# Mom Goes Environmental

# The Invitation

As a spunky kid, Katy had brought an energetic fervour to everything she did in high school, college, and the initial years of her career. After marrying Brent, she gave birth to twins and transferred her drive into being the best mother she could be for Kevin and Chris but, as the years wore on and resumption of her career was repeatedly postponed, her energy was relentlessly eroded.

Katy was enjoying her second coffee alone in her kitchen, one arm propping her head up while the other held the mug awaiting the next sip as she gazed steadily at the flatscreen TV she wasn't really watching. She was thinking about her sons and wondering where she had gone wrong.

Why didn't they have any ambition? All they did was drink and party. Nothing fired their imagination except cars and girls. The only saving grace was that they didn't do drugs and that, Katy feared, might simply be a temporary reprieve. She had experimented with drugs herself but they were much more dangerous these days. Katy was worried, very worried, because Brent seemed incapable of keeping the boys in line.

"At least yours are in college," her friend Marion had said. "Mine are totally useless."

True, but Kevin was barely scraping by with a 'C' average as a biology major and Chris wasn't doing much better in business school. That might have been expected in first year but this was their second and they were both capable of doing much better. Their friends from high school were doing well but the boys had fallen in with new friends from out of town who got hammered at least twice a week. None of them had steady girlfriends—kids did everything in groups these days and seemed to change partners every second week.

I wish I'd had girls. Even when partying, we have an eye on the future.

Katy sighed and sipped her coffee.

How can I get them to grow up?

For fifteen years she'd driven her kids everywhere, criss-crossing town to this practise or that and travelling a hundred miles in every direction for games. Kids have everything done for them these days. No wonder they won't get off their ass to do something for themselves.

Our generation has failed the next.

"Christ, what a waste!" she said out loud.

"What's a waste?" Chris asked, meandering into the kitchen and scaring the hell out of his mother who jerked upright and spilled the rest of her coffee. Thankfully, it was no longer hot and didn't scald her chest.

"Jesus, Chris! Don't sneak up on me like that."

"Sorry, Mom. What's for breakfast?"

Katy grabbed a dish towel and dabbed at her chest, pushing underneath the lapels of her cotton pajamas to dry the coffee that had splashed onto her breasts. When she finished and looked up she saw that Chris was watching her closely. Katy blushed.

"Do you want some eggs?" she asked, turning away.

"Sure."

"Poached, okay?"

"Yeah, whatever."

Katy poached three eggs and toasted three slices of bread. She also fried up some tomatoes though she knew he probably wouldn't eat them.

When everything was ready she put the plate in front of Chris along with a tall glass of orange juice and a multivitamin tablet. She poured herself another coffee and sat on the stool next to her son who was already eating. Christ, not only had he not thanked her, he had changed the channel without asking.

While Chris stuffed his face and watched the football game Katy redirected blame to herself rather than her whole generation. How had she come to this, sitting around at ten in the morning still in her pajamas? Her son was late for school and she didn't say anything. His brother was still upstairs, probably hung over, and was already late for his first class again but Katy was worn out and lacked the energy to badger them anymore. It was like talking to a brick wall but that was no excuse for letting herself slide. Why wasn't she doing something herself instead of sitting here day after day?

A commercial came on and was followed by a preview of the upcoming news. Evidently, the protest against the Keystone pipeline was losing momentum. It had been successfully blocked but the governor had approved an alternate route and the protest was losing steam. In her day, protesters had more staying power and didn't show up just to be seen at the next popular Facebook group meet.

"You should watch this," she said.

"Why?" Chris mumbled.

Katy snapped, "Because it's important. Because it matters!"

Chris stared at his mother, surprised by the sudden vehemence from his normally mild-mannered mother.

"If you kids don't start standing up for yourselves you won't have a country left worth living in!"

"Whoa, Mom. Settle down." Chris laughed.

"It's not funny!"

"Okay, okay." Chris held up his hands.

Katy relaxed when she realized she had raised her right fist as she turned to face her son. He was staring at it. Had her intensity frightened him? She searched his face with concern but was shocked to see that he wasn't staring at her fist but was looking past it at her chest. She looked down and was dismayed to see that two buttons had popped open. The widely spaced buttons had opened a gap in her pajamas sufficient to show the inner swells of both breasts with the rest molded by coffee-dampened cotton.

Katy opened her fist for better coverage and turned away. She didn't rebutton the pajamas, thinking it was best to act as if there wasn't anything wrong. That way, Chris didn't have to acknowledge that he'd been staring at her breasts and Katy didn't have to recognize that he had, or address the weird sensation in her stomach. When she looked back at Chris he was watching the game so intently Katy questioned her perception. He couldn't have been looking at her that way. She must have been mistaken.

"Anyway," she said. "You should find think about becoming involved."

"I'll think about it," he muttered.

Katy was about to slink away when Kevin stumbled into the kitchen rubbing his eyes.

"What's that?" he asked, watching his brother disappear the last bite of poached eggs.

Katy knew he was really asking her to make him some breakfast too so she got up and Kevin took her place so he could watch the game.

"I could go for some coffee too," he mumbled.

Katy didn't say anything but she poured a coffee, added a little cream and a spoonful of sugar, then placed it in front of Kevin who took it without a by-your-leave. She turned back to the stove and Kevin looked at his brother who winked at him. They both smiled. The unspoken topic was Katy's open pajama top which she had forgotten to do up.

Chris downed the rest of his orange juice and, winking at his brother, asked, "Can I have some more orange juice, Mom?"

Katy opened the fridge and brought the juice to the island between her two sons, picked up Chris's glass and filled it to the top. Both boys turned to watch, their eyes on the gap between the lapels of their mother's pajamas. It widened, enhancing their view as her arm lifted to pour the juice and her unrestricted breasts swung freely beneath the cotton pajamas. Katy returned the juice to the fridge.

"Can I have some too, Mom?" Kevin asked as soon as the fridge door shut, winking at his brother.

Katy got a clean glass from the cupboard, retrieved the juice from the fridge, and brought it to the island, once more standing between her two sons. While she poured Kevin's glass, taking great care not to spill, both boys admired what they could see of her supple breasts. The news came on as the juice neared the brim and the first topic was the upcoming pipeline protest. Kevin reached for the remote.

"Wait," Chris said. "Mom said this is important."

Katy was pleased. Maybe they really are listening even when it looks like they aren't.

Feeling the urge to get involved in something meaningful again, she watched the newscast intently. The boys paid close attention too but their concentration was centered on their mother's breasts which had swung away from her chest as she leaned toward the TV. The open, loose pajama top let the boys follow the slope of her tits almost down to the nipples. Their eyes broke away for the briefest instant and they smiled at each other over their mother's head. Katy was aware they were looking at each other and was pleased they had finally found something interesting besides cars, girls, and booze.

"I think I'll go to the protest," she announced.

"Really?" Kevin asked.

"Yeah." Katy put a hand on each son's shoulder. "You should come too. There'll be lots of girls there."

Though she didn't know it, lifting her arms tightened the material around her breasts, outlining her nipples through the still damp cotton. The boys each put a hand on their mother's shoulder.

"That might not be a bad idea," Chris said.

"Yeah," Kevin agreed.

"That's great, Katy said, surprised. "It'll be fun."

"Yeah," both boys replied at the same time, eyes locking over their mother's head.

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Katy didn't remember her loose top until she was washing the dishes. She had noticed its state when she brought the juice to refill Chris's glass but, despite her discomfort, didn't want to draw further attention to it by fixing it in front of him. Her intention to button it after putting the juice away was preempted by Kevin's request and then she forgot about it.

Katy was aware that Chris glanced several times at the loose top but Kevin seemed truly interested in the protest so she had stayed to watch the whole newscast. With his business school background Chris was unlikely to be sympathetic toward the cause but Kevin was pursuing a degree in biology so it wasn't surprising that the issue interested him.

Though the boys often sparred with one they were often interested in similar things and Katy hoped Kevin's interest might drag Chris along. As an additional incentive, she had specifically mentioned girls. Meeting some smart ones might make them less enamored with the type they usually hung out with. God knows, something had to make them change their foolish ways.

Katy smiled and withdrew her wet hands from the soapy water in the sink. Instead of buttoning her top she undid it all the way. She was proud that her breasts still had spring in them and didn't really need artificial support even at forty-three. True, they were heavier and sagged a little, but they still looked good.

Katy pulled the pajamas apart and pushed her tits out. The nipples poked upward with a vigor only expressed when she was excited. She dribbled soapy water onto each one and watched it trickle down, returned her hands to scoop up more suds, and let it drip on her tits too. With the fingers of each hand held tightly together, Katy squeezed the soapy water down the slope of each breast to her nipples, then pressed down upon the perky extensions until they snapped back, flicking water in her eye.

She laughed out loud. "Good grief, Katy Thompson. What are you doing?"

She giggled, peeled the pajama top off, and let it drop on the floor. Her hands pressed her breasts together then slid down her sides. Over the years her torso had thickened and hips widened but she retained an hour-glass figure that still caused men to cast more than a passing glance.

Following her waist, Katy's fingers ran out to her hips until they encountered the edges of the pajama bottoms. Fingertips slipping inside, she slowly pushed them down, baring the pout of her tummy and then her bush. There she paused and stared at her sex for a moment before shoving the bottoms down until the elastic snapped over her buttocks. Katy wriggled until they fell to the floor, then finished washing the dishes naked, singing softly and occasionally bursting into laughter.

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The next day Katy realized her clothes would make her stand out like a sore thumb at a protest so she went shopping at the local thrift shop to find something grungy but couldn't bring herself to wear second hand clothes. At the mall she followed some young women in their twenties into a few stores and bought two pairs of stretchy jeans that some designer had been paid a small fortune to make look well-used. Several t-shirts and a fleece hoodie at more reasonable prices, relatively speaking, completed her protest wardrobe.

Next, Katy tried to find a local group that might be going to the protest at the National Mall but their town was evidently too small and conservative to support one. Nevertheless, she got some ideas from reading a few online blogs and forums. At dinner that night, she broke the news to Brent that she was going to join the protest against the Keystone pipeline in DC.

"Are you out of your mind?"

"No, I'm not out of my mind. I just feel like doing something worthwhile for a change," Katy retorted.

"So go back to work if you're bored."

The boys quickly found the food on their plates extremely interesting.

"I sacrificed my career for this family and I'm not spending the rest of my life doing some mid-level job to satisfy your criteria of what would be a useful thing to do."

"Katy, I only meant…"

"I know what you meant but there's more to life than working. The environment was important us when we were in college, remember? We've forgotten that and it's a mistake I want to rectify."

"Okay Katy. If it means that much to you."

"It does."

"Are you going with Marion?"

"No, the boys are coming with me."

"The boys?"

Brent looked at the boys. Chris kept his head down but Kevin returned his gaze with a measure of defiance. "That's right," he said. "We're going too."

Rather than being upset, Brent looked relieved.

"Well, that's good. Your mother shouldn't have to go alone."

"I can handle myself."

"I know, honey, but it's a big city. I feel better knowing the boys are going with you. You're going too, Chris?"

"Yes," Chris finally looked up.

Brent chuckled. "Well, keep them out of jail son."

"I will, Dad."

Later that night, Chris caught his father on the phone talking in a low voice. He said he had to go as soon as he saw Chris and explained, without being asked, that it was about work but Chris was bothered by the way he blushed.

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The Trip to DC

Katy sat in the front while the boys took turns driving. She wore a skirt for traveling instead of the jeans because they clung to her ass and made her self-conscious. She hadn't worn a bra under the tight t-shirt but the fleece hoodie hid that. It felt good to be loose and comfortable. Though chilly it was a sunny day and the brightness added to the excitement,

as did the light-hearted banter in the car. Katy couldn't remember when she had got on so well with the boys.

For the most part, she sat side-saddle with her back to the door so she could see both boys while they talked. The knee of her left leg pressed against the back of the seat while the right rested upon the left with the foot extended to the floor. Of course, this left her legs open but she had pushed the loose skirt between her thighs. However, on several occasions she had to push the skirt back into place because it had a tendency to ride up her thighs. This especially happened when she became animated talking about things she had done in college in an attempt to seem young like them. Once, both boys suddenly looked away before she realized the skirt needing fixing. Katy didn't look down and waited until the conversation calmed down before fixing the skirt but the boys continued asking about the old days and soon had her animated again.

After a hundred miles or so they stopped for lunch. The mix of truckers, salesmen, and families on the move made Katy feel like they really were on an adventure. She wasn't dressed like a mother and even the families in the restaurant didn't look at her like she was one. Even two of the fathers checked her out like the truckers and salesmen did and that made her feel young.

Out of the blue she told the boys, "When we get there, don't tell anyone I'm your mother."

"Why not?"

"Because I want to be one of the crowd, not your mother. I don't want to feel old."

"You're not old, Mom," the boys chimed.

"Sure, sure. Just don't tell anyone."

After that the conversation turned toward the pipeline and Kevin and Chris quickly got into an argument which surprised Katy. She wasn't sure whether they believed that strongly about it or if they were just arguing for the hell of it. She was relieved when the burgers arrived, delivering the relative peace of mouths stuffed full of hamburger and fries.

When they started arguing again, Katy got up to pay the bill. A couple of the truckers checked her out when she was standing at the counter to pay. One of them approached and seemed about to say something to her but she just smiled and left the diner. The boys followed but she was sitting in the back seat by the time they caught up. As they drove out, the trucker waved and she smiled back, feeling like she was back in school.

The sun was stronger in the afternoon which made the car warm. She had been hot earlier too but didn't want to take the hoodie off because of her braless state under the t-shirt. Since the boys were sitting up front and were still arguing she quickly pulled the hoodie off, put a pillow against the passenger side rear door, and settled back to rest, draping the hoodie over her chest. Gradually, the boys heated exchange dwindled to an annoying buzz and eventually to a soothing drone. Katy felt at peace with the world. She was very happy.

Though Kevin was driving he occasionally looked at Chris to emphasize a point. Chris was angled against the door with his left arm extended across the top of the front seat which he frequently clutched to pull himself toward his brother when emphasizing his own points. During one of his glares Kevin swore at him and glanced into the back seat to make sure Katy hadn't heard. The expression on his face made his brother look too.

Katy had composed herself in a proper manner but several position changes left a leg lifted and pressed against the back of the seat while the other was extended with an ankle hooked over the edge of the seat. The skirt had ridden up which, apart from displaying a large expanse of bare leg, also created a substantial gap between her thighs. The boys looked at each other and then back at their mom. She may be their mother but she was still a pretty good looking woman. The car swerved, forcing Kevin's eyes back to the road.

"You want to drive?" he asked his brother.

"No, you go ahead," Chris answered, gazing into the back seat and noticing Katy had tried to use the hoodie as a blanket but it had fallen part way off her chest.

"It's your turn," Kevin complained.

"Keep driving," Chris urged.

Kevin eased into the slow lane and turned around to see what had made his brother's voice so thick. His breath caught in his throat when he saw his mother's breast, the one closest to the back of the seat, and its nipple straining against the thin cotton of the tight t-shirt. For the next couple of miles Chris stared at his mother and Kevin divided his attention between her and the road, favoring the back seat. Chris paid more attention to Katy's breast while his brother, who from his vantage point on the driver's side could see further up her skirt, favored his mother's legs.

Katie stretched and relaxed, causing her right foot to hang farther over the edge of the seat and the hoodie to slide further off her chest. The boys breathed in the shallow but quickened pace characteristic of the early stages of both sexual excitement and fear.

When Chris reached over the back of the seat toward Katy Kevin flung his right arm out to smack him. Chris fended him off with an angry shrug and shake of his head. Kevin watched, captivated and scared, as his brother reached for the hoodie. With the garment pinched between thumb and forefinger, Chris gently lifted and tugged until it slid an inch toward him. Another tug made Katy flinch and Kevin slugged his brother again. While they glared at each other Chris defiantly gave the hoodie a final tug and it slid onto the floor.

Both of Katy's breasts were now on display, their heavy, sagging form perfectly molded by the tight t-shirt. The nipples, straining in different directions, stretched the thin cotton and threatened to tear it apart. Kevin started to whistle but swallowed instead when Chris jerked his head toward him, fixing his brother with a glare fit to kill.

Not quite asleep, Katy felt a pleasant warmth spreading over her body and arched her back in an indulgent, cat-like stretch that imparted a feeling of constrained but intense euphoria. Her sluggish mind became aware that the boys weren't arguing anymore—in fact, they weren't talking at all—and she wondered what had captured their attention. Were they argued-out and mindlessly watching the road?

Katy was about to open her eyes when she heard the boys suck in their breath. Her chest constricted in fear but the car didn't swerve and the boy's didn't swear about a bad driver. For a moment she wondered what they were reacting to and then suddenly became aware that her legs were wide open and her skirt was up who knows how high? Then

she realized her chest wasn't blanketed by the hoodie and that meant her breasts were bursting against the t-shirt unhidden. In a flash, she knew the boys were looking at her!

She fought the urge to open her eyes because if she did they would be caught in the act, an embarrassment and that would surely ruin the trip. Instead, she would clear her throat to warn them she was about to wake up so they would have time to turn around and put their eyes on the road where they belonged.

But Katy didn't clear her throat. Instead, she succumbed to an impish impulse to have some fun with the situation, much like she had when she had finished the dishes topless. She knew she had nicely shaped and supple breasts for her age. She didn't consciously admit that awareness of male attention, even by her sons, caused her nipples to poke hard into the thin cotton but she felt if the boys were going to ogle her body it was fair to mess with their minds.

Katy drew her left arm up, intending to stretch the t-shirt even tighter over her breasts, but accidentally and unknowingly hooked the hem of her loose skirt with her watch and dragged it up to her hip. There was a gasp from the front seat and she found it hard to suppress a smile, thinking the boys were reacting to the exacerbated thrust of her breasts.

It was time to 'wake up' but on the spur of the moment Katy eased her right knee outward, completely unaware her skirt had been pulled up

so high. She had noticed the boys looking at her open knees when she had been sitting in the front seat. The skirt had been pushed between her legs then but now she suspected they were parted enough to make any male think about what was hidden just out of sight. Katy almost laughed out loud imagining the look on their faces and felt a sudden urge to throw her legs wide open so they could see her panties. Wouldn't that be a shock, to see that their mother actually possessed sexual equipment?

Katy decided against it, of course, but though she didn't know it the lifted skirt had already exposed her panties. The boys were staring between their mother's open legs at the mound bulging against the gusset, clearly outlining her feminine sexuality.

"It's your turn to drive," Kevin whispered.

Chris shook his head. "No it's not!"

"Is so. I've been driving for almost an hour."

"I drove for two," Chris countered.

Katy smiled inwardly. Normally the boys would be arguing to see who could drive longer. It was very flattering. She stretched, unknowingly pressing her pussy forward for an even more explicit demonstration of

her womanhood. The muscles in her thighs tensed, amplifying the effect. Katy arched her back, pushed her breasts upward, and sighed to send the first signal that she was about to 'wake up'.

The boys were looking straight ahead a minute later when Katy finally opened her eyes but she didn't look down until she had sat up and by then the skirt had fallen into place. As such, she wasn't aware how brazen her exposure had been. The boys seemed nervous so, even though it was warm, she pulled the hoodie on to cover her breasts, thinking they must have had a greater impact than she had expected. She resisted an urge to confirm her suspicion that they were actually aroused and kept her eyes on the road.

"Should we stop for a snack?" she suggested.

"Yeah," Chris answered.

Kevin agreed. Both looked straight ahead.

The rest of the drive was uneventful. Katy leaned against the front seat to discuss the issues around the pipeline and the protest. The boys humored her, probably because they felt as bad about ogling her as she did about teasing them, but eventually the topic waned from disinterest. The light was fading when they finally spotted a decent looking motel and pulled in for the night. They got a room with two large beds, dumped their bags, and went straight out to eat. The

restaurant had good food but the service was slow. Katy had a drink before the food arrived and the boys had a couple of beers each.

The restaurant turned out to be a lively local attraction so they stayed for a couple of hours after dinner to people watch. The four girls sitting at the next table were talking about the protest. One of them noticed her listening so she apologized for eavesdropping and said they were going to the protest too. Twenty minutes later, they merged their tables and Katy found herself an hour later, more than sated with talk about the pipeline, watching two of the girls putting the move on her sons.

"Are you 'with' one of them?" Diana, one of the talkative ones, asked when she noticed Katy watching.

Katy laughed. "Oh, goodness no. We're just traveling together. I'm way too old for them."

"I wouldn't say so," Diana said. "Ten years isn't a big difference."

Katy was flattered. "I'm just the only girl that could come along," she said, thinking it wasn't quite a lie, she just hadn't invited Marion.

"Well, now you're not the only one."

"No, I guess not."

"You're sure you don't mind?" Diana asked, nodding toward the boys and the other girls. "They're not very committed to the cause. This always happens."

"Not at all. They don't interest me," Katy assured her new friend.

"Are you going to the pre-protest?"

"The what?"

"The gathering where everyone gets a heads up on what others are planning to do. We're going to cover ourselves with oil. They're going topless," Diana nodded toward the two girls putting the move on the boys, "but Debra and I are just going to soak our t-shirts. Do you want to join us?"

It didn't appeal to Katy at all but she said she would. Diana was a smart girl and, from the little she said, so was Debra. She wished the boys would pay attention to them instead of the ditzy blondes but she knew it was because they were better looking in a superficial way. Men. They never knew what was good for them.

Diana gave Katy directions to the gathering and she agreed to meet them there. She didn't feel like finishing her drink so said goodnight to Diana and Debra and waved to the boys. Katy was surprised when the key shook the door handle not half an hour later. She had just got out of the shower and was half way to the bed. She barely made it back to the bathroom by the time the door opened and the boys came in, talking about the girls and what a snooch that Diana was. Katy's nightgown was laid out on the bed and she was stuck in the bathroom with just a skimpy motel towel to wrap around herself.

"Boys," she yelled.

"Yeah?"

"Go back out so I can get dressed."

"Oh, okay."

Katy waited until she heard the door click and then rushed out of the bathroom.

"Don't come in until I say so."

There was no answer so Katy rushed to the door and threw the bolt, then in her fumbling hurry to pull the nightgown over her head, put it on backwards.

"Don't come in," she yelled, head still buried inside the nightgown while she struggled to get it off. As soon as it was on properly, Katy scampered to the bed, tugging the nightgown over her hips, and got into bed.

"Okay," she yelled.

The key turned and the door was pushed.

"Mom, you have to undo the bolt."

Katy swore. "Just a minute."

She got out of bed and went to the door.

"Don't come in right away."

Without waiting for an answer, she scurried back to the bed but was only half way in when the door burst open. Chris was the first in with

Kevin right behind him. Katy was caught part way into bed with her legs lifted to swing under the covers and the nightgown half way down her thighs. She slammed the covers down into place.

"I thought you'd be in the bar for a while yet."

"Yeah well, that Diana called it quits because they had to get up early and made the others go too."

"Well, it's probably for the best. We have to get an early start too."

"We'll probably never see them again," Kevin complained. "The protest will be huge."

"Diana gave me directions to meet them at the gathering," Katy informed them.

"The what?"

"The gathering. It's a meet before the protest to exchange ideas," Katy explained, as if it was an obvious thing to know. "The two you're so interested in are going topless."

"Really?" the boys chimed.

"Really. Remember to turn out the light before you go to bed."

Katy shimmied beneath the covers and closed her eyes. The drinks had taken their toll and she fell asleep listening to the boys chatter about 'the hot girls' while they got ready for bed. She woke up hours later. Of course, the boys had left the bathroom light on and it was shining right in her eyes. Sighing, she threw the covers back and got up.

What a pain in the ass.

She thumped toward the bathroom until she remembered she wasn't wearing anything underneath the nightgown. Katy crossed her hands in front of her breasts. The boys were sleeping soundly so she continued on tiptoes to the bathroom, carefully closed the door, and sat down for a tinkle.

She barely turned on the tap to wash her hands and turned out the bathroom light on her way past the door, or meant to, but got the fan instead. She swiped at the switch again but missed. She tried again but only managed to turn off the fan so she leaned inside the door to see what was wrong with the switch and saw that it was the wide kind designed to be pressed rather than flicked. She was about to press it when she heard a noise.

Katy stared at the boys' bed but they were both still and presumably asleep. She looked at the motel room door and then through the partly open drapes but everything was quiet outside. Turning around, Katy checked out the bathroom behind her and then realized her body was silhouetted by the bathroom light. She resisted the urge to cover herself and calmly turned off the light.

Back in bed, Katy had a hard time falling asleep, stirring every time she was about to doze off because she thought she heard something. She lay still, listening intently. There was a rustle coming from the boys bed but it was some time before she realized what it was—one of the boys was playing with himself.

Oh dear. The rustling grew louder.

Who is it? Probably Chris.

Katy started breathing deeply as if she was asleep and a couple of minutes later one of the boys got up and went to the bathroom. In the instant before the door closed, she recognized Chris. A few minutes later, the toilet flushed though she hadn't heard the telltale sound of pee and was sure the other job hadn't taken place. Chris reappeared and stumbled back to bed.

Katy was almost asleep for real when she was disturbed by the bathroom light turning on again. This time it was Kevin. He tried to close the door but it swung open and Katy didn't need the pitter patter sound to know he was masturbating because she could see his secondary reflection from the bathroom mirror and then the one on the wall in the room.

She should have looked away but found herself intrigued by his long strokes. Surely he wasn't that big? He must be pulling his hand part way off. As his hand moved faster he breathed more heavily and occasionally mumbled something in a low, panting whisper but Katy couldn't understand what he was saying, only that it was a single syllable word that obviously invoked fervent passion.

When Kevin finished and turned toward the sink to wash his hands and dick Katy saw that her son didn't need to extend his hand to exaggerate the length of his penis. She blinked several time as he dried himself with a towel.

After he returned to his bed, Katy had a hard time getting back to sleep. When she was watching the boys masturbating she thought it was over the two showy girls who were intending to go topless at the protest but as she drifted off she had a discomforting thought. What if she had contributed to the boys' excitement? Had the teasing in the car gone too far?

Katy vowed not to tease the boys again.

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An Awkward Night in DC

Katy had to wear the tight jeans the next day and cursed herself for not bringing some of her regular pants. She had brought several skirts but, after the day in the car and her evening promise, she didn't want to wear anything that showed too much of her legs. She felt self-conscious in the jeans because of the tight fit around her ass but made sure the boys walked ahead of her when they stopped for lunch.

They arrived in DC early in the afternoon but too soon to check in. After registering they left their bags at the desk and went out to explore the town. As it happened, they stumbled right into the 'gathering' without even looking for it and immediately encountered Diana, Debra and their two ditzy friends.

One of the star protesters was speaking but the ditzy girls launched into a prattling conversation with the boys while Diana engaged Katy with her plans for the next day. It turned out they were staying at a nearby hotel. Debra seemed perturbed so Katy quickly agreed to meet them the next morning so she could hear the speaker better.

Later, they ended up in a bar for dinner. After an hour or two hours the boys lost interest in the ditzy duo and started talking to Diana and Debra. Katy was pleased and, though tired and eager to get back to the hotel, ordered another drink. The ditzy girls drifted off in search of other admirers, of which there were many. Natural alliances formed between Diana and Kevin favoring the protesters while Chris and Debra defended proponents of the pipeline. Katy felt like a fifth wheel but was happy the boys were getting along so well with such intelligent girls. She laughed at the thought of asking them if they still thought Diana was a douchebag and had to explain her outburst as due to a private joke.

Eventually, she couldn't disguise how tired she was and the party broke up. After retrieving their bags she and the boys went up to their room. Katy threw hers on the first bed and turned toward the bathroom but abruptly stopped, spun around, and stared at the bed—the single, king-sized bed. The boys were also looking at the bed, bags still in hand. One by one, they dropped the bags.

Katy sat on the edge of the bed. "I'll call downstairs and get another room," she said. She explained the problem to the clerk but was told the hotel was fully booked.

"Would you like a cot, Madam?" he asked.

A cot? Katy was too tired to sleep on a cot and said as much to the clerk.

"I'm sorry, Madam, but the hotel is fully booked."

Katy agreed that she hadn't asked for two beds but asked again if there was anything else they could do.

"I'm sorry, Madam."

Katy hung up and looked at the boys. If anyone was going to sleep on a cot it had to be her. Otherwise she might as well sleep with both of them.

"I'm too tired to sleep on a cot."

The boys nodded.

"Well," she said, looking around at the bed, "It's big enough. We'll just have to give each other a little privacy."

The boys were looking out the window when Katy exited the bathroom in her nightgown and didn't turn around until she was under the covers. She kept her eyes closed while they got undressed and joined her. The bed was big enough for at least a foot of separation between them and after half an hour of watching TV Katy began to relax.

Actually, it was kind of fun. They got snacks and drinks from the room bar and watched a movie. Their legs bumped several times but Katy wasn't worried because it was accidental and innocent. Toward the end of the movie she grew tired and wiggled down into the bed, too low to watch comfortably, and was soon asleep. She woke up with her forehead pressing against a back and groggily snuggled closer, surprised by Brent's presence.

Brent! Brent's not here!

Her eyes snapped open but it was too dark to see and blinking didn't help. About to lift her head, she stopped. She was lying on her left side and Chris had been to her left so it must him in front of her. Katy's arm was curled around his waist. To make things worse, when she had snuggled closer her breasts had pushed against his back and now his ass was pressed into her lap. She didn't want to chance waking him by extracting her arm so she wiggled backward and ended with it stretched awkwardly over his hip.

Another shock awaited. When she pulled away her ass had pushed into something else: Kevin was behind her and a hard lump pressed against her backside. She shifted her hips forward and collided with Chris's ass again. Kevin followed, snuggling closer. For the first time Katy realized his arm was curled around her waist the same way hers was curled around his brother's. She sucked in her breath and held it, listening,

then breathed a sigh of relief. Both boys were breathing deep and regular. They were asleep.

Trapped between two sleeping sons, Katy couldn't pull away from one without getting closer to the other and if she extracted her hand she would likely wake Chris, and his stirring might then wake his brother. That would be awkward since his hardon was pressed against Katy's ass. He must be dreaming about the ditzy girls and imagining them topless with oil splashing over their bare breasts, or maybe even Debra in an oil-soaked wet t-shirt. What a predicament!

Katy decided to wait it out. Soon or later one or the other would change positions and then she could do the same, flipping onto her back. But Kevin's hardon didn't subside though Katy was positive he was asleep since his breathing was too regular for him to be awake. How long could a dream last?

Her mind wandered while she waited for the opportunity to move. Katy noted that Kevin felt as well-endowed as her clandestine bathroom observation had indicated and she wondered if her other son was equally well-equipped. The thought produced a chuckle. Her hand was right there. If she let it move a couple of inches she would know for sure.

Katy Thompson! How could you think such a thing, she chided herself.

Of course she wouldn't do it, but it was a wickedly intriguing notion. She laughed harder and her body shook causing Kevin's schlong to flex between her cheeks. With a shock, Katy realized he was sleeping in the nude and that her nightgown had somehow wriggled its way over her hips. His bare cock was pressing right on her panties.

What nerve!

Katy listened carefully to their breathing, especially Chris's, for another minute. Behind her, Kevin's cock flexed again as it reacted to something in his dream and curiosity got the better of her. Her hand slipped down and took Chris's cock into its palm for another surprise: he was also sleeping in the nude.

They must both sleep that way. Still, it's pretty cheeky to get into bed with their mother like that.

Her fingers curled around her son's shaft and he stirred. She drew in her breath and held still. Chris's breathing quickly returned to normal but, of necessity, she kept her hand still just to be safe, fingers still wrapped around his cock. He seemed to be similar in girth to his brother and must also be dreaming because his cock was just as hard.

At least they're men a woman could be proud of in the downstairs department, Katy mused, feeling a little guilty about being so pleased.

She slid her hand up and down Chris's shaft to check his length. Yes, very nice indeed, as long as his brother's. Or so she thought. Katy realized she couldn't judge for certain just from seeing Kevin's hardon and feeling it against her ass, so she reached behind to grasp his cock too.

She circled his shaft with her fingers to measure his girth and then slid up and down, which was awkward with her left hand pinned beneath her body, but doable. She had to traverse his length a few more times to get a good measure because of that but in the end was sure the boys were equal in size. Both slender but long.

What about their balls?

She giggled and chided herself for having too much to drink. She wasn't used to it. Katy slid both hands lower and measured her son's balls at the same time. They both had hefty sets. She pulled her hands up, intending to extricate them regardless of the risk of waking the boys but instead curled her fingers around their cocks again.

Curiosity will kill the cat. she thought, and then remembered the way the boys had looked at her in the car. She was now sure it wasn't only the ditzy girls in their dreams they had jacked off to the previous night.

Her hands moved up and down, slowly jacking her son's cocks, pausing to pinch the tips and pull the skin tighter over the heads, before squeezing their shafts on the downstroke. She stroked their dicks for about a minute before talking sense into herself and letting go. They gasped and moaned in their sleep upon being abandoned. Both stirred and Katy yanked her hands back. She pushed Kevin back, then skidded forward and turned onto her back.

Jesus Katy! What on earth were you doing? They have nice cocks but that was so wrong on so many levels!

Chris tossed and turned and finally came to rest facing her. Kevin moved closer until his face pressed against her upper arm and Chris snuggled into the same position. When each son moved a knee forward to slide on top of her legs, Katy blocked them by lifting her knees and drawing her feet up. The boys knees continued forward and slid under her thighs until they bumped together. After a minute, they returned to their regular, deep breathing and Katy relaxed. The danger was past.

She couldn't believe what had just happened. She had actually fondled her sons' cocks! What if one of them had woken up? Where would they be then?

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The Rally

Katy tried hard to act like nothing had happened the night before but the boys were aware something was amiss. They both asked if anything was wrong to which she replied sharply, "Wrong? Why should anything be wrong?"

The boys were taken aback and she immediately regretted the vehemence of her response.

"I guess I'm not feeling a hundred percent."

The boys nodded and gave her some space. At breakfast, they carried on with their usual sparring and she calmed down. Clearly, they had no idea what had happened the night before and Katy tried to convince herself that she would soon forget about it herself.

After breakfast they wandered down to the gathering and ran into Diana and her crowd. The ditzy girls had already gone topless and were causing a minor sensation but Katy was pleased when the boys barely spared them a glance. When they left with their entourage the boys stayed behind while Diana and Debra plastered their t-shirts and tattered cut-offs with oil.

"You're not going to ruin those, are you?" Diana asked, pointing at Katy's designer jeans.

"I bought them for the protest so I guess I am," Katy laughed.

"They're way too cool to do that."

"I don't have any cut-offs in my back pocket."

"Just wear your t-shirt."

Katy laughed. "I can't parade around in my t-shirt and panties."

"Why not? I have an extra long one in my bag you can borrow. It's almost like a dress. Don't ruin those jeans," Diana pleaded.

"I really don't think…"

"Don't ruin those jeans," the boys echoed, laughing.

"Really, you shouldn't," Debra added.

"Yeah, don't ruin your jeans," the boys teased.

Diana grabbed Katy's arm and dragged her over to one of the make-shift tents that had been set up to dispense posters and other rally material. She pushed her way past the tables to the back and dragged a very long t-shirt out of her bag which, true to her word, almost looked like a dress.

"Take off your clothes and put this on."

Before she knew it, Katy was dragging her t-shirt over her head while Diana blocked for her. As she lifted it over her head, Diana's gaze slid over her breasts.

"Wow, you have really nice ones. No wonder you have two young guys following you around."

"We're just friends," Katy replied emphatically.

She felt funny doing it but Katy hesitated with her arms above her head, leaving her breasts to be admired for several more seconds. It was as if she knew instinctively what would distract Diana from her inquisitiveness about her relationship with the boys. From the look on her face, Diana appreciated the delay and Katy also experienced a strange exhilaration. It was then that she realized sexual appreciation could be gratifying regardless of the source.

Afraid she might get more than she bargained for if she dawdled any longer, Katy quickly pulled the new t-shirt over her head. Diana helped her smooth it over her hips and tugged the left side down where it had caught on her breast, lingering longer than necessary but Katy object.

"You look awesome," Diana said. "The cameras are gonna love you."

Diana dragged Katy out of the tent. As she stumbled along behind her younger friend, Katy wondered what she meant by that. The boys whistled when they rejoined them by the barrel of oil. Other people had gathered around and were painting themselves with the gooey mess.

"Doesn't she look fantastic?" Diana prodded.

"Awesome," the boys answered, finding lots to admire in their mother's body covered only by the thin, clinging white cotton t-shirt.

The looks on their faces made Katy self-conscious and she turned away, strangely thinking that the way they looked at her would make it hard for anyone to think she was their mother. At that precise moment Diana doused her with a pail of oil, splashing it over her right shoulder and onto her breast.

"Whoa!" Katy shrieked, ducking and cringing.

She straightened up and tried to pull the soaked t-shirt away where it had plastered to her skin. From the corner of her eye, she saw Diana lifting another pail of filthy oil.

"No," she shrieked, lifting a hand to ward it off but it was too late.

Diana dumped the second pail directly behind Katy's right shoulder and let it cascade down her back. Katy flung her arm outward, flinging drips of oil from her hand.

"Jesus Diana. Look at me."

Distracted, Katy wasn't any more ready for the third pail than she'd been for the first two. This one, however, was aimed at the small of her back and molded the cotton t-shirt so tightly to her buttocks that a rivulet of surplus oil drained through the crevice dividing the two. The t-shirt even clung to the underside of her cheeks and trickled through the inside of her upper thighs, outlining them more sumptuously than any pair of designer jeans ever could.

The black mess also highlighted Katy's breasts beautifully, drawing more attention to her assets than if she had been naked. The boys gawked while Debra remarked about the symbolism of one breast covered in oil while the other broadcast pure, white innocence. Katy

knew the concept was lost on several nearby men, her sons included, and a sense of adventure surged beneath her solar plexus.

"Let's get the show on the road," Diana yelled and shoved a placard into Katy's hands.

They marched off waving their signs and Katy followed holding the handle at an angle to cover her soaking right breast as best she could. The boys, having started off right behind Diana and Debra, soon dropped behind to protect their mother's backside from prying eyes. Katy felt better having someone she knew behind her because if the back was anything like the front there wasn't a lot left to the imagination. The boys seemed eager to help and Chris's eyes rarely wavered from his mother's ass.

Katy lost her self-consciousness as the crowd thickened and they lost themselves within it. Soon she was yelling and waving her placard, competing for attention as much as the others, hoping to get her message across, whatever it was. She hadn't seen what was written on the placard and it was too crowded to pull it down for a look now. At times she lost track of the others only to find them again minutes later. It was a real rush being there and Katy loved the youthful enthusiasm that permeated the crowd.

The elation peaked at the congregation point and speaker after speaker tried to rouse the crowd's hysteria even higher. After a while, the

throng began to mill about and gradually thinned out. The group wandered toward the edge, back the way they had come. Or at least Katy thought it was. She had no recollection of the path they had taken. As they neared the edge they encountered people posing for TV crews and some obviously being interviewed. Katy recognized one of the speakers, an actress, but it wasn't Darryl Hannah.

"That one. Over there. Get her, get her!" someone yelled.

There was a rush towards them and Katy turned to see who they were after. Was there someone else famous here? The crowd of journalists and camera men surrounded their group but didn't surge past them as she had expected. Katy looked around in bewilderment as questions were fired off in rapid succession. It was a moment before she realized the questions were directed at her. Microphones were pushed in front of her face.

"Get all of her in the frame," someone yelled to a camera man, who laughed and gave a thumbs up.

She looked down at her oil-spattered t-shirt and saw that it looked like she wasn't even wearing any clothes on one side. The oil was still wet, making her distinctly outlined right breast look like it had a shiny, ebony skin. The t-shirt was plastered to her hip, half way across her stomach, and all the way across her back.

Someone said, "Get a shot from behind," and Katy immediately became conscious of the t-shirt sticking in the crack of her ass. She tried to pull the t-shirt but it stubbornly clung to her cheeks.

"You look very committed to the cause," a female journalist said, looking Katy up and down. "Can you tell us what the pipeline means to you and your family?"

Given the circumstances, Katy found the question bizarre. She was horrified that everyone was gawking at her while she stood, as good as naked, but then she noticed that most were looking at her face, waiting to see what she was going say. Would the journalist have added 'and your family' if she didn't look old enough to be a mother? She looked down at the ground, composed herself, and then met the journalist with a steady gaze of her own.

"There's a lot of people here against the pipeline but many others who want it to be built. They want jobs, or hope to keep the ones they have, to feed their families and send them to school, and to enjoy the benefits of a good life, free of hunger and financial worries."

Katy paused and, though she gazed steadily at the journalist, was aware of the surprised restlessness in the nearby crowd. She was surprised herself.

"So you see unions favoring the pipeline because there will be lots of jobs while it's being built and others that will be kept in Texas where the oil is refined."

Katy paused to let her point sink in and noted an increased grumbling in the crowd. They hadn't expected to hear this point of view and neither, evidently, had the journalist.

"But unions from Canada are against the pipeline because they want the jobs to stay in their country and yet they're talking about building another pipeline so they can sell their oil to China."

The grumbling in the crowd generally eased, yet one or two jeered.

"However, most people here don't think the pipeline is worth the risk no matter how many jobs it brings. They're afraid that drinking water will be contaminated, that a spill would ruin prime farming and ranching land for decades to come, and yes, they're afraid about the impact on climate change. They say the pipeline will carry the dirtiest oil on the planet and that encourages expansion of the tarsands which is one of the biggest producers of greenhouse gas in the world."

The muttering dwindled and there were general sounds of approval from the crowd. The journalist was about to ask a question but Katy continued.

"Some say spills can be effectively countered by technology but we've heard that argument before and know it's not completely true. It never is quite the same."

The crowd cheered and Katy rushed on.

"On the other hand, if we don't build the pipeline the oil from North Dakota will be moved to Texas by truck or railway and that's even riskier for the environment. And though oil from the tarsands is dirty we're doing other things right here in the good old USA that may damage our water even more."

The journalist looked confused and Katy knew she was having a hard time figuring out what side she was on. Katy paused to let her to ask a question and caught her off guard. She struggled to think of something to say, saw Katy's sign, and said, "So, what does that mean?"

Katy planted the placard's handle on the ground and spun it so she could read what it said.

"It Belongs to All of Us."

She had no idea what the maker of the placard had meant but she turned back to the journalist and said, "Well, exactly what it says. The country belongs to all of us and that means none of us can have it all, we have to share it, and everyone has to give a little."

"We all have to give a little?" the journalist asked.

"That's right," Katy confirmed. "When we get something we want someone else often loses something they need. We're all Americans. We live in a society where everyone has a right to strive for a better life but we have to make sure our neighbors do well too or in the end we all lose."

"So," the journalist said, stepping back. "We should all give a little."

Katy sensed the interview was over so she turned and walked away as if the release from the crowd's attention allowed her to escape. Behind her, she heard the journalist winding up.

"So, there you have it folks, a reasonable view from one of the Keystone pipeline protesters, from a woman old enough to be a business woman, a mother, a homemaker, or…" looking around and seeing Katy gone, "who knows. I don't know who our mystery protester is or what she does, but I do know this…"

The voice faded as Katy strode on.

"Wow Mom, that was awesome," Kevin said, catching up to her.

"Yeah," Diana added, coming up on the other side. "Absolutely awesome."

"You're going to be on TV," Chris said.

Katy laughed. "I doubt that. They'll never put that on the air. They want chanting and extremism, not middle-of-the road mumbling."

"I bet they do," Diana said. "People are getting tired of everyone trying to have everything their own way instead of doing what's right for America. Things have to change."

Debra spoke up. "I think some of the organizers will want to hear about this."

"Are you kidding?" Katy replied. "I'm going to get this thing off me and have a long, hot shower."

"Do you want to meet up later," Diana asked as Katy broke away and crossed the street.

"Maybe," Katy yelled over her shoulder.

"We'll be at the same place as last night."

"Okay."

"I've got your jeans," Diana yelled.

Katy waved without looking and quickened her pace. She really wanted a hot shower and it wasn't just her body that needed to be cleaned.

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Back at the Room

Katy scrubbed and scrubbed until the hot water started to cool. It was awful stuff and difficult to get off. Though clean, she felt it would be weeks before her skin wouldn't look like it was painted with a dull

stain. She exited the bathroom amid a cloud of steam with a towel wrapped around her body.

"Your turn," she said to the boys, towelling her hair as she walked past them.

They were sitting on the bed, shirts and socks off, waiting for her to finish, and burst for the doo. As usual, Chris won.

"Sucks to be you," he laughed.

"Bite me," Kevin retorted, returning to sit on the edge of the bed.

Clean underwear in hand, Katy went to the far side of the bed to get dressed.

"Don't turn around for a minute."

"What?"

Kevin twisted toward his mother. Katy froze, foot lifted with toes pushing through the left leg of her panties.

"Kevin! I said don't look."

"Oh!"

Katy turned away and pulled the panties up to her knee. The towel dropped when she lifted her right foot and to push it through the other hole. Kevin hadn't turned away when his mother did and was still watching as she drew the panties up and snapped them into place. At the last minute, he turned away. Seconds later, she walked past him with the towel covering her breasts and haphazardly held behind her. Once in the short hall leading to the door, Katy checked to make sure she was out of Kevin's sight, then let go of the towel and opened the closet.

"Do you want to join the girls tonight?" she asked as she pushed hangers aside, trying to sound normal as she rummaged through the few dresses hanging in the closet. She picked one as Kevin replied and held it out to look at it.

"Could do."

Though she didn't know it, he could see his mother in the mirror fixed on the wall. To free her hands, she had let the towel drop once she had passed out of his sight and was now dressed only in panties. Kevin eyes had been flicking between her panties and the bare breasts jostling on her chest until Katy's selection blocked his view.

"We don't have to if you don't want to."

"I don't mind."

Katy turned around to look at herself in the mirror on the bathroom door, holding the dress in front. Kevin's eyes focused on the panties stretched across her buttocks about half way down. Abruptly, she turned and stepped into view holding the dress in front. He just managed to look away.

"What do you think?"

Kevin looked back. "Nah."

"I didn't think so."

Katy stepped back out of sight and picked another dress while Kevin returned to admiring her ass and breasts in the mirror, and her legs too, which he noted looked great when completely uncovered. His mother didn't have any cellulite that he could see.

"Do you think Chris will want to go?"

"He likes that Debra chick."

"He seemed to, didn't he?" Katy agreed. She stepped back into view with the new selection held in front. "What about this one?"

Again, Kevin barely managed to turn away. Appearing disinterested, he again said, "Nah."

"You're a lot of help."

"Sorry. Why don't you wear those new jeans you bought?"

"They're too tight for my big ass."

"It doesn't look that bad."

"Thanks a lot."

"So, wear one of your dresses."

"They make me look too old."

"Wear a skirt and a t-shirt then."

"Yeah, I guess I'll have to."

Katy walked toward her suitcase still holding the dress across her front, forgetting about Kevin could see her bare legs and the side of her breast. The dress fell away as she bent over to get a skirt, allowing her breasts to swing freely.

"Oh, sorry Kevin. I completely forgot."

"No worries," he replied, looking away.

"No, really. I didn't mean to…"

"It's okay, Mom. It's not a big deal."

Katy laughed nervously. "I guess not after getting such an eye full of young ones today."

She turned away, pulled the skirt up, and wiggled it into place unaware that Kevin had turned to watch. Bending over again to get a t-shirt, she

suddenly felt like she was being watched and blushed as she straightened up. With casual disregard, she pushed her arms through the sleeves and pulled the t-shirt over her head, leaving her breasts bare longer than she normally would have like she had done with Diana, and even turned sideways a bit so they would swing into view. She tugged the t-shirt over her breasts and arched her back more than necessary while holding the bottom to settle it in place, then turned around.

"There," she said. "How's that?"

Kevin nodded appreciatively, forgetting to pretend he hadn't been watching, realizing he was blushing but too captivated by the sight of his mother's unrestrained breasts under the t-shirt to turn away. Katy blushed too when she realized the way she had turned around and asked him how it looked that she must have known he was watching.

They were both glad the shower stopped just then. Kevin got up and took a few steps toward the bathroom, avoiding Katy's eyes, and she glanced at the bulge in his pants.

"Hurry up," he yelled at his brother.

Katy admired her son's broad back, unblemished skin, lean hips and long, muscular legs.

Just like his…Jesus!

An image of a long cock had formed in Katy's mind.

"Come on, Chris. Hurry up," Kevin yelled.

"Okay, okay," came the muffled response.

A few seconds later, Chris stumbled out of the bathroom, and Kevin took his place. As Chris made his way to the bed he started to peel away the towel hanging precariously around his hips.

"Hold it, fella! You better get dressed over there."

Katy pointed to the little hallway between the bathroom and the closet.

"Oh, okay."

Chris got some fresh underwear and a clean pair of jeans from his suitcase beside the bed and went into the hallway. Katy went to the far side of the bed, sat down, and looked out the window just as the water came on for Kevin's shower.

"Do you want to meet the girls tonight?" she asked Chris. He didn't reply so Katy looked over her shoulder and repeated the question louder to get over the noise of the shower.

"Sure," Chris replied.

Katy was stunned by what she saw. She could see Chris in the mirror. She hadn't meant to look at him, but now, he…his…thing, was hanging out front…he was naked!

She tried to turn away but couldn't. As Chris toweled his hair his cock flopped from one muscled thigh to the other. Katy remembered how it had felt in her hand and turned red as a beet. She imagined it between her legs and missed a breath. Chris dropped the towel and Katy quickly looked out the window.

"What time?"

"As soon as Kevin's ready, I guess."

She heard the rustle of jeans and turned to look, thinking it was safe, but they were only half way up his thighs and his cock was bulging inside his underwear. Katy remembered how big balls had filled her

hand. She blushed again but didn't look away. Chris jumped to yank the tight jeans over his ass and sex equipment. The muscles in his arms strained handsomely and his chest swelled as he sucked his stomach in. Katy felt an improper twinge between her legs. She stood and looked out the window, seeing nothing.

The shower stopped. Thank God. In a few minutes they could go out. Katy didn't think she could stay in the room with the boys. She wouldn't know where to look.

She kept her back to the room when Kevin came out of the bathroom and got dressed. It was only then that she realized he must have been able to see her when she was in front of the closet the same way she had seen Chris. She took a deep breath.

"Hurry up, Kevin," she said. "I need a drink."

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Second Night in DC

They met up with Diana, Debra, the ditzy girls and three of their new followers. After one beer Kevin suggested they go to a blues bar down the street. They left the ditzy girls behind with their new admirers.

The music was really good and that, together with the funky surroundings and intelligent company, drew Katy back to the free wheeling, adventurous mood she had slipped into during the protest. She loved the vibe in the room and felt like an integral part of it and their group instead of feeling like a fifth wheel.

As the evening wore on, she even lost her nervousness about being close to the boys as they joked and laughed and bumped against each other in the large, U-shaped booth. Nobody let her stay at the table alone. They danced as a group, intermingling, sometimes splitting into pairs or trios. Hours passed and liquor loosened them up. Katy danced slow numbers with Kevin, Diana, and Chris. She hugged them close and felt hands on her ass but She didn't object because it was accidental except when Diana did it but she didn't protest then either.

The bar closed too soon though it was very late. They walked back to the hotel together because the girls' hotel was close by. They considered continuing the party in the room but everyone knew the night was really over so they exchanged phone numbers and emails, promised to stay in touch, and parted ways.

Katy used the bathroom first. The boys were shirtless and had taken their socks off when she came out but still had their jeans on. Chris headed for the bathroom first.

"Do you want to watch a movie?" Kevin asked.

"No, I'm bushed."

Katy unzipped her skirt as she walked toward the bed. She was so tired that, once Kevin passed out of her line of sight, she assumed he had gone into the bathroom but he was waiting outside the door because Chris was taking a leak. He turned and saw his mother unzip and push her skirt over her hips, watched it slide down her legs to the floor, and stared at the crumpled pile bunched around her feet. His gaze slid up Katy's legs, over the slender but muscular calves strengthened from her love of cycling, past the backs of thighs unmarred by cellulite, and ended, disappointed, on the hem of the t-shirt which was just long enough to cover her ass. At least it clung sufficiently tight to her rear end to reveal its shape. Kevin smiled. If only…

Katy was too tired to put on a nightgown but her t-shirt smelled like the bar. She crossed her hands in front of herself, grasped the t-shirt beside each hip, and dragged it over her head. Kevin was astounded. His mother's back swam into view as the efficient maneuver was completed and for a moment he saw hers tits swing from side to side when she pulled the covers down and got into bed. Luckily, she didn't turn around but shimmied to the center and immediately went into sleep mode.

Kevin watched his mom for a few minutes still stunned that she had undressed in front of him. She must have had more to drink than he had thought. Convinced that she was going to sleep, he unsnapped his jeans and pushed them and his shorts down and off. Stark naked, he stared at his mother. He didn't call for his brother to hurry. In his mind, he was watching a slowmo replay of his mother unzipping her skirt and letting it fall, surveying her legs, and staring as the t-shirt peeled off, then freezing the frame when she bent over to drag the covers back, her tits dangling in mid-air, and one cheek tensing more than the other, creating a gap as her panties stretched across the divide.

Kevin's long cock jerked upward in a series of stiffening lurches. He seemed unaware of its growth until his hand casually dropped down to steady it, then slowly stroked it back and forth. When Chris walked out of the shower, he was more than ready to use the facilities. His brother was aghast but Kevin didn't bother explaining what had happened.

Chris was still up when Kevin finished. He was walking around the room as naked as Kevin, wearing a goofy smile. He obviously thought that was the game Kevin was playing so he motioned him over to the bathroom and whispered an explanation of what had happened.

Katy awoke to a pitch black room. She was laying on her back with her knees up and together but feet apart. About to shift into a more comfortable position, she stopped before even flexing a muscle.

"Shhhhh," one of the boys whispered. "You'll wake her!"

It was Kevin's voice. Chris didn't answer but a bolt of air whisked over her right nipple. She realized with a shock that she wasn't wearing a nightgown, then remembered taking the t-shirt off and getting into bed naked except for her panties. How foolish! Her breasts were not only bare but also taut, and it wasn't because it was cold. They were prickly with excitement.

"She's dead to the world or she would have woken up by now," Chris replied.

His words implied they had been up to something and Katy wondered what that was and how long they'd been doing it. Another bolt of air blasted her right nipple and it responded, tightening even more. A warmer, gentler wind wafted over the left and it twitched too.

"Did you see that?" Kevin whispered.

"Yeah."

Obviously, the boys' eyes were acclimatized to the darkness and the room wasn't as dark as it appeared to Katy.

"I'm going to touch it," Chris whispered.

"No, don't!"

"Too late."

A low chuckle was followed by a fingertip pushing past her nipple and letting it snap back.

"See? She's out cold."

Her left nipple was snapped and then the right was flicked again.

"Chris, don't." Kevin sounded worried.

The mattress depressed beside her as Chris shifted his weight. He leaned over her and sucked her right nipple into his mouth. It was a mighty struggle not to react. On the one hand she couldn't understand why she didn't shove his head away but on the other she desperately wanted to arch her back and push the rest of her tit into his mouth. Chris flicked her nipple with his tongue and sucked it again just as her left was sucked into another mouth.

Oh, Jesus. What do I do now?

Katy tried to come up with a plan as the boys sucked and flicked her nipples with their tongues. She rationalized that she was trying to keep her mind off what they were doing until she had an opportunity to do something but she was also dimly aware of a failure to acknowledge that she was delaying because she loved what the boys were doing. They teased her nipples, sucking and closing their lips tight, drawing her tits up until the nipples popped out of their mouths, then quickly capturing her hard nubbins again, sucking, releasing, and recapturing over and over. Katy didn't want it to stop. Did that make her a horrible person?

The boys chuckled softly, thrilled that they had raided the proverbial cookie jar without getting caught and pleased that, even in her sleep, their mother's nipples revealed a secret desire that, though not acknowledged, matched their own recently discovered illicit need.

Katy's eyes fluttered open and was shocked to see a look of pure pleasure on her boys' faces such as she hadn't seen since Christmas mornings years ago. Surprised that she could now see, she snapped her eyes shut before the boys noticed.

Nothing happened. Relieved that they were done with their little game, Katy was nevertheless disappointed. It wouldn't have hurt to let it go on a little longer but it was just as well. If it had continued, no matter

how reluctant, she would have had to turn over—in her sleep—to put a stop to it. Last night she had gotten away with her own nefarious exploration so it was only fair to let them get away with theirs tonight but she couldn't expect young men to have the strength to stop. And, it had gone far enough. Katy got ready to turn over.

But she was too slow and the boys were not finished. A hand slid down each hip, hooked the waistband of her panties, and moved up the side of her thighs, dragging the panties with them until they pulled stickily away from her pussy.

My God. I'm wet!

The hands brushed down her legs and onto her stomach, coming to rest mere inches above her exposed pussy. Katy could scarcely breathe. She thought about lifting her arms, which were lying beside her, to push the boys' hands away from her private parts but was afraid that might signal that she was awake. She didn't want the boys to think that so soon after sucking her tits in case it gave her away but changed her mind when Chris's hand edged downward. She lifted her arms to bump their wrists higher and landed their hands smack onto her breasts. She froze and the rigid response triggered a stillness in the boys. Carefully, their hands withdrew, pulling away from her breasts. Katy was relieved and sorry at the same time. She tried to relax and breathed deeply to assure the boys she was asleep. Several minutes passed. It was over.

There was a tentative touch on her tummy, from Chris's side, of course. His hand slid up to cup the fullness of her breast. Kevin's soon followed. She would stop them soon. She just had to act like she was waking up.

As soon as they touch my nipples, she promised herself.

Minutes passed. Katy waited patiently for the boys to touch her nipples. They squeezed and massaged her breasts until her nipples grew stiff but they didn't touch them. Several times, she inadvertently flexed her back, pushing her breasts into their hands, hoping to make nipple contact so she could stop them. At least, that's what she told herself. Her nipples were so hard she could hardly stand it. They ached to be sucked and Katy knew she had to do something soon. She needed to change positions or she would be lost.

Chris's thumb flicked across her nipple and Katy moved but only to lift her arms to dislodge the boys hands. It worked, sort of. Their hands slipped off but their heads returned to press their lips upon her breasts as soon as she was still. Katy sighed inwardly but did nothing.

More minutes passed and Katy wondered why she wasn't turning over. She had been excited just by the boys cupping her breasts, fingers flicking her nipples had been hard to bear but was at least manageable compared to the joy of lips sucking them into their mouths. And now, with their faces so close, she ached to feel her stiff, extended nipples

sucked into their mouths again. But the boys didn't touch her nipples and she wondered if they somehow knew of her plan to put a stop to their game as soon as they did. They blew warm breath over her nipples but they didn't touch them. Katy felt a familiar stirring in her groin.

Oh no. Not now. I can't stop them…but I must. Please God, give me strength.

Katy was immersed in guilt but getting more aroused by the second. She had to do something! Self anger bought a lucid moment in which she curled her fingers inward to stab her nails into her own palm using pain to force herself to act. During the momentary reprieve from ecstasy she tried to turn over but her muscles failed her. Frantic, she tried to grasp the boys' hands but her own barely moved and the boys moved theirs hands out of reach under Katy's thighs. Their fingers brushed her skin and then moved inward until each cheek was cupped in a gentle embrace. The boys shifted closer until their bodies were snuggled against her sides, breath blew hot and moist across her nipples, and tongues were so close they could easily flick out for a taste.

The Hell with it. Do it! Oh, Jesus, just do it.

Katy groaned and then cringed. What was the matter with her?

Chris flexed his fingers, gently squeezing and then tugging her left cheek, prying her pussy lips apart. She was very wet, Katy realized with

a shock, as Kevin kneaded the other cheek and pulled to open her gash further. She wanted to straighten her legs to obstruct the boys' efforts but they wouldn't move.

They'll stop in a moment. They won't take advantage of their own mother. They're just playing. Just grin and bear it for a little longer. They'll stop. They're good boys.

The touch of the supple fingers—prying and prodding, tugging so near her special place—eroded Katy's mental and moral objections. She groaned. It was too much. Her pussy ached to be explored as desperately as her nipples itched to be sucked. And yes, Katy wanted to be kissed, deeply, with strong, active tongues.

I have the will power. I do…I can;…I will…

At first, she wasn't aware, then thought she was dreaming, but soon realized tongues really were tasting her nipples again, curling around, flicking.

How long? How long have I let them do that?

Katy had no idea but she did know that she purposely crossed her hands over her tummy, leaving her center exposed and unprotected, signaling surrender while simultaneously lifting her breasts to force her

nipples into their mouths. Lips closed and tongues sucked. Katy groaned.

My boys, my boys.

A mouth enveloped her right tit and soon after the left was sucked in too. Katy moaned and shoved her nipples, which were now like hard little cocks, deeper into her sons' mouths. They sucked hard and it felt wonderful. She arched her back.

"Suck them," she whispered, losing all semblance of control, but the words came out so garbled the boys didn't hear what she said. Katy almost didn't care that she had broken her silence.

The boys kept sucking and their prodding fingers inched inward to explore their mother's lower lips. They flicked and slithered, rubbed and skidded, teased and pulled, then pushed inward, inserting just far enough to bury their fingernails.

Ecstatic, Katy arched her back despite knowing she had to stop, had to 'wake up'. Her hand reached up to wrench mouths off her tits but the effort faded before it even got started. A tongue swirled around the rim of her navel and then poked deep, tickling the core. Katy was lost.

Chris sucked her nipple hard, flicked it back and forth with a stiff tongue, then chewed on her tit as his brother explored his mother's belly. Both boys pushed their fingers deep into her cunt and two thumbs vied to strum her clit. Katy couldn't help twisting her pelvis up in an attempt to embed their fingers deeper and wiggled her hips to sink her sex upon their hands.

No!

It was the last, desperate, futile cry from Katy's conscience.

Chris's mouth replaced Kevin's and now her left nipple was drawn in deep, squeezed against the roof of a mouth, and sucked hard. Katy arched her back again. The fingers twisted, pulled out and pushed back in, twisting, twisting. She didn't care which one was doing this, she loved it, it felt so good, so absolutely wonderful.

The hands were taking turns now, one fingering her while the other rubbed across her bottom. Her legs had been pulled wider apart, or she had done it herself, providing complete and lewd access to her most private area. Her sons now knew everything there was to know about her.

Chris finished licking her navel and Kevin took his place. Chris returned to her left tit and started sucking. Hands changed place below and Katy wondered which one was fingering and which was rubbing

her bottom, or were they taking turns? She knew it had to be Chris that was pulling her cheeks apart and delicately probing her dark place, the one that had never been touched.

The hands and mouths suddenly drew away.

"Mom?"

It was Kevin. Katy stayed absolutely still.

"Mom?" he repeated.

"She's asleep. I told you."

"She can't be, not after that. Oh shit. What have we done?"

"Nothing she'll know about," Chris argued. "I'm telling you, she's dead to the world."

"Then we should stop now before she really wakes up."

"She isn't going to wake up."

"Chris."

"You can stop if you want. I'm not."

A finger poked inside Katy's dark place. She was surprised it didn't hurt. She had always expected it to. In novels she'd read it was supposed to hurt at first but then feel good. It didn't hurt but it didn't feel particularly good either. It just felt…different. Chris wiggled his finger.

"What are you doing?" Kevin demanded.

"Just playing around," Chris answered.

Katy knew she couldn't change positions now because then Kevin would know she'd been awake all the time and she had let them have their way with her. But she also knew Chris wouldn't stop unless Kevin made him. She waited.

Kevin's hand returned to her pussy. Then his fingers slipped down to find his brother's and discovered what he was doing.

"Chris, for Christ's sake. Don't!"

Kevin's hand closed around his brother's.

"Fuck off," Chris warned. "You'll wake her up."

Kevin's hand withdrew.

"Leave her alone."

"No. She likes it. She doesn't know because she's passed out but her body digs it."

"Bullshit."

"Look at her. Feel her."

Kevin's hand returned to her pussy and it pulsed in his palm.

"Holy shit!"

"See?"

Chris's finger wiggled deeper and Kevin's dipped between her lips, then slipped inside. Two cocks slid beneath her raised thighs to nudge at her entrance.

You can't allow this. You mustn't.

Katy tried to call them. "Boys," but the call choked in her throat and she knew she couldn't do it. She had to rely on their morality for hers was lost.

The cocks dueled, pushing each other away from her source. Katy relaxed.

They're just playing with their swords, like little boys she thought and stifled a giggle. They won't really do it.

One applied pressure, then backed off. The other also pressed and withdrew. Then the first, the second again, and again and again until she could easily tell which cock belonged to whom based on the side that was probed. Back and forth they took turns, never penetrating, just widening her wet slit by pressing into her thighs beside it. Each time, Katy wanted to twist, to suck it inside, but she didn't, only because she didn't want to be the one to decide who got in first.

Katy didn't think about stopping it at all now. She only wondered, if they really did it, who would be the first to cross the line, to penetrate her, to be the first to fuck his mother. She opened her eyes to see who was getting ready but the boys were lying beside her and neither was trying to move on top. They were both up on one elbow, each with a hand holding a thigh up and apart.

A cock breached her entrance and pushed inside her. She thought it was Chris. He withdrew as she arched her neck and another thrust quickly followed. Katy couldn't tell if was the same one re-entering or the other acquiring its first taste. She didn't care. It felt so good, about the same as Brent's but longer because this one pushed way in, plumbing her depths and pausing to savor her gift. It withdrew and another slid in all the way to her cervix, gently nudging, then withdrew. The other shoved in and out, then the other, and the other. Katy lost track of which was which.

"Ready?" someone whispered.

"Yeah."

What were they talking about? They had already done the evil deed.

"Careful. Don't hurt her."

They were talking about her as if she wasn't there but Katy didn't mind. In fact, she kind of liked it because it absolved her of responsibility. It wasn't her fault. She hadn't done anything.

A huge cock mashed into her lips, splitting them, and forcing her opening to stretch wide. It was so thick. Katy arched her back and opened her legs as wide as she could, no longer concerned whether or not they thought she was asleep.

"Be careful."

"I am."

The big cock—were they using a dildo?—pierced her entrance and stopped. The boys shifted their weight and repositioned their hands behind her knees.

"Go slow."

"I am."

Katy lifted her head and was about to open her eyes when the monster cock started shoving all the way in. She moaned.

"Take it easy."

"I am. You take it easy."

Her ability to move was limited with her legs held apart but Katy tilted her pelvis and used her leg muscles to pull as best she could, opening and closing her entrance to accommodate the shaft of the huge 'cock' as it slid in until it bottomed out. She tightened the muscles in her thighs and squeezed, then flexed each leg alternately to twist her cunt around the big shaft as it withdrew. Both boys groaned and Katy opened her eyes to see why they exhibited such pleasure from inserting a toy inside her.

She saw the ecstasy in her sons' faces but didn't realize the truth until the pole began moving inside her again without observable assistance. The boys had a hand behind each knee and another holding her shoulders to keep her from sliding up on the bed. They were looking at each other and flexing their hips in unison. Katy suddenly realized the truth: they were both fucking her, at the same time.

She was being double-cocked!

Katy closed her eyes and arched her back, drawing her legs back, muscles tightening until her toes curled. They started sliding in and out faster. Katy knew about being double-cocked. She had seen a picture on Chris's computer of a woman being double-cocked by two young

men. He had left it on a website with the screen off but when Katy accidentally bumped it the screen had lit up with a list of videos and descriptions beneath them. Most of them referenced 'double-cocked' but some said 'DPed'.

She had watched several of the latter, fascinated that women could like being fucked in the ass and amazed that they could take it there so hard. Was that really true or just porn movie bullshit? The movies Chris had favorited were described as 'homemade' and the actors looked like real people. Maybe they really did like anal and they could really take it that hard. How would you fake that?

The boys were pumping her steadily now, each pushing the back of a knee close to her shoulder. Katy had never been taken like this. It was simply the most fantastic fucking she'd ever experienced. Correction—been subjected to. She had always wondered what a big one would be like and now she knew, in spades. It was absolutely incredible.

In fact, it was better than just a big cock. Knowing her sons were enjoying her together made it even better. They were so well coordinated, operating two cocks like one, and the fact they were rubbing together inside her made Katy so horny she could hardly breathe. Her body moved like an animal in heat, moaning wildly, groaning, literally begging them to fuck her harder, faster, slower…better.

The only thing they didn't do was pull their cocks out so one could fuck her alone. They moved their cocks in unison, only departing from the script to fuck asynchronously with one plunging in as the other pulled out and that drove Katy wild. No sooner had one cock explored her depths and started to withdraw, triggering years of well-trained reactions, than another confused her by moving inward to poke the sensitive spot that had just begun to recover. When they met in the middle, their bulbous helmets stretched her like two tidal waves merging and receding in both directions.

She wanted to scream, 'Fuck me, fuck me' but moaned instead.

The boys responded with more fervent thrusts and took turns kissing her and sucking on her tits.

She started to cry 'Bite them' but garbled the words with a gravelly moan and creamed their cocks as a whole-body orgasm exploded through her body.

Katy relaxed but the boys kept moving inside her, gently sawing back and forth. In the next five minutes she had another shuddering orgasm and then a third when the boys filled her cunt so full of their jism it squeezed out onto her thighs and dribbled onto the sheet. Katy had a final, minor tremor when they pulled their weakening cocks out and started a boyish sword fight, their bulbous helmets tapping on her swollen lips as they skidded off one another.

They got out of bed and went to the bathroom, returning together with a warm, wet facecloth and a towel. One washed between her legs while the other gently dabbed her dry.

"Did you hear her?"

"Yeah, dude."

"No, I meant, did you hear her say something?"

"No. I told you. She's out cold."

"I thought I heard something."

"Yeah? So did I."

Katy was glad the room was relatively dark. She couldn't see Kevin's reaction to what his brother said but they both laughed before he responded in a more serious tone.

"This won't happen again, Chris."

"Are you kidding? She loved it."

"I mean it. Never again, for her sake. We love her, remember?"

"Okay."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

Katy was relieved and drifted off to sleep, at peace with herself. Nobody would ever know what happened. She had experienced something most mothers never did: her sons' lust, and, even better, she knew they really did love her. It was hard to believe they could think she had slept through that but then they really wanted to believe it. It made it easier for them all.

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Time to Go Home

Nothing was said the next morning. Katy had her shower first and dressed in the bathroom before turning it over to the boys to have theirs.

"We have to check out so don't dawdle," she told them."

"Can't we stay for another day?"

"No, Chris. We have to get back."

"There's lots to see here, Mom," Kevin interjected.

"Your father will be expecting us tomorrow and we can't make it back in one day."

"Gee, it would be a shame not to see the sights."

Katy thought about that over breakfast and relented. They could make the motel that night and still have few hours to see the sights so they went out for a walk. By the time got back to the hotel checkout time had passed.

"Well, I guess you got your wish," Katy said. "I better call your father to let him know we're going to be late."

Brent didn't answer and Katy didn't leave a message. They went out for lunch, did the Smithsonian for a while, and then stopped at a dress shop on the way back to the hotel that was showing a cute dress in the window. The boys perked up when Katy tried on the sleek black dress that showed a lot of leg with a split up the right side. Her legs hadn't received so much attention since the ride to DC. Katy knew she should have bought it but couldn't help getting caught up in the moment.

They returned to the hotel but only stayed long enough for Katy to change and then went out for dinner. After that they went to the blues bar and stayed for a couple of hours, dancing a bit but mostly watching the other patrons. The boys wanted to stay longer but Katy was tired so they went back to the hotel.

Katy discarded her shoes as soon as they got in and slowly unzipped the black dress in front of the boys but with her back to them. She peeled it off her shoulders and let it slide down her legs on the way to the bathroom allowing the boys a brief glimpse of her in just panties. Chris smiled mischievously but Kevin bit his lower lip and retrieved the dress from the floor. He hung it up and avoided his brother.

In the shower, Katy thought about the previous night and how attentive the boys had been that day. She touched her breasts and belly button,

remembered how well their cocks moved together and touched herself there, then yanked her hand away. Quickly, she finished her shower and stepped out of the tub, looked for her dress and remembered dropping it teasingly on the floor. Cursing, she wrapped a towel around herself and walked out drying her hair with another one. They boys were sitting on the edge of the bed. Kevin, still dressed, looked upset, but Chris was stripped down to his underwear, smiling.

Katy stood in front of them and, to no one in particular, said, "Next."

Unlike the night before when they fought over who got the bathroom first, neither son made a move for the bathroom. Instead they both watched their mother dry her hair.

"Go ahead, Kevin," Chris magnanimously offered.

"No, you go first," Kevin countered. "I'm still dressed."

"I don't need a shower," Chris replied.

"Neither do I."

Katy sighed. "Don't fight, boys."

Forgetting her self-recrimination in the shower, she put a foot on the bed between them and leaned over to examine her leg.

"This oil's going to take forever to get off," she complained, holding the towel on her head with one hand while touching her leg with the other.

The boys looked at her leg, warm and flush from the shower, but couldn't see any discoloration. Tentatively, Kevin touched her skin just above Katy's knee. She flinched, surprised by Kevin's touch. She wasn't sure what she was playing at, being so coy, other than enjoying having her legs admired but knew his feelings would be hurt if she just flung his hand away. She let the finger stay but when his gaze lifted as the towel parted over her thigh his finger started to follow. Katy retracted her leg and the towel fell back into place.

"Did you call your father to let him know where we are?" she asked, suddenly all business-like.

"No," Kevin replied.

"Did you?" she turned, directing the question at Chris.

"No. It's too late."

"I better let him know where we are. He'll be worried."

Katy sat beside Kevin and leaned over to pick up the phone beside the bed. The towel parted to reveal her thighs again. She dialed nine for an outside line and dialed home. The towel fell from her hair and Chris climbed onto the bed behind her and started drying her hair. Brent answered and Katy told him where they were. He seemed relieved rather than worried or angry which puzzled her.

Katy told him about the protest and that she had been interviewed by a TV reporter. As she talked, two things happened. First, she realized Brent wasn't really listening and second, Kevin had put his hand on her leg and was scratching the spot above her knee she had examined when she first got out of the shower.

Katy mentally rolled her eyes. Why did I do that?

Chris dropped the towel and started raking his fingers through her hair.

As Katy talked she tried to figure out why Brent was so disinterested and why he seemed pleased that they wouldn't be home that night. She piled on detail to give herself time to think and remembered that, despite his initial protest, Brent had also seemed pleased when he first heard the boys were going with her. That would give him time alone, to…do what, exactly?

Suddenly, Katy remembered borrowing Brent's phone and being surprised to see Marion's number on his favorites list. 'In case I need to get hold of you and you're not answering your phone' he had explained. He had seemed uncomfortable and Katy remembered wondering why because it had been a reasonable explanation. But now she wondered if there was something going on between her husband and her best friend.

Kevin's fingers were sliding up and down the top of Katy's thigh and Chris's were dragging her hair behind her shoulders, catching and loosening the towel wrapped around her body. She stopped talking and watched Kevin's fingers slip onto the inside of her leg. They stroked upward to the point where her thighs started to thicken and the towel halted his progress.

"Katy?"

Kevin's fingers pushed into the towel and it parted.

"Katy? Are you still there?"

Brent sounded short of breath, worried.

Kevin's fingers kept going, parting the towel as they went, until the light brown fur covering her pussy, still glistening with residue from her shower, was exposed. Nothing protected her modesty now. Chris pulled the towel from her shoulders and over her arms. It fell away from her chest, exposing her breasts. Katy noticed that her nipples were erect.

"Katy?"

She didn't trust herself to answer.

Chris reached around to cup his mother's breasts and his fingers searched for and found her nipples, closed upon them, and gently tugged until the weight of her breasts eased away from her chest.

"Katy?"

Kevin's fingers had stopped about an inch from her brown fur. She stared, mesmerized, as the middle two stretched out to touch the apex of her parted legs, just grazing her lower lips.

"Katy? Are you okay?"

"Yes," she mumbled into the phone. "I was just thinking, that's all."

Kevin's fingers strummed across her lips. Her pussy quivered and throbbed. They returned to run up her groove and Chris pulled the towel completely away. She was naked.

"About what?" Brent asked.

Kevin's fingers pressed and wiggled into her slit and Katy bit her lip. Chris's hand slid off her right breast to her hip and then around and under to cup her buttock.

"Katy. What were you thinking about?"

"Oh, um, ah…what would you think if we stayed another day?"

"Another day?"

"In DC," Katy added.

Chris had pushed his middle finger into her crack and Kevin was probing her slit with tip of the longest finger of his right hand while flicking her clit with the thumb of the left.

"Yeah, I think we might need another day."

"To do what?"

"Just relax," Katy sighed heavily to cover the moan surging in her throat.

"Are the boys being good?"

"Yes, they're being very good. Maybe too good."

"Well, sure then. Stay another day, take more if you want."

He sounded mysteriously pleased again. Katy couldn't help herself.

"Say hi to Marion for me," she said.

There was an awkward silence.

"Why would I see Marion?"

"Sorry. I meant to ask you to call her and let her know I won't be back for a couple of days."

"Oh. Okay."

"I guess it's a good thing you have her number."

"Yeah, I guess.

"I better go now."

Kevin pushed his finger through her lips and Katy spread her legs to accommodate it. Chris's long finger stretched underneath and pushed inside her pussy from behind, joining his brother the way they had done with their cocks. Katy wasn't surprised that she was already wet.

"Okay. I guess I'll see you in a couple of days."

Katy didn't answer. The boys wiggling their fingers in her pussy had rendered her speechless.

"Katy?"

Her hips moved but were confused about whether to forge ahead or push back. Kevin leaned forward and started kissing a path from her knee to where his fingers were so pleasantly busy. Chris withdrew his finger, retreated to her little hole, and started rubbing back and forth over her anus.

"Yes, yes," she cried.

"Yes?"

Brent's voice startled her.

"Yes, I'll see you in a couple of days."

She covered her mouth with her right hand, stifling the gasp that surged up from her lungs.

"Call me first?"

Katy uncovered her mouth long enough to say, "Sure."

Kevin's tongue lathered the outside of her labia. Her left hand grabbed his head and pulled it tight.

"Bye," she gasped. "Don't forget about Marion."

She tossed the phone behind her onto the pillow.

"Katy?"

Her hips knew which direction to move now. She urged her pelvis forward, onto Kevin's fingers and into his swirling tongue. Chris pressed his finger on her anus, trying to insert it, and Katy remembered how many of his favorite videos involved DP. The thought scared her but her pussy throbbed on Kevin's lips.

"Katy?

Chris pulled her back on the bed and Katy looked at the phone lying on the pillow beside her. She thought about hanging it up but the feel of her son's long cock sliding between her cheeks shanghaied that thought. She remembered than that he had only been dressed in shorts, the cheeky little bugger. Chris was trying to get his cock where his finger had been so Katy quickly pushed her hand behind herself to block it.

"No," she whispered, pushing Chris's cock away.

"Katy?"

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Brent pulled the phone away from his ear and looked at it. He held the mouthpiece near and repeated, "Katy?", listened for a response but only heard muffled sounds. He put the phone down on the table and looked down at the top of Marion's head which was moving back and forth and her mouth worked his cock.

"She won't be back for a couple of days and she'll call before getting here."

Marion pulled her head back. "Really?"

"Yeah. Don't stop."

Brent pulled her mouth back onto his cock but Marion resisted.

"Why'd you ask about calling me?"

"She said she wanted me to tell you she wouldn't be here for a few days."

"Oh. So what's the matter?"

"I don't know. She sounded kind of funny."

"You think she knows?"

"No, of course not." Brent smiled. "It looks like we have a couple more days." He lurched toward Katy's and plugged her mouth with his cock and she took it without complaining.

Brent couldn't imagine Katy ever doing that. She hardly ever let him put it in her mouth and then she only sucked it a half dozen times. Marion was the first woman that had let him come in her mouth. How could a man resist that?

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Marion sucked Katy's husband in deep, purposely taking him in far enough to make herself gag a bit to produce excess saliva. Men loved that, she had found. Not her own husband, of course. She was little Miss Prude with him, as always, but the other husbands of their

group—Brent was her third and she was already working on the fourth—loved a good wet suck. Every one of them ate her after a good sucking. Tom never went down on her and Marion loved being eaten. Brent had been the best so far but there was room for improvement. Besides, she wanted to get all the men in their group. She was the least attractive of the wives but now would eventually have it over all of them. She loved looking around the room when the women got together, knowing their limitations in bed and how much better their husbands said she was.

Two days? That left lots of time for Brent to eat her. She pulled her mouth off his cock and stood up. He was about to complain until she turned around and bent over the little telephone table in the hall, pulling her dress up to reveal a lack of panties.

"God," Brent gasped. "You are the most awesome fucking woman!"

As she slid his meat into his wife's best friend, he thought about how Katy would never do anything this wild.

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Kevin had relieved himself of his clothes and climbed onto the bed. Meanwhile, Chris had been trying to get his cock into Katy's ass but she foiled every attempt.

"Get some cream," Chris gasped.

Katy thought she heard Marion's voice in the phone beside her head. Then she heard Brent say 'awesome'. There was a big clatter followed by the unmistakable sound of people mating.

"In my bag," Katy cried.

Kevin ignored the request since he was already lying beside his mother. Chris squiggled out from under Katy and she rolled onto Kevin, her arms encircling his neck. Immediately, she began kissing her son, whispering, "Love me, love me."

Chris fetched his mother's bag and frantically rummaged through it while she and Kevin kissed. Katy felt his manhood on her bare tummy and that set alarm bells off in her head but then she remembered the sound of Brent fucking someone, probably her best friend, and she rubbed herself against it.

Chris found a medium-sized jar of cream and applied it to his mother's buttocks. He watched the back of her head for a reaction and when there was none he put some right in her crack, then rubbed it in with his fingers. When he started sliding his cock through her greasy cheeks,

Katy turned to look over her shoulder. Chris kissed her as his way of assuring her he would be gentle.

Katy turned toward the front and Kevin kissed her again while Chris spread more cream on his cock and her ass. Katy tightened her arms around Kevin's neck and kissed him deep, then turned and let Chris explore her mouth. It felt wonderful kissing the boys. She and Brent stopped French-kissing years ago.

Katy turned back to kiss Kevin and lifted her hips so he could enter her while his tongue snaked inside her mouth. Chris grasped her tits from behind and Kevin put his hands on her ass, pulling her cheeks apart to help his brother. Chris angled up and tried to push his cock into her ass.

"Oh Jesus," Katy cried. "Oh no."

"Shhhhh," Chris whispered, rubbing his cock up and down on her dark asterisk.

"It's too big," she whispered.

"Don't," Kevin said.

"It'll only hurt for a minute," Chris rasped, sawing his cock through her cheeks. He pressed on her button and tried to push it in again.

Katy clamped her legs together to resist but it didn't help.

"I can't," Katy wailed.

"Chris, don't!"

"Okay, okay."

Chris withdrew his throbbing member and for the next few minutes the boys took turns kissing their mother. Kevin pushed the pad of his index finger onto her slippery rear hole and pressed until the tip poked inside. Katy moaned.

"You like that?" Kevin asked.

Shocked, Katy didn't know what to say. Kevin's finger moved easily in her backside and it actually felt good with his long cock filling her cunt. Remembering the night before, Katy suddenly wanted more. She twisted her head over her shoulder but when Chris tried to kiss her she whispered.

"Come inside me."

She wrapped her arms around Kevin and hugged his chest, pushed her tummy forward, and tipped her ass back until Kevin's finger popped in to the second knuckle.

"Ohhhhhhh," she sighed, purposely exaggerating so it sounded like it really got to her.

"She likes it," Chris groaned.

He grabbed his cock and forced the tip up through Katy's cheeks, trying to push brother's finger away.

"Maybe, but she's not ready for the full nine yards," Kevin scolded.

"I just want to rub it on the outside."

"Yeah, sure. Come inside with me."

"Okay." Chris sounded like a little kid not allowed to play with his favorite toy.

Katy opened herself in welcome and Chris pushed his cock inside her, using his brother's pole as a guide. As he slid in, Katy moaned, feeling herself stretch to accommodate the two cocks. God, she loved this. She moaned and groaned as they moved in and out of her and they starting talking to each other as they fucked, discussing moves and coordinating with each other. Katy liked it when they talked about her and made sounds so they knew it. When they started their asynchronous fucking, Katy started toward a huge orgasm she knew she couldn't stop so she rode it with abandon all the way, knowing the boys liked the sounds and the way she couldn't help reacting to their thrusts.

When it was finished, Chris pulled her hips back and Kevin slid out without a fight. Katy knew why a few seconds later when he got on his knees in front of her and lifted her head, holding his cock in front of her face. Katy leaned forward and Kevin reached out to slide his fingers through her hair. She paused before his throbbing cock and opened her mouth wide, closing her eyes as Kevin's fingers closed tightly in her hair and pulled, his helmet tickling through her lips.

Her head sunk onto Kevin's cock as Chris pumped her from behind. He put his thumb on her dark entrance and watched as it pierced the asterisk, then fell out when she moved forward to slide her mouth onto his brother's cock. He stretched forward to recapture his prize and when Katy withdrew up Kevin's shaft he pushed his finger back into her little hole.

When Katy pushed forward to slide her mouth onto Kevin's cock Chris shoved his own meat into her cunt. A steady give and take followed with Katy getting her pussy stuffed every time she filled her mouth. As she emptied her mouth, Chris twisted his thumb in her ass. Katy was surprised how it felt. It didn't hurt and she attributed that to the ton of cream he had lathered on her ass. It obviously turned him on because his cock felt like a baseball bat inside her, much like Kevin's did inside her mouth. She had hardly ever sucked a cock and, though nobody had ever tried, she would never have let anything in her ass. For that matter, she had never been with two men before and that was something she now knew she liked, a lot.

Katy did her best to do a good job sucking Kevin's cock. What little real experience she had predated her marriage. When her lips enveloped his head she rubbed her tongue hard underneath. He seemed to like that a lot. Another thing he liked was when she wiggled her face to get her lips near his root and then munched as if trying to bite it off. He held her head with both hands then and tried to push his cock deeper but Katy gagged and he had to let her go. That made her try harder the next time to hold him deep for longer and she managed to do it until once, his cock slipped into her throat.

Katy wheezed through her nostrils as Kevin felt her neck, seeking confirmation of the penetration because he couldn't believe what his eyes and cock were telling him. Chris, upon his brother's silent invitation, reached underneath to touch his mother's neck too and saw for himself that she had taken his brother's cock into her throat. Instantly jealous, he was eager for an accomplishment of his own.

Now it was his turn. He pulled out and got up onto his feet, then lowered himself, aiming his cock at the greasy little hole that now opened by his thumb and winking repeatedly as Katy bobbed on Kevin's cocked. He positioned the tip and pressed forward.

"Ahhhhh," Katy cried.

Chris paused, ready to stop, but Katy's hips kept gyrating on Kevin's cock and thus pushed back on his tip. All he had to do was stay still. A minute and many gyrations later, Chris's cock popped into his mother's ass.

"Ohhhhhhh," she groaned.

Chris thought she was working her hips to pull him deeper inside but then her hands pushed him out.

"I can't. I can't," Katy cried.

Chris pulled out.

"What's the matter?" he gasped.

"I'm not comfortable with it. I'm sorry."

"It's okay, Mom. Don't worry about it," Kevin consoled her.

Chris pushed his cock into her pussy.

"Yeah, it's okay," he concurred, yet unable to conceal his disappointment.

Chris started pumping her again and Kevin pulled her up for a kiss. Chris felt jealous. When they broke apart he twisted her head sideways so he could kiss her too. Kevin re-entered his mother while she and Chris kissed. When it was over they all starting fucking in earnest, bodies heaving and sliding until they were slippery with sweat, until the boys cocks began spurting, and spurting and spurting, filling her.

They lay on the bed, arms and legs entwined, for a long time. One by one, they each got up to have a shower, Katy first. Afterward, they talked about the blues bar, the protest, Diana and Debra, the ditzy girls, anything but what they had just done. Eventually, they said goodnight but when the lights were off and they snuggled together, they started to touch, then kiss, and eventually made love lying on their sides, the boys double-cocking their mother and taking turns front and back.

The next morning in the elevator on the way down to breakfast they engaged in an intimate group hug that ended up in deep kissing but managed to look respectable by the time the elevator door opened on the lobby.

During breakfast Katy thought about the future. A single cock, no matter how big, would never be enough to satisfy her again. She also knew that Chris, having not achieved his deepest desire, would strive for their threesome to continue. Despite her love of being double-cocked, Katy knew this couldn't continue. There was no question it had to end. Now. Well, after the trip anyway.

As soon as that thought crossed her mind Katy knew they had to drive straight home without stopping. She couldn't trust herself alone with the boys for another night.

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Two months later, Katy had put the trip to DC behind her. Kevin hadn't been a problem but his brother proved difficult. She knew it would be like that. Chris didn't say anything because he knew, like his brother, that it was something that shouldn't be discussed, with anyone, not even each other. Whether trying to revive her illicit urges, or just being unable to suppress his own, Chris tried to return to the joys of DC in subtle and not so subtle ways. He hugged her more often and too long, 'accidentally' kissed her on the lips and, again 'accidentally', entered the

bathroom when she was just finishing a shower. Katy had firmly put him in his place. You couldn't be gentle with Chris; he wasn't sensitive like his brother.

This morning, she received an email from Diana and that opened the wounds, renewing carnal urges she hoped had been suppressed forever. She tried but to no avail. The thoughts persisted throughout the day and so she started to bake which she often did when trying to work through an issue. She made cookies and scones and was kneading dough when Chris came home. He headed directly into the kitchen and stepped in behind his mother to give her a hug.

"Is Kevin home yet?"

"No," Katy replied, quietly.

"Where's Dad?"

"Working late, again."

"Oh, that's too bad," Chris said, nuzzling the crook of Katy's neck.

"Making bread?"

"What does it look like?"

"Need help?"

"You can grease the pans if you like. There's some vegetable oil there."

Chris reluctantly pulled his hands from his mother's waist and up-ended the bottle of vegetable oil, dripping some on two fingers of his right hand. He spread it inside one of the bread pans stacked on the counter.

"When's Kevin coming home?"

"I don't know."

"He didn't call?"

"No."

"Did you text him?"

"No. You can if you're so worried."

"I'm just wondering when he'll be here."

"I bet you are."

Chris admired at his mother's backside which was quivering under the sleek, black dress as she kneaded the dough. His father was going to be late and his mother was making bread in a sexy black dress, the same black dress she had bought the day she had let them make love to her. Why was she wearing that fuck-me dress?

Chris looked down at her legs. She was barefoot. His cock stiffened and he popped the top button of his jeans to relieve the pressure, then quietly unzipped them. "Chris."

"What?"

"Just grease the pans if you want to help."

"Okay."

Chris grabbed another pan and patiently spread oil along the sides and the end, then did the bottom.

"I got an email from Diana today."

His cock lurched and tingled so bad he wanted to take it out but didn't, afraid his mother would rebuke him, maybe even scream at him the way she done when he surprised her in the shower.

He dribbled more oil on his fingers and grabbed another pan.

"Oh yeah?"

"She want to know if I'd like to join her and Debra at another protest."

"Huh."

"She said my sons were welcome too if they wanted to come."

"She did?" Chris applied the oil even more slowly to the next pan.

"Did you say anything to her?"

He almost said 'about what' but caught himself. "No."

"Did Kevin?"

"I doubt it."

So did Katy.

"So she knows, I guess."

Chris didn't say anything. Instead, he put more oil on his fingers.

"So do you want to?"

Katy stopped kneading the bread but Chris stared at her behind anyway. Even though she had stopped moving, it still seemed alive to him. He nodded, unconsciously.

"Well, do you?"

"What?"

"Do you want to go to another protest."

Chris's mind flooded with possibilities. Go on another trip with his mother?

"Yeah," he replied, with difficulty.

"Well, alright then."

Katy started kneading the dough and her behind began quivering again. Chris pulled his the waistband of his short forward to let his cock flip up. She wasn't likely to turn around and he was standing too close for her to see anything if she did, and he was in pain. Instead of the pan, he applied the oil to the tip of his cock, swirling it around the head.

"I need more pans than that."

"Sorry."

He reached around his mother and squirted some oil from the bottle directly into the next pan and used his other hand to pull the back of her skirt up.

"Stop fooling around," Katy admonished him.

"Okay," he replied, but kept her skirt up.

"You heard what I said."

"Okay, Mom."

Chris dipped his knees and pressed forward, pushing his throbbing cock under the hem of the skirt. Katy was standing with her feet planted about a foot apart and didn't immediately feel his cock between her legs. He put his left hand on her hip and spread the oil around the pan with his right. When he finished, he put that had on Katy's other hip, and his knob scraped between her legs.

"Chris!"

He had called it wrong. He braced for the attack.

"I need more pans."

"Uh, okay. In a minute."

He nuzzled Katy's neck.

"I love you Mom."

"I can tell."

Chris couldn't believe his ears.

"The protest starts this Thursday."

"Yeah?"

"It's farther, so we'll be away longer."

"Uh huh." Chris took a chance and kissed his mother on the ear through her hair.

"Do you still want to go."

"Absolutely."

Chris pushed himself forward an inch and discovered why Katy's ass seemed to have a life of its own. She wasn't wearing panties. His cock lurched upward and bumped in the bottom of her crack.

"Don't you think you should wait until your brother gets home?"

"I, uh…he, um…"

"He should say for himself whether or not he wants to go."

"Oh yeah. Of course. We'll wait for Kevin."

"I'll need more oil before then."

Chris lifted his hands from his mother's waist and got the bottle. He poured a copious amount on his fingers, conscious of how his cock was nudging into her cheeks and shocked that she hadn't said anything, yet thrilled to be getting away with it. He picked up another pan.

"I have enough pans."

Chris, his arms stretched around his mother, held the pan in mid-air.

"I thought you said you need more oil?"

"I do."

"But you said…um, why did you…"

"I need more oil," Katy whispered. "And so do you."

Chris couldn't move. He couldn't believe what his mother was saying, what he thought she meant, what he most wanted to hear, and yet he couldn't move.

"You better hurry. Your brother will be home soon and he might no let you."

Chris poured a small puddle of oil into his curled palm. As he stepped back from his mother his cock emerged from under the sexy black dress. He palmed his cock and spread the oil all over it, then put more in his palm and scooped it under the dress, moving quickly up between Katy's legs until his hand crashed into the bottom swells of her butt. He mashed it into ass and pussy, rubbing it upward, forcing it between her cheeks, at the end pressing his longest finger in and dragging it across her puckerhole.

"Try not to get it on my dress, honey."

Complying, Chris jerked Katy's dress up over her hips, baring her ass. He gasped with raw pleasure. She looked so fucking hot. Her ass was blushing red as if it had just been spanked. Chris grabbed his cock and steered it between her cheeks.

"Should start with my…finger?" he finished awkwardly, nevertheless trying to poke his cock into her hole.

"I did it for you," Katy rasped, rising up on her tippy toes and spreading her legs farther apart.

Chris pushed upward until the head of his cock found her pucker. He spread her cheeks and felt the tip nudge into it. Katy gasped and her ass tightened. He withdrew his cock and pushed it through her cheeks a dozen more times before spread them apart and trying again to penetrate her anus. Instinctively knowing he was more like his mother than his brother, Chris whispered.

"I like touching you there with my cock."

His bet paid off.

"Touching me where?" Katy asked.

"Here." Chris nudged his tip into her little hole. "On your anus."

"My anus?" Katy asked.

"Yeah. I love your ass. Always have and I've done this in my dreams."

"You dreamed about this?"

"Yeah, spreading your cheeks, seeing your hole, and pushing my cock into it."

He loved talking like that to his mother and from her reaction, she liked hearing it.

"We should wait for your brother," Katy gasped.

"I'm just going to poke your anus a bit until he comes," Chris whispered.

Her breath caught and Chris was pleased. He knew the word had the same effect on her as it did on him.

"Now you know why I always let you up the stairs first. You don't mind, do you Mom?"

He pressed his tip on her asterisk and felt it spread the tiniest bit.

"You don't mind if I touch your anus with my cock, do you?"

He poked again. Katy had started moaning softly as soon as he said the word. He pushed and the tip slid into her ring.

"You said you'd wait."

"No I didn't. You said I should."

"He'll be mad."

"No he won't."

Chris flexed his hips, pushing his cock up. Katy couldn't retreat because she was already on her tippy toes.

"He'll be angry," Katy whispered hoarsely but she consciously relaxed her muscle and Chris's whole knob pushed through the ring. Katy sank onto his shaft as her feet fell back to the floor.

"I promise, Mom. He won't be mad."

Chris slowly stroked in an out, pushing deeper each time.

"Secretly, he wants me to fuck your ass, just like you do, right Mom?"

It was true. Katy loved the though of getting fucked in the ass. It felt so good, standing up this with her legs weakening so much she could barely stand. Chris was stroking her nicely now and her legs were trembling. She thought about the videos he like to watch. Double cocking and double penetration. Where the hell was Kevin? Why wasn't he home?

"You like it, don't you Mom?"

"Yesssss."

Chris unzipped the dress and pulled it off her shoulders and arms until it was bunched on her waist. She wasn't wearing a bra either. He slid his hands around and covered her tits with his greasy palms. What did

she mean when she said she said she'd got ready him? He bet her pussy had been wet for hours. This was going to be fun. He knew she got wild when she got worked up. Where the fuck was Kevin?

"Come on, Mom. Let's get you to the couch."

Chris backed away, dragging his mother behind him, trying not to trip on his jeans which had slid halfway down his legs. Katy groaned each time her ass twisted on his cock.

"Let's sit on the couch so Kevin can see us as soon as he comes in."

Katy moaned.

Chris had barely sat back on the couch with Katy on top of him and settled into a nice, playing-for-time, ass-fucking rhythm, than Kevin burst through the door. He rounded the corner into the living room. He stared at them, his mother gazing wantonly at him and his brother grinning in the periphery.

"I got your message about the trip," he croaked, "and the black dress, but I see Chris beat me to it."

Katy smiled and langorously ground her pelvis on Chris's cock. He grunted in appreciation.

Kevin's shoes and pants flew off as his mother quietly laughed and urged him to hurry. He knelt before his mother, and was about to insert himself in her pussy when he stood and strode to the corner instead where he pulled the drapes closed.

"Nobody can see," Chris said.

Kevin ignored him, stepped onto the couch, and angled his cock down at his mother's mouth. She opened wide and he slid it in. In a matter of seconds, Katy had drawn him into her throat. He moved slowly, enjoying every second, every inch of penetration. When he thought he was in danger of unloading, Kevin withdrew, stepped back onto the floor and scooped his mother's legs up. He pushed them back and wide apart so her pussy opened into a lewd pink gash and revealed her soaked inner hole. Chris groaned as her ass tightened on his cock. Kevin lined up and slowly pushed his cock inside as Katy moaned loudly.

"She's hot, isn't she?"

"Yeah," Chris grunted. "We're going to have such a good time."

"You can say that again."

Katy loved it when they talked about her. Soon they would start talking about getting her into different positions and how their cocks felt sliding in and out of her. She knew they did it partly because they knew it excited her and loved them all the more for it. When Chris was finished behind her they stretch her cunt. DCed, DPed, deep-throated, and eaten. Oh yeah, they weren't finished yet, not by a long shot.

"Hey Chris? Don't we have the best Mom?"

"Yeah," Chris answered. "The best. I like having her to myself but love when we're all together."

"We'll always be together," Kevin grunted."

"You can say that again," Chris gasped.

"We will, won't we Mom?" Kevin asked.

"We will," Katy agreed, and she knew they would.

**THE END**