Jeanie and Freja everything that had happened from my point of view and then mom filled in details from her end and let them read the letter. Jeanie was

mostly silent, but Freja sighed at the conclusion of my mom's story.

"I am so sorry," she said sadly. "From what you have described, I have never seen her so despondent. Let me... let me call my parents."

She pulled out her phone and dialed a number. We could vaguely hear a woman's voice on the other end and Freja began speaking in Danish, her tone uncharacteristically serious. The voice on the other end lost its cheerful tone as Freja explained something. I heard her mention myself, my mom and dad, and of course, Alexa. The call did not seem to be an encouraging one. She finally hung up and sighed.

"My mother sends her regards and her... feelings?"

Mom nodded. "I know what you're trying to say, Freja. Thank you."

"Okay," said the Danish girl. "They have not heard from Alexa. But that does not surprise me. I... I do not think she wants to be found."

Mom burst into sobs again and dad hugged her. Jeanie balled her fists and squeezed her eyes shut, tears trickling down her cheeks. Freja put a hand on top of hers, consoling her.

"I chased my baby sister away..." mom choked.

"Oh, Mrs De Bourne, no!" Freja protested, crossing the floor quickly and kneeling in front of my mother, taking her hand in hers and looking up at her with tears in her eyes. "No, Karen, not at all. Alexa, she thinks she is protecting you all. This is not your fault."

"She wouldn't have left if I hadn't confronted her."

"But of course you had to," Freja insisted. "You didn't know the whole story, how could you have? We kept it from you. What you were doing made absolute sense at the time."

My mom pulled Freja to her and hugged her. Freja trembled as she fought back her tears and then looked at my mother again. "She had to go, Karen. She loved Alex too much to stay. I know her better than any of you. I've never seen her in love before, not like she was... is... with Alex."

My face flushed red. I found myself wishing again that the earth would swallow me.

"So, we all agree we want her back, but she doesn't want to be found," dad said, trying to gather our focus. "I guess we'd better start trying to piece things together. I'll start in her room. Alex? Freja? Which of you would know her room better?"

We looked at one another and I shrugged. "I... I've been in there more often, but I imagine Freja would have the better intuition about things concerning Alexa. She's known her longer."

"Let's go, Freja," dad said, rising. "Alex, you and your mom still have talking to do, I think. Jeanie, stay with them."

"Yessir." Jeanie said dutifully, nodding. They left without another word, heading upstairs to search Alexa's room. Several moments of silence passed before mom looked at me.

"I cannot believe how completely you had us fooled, Alex," she said quietly. "I never even suspected. I know a lot of parents are blind to how their kids behave, but your father and I always had a good bead on you."

I shrugged and smiled wanly. "It's... it's not something I'm proud of, mom, but I really didn't know what to do."

She sighed. "And I don't even know what to say, Alex. She's your aunt. She's my little sister. Was the sex really that good?"

"Oh, she's a total Bene Gesserit, Mrs De Bourne." Jeanie piped up.

We both looked at her, rather bewildered to hear anything like that coming out of her mouth.

"What?" she said somewhat defensively, frowning a little. "I liked the Dune novels and things that smell like cinnamon. Gimme a break already."

Mom shook her head and turned to look at me again. "It's just so unlike you, Alex. You've played it straight and safe most of your life. Brave, sure, but you've always been sensible. This is so out of character."

"You think I don't know that?" I replied. "I was the one living it."

Mom sighed and pinched her eyes for a moment. "Alex, I know your father and I do some strange things, like messing around with our students on occasion..."

"Thanks for that, beeteedubs." Jeanie added, smiling. Mom ignored her.

"And yes, your father and I even had a fling with some twin sisters," she continued. "But there were no implications for them, and none really even for us. This is on a whole different level."

"I know," I said quietly. "I... you have no idea how much we wanted to tell you. The stress of not saying anything got pretty immense on occasion."

"I can imagine," she agreed. "I don't even know what to do if we somehow convince her to come back, because there's still your situation to deal with. Breaking you two up as soon as she gets back here can't possibly improve anything, and we can't pretend it isn't happening, either."

"I know... I know..." I sighed, putting my face in my hands, trying to compose myself.

A few moments passed and then something I didn't expect- the feel of my mother's arms around me, hugging me tight.

I held her as well and we said nothing for some time. I know how hard this was on her and now we were just trying to get through it, one way or another. Jeanie sat quietly and watched us until dad and Freja returned. Mom looked up at them.

"Anything?" she asked.

"Nothing terribly useful," dad replied grimly as he sat on the chesterfield and mom joined him. "Just about everything is still here. Only things gone are her laptop and any personal identification, along with her phone. She left pretty much everything else, as far as I can tell."

"I tried calling her, of course," Freja added. "No response."

"She must be hurting real bad if she's cut you out too," Jeanie said, caressing Freja's cheek. "We can't get her back if we can't find her."

"And there's not even any guarantee she'll come back anyway," Freja sighed. "I've never seen her like this."

"I think we've been sort of dancing around the obvious issue, too," dad now stated. "Whether we like it or not, it's the reason she left."

I looked away, which my mother saw. "Alex, we're not going to talk about this like you're not here. It's okay to speak."

"I can't, mom. I'm sorry." I said quietly.

"Why, baby?"

I drew a deep breath. "Because I can't talk about Alexa except... except as my wife. That's the only context I have for you. Maybe it's silly to you, maybe it's absurd. But it's the only frame of reference I can give you about any of this. And so I don't really have anything to add."

Mom and dad said nothing. Jeanie and Freja looked on quietly. Yes, they were involved, but this moment didn't concern them.

"You got married, hm?" dad mused.

I nodded. "You guys had a kegger that night, you left us a note that we found after we got back from the glade. We had a rather pleasant honeymoon as a result."

Mom grimaced. "Not on my bed, right?"

"No," I said, trying not to chuckle while Jeanie snickered. "I promise."

Mom sighed. "You already know it won't stand up legally. This whole thing still overwhelms me in so many ways. The length of time it's being going on, the scope of it..."

She looked at our guests. "Anything you two can add to shed some light on this can of worms?"

Freja made a wry face and looked at Jeanie. "Can of worms?" Jeanie shrugged helplessly. Mom might as well have said

antidisestablishmentarianism. Nonetheless, they both contributed what they could to the narrative. Freja related many late-night Skype conversations with Alexa where she talked endlessly about Alex, to the place where Freja was convinced her friend was in love. Since avunculate marriage was legal in Denmark (if unusual), she didn't care at all, as long as Alexa was happy. She just cautioned her about the implications here.

Jeanie was every bit as honest, if somewhat less insightful, for the most part. She mentioned her sex with Alexa and then teasing Alex with nude videos of her aunt, thinking she was being a silly pest by suggesting that Alexa and I having sex would be hot.

Then she walked in on us making love in our office and she was struck by exactly how beautiful and perfect we were together, that she was even jealous, sad because she'd never find a love that deep and meaningful. Freja bit her lip and hugged Jeanie while she spoke. The brunette continued.

"I... I guess I never really stopped to consider how much this could fuck things up for you two," she murmured, looking

at my parents. "I mean, you guys've been inside me, so I guess I just figured you were sorta untouchable, y'know?"

"Jeeeez..." I groused, putting my hands over my ears.

"A little late for that reaction from you, Mister Lannister," mom said dryly. I didn't know whether the return of her sarcasm was a good thing or a bad thing in these circumstances. Although I was happy that she'd stopped crying, at least for now. "Please continue, Jeanie."

Jeanie considered her next words. "No word of a lie, I was so happy for them, I never really considered anything else except keeping their secret."

"You're a good friend, Jeanie," mom said. "I'm sure Alex and Alli appreciated that."

"Wish we hadn't had to." I sighed. "I don't even know if 'sorry' is the right thing to say, mom."

"I don't know either, Alex," she said wearily. "I don't even know what to think. This has torn our family apart in one way, but if I'm practical, then I consider what might have happened if this thing between you two had gotten out at the university."

I squirmed uncomfortably.

"Not everyone likes your father and I," she explained. "There are lots of people who resent our influence over the departments. Something like this would give them a lot of slander material to work with. The university could reject that nonsense outright, but if a big enough stink was made, however undeserved, they could also decide it was just easier to let us go. And what legal action could we take, since the premise we're fighting to keep our jobs on, an incestuous relationship, is illegal?"

I said nothing.

"Even if we won, there would be a cloud over us for a long time to come," mom said quietly. "Alex, I'm not saying that your father's and my careers take precedence over your

happiness, but there are very serious considerations to be examined here. If this got out, forget the effect it would have on us, what would it do to you and Alli? If it was widely-known, who would hire you for jobs? You couldn't even attend a church in peace."

My face was in my hands. I couldn't say anything. I just let her talk, I owed her that. To the most dreadful depths, of every aspect I'd ever avoided, I would let her take me there. Because it had to be faced, for all of our sakes.

"I mean, you could move out of the country," she pointed out. "But I can't imagine that suiting Alli, after nineteen years of desperately wanting to know her family. She just came home. She wants to be here."

"It's true, she does," Freja agreed. "She wants to live here more than anything. It has always been her ambition, even when we first got to know one another. To come home, it was... everything to her."

Mom stopped talking and wrestled with her tears again. Dad had an arm around her. I think it killed them both to

do it, but they didn't console me or put their arms around me, because I needed to feel this and face it alone, even if they were so nearby. In some ways, they might as well have been across the continent.

"I need a rest," mom said finally, rising and holding a hand out for dad, which he willingly took. "Alex, we'll talk again when I get up. Ladies, I'm so sorry we had to disrupt your honeymoon."

"There is no honeymoon for us if Alexa and Alexa are in distress, Karen," Freja said readily. "Or you and Michael. We're your friends, and we will remain here until this has seen its end, whatever that is."

Mom smiled and wiped her eye. "Please keep Alex company, then? See if you can figure something out?"

Both girls nodded and walked up and hugged her. Then mom came up and hugged me.

"I love you so much, Alex..." she said in a tiny voice.

Then they were gone. Freja and Jeanie took me to the chesterfield and sat me down cuddling me and whispering their condolences. There was nothing at all sexual about this, even if their hands were on me. We were all worried sick about Alexa.

"My parents will do what they can to see if she arrives in Denmark," Freja assured me. "We will also try to determine if she returned to Cardiff, since that is where Miranda rests."

Jeanie was trying not to cry, caressing my cheek and kissing it gently. She had little to offer except emotional support, which she gave the only way she knew how, with affection.

"I've never lost anyone important to me, Alex," she murmured. "I mean, you know I was worried about being alone my whole life, but... to lose someone who was your everything... oh, God, Alex, I'm so sorry..."

She wept quietly on my shoulder while I caressed hers. Freja now knelt in front of me, between my legs, and gently

lifted my chin, not at all bothered by my red eyes or worn expression.

"Alex," she said softly. "I will be honest with you. We may never find Alexa. If she has gone away and does not wish to be found, it would be rather easy for her. She is not only a citizen of the EU, but also the Commonwealth, so she could go anywhere. And like you, she is a polyglot, she speaks many languages, so she'd be comfortable in many places."

"My Klingon is better than hers." I mumbled, smiling weakly. She smiled back, shaking her head slightly.

"You do not need to try and cheer us up, my friend. Let us be here for you. And to that end, let me promise you something, on Alexa's behalf..."

Her tone was now quiet but serious as she stared into my eyes. "If we do not see her, ever again, then Jeanie and I will act as wives for you. We cannot replace her, we know that, but we both loved her, and we will look after you in her name. Even children. We talked about it on the way down

when we suspected the worst. It's... it's what she'd want, she wouldn't want you to be alone, Alex."

I didn't really have anything to say, but I smiled and nodded. She got back on the chesterfield and pulled a cover over us, in spite of the late summer warmth. The two of them nestled into me, caressing me slowly and whispering comforting words. In a cocoon, my weary mind drifted and I fell back asleep, wondering where my beloved wife had gone.

***

We were all sitting around the coffee table, staring into our cups. Mom and dad had been gone to their bedroom for several hours and I admit I slept for most of those. Dad had made some obligatory calls to the airport, of course, but they had no information to give him. We couldn't even file a missing persons report, since Alexa was an adult and had left a perfectly cogent letter saying goodbye that indicated she was in no danger. She was just... going away.

How do you find someone who doesn't want to be found? And even if you do find them... what then?

Jeanie had made some sandwiches and salad, and we all picked away at them dutifully, even if none of us felt like eating. Still, protein and carbs to help us think were not a bad thing.

I could tell dad was agitated- he wanted to make sure his wife wasn't in distress, and he could do nothing about it. Thankfully, he didn't blame me, because he clearly felt awful for me as well. Nothing was harder on my dad than not being able to help the people he loved. Why had I allowed this to happen?

"I still can't believe she took off and none of us noticed," mom said finally. "I didn't, your father didn't, you didn't... she must have been so careful."

"Can't be sure, but she might have gone out her bedroom window and shimmied down that lattice," dad mused. "She kept that window open a lot on pleasant nights."

Freja nodded. "And she is, oh, how do you say it... a real monkey. She was always climbing trees and into her bedroom when she was out past curfew. It was amazing to watch how agile she could be."

"Well, you said she was a good little gymnast, which accounts for her HR-inappropriate level of flexibility," mom sighed. "So, when we were all asleep, she went out her window and took off to God-knows-where. I've contacted both sides of my family and told them she went AWOL, on the off-chance she shows up with any of them to learn more about herself. Obviously that won't happen, but being thorough keeps me focused."

Freja had told mom and dad about their offer to look after me in Alexa's place. They both seemed to not really mind, but why would they? I wasn't related to either of these girls and it did little or nothing to solve the primary aspect of this crisis from their point of view. Ancillary solutions were far from their minds at the moment. Since my parents hadn't known about our relationship or that Alexa and I considered ourselves husband and wife, the offer was rather

moot. I think everyone was just wanting to keep all lines of communication clear at this point, no secrets or surprises.

"You saw them marry one another, Freja?" dad asked, looking at her.

She smiled warmly. "Only after the fact, but they recorded it. It was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. Even considering my wedding to Jeanie. They were so in love, Michael."

"Alex?" mom intoned, looking at me. "Would you like to take us there?"

I hadn't expected that question, but I also knew better than to say no. To be honest, I didn't really feel a reason to say no either. What was the glade to me now, except a shrine of memory? I nodded my agreement.

"Bring your laptop along," she said as she rose. "We'll all go."

"Then we will follow you." Freja said, nodding. "We will take Jeanie's car and meet-"

"No, come in the van with us," dad said, his voice gentle but brooking no argument. "The family's grown small enough recently, I see no point in anyone being separated, even for a short drive. We'll meet in the living room in five minutes."

I went and got dressed while the girls waited patiently. Dad was getting the van ready. I don't know why, but I got into clothes one would consider a little bit dressy for a walk through a provincial park. I guess because I associated the glade with Alexa, and now it was almost a shrine to her in my mind...

I took a deep breath, steeling myself.

***

It was dark now as we stood in the glade. The night was clear, and the moon's silvery rays pierced the canopy to touch the emerald grass and crystalline waters of the brook.

A light breeze rustling leaves overhead was the only sound we could hear.

"It's beautiful," mom said quietly, almost reverently as she looked around in wonder. "I can see why you two chose it."

"Thanks," I said rather uncertainly, rubbing my neck. Jeanie and Freja were also standing nearby, holding one another's hand, having removed their shoes and enjoying the feel of their grass under their feet. "So, uh, yeah... this is where it all happened."

"The first time you made love to Alli, and where you married her," dad mused. "I agree with your mother, it's enchanting. Day or night, this place would be magical."

"It's a shame Alli's not here," mom said almost wistfully, although I could see her eyes were glassy with tears. It was as if she expected to never see her sister again. "Alex, I..."

"Yeah, mom?" I asked, wondering what she wanted to say.

"Do you have the video you took of you marrying Alli on your laptop? If you do... could we see it?"

I was quiet for a moment but then nodded. There was no need to protect anything now, was there? "Yeah, mom. I guess you should."

She smiled and covered her mouth while dad took her other hand. "I guess I had daydreams of being at Alli's wedding, either as her Maid of Honour or giving her away, since mom and dad aren't with us anymore. And now, it turns out I... I missed the whole thing..."

Dad hugged mom and she fought back her tears while I pulled out my laptop, checking the battery power when I turned it on. It would be good for at least three hours. I gave it to mom and she knelt in the grass, with my device on her lap. Dad knelt behind her while Jeanie sidled into one side with Freja behind her and me on the other. I found the folder with the clip in question and clicked Play...

***

"Pourquoi sous tes cheveux me cacher ton visage? Laisse mes doigts jaloux écarter ce nuage : Rougis-tu d'être belle, ô charme de mes yeux? L'aurore, ainsi que toi, de ses roses s'ombrage. Pudeur! honte céleste! instinct mystérieux, Ce qui brille le plus se voile davantage ; Comme si la beauté, cette divine image, N'était faite que pour les cieux! Tes yeux sont deux sources vives Où vient se peindre un ciel pur, Quand les rameaux de leurs rives Leur découvrent son azur. Dans ce miroir retracées, Chacune de tes pensées Jette en passant son éclair, Comme on voit sur l'eau limpide Flotter l'image rapide Des cygnes qui fendent l'air! Ton front, que ton voile ombrage Et découvre tour à tour, Est une nuit sans nuage Prête à recevoir le jour ; Ta bouche, qui va sourire, Est l'onde qui se retire Au souffle errant du zéphyr, Et, sur ces bords qu'elle quitte, Laisse au regard qu'elle invite, Compter les perles d'Ophyr! Ton cou, penché sur l'épaule, Tombe sous son doux fardeau, Comme les branches du saule Sous le poids d'un passereau ; Ton sein, que l'oeil voit à peine Soulevant à chaque haleine Le poids léger de ton coeur, Est comme deux tourterelles Qui font palpiter leurs ailes Dans la main de l'oiseleur. Tes deux mains sont deux corbeilles Qui laissent passer le jour ; Tes doigts de roses vermeilles En couronnent le contour. Sur le gazon qui l'embrasse Ton pied se pose, et la grâce, Comme

un divin instrument, Aux sons égaux d'une lyre Semble accorder et conduire Ton plus léger mouvement."Alexa's eyes shone as she listened to my recitation of Lamartine, who she had previously told me was one of her favourite chanseurs. I watched myself cough and somewhat apologetically smile."I had to get some French in there for you somehow. But you know I love you. I... have no choice, Alexa. If there is indeed such a thing as being 'fated', this is it. And I wouldn't resist it if it was true."We all watched I slipped the blue ring-pop onto her finger, still looking into her eyes. "I wed thee now. I devote my heart and soul to you, Alexa. And you are forever mine, come what may."Her eyes were shining with tears as I spoke the words she was so desperate to hear. She nodded when I finished and drew a deep breath. "Alex, I don't speak Sumerian, you're better at the ancient languages than I am. But this is the world's oldest known love poem, from Sumer, because I feel our souls have been bonded as one since before recorded history...""Bridegroom, dear to my heart, Goodly is your beauty, honeysweet, Lion, dear to my heart, Goodly is your beauty, honeysweet. Bridegroom, let me caress you, My precious caress is more savory than honey, In the bedchamber, honey-filled, Let me enjoy your goodly beauty, Lion, let me caress you. My precious caress is more savory than honey. Bridegroom, you have taken your

pleasure of me, Tell my mother, she will give you delicacies, My father, he will give you gifts. You, because you love me, Give me pray of your caresses, My lord god, my lord protector, My Shu-Sin, who gladdens Enlil's heart, Give me pray of your caresses."She looked into my eyes as she slipped my ring-pop onto my finger, quoting the play Much Ado About Nothing."As you are mine, so now am I yours."We all watched the screen as I pulled Alexa to me and kissed her deeply. Tears trickled down mom's face as she watched. Freja and Jeanie were both tearing up as well, even thought they'd both watched it before.

"Slick editing, Alex," mom said softly, putting her hand on mine. "It was beautiful."

"Yeah, thanks," I said as I closed the laptop before Alexa and I started making love. I was determined to be honest with my parents, I wasn't sure I was ready for them to watch me make love to mom's sister, though. "It helps when the subject matter is Alexa."

We'd both been recording the event with our phones, along with our laptops, meaning I had plenty of angles to choose

from when making the final video of our marriage. Alexa and I had watched it countless times, falling more in love every time we did so.

And now... nothing.

***

We were all sitting around the dining table, drinking coffee. My laptop sat in front of me. No one was saying much of anything at the moment.

"You... you and dad should keep my laptop for now," I said finally. "I'll give you the password. I mean, yeah, there's probably a lot of videos you won't want to watch, but there'll be a lot you do, too. If you really want to know what we meant to one another."

"I do, baby," mom said, looking at me, her eyes soft with love. "I only want your happiness, and I don't know how to give it to you. The other complications aside, we can't even find her."

"Well... could we try to figure it out?" Jeanie asked. "I mean, she'll be somewhere in the Commonwealth or the EU, right? That's what Freja said."

"That's pretty much half the planet, darling," mom sighed. "A little more daunting than it might seem."

"Yeah, but she won't go anywhere that random." Jeanie insisted. "Just because she speaks Arabic doesn't mean she'll head to Iran."

"True, my love, but she won't go anywhere that will remind her of her pain, either." Freja added, ignoring her beloved's error in geography. "Not Cardiff, and not Roskilde. She was never truly happy anywhere. She always wanted to be here."

We all sat silently for several seconds, unsure what to say.

"Paris." I said finally. Everyone looked at me.

"Remember karaoke night?" I continued. "Freja said that even Alexa got tired of Paris and Alexa disagreed, said... what was it... she said that if she'd been older when she lived there, with her own money, she might've stayed. But grandma's career took her elsewhere."

"Alex is right," dad said, nodding. "You were sharp to catch that and remember it."

"I, I remember just about everything she says, to be honest. If I had to hazard a guess, she will go to Paris."

"Even if she did, it's a big city," Freja sighed. "We could all go and still never find her."

We were all silent again before mom finally looked up at dad. "Michael?"

I knew that tone. She was officially deferring to my dad. About this whole situation. I know it often seems like mom

runs the roost, but when the chips were down, there was no question who the head of our household was.

Dad closed his eyes and we all waited for several minutes while he wrestled with this entire mess in his mind. All I could hear was the summer breeze outside and the sound of my heart beating.

When he opened his eyes, he smiled at me. "I think we'd better dig up your passport, Alex," he said cheerfully. "You've got a wife to bring home..."

***

"Non, rien de rien, non, je ne regrette rienNi le bien qu`on m`a fait, ni le malTout ça m`est bien égalNon, rien de rien, non, je ne regrette rienC`est paye, balaye, oublie, je me fous do passe

The haunting strains of Edith Piaf's voice reached me as I stepped through the front door of the café. It sent chills through me, making me tremble, as I thought of Alexa

singing the song, a touching ballad of no regrets, come what may.

The Sixteenth Arrondisments, where she had lived many years ago. Simple inquiries eventually confirmed that a beautiful blonde girl had indeed been seen in the neighbourhood. She had only just arrived three days before, but people were already speaking of her, that she had apparently lived there once before. In spite of her beauty, she seemed supremely sad. My heart pounded, it could only be her.

Avec mes souvenirs j`ai allume le feuMes chagrins, mes plaisirs,Je n`ai plus besoin d`euxBalaye les amours avec leurs trémolosBalaye pour toujoursJe réparas a zéro

There she is...

Beautiful beyond words, even when she was wracked with grief. She sat at a small table, looking out the window to her side. Even across the room, I could see her eyes were red with grief, her fingers gently touching her lips. Surrounded

by people, she still seemed so alone. That was no doubt how she wanted it.

She turned her head and our eyes met.

I smiled gently and held up my hand, showing her the little plastic ring on my wedding finger.

Non, rien de rien, non, je ne regrette rienNi le bien qu`on m`a fait, ni le malTout ça m`est bien égalNon, rien de rien, non, je ne regrette rienCar ma vie, car me joiesAujourd'hui ça commence avec toi!"

There were tears in her eyes as she smiled and held up her hand, showing me the little yellow ring she'd always sworn to wear.

"Because my life, because my joy, today they begin with you!"

Fin.

Author's Notes: Yes, this story about Alex and Alexa has come to an end. And yes, Alex is taking her home as his wife. Of course, there'll be things to work out, but our crew will no doubt see it through.

But having said that, this is only the first part of the story. It will be continuing in one form or another. That'll be in the new year, because I've seriously gotta catch up on other stories, but I enjoyed this one too much to let it end. I have several ideas, and many people have suggested ideas. If you have ideas, PM me and let me know.

I've decided there will be a Christmas Special extra chapter. It's late summer in our storyline, but this chapter will come out around Christmas. Because fans who are evolved beyond hate mail have requested something along those lines. So, what the hey, right?

And yes, there was no sex in this chapter. I just couldn't find a place to fit it in where it seemed appropriate. Then again, a lot of people have told me that just because this is an erotic site, not every chapter published has to be laden with sex. Sometimes,

emotion and romance are what you need. Hopefully this chapter wrapped up this arc in the right vein, then.

In this final Author's Notes, I'm going to explain a few things and straighten out some others. For instance, what does our cast look like in my mind?

Michael looks a lot like Dave Draper in the late 60's and early 70's, but with humour and intelligence glinting in his eyes. And his face is not all pinched together.

Karen. I always pictured her looking like the French ballet star Sylvie Guillem in the 80's, only with a pronounced bust. I always loved that fashionable Dutch bob-cut.

I dunno the name of the girl who I think looks like Freja, and I can't put the pic on here anyway. But her hair is honey blonde, sort of a wavy bob, as opposed to Karen's straight hair. Her eyes are a warm hazel and her smile is pleasant and friendly. Her body is slender but attractive, her boobs average in size, maybe a little pointy. Her outstanding feature is her ass and her legs.

Jeanie. Curvier than Freja, bigger boobs. She has lots of curly brown hair, cascading down her back. Nice girl, pretty smile, but

you can see in her eyes that there's not a lot going on upstairs. I picture Carli Banks with curly brown hair.

Heather. The adult movie actress Lizz Tayler is a good approximation of how I see her.

Alex, well... I don't rightly know who he would look like, but he's got a strong swimmer or gymnast's build, shaggy blond hair like dad and blue eyes. A wry, mischievous smirk.

Alexa. Okay, here we go...

Galadriel has always been my ideal woman. With big boobs and without a big damn gap in her front teeth. Fuck you, Peter Jackson. Alexa, in my mind is beautiful and regal, like Galadriel.

When she's being goofy, she reminds me of the cosplay goddess Jess Nigri. When she's being flirty and sexy, I think of Kate Upton or Charlotte McKinney. She's got the sensuality of Marilyn Monroe. And she's a succubus when she's being sexual. Not falling in love with her is a real challenge. Except maybe for you hate trolls out there. You're so strong, you are...

A lot happened in the first week of this story, and then it sort of slowed down, while the quandary they found themselves in simmered under the surface. Hopefully the change in pace wasn't too jarring. And as an author on this site, you just have to accept that no matter which way you take a story, fast or slow, sex every chapter or not every chapter, people are going to have tantrums at you because you're not doing what they want.

Which, at the end of the day, is amusing. Remember the scene in Rocky IV where Drago told off the General Secretary of the Soviet Union? Well to paraphrase Drago... "I WRITE FOR ME!"

I guarantee you, tantrums or threats to never read my stories ever ago do absolutely nothing to change my mind about how I'm writing. Don't bother wasting electrons and neurons.

In a more positive tone, I now have nearly 2,100 followers. I'm flattered by that. People who have the kishkas to actually PM me with feedback are most welcome. So thank you for that. I very much appreciate it.

God, I want to go on and on and on, but I have other stories to get to. I just want to say thank you to people for sticking with me through this. I always knew the outcome, but fleshing things

out to make it happen was occasionally a challenge. I hope you enjoyed this romp and look forward to seeing our gang again. Now to check this chapter twenty times and see if everything genuinely suits me before hitting that Submit button.

Keep your stick on the ice!

- Management

Story::Alex & Alexa Ch. 17

Disclaimer: Read... the... Author's... Notes. For the love of Sanguinius, PLEASE, before you comment or send hate mail. You have opposable thumbs, live up to that evolutionary gift. If characters are having sexy time, they're 18 or older. Deal with it.

Epilogue- Never Another Day Without You

I was already liking Paris. No. Loving it. People were clapping quietly in the café as I led Alexa out of it, her arm threaded through mine, my hand clasping hers. Alexa was looking at the ground and blushing, trying to control her smile. She'd said almost nothing since I'd found her.

"Jamais un autre jour sans toi..." she had whispered in my ear, with tears on her cheeks as I hugged her while the café looked on.

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We walked slowly through the neighbourhood, saying nothing yet. We just wanted to feel one another's presence. I never once let go of her hand, keeping it clasped in both of mine. Every now and then, she would turn to look at me and I was stunned all over again by her angelic beauty- the limitless depths of her sapphire eyes, the radiance of her golden hair, the purity and joy of her smile...

I'd never been more in love with her. It felt like a dream, walking with her now.

We walked through the Square des Epinettes quietly, letting the warm summer air embrace us. Any ambient noise of the bustling city all around us was lost, because we were focused only on one another. We stopped and just stared at the statue in the center of the park for some time, although I was admittedly only faintly aware of it. There was only us.

We began walking again and I allowed her to lead me wherever it was we were heading.

"We off to an atelier?" I asked, grinning.

Alexa smiled and shook her head. She was so unusually quiet. I think she was still overwhelmed by my presence. "Afraid not. Just a little apartment off Roberval, sort of tucked away beyond notice."

"That sounds nothing like you." I mused.

"I couldn't agree more," she said quietly. "Let me take you there."

We walked casually through the streets, eventually reaching Rue Roberval, and she brought us around behind a large, old building, the foundations of which dated back to the 1700's at least. We entered through a small, walled-off garden and she used a small, antique key to access a stairwell. Two flights up and she brought us to a door.

"Promise not to laugh?" she asked as she put the key in the ancient lock.

"No." I replied simply, making her shake her head. She opened the door and led me inside. The apartment was tiny, basically one medium-sized room with several half-partitions meant to give it a multi-room feel. The living room was also the bed room. A tiny kitchenette terminated in a small round table perhaps big enough for two. The bathroom was a closet large enough to hold a toilet, a sink and a skinny shower stall. If I used the toilet, my lower legs would be visible in the hallway, it was that small. The walls were a light grey with floral wallpaper trim. Some plants hung form the ceiling and a radio that might have been older than Paris itself sad next to her bed.

"I like what you've done with the place." I mentioned, making her blush.

"I've only been here three days," she murmured. "Nothing here is mine. I... I didn't-"

She stopped talking as I hugged her to me. She didn't move at first, but then she put her arms around my waist and sighed in what I could only describe as deep relief. I could readily share the sentiment.

"I'll never let go of you again." I whispered to her, making her tremble slightly. She looked up at me and tears shone in her eyes.

"And what now, mon coeur?" she asked.

I shrugged and pulled out my phone. "Guess it's time to check in..."

She watched nervously as I dialed and then her eyes went wide as I pushed the phone into her hand, with the speaker function on. Before she could say anything or hand it back to me, someone picked up on the other end.

"Alex?" resonated my mother's voice across the line. Her tone betrayed her concern. "Alex?"

With a trembling hand, Alexa replied, her eyes squeezed shut. "Karen?"

"Alli?" mom exclaimed in barely contained shock. "It's Alli!" I heard her almost yell, the response to which my dad laughing

jovially and Freja and Jeanie both crying out in delight. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine," she said quietly, not quite sure what to make of all this just yet. We hadn't really discussed anything since the café, just basking in one another's presence and never wanting to be apart again. It was entirely possible that she had never expected to speak to her family again, even if I was here. "I... Karen, I-"

"I'm so glad your safe," mom breathed. "So Alex is there with you?"

"She's on my phone, mom, so yeah, I'm here with her." I said, laughing. "I haven't been sacrificed to the lesbian death cult she, Jeanie and Freja started up just yet."

"There would be worse ways for you to go, young man," mom said dryly. "Now zip your yip and let me talk to my baby sister."

Alexa sat down on the corner of the bed, still looking both numb and nervous, her eyes distant with trepidation. Not surprisingly, mom spoke first.

"Alli, I'm not going to say much right this second, it's going to be a quick call," she began. "There's a lot for you and Alex to discuss. But I wanted you to know we're all relieved that you're fine. I love you and I miss you, we all do."

"I miss you too..." Alexa said in a voice that was barely more than a whisper, and even then, it nearly cracked with her emotion. Mom ended the call and Alexa stared at the screen for several seconds before looking up at me.

"They were worried..." she murmured.

"Terrified is a better descriptor," I answered, sitting down next to her on the flimsy fold-out bed, which creaked under my weight. It would have completely broken under dad, but he probably couldn't even fit in this postage stamp of an apartment. "When we saw you were gone, it-"

Alexa threw herself against me and burst into tears, sobbing. I held her tight, choking back my own anxiety and pain. Her being my aunt was the furthest thing from my mind. All that mattered was that Alexa was the woman I was completely in love with.

"How can you forgive me?" she rasped, trying to control her crying now.

"We're not worrying about that, Alexa," I said soothingly, stroking her hair. "There's so much to talk about."

I then took her cheeks in my hands and gazed into her beautiful face. "And a lifetime of joy to live."

She said nothing, just staring into my eyes.

"I'm not gonna say anything blithe like we were right all along," I said, using my thumbs to wipe the tears away from her eyes. "But I can say that mom and dad sent me to get you and bring you home. As my wife."

Even through the tears, her eyes were alight with endless wonder. "They... know I'm your wife?"

"A lot has happened since you left," I answered, nodding. "We talked. A lot. It wasn't easy on anyone. But in the end, they understood how in love we are. And they know you're my wife and approve. At least, they're working on it."

She just stared into my eyes. "Your wife..."

Then she blinked, almost snapping out of her secret reverie. "Alex, tell me everything, please."

I smiled and nodded before taking her hands in mine and recounting the entire ordeal from beginning to end, including the role Jeanie and Freja played in its resolution. Alexa listened breathlessly, almost like she was fit to burst. Tears shone in her eyes again.

"I can't believe after all this they want me back..." she murmured. "I thought they hated me for what I'd done."

I shook my head. "Alexa, I don't think anyone could ever hate you. You are, hands down, the most incredible person I know, and I've known my parents my whole life."

She sniffled and booped my nose. "Sweet-talker. I was just thinking the same thing about you, and I know your parents too."

I drew a deep breath as I composed my thoughts. "I... I won't say that all of this pain was unnecessary, Alexa, because it might have needed to happen to get us all where we're supposed to be on this issue. You going missing broke mom's heart, but she can't imagine life without you. It was dad who finally came down on our side, and that helped mom do what she so desperately wanted to and approve of us."

"How can they not hold all this against me?" she asked. "They knew I was in love with you and tried to ease me out of it."

I chuckled. "Which makes perfect sense at the time and from their perspective. If you weren't in love with me, and I developed some idiotic teen boy crush on you, dad would have thwapped me on the back of the head and told me to snap out of it."

She giggled now. "Yeah, I can see that. You would've been really annoying if you'd been crushing on me. Always trying to sneak peeks at me, setting up that remote camera in my room..."

I raised an eyebrow. "You knew about that?"

"You're not that slick, husband-mine," she said, smirking at me. "I knew about it and decided to indulge you, since I was struggling with my own onslaught of weird feelings for you."

"Wow, I feel like such a creeper," I sighed. "In any event, I... don't know if we'd be here right now, with the rest of our lives together in front of us, if it hadn't played out this way. I guess love isn't always easy."

"I'm just glad they tried to talk to me and didn't rely on Michael thwapping me on the back of the head," she mused. "Forget falling out of love with you, I probably still wouldn't remember my own name. Do you... do you think they're truly okay with this, Alex?"

"They will be." I said in an assuring tone. "It's going to be complicated as fuck, for sure. But they want this now. It'll just take time to get used to it, so we'll be patient with them. I mean, we're breaking the law, after all."

She sighed and nodded.

"Speaking of which, mom wanted to know where we should hold the wedding." I mentioned. "Denmark? Here in Paris? Wanna go to Australia?"

Her eyes widened. "They want a real wedding for us?"

I smiled and nodded. "I showed them the wedding video and mom was really sorry she missed out on giving you away."

"They saw the video?" she asked somewhat uncertainly.

"Not all of it, just the first part," I clarified, laughing. "But I left my laptop with them as a gesture of trust, so God only knows what they've seen by now."

She sighed at the thought. "Well, they've already seen the videos of me fucking Jeanie, not to mention my nonsense in Slovenia with Freja when we were younger. Those didn't bother me. I guess it's just weird to think of them seeing me making love to you."

"That's because it is weird." I agreed. "But if anyone can handle it, it's mom and dad. "They're pretty adaptable in the end, always have been."

"This is going to cause a lot of problems for them," she said quietly, looking down our hands, which were clasped. "And we tried so hard to avoid those complications."

"I know, but they're willing to take that problem on," I told her. "We're going home, Alexa. And our relationship is still illegal there, so we'll have to keep it on the downlow for now. But our family will do everything they can to make us complete."

She wiped a tear from her eye. "I can't believe we're going home. As husband and wife. But can I..."

"Hmmm?"

Her smile was now almost serene. "We'll go home, and things will be their own beautiful fun and crazy again. You and your mom driving one another insane, your dad weirding everyone out, depraved sex with Jeanie and Freja... I'm looking forward to home. But do you... do you think they'd let us stay here for a few days or so? I just want you all to myself for a while, Alex."

I nodded. "I somehow doubt that's a problem. They'll understand and approve."

"Good," she said finally. "I paid rent on this postage stamp a year in advance, I wanna get my money back..."

***

I was lying on my back, breathing hard as I reached up and squeezed Alexa's breasts while she churned and writhed on me, my cock deep inside her tight, wet pussy. Her fingernails were almost digging into my pecs as she groaned loudly and with unashamed pleasure.

"Gnnnnnnn, Alex..." she panted. "Oh, God, I missed and needed this..."

"Me too," I agreed, fondling her as I pushed my hips up and down in time with hers, spearing myself into her body. The old bed creaked like crazy, as did the floor, but we were both beyond caring at this point. What were they going to do, evict us? "I don't care if it's only been three days, I've missed you."

"Ah, before this, we -gnnnnnnnn- we hadn't gone without fucking for weeks..." she gasped. "Oh, God, right there..."

I looked down her body and watched as my glistening shaft slid in and out of her while she moved on top of me, her pussy swallowing my cock greedily. She groaned loudly, and I smirked as I remembered that we'd left the window open. Pretty sure every apartment around us and anyone in the courtyard garden below would know exactly what was going on here.

Alexa sat up and arched her back, pressing down on me and squeezing me tight, her teeth clenched as she fought back a scream of pure ecstasy. I felt her womanhood fluttering around me as she came, her sticky essence bathe both our genitals. She bucked her hips in a frenzy, her hair flailing around her body, a golden corona of delight.

"Cum in me," she whimpered. "Oh my God, Alex, cum in me, please..."

I gripped her hips tight and rocked against her, moaning as the unreal pleasure washed over me. My cock throbbed as I began pumping my cum deep inside her. The heated, tingling flush

blossomed through my whole body, my mind whirling with colours I couldn't describe, and a deep bliss from being reunited with my wife.

Alexa collapsed on top of me, trembling as she tried to control her breath. She pressed her face into my shoulder and I could feel the tears leaking from her eyes, but I said nothing. I merely held her close and stroked her hair. Words were not required at this moment. I could feel myself pulsing inside her, and her pussy still gripped me wetly, massaging me. My goddess was in my arms again.

She finally let out a deep sigh of contentment and looked up at me to smile, her eyes heavy-lidded and gleaming with pleasure. She pressed her lips to mine, kissing me lovingly as she eased herself off my cock before making her way down my body, nipping gently and kissing at my skin. It was with a sly smile that she finally arrived at my manhood, taking hold of it and then swirling her devilish tongue around the shaft and head, licking our mingled cum from my skin.

I shuddered and sighed as she slid her mouth over my twitching cockhead and the slid all the way down my length. She hummed in pleasure before beginning to bob up and down, her tongue swirling snaking around. She took her time in cleaning me off,

her mouth finally pulling back with a wet 'pop!'. She smiled up at me while resting her chin on her forearms, which were settled on my thighs.

"Mmmmmmm, been days since I've had any real protein," she purred, using a finger to wipe at the corner of her mouth while she winked at me. "Not planning to go without again."

"I thought you looked a little sallow." I quipped, reaching down and stroking her hair. She giggled and kissed my cock again before snaking herself back up my body and snuggling into me. She nuzzled her cheek on my shoulder, her eyes closed. "I missed you."

"I got that impression," she mumbled, kissing my skin. "Feeling's mutual, I assure you. I can hardly believe it, Alex. After weeks of being in love and hiding it, living in fear of being discovered, we're going to be open about it. It seems unreal to me."

"Me too." I agreed. "And there's a lot of hurdles, still. Forget the whole illegal aspect of this, mom and dad have to broach this with the families."

"Ugh," she muttered, making a face. "Your dad's family, I don't know how they'll react, but I'm pretty sure the Gordons and Blackwells will cast a kitten about it."

"Maybe, but I don't fancy their chances against mom and dad."

"True," she allowed. "Same with my mom. She may've been the eccentric one, but nobody messed with her in the Gordon clan."

"That's what mom kept telling me." I mused, reaching down and casually caressing and squeezing her ass cheeks. Her dad was, before his illness, a dominant man, except where Miranda was concerned.

"Apparently, the only person she'd ever proven remotely deferential to was Michael."

"Why doesn't that surprise me?" I said dryly.

"Not in the same kittenish way my sister gets when he whips out the testosterone," she assured me. "She just admired him and knew that he was pretty much never wrong."

"Lucky for us," I agreed. "Mom was so emotional about this whole thing that she deferred to him. He's the head of the household when the chips are down. And he's convinced he ultimately made the right decision."

"Thank God," she sighed. "Although my sister's right, it's gonna be a bitch trying to find a church anywhere in town."

"Well, one problem at a time. The immediate biggies are the families and the university. And whether we like it or not, we're completely reliant on mom and dad to work those situations out. They really put me through the wringer."

"Does that bother you?" Alexa asked.

"I think it was completely necessary," I admitted. "This is, after all, the most important decision we'll both ever make. I mean, wanting to marry someone you're unrelated to is a big enough issue, so for the two of us to defy the law, we'd better be pretty damned sure, right?"

She nodded pensively.

"I mean, they challenged me to consider every single aspect of what we were getting into and who it would potentially affect," I continued. "Not just us, but them, possibly the families in ways we haven't considered."

Alexa sighed. "Stuff we've been angsting about for weeks already. If they'd only known we were already torturing ourselves."

"They did eventually. But once it was obvious to them that there was no life for me without you, they were convinced that this was the way to go. They just wanted to make sure I didn't have some sociopathic disregard for everyone around us."

She smiled and kissed my cheek. "I'm glad you're here. I need you to myself. But I'm a little surprised that they didn't come with you."

"I think mom would've come in a heartbeat," I mused. "But dad made it clear that you were my wife, and this was my show. Not to mention they probably understood we'd want some time alone, you know?"

"Smart cookie, your dad," she said happily. "I know I asked already, but are they really going to be okay with this?"

"They will be. It may take some time, so we'd better go easy on them for a bit. I mean, yeah, they'll let you stay in my cave in the basement now."

"What you don't want to stay in my room?" she asked, smirking.

"I'd feel kinda weird having wild, jungle-monkey sex with you while my parents were just down the hall." I replied, making a wry face.

"You should try being in the room just down from them," she added, giggling. "Their wild, jungle-monkey sex is easily as crazy as ours."

"Jeeeez," I muttered, squeezing my eyes shut and putting my hands over my ears. "Thanks for the libidoectomy."

"I spied on them once," Alexa admitted with a conspiratorial smirk. "It was actually really hot."

"You spied on my parents having sex?" I exclaimed.

"I spied on my big sister and her husband having sex is how I prefer to look at it." Alexa replied. "And I'll say it again, it was actually really damn hot. I watched them in the jacuzzi and on the pool deck, they didn't know I was home."

I just shook my head.

"Karen sounded like he was tearing her apart," she continued, enjoying my discomfiture. "No idea where Jeanie fits it all when Mike is inside her."

"I thought you liked having sex with me," I groused. "At this rate, he's never gonna want to come out again."

"Oh, I'm pretty sure I can make Mister Happy come out to play..." she cooed as she made her way back down my body, taking hold of my cock.

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One thing I learned to appreciate very quickly about Paris was that the government had set up many free WiFi hotspots throughout the city- in the parks, public squares, and so on. We were now sitting on a bench in a beautiful little secluded park, under the shade of some trees. Alexa was nuzzling my neck and almost purring as I set up my laptop.

I'll admit, my next thought was absolutely evil and a wicked smirk crossed my face. I could see her eyes were closed as I connected to the WiFi network, making sure my firewall was active. I started a program and kept my volume off until a screen came up.

"Well, don't you two look comfy..."

Alexa, who had been kissing my neck, yelped in shock, and bolted upright, like her grade school teacher had caught her passing notes. She was fairly rigid as she sat next to me on the bench, her eyes wide, staring off into the distance. I could almost see her heart pounding through her chest.

"Hi, mom," I said cheerfully, waving to my maternal unit on the Skype screen. "I-"

"Oh, don't you hi mom me, young man," she said sternly. "You started a Skype call without telling my baby sister, just so you could scare the bejeezus out of her. You're a horrible husband, it must run in the family."

"Hi, Alex!" I heard dad call from somewhere in the background. "Don't grow up to be me!"

"You okay, Alli?" mom asked as I tilted my laptop to center the screen on Alexa, who was still breathing heavily and staring off into nowhere, her hand over her heart.

"Can we trade him in, Kar?" my aunt asked. "I don't love him anymore."

"Sorry, chick, you said your vows, now do your time," mom replied unconcernedly. "Still think this is a good idea?"

"Never said it was a good idea, I just couldn't help myself..." Alexa said breathlessly.

"I know that feeling," mom muttered. "Well, now that Alex has aged you about ten years, how's everything there?"

"We're just out for a walk," I said cheerfully. "Alexa is showing me some of Paris around the little flat she rented."

"I'm amazed you two have even left the place," mom commented. "You can't have violated every surface in it yet."

"You underestimate my powers, mother," I replied, while Alexa was sitting next to me, saying nothing and blushing furiously. "And there's plenty of secluded spaces in Paris for us to-"

"Alex, don't defile Paris!" mom hissed.

"Oh, you're just jealous I'm gonna do it before you and dad do," I said casually, leaning back and putting an arm around my aunt-wife. Alexa was pinching her eyes. "Besides, we're only gonna be here a few days, not like we can make it around the entire city in that time."

"Okay, that's enough out of you," mom sighed. "Alli, I'm almost afraid to ask how you're doing now."

"I'll be alright, eventually," my aunt breathed, recovering her equilibrium somewhat. "It's been an emotional roller-coaster kind of day, you know?"

"I know, Alli," mom said with genuine sympathy. "We all miss you back here so much."

Alexa teared up a little. "I'm sorry, Kar."

"No need to be," mom said, holding up a hand. "You're back together with Alex, which is as it should be."

"You really mean that?" my aunt asked, her fingers coming up to her mouth.

Mom nodded. "It'll take some getting used to, but we're all on the same page, I promise you."

"But what about-"

Mom held up her hand again. "Alli, we will work it all out, I promise you. Michael and I will make the university thing work.

Who knows, maybe we can find someone in the Law faculty who will agree to take you guys on as a test case for legalizing avunculate marriage. As for the families, they can be dealt with too."

"More than anything, I just want you and Michael to be okay." Alexa murmured.

Mom smiled. "Alli, you and Alex being in love and married is not some price we have to pay for having you in our lives. Alex made it very clear that this was not some silly little fling or crush, and it was abundantly clear from watching you those last few weeks that you were very in love with him."

Alexa blushed. "I can't believe I was the one who gave it away," she murmured. "I thought for sure it would be my doe-eyed nephew who outed us."

"Not even close," mom said, shaking her head. "Alex played it straight when anyone else was around, the awkward, gamer-dork nephew. No one suspected a thing."

"Gee, thanks." I muttered, making Alexa giggle and snuggle back into my arm. "You have seen my gorgeous wife, haven't you, mom?"

"All of her, repeatedly," mom said. "At least you falling in love with her makes sense."

"Not the other way around?" I asked.

Mom shrugged.

"Oh, be nice, Kar," Alexa said sweetly, laying her head on my shoulder. "He's a very loving and considerate husband, I will have you know."

"Runs in the family..." dad said as he walked by in the background, smacking my mom's butt and making mom jump a little, her eyes widening.

"Moving on," mom said dryly, ignoring my father. "When you get home in a few days, what are your plans?"

Alexa and I considered. "Probably just settle back in and get back to work at the university," she answered, putting her hand on top of mine. "After all this, I kinda want to return to our relative normalcy as quickly as possible."

"Makes sense," mom agreed. "To be honest, normalcy will make things a little easier when we unofficially approach the university about this whole matter. If it's not a drama, they'll probably happily overlook it."

Alexa let out a deep sigh. "Alex says he told you everything?"

Mom nodded. "His total honesty made this a lot easier, strange as that may sound. It allowed Michael and I to understand exactly how much you meant to one another and what splitting you up would do."

Alexa squirmed. "And he... left his laptop with you?"

"With access to all the files," mom confirmed, nodding solemnly. "Pictures and videos."

"Yup, she's seen it all," Jeanie said, appearing beside mom and waving. "The four of us watched a few of them together. Fre and I were like your cheering section."

"Indeed you were..." mom said dryly, not looking at Jeanie.

"Don't let the prof fool you, Lexi, she enjoyed them!" Jeanie said before moving behind my mom and then snaking her arms around to hold her boobs and honk them. Mom did nothing but roll her eyes in exasperation while Jeanie sauntered off.

"As I was saying, Alex was remarkably helpful, and that made all this much easier and more real for us," mom continued, seemingly unruffled by Jeanie's molestation of her bosom. "We've had plenty of time to talk now, and your co-conspirators here were an asset for perspective as well."

Alexa wiped at a tear. "It almost seems like a dream and a lifetime away, even though I've only been gone three days. I'd convinced myself I would never see any of you again."

"We're not a complete family without you, Alli, there's no other way for this to work," mom continued. "Granted, you're always

going to be my sister, rather than my daughter-in-law, and you'll always be a sister-in-law to Michael..."

"True dat!" dad called out.

"But I can promise you that we will always operate on the principle that you're Alex's wife as well," she assured us. "No one will ever dismiss or trivialize that. Except maybe for comedic effect..."

She looked at something or someone off-screen and squinted in suspicion for a moment before turning back at us. "In any event, I'll let you two go for now, you can call back tonight. We'll be staying in, so we can hear from you."

"And Fre and I will be at a hotel, in case you wanna call us in a more explicit way!" Jeanie called out from off-screen, making mom pinch her eyes and shake her head.

"Just... make sure you call us here before you make that call, okay?" mom asked in an almost pleading voice. "Accepting you two I can do, having a Skype call while you're wrapped in a sheet and covered in sweat might be a little much still."

"No promises, but we'll try," Alexa lilted, smiling. "I love you, Kar."

"Love you too, Alli," mom said, smiling. "Alex, don't misplace her, okay? And don't you dare come back without her."

"I promise, mom." I chuckled. "We'll call you later."

I ended the call and Alexa sighed happily and hugged my arm. "My family..."

"Yeah, your wacky little troupe has missed you," I said easily as I shut the laptop. "Three days seemed like three years."

"Three thousand years for me," she sighed. "God, does everyone think I'm a drama queen now?"

I shook my head. "There's no right way to handle this situation, Alexa. I think everyone was fumbling around for an answer. My parents thought they were doing the right thing when they thought you were in love with me."

She sighed. "They probably would have been, if their perceptions had been true. I mean, I'm glad they agreed with you, ultimately, but... wow, this was all so confusing these past few weeks."

"You must've been really heartbroken," I said gently, caressing her face. "You left absolutely everything behind, except your phone and your laptop- even that ratty old teddy bear is sitting on your bed, still."

She blushed. "I... might have left that stuff there, not only as a memento for you to remember me, but also because I was trying to escape my past. Silly, I know, but... Alex, I was so lost."

I turned her face to mine and kissed her lovingly. She almost whimpered and melted into the kiss, losing herself in it, as I did. I loved her so much...

Thank God, I wouldn't have to choose between her and my family, because my parents would have been devastated.

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The landlord of the building she'd rented the apartment in was initially reticent about giving back the money, but eventually we compromised, and they kept two month's rent, and gave Alexa back ten. It's not like a whole lot of work had to be done inside the apartment, right? She hadn't even been there four days, after all.

Alexa wanted to stay in a hotel until we headed home. I told her it wasn't necessary, that we could stay in her flat, but she was adamant. I guess I could understand how she felt- that little apartment was nothing but empty misery to her, a painful symbol of everything she thought she'd lost, and her penance.

So it was with great excitement that she had lead me to a hotel, one she promised me we would enjoy as husband and wife for the next few days. It was evening now, the sun having westered and Paris' famous lights were starting to shine. As the purples, oranges of a romantic sunset gave way to twilight grey, we found ourselves standing on the balcony of the hotel room, with me standing behind her, my arms wrapped around her waist.

"God, I love Paris," she sighed gently, leaning back into me as we wore the complimentary robes that came with the room, silken

numbers that let us feel the warm Parisian night. Down below, romantic music played somewhere on the street. "Promise me we can come back here on vacations?"

"As often as you like," I replied, smiling and kissing her neck. She moaned quietly and tilted her head to one side, giving me access to her sensitive skin. "After all, my first and best memories will always be of finding you here."

"You're so romantic," she whispered, her voice betraying how in love she was. "I saw you in the café and fell in love all over again, Alex. I wish words could describe what I felt about... my husband coming to rescue me, to take me in his arms again..."

She shuddered and leaned against the wrought-iron frame that lined our balcony while I kissed along her neck and delicate jaw. Aside from her heartbeat, all I could hear was the dulcet tones of the Parigot music below.

"Peut-être bien qu'ailleurs

Une femme a le cœur

Éperdu de bonheur

Comme moi

Et que d'un geste heureux

Elle soulève un peu

Le rideau de soie bleue

Comme moi

Pour regarder en bas

Son amour qui viendra

La prendre dans ses bras

Comme moi!

Elle attend son amour

Les yeux de son amour

Les bras de son amour

Comme moi!

Peut-être bien aussi

Qu'à l'instant, elle vit

Le meilleur de sa vie

Comme moi

Et qu'en fermant les yeux

Elle abandonne un peu

Sa main dans ses cheveux

Comme moi!

Peut-être qu'à son cœur

Elle épingle une fleur

Et puis regarde l'heure

Comme moi

Et pense à son amour

Aux yeux de son amour

Aux bras de son amour

Comme moi

Peut-être bien encore

Qu'elle entendra plus fort

Son cœur battre et qu'alors

Comme moi

Elle voudra crier

En entendant monter

Un pas dans l'escalier

Comme moi

Comme moi dans l'instant

Où mon cœur en suspens

Se retient un moment

Contre toi

Et puis meurt, mon amour

Dans tes yeux, mon amour

Dans tes bras mon amour

Mon amour!"

She sighed and then made a quiet sound of amusement. I moved her lustrous golden hair aside and caressed her cheek. "What's going on in that beautiful mind of yours?"

She nuzzled back against me. "I remember my time here so well," she murmured. "Endless numbers of times I had sex, but... I don't know if I'd say I ever made love in Paris. Do you know what I mean?"

"You weren't in love with any of your partners, is what you're saying?" I asked. "Not even Freja?"

She smiled. "You know how much I love Fre and what she means to me. But by the time we were here together, I already knew that I wasn't in love with her, not like I am with you. Yes, I love her deeply, of course, she is my soul-mate... but even that feels now like it was sex, two healthy young women exercising their bodies and passions on one another."

"And have we made love in Paris yet?" I asked, smiling slyly. Alexa giggled and turned around to face into me, her breasts now pressed to me and her hips snug against mine. Her sapphire eyes gazed up and held me rapt, lost in their unreal depths.

"Perhaps earlier back in the apartment was lovemaking," she said quietly, trailing her fingers through my hair. "But there was also so much relief and desperation on my part to feel you again, Alex. It was absolute bliss. But now that I know this is all real, that we're together forever and our lives are intact, I..."

She paused as she tried to think of how to say what she was feeling. Twilight was giving way to darkness now, the lights below only barely reaching us.

"Do you think making love on a balcony here in a Parisian hotel is romantic or just cheesy?" she asked, her tone letting me understand what she hoped my answer would be. Fortunately, I wouldn't have to lie to my wife to give her the response she wanted.

I smiled at her while I undid the knot of her robe, letting it fall open to reveal her glorious body, which gleamed in the moonlight, enchanting beyond mere words. She smiled almost bashfully as she was exposed, her cheeks slightly rosy. She daintily undid my robe, revealing me. Her hand reached down and stroked my already hardening shaft. I could feel her warmth and sense her desire.

"Romantic, no question," I replied, caressing her hips. "Nowhere I'd rather be..."

She silently moved her legs apart, allowing me to move between them, her eyes never leaving mine. Her hand teased the head of my now hard cock up and down between her slick netherlips.

She bit her lip and shivered as my throbbing head brushed her clit. Her free hand reached up and rested around my neck. The night lights of Paris glowed behind her. I was enchanted by my goddess.

A tiny sigh escaped her lips as I held her in place and pushed myself inside her.

"I love you so much, Alex..." she breathed as our bodies joined.

***

Freja moaned and rode up and down, taking her end of the large black dildo inside herself, her body glistening with sweat. Beneath her, Jeanie was lying on her back on the bed in the hotel room they'd rented, her legs apart and on either side of her wife. Freja was kneeling over her while the dildo slurped loudly in between their pussies.

I was lying back against the headrest of our bed while Alexa was kneeling in front of me, squirming up and down on my cock. She panted and flexed her hands on my thighs, her pussy gripping me tightly. We watched the screen as our friends fucked, while they looked on lustily at us.

"Cannot wait... for you two to get back..." Freja panted as she ground down on Jeanie, who was gripping her hips with one hand and smacking her wife's ass cheeks with the other; all the while, the dildo plunged obscenely between them. "We have so much... to celebrate..."

"We'll be back soon," Alexa rasped, her back making a rhythmic, almost accordion-like motion as she fucked me. "I just need... some time alone with my husband..."

Freja nodded, even as she shivered on top of Jeanie. "We had our honeymoon, it is gnnnnnnnnnnn... only fair... that you have one, ja?"

"We'll have a real one after... our formal wedding..." my wife struggled to say, her body flushing pink as she approached her third orgasm. "This is just... badly needed alone-time..."

"Auuuugh..." Freja moaned loudly as Jeanie reached up and pulled back on her shoulders, leaning her backward and fondling her tits. This exposed her long, slender torso and waist. We could now see the black dildo glistening with her wetness as

it churned between the pussies that gripped it eagerly. "Din kaelling! You will kill me!"

"Fuck me, Alex!" Alexa gasped, shuddering as she looked back at me, her heavy-lidded eyes glazed with lust. "Oh, God, cum in me..."

I gripped her hips tight and pushed up inside her, straining as the unbridled pleasure of orgasm coursed through me. Alexa gritted her teeth as she forced herself to keep watching the screen and keened loudly as she came. On the screen, Freja was almost convulsing as Jeanie writhed beneath her and they both wailed in unrestrained ecstasy while they climaxed. Whatever hotel they were in, chances are everyone on their floor heard them. Fortunately, we'd turned the volume lower on our end, before everyone in our hotel heard them as well.

Alexa wheezed and ground on top of me lustily as my throbbing cock pumped my cum deep inside her, her fingernails digging into my shins as she fought to hold herself upright, staring at the screen. She leaned further forward, arching her back down until her breasts were pressed to my shins. I could see her pussy greedily swallowing my cock as I came in her, feeling her muscles fluttering around me.

I sagged back into the mattress, feeling very spent, my body covered in sweat. Alexa was breathing heavily on top of me. Onscreen, Freja had laid back on top of Jeanie, the dildo bent over double between their glistening pussies. They murmured to one another and kissed while Jeanie fondled her wife's breasts. Alexa purred as she kissed and nipped at my shins.

We all lay quietly for some time, too tired to say anything, merely existing in our perfect couples' bliss. Jeanie and Freja both eventually sat up, shuddering and moaning as Freja pulled the dildo out from inside them. I sat up tiredly, with Alexa sitting on me and my cock still deep inside her. We watched as they both put the dildo in their mouths, sucking their cum off it. Alexa giggled as the phallus completely disappeared between their wanton mouths.

"You two are such sluts," she sighed. "Each of you must have nearly a foot of dildo down your throats."

"Mmmmmm, damn skippy," Jeanie replied, pulling her mouth off the fake cock, which almost looked like a special effects trick, given the length of it. "Think you can do any better?"

"I'll take that challenge, whore, but another time," my wife said, nodding. Alexa wasn't one to back down from a challenge. "Need to give my man a breather, you know."

"That's the thing about rubber and polymer," Freja chimed in, winking. "It doesn't get tired or need a recovery period."

"And which of us three girls just took a glorious load of cum inside herself?" Alexa asked, smirking evilly. This question gave both Jeanine and Freja pause. They looked at their dildo for a moment before sighing despondently, while the brunette tossed is aside.

"Fine you win that round, tos," Freja muttered. "Maybe one of us will get a sex change so we can cum inside the other."

"Oh no," Jeanie said, shaking her head. "I ain't becoming a guy. I love my cunt way too much. And I love your cunt way too much to lose access to it. Can't we just, like... get dicks grafted onto us, so we have the best of both worlds?"

"I... do not think it works like that," Freja said somewhat uncertainly. "I do not think medical science can create hermaphrodites as yet."

"God, you two are such retards," Alexa sighed, making her friends giggle. "It takes real work to be worse-behaved than me."

"Always happy to accommodate, my love." Freja said sweetly, snuggling back against Jeanie now. "I remember well how good you are at misbehaving."

Alexa had snuggled back against me now as well, my cock still buried inside her. No one said anything, just resting after our exertions. Alexa laid her head back against me, her eyes closed. I buried my face against her neck and kissed her tenderly for some time.

"Oh, Jesus!" my mother complained loudly.

My eyes snapped open and I looked at the screen in shock. Alexa did the same and we both gawked at the image of my mother, giving us a very unimpressed look. Freja and Jeanie were nowhere to be seen.

"Uh... hi, Kar..." Alexa said, slowly drawing a sheet over our waists, since my mother could clearly see she was impaled on

my cock. She made no attempt to cover her breasts with the tangle of bedsheets. "What a surprise, seeing you..."

"Yes, I gathered," my mother agreed, her expression not changing. "Jeanie and Freja Skype-called us moments ago, but imagine my surprise when I log on I see you two horizontal and superimposed, while they're nowhere to be found."

"I am going to kill those two..." Alexa sighed. "They called you and then bailed as you logged on."

"I half-expected to see them in a naked pretzel, at least I was prepared for that sight," mom muttered. "My sister and son, on the other hand..."

"Well, no worries, your son is officially shrinking inside me faster than a ramen noodle in boiling water." Alexa announced.

"D'you blame me?!" I exclaimed. "Mom just caught me with my dick inside you!"

"There there," my aunt said soothing, reaching back to pat me. "She birthed you, remember? Technically, your dick's been in her vagina too."

I clapped my hands over my ears while mom rolled her eyes. In the background, I could hear dad laughing. "Well played, Alli!"

"Silence, traitor," mom grumbled. "Okay, so we agree revenge on Flopsy and Mopsy is imminent. How's everything going aside from that?"

"Perfect," Alexa said happily, still making no attempt to cover herself. After all, it was just her sister, even if I was pinned beneath her. "We're staying in a hotel for the next few days and your son has been incredibly romantic."

"I'm glad to hear it," mom said, nodding. "My little sister deserves no less."

"Wait, what?" I asked, peeking around from behind Alexa, who I had mostly been hiding behind, avoiding my mother's scrutiny. "No witticisms about how you expected me to be playing video games or getting my nerd all over her?"

"I've no doubt you'll provide me with plenty of said ammo upon your return, Alex, but from the sounds of it, you're demonstrating how much you love Alli, and that's not something I'd mock. You take very good care of her."

"He most certainly is." Alexa said easily, settling back into me, taking my hands and settling them on her opulent breasts. I gulped a little. My mom didn't react at all. I guess if I was looking after her baby sister properly, that included boob support.

"It's safe to come and look," mom called to dad offscreen. "Mostly, anyway."

"Good to hear," dad said, appearing onscreen and smiling. "You two having a good time in Gay Paree?"

"Best time I've ever had," Alexa said happily, turning her head to smile at me and kissing my cheek. "So, which of you did he get this hidden romantic side from?"

Mom pointed at dad, while dad pointed at himself. "He got it from Sappy McSapperson over here," mom said. "Not that I'm not a romantic, but I can't compete with this lug."

"I've always wondered how you two met and got on together," Alexa mused, smiling. "Slightly off topic, I was hoping I could ask a possibly awkward question."

Mom shrugged. "You're naked in a Parisian hotel with my son inside you, so sure, fire away."

Alexa cleared her throat, not as immune to mom's dry humour as she might want to believe. "I... you're really okay with Alex and I getting married again?"

"Your marriage in the glade was beautiful, Alli, the most beautiful thing we've ever seen," mom said gently, smiling. "But there was nothing legal about it. So, if you two are going to be husband and wife, we'd better find a way to legitimize it, right? Ergo, we'll need to get you officially married somewhere that allows avunculate marriage to have a chance."

Alexa nodded. "I was hoping we could do it here, in Paris. I'd love to get married in Paris."

Mom nodded. "We thought of that too, once Alex reminded us how much the city meant to you. So maybe next year, we'll all take a trip there and get you two married. You're a citizen of the EU and the Commonwealth, we're all Commonwealth citizens, so it should be relatively simple."

"As long as Brexit doesn't bugger everything up," added my father, earning him a withering look from my mother and an elbow in the ribs. "Oof, in any event, that sounds perfect. We'll start planning it once you're back."

Alexa was getting so excited I could feel her pussy squeezing my cock inside her. She trembled on my lap. After the past few days, clearly her emotions were right on the surface.

"I can't believe I'm getting my life back," she murmured, trying not to cry. "I thought... I thought I'd lost everything and everyone. But here we are, talking about planning our wedding."

"Just try not to lose Alex's wedding ring between your tits, promise?" mom suggested, smirking.

"You're gonna make us get new wedding rings, aren't you?" Alexa asked, making a show of pouting. We both held up our hands, showing off the ridiculous plastic yellow bands from the Ring Pops we'd married one another with.

"I'm not even sure what year plastic represents," mom said, making a wry face. "What if we custom make some rings and have those abominations encased inside them? At least that's meaningful."

"I love that idea!" Alexa exclaimed, sitting up suddenly in excitement, pushing my cock deeper inside and eliciting a grunt of discomfort from me and exposing her breasts again. "Kar, you're a genius!"

"Thanks, I like to think so," mom said casually, examining her nails. "It'll be everything you ever wanted, Alli, I promise."

"Oh, I could throw myself through the screen and kiss you!" Alexa said in delight, her breasts jiggling around freely, now that I'd let go of them.

"I don't doubt that, just put some clothes on first," mom remarked. "In any event, we're going to sign off for now, I think I've been traumatized enough for one night."

Alexa giggled. "Probably. Love you, sissy!"

"Love you too, squirt. Make her scream, Alex, my baby sister deserves no less!"

"Mom!" I hissed, my hands over my ears again. Mom sauntered off while dad laughed and shut off the Skype call. Alexa sighed in contentment and settled back onto me, a dreamy look in her eyes.

"Can you believe it?" she mused, gazing at the plaster reliefs on our ceiling. "They've really accepted it."

I nodded, returning my hands to her breasts and holding her gently. "I've known for a few days now, and it's only just sinking in for me, especially now that I'm here with you, y'know?"

Alexa smiled. "Were you worried you wouldn't be able to find me? Paris is a big place, after all."

"Not really," I answered honestly. "I just assumed you'd come back here to the Seventeenth, because even though you were miserable, you'd want some modicum of familiarity to anchor you, even though you were running from your life."

She turned her head to look at me. "That confident, were you?"

"Probably more than I should have been," I admitted. "But I started inquiring after you once I was here, asking around about a beautiful blonde girl who probably looked heartbroken. Sure enough, people had seen you and I knew I'd been right. I was hoping you might have heard someone was looking for you as well."

"Mmmmm, my clever, clever nephew," she purred, settling back even more against me, reaching up and stroking my cheek. "No wonder I fell in love, you know my heart."

She looked at me, her eyes shining. "And it's yours until the end of time, Alex..."

We kissed slowly and lovingly, lost in one another. I was in no hurry for these next few days to end.

***

We'd slept in some, so we ordered up breakfast, then showered and called mom and dad. Mom noted we were actually wearing clothes for this call. Alexa giggled and promised to correct that little detail next time.

"I can hardly wait..." mom said dryly.

Now I was letting Alexa show me around Paris, taking me to various famous landmarks- Notre Dame, the tombs of Napoleon and Jim Morrison, the Palace of Versailles... her enthusiasm was infectious, not that I needed much encouragement, since I'm something of a history nerk as is. The city absolutely came alive for me while she acted as my tour guide.

We were walking across the white stone bridge in Parc Monceau, holding hands and discussing what she loved about Paris. She blushed finally, somewhat embarrassed about her gushing concerning the city.

"You probably think I'm stuck on this place and want to just keep you here forever," she murmured. "A part of me really does love this city."

I squeezed her hand. "So we'll work hard, make a skillion dollars and buy ourselves a house or apartment here. That way we can come and stay in Paris whenever we feel like it. Be a great escape in the summer for the kids, wouldn't it?"

She stopped and looked up into my eyes, holding my hands in hers. "You really mean that, don't you? About having a home here... and kids."

I nodded. "Kids've always been an ambition of mine. Y'gotta admit, it would be a real tragedy if my mom and dad didn't become grandparents."

She giggled at the thought. "Oh, God, Michael as a grandfather. The mind doth boggle."

"We pretty much have to accept the fact that our children will think tartan pants are cool and be addicted to the Bay City Rollers." I said cheerfully. "Sounds pretty damn cool, doesn't it?"

"They'll have the most amazing grandparents," she said dreamily. "And their crazy Aunts Jeanie and Freja..."

"They're wonderful friends," I agreed. "They offered to act as my wives if I never found you, devote themselves to me, or some such thing."

Alexa giggled. "Sounds like Freja. She can't stand to see people unhappy. She once saw a young guy crying on a bench in the park on her university campus because he'd flunked out and she took him to her dorm and had sex with him, just to cheer him up."

"Of course," I laughed cheerfully. "Seems to be her answer to everything."

"Not that I blame her, mind," Alexa allowed, tracing her fingernail over the back of my hand in tiny patterns. "It's a pretty amazing solution to a little of problems, not to mention

instant attitude adjustment. I might've done that a few times over the course of my life. Maybe a few dozen. Thousand..."

"Your devotion to hedonism is well-documented and lauded," I said, smiling. "And I wouldn't change a thing."

She looked a little sheepish. "You don't think I was... too promiscuous or liberated in my sexual activity?"

I shook my head. "No. If I got laid as much as you did, I'd need surgery on my hands, arms and shoulders from all the high-fives I'd be getting. To Hell with little people and their double standards. There aren't enough hours in the day to tell you how much I love you or how perfect you are."

Alexa blushed now. "You sure know how to make a girl feel wanted."

"I couldn't feel about anyone else the way I feel about you," I said honestly. "Doesn't matter who, it wouldn't be anywhere close."

She sighed and shook her head. "What're we gonna do about that Heather chick back home? I somehow doubt she'll be too impressed when she finds out that you chose your aunt over her. According to Karen, she was getting pretty into you."

I made a wry face. "I'm not thinking about her right now. There's only you. Never worry about that."

"I don't," she said softly. "In all my recent life, the one thing I never doubted was how much you loved me, Alex. I've never felt anything like it, how deeply you care for me. I never stood a chance, once I knew our feelings were mutual."

Our walk took us back to the Square des Epinettes, where we sat down on a bench, holding hands and enjoying one another's company. We hadn't been there long when a woman and her little girl walked by. The girl paused upon seeing us, let go of her mother's hand and trotted over to us. Alexa noticed her and smiled.

"Well, hello again." Alexa said in her impeccable Parisian French.

The young girl looked at me. "Is that him?"

Alexa nodded.

"I told you he'd come for you..." the girl said, smiling before giving Alexa a big hug. Alexa wrestled back her tears as she hugged the girl and then waved as she ran back to her mom and wandered into the park. Alexa wiped away a tear and smiled at me.

"She saw me in the café the day before you found me," she explained. "She asked why my heart was so sad and I told her I'd had to leave the man I loved more than anything behind. She patted my hand and told me that if you really loved me, you'd come for me. Guess she was right, hm?"

"Out of the mouths of babes..." I chuckled, putting my arm around her.

***

We were sitting in the café I'd found her in, greeted by the proprietors were warm smiles and led to a secluded table. Once we had our drinks, I opened the laptop and initiated a Skype call

to mom and dad. Mom answered, apparently squinting at her cellphone screen. The background was dark and chaotic, very loud.

"I'm glad you called, but we're at karaoke," she yelled over the cacophony. "As you probably deduced."

"No kidding," I said, trying to keep my own voice down. "Where's dad?"

Mom turned the phone up toward the stage, where dad was dominating, singing The Immigrant Song by Zeppelin. The crowd was responding very enthusiastically, and I was obliged to turn the sound down on my laptop even further. Soon enough, I just plugged in the earphones, Alexa and I each using one in order to hear mom talk.

"So you guys are doing the karaoke thing, even if Alexa and I or the girls aren't around?" I asked.

Mom shrugged. "Your father's right, it was our thing before you or Alli came along. It's how I met him, after all. It's good to reconnect with your past sometimes."

Alexa looked at me. "We don't have anything like that, do we?"

"Not unless you get off standing around awkwardly in airport terminals," I sighed. "I have to admit, even Jeanie and Freja have us beat there."

"Boy, do they ever," my aunt giggled. "I've never seen anything like that in my life. Feels weird, being the average couple."

"Don't get too stuck on the 'normal' thing there, Cersei," mom commented. "You and Jamie definitely don't qualify. Your brother-in-law and I are the only ones who register as a heteronormative couple in this society."

"Not even Jeanie and Freja?" I asked, surprised to hear mom talk about a gay marriage as outside of normal.

"There's nothing normal about those two," mom replied simply. "They're the world's most absurd lesbian couple, and that's how they're happy. Let them have it."

"Pretty sure no force on Earth could stop them," Alexa noted as she sipped on her latte. "God knows, I ain't trying."

"Probably because you're the third tine on that trident of unholy urges," mom said, putting a hand over one ear to help herself hear us.

"What does that make me on the trident?" I asked.

"Oh, you're the solid shaft..." Alexa answered readily. My mother coughed and muttered something I couldn't quite hear before shaking her head. It was funny, but it reminded me of exactly what we were asking my parents to get used to on our behalf. Due to the noise in the background, she excused herself and ended the call, insisting we call back tomorrow.

"Think we should call the Bobbsey Twins?" I asked, taking my earbud out. Alexa shook her head. "They're fine without us for now. And there's only so many times I can watch one of them get their fist stuck in the other's ass before it feels like a re-run I didn't need to see."

"How late is this café open, anyway?" I asked, looking around. "It's freaking midnight."

"Some cafes stay open very late, so that people who stayed out and had a few too many can sober up before heading home," my wife replied, sipping at her drink. "However, not much fun to be had, per se..."

She smiled at me and traced a fingernail over the back of my hand and up to my wrist while smiling at me seductively. "It's late and most of the crowds will be gone. We could go and have some fun in the Jardin du Luxembourg..."

I grinned and nodded. "Lead on, my lovely bride..."

***

The most famous garden in Paris, and therefore one of the most famous in the world, the Jardin du Luxembourg was dark except for its primary paths. Far away from any illumination sources, Alexa and I were squirming and panting while I fucked her. Her back was up against a tree and her thighs sat on mine, her ankles crossed behind my waist. She gazed into my eyes as she squeezed her tight pussy around my cock, which slid in and out of her rhythmically. Not only the tree, but many clusters of bushes concealed us from view.

Her eyes glinted in excitement as we fucked, clearly thrilled to be here with me. The smile of delight on her angelic features sent shivers through me. Was there a luckier husband or man alive than me?

"Our life together, Alex..." she whispered huskily, grinding on my cock. "It's going to be so wonderful. My devotion to you... is total..."

I kissed her feverishly, not at all worried about anyone seeing us. She'd explained that even the Paris gendarmes didn't really care if you fucked in this park late at night, so long as you were discrete and not making obscene amounts of noise. People might walk by on some of the paths, they would ignore us. Our tongues tangled between our mouths while I plunged in and out of her, squeezing her magnificent ass cheeks with my hands. I could feel her opulent breasts pressed to my chest, her shirt pulled up to her collarbone.

"Everything we ever dreamed about, talked about so wistfully," she rasped. "We're really going to have it, Alex. Can you believe it?"

"I know," I breathed, enthralled by the feeling of her wet, velvety pussy squeezing and caressing my cock. "It's almost unreal. If I weren't here with you now, I'd think I was having a fevered dream."

Her fingernails grazed firmly over my chest, her eyes flashing with unrestrained lust. Few things turned us both on more than public sex, and here we were, in Paris, fucking in a world-famous park. Her heavy breathing and the sounds of her wetness were all I could hear. Everything else around me had fallen away. There were no worries or concerns about what came tomorrow, there was only her.

We rocked and churned with increasing urgency. She shuddered and moaned as I leaned in and slid my tongue around one of her nipples before sucking it into my mouth. Her fingernails were now digging into my back as I bit on the nipple and tugged with my teeth, the delicious sting sending her into ecstasy. I could feel her clenching and squeezing around me harder and harder. She was almost hissing now, writhing on my lap.

"Fuck..." she gasped, pulling herself as close to me as she could. Her whole body was trembling. I gripped her tight, my fingers leaving red welts on her ass cheeks. I sucked hungrily on her

nipple, then moved to the other one. Alexa groaned shamelessly. If anyone was walking by, they'd definitely have heard her and noticed us.

"I love you so much..." I murmured around her nipple, feeling the tingling heat rising in my loins again. She whimpered and crushed herself to me, shaking almost uncontrollably.

"Alex!" she gasped loudly.

I pulled away from her nipple and brought my face up to hers- we stared deep into one another's eyes as we strained, sharing that peak moment of desire before bliss consumed us. Locked in her gaze, I began cumming deep inside her, feeling her womanhood clenching me desperately as she climaxed. I jammed my mouth against hers and we kissed feverishly, needing to feel each other's rapture.

Panting heavily, we rested our foreheads against one another, my cock still throbbing inside her slick pussy. Her eyes fluttered open, glazed with pleasure as she caressed my cheek. Her mouth was moving as she whispered something so quietly it was almost imperceptible to me, even though her lips were scantly

an inch from mine. This moment never needed to end, as far as I was concerned.

"Love me?" she asked quietly.

"Forever and then again." I replied, meaning it.

"Thank you for coming for me, Alex," she said, her voice like crystal bells in my ears. "There's never been a man more perfect than you."

I smiled. "High praise from the woman who is closer to Galadriel than anyone else in history."

We kissed again, deeply, serenely and lovingly. I held her warm, lush body to mine, revelling in the feel of her. I shivered again, lost in wonder at the sheer joy of this moment- making love to my goddess here in Paris. What had I ever done to deserve this?

She smiled and slowly clambered off my thighs, sinking down to her knees and taking my cock in her hands. She kissed it almost reverently before taking it inside her mouth and slowly bobbing back and forth, cleaning our mingled cum from my

length. She moaned quietly, her eyes closed while my fingers tangled in her golden hair.

She looked up at me and smiled again, squeezing her breasts together, enveloping my cock between them. She massaged it with her softness, all the while her eyes locked with mine. Finally, she leaned back and began pulling up my boxers and pants, harnessing me into respectability, but not before giving my manhood one last kiss. She then stood, sliding her thong up her legs and lowering her skirt. Hand in hand, we walked slowly through the park, simply enjoying one another's company on this warm Paris night.

"If we became stupidly wealthy, where would we live?" she asked as we strolled. "Wherever we like."

I pondered. "Well, back home would be primary," I stated. "But I'd love to have a house or apartment here in Paris with you. And then a place in Maui."

"Ooh, Maui," she said, smiling. "I've never been."

I nodded. "We went for a few weeks a few summers ago. Most amazing place I've ever visited. Dad and I both really found our

creative writing grooves there. We were enchanted with the endless bamboo forests, the waterfalls, the kukui trees, the little towns, the wild flowers..."

"Then we'll have a place there, too." Alexa said readily. "I'd love a little house in the highlands of Scotland."

"That sounds pleasant."

She nodded. "And it'd be close to Cardiff, which is where mom is buried, that's important to me."

"I'm sure mom'd love that too," I agreed. "Not any place like Berlin or Copenhagen?"

She smiled. "If we're in Paris, they're hardly far away, so no need, my love. I want us to have places far apart and different from one another. Can you think of anywhere else?"

"Sure," I chuckled. "I'd love to have a little apartment in Harajuku in Tokyo or a house in Kagoshima."

"That's the anime nerk in you talking." Alexa giggled.

"First of all, the term is otaku, thank you very much," I said airily. "Secondly, it's dad's fault, he got me into all his Seventies anime, like Star Blazers, Battle of the Planets and Captain Harlock. He's at least as big an anime nerk as I am."

"Bigger, technically," she pointed out. "I was snooping on your laptop one night and saw you were writing erotic fiction about that Star Blazers show."

"Busted," I sighed. "Yeah, maybe I'll publish it online one day. But yeah, a house in Japan would be awesome. Dad and I could visit the Toho studios and get them to let us wear Godzilla suits. Something to tick off the bucket list, y'know?"

"Boys and their toys..." she sighed contentedly as she rested her head on my arm while we walked through the night, ambling back to our hotel.

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"You sure you don't want to stay longer?" mom asked as she talked to us over Skype. Things seemed to strangely quiet there. The gravelly tones of Leonard Cohen's voice could be heard in the background. "You two are most certainly entitled to your private time, you know."

"We talked about it, Kar, we agreed it was time to come home." Alexa said, smiling warmly. "Yeah, I love Paris, but I love my family more. There's so much to do and so much to deal with, to face up to."

Mom smiled. "Don't worry yourself, Alli. We'll get it worked out. Like we told you, we'll look at getting the avunculate laws changed, but we're not going to make some crazy public challenge out of it, because you two will never get a moment's peace if that happens. Only thing I'd recommend is for you to keep your surname, or at hyphenate."

"Blackwell-De Bourne?"

Mom nodded. "My surname is technically Gordon-De Bourne, I'm happiest just using De Bourne. As for you and I being sisters, aside from anyone who already knows us, people are not likely

to clue in, since our maiden names are different. That should be the questions down."

"Does anyone know?" my aunt asked.

Mom shrugged. "Just the Stevensons, and they're thrilled for you. They were talking with one another the night after the hookah party we held and thought it was too bad you were related, because you'd make a perfect couple. Aside from that, just Jeanie, Freja and the Kjaer family."

"Best to keep the circle tight initially, I guess," Alexa agreed. "We'll be back tomorrow."

Mom wiped at a tear in the corner of her eye. "It'll be so nice to have you back, little sister, where you belong."

Alexa choked back a small sab and smiled, her own eyes glistening. "It'll be wonderful to be back with my crazy little family, there's nothing I want more. But, speaking of... where is everyone? It's suspiciously quiet there. Just you and Leonard Cohen?"

Mom smirked. "Well, Freja and Jeanie joined us at karaoke and started drinking Helen Kellers with Michael."

"Oh, shit!" I laughed.

"What're Helen Kellers?" Alexa asked.

"Shots from Hell," mom explained. "One half absinthe and one half Bacardi One-Fifty-One. A couple of those and you're blind, deaf and you can't speak coherently."

"Jeebus," my aunt muttered. "Jeanie would be flat on her back after one of those."

"She had three," mom said dryly. "And Freja had four before she fell over. They're probably out of commission for the day."

"And Michael?"

"He must've had twenty of them," mom sighed. "People kept buying them for him, fascinated by watching him drink and

keep singing. He's upstairs nursing a hangover that would make JFK wince."

I was shaking my head while Alexa was snickering mightily. "Oh dear. Is he gonna be alright?"

"Well, he probably wishes he was dead, but it takes a lot more than Helen Kellers to kill that mastodon," pointed out my mother. "He'll eventually get up, eat everything in the damn house because he's ravenous..."

"Including you?" Alexa teased.

"Wouldn't you like to know," mom said blithely, waving the question off. "In any event, I'll go shopping and restock before you get back. Where should we meet you? At the airport, or should we wait here at the house?"

"Meet us at the house," I chimed in. "If we've learned anything from visit, it's that Alexa's meetings at airports involve impact trauma."

"The husband has spoken," Alexa said cheerfully. "We'll see you at the house."

Mom nodded. "Bien. We'll send a limo to pick you up. Just message me your ETA once you know it."

A few more pleasantries and tears and then Alexa ended the call. She turned to me and smiled, wiping at her eye. "So? What's our final night in Paris gonna be like? We haven't even scratched the surface, really."

I grinned. "Let's get you an elegant dress, I'll get a suit, and we'll go to a really good restaurant. After that, I saw something about an orchestra holding a nighttime concert playing Berlioz."

I love Berlioz..." Alexa breathed, enchanted with the notion. "And then, you'll bring me back here and make passionate love to me?"

I nodded. "The most beautiful and wonderful woman on earth deserves no less."

Alexa threw herself against me, tackling me to the bed. It occurred to me as she tore my clothes off that the plans we'd laid out might in jeopardy suddenly.

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The evening had been perfection. Alexa's dress had been a stunning royal blue, accented with silver. She'd looked divine. After dinner at an elegant restaurant, we gone to the park and listened to Berlioz. I'd spent most of the time subtly watching her, falling more and more in love with each passing moment.

We lay now in a tangle of sheets, breathing heavily after our lovemaking. We both stared at the baroque ceiling, clasping hands. We were utterly spent.

"What do you think our children'll be like?" she asked quietly.

It was kind of a loaded question, given how we were blood-related, but I didn't quip. I smiled and squeezed her hand. "Beautiful like you. Probably my goofy sense of humour."

"You think they'll be alright?"

"The rate of passing on congenital defects in avunculate childbirth is comparatively low," I mused. "And none of our families have any real horrible genetic defects, excepting occasional tinge of alcoholism in the Gordons and Blackwells, right? Besides, now that mom and dad are on board, they'll be all over it when you did get pregnant. Dad'll somehow borrow a CRISPR contraption and edit out any difficulties."

She giggled. "I can actually see that. I can't wait to have your children, Alex. Until I fell in love with you, I wasn't terribly committed to the idea of kids. Now I can't imagine life without them."

"Makes two of us," I agreed. "Just don't have 'em too quickly, I'm looking forward to trying endless times to knock you up."

"Then get to work, buster..." she said as she rolled on top of me.

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We were sitting in the limo as it took us home. Alexa was holding my hand, but I could tell she was fit to burst with

anticipation. Her knee was bouncing subtly, and she was staring out the window, saying nothing. I smiled to myself and just let her muse. She had a lot to adjust to. As for me, I felt like my life was just beginning.

We pulled up to the house and my family was waiting outside- mom, dad, Freja, Jeanie, even the Stevensons. Alexa was trembling as we headed up the walkway. I could tell she wanted to run, but she held my hand and took her time. Then she was hugging mom, the two of them crying while dad embraced them both. Freja and Jeanie were next, welcoming her home between sobs.

We all walked inside, babbling excitedly about plans- marriage, university, children...

There was still so much to do. But life was complete.

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Author's Notes: A little hiatus for Alex and Alexa now. I'll pick it up again in the new year. The next story is already planned pretty much, at least from a framework point of view. Now it just needs a good fleshing out. It's entirely possible the story after that is planned too. We'll see.

The end is rather short and sweet. I did it that way on purpose. I could've kept going and going, but that'd just eat into the next storyline, which I have no intention of doing. Don't bother with tantrum reviews or comments about it being short, it was intentional, and you're not a literature scholar.

This was a feel-good chapter. Some sex and some comedy, but mostly it was just about giving our protagonists the opportunity to be in love with no worries whatsoever. I think we can all agree they deserve it after everything they've been through. As promised, this is the 'Christmas' chapter, even though it's summer.

You probably guessed already, but a lot of the dialogue was meant to just set up or hint at events in upcoming chapters in the next arcs. If dialogue makes you cry, I'm sure I've got some butthurt forms here for you somewhere. Fill 'em out and then I'll put them in the KMA file folder. Sound like a plan?

Sorry to regular and sane readers if I seem a little salty or snide in these Author's Notes on occasion, but morons are leaving PMs and reviews constantly that make a brain with two functioning lobes hurt. Just know said jibes are not directed at you, just the knuckle-draggers.

Alex writing erotic fiction about Space Battleship Yamato is not foreshadowing any projects I have in the works. Nope. None whatsoever.

gets hit in the back of the head with the Dildo of Truth

Shit. Okay, maybe I'm working on that.

I've really gotta get to My Naughty Neighbour next, I'm getting an average of seven PM's a day asking me when the next chapter will be ready. And the answer is... shortly. With any luck, before the end of the year. If not, just shortly after. Getting Alex and Alexa squared away became necessary, interfering with my regular publishing schedule.

I'm submitting this for publication on the 20th, thinking some extra time might be necessary because of the holidays, but if it shows up a day or two early, my apologies for not nailing the Christmas date right on the head.

2018 will see a few new projects take form as I wrap up some current ones. No, you may not ask which ones they are. It's tough being an idea hamster, ya know.

In any event, Merry Christmas/Happy Festivus/whatever speaks to you. Time for me to go and putter around on the bridge of a starship.

Keep your stick on the ice!

Management