

Taboo

by JJ Argus



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About the author

JJ Argus started writing for Star Books more than two decades ago, spinning out 3 novelettes a month for minimal compensation. He later wrote short fiction for Penthouse, Oui, Nugget, and other mens magazines before discovering and being discovered by British publishers. He raised the quality of his work and was published repeatedly by Silver Moon, Chimera, Olympia and Nexus. He has published over 250 novels to date

All characters depicted in this story are over eighteen.

Introduction

Sexuality is one of our most powerful, instinctual drives. Yet for most of us, the closeness and familiarity of a family relationship is more than sufficient to push aside all thoughts of sexual relations. And for those who do find themselves aroused by or attracted to a member of their close family, social disapproval normally leaves such thoughts on the level of fantasies. In some cases, however, whether due to personalities or chance, individuals cast aside those societal restrictions and let their sexual drives lead them into areas of incestuous activities. In adults, the incestuous sexual activity, with a trusted and loving family member, often leads to areas of sexual behaviour never hitherto experienced, and this can have a profound affect on their lives.

Birthday Boy

My brother Mark is kind of a geek. He's incredibly sweet, but really, really shy, especially around girls. He never had a date through high school, and up until his eighteenth birthday last week he never so much as held a girl's hand.

My sister Cory and I talked and thought pretty hard about what to get him for his birthday, and finally decided the best presents would be us.

See, she and I had moved out of the house together. She's twenty one and I'm a year younger, and we decided to share a two bedroom apartment for a while to save money.

Both of us being highly sexed, and both getting a little curious about what it was like with a woman, we wound up sleeping together. We found it nice, but it wasn't anything really hot, at least, not hotter than guys. Still, we had sex together now and then, when we were bored and frustrated.

And that was what gave me the idea for Mark.

On his birthday we got him to our apartment, then Cory opened a bottle of champagne we'd prepared, and it gushed out atop me and Mark. He struggled to get away but I held him still, laughing as the champagne poured over us. Then I grabbed it and shook it up, spraying Cory.

Mark was annoyed, but not really mad, and Cory tossed him a dressing gown to wear while we washed his clothes. Then she and I went into our bedrooms to "change". Then we both found excuses to go out in the living room in lacy bras and thongs, which sure caught Mark's eyes.

He did his best not to stare as we sat down to either side of him and smiled.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Do you think I'm sexy, Mark?" Cory asked in a pouty way.

"Uhhh..." He stared at her in surprise.

"I'm sexier, right?" I said, pushing out my chest.

"I've got bigger breasts."

"Oh you do not. That's a push up bra."

So we took off our bras and had Mark judge which of us had better breasts. He was trying to hide a hard-on by then, and both Cory and I were fighting off giggles. I was also getting kind of turned on. I'm such an exhibitionist, after all.

I took his hand and pulled it up against one of my breasts, and Cory did the same so he could feel which were firmer.

"Are you two crazy?" he asked wonderingly.

"Just horny," Cory said coyly.

She leaned into him from her side, and his eyes went wide as she slid a hand into the dressing gown and began to nibble under his ear. I grinned at his shocked look, then leaned in from my side, holding his hand against my breast and sliding my other hand through the gown too.

Cory already had her hand in his shorts and was squeezing his cock. I ran my hand up and down his chest as I kissed him. He was totally overwhelmed and could

only gasp for breath as we rained kisses over his face and neck, then tugged the robe open and began to slide our tongues over his chest.

Cory pulled his cock out of his shorts then and bent over, kissing the head, then taking it into her mouth as Mark gasped and stared. I pulled his head down against one of my breasts though, and after a few moments he had both in his hand and was sucking eagerly.

Then he started humping into Cory's mouth as he came. She bobbed her head furiously, drinking it down, and continued to tongue him. He was so excited he stayed hard, and she was soon standing, sliding her thong off as I pushed him back.

"Time for fun," she said with a grin.

I stood up and stripped off my thong too, then, giggling, we took his hands and led him into my bedroom. Cory jumped onto the bed and lay back, arms and legs spread, and I grinned at Mark and eased him forward.

He knelt uncertainly between her legs, but Cory took his stiff cock and drew him forward and down, fitting him against her pussy then groaning as he entered her. He fucked wildly and excitedly, and I grinned over his shoulder at Cory.

He came within a couple of minutes, of course, pumping like that, and he collapsed atop Cory, who stroked his hair and kissed him. The two of us then rolled him onto his back and began to teach him a few things. Cory began to work on his cock again, taking his balls into her mouth and massaging them, licking up and down the head, and massaging his shaft. I straddled his face and looked down at him with a grin.

"I'm going to teach you how to drive girls crazy, Mark," I said.

I thought it would take a while, but he was a natural. In fact, as I started to catch fire between my legs I realized that because he was Mark, my brother, I was being very specific in teaching him what to do, in what I liked and didn't. There was no need to pretend I enjoyed something I didn't, after all.

Soon I was rolling forward against him, grinding my dripping pussy against his face. Cory had him hard then so I slipped off and onto my knee, then he knelt and took me doggy style, sliding in smoothly and then fucking furiously.

This time Cory slowed him down and began to teach him. His strokes became steadier and changed directions. He'd fuck me hard for a few seconds, then do it slowly. He pulled out several times then pushed in again to give me that lovely feeling of penetration.

Meanwhile his hands moved over my body with great delight, caressing my skin, kneading the muscles on my shoulders, then cupping and squeezing my breasts. I was trying to be a nice little patient model for him but his fucking was starting to turn me on too high for that. I started thrusting back faster and faster as Cory urged him on.

The orgasm washed over me and I cried out in pleasure, colors flashing in front of my eyes as I trembled in excitement. "Oh jees, jees, jees!" I moaned, sliding my pussy back on his stiff cock for all I was worth.

I fell forward slowly onto my belly, then rolled over to see Cory laying back and Mark sliding his still hard cock down into her pussy. He was staying hard by concentrating fiercely, I saw. He desperately wanted to learn how to drive women wild. I felt a great surge of happiness that we'd given him the chance, then another surge of heat as I watched him push Cory's long legs back and thrust steadily down into her quim.

He came only after she did, but then it was time for more tongue lessons. He ate me out again, then Cory.

By then he was hard again so he lay back and I mounted him while Cory knelt over his face. She came before I did, which showed how good he was getting with that tongue, but I came shortly afterwards, and we traded places.

We were all laughing and exhausted when it was over. We lay together, the three of us, limbs entangled, and taught Mark how to kiss - funny how we'd forgotten that. He got so good he got me hot, and to get him hard again me and Cory put on a little show, pressing our bodies together and french kissing, caressing and stroking each other, then doing a sixty-nine.

Mark's eyes showed he'd found another shock, and soon he was hard once again. Cory and I knelt hip to hip and he took turns fucking us from behind, doing her for a minute, then me. As he fucked one of us he fingered the other, sending three long thin fingers sliding in out of our slick pussies.

Mark learned an awful lot that night but...you know, Cory and I decided he needed still more education. We had him over for the weekend a few days later, and the three of us wore each other out in bed.

Mark didn't become outgoing overnight, but he did gain a lot of confidence from us. When I set him up with a girlfriend of mine he did fairly well with her, eventually getting her into bed. The next time we met she was full of praise for his prowess.

"I'd sure like to think the girl who taught him how to eat pussy," she marvelled, never guessing she already had.

Beth M

Paris in the Summer

I divorced when my daughter Julia was just ten. Since my job involved almost constant international travel I gave her custody, and did my best to visit her as often as I could. That wasn't often, unfortunately, for something always seemed to get in the way.

At one point three years passed between visits, and I started to feel quite guilty about it. When I realized her eighteenth birthday had passed with only my secretary sending her a card and present in recognition I knew I had to make it up to her.

I called her and sent her a ticket to Paris, then met her at the airport.

I was shocked at how much she'd changed in three years, though perhaps I shouldn't have been. She'd grown about five inches. The baby fat had left her face and hips, and she'd become a lovely young woman. Her hair was glistening chestnut brown and parted at the left temple, falling down around her shoulders straight and silken.

The skinny teenager I'd remembered had become quite lovely, and I felt a strange sense of sexual attraction to her. She was lovely, full bodied, yet, so innocent seeming.

She was eager to see Paris, of course, but a bit stand offish and resentful of me. I did my best to make it up to her, showing her around Paris, then going on a shopping spree.

She was dressed so...plainly, that I was glad to do my motherly duties and outfit her with some style. I had to argue her into a tight, sleek black minidress, though. She was quite shy about showing off her gorgeous legs, and a surprisingly full bust, but I eventually persuaded her.

We left the shop with her dressed much more stylishly, but she was clearly feeling awkward at all the male attention she was soon receiving.

"Enjoy it," I told her, stretching out my own long legs. "It's part of being a beautiful woman."

She warmed up to it slowly, getting less shy, and more flirty with the watchers. I knew what was happening. She was feeling almost like an exhibitionist in the tight little mini, and getting turned on by all the eyes on her.

"I can't believe you've never worn a mini before," I said with a smile.

"None of my friends wear them," she said with a shy smile. "I mean, if I went to school in this everyone would be calling me a slut behind my back."

"Americans," I sighed, rolling my eyes.

"Well God, Mom!", she said, squirming a little. "This skirt is so short I don't even dare walk up a flight of stairs!"

"Afraid someone will see your panties?" I said with a smirk. "So what if they do?"

She rolled her eyes.

"Are you a virgin?" I asked.

She blushed "None of your business."

I grinned and considered ways of introducing Julia to the pleasures her body was capable of. I thought back to my own deflowerment at the hands of my husband, short, painful and not at all exciting. Paris was capable of much better.

I pictured her with one of my male friends, nude, her body writhing in pleasure as his hands moved over her. The image made my loins throb in sympathy, and I wondered if it were for my male friends or for Julia. I am bisexual, after all, and as I said, she was a lovely young woman.

The next day I brought her to a very special health club I often visited when in Paris. We were led to a small, sparkling white marble room and there left with two small silk garments. They were little more than rectangles with round holes in the middle.

I stripped off casually, but Julia, needless to say, was very hesitant.

"Come on, honey, don't be so provincial," I said. "There are no men around to see you. And anyway, from what I've seen you certainly have nothing to be embarrassed about."

I slipped off my G-string now, proud of my own firm body, and moved over to her, tugging at her sweater.

"I'll do it!" she exclaimed shyly.

She stripped as I stood back with my arms folded, turning her back to me as she removed her bra, then pulling the silk chemise over her head. It fell down to just below her buttocks, and had one narrow tie at each hip. It was tight against her, straining against her ample young breasts, and from the side she was, of course bare. I licked my lips appreciatively at the size and beauty of firm round breast before she turned to face me.

Then I grinned, winked, and pulled on my own little chemise, tying it carelessly at the hips and leading her out of the room. She was quite shy at first, as we moved through the halls, but she relaxed as she saw all the other women were similarly clad.

We found the sauna, and I led her inside. There were a couple of women in there already, and one, a sleek black woman, moved over to sit next to Julia, obviously quite interested. Julia, the silly waif, had no idea as she chatted with the woman, whose name was Celine.

Then another couple came in and sat across from us. They started to caress each other, and Julia's soft brown eyes grew large as she watched. She turned her face away, blushing, and I bent in to whisper into her ear. "It's quite normal here. Everyone is very free and open about sex."

She tried not to watch, but kept darting her eyes to the lovers across from us. Then Celine leaned in and kissed her lightly on the cheek. Julia's jaw dropped and she stared at the woman, who smiled back.

"I-I don't...I mean...uh..."

Celine kissed her on the forehead, and Julia turned her head away nervously. Celine smiled and eased in, nibbling at the side of her ear.

"Don't be shy," I whispered from her other side, holding her hand. "She's really quite nice."

I looked down as she gasped and saw the backs of Celine's fingers pressing against the chemise from inside, watched them moving against Julia's right breast. Her fingers tightened in my hand, and I cooed reassuringly.

"Oh! Oh!" Julia gasped.

Celine stroked her hair, then her hand undid the tie on Julia's right hip and slid down between her legs. Julia stiffened again, eyes wide, and inhaled sharply. Her

hand jerked in mine as Celine's fingers stroked up and down against her pussy.

I reached down and undid the other tie just as Celine lifted the chemise up and aside to expose Julia's lovely body. I stared admiringly at her full young breasts. They were deliciously round but quite large and pale. Celine leaned in and began to suckle on one breast, and I looked down between Julia's legs, noting that two of Celine's long black fingers were buried to the knuckles inside Julia's pussy.

I was a little surprised. I'd assumed she was a virgin, but apparently she had no hymen. I watched her slump a little, her legs easing apart in short, helpless little spasms as her head slowly, slowly fell back over the top of the bench we were sitting on.

Celine added a third finger, pumping them expertly, her thumb stroking up along Julia's slit to saw against her clitoris. I had an arm around Julia's shoulder and hugged her, delighted she was feeling such pleasure, that I'd exposed her to such excitement.

I was also, to be frank, getting quite aroused myself. Julia was an absolutely beautiful young woman, after all, and watching her in the throes of pleasure was very exciting. Her back was arched, and her lovely breasts strained up and out so firmly I just had to take one in my hand.

My fingers revelled in the soft skin, the delicious softness of her sweat-moistened flesh. I let my thumb stroked across one rigid nipple, rubbing and caressing it, then squeezed my fingers into the delicious, malleable meat of it.

God, she was so beautiful.

I leaned in and lapped at her body, my tongue sliding slowly up along her rounded breast until it rolled over the nipple. I opened my mouth wide, taking in the center of her breast, then bit down gently and closed my lips. I eased back, sucking, pulling back until just her nipple was between my lips, then coming off it and engulfing it again.

Celine gracefully slid down off the padded bench and knelt between Julia's legs, her strong fingers pushing them further apart, then tugging her forward so she slumped down more.

I cupped both her breasts now, nuzzling at the nape of her neck as she stared up at the ceiling, mouth open, gulping in air. Her behind rolled on the bench, her pussy thrusting up slowly against Celine's lapping tongue.

Celine had four fingers in her now, pumping steadily as she caught her clit between her lips and started sucking.

Julia's movements grew more and more excited. She bucked up faster and harder, gasping, crying out in soft, desperate, breathless pleasure.

Then she stiffened and quivered like a plucked guitar cord, her pelvis thrusting up feverishly as she came. I sucked on one nipple, both hands digging into her plumb breasts, squeezing them up and together as she came, adding to the pleasure burning through her body.

She went limp then, arms dropping loose to either side, knees, which had been up and back, dropping back to the bench, eyes closing. I raised my head, then reached over to Celine, smiling and thanking her. She winked, stood up, and walked out.

I caressed Julia's breasts gently, my hand moving gently down to her stomach and abdomen, but no further, letting her recover. She sat up slowly, and I brought my hands back. She pulled the chemise back over her, hiding her beautiful body

from me, and looked in embarrassment at the other women in the room, all of whom were smiling at her.

Then she jumped to her feet, staggered a moment, and hurried out, with me trailing her.

"I'm so embarrassed!" she gasped.

"Why? Believe me, such behavior is normal here."

"What kind of a place is this!?"

"A place of pleasure. Come and we'll get a relaxing massage."

I took her hand, and led her further down the hall, into a larger room. There were several low, padded tables there, and several small, beautiful Asian women who smiled and bowed. I stripped immediately, but Julia tried to keep the chemise on until two of the young women, both giggling, pulled it off her and guided her to a table.

She lay on her stomach, as I did on the table next to her, and one of the women stripped naked, displaying firm little breasts, and poured warm oil over her back and shoulders. She began to work her hands up and down her back, over her behind, and down her legs, then climbed atop her, straddling her body.

She began to slide her naked pelvis up and down on Julia's body as her nimble fingers dug into her shoulders. She bent over then and laid her breasts against Julia's back, sliding herself up and down in slow, erotic movements.

Atop me, another young woman did the same, but my attention was on Julia as the woman working on her turned her over and began to oil up her breasts.

Julia lay back and stared, breathless, as the young woman's fingers expertly stroked, kneaded and massaged both her round orbs. Soon she her eyes were fluttering and her thighs were shifting helplessly apart. The Asian woman worked her fingers downwards, until Julia's legs were splayed wide. She never directly touched Julia's pussy, but Julia was rolling her hips, and almost begging her to do so before the girl smiled and stepped back.

The same had been happening to me, of course, but I was far more experienced and it struck me with less force. I had no difficulty keeping my head clear as I stood up, helped Julia to her feet, then led her out of the room, still naked.

The room I led her into had a wider padded table, almost like a bed, but with a plastic covering. Her eyes were blinking as I eased her down onto the bed, then slid my own slippery body atop her to look down from inches above.

"You're not a virgin," I whispered.

"N-No," she gasped.

"Have you had many men?"

"O-Only one."

"Was he any good?"

"I do-don't know," she moaned.

I eased the bangs back from her forehead.

"Have you ever made love with a woman?"

"No," she breathed.

I smiled, then let my lips descend, pressing lightly against hers, then spreading slightly, opening, my tongue easing out to stroke against her teeth. Her breasts felt lush and warm and soft against my own, and I gently ground my body against her, loving the feel of her slippery flesh against my own.

"Spread your legs wide, darling," I whispered.

She obeyed as if in a haze, and I felt her soft mound against my own as my own legs spread wide. I began to grind myself against her in a rhythmic, undulating pattern, my breasts rubbing over hers, my pussy stroking against her own warm, damp pit.

Her lips widened, then her tongue came up to meet mine. Her hands were on my shoulders, but slowly shifted off, moving around me. She began to gasp again, moaning softly as her body responded to mine. Her hands moved hesitantly downwards onto my behind, fingers digging in and pulling, pulling, pulling in time to my strokes.

My mind was becoming fogged with sex heat even as Julia panted in feverish need. Both of us were grinding desperately now, the need filling us. Julia came first, of course, the little minx jerking and rolling her head as her fingers dug in hard against my behind and she humped up against me.

I came shortly after, groaning in delicious heat as the climax rolled through my mind and body. I eased my movements slowly, then slid to one side so I was half atop her, letting her breath easier.

I smiled down at her and she, her face red, smiled tentatively back.

"Was that better than this boy you had sex with?"

"Yes but...Yes," she whispered.

"But what? You miss the penetration? Pleasure doesn't require penetration, darling, though if you want it it can be arranged. There are so many ways of enjoying your body."

There was a drawer set into the side of the table below us. I opened it and withdrew a long double-headed dildo, holding it up before her eyes. She gasped at the sight of it, and I giggled, then rubbed the rounded head down against her slippery little sex.

"I don't...you...oohhhhhh," she gasped, first wriggling to resist, then gasping in pleasure as the thick, soft dildo filled her box.

I pumped it slowly in and out, pushing it deep as she drew her knees back and stared down. Then I straddled her loins, drawing the other end of the dildo up against my own pussy. I took her hand and placed her fingers around the dildo, then sank down slowly, taking it into my body.

She stared, entranced, as more and more of it disappeared into my body. I spread my thighs wide, bringing my pussy closer and closer to her own, until the two of us had almost swallowed the twenty inch dildo. Then I turned to one side, lifting one of her legs and sliding mine between so our legs were scissored. I pushed my pussy closer and closer to hers, feeling the pressure of the dildo on the back walls of my pussy.

An inch remained as Julia groaned, feeling the pressure herself. But we were determined, and soon our soft, moist pussy lips were jammed in tight against each other as we ground against each other. She laughed, then gasped, then moaned as we joined hands, rubbing and jerked and pleasuring each other.

She did seem to need the penetration, for she came quickly, and repeatedly with the thick dildo inside her, and the sight of her jerking and twisting in sexual bliss elated me.

I pulled back and let her rest, and we lay there side by side as a young Asian servant girl brought us drinks. She showed only enough embarrassment to cover her pussy with one hand as the girl came in.

"How do you feel?" I whispered, stroking her breast.

"Strange."

"I've always enjoyed the body's pleasures," I said. "So many poor women don't, or are taught they mustn't. I wanted you to feel the wicked and wonderful pleasure and desire I have."

"I've thought about sex with women before," she said softly. "I mean, I've had a couple of fantasies but...I was always afraid to see. I mean, I didn't know who I would..."

"Women can be fun," I said. "They know more about each other's bodies and can last much longer."

I kissed her on the lips again, then slid atop her body. This time she didn't hesitate. Her arms slid around me and our lips joined together. Her legs seemed to come automatically apart as we kissed, and I ground myself slowly against her.

Then I slid downwards softly tonguing and teasing her nipples, then licking at her belly button, and finally tracing a path down the tightly closed slit between her legs. She looked down, fascinated, as I probed within her with my fingers, then peeled her sex open and licked along the inside of each lip.

I took my time, caressing every part of her, letting my tongue slip down into her tight little pussy hole, then after an eternity, stroking up over her engorged clitoris.

I slowly and patiently worked her upwards through the layers of pleasure, until her body was writhing below me and she was moaning in pleasure. Then I began to tongue her clitoris strongly and quickly. She cried out as she climaxed, her sex bucking up into my mouth, her lower body bouncing on the table as she arched her back.

I licked her through it, then eased away from her clitoris, lapping at her hole, then alongside her pussy and up and down her inner thighs. I loved this beautiful child I'd created, and loved giving her pleasure. I lapped down into her sex again, licking and then sucking gently, tonguing and nuzzling her clitoris.

This time I backed off each time she approached climax. After the third time I reached beneath the table and took out a thick strap-on, sliding it on and adjusting it. I tongued her upwards again, then rose and spread her legs wide.

She stared as I brought the head of the dildo against her sex, then moaned aloud as I sank it into her and laid my body down atop her own. My hips moved in a slow, careful rhythm, now in and out slowly, now circling, rolling, changing angles, speeds and directions.

When I recognized the signs of imminent climax I began to thrust strongly, my behind rising and falling in a blur as I silently rode her through the passionate whirlwind of orgasmic ecstasy.

After she had recovered I led her to another section of the club, this one only different in that some of the servants were male. I didn't want her thinking, after all, that only women knew the way to please a woman's body. I led her to a room quite similar to the one we'd just left, but Anthony waited. Anthony was tall and powerfully built, with a strong, soft, hairless chest and a long thick cock he knew well how to use.

She was even shyer than ever as I stripped off her robe, but she knelt at Anthony's feet with me, and after I began suckling on his cock and baked off, she took my place with little hesitation.

When he was hard she knelt on the bench, her body flushed with excitement and anticipation. I sat beside her, stroking her head as Anthony entered her. I saw her

head come back and her back arch as he plunged deep, and heard an almost soundless groan of pleasure come from her open lips.

Anthony rode her as a woman needed to sometimes be ridden, long and hard and passionately, thrusting his thick cock into her so hard his strong hips pounded into her backside and she had to spread her hands forward and wide for balance.

I reached beneath her, kneading her breasts, then slipped a hand down her abdomen and fingered her clitoris. She climaxed again and again, her head shaking, her hair becoming tangled and falling limply over her face. Still Anthony continued, his cock like an artist's brush as he rode her downwards. She grew weaker with each climax, until I chuckled as she dropped onto her shoulders, her cheek flush with the padded bench, her arms flat at her sides, her behind still up and raised as Anthony rode her.

The three of us took a long bath then, with Anthony and I massaging her sore muscles and feeding her sweet cherries and grapes. Then we discovered she had never been sodomized, so we bent her across the top of the tub and I worked three oiled fingers into her tender rectum to prepare her. Then Anthony entered her and with my fingers on her clitoris, rode her to another orgasm.

Well, I had little time with her, as I'd known I would, but what we experienced together made us far closer than I could have ever wished. She left Paris as a much more sophisticated and worldly young woman, and I knew she would carry my gift of pleasure with her always. - Madeleine G., New York, NY

Playing Pool

When I got into college I came out of the closet, then got a little militant about my lesbianism. I shaved my head like Sinéad O'Connor, had multiple piercings in my ears, belly button, nose and nipple, and dressed butchy.

My cousin Allison, on the other hand, has long, thick golden hair with beautiful bangs. She dresses in kind of long, flowing, romantic style dresses. The first time she saw me, when her family came over to my family's house during the summer, she looked like she couldn't believe her eyes.

When we were alone downstairs in the rec room I knew she was practically bursting to ask, and finally she said. "So, uhm, I heard you gave up on guys."

"I'm more comfortable with women," I said.

"Something I've always wanted to ask a butch lesbian," she said, with some of the teasing manner I remembered her for. "Why do you dress so badly?"

"I'm not trying to make myself look good for guys, Allison."

"I know but...wouldn't other women find you more attractive if you had more uhm hair, and dressed better?"

"Lesbians are interested in the inner person, not the outer," I said, kind of defiantly.

"Oh right. You don't care about looks at all."

"I don't." A lie, but well...

"So if you saw, say, me in a bar, you wouldn't maybe get turned on?" she said, smirking.

Allison is gorgeous, with a great body and that beautiful hair. And honestly, saying no would have been bullshit.

"You look nice" I admitted. "But I'd still be interested if you were butch."

"Does that mean you're interested now?" she asked, her eyes laughing at me.

I glared at her, wanting to tell her to go fuck herself. Instead I decided to try to shock her.

"I'd fuck you," I said.

"You'd beg to fuck me," she taunted.

"In your dreams!" I said.

She smirked, and then undid her loose, flowing dress. It fell around her ankles and she stood there in a lacy white thong and a matching half bra. She had a fabulous body, and knew it.

"Maybe if you beg I might even let you," she taunted. "Do you think you could make me come?"

I stepped forward, and she stepped back, until she was against the wall. Her eyes continued to taunt me, and I could feel a bloom of heat between my legs. "Maybe you'll beg me," I said softly, sliding my hand over her belly.

"I like men."

I eased my hand down and into the top of her thong. She inhaled sharply and her hands moved to grab my wrist, then halted and pulled back. She stood there

against the wall, our eyes locked together as I found her clit and started to stroke my fingers against it.

She was a little taller than me, but thinner, and her body was pale and soft as her chest began to rise and fall faster and faster. I eased a finger inside her and found her dripping. I pressed it to one side, then the other before adding a second finger, then a third.

I pumped them up into her as I laid my thumb up along her slit and let it ride over her clit with each thrust. Soon her head was back and her eyes closed. Her hands were clenched at her sides as I jerked her off.

She was trying to pretend she wasn't feeling it, but that was a futile effort. Her body was giving her away. My body was starting to heat up something fierce, too, as I watched her respond to my touch.

I reached up and unhooked her bra, and she made no effort to resist as I tugged it away, freeing her high, round breasts. Her pink nipples were hard as I bent in and licked at one, and she let out a little groan as my lips locked together and I started to suck.

She started to kind of rise up and down on her toes in company to my pumping fingers, and her bare bottom began to slap and ground against the wall.

Then I jerked back, looked at the stairs, and peeled my T-shirt up and off. I undid my cutoffs and shoved them down, then stepped out naked.

Allison's eyes dropped to my shaved pussy and she stared as I moved up against her again. This time I gripped her shoulders and pushed down. She sank to her knees, still staring at my pussy.

"I don't know..."

"You know," I said.

She hesitated, and I slid my hands through her silky hair, then pulled in on her head. She moaned, then pressed her lips against my own, her tongue pushing out tentatively and sliding up and down my slit.

I spread my legs, arousal flowing through my veins as she began to lick, as her tongue pushed in harder and moved faster. My parents and hers were just upstairs. Now and then I could hear a raised voice or laughter.

Allison's hands moved around me and cupped my buttocks, her mouth pushing in harder still, and her tongue lapped eagerly over my clit as I started to climb the mountain. She wasn't great, but she was excited, and her excitement was contagious.

I humped against her as I came, grunting and gasping in pleasure as the heat rolled over me. Her tongue whipped against my clitty and sent hot thrills churning through my guts as my mind reeled from the pleasure.

I staggered back, my buttocks hitting the pool table, and she looked up, excited and looking kind of proud of herself.

I caught my breath, then as she rose, pulled her to the table and gripped her hips. I lifted her up onto the edge, then pushed her back and yanked her thong down and off. She spread her legs and I showed her just how good a woman could be as my tongue explored her tight little pussy.

I had her rolling her hips and bucking up in no time, but every time it looked like she was going to come I eased back, ignoring her protests. She was starting to sweat in the hot light over the table, her hair getting tangled as she rolled her head from side to side.

I eased her back further, so she was laying fully on the table, and had her spread her legs wide apart. Then I lay over her, spreading my own legs, angling my pussy

in against hers. Breast to breast we rolled and ground our pussies together, and I jammed my tongue into her mouth as she went wild below me.

Her body thrashed and twisted, her pussy humping up frenziedly as our clitties jammed and rubbed together. Her hands gripped my bottom and she yanked down just as though it were a man fucking her, and I rolled my hips as fast and hard as I could, riding her over the edge and through a huge sensory storm of pleasure.

I didn't convince her to give up men, or to get rid of her hair, but I did show her how much fun we girls can have alone. She challenged me to get a strap-on dildo and meet her again, and one of these days I will. Elizabeth T., San Diego, CA

Down on the Farm

You know, when I went to college my first year and heard city girls talk about how glad they were to get away from home I almost wanted to laugh. Most of them never had to do a thing at home, except maybe take out the garbage if they had no brothers. I live on a farm, though, and the chores take hours.

Things didn't change when I got home for the summer after my freshman year, and I found myself, one hot, sweaty July afternoon, out helping my dad build a stone fence. A stone fence is just what it sounds like. We pile stones up on top of each other, with no real cement or anything. It's very environmentally friendly - and cheap.

We were both in cutoffs, and I was wearing a bra. But you know, being away from home had fattened me up. I mean, I'd been thin and muscled before, and now I was, not fat, but...well, bigger in both the behind and the chest.

Anyway, my brown hair was tied back, and I was wearing work gloves, leaning and lifting, leaning and lifting, and my top was pressing really hard into my breasts. Then it just broke, and my breasts fell out right in front of dad.

I grabbed at them right away, and he blinked in surprise, then laughed as I blushed.

"Sure aren't a little girl any more, Erin," he said.

"Daddy," I protested, blushing as I tried to do my top up and cover my chest at the same time.

"It's been a while since I've seen you. You're bigger than I'd have thought, bigger than your mom."

He moved behind me and helped me tie the string closed. Of course, now it was even tighter, and both of us were a lot more conscious of how the cups strained against my breasts as I moved. I became aware of a sexual tension as we continued to work, and every time I bent over I imagined the bra popping off again.

I could feel dad's eyes on my breasts, and was both excited, and embarrassed. Then I noted the bulge in his cutoffs and I felt the breath leave me. For long minutes I worked, my insides churning with growing heat. Then I straightened. "This top is cutting into my breasts too much," I said. "I must have grown some over the winter."

"Soft, college life," he said.

"Since it's just you and me here, you mind if I just take it off?"

He swallowed, then kind of shrugged. "You got nothing I haven't seen."

My fingers trembled a little as I reached back and undid the knot. Then the bra fell loose and my breasts were bared to his eyes and the world.

I blushed, then kind of casually tried to resume work, but I realized at once the way my breasts hung low and jiggled as I bent wasn't going to work.

I tried anyway, knowing dad was watching my breasts, watching them move, watching the stiff nipples. I could see his bulging crotch up close as I bent over, and then when I straightened I was almost dazed with the heat, both inside and out. I

told him the cutoffs were too tight too, and I slowly peeled them down, taking my panties with them.

I stood there a moment, then dad took off his work gloves. A second later his hand was between my legs, his fingers inside me, and I was melting against him. I literally shook there as his other hand kneaded my breast.

The whole world seemed wrapped in red. I was sweating profusely, gasping for breath, blinking my eyes as my loins ground in against dad's hand. Then I came with a tremendous blast of ecstasy. I literally screamed, my head whipping back and my body shaking against him, my insides exploding with pleasure as dad's fingers thrust up into me and I rode them with desperate need.

Then I collapsed against him, and dad held me in his strong arms, kissing the top of my head. I moaned weakly, and felt him undoing the elastic that held my hair back. It fell around my face as daddy eased me back against the fence.

Then he smiled at me, kissed me on the forehead, and sank to his knees. I looked down, dizzy, and let out a soft cry as his mouth touched me. I pulled my eyes up and back, gripping the stone beneath me, staring at the sky as I felt his tongue sliding up and down my burning center, felt it fluttering over my clitty, then wriggle up into my pussy hole.

I closed my eyes, hearing a groan and not even realizing it was me. My legs spread wider, and I reached for his head, rolling my hips like a whore, mewling with pleasure as another orgasm poured over me.

When it fled I slipped off the fence, falling onto my knees and into his arms. He kissed me, and I tasted my own juices as his hands kneaded my breasts and buttocks. Then he eased back, pulling me forward so I fell onto my hands.

I was breathless with anticipation and excitement as I waited for his touch, felt him shifting behind me, then his hands sliding over my hips. A moment later I felt his soft skin as his cockhead rubbed up and down against my slit. I shuddered and spread my knees, lifting my bottom higher as he entered me.

I felt wild and free, like an animal, like a wanton she bitch in heat. I felt myself filled, inch by inch, his cock driving deeper and deeper until my pussy groaned from the pressure of his thickness and he filled me from top to bottom. I could feel the soft pressure of his cockhead against my cervix as he ground his loins against me.

Then his hands gripped my flanks and he started to fuck me, pumping steadily into my overheated pussy, his hips slapping off my behind as sweat dripped off our bodies and down onto the dry ground below.

There was nothing for miles but the fence and the truck behind us, and the only sound was the sound of his cock sliding into me, and our gasps and pants of excitement as our bodies responded.

I felt another climax rippled up my spine, and threw my hips back, grunting with the increased force of his thrusts. Daddy picked up the pace too, his fingers digging into my hips as I jerked against him. My breasts swung back and forth below me - until dad reached under and squeezed his hands around them.

I moaned anew, feeling his strong fingers digging into my soft, malleable flesh, moaned as he milked my breasts, fingers pressing and out, flicking across my sparking little nipples.

And all the while his cock drove into me with relentless force, riding me for all I was worth.

I came again, throwing my head back, blinking at the sun through my tangled brown hair, crying out in wanton pleasure as I climaxed, feeling like a different

person, like the entire world was now focused around me.

Then I heard dad's cry of lust and satisfaction as he came, and his hips moved faster and harder as he rutted against me. I grunted under the impact, sliding down until my elbows held me aloft, his hips still pumping into me but slowing.

Honestly, neither of us planned it, and neither of us could have even imagined it. It was just a wildness that came over us both without our choice, because we were man and woman alone out there and our bodies reacted as they were meant. It was the best sex I'd ever had, bar none, and though we were both a bit embarrassed about it at first, we soon got over it.

Now we make love with fair regularity, usually out in the fields, where we can experience that wild, raw, carnal lust once again, and forget we're father and daughter.

- Erin K., St. Martin's, NC

Teasing Grandpa

It was kind of clear right from the start that Granddad liked to look at me. He moved in just after I finished high school and turned eighteen, when I was working evenings at a local bar.

It didn't bother me when he stared. In fact, it was even kind of flattering. Now and then it made me feel a little funny, like, quivery down in the pit of my belly, but mostly I just shrugged it off.

I even played up to it occasionally, like when I'd bend over and suddenly realize he was staring at my behind, I'd kind of hold my position more than I needed, you know? It was kind of a teasing, but I felt kind of sexy to have him stare at me. I changed jobs a couple of months later, and came down one morning in my new bar outfit to ask him what he thought.

It was basically a really tight tank top cut off a little below my breasts, and a really short loose skirt. I kind of blushed when he stared, but felt hot and excited.

"Really sexy," he said. "Your nipples show through, though. Course, that'll just bring better tips."

I blushed breathlessly as I looked down, then gasped as he reached up with both hands and kind of pinched my nipples.

"Grandpa!" I exclaimed, feeling the little sting in my nipples.

He laughed and I grinned. "You're bad," I chided.

"Not as bad as I'd like to be," he said.

He reached out and flipped up the tank up and bared my breasts. I squealed and jerked it down again, embarrassed, but really hot.

"You shouldn't be embarrassed. You've got great tits," he said.

"I know," I said smugly.

"Brat." He reached up and pinched at one of my nipples through the tank again and again I squealed, then to punish him I reached in and squeezed his crotch, which was already bulging. He laughed, then grabbed at me when I tried to pull loose, his hand darting between my thighs and up beneath the short skirt.

I squealed as his hand caught my puss, and kind of twisted to get away - but weakly, you know, because I was feeling real hot there.

I pulled away, giving him a pout, then kind of bent forward, rolling my behind at him and flipping my skirt up to show I wasn't wearing anything but a thong. I gasped as his hand shot out real fast and cupped my mound again.

"Grandpa!"

He laughed, then I felt his long, thin fingers slipping in next to the crotch and then finding my clit with only a second's hesitation.

"Grandpa!" I gasped, feeling a sudden spark of terrible need down there.

"You like that, baby?" he asked.

"Y-Yes," I groaned, unable to help myself, unable to resist as his fingers stroked rapidly up across my clit. "Oh Jesus!"

His arm went around me, his other hand sliding up my belly and under my top, cupping one of my bare breasts and thumbing the nipple.

"Oh! Oh! OH!" I gasped, rolling my behind against his hand, feeling the sexual pressure grow with astonishing speed.

He pulled back and then turned me around. I stared at him, gasping, doing nothing as he kissed the bridge of my nose, then pulled my tank up and off. A second later my skirt was around my ankles, and a second after that I was buck naked and grandpa was pushing me back on the sofa and lifting my legs over his shoulders.

I thought this was incredibly insane, but was too hot and feeling too desperate to care. I felt his cock slide into me and just about came right then and there. It felt so damn good, so damn wonderful and natural and satisfying.

But it wasn't quite a come, just a wonderful sense of bliss as grandpa filled me with his cock.

He grinned down at me, his hands reaching for my breasts, squeezing and stroking them and pinching at my nipples as he ground his loins against my upturned buttocks.

Then he started to hump, fucking into me hard, using deep strokes as I moaned and gasped and basked in the pleasure.

He mauled my breasts, which throbbed and burned, and twisted my nipples until they felt like live, sparking electric wires.

Then he gripped my thighs just behind the knees and pushed my legs back against my body, jamming my knees down past my shoulders as he fucked down into me. I could only look up at me, squashed in two and incredibly lewdly displayed, and revel in how wicked and slutty I was being.

My feet, still wearing high heels, were high in the air above him as he leaned into me. I was kind of jerking up and down on the sofa in time to his hard thrusting, and my insides were just swirling and burning and twisting exultantly as grandpa fucked me and fucked me and fucked me.

I came like gangbusters, shaking and jerking violently beneath him as he kept on fucking. Then I came again, gasping and moaning, exhausted, my stomach aching. Then I came a third time, dazed by then, my behind a little sore as Grandpa continued to rut down into me like he was going to keep it up all day.

Finally he came, spurting and spurting until his cock softened, and eased back, letting my legs come down slowly.

I groaned as my back was able to unbend at last, and just lay there gasping for long minutes.

Grandpa was far from finished with my body, though. After I recovered he insisted I stay naked, then he brought me upstairs and, giggling, I put on a fashion show for him, dressing in my sexist lingerie, doing a little dance for him, doing a couple of strip teases, and then winding up, naked, on my knees with his cock in my mouth.

He was semi hard again from my little fashion show, and he hardened quickly as my lips slid up and down his shaft. His fingers stroked through my hair as he moaned softly, and he kind of pumped slowly for a minute, then he stopped and looked down at me.

"Want to try deep throating me?" he panted.

The idea shook me, but right away I knew I had to do it. It was jus so slutty! I tried several times before finally succeeding in swallowing his thick meat. Then,

filled with satisfaction, I felt my lips wrap tight around the base of his shaft and revelled in the groans coming from above me.

He started pumping again, and came with his cockhead deep in my throat. I hardly knew he'd come until his cock softened.

We grinned at each other, then he knelt, pushing me back on my back on the floor. For the next half hour he gave me a show of pussy eating I'd never experienced before, showing me just how bad at it my previous boyfriends had been, and making me come again and again.

By then he was hard again and pulled me into a sitting position, letting me suck on his boner a little. When it was slick and slippery he pushed me back, then rolled me over. I felt his cockhead against my anus, and my mind squirmed. That was another thing I'd never done before. But with grandpa, I felt safe, and I knew he wouldn't think bad of me or tell, so I spread my legs and let him slowly work his stiff prick down into my ass.

It wasn't as good as my pussy, but it didn't hurt, and it felt kind of good as he rode my ass, his cock sliding back and forth inside me and his hips slapping against my buttocks. And when he reached around and started fingering my clitty I soon exploded again.

Well, like he said, I got great tips at that bar. But the tips I got from grandpa were worth a lot more. Every day while my parents worked him and me would fuck like crazy in his room, in my room, in the kitchen, the living room, and even my parents bed. I learned so much about how to make love from him, and how to enjoy my body. I know I'm better off for it, and I'll always be grateful.

- Melinda P., Jacksonville TX

Hunky Brother

My older brother Jeff went off to join the Marines when he was nineteen. He didn't come back again for almost a year, and when he did I was off in my first year at college. So I didn't see him until almost a year after that.

Now, you have to understand that Jeff was a kind of ordinary, maybe even a bit of a skinny guy when I'd last seen him. But when I saw him that summer he had an enormous chest with broad shoulders, a trim waist, and a washboard stomach.

My first sight of him was in shorts, and my jaw dropped almost to the floor when I saw what he'd turned into. And when he engulfed me in his big arms and pulled me against his chest, my mind was whirling with the strangest thoughts about him, namely lust.

"Holy fuck, you look gorgeous!" I exclaimed.

"Lot of weight work," he said proudly, flexing one of his arms to show his bicep.

"Jesus, if you weren't my brother I'd be creaming in my jeans," I blurted.

"Yeah?" He grinned. "Well, if you weren't my sister I'd be doing my best to make you cream your jeans. You're not half bad yourself."

I'd changed a little in two years, too, I realized. I'd changed my hairstyle completely, colored it a little more red, and stopped trying to hide my big boobs, dressing to emphasize them instead.

"Half bad? I could get your dick hard as rock in five seconds," I said, only half teasing.

"Don't talk like that to a marine, baby," he said. "You might regret it."

We stared at each other, but then we backed away. Later that evening, though, after dinner, he winked at me as he walked down the hall to the bathroom, clad only in a towel. I watched him until the door closed, incredibly horny for him now and wondering if I should try to get in there and climb into the shower with him.

Instead I hung around in the hall, waiting, and when the door opened again I was ready. Hey, sisters are allowed to tease, right? So when he walked out I snatched the towel away with a laugh.

He didn't jump away or cringe or try to hide himself. Jeff was a lot more mature now than he'd ever been before. He just stood there, looking at me, his cock flaccid at first, but starting to rise, his body like a god as he stared me down.

I dropped the towel and moved towards him, aware of my parents downstairs. "Very nice," I whispered, my fingers sliding along his damp chest, then down his abdomen to cup his cock.

"Yeah, I know," he replied.

He reached over and cupped my breasts, then tugged my sweatshirt up and off. I felt my breathing catch, then reached back and undid my bra, pulling the straps forward and dropping it. I pushed my jeans and panties down and off and stood in front of him naked, almost trembling with excitement as he took me into his arms.

His body was still damp, especially his crotch, but a wildness took us, and our hands moved over each other as our lips joined. His tongue drove between my lips and I groaned as my breasts squeezed in against his chest.

I felt one of his big hands squeeze my bottom, then slid in beneath my buttocks, fingers stroking along my slit.

Suddenly he grabbed me, bent, and lifted me effortlessly up over one shoulder. He bent again to grab at my clothes, then walked down the hall to his room, kicking the door closed and dropping my things on a dresser.

He knelt on the bed, then pulled me back and let me fall to my back. Seconds later he was atop me, carefully shielding my chest from his weight as his tongue moved along the nape of my neck.

My hands couldn't get enough of him, sliding up and down against his beautiful chest, squeezing his thick, powerful arms, and then moving down his back to his buttocks.

I spread my legs wide and gripped his cock, and he thrust down, grunting with pleasure as he felt my soft, wet pussy wrap itself around his manhood.

I felt so...so enveloped by his maleness, so protected and loved and comforted as our lips moved together, as his cock pumped steadily inside me. I'd never met a man before I just wanted to submit to, to give myself to. But with Jeff I felt like his slave, his toy, and gloried in it.

He lifted my legs up after a bit, dropping them across his shoulders as he fucked me from a kneeling position. Then he caught my chest between his hands and lifted me up so I was straddling his thighs, sitting atop his thick cock. I threw my arms around him, kissing him deeply as his hands moved down to knead my shapely buttocks, and rolled my hips atop his stiffness, the pleasure burning hot inside me.

I let my head fall back, letting him suck and chew on my breasts and nipples as I slowly rode up and down.

I fell back slowly, arching my back, then laying back along his legs as he held me at the waist. He began to thrust in hard, deep movements, making me groan with the force of his powerful penetrations.

He rolled me over then, my body like a rag doll to him. A big hand slid under my belly, lifting it up, raising my hips. I pushed up onto all fours, spreading my knees, and his big hands almost encircled my waist as he drove himself into me once again and took me from behind.

At first he jerked back on my hips to meet his cock, then one slid up my side and beneath to cup my breast. The other roamed back and forth along my spine, then caught at my hair, yanking it back, not hard, but showing me who was in control. I loved it, thrusting my bottom back at him, grunting with the deep thrusts, glorying in being used by him, giving myself to him.

He reached forward then and took my wrists. He pulled them out from under me and my upper body started to fall, only to be yanked up and back as he pulled my arms straight down alongside my body. My wrists were at my hips now and I was totally in his control.

He picked up the pace, thrusting harder, jerking back on my wrists to meet each forward stroke. My head jerked up and down repeatedly as he pulled me more and more violently. I was getting the fucking of my life, and was dazed by the force and pleasure of it.

I worried vaguely that I'd get whiplash, but never really cared. The thrill of sexual pleasure was crackling through my body like sexual electricity, and nothing

had ever been so good.

I climaxed like a maddened animal, and only the fact that I had no breath to scream kept my parents from hearing. Jeff continued, not pausing, not slowing. Again I climaxed. Again he continued to thrust and thrust and thrust. A third time, then a fourth, until I was exhausted and drained. Still he thrust into me, yanking back against me, his cock like a spear driving deep into my belly.

Finally he groaned and came, spilling what felt like a gallon of his seed in my burning, voracious womb, and finally letting me fall to my face on the bed, barely conscious.

During the following two weeks of his leave I gave myself to him often. I tried a few times to keep up with him, thinking myself a sophisticated college girl, but I never could. He rode me into the ground every time, leaving me limp, sore and exhausted.

Yes, I know he's my brother, but he's also all man, and how many women get the opportunity to ride a wild stallion they can totally love and trust? - Amanda C., Denver, CO

Mom Needs a Man

I know most guys would think it weird to be screwing your own mother, but then most guys don't have mothers like mine. I mean, mom is a babe, but one who really needs a man. You know? She's very short, but extremely well built. She has short, gorgeous silky blonde hair that kind of curves in under her chin, and the widest blue eyes in the world.

She's also got a dynamite body. Whenever I used to bring my friends over in high school they'd always be watching mom.

Anyway, as I got older, she'd kind of give in to me more and more, and even ask me what she should be doing about this or that problem. Mom's just one of those women who needs a man to lean on.

Anyway, she's great fun, and we tease each other a lot. She loves to laugh, and does plenty of it. So one time, we got to wrestling for control of a bill that'd come in the mail, just in play, and she squealed as she writhed in my grip.

Then she broke a hand free long enough to jam the folded paper down the front of her top. Of course I backed off, but she taunted me for it. "Come on, chicken! Think you can get it away from me? Go for it, tough guy!"

"You don't watch yourself, I will," I threatened.

"You wouldn't dare," she said smugly.

So, of course, I did. She squealed, but didn't fight much as I jammed my hand into her loose top. I felt those incredibly soft breasts against my hand as I caught at the bill, and felt my cock starting to twitch and jerk even as I pulled my hand out.

She snatched the bill back, though, my being a little distracted, only this time jammed it down the front of her shorts.

She laughed at my befuddled state, but her face was flushed, and I could see her stiff nipples poking through her top. I grabbed at her and she squealed again, running into the other room, where I caught her against the back of the sofa, then yanked her pants and panties down.

She had a gorgeous little ass, and I stared in excitement at her neatly trimmed little mound between her thighs, ignoring the bill as it fell to the floor.

"You should learn to mind your manners," I said, slapping my hand lightly against her bare bottom.

"I'll do what I want!" she cried. "I'm the mother!"

"Ha!" I said. "I'm the man. I'm in charge."

I slapped her bottom again, a little harder, and she squealed and wriggled. "You don't watch yourself, you'll get it where you'll feel it," I said.

"You're not man enough," she taunted.

I yanked her pants and panties off, my cock almost completely hard now, not quite believing what was happening. I was waiting for her to stop me at any second, but she spread her legs instead.

I let my trembling hand slide between her thighs and squeeze her pussy, and she arched her back and rolled her hips.

That was it for me. My hands tore at my pants and jerked them down, then I was thrusting into mom for all I was worth. She let out a long, low, warbling groan as I stuffed my log deep inside her, then rose on her toes, pushing back at me as I pumped furiously.

At first, that was all I could do. My excitement was too high. I just hammered away at her like a madman, pounding my pud into her hot little body until I exploded.

Only then did I calm down a little and start to realize what I'd done.

Mom didn't give me my time, though. She straightened up the second I backed up, turned, then dropped onto her knees to take my softening cock into her mouth. I stared in shock, and my cock started to harden again almost at once as mom's full, soft lips stroked up and down along it.

She reached down and gripped her top cross-handed, then peeled it up and over her head, briefly freeing my cock first. She looked up with a grin, then stood up, taking off her bra and sliding her hands up my chest and over my shoulders.

I stared at her, dazed, as she pulled my shirt up and off, then pressed her big, firm breasts against me and kissed me full on the lips. My hands didn't know what to do at first, then my arms closed around her and I stroked her soft back as our lips slid together.

My hands slowly moved down onto her round, bare bottom and squeezed, my cock getting rock hard again as it ground between our bodies. Mom backed up, half sitting against the back of the sofa as she grabbed my cock and pulled me forward. She raised one leg high and I kind of walked into her, my prick sliding smoothly up into her pussy.

She groaned in pleasure, her hands pulling my head down so our lips could meet once again. I started fucking awkwardly, then harder, one hand full of tit and the other on her bottom, helping hold that leg up and out. My hips moved faster and faster, and soon I was really giving it to her.

She was jerking and whining and gasping for all she was worth, whispering "Yes! Yes! Yes!".

Then she cried out and shuddered against me, head rolling back as her pussy clutched down on my cock. I could hardly believe I was watching her come, much less causing it, and fucked even harder, wild now as mom jerked against me.

She jerked anew, then shuddered once more and kind of fell back, back arching tautly as her upper body bent down over the sofa, her hair brushing the seat. I held her hips, though, keeping her bottom on the top as I humped away, and she groaned and writhed down there, her pussy burning up around my cock as I stabbed it into her.

Her legs jerked and wobbled in mid-air, and she grunted to my thrusts.

I came in her again, draining my body dry, and finally lifted her up so she was sitting on the top of the sofa. She grinned at me wearily, kissed me on the cheek and said "You're all grown up now, Bobby," with a contented smile.

Later that day she stepped into the shower with me, and again we made love, with me taking her on all fours on the bottom of the tub. That night she climbed into bed with me, this time riding up and down until she'd climaxed twice.

From then on we slept in the same bed, and she treated me sort of as her husband. It was great, and she was both a wonderful lover and a great person to live with. Naturally, I didn't try very hard to find girlfriends, and I haven't left home.

Why in hell would i? Mom has born three kids to me so far, and we're both completely content in our life. - Robert K., Los Angeles, CA

Together Forever

My father and I have always had a special relationship. It's like we knew each other's thoughts and could read each other's emotions. My mother died when I was seventeen, leaving us alone. For the first six months or so life was really depressing, and it was hard to carry on. Then the misery kind of lifted and we got on with our lives.

With just the two of us we kind of started acting like an old married couple, bickering about chores, about money, groceries, his sports on TV, and stuff like that. I wasn't dating much since I was working in the day and taking night courses in the evening, and so dad was kind of my major human contact.

I'm not sure when I first started to think of him as a man, and not just dad. I think it was when I caught him looking at me strangely one late evening when I went past him to get a glass of milk in the kitchen. I was only wearing a tank top and a pair of panties - and couldn't figure out why he was looking at me so oddly, at first.

It wasn't like I hadn't dressed like that for years, after all. But then I realized it had been over a year since mom had died, and he hadn't shown any interest in dating. So he hadn't had sex for at least a year. That embarrassed me, at first, but then as I started looking at him differently, well, I started wondering why we shouldn't.

I loved him, after all, and if he was frustrated, why shouldn't we have sex? It wouldn't hurt me, and, to be truthful, I was growing increasingly annoyed at my virginity. I thought I was too old to have not yet experienced sex, and had even considered just picking up a stranger to see what it was like.

I started dressing down around dad, without even consciously knowing it, at first. I was teasing him, getting turned on whenever I noticed him notice me. He wouldn't do anything, though, and I didn't know how to ask.

Finally I decided enough was enough. I stripped naked and a little after he went to bed for the night I went into his room.

I gently pulled back the covers and stared at his body in the light from the street lamps outside. He was naked, and in awfully good shape, and his cock made my insides quiver. I knelt beside the bed, then gently fingered his cock. I took a deep breath, then leaned over him and took the head into my mouth.

I had some experience in that, at least, and sucked more and more in between my lips, working my tongue against the underside of the head. He began to harden, and I felt a gush of heat, licking faster, feeling my lips forced wider as his cock thickened, and imagining what it would feel like inside me.

He started mumbling in his sleep, groaning. I took my lips off his cock and slid into bed alongside him, pressing my bare breasts against his hairy chest as my hand squeezed his cock. He woke with a start, and shot up in bed, his hand reaching for the light.

He gaped at me as I lay there next to him, and I felt a desperation, wondering what I'd do if he threw me out.

"I'm ready, daddy," I said softly. "I think it would be good for us both."

He noticed his own erection then, and jerked the covers over it even as he stared at my body. I reached up and took one hand, then pulled it against my body, laying it against one of my breasts. He didn't resist, and the feel of his fingers against my skin hardened my nipple.

Then I felt a soaring excitement as his fingers began to move, began to rub gently against my nipple. He didn't speak at all, just stared. Then he turned his body in against me and lay back down on his side. One hand stroked up and down my body as the other caressed my hair.

His hand moved down between my legs then, and I gasped as he fingered me. I felt the sexual pressure build up to incredible levels as his fingers explored me down there, and when he found my clitoris and rubbed it I couldn't hide my excitement.

"Oh yes!" I gasped. "Like that!"

He looked startled, but continued to rub me there. My body caught fire, my mind tumbling as the heat grew. It felt so incredible to have someone else rubbing my soft little clitty, and I was so incredibly turned on that I exploded into climax in less than a minute.

Daddy appeared shocked at my response, but very pleased. Soon he was laying atop me, and I helped guide his cock into my pussy. It hurt a bit when he popped my cherry, but then it was glorious. I lay back in a dream of pleasure, wondering why I'd waited so long to feel a hard cock inside me.

His firm, male body lay atop me, pressing me down into the mattress. My legs were spread wide as I looked up at him and met his eyes, and I gasped for breath at the heat in my belly.

All my concentration was on that hard cock up inside me, the strange and wonderful sensations coming from between my legs. Every time Dad moved his cock kind of shifted a bit inside me. Then he lifted his behind, sliding his cock up and out several inches. When he pushed it back I groaned in delight.

His hand squeezed my breast as he panted for breath himself. Then he started to pump, his cock moving slowly but smoothly in and out of my soft pussy. I was moist, and his cock moved easily, despite how tight I was. I could feel my pussy flesh clinging to it each time it slid out, then giving way as it slid back in.

One of dad's hands slid behind my head, then he lowered his face and brushed his lips against mine. A moment later he was kissing me, not like he had in the past, not like a father, but like a lover. I responded, my arms sliding up around him, feeling his soft skin as he thrust harder and faster.

Our lips moved together and I groaned in elation, being fucked for the first time by a man who loved me. My knees seemed to rise on their own, rise and draw further apart, elevating my behind and giving him an even deeper penetration.

I was being fucked and loved it!

I drew my knees back even further, and now his hips were kind of slapping against my behind, slapping hard. His cock was churning inside me, and my entire body was burning up with heat and passion and excitement. I felt another climax hovering over me, getting ready to fall.

Then it did, and I groaned into dad's mouth, clutching him harder, humping up against him as my pussy burned and boiled around his pistoning cock.

Then he came himself, arching his back and groaning in pleasure. I felt a wave of crackling desire as I realized his sperm was pouring down into my womb.

He collapsed atop me, but not for long. Soon he was licking his way up and down my body, his fingers everywhere, prodding and stroking and rubbing me until I begged him to fuck me again. He did, hard again, and this time lifted my legs up onto his shoulders.

Again I experienced the glory of being well and truly fucked, dad pumping away for long, long minutes, driving me into another climax before spilling his seed.

Why anyone would think the pleasure and love we have for each other now is wrong is beyond me. Both of us are far happier and satisfied than we've ever been. -
Paula G., Boston MA

Playing Doctor

I've always admired my daughter Amy. She's always been such a great, smart, selfless kid. I was delighted when she decided to go to med school - taking after her old man.

She stayed at home while attending Georgetown, because we live nearby, just across the line in Maryland, and I helped her with her studying occasionally.

In her third year of pre-med she was having trouble with chemistry, and I was helping her to study for a really big test at the kitchen table.

It was a warm, beautiful evening in the spring, and Amy was wearing a thin tank top and cutoffs. She was a lovely young girl, slender, with lovely red hair cut boyishly short.

As the evening turned into night I caught myself studying her, this young woman who used to be my little girl. She'd always been a real tomboy, with a bit of a wild streak. Watching her study, her mind working, I realized how mature she now was, and then my eyes moved down and I found myself looking down the front of her tank top.

I could see, from my angle, the softly curving top of her right breast, the skin creamy, and seeming to glow from the light coming through her white top. I was startled, for I found it a very erotic image, and hadn't ever thought of Amy like that.

I looked away, but of course, we were both constantly bending forward, and I was right beside her, there on her left. My eyes kept darting to her top, and I kept catching teasing images of her bare breast, small yet looking so utterly soft and beautiful.

Several times I had to pull my eyes up quickly as she turned that face to me, asking me this or that. I tried to resist leaning forward with her, resist looking down at that tantalizingly beautiful young breast, but I couldn't.

As the night turned to morning I started fantasising about her, about what she looked like naked, about what she looked like when she was making love. I wasn't sure she wasn't a virgin, but was twenty years old, so it seemed likely

And for the first time, the thought of her fucking someone was exciting rather than worrying. Several times my cock began to harden and I had to quickly turn my mind away from images of her in sexual poses with nameless, faceless men.

Around two in the morning she finally got one particular problem that had been nagging at her and she let out a whoop of joy, turned and threw her arms around me. I was very aware of her firm breasts against my chest as she kissed me, and my arms immediately went behind her, hugging her back.

She drew back, grinning, and I impulsively leaned in and kissed her full on the lips, holding it for a heartbeat before easing back. She blinked her green eyes at me, then smiled as we turned back to the book.

I put my arm over her shoulder as we studied and gradually my hand began to knead her tired shoulders and rub her back.

When she got another problem I leaned in and kind of blew raspberries against the top of her head, just fooling around and making her giggle. But I inhaled slowly, loving the scent of her, and the silky texture of her hair.

When she got depressed around two in the morning I hugged her reassuringly, kissing her cheek, and again as she turned, my lips found hers. I kissed her gently, then drew back, and she blinked and smiled.

When she finished a particularly difficult chapter she exhaled deeply. "Thank God that's done," she said.

Then she turned and kissed me - on the lips, holding it just to the point where I started to feel a growing shock inside me, then drawing back. "Thanks for all your help, dad," she said softly.

"Anything for you," I said, squeezing her shoulder.

We skimmed the next, unimportant chapter, and continued on.

"What? No kiss?" I joked.

She laughed, then turned and kissed me. My arm went around her and again we held it slightly too long, both of us swallowing as we drew back.

It was approaching three when, as I stroked her back - sore from bending over the table for hours, I let my hand drop low, then ease up underneath the loose shirt. I rubbed her lower back at first, my heart pounding even as my face remained casual, loving the soft warmth of her skin.

I let my hand slide higher and higher, stroking gently, and she kind of leaned against me as she looked down at her book. But she felt... stiff, and her breathing was a little ragged. My fingers edged up along her side, feeling her ribs, stroking them as my hand moved up under her left arm.

I had lost track of what she was studying, for I had found another topic. It didn't seem to matter, though, because she'd been on the same page since my hand and gone under her shirt.

She pressed her head a little harder against me and let out a big sigh, and just then as she moved my stroking fingers eased a little further forward and I felt the softness as they brushed the side of her breast.

She didn't seem to notice, and made no movement. I drew my fingers back a little, moving my hand down her side again, but then back up again. Again I eased my fingers forward, and found the delicious softness of her breast. I eased them forward and down, stroking the bottom of her breast, and now I could definitely detect her quickening breaths.

She turned and we stared at each other, and I saw the stiff points of her nipples pushing out against her thin top. I kissed her again, drawing her in against me, and this time my lips opened a little, my tongue dipping out to stroke her own lips. They opened at once, and my tongue glided over them and into her mouth.

Our arms were around each other as I rose, pulling her with me. She gasped aloud, pulling her head, back, and I leaned in, kissing and licking at the nape of her neck.

The hand I had on her back was still beneath her shirt, but now it slid up her belly and fully cupped a small, exquisitely firm breast, and I felt the rigid little nipple pushing against my palm as my fingers stroked against her.

My other hand ran down her back and cupped her small round behind, fingers digging in and kneading it through her cutoffs as we both stumbled against the table. I lifted her onto the table then, and her legs spread as she continued kissing me, her arms over my shoulders and her lips hot and hungry.

We kissed for a long, long minute, her eyes mostly closed. My hands both slid up under her tank and cupped her breasts, stroking and squeezing them. Then I eased back and pulled the blouse up and over her head. She blushed, gasping for breath as I stared down at her beautiful breasts, then cupped them with my hands and stroked them lovingly.

I leaned in against her, my lips crushing hers once again, my body bearing her back and down on the table as I continued to stroke and squeeze her firm little breasts.

One of my hands moved lower, down over the waistband of her cutoffs, down to her crotch, to squeeze her there in slow, gentle movements as our tongues danced together.

It moved up then and I blindly undid the clip at her belly then tugged down the zipper. I pulled up and straightened, gasping for breath as I stared own at Amy. She lay back, arms stretched back above her head, chest heaving as her big green eyes watched me.

I gripped the waistband of her shorts and slowly tugged them down, feeling a desperate heat inside me. My cock was rock hard, and that Amy was my daughter not only didn't diminish my lust but sent it spiralling upward.

The waistband of her panties appeared, blue string bikinis, then they were pulled down with the cutoffs, baring her slim hips, then her lower belly, and then the soft neatly trimmed that made my heart pound.

I pulled the cutoffs out from under her, then lifted her legs, sliding them up and off and dropping them on the floor. She spread her legs, chest heaving, spread them wide so her feet were on the edge of the table.

I bent over her again, my hand moving over her body, squeezing her breasts as we kissed. I moved lower, kissing her breasts, then sucking hungrily on each, chewing a little, then sucking again, loving how firm and wonderful they were to the touch, how adorable her small, pointed pink nipples were.

My hand moved lower and cupped her pussy. I felt her heat against my palm and rubbed my hand up and down. I kissed my way down her belly, dropping to my knees next to the table, gazing at my daughter's neat little cleft then rubbing it with my fingers.

I licked up and down alongside it, my fingers rubbing against her soft, puffy little mound, then let one finger lay along its length and sink inside, lightly sliding back and forth along her slit as my tongue lapped at her inner thighs.

My finger pushed into her then, found her hole and slowly eased inside. It felt vice tight, hot and moist and wonderful, and I eased my finger out to replace it with my tongue.

I heard Amy's soft gasp as she felt my lips against her, and my hands moved along her legs, stroking them as my tongue licked at the base of her pussy.

I let my thumbs spread her wider and wider, and my tongue lapped upwards, circling her clitty, then dropping down again to dip into her hole. She squirmed a little on the table and gasped from time to time, then, as I eased two fingers into her and began to lick her clitoris directly her hips started to roll and grind, and her breath became more ragged.

Her knees were high and apart, and she was lifting her bottom up in time to my licking. I let my hands slide under and hold her ass like it was a watermelon, licking harder, then getting my lips together around her now swollen clitoris and sucking.

"Fuck," she whispered in a strangled voice.

My cock was burning inside my pants, and fucking was just what I wanted, what I needed to do. It was madness, but nothing was more important right then than sheathing my stiff cock in Amy's hot little pussy.

I straightened, easing my fingers back, and saw Amy's eyes open, then look down at my pants as I undid them. She stared as I jerked my pants down, and then seemed to shudder as my prick came out hard and thick and hungry.

I pressed the head against her, rubbing it up and down her moist pussy, then let the head sink slowly into her waiting hole, feeling it force aside her tight, elastic pussy lips, then drive slowly deeper into her body.

Her pussy milked me as I pushed forward, and she raised her bottom again, then arched her back, groaning and spreading her legs still wider. She reached her arms up for me and I bent, letting them slide behind my neck and dropping my lips onto hers.

As I did my lower body pushed in hard, and my cock made a sudden thrust, driving down into her snug little pussy. She let out a grunt, then her legs rose up and slid around me, pulling me in all the way.

It was heaven. It was a moment in time. I was buried in her incredibly hot, tight little belly, her perfect body pressed against me, and her lips on mine. I had a small breast in one hand, and her silky hair in the other as our tongues slid together and apart, over each other, then back again.

I started to draw my hips back slowly, then push forward again, glorying in the feel of her pussy sliding along my cock.

I stroked unevenly at first, her tight pussy and my worry about hurting her keeping me from giving in to the hunger gripping me.

She seemed to loosen up a little, though, and I began stroking smoothly, using the full length of my prick.

Her legs loosened, then fell apart, her knees drawing back and rocking in time to my strokes.

I straightened, and she rose with me, her lips refusing to come away from mine. She was sitting awkwardly on the very edge of the table, her legs wide, bare feet gripping the edge as her tongue explored my mouth. My hips pushed in and out, fucking straight into her now, grinding upwards against the top of her cleft, where her clitty was.

I wanted to get my lips on it again, but couldn't bring myself to pull my cock out of her body. I leaned forward again, easing her back onto her back on the table, then, the passion filling me, I pulled her arms from behind my neck and straightened.

I gripped her slender thighs, pressing them back, then started to thrust in hard. My cock hissed back and forth between her slick, elastic pussy lips and my balls slapped against her buttocks as I fucked her.

She laid her head back, jaw slack, eyes closed, then her hands slid up behind her head, squeezing against it, and she arched her back, rolling from side to side and groaning.

She dropped back flat, then let her hands down onto her breasts, pinching and rolling the nipples between her fingers. Again she arched her back, then again, slowly, rolling her hips, rolling her head, gasping for breath as my cock pumped faster and faster into her pussy.

Her head snapped back then, and her back arched as she dug her fingers into her breasts. She cried out softly, repeatedly, low, deep, guttural exclamations of ecstasy

as her pussy squeezed and sucked and pulled on my now pistoning cock.

She was coming! I watched in shocked delight, feeling incredible pleasure at getting to experience her climax, getting to watch her lovely young face scrunch up with the pleasure inside her.

I felt my own climax roaring forward like an express train, and buried my face in the nape of her neck, squeezing her breast as I inhaled her scent, my hips working feverishly as I came. My balls were numb and my cock throbbed with every heartbeat, blasting my come deep into her burning little pussy.

I collapsed atop her, gasping for breath just as she was, my cock softening inside her. I straightened up, looking down at her, eyes roaming her flushed body.

"We...shouldn't have done that," I finally whispered.

She opened her eyes and smiled dreamily. Then she pushed her arms up and out, arching her back, stretching like a cat.

"I'm glad we did," she groaned. "That was...nice."

She propped herself up on her elbows, then closed her legs and sat up. "You're...I mean, you're kind of...good," she said shyly.

"You're gorgeous."

She smiled, pleased.

"You think so?"

"You're so gorgeous even your own father can't resist," I sighed.

She giggled.

"It was a nice distraction from stupid chemistry anyway."

"Uhm, yeah," I said, pulling up my pants.

I was regretting it already, and yet, she was so beautiful, so sensual just sitting there on the edge of the table slowly kicking her legs.

I slid my fingers through her hair, then kissed her on the forehead. Her hands went behind my head and she crushed her lips against mine. I had to gently press back on her shoulders to pull away.

"Let's do it again!" she whispered.

"Shouldn't we...study."

"Fuck studying. I've studied enough. I want to do it again."

Her hands went to my pants and undid them. I kind of backed up a little and she sat back. "Come on, daddy. It's been a long time."

"I'm uh, not quite ready."

"I can make you ready," she said, grinning.

She slipped off the table and gripped my pants, tugging them down as she dropped to her knees.

"Amy!"

She smiled up at me, her face beautiful, then kissed my cock. She took it into her mouth and sucked it in to the base, working it around against the inside of her cheeks, then sucking and licking as she slowly drew her lips back.

She pulled her lips off, then kind of lunged forward and took it into her mouth again, squeezing her cheeks together around it. I looked behind me at the door to the living room, and the stairs beyond them. I thought about what my wife would have thought if she came down just then.

My cock began to stiffen again inside her mouth, and now she really went to work. Her lips bobbed up and down the shaft, her tongue sliding from side to side against the head. Her hands massaged my balls.

Then she slid her hands around behind me, cupped my ass, and pushed forward, taking my cock into her throat.

I shuddered and my knees went weak.

No, she wasn't a virgin, was she.

I'd never been deep-throated before, and I had to fight to keep from coming right then and there with her lips wrapped tightly around the base of my shaft.

She looked up at me, her green eyes shining, then closed them and slid slowly back. I watched inch after inch of glistening cock emerge from between her full, pink lips, and could only groan and sway and marvel at her expertise.

And wonder where she'd learned it.

She pulled off, then took my cock and rubbed it slowly all over her sweet face as she looked up at me. Again I fought for control, and again as she pursed her lips, then let my cock sink slowly into her mouth and down her throat once again.

She pulled back and stood up, smirking, knowing she'd shocked me. She turned slowly, then bent over the table, gripping the edge and arching her back. Her legs spread, and I gazed down at her perfect little ass and the soft little red mound below.

"Fuck me, daddy!" she growled.

I needed no further urging. I gripped my cock, pressed it in against her pussy, and then thrust up into her, burying myself in a second.

"Oh, fuck that feels good!" she gasped.

"You hot little slut," I whispered, hands sliding along her sides.

"Fuck me! Fuck me!" she grunted.

She pushed her bottom back at me, working her hips as her pussy swallowed my hardness, raising her bottom higher still as her fingers tightened on the edge of the table.

She slid forward, then, until her hips were pressed into the table and her upper body was flat atop it. Her bottom stayed high, her legs wide, and she gasped with every thrust, rising to her toes as my cock pumped into her.

I pulled the hair back from the side of her throat and licked upwards under her ear, then bit down on the nape of her neck, chewing and sucking. My left hand moved under her to squeeze a soft breast while my right moved down her hip, under her belly and began to finger her clit.

"Oh shit!" she whispered. "Yeah! Rub me there! Shit! Shit! Shit!"

I was giving her a hell of a hickey, but I didn't care. I wanted to own her, to possess her body in every sense of the word. I adored her, and I adored her body. I threw my hips forward, pounding myself against her bottom, pounding my cock like a jackhammer as she shook against the table and whispered "Shit! Shit! God! Shit!"

Then she shuddered and jerked beneath me, her head trembling and shaking and her pussy squeezing down again and again on my ripsawing cock. She opened her mouth wide, grimacing, eyes closed, but made no sound as I continued to hammer my hips in against her.

Then she let out a groan and went limp, head dropping flat. I continued to thrust into her, hands sliding up and down her back now as my own climax neared.

It roared up around me and I sent another hot flood of sperm down into her belly, my mind reeling from the force of the pleasure pouring over me.

I halted, bent over the table, bent over Amy, catching my breath. Then I remembered my longing for that hot little pebble between her legs. My legs were rubbery anyway, so I dropped to my knees in back of her. I spread her legs up and apart, then began to run my tongue along her slit.

"Daddyyyyyy!" she groaned weakly.

My lips searched out her clit as I pulled down on her bottom, holding it tight against me. I started sucking, my lips massaging it, rubbing together, then from side to side, sucking, then blowing out, then sucking again.

She groaned and pushed back against me, and after a minute her hips began to roll once again, and then her crotch started riding my mouth, moving up and down faster and faster. I could hear her soft curses again, her "Shit! Shit!, Oh! Fuck! Shut!"

Her body started bouncing frenziedly, and it was all I could do to hang on as she shook like an epileptic in a fit. Then she halted dead, groaning. I didn't stop, though. I only eased back a bit for a half minute before resuming. Before long I had her shaking and writhing again as another climax hit her. A string of them seemed to roll over her one after the other.

I kept it up until I could hardly move my jaws, then finally pulled out and stood up. I sat and pulled her onto my lap, sitting her there with her weary head resting against my chest.

"I love you," I whispered, kissing her forehead."

"I love you too," she groaned, hugging me.

It was half an hour before we could even begin to get back to studying, and even when we did we found it hard to concentrate. We kept grinning at each other, and giving each other little squeezes.

We did get through it, though, and Amy did awfully well in the exam. We've made love a few times since then, but that night will always be one of the greatest memories of my life.

- Peter L., Hyattsville, MA

Horny Sister

I recently had to spend a night at my sister's place. It's a one bedroom apartment, and she put out some spare sheets and a pillow on the sofa for me. I knew before turn out the lights I wouldn't get much shut-eye. Being in a strange place, of course, didn't encourage sleep, and as I'd thought I would, I kind of tossed and turned.

After an hour or so I got up and opened the door to the balcony, then stepped out onto it for some air. When I heard moans and groans my first response was to wish the bastard well, for he obviously had his girl in high heat.

But then as I moved to the side of the balcony it slowly began to dawn on me that the sounds were coming from the window just to my left - Holly's bedroom window.

I fought the idea, at first, but the more I heard those soft groans and gasps and whimpers the more I was sure recognized her voice. I had to check just to be sure, just to convince myself I was imagining things.

I went back inside and over to her door, berating myself for the hard-on in my shorts even as I carefully turned the knob and eased the door open.

Her bed was to the left of the door and back a few feet. And as luck would have it the moon was coming through the window and lighting up the bed fairly well.

Holly was naked and on her knees, her bottom pushed up and back towards me. Her face and shoulders were down against the bed, and her hand was back between her legs, pumping a dildo into her pussy. I could see her entire crotch glistening with reflected moonlight as she jammed that rubber cock into herself again and again.

I was stunned, and more turned-on than I'd ever been before. I guess it was the combination of voyeurism, of watching the forbidden, and seeing this beautiful woman jamming herself with a dildo. I was literally trembling with excitement as I stood and watched.

Every time she drove the dildo home she'd grunt softly and excitedly, and every now and then she'd let out a shudder, jam it deep and kind of twist it around as she moaned and panted for breath.

It was the most fucking incredible sight I'd ever seen!

My cock was ready to rip through my shorts. The only thing holding me back was, well fuck, this was my sister, after all. She'd probably castrate me if I jumped on her and tried to stick my dick into her pussy.

Or would she?

Holly's always been a bit wild, and never hidden how much she likes sex. Still, I couldn't do anything without, well, asking.

I eased the door closed, then knocked loudly on it.

"Holly, for Christ's sake," I said through the door.

I opened it then, to find her on her back with the sheet over her, staring at me with kind of wild eyes.

"Either keep it down or invite me in," I said. "You're driving me crazy."

She stared at me for a long moment, then her eyes kind of flickered and brightened. "Am I?" she cooed.

I turned on the lights and she blinked rapidly as I stepped inside. I made no effort to hide the way my shorts were bulging out in front. "Yeah," I said.

She giggled girlishly, then eased forward onto her knees, still holding the sheet against her chest.

"My, my," she said. "Don't you look happy to see me."

"I would be happy to see you," I said. "I've always wondered what you looked like naked."

She smirked, then, hesitating only a second, dropped the sheet so I could see her beautiful body.

"Very nice," I said.

"You show me yours I show you mine?" she said, teasingly.

I jerked my shorts down and she licked her lips at the sight of my fully erect cock.

"Think you can do something with this?" I asked.

"The question is whether you can do anything with it," she said challengingly.

I snorted and moved to the bed, then climbed in as she lay back. It felt a bit awkward at first, and she seemed to feel the same way, but when my hands squeezed her breasts the excitement took over.

She was already hot and ready, and as my hand slipped down to her pussy I felt the protruding bottom of the dildo stuffed inside her. She blushed a bit, but I only grinned.

"Can't be as good as the real thing," I said, pumping it a little as my thumb stroked against her clit.

"At least it stays hard," she said a little breathlessly.

I pulled it out, then centered my own prong at her soft, gleaming hole. I pushed in slowly but firmly, then let my body down atop hers. Our eyes and lips seemed to avoid contact at first as I felt her softness sliding up around my shaft. Then I was in her to the balls, her breasts pushing up against my chest, and both of us breathing hard.

"Daddy would never approve," she gasped.

"Fuck him."

I began to stroke slowly, and she closed her eyes and groaned. I leaned in, kissing the side of her neck experimentally, then her eyes opened and we caught each other. I was pumping slowly as we stared at each other. Then I licked my lips and eased in, kissing her gently on the lips.

She giggled. "You kiss like my brother," she said.

We both laughed, then we stopped, our lips finding each other and the passion pushing away everything else. My tongue slid into her mouth, twirling against her own as her hands moved down onto my ass and dug in.

I humped faster and faster, Holly responding, the both of us driving our loins together as the heat flowed freely.

"Fuck! Fuck me!" she panted. "Do it! Oh yes! God! Oh I love it!"

She started grunting and gasping as my cock plunged into her again and again, then threw her head back and shook violently as she came, her pussy spasming and burning around my pumping prick. It was an incredible sight, but I held out, still thrusting, riding her through it until she went limp, and only then going into overdrive to pour my cream into her gasping, limp body.

She rested only briefly, though. Soon she was down between my legs, licking and sucking, working me hard again. She climbed aboard and started a long ride. When she bent over to slide her tongue over my lips I caught at her dildo and slowly worked it into her bottom, twisting and pumping it in time to her movements as she became more and more breathless and aroused.

She climaxed again, with barely half the dildo inside her, then again as I pumped it deep and she rode my shining boner.

Like I said, I hadn't expected to get a lot of sleep that night at Holly's. I was surprised, though, at how little I wound up with. I didn't regret it, though. - Paul S., New Edinburgh, MA

Teaching the Twins

A man never had it so good as me. I married Liz when I was eighteen and she was sixteen. People all said it wouldn't last, but twenty years later we're still together. Liz still has a great body, too, with the same fabulous bigbreaststies that first caught my attention.

It took us a couple of years to have kids, then the twins were born, Tammy and Tina, two of the cutest little things you ever did see.

Now I got to admit I noticed how they started to develop as they hit puberty, and by the time they were sixteen they were the spitting image of their mother - except for being even prettier and with even bigger boobs.

But I never took any kind of unfatherly interest in them until their eighteenth birthday. That's when Liz brought them to me, all three of them looking kind of shy and anxious, and told me the girls wanted me to teach them about sex.

Well, hell, maybe it wasn't real fatherly of me, but given how the twins looked I'd almost assumed some punk had already gone and done that.

They're blonde, like Liz, but while her hair barely touches her shoulders theirs fall halfway down their backs. They've got hourglass bodies with big, firm breasts and tight firm asses I'd had to slap myself to keep my eyes off of.

"You want me..." was all I could sputter.

In fact, even while I tried to show some kind of outrage my dick was already getting hard in my pants at the very thought of screwing two hot, sexy eighteen year olds like the twins. I mean, shit, they're gorgeous foxes, and I've never been a man who saw any harm to fucking.

"You showed me what making love was all about, Jake," Liz said. "If it had been some pimple-faced jock who just used me and ran off to tell his friends I might never have learned how much fun sex was. I want the girls to enjoy their bodies like I have."

Both the girls were blushing, but they were both obviously eager as well, and my own eagerness got noticed pretty fast as Liz grinned and pointed to my bulging crotch.

"I think daddy likes the idea," she said.

The girls giggled, and Tammy licked her lips as she stared at my crotch.

"Well, if you ladies think that's the thing to do, who am I to object?" I said.

We all trooped upstairs to the master bedroom, then I had the girls get undressed. They continued to blush, but were quite proud of their bodies. With good reason!

"Woah!" was all I could say. "You two have fabulous tits."

I stepped up to them, then looked down at Tammy's big breasts as they rose and fell on her chest. Her breathing turned to a gasp as I brought my hands up and squeezed them slowly. Her big brown nipples were already fully erect, and she jerked slightly as I ran my thumbs over them.

I let my hand slip between her thighs and rubbed her pussy, then let my middle finger press in between her puffy pussy lips and begin to stroke upwards against her clitty. At the same time I let my other hand ease in between Tina's legs and do the same to her. The girls stood there, trembling a little, holding hands as I slid my

fingers up and down against their clitties. Tammy's legs started to wobble a little, and I could feel her moisture making her skin more and more slippery down there. Both of them were breathing more and more heavily, their bodies flushed.

I stopped, grinning. "Tammy, lay down on the bed and spread your legs."

She eagerly obeyed, and I climbed in between her long, beautiful legs, sliding my hands up and down her body as Liz and Tina sat alongside me. I fingered her nipples, then drew off my shirt and shucked my pants off. All three of them stared at my thick ten inches then, the girls with wide, hungry eyes.

I laid down gently atop Tammy, feeling her big breasts squeezed down below my chest. I licked slowly at the nape of her neck, taking my time, working my way downwards until I could take those big nipples into my mouth and suck contentedly.

She started to wriggle beneath me, gasping and moaning, and I eased down between her legs, licking along the edges of her sopping fuck opening then prying it open and plunging my tongue into her.

Her bottom started to grind into the mattress, and she arched her back as she ground up into my face. Then my tongue found her clit and she was a goner. She let out a long scream and bucked up feverishly, her legs bouncing on either side of me as she came.

Tina was cupping her own pussy, squeezing it repeatedly as she watched my every move with shining eyes. I started sucking on Tammy's clit, my tongue working furiously, and when her hips started to grind again I climbed up and slid myself into her.

Her cherry wasn't there because, as I later discovered, she'd popped it with a dildo. So I had no trouble driving myself home. When I started to thrust her eyes closed and her lips trembled and she just rode the wave upwards, coming again in under a minute.

Her pussy was doing the wild thing with my prong, so even though I wanted to hold out longer I blasted off myself, filling her with my juice.

I sat up and turned to Tina then, grinning. She all but through herself against me, and to my surprise, crushed her lips against mine and jammed her tongue into my mouth. My hands caressed her back, then dropped down onto her buttocks, squeezing them tight as I pushed her back.

She laid down next to her sister, who rolled onto her side, still breathing heavily, to watch.

I repeated my actions, sucking and licking on her pussy. This time, though, I pulled back just as she was about to come and beckoned Liz forward. She looked startled at first - as if I was too dumb not to have noticed how hot she was and how eagerly she was watching Tina and Tammy.

Then she dove between Tina's legs and ate her to an explosive climax. I shifted aside and rolled Tammy back onto her back, then Liz and I took turns bringing the girls to orgasm after orgasm.

When I was hard again we traded places. I slid into Tina to the hilt and rode her long and hard while Liz, who'd stripped naked herself, put her pussy against Tammy's and showed her how girls could have fun without a guy present.

By the time I had dropped my load inside Tina Tammy and Liz were grinding their pussies like there was no tomorrow, both of them gasping and moaning and climbing upwards towards another climax.

Of course, that was just the beginning. The twins had a lot more to learn, and Liz and I spent the next several days teaching them all we knew. - Jake F., Lancaster,

By the Pool

Kelly is a fairly cute blonde, with a nice set of cones. That she's my sister never kept me from noticing that, nor from kind of wishing I could get my hands on them. She still lives at home, though she's finished school, probably because my parents' house is kind of big and comfortable.

I was visiting a few days ago, mostly to have a swim. Both my parents were at work, and I found Kel in the back yard sitting by the pool.

"Hey, punk," I called, wandering over to her.

"Hey," she said, holding her hand up to shield her eyes from the sun.

I stripped off my shirt, then skinned my pants down and sat next to her in my bathing suit. "So how's tricks?"

"Same old, same old," she said.

She was wearing a blue flowered bikini. It wasn't a string bikini top, but kind of pulled her breasts in together. And since she was sitting and leaning forward there was a lot of nice cleavage there to catch my eyes. It was so tempting to slide my hands in and just cup those soft round orbs.

"Don't stare down my top," she said, kind of amused.

"I can't help it. I see cleavage like that... You have great cleavage."

"Yeah, but I'm your sister."

"You've still got great cleavage," I said.

I was openly staring, partly to tease her but partly, well, because I liked looking at it.

She blushed a little. "Well, you're not supposed to notice."

"Can't help noticing."

"They're just breasts."

"I love breasts."

She snorted, then kind of covered her cleavage with one hand. But a couple of seconds later she teasingly jerked down one of the sides to expose a hard pink nipple. She giggled, then jerked it back up again as I let my tongue fall out and panted like a dog.

"Horny bastard," she grinned. "Drooling over your own sister."

"Anyone would drool over a sister like you."

"Oooo, you're being nice to me," she said coyly. "You must want something. I wonder what."

She tugged the top down again and exposed that gorgeous little nipple once more, then pulled it back up with a laugh.

"You know, since we've got such a private back yard, you should sunbath topless."

She laughed in delight, then, grinning, undid her top, covering her breasts with her arm as she shrugged it off.

"Come on. Chicken!" I said, urging her on.

She was blushing more now, but she slowly pulled her arms back, then kind of sat back, breasts exposed to the sun and my eyes. She was watching me excitedly, both nipples hard, breathing getting rougher. I was getting hot, and I guessed she was too.

I looked at her, then raised my hand, making my intentions obvious as I moved it towards her breasts. She gasped, but didn't move, leaning back, her hands on the ground behind her as my hand slowly came down on one of her breasts. I caressed it slowly, then let my fingers press in, squeezing and kneading the firm round orb.

She turned her head, looking around nervously for a second, then turning back, watching excitedly as my hand stroked her breast.

"Gorgeous," I whispered.

I twisted further, then cupped both breasts, watched her eyes for a second, then bent and took one nipple into my mouth.

"Greg!" she gasped.

Her hand came down on my head for a second, then eased off, and she let out a little groan as I tongued her nipple and started sucking rhythmically.

"We...shouldn't be...d-doing this," she gasped as I nibbled on her flesh.

I let my hand ease down her body and between her thighs. Again she gasped as I covered her pussy, squeezing it through her bikini. "God!" she whispered.

I rubbed my hand against her and she slowly lay back on the pavement next to the pool. My lips followed her down, sucking and licking at her beautiful breasts as my hand continued to rub back and forth against her pussy. I slid my hand up, then eased the fingers into the waistband, feeling the incredible softness of her lower belly as I pushed it down inside.

Then came the first little fringes of her pussy hair, then more, then the small indentation of her slit. She let out another gasp, and her legs spread wider as my hand palmed her sex once more, this time inside the bikini.

I squeezed her, then began to rub my hand up and down. I eased a finger between her now damp pussy lips, slowly pushing it up into her pussy as I rubbed. I kept my hand in motion, rubbing up and down as I pumped, then found her clit with my thumb and began to stroke it.

"Oh Fuck!" she cried. "Jesus, Greg!"

My prick was rock hard inside my own bathing suit, and my mind was burning up with sexual fever. "Fuck her! Fuck her!" it was telling me.

I pulled my hand up and sat up, then slid into the water and turned to face her. My burning cock wasn't at all subdued by the cold water as I gripped Kelly's waistband and tugged her panties down her legs and off. She stared at me, then closed her eyes as her legs came apart.

I gripped her hips, pulling her down a little so her bottom was right at the edge of the pool, then bent over her, licking at her breasts again, then licking my way down her body to her pussy.

Soon she was humping up at me, her body making slow, undulating motions as my tongue lapped at her clit. Her arms were up and out, laying flat, her head rolling slowly as she panted for breath. Now and then she'd curse softly or moan.

We were at the shallow end of the pool, and the edge was almost level with my thighs. I straightened up and rubbed my wet prick up and down her slit. She lifted her head, jaw slack, staring at me, watching my cock as it rubbed against her.

She bit her lower lip, then I pushed forward and she groaned, letting her head fall back as I entered her. She wasn't a virgin, but she was damned tight, and I

pushed slowly, drawing a lot of groans before I was buried inside her.

"Oh God!" she groaned.

I started pumping, gripping Kelly's hips as I sent my stiff prick sliding in and out of her pussy. She arched her back after just seconds and came around me, jerking and bouncing her bottom on the ground as her arms reached out stiffly, hands splayed.

i pumped harder, wild now, slamming into her as she grunted below me. I dropped atop her, crushing her lips with mine, my tongue darting into her mouth as my hips worked furiously. Her hands slid down and squeezed my behind, jerking me into her as I pumped, and then she came again. legs jerking up and wrapping around me as I came inside her.

In retrospect, I don't think it was at all weird, Kelly and I getting together. What's weird is it took so long. I always liked her, after all, not just as a brother but, you know... Anyway, she was a great fuck, and I'm sure we'll be doing more of that when we next get the opportunity. - Greg W., Miami FL.

My Brother's Girl

I've always thought my niece, Tamara was a hot little fox. She's my brother Mike's oldest, just out of college. She's a petite girl, just under five feet, but with a slim, but curvy body and long brown hair.

With interest rates being what they are, and her with some money left over from her college fund, she decided to buy a house and rent out the extra rooms to make the payments. I'm a real estate agent, so it was natural she'd come to me.

We were in each other's company for hours, going from place to place, talking about this and that, and I really got to like her. I don't think I was consciously trying to flirt with her, but just making a few teasing jokes about who she should find to live with her and how much she ought to charge them.

Anyway, we wound up flirting and teasing each other as we checked out a variety of houses, and it was damned hard to hide the fact that I thought she was an awfully attractive young woman. I knew she was kind of flattered, but had no idea if she had any interest in me.

We were alone in a large house towards the end of the day, and we were in the master bath, which featured both a tub and a separate shower enclosure.

"So, like, I can do it standing up or laying down," she said, grinning at me.

"I don't know," I said. "That shower looks a bit small. You might want to test it out first."

She grinned, then stepped into the shower and closed the clear glass door.

"That's not a very accurate test," I said.

She opened the door again. "You're right. I need another person in here."

I kind of sauntered in, closing the door. It was a tight fit, with my chest only inches from her small breasts as we grinned at each other.

"So do you think you can do it in here?" I asked.

"Let's see," she said.

Then she jerked up on the water lever and the water poured out of the shower. I yelled and tried to pull away but she screamed in delight and grabbed me, holding me under the water so I got soaked.

"You little brat!" I yelled.

I smacked her bottom and she yelped and leaped, but kept laughing as I turned the water off.

"You have to test things thoroughly," she said with a big grin, her hair soaked and her white blouse now plastered against her body. I took a deep breath when I saw her small, pointed breasts were almost totally visible now, and bra-less.

I watched her eyes then, and brought my hands up slowly. I cupped her cheeks, and the smile slowly faded. She stared at me, not moving, and I leaned in, kissing her gently on the lips.

She didn't seem to respond at first, but when I leaned in again her lips welcomed me. I slid my arms around her and pulled her slim body in against mine

as our tongues moved slowly together. My hands eased down her back and I grabbed her transparent top, sliding it up and off.

Then...it was like we both started to get crazy with lust. We were tearing each other's wet clothes off, our hands racing over each other's wet bodies. I had her up against the wall, and then, with barely a hint of a mental apology to my brother, I rammed myself up into her and lifted her up into my arms.

Her legs and arms went around me as our lips locked together, and she started to bounce and grind her pussy around my cock. Her thighs were surprisingly powerful and she squeezed and released, squeezed and released as I lifted her up and down on my raging hard-on.

I swear our lips never came apart during the whole, furious fuck, with her bouncing and jerking against me and my fingers digging into her soft buttocks as I thrust up into her.

It ended as quickly as it started, and I sank to my knees there in the shower stall, both of us panting for breath, Tamara still in my arms and my cock softening inside her.

Almost as soon as our lust drained away we felt kind of awkward and embarrassed. She pulled back and we opened the shower door and pulled our things out.

"Everything's all wet," she muttered, dropping her things on the bathroom counter and grabbing at her panties. She twisted them, wringing them out, then quickly stepped into them.

It was actually a thong, and when my eyes focused on her perfect little bottom with that narrow strip of white up between her apple cheeks I felt a renewed surge of excitement that left me almost breathless.

"Jesus, you look beautiful," I said in awe.

She turned, blinking her eyes in surprise, then blushed a little

"You are so incredibly sexy," I said.

"You're just saying that," she said, pleased.

"And why would I say it if I didn't think it?"

I moved over to her and when she turned towards the mirror I cupped her bottom, rubbing and stroking it as she stared at me in the mirror. I turned her then and pulled her into my arms. The heat started to rise again, and soon we were on the floor, the thong gone and my cock hammering away at her cervix.

This time I held out longer, having already come once, and got to watch Tamara's eyes close and her head jerk back again and again as she came beneath me. I lifted her legs up and back, raising her bottom towards me, and started to really pound down into her.

She shuddered to every deep thrust, and her eyes seemed to bulge a little every time my cockhead plunged into the deepest pit of her tight little pussy. She seemed to go limp, her muscles loosening as she lay there absorbing the hard, deep fucking. Only her eyes and slack jaw showed anything as my cock thrust down into her repeatedly.

Then she flung her head back again, her neck straining, a long, warbling groan of pleasure emerging as her body shook beneath me. The shaking grew more and more violent, and her arms kind of bounced and jerked on the floor as I held her legs pinned back and continued to thrust.

That was too much for me and I came a second time, pumping wildly as the fires exploded down in my cock and what felt like gallons of jism poured into her.

We had to lay there for long minutes after that just to get our breath back. She was girlish and excited, really high on what she later told me was the best fuck she'd ever gotten. She was in no hurry to dress, and had me show her the rest of the house naked while our things dried.

Naturally, that wound up exciting us both again, and she dropped to her knees in the kitchen and sucked me hard again. I lifted her up onto the counter then and fucked her for a third time, her head rolling from side to side as she groaned and whined like a bitch in heat.

That was the only time Tamarra and I have gotten together in the biblical sense. She bought the house and got two roommates to move in. As before, we see each other only when the family gets together. Still, we always look at each other with little knowing grins, and we flirt when no one is around.

Maybe the next time she's in the market for a house...

- Dave R., Boston, MA

Getting to Know You

My family seldom gets together. I don't mean my brother and sister and I, but my larger family, cousins, uncles and aunts. So when my cousin Tracy called everyone to her place for her parents' twenty fifth wedding anniversary I was kind of glad to go.

I recognized all my uncles and aunts, at least, but I hadn't seen most of my cousins in ten years or more. It was cool to get talking with them again and find out what they were doing.

The party spread through the house, with some people in the den, some in a downstairs rec room, and others out front and back.

I moved from person to person, talking to this aunt, then that uncle, then introducing myself to a cousin or two.

One of the most interesting guys there was my cousin Ian, who filled out his jeans so nicely he drew my eye almost as soon as I showed up at the house. I introduced myself and both of us looked each other over admiringly. He was tall, with a good build easily seen through a thin T-shirt. He had short blonde hair and a narrow, handsome face.

I hadn't worn anything particularly sexy, and was wearing a short tank top and a pair of loose overalls. Still, my chest filled out the tank fairly nicely, and my long brown hair shone and glistened in the sun.

I felt a kind of instant connection with him. In a way, the fact we were cousins took away all the pressure. I mean, nothing was going to happen, right? So I could admire his nice physique and maybe flirt a little without worry.

We chatted for a while about life, our jobs, his family, and then another cousin, Jeff, came over. He was a first cousin, just like Ian, but from a different uncle and aunt. You could still see the resemblance between them, though.

Jeff was shorter than Ian, with longer brown hair. He had a rock group that played some local clubs, and we talked about that for a while. It felt kind of neat having these two good looking guys there flirting with me, but there was still no real pressure.

I was fantasizing a little, though, about what it would be like, you know, going out with one or the other. Then Jeff's sister Kathy came over and the sexual tension I had been feeling kind of dissipated.

I wound up drifting into conversations with other relatives, and eventually went back inside to refresh my drink. I trotted upstairs to use the bathroom then, and just as I came out I saw Jeff disappearing through the half closed door of one of the bedrooms.

I edged back into the bathroom, checked my bangs, then followed him, slipping through the door and going into a lilac smelling bedroom.

Jeff, or at least, his backside, was sticking out of a closet as he poked around in a box there.

"Now that's showing `em your good side," I said, strolling up behind him.

He looked around and snorted. "Hey," he said.

"Hey," I said, looking down at his butt. "What you doing in here?"

"Looking for gran's family album."

"Oooo, old photos," I said.

"Yeah, exciting doesn't begin to describe it."

He sat down on the floor, crossing his legs, and pulled a bunch of books onto his lap. I sat down next to him, gazing down at them as he leafed through them.

"She wants the one that has them on the cruise ship coming over from Europe."

"Cool. I've never been on a cruise ship."

"Me neither." He turned, and so did I, and we looked at each other from inches away for long seconds, then he turned his eyes back to the albums and books on his lap.

"I wouldn't mind doing it some day," he said.

"Me neither. The idea of spending all day in my bikini soaking up the sun and looking out at the ocean is great."

"I bet you'd look good in a bikini," he said with a flirty grin.

"You'd win that bet," I said with a cocky look. "You should see my green one. It's a thong."

"I want to see that," he said.

We were inches away from each other, and our lips just kind of eased together slowly until they were pressing softly together. I mean, it was almost literally like a magnetic attraction, and butterflies were circling in my belly as we turned our bodies to each other and our arms slid around each other.

A soft, testing kiss turned harder, our lips sliding over each other. I eased my tongue out, parting my lips slightly and sliding it along between them, then Jeff's pushed out. An instant later we had our tongues in each other's mouths and the heat was rising up around me.

His fingers massaged my back through my shirt, and then like magic his other hand was easing around my side and under the front of my overalls to squeeze one of my breasts.

I felt a hot thrill rip through me and moaned into his mouth. One of the straps of my overalls had already slipped off my shoulder, and his fingers nimbly pushed the other over. The top of my overalls dropped down to my lap and his hand was magically up beneath my short, cropped tank and squeezing my bare breast.

I felt wild and slutty, and my breast was burning in his hand, the nipple flickering with electricity as he thumbed it. He yanked up the crop and pulled his lips off mine, then took my nipple and much of the middle of my breast into his mouth, sucking and licking excitedly as I let my head roll back slowly, groaning in sensuous pleasure.

I reached down and shoved the albums off his lap, cupping his hardening cock through his jeans, rubbing my palm up and down it as it lengthened and stiffened inside his pants.

He yanked my tank up and off, cupping and squeezing both breasts as he eased his weight against me, pushing me down to the floor on my back. His hand slid up and down my body, then easily down into the loose front of my overalls.

I gasped and my legs jerked on the floor as his fingers slipped inside my panties, and my hips began to grind helplessly up as he expertly found my clit and massaged it.

A moment later we were both startled by voices just outside the door. Jeff jerked off me and I jerked my arms in over my breasts. But it was just Aunt Helen talking to Aunt Meg at the bathroom. The bathroom door closed and we heard feet going down the stairs.

I giggled, biting my lip, and Jeff grinned, then crawled to the door and closed it. He stood up and pulled me to my feet, and my coveralls slid down to my ankles as we kissed again. I tugged his t-shirt up and off and ran my hands over his chest, then pressed my own breasts against it, sighing in pleasure as we kissed, loving the softness of his skin against me.

He cupped my bare bottom and then squeezed hard as he lifted me. The overalls dropped off and he swung me around, then carried me to the bed.

"Wait!" I gasped, wriggling free. "They'll notice if we use the bed!"

We were in Aunt Carol's house, and she was a prune faced neat freak. The bed was immaculately made and pristine.

"Who needs a bed?" I gasped, cupping his crotch and rubbing it.

We kissed again as I undid his pants. He was hard and hot inside as my fingers squirmed in. Then I jerked his pants down and eased down to my knees, taking it into my hands and gazing at it before licking at the underside of the head.

"This is pretty," I said coyly, lapping around the head.

I took it into my mouth then, sucking wetly, bobbing my lips up and down as his fingers slid through my hair.

He gripped my arm and pulled me up. "I...want to fuck you," he panted, eyes hungry and wild.

He jerked off his pants as I slipped my panties down, then I turned and bent over a table, spreading my legs as he moved behind me.

I felt like an incredible slut, but in a wild, elated way, my body burning with excitement and lust as Jeff rubbed his wet cockhead up and down against my slit. Then he pushed in slowly, and I leaned over further, groaning as I shifted my feet further apart.

He drove deep, and I luxuriated in the fullness inside me as he pushed his hips in tightly against my bottom. He leaned over me, licking along the nape of his neck as his hand stroked up my side and cupped one of my breasts.

Then he started to pump, slowly and steadily, both of us gasping in pleasure. I closed my eyes, trembling in the grip of a tremendous lust, thrusting myself back now as my pussy boiled around his pumping cock.

I was approaching orgasm, and so far gone I hardly cared when the door opened. I gasped dazedly, blinking my eyes at the figure standing in the doorway, alarm starting to cut through the haze of sexual heat gripping me.

"In or out, man," Jeff snapped.

Ian came in and closed the door, standing with his back against it as Jeff started pumping again.

"I can't believe you didn't even lock the fuckin' door," he said.

"There's no lock. Anyway, I was...uh...distracted," Jeff gasped, thrusting faster and faster, his hips slapping against my buttocks as his prick skewered me.

Ian looked on, and I felt a swirling mixture of embarrassment and excitement at his presence. I should have been mortified, I suppose, and if I wasn't so hot I would have. But with Jeff's prick slamming into me like a piston and my own juices bubbling and churning I just lay myself back on the table and grunted with rising pleasure.

"Yeah! Yeah!" Jeff gasped, burying his prong inside me and grinding his hips against my bottom.

He pulled out and thrust in hard once more, and I could feel his cock softening inside me.

"God that's nice," he panted.

He eased back, and Ian and I looked at each other. I hadn't yet come and was feeling a hot, deep lust as I bent over the table. My nipples felt like hard little diamonds, and my pussy felt wet, swollen and exposed as Ian moved forward. I moaned softly as he moved around me, feeling his eyes on my bottom and pussy, then ground back sluttishly as his fingers stroked along my slit.

I turned my head and watched him undo his pants, then turned forward again, gripping the sides of the narrow table as he drove himself into me. His hands slid along my body, up and down my back, massaging my shoulders, then down along my side.

His cock slid forward as if there were no end to it, and I groaned low in my throat as it pushed deep, pumping in shallow strokes.

Then I felt his hips against my bare behind as his hands slid under me to cup my breasts. I began to hump lightly, jamming myself back and rolling my hips as he sighed in contentment

Jeff had moved back at first, but as he watched with eager eyes I could sense he was becoming hot again. He undid his pants, which he'd fastened, then moved forward to the side of the table.

My eyes were half closed. I was getting closer and closer to coming and didn't want to pay attention to anything but the fat cock pumping inside me. But then Jeff slapped at my face with his cock and I opened my eyes to see it half hard again already.

I twisted my head towards the side of the table and opened my mouth to take it in, moaning softly around it as I started to suck. Ian pumped faster behind me, jamming my hips into the edge of the table as he thrust deep and hard. I grunted around Jeff's cock, lapping and sucking as it hardened.

He ran his fingers roughly through my hair, his other hand stroking and fondling my breast as he started to pump.

I felt a surge of elated, wicked excitement, then blasted into a wonderful climax that had me shaking and jerking between the two, pleasure ripping through my chest and taking my breath away.

Then the door opened again - though I hardly noticed it, and Jeff and Ian both cursed in dismay. I looked up, groaning, and saw a wide eyed woman standing there, fortunately another cousin and not one of our aunts and uncles.

"Holy shit!" she said. "And here I thought things were so boring."

Jeff and Ian had yanked themselves out of me and were fumbling at their pants as Kelly, Jeff's brother, leaned against the door and grinned in amusement.

"Close the door!" Jeff snapped.

Kelly snickered, then came in and closed the door, leaning back against it, arms across her chest.

"You guys should have at least locked the door," she said.

"There's no lock on it!" both of them said at the same time.

Kelly ignored them, looking at me. I licked my lips, then started to push myself up off the table, face flushing.

She was tall and thin, and had very short blonde hair, almost a crewcut. She wore jeans and a blue top, and was very much out of the closet as the family's only known lesbian.

"I bet this would liven up the gossip downstairs," she said smugly.

"Don't tell anyone," her brother ordered.

She smirked at him, then turned her eyes back to me again.

"Well, I don't know," she said. "It'd be such a great story."

She sauntered forward, and I kind of held myself pushed in against the table to hide my lower half. I had my arms across my breasts by now and was looking at her warily. I realized almost at once that she was interested in me, and felt a mixture of embarrassment and excitement.

The fact is I'd never been with a woman before, and felt almost like a virgin as she looked me over. But being naked in a room full of clothed people also made me feel incredibly sexual and trappy, and right then and there the idea of doing it with Kelly awakened something deep inside me.

I could see the guys exchanging glances, could see their own shocked excitement as Kelly ran her hand up and down my bare shoulder. She gripped one wrist and I let her pull it away, turning myself from the table as her eyes roamed my body.

"You look even better than I imagined," she said in a husky voice. "Why are you wasting your time with these idiots?"

"Some...something to do," I gulped.

She cupped my breasts and let her hands slide from side to side along them, then her hands moved up to grip my head and jerk me forward and up. Her lips came down on mine with sudden, voracious hunger, and I waved my arms unsteadily, rising to my toes as she pulled me up against her.

Her lips crushed mine with bruising force, her tongue driving deep and roaming over the roof of my mouth, then along my cheeks, then twirling along my own tongue as my hands finally came down on her shoulders.

She pulled back, leaving me gulping in air, and half turned her head towards the guys negligently. "Someone stand against the fucking door, at least," she said.

Ian moved to obey, his eyes never leaving us as Jeff sat shakily on a chair and looked on.

She gripped my long hair, gently but firmly pulling it back, and causing my back to arch, then ran her hand up and down my taut, straining body, caressing my breasts, fingering my aching nipples, then rubbing my stomach before sliding in between my legs and squeezing me.

She bent, licking at one of my breasts, her tongue pushing out and sliding slowly and firmly up over the round globe, pausing to twirl against my burning nipple, then down the other side. She darted back, sucking the nipple into her mouth and chewing on the surrounding flesh as both her hands moved to squeeze my swollen mounds.

She chewed and sucked from one breast to the other, then stood up, eyes shining, and with a single move jerked her shirt up and off to reveal two small, conical breasts. She undid her belt and then shoved her pants and panties down, climbing out of them with no apparent shame that Ian and Jeff were watching.

Then she pulled my head in against one of her breasts. I gripped her thin sides, licking and sucking at one of her small pink nipples as her hand moved up and down

my back. I heard one of the guys hiss in excitement, but ignored them, concentrating on licking and sucking, head tense with the pressure of excitement.

Kelly pushed me down then, forceful but slow, and I eased down onto my knees in front of her and she shifted her straight legs apart to reveal a shaved little pussy crack.

I looked at it anxiously, then recalled the ways I'd been eaten in the past and eased forward. I licked up and down along her groin next to the slit, avoiding it at first, then let my thumbs gently press in and ease her tight pussy lips apart.

I pushed my tongue forward, heady now with the wanton wickedness of what I was doing, driving my tongue as deep into her hole as I could, jamming my face up against her moist, pink pussy opening as she gripped my head and began to grind her hips.

I sought upwards for her clitty and found it, lapping lightly, then with growing pressure.

"Give me that chair," I heard her order.

I saw nothing, for my face was buried in her pussy. But then she pulled back, sitting down on the straight-backed chair Jeff had been using, drawing her knees up and back as she pulled me down into her pussy once again.

"You look pretty hard," she said. "Why don't you finish fucking her?"

Again I could see little, just sense movement off to my left. But then I felt another hand at my bottom, and spread my legs wide as I lapped repeatedly at Kelly's clit.

I felt a hard cock against me, then grunted with pleasure as it pushed inside, thrusting hard and continuing to pump from the first contact.

Kelly continued to stroke my back and head and shoulders as I lapped at her clit as my body jerked in time to the hard thrusting behind me.

I closed my lips against her clit and started sucking, and I heard her quavering voice as she pulled down harder on my head.

My breasts were squeezed, one by her and one by either Ian or Jeff, and my body rocked back and forth to his pumping as I kept my lips locked to her clit and sucked rhythmically.

"Shit! Oh shit! Oh fuck!" she cried, jamming me down even harder and bucking up against me.

I continued sucking, harder now as she moaned and writhed on the chair, her legs coming around me and her feet coming down on my shoulders as she tried to pull my entire face up her pussy.

Then Jeff cursed behind me and I felt him pick up the pace, his hips bouncing off my buttocks as he speared me with his hungry cock.

Kelly loosened her hold on me and I raised my head, looking up at her smiling, satisfied face.

"Not bad for a breeder girl," she said between breaths.

"Think you could do better, dyke?" I panted.

She grinned and nodded. "Yeah, but not with your pussy full of come."

She stood up as I eased back onto my heels, then pulled me up to my feet. "Watch and learn," she said, pushing me back against the table.

With one of my buttocks half resting on it she kind of lifted my left leg up, the muscles in her arm bunching as she pulled it higher and higher, straining my tendons as she moved in against me.

She straddled the other leg, then raised her own right leg, laying it across the table as she brought our pussies in tight together. The sensation was delicious, and she began to grind herself against me almost at once.

I immediately felt regretful that my own pussy wasn't shaved bare, because I knew somehow that the sensations would have been even more wonderful as her soft pussy lips mashed against mine.

She had her arm around me, and pulled me in against her, our tongues probing within each other's mouths once again, our breasts rubbing together as my excitement mounted higher and higher.

I came suddenly, with only an instant's warning, arching my back and letting my head fall back as I gurgled in helpless, shocked delight, my entire body jerking and heaving against her.

She licked along the nape of my neck, squeezing one of my breasts as I came, grinding furiously. Then when I slumped she laughed and pulled back, letting my leg down slowly and pushing me back so I could lay back along the table.

"That was fun," she said, grabbing her pants and stepping into them. "We must do it again."

"Shit," Ian groaned.

She turned and gave him a smirk. "Got a hard-on, Ian?"

"You're goddam right I do!"

"Well don't look at me with it."

I waved a hand at Ian as I lay there in pleasant, weary languor, and he moved quickly forward, jerking his pants down. Kelly put on her top and then kind of leaned against the door as Ian thrust into me and humped madly for several minutes.

Then the three of them helped me dress and we tidied up as best we could before heading back downstairs. Nobody had missed us, and nobody, of course, was the least suspicious about us anyway. But the four of us spent the rest of the day exchanging knowing looks.

As for knowing, those are three cousins I'll never forget the names of now, especially since I accepted Kelly's invitation to come to her house and meet her girlfriend Nancy. I have a feeling being kissing cousins will keep us a lot closer than we ever had been before. Jennifer S., Pittsburgh, PA

Surprise Lover

I never ever thought about incest myself until the most bizarre experience I had last year. I mean, it was wrong, and that was as far as my thinking went.

But I wasn't entirely happy with my own sex life. I love my husband. We've been married for fourteen years. We have three wonderful kids. But I kept repressing this sexual fantasy of having sex with another woman. I dared not express it to Paul, for even the vaguest of hints had him muttering in disapproval.

So instead I placed an anonymous ad in the personals section of one of the local handout newspapers, one that catered to the fast set. It said I was curious about sex with a woman, and was looking for a woman who had some experience to show me what it was like.

I was very nervous about it, and even more nervous when I got a response. I set up a meeting with the woman who called herself "Beth" for a coffee shop near my house.

When I got there I was horrified to see my niece Rebecca sitting in one of the booths alone. My mind was spinning with how I would explain my meeting here with some woman, and how I could possibly talk to this strange woman with Rebecca present when her open mouthed gaping expression and the brown suede jacket she was wearing finally made me realize what had happened.

The girl I was to meet, "Beth", had said she was twenty, had long blonde hair, and would be wearing a suede jacket. Rebecca was the woman.

It was too late to turn and run either. I had described myself as thirty three, short, with long brown hair, and had said I'd be wearing a yellow tartan scarf. And from the look on Rebecca's face she had recognized me.

There was nothing for it but to sit down at her table and, with both of us red faced, try to mumble out explanations.

She got over her shock far quicker than I did, though, and was even giggling and laughing about the whole thing. She promised not to tell her father - my brother, and we even went back to my place - I thought for coffee.

But when I came out of the kitchen after putting on the coffee I found her standing there in just a small lace G-string, a matching half bra, and a ribbon around her neck. God, she looked beautiful, and I just stared for long seconds as she walked up to me.

"What do you think, Auntie Laura?" she asked with a smile.

"You're beautiful," I blurted.

"I've always thought you were beautiful too," she said, taking my hand and lifting it to her lips.

She kissed at the back of my hand as my mind whirled, then leaned in and kissed me very softly on the lips. I tried to fight down the rising heat within me, but when she cupped my behind and dipped her tongue into my mouth I was gone.

Her firm, big breasts were pressing against me as our tongue duelled, and the heat crushed me in its embrace as she tugged my sweater up and off, then slid my

shirt off to reveal my small breasts, the nipples painfully stiff.

She removed her own bra and rubbed our breasts together, stroking her hands over my back. Then she lowered her lips to them, sucking and chewing as her hands tugged my pants down.

I thought I was going mad, frankly, and my mind, though sweltering under the sexual heat pouring through me, kept trying to remind me this was my niece and I shouldn't be even thinking about doing this with her.

But Rebecca had other ideas, and when she dropped to her knees and started licking at my pussy my mind just blew apart. I was jerking and gasping and sobbing as she held me pinned to the wall, my bottom slapping and squirming against it as her mouth turned my insides to mush.

Oh my God could she eat pussy! I had never in my life felt anything so good as that girl's tongue against my clit.

Her strong hands held my thighs against the wall as I shook and rolled and jerked through not one orgasm but two, then I collapsed into her arms and she held me like I was a child, smiling and stroking me gently until my shaking subsided.

Very seldom did I have an orgasm during sex, and I'd had two with her. I was amazed.

But Rebecca was just getting started. She licked me to a third orgasm there on the floor, then stood and stripped off her panties. She helped me to my feet, and to my surprise, bent and hefted me up over her shoulders. Well, she was almost a foot taller, but I felt so...so conquered by her, so completely at her mercy as she carried me down the hall and into my bedroom.

God, I was burning. I was in awe of her as she set me on my bed then climbed atop me. We kissed for long, long, exquisite minutes, our bodies sliding together like they were made for each other.

"Spread your legs, aunt Laura," she whispered finally.

I obeyed and she spread hers as well, kind of arching up off me and grinding her pussy against mine.

Oh it was so beautiful, the feel of her soft pussy against my own as our bodies rubbed together and our tongues danced. I thought it could go on forever.

I came again, and then, much to my joy, she started grinding faster and faster, her face flushed and mouth slack as she arched her back. I reached up and squeezed her big, beautiful breasts as she climaxed, delighted by her pleasure.

And then, after more stroking, she urged me between her legs, and I lapped at her pussy. I was hesitant at first, but she helped, and soon I had my young niece squirming and humping up against me. I made her climax once, then she shifted around and we sixty-nined.

Then I tried to imitate everything her tongue was doing to me, but still came twice more before she came herself.

Yet still there was more. She produced a large, double headed dildo, and worked one end into each of us before scissoring our legs together and grinding our pussies once more. The feeling was indescribable, and I thought I'd go insane with the power of the climax that shook me to my soul.

All day we fucked, sometimes rubbing pussies, sometimes fingering and petting, sometimes licking at each other, and sometimes pumping that dildo. We bathed together, sliding our soapy bodies over one another as we kissed, then did each other's hair before going back to the bed.

She had come back to my apartment just after ten, and at four, when I heard the kids come in, we were still going at it. Thank God for locked doors!

Rebecca and I quickly dressed, and none of the kids thought anything strange about their cousin being over for a visit. Rebecca left with a wink and a kiss, and I knew that sex with a woman - and with Rebecca - was something I wanted to experience more of.

-Mrs. Laura S., Chicago, IL

Anal Sister

I know a guy isn't supposed to think about his sister as a woman, much less fuck her, but how many guys arrive home to find their sisters on all fours, blowing one guy while another fucks her from behind?

Leslie was a year younger than me then, just nineteen, and she has, frankly, a fantastic, fucking body. I mean she has big, high breasts, long perfect legs, and an ass that every guy in our high school had longed for.

When I came in early from work last week I came in the back door and got a beer from the fridge. I had just opened it when I heard her voice crying out from the living room.

"Oh fuck! Harder!" her voice cried. "Yes! Yes!"

I frowned and moved to the hall, then looked around the corner into the living room. There was Leslie, her long hair wrapped around the fist of a very large, muscular naked guy at least ten years older than her. Her lips were wrapped around the guy's cock as she bobbed them up and down.

Her breasts were swinging back and forth below her as she knelt there, and another big muscular guy was giving it to her from behind, his hips smacking into her buttocks as he rode her. I watched in stunned amazement as he slid one of his hands up her body, then cupped one of her breasts, squeezing it tightly.

Okay, she was my sister, but my cock sprang up in an instant as I eased back and watched.

"Yeah. Suck it, baby," one of the guys growled.

"Tight pussy," the one behind her gasped.

Then he gave a hard flurry of strokes and halted, hands on my sister's back as he gasped for breath.

Leslie pulled her lips off the other guy's cock and whirled around, spreading her legs as he moved in and thrust home.

He fucked so hard he was actually driving her across the floor, his hips slamming into her upturned buttocks and jerking her forward on her hands with every stroke.

Leslie jerked her head up and back and her eyes closed as she took it, then she started tossing her head up and down, and her mouth opened as she gulped in air. Then she started crying out in pleasure, sharp little yaps at first, then long curses of pleasure as she came, her voice rising into a scream as the guy pounded his meat into her furiously.

She fell forward onto her elbows, then her shoulders as the climax passed, and the guy, having come as well, eased back onto his heels. I went back outside and waited for a few minutes for the guys to leave, feeling too fucking horny for my slutty sister to be mad at them for riding her like they had.

I went in the front door just as Leslie pulled a short dressing gown around herself. She whirled and looked at me in a kind of guilty way as she tied the belt around her narrow waist.

"What's wrong with you?" I asked.

"N-nothing's wrong? Why?"

"You're in your dressing gown this late in the day?"

"I was...changing."

I looked her up and down, noting her flushed skin and the sheen of sweat on her forehead, then laughed.

"What's so funny?" she demanded.

"You've got some come on your cheek," I said with a smirk.

Her jaw dropped and she reached up automatically, then glared at me.

"Just changing, huh? I saw those two guys leaving."

"What guys?"

"Okay, I'm wrong. You know how you've been wanting my room? If you open that robe and are wearing anything beneath I'll give it to you."

"Just because I don't have anything under here doesn't mean..."

"Okay, if your pussy doesn't have cream on it you can have my room."

She glowered at me, then sighed and rolled her eyes. "Are you going to tell mom and dad?"

"Hell no."

She looked down and saw the bulge in my pants, then kind of smirked. "The thought of me getting boned turn you on big brother?"

"Not nearly as much as the sight of you sucking one guy while the other fucked you a couple of minutes ago."

She blushed and her mouth opened.

"Yeah, I came in the back way.

"I hope you got an eyeful!" she flared.

"Sorry," I said. "But you ought to put a sign on the door or something 'I'm fucking, don't come in'."

Her face was beet red and I took pity on her.

"You looked gorgeous," I said. "Incredibly hot and sexy."

"Really?" She looked down at my crotch again, then up at me.

"Oh yeah. I wanted to jump in and join them."

She grinned, then reached forward and cupped my cock through my jeans. It grew under her hand and she smiled up at me teasingly. "Well nobody's stopping you now, big brother."

She undid her robe and shrugged it off, letting me drink in the sight of her hot, sexy body as she rubbed at my cock. She undid my jeans as I reached up and squeezed her breasts, then pushed them down and pulled my cock free.

She dropped to her knees in front of me right then and there, licking at my cockhead, then taking it into her mouth. I couldn't do a fucking thing but stand there and groan and run my fingers through her hair as her lips bobbed up and down on my burning tool.

She pulled back and looked up at me. "There's one thing I wanted that those guys didn't do," she said, pumping her hand on my now slick cock. "I wanted them to fuck me in the ass, but they just wanted my pussy."

I stared down at her in shock as she let go of my cock then turned and dropped onto all fours. She lowered her upper body to her shoulders, then reached back with both hands and gripped her buttocks, pulling them wide.

"You can fuck me as long as its in the ass, Mark," she panted.

Well, Christ, I sure wasn't going to turn that down. I was on my knees behind her in an instant and rubbing my saliva soaked prick against that little wrinkled hole.

I screwed myself in slowly, pushing my way through her tight rectum as my hands raced over her body. I sank my fingers deep into her breasts, grinding and squeezing and mauling it in delight as she groaned and concentrated on keeping her sphincter from clamping down.

Then my hips were flush with her soft skin and she pushed herself up onto all fours, rubbing her bottom back against me and groaning in delight.

"God it feels good back there!" she moaned. "I never had a cock up the ass before!"

"You got a gorgeous ass," I whispered, squeezing her breasts as I started to pump.

She started humping against me in tandem, and I quickly learned that Leslie wasn't a girl for soft gentle lovemaking. She wanted it hard, fast and nasty, and cursed me until I started accommodating her.

Soon my hips were slamming into a pair of soft buttocks that were still red from the slapping the other two guys had given them, and my prick was slicing back and forth in my sister's belly as I pounded my meat inside her.

"Fuck my ass! Fuck my ass!" she gasped with every breath, saying it like a mantra as she slammed her butt back to meet each thrust.

Then she stopped talking entirely, just grunting like an animal as I rode her. I grabbed her hair like one of the other guys had done, yanking it back, holding it in both hands like the reins of a spirited filly as my cock skewered her hot, steaming little rectal tunnel.

She started cursing and moaning and then screaming in pleasure as she came, her head back, her insides sucking like a mouth on my prick as I continued to hammer it home. That was too much for me and I exploded inside her, whitewashing her bowels with my sperm as she drank it all down.

We've fucked twice since then, once in the pussy and the second time up the ass again, and although it is a bit strange fucking my sister I can't say I'm not enjoying myself.

- Mark K., Springfield VT

My Special Girl

My daughter Karen and I slid into sex a little at a time. After my wife died Karen just kind of took over the role of woman of the house, even though she was only eighteen. Soon she was doing the cooking in the evening just as her mother had, demanding I toss my dirty laundry down to her, nagging me about doing household chores, and getting money from me for groceries and such.

It just seemed kind of natural to give her a little hug as she worked at the sink, to ruffle her hair, to give her behind a little squeeze now and then, and to kiss her in a friendly kind of way.

But the kisses became less fatherly over the following months. I mean, it wasn't long before I was kissing her on the lips, and letting it linger. And I was finding more and more reasons to give her hugs and squeezes.

With her long blonde hair, green eyes and narrow face she looked an awful lot like my wife had at her age, and maybe I was feeling lonely. Maybe Karen was too, for she seemed to bask in my little affectionate kisses and hugs. One time she squeezed my behind as she came up behind her too, and during one kiss her tongue darted out just a little, caressing my lips.

I became more and more aware of how round and firm her behind was, how gorgeous her long legs were as they protruded from those little nightshirts and jerseys she usually wore around the house, and how firm her young breasts looked as they pushed out against the thin fabric.

It seemed a small thing at first, to slide my hand up under her nightshirt to give her behind a squeeze. And when the next time I did it I found no panties I felt my cock throb even as we both pretended we weren't doing anything out of line.

It was almost six months after my wife died that soft hands slid over my body one night while I slept, waking me. Half sleeping, I felt her warm body against me, and at first thought of my wife.

I quickly realized it was Karen, though, and as my eyes opened fully they met hers, filled with love and apprehension. She kissed me softly, and my mind fluttered uncertainly even as my cock rose up between her thighs.

I could feel her firm breasts pillowed against my bare chest as we kissed, and after a slight hesitation rolled atop her. Her apprehension melted and she looked up at me joyfully as I slid my hands over her body.

I fingered small button nipples, then squeezed her soft breasts, lifting my head back to gaze down at them with pride and pleasure. My fingers squeezed and kneaded them and my mouth descended, sucking joyfully on one as my tongue lapped hungrily.

She lay back, closing her eyes and groaning in pleasure as my hands slid over her body, following the rounded contours, exploring the soft texture.

I licked down along her chest, down over her slender young belly, circling her belly button as her legs spread wider and I gazed at her honeyed center.

I licked up and down to either side of it, then let my tongue slide along her slit as she groaned and rolled her hips up at me. I let my tongue slide between her pussy lips and find her hole, then push into it, twirling around inside her as my fingers opened her up to my sight.

I licked up and down her pink cleft, tasting her woman's juices, then caught her engorged clit between my lips and began to suck rhythmically, in the same way my wife had loved. Karen began to gasp for breath and roll her hips up more and more frantically as I sucked.

Then she arched her back hard, letting out a long groan of release as she climaxed. Her legs jerked and bounced on the mattress and she gulped in air desperately, head thrashing from side to side as I sucked harder and harder.

Then she let out a final shudder and went limp as I eased my lips off and tongued her little hole. I slid my hands up her heaving chest to cup her breasts as my tongue pumped into her pussy slowly, and I caught at her nipples, pinching and twisting them gently.

I licked slowly around her clit, avoiding it at first, then letting my tongue gently glide across it, rewarded by a sharp little jerk of her hips.

I blew a stream of air against her little clit, then began to lick very slowly and softly. My licking grew faster and harder over the following minutes, and soon she was whining and moaning and grabbing at my hair as she humped up against my mouth.

I lifted my lips and slid up her body, sucking on one nipple briefly before joining my tongue to hers once more. I reached down for my engorged prick and centered it at her moist slit, then sank myself between her pussy lips, joyfully feeling a woman's body around my cock once again.

I was several inches deep when I met her cherry. I halted in shock, and she smiled up dreamily. "Do it, daddy," she whispered. "I want you inside me."

I thrust forward and she cried out softly, head going back, then her eyes opened and she smiled as my cock drove down through the tattered remnants of her hymen and buried itself in her hot young flesh.

"Yesssss," she groaned.

I let it lay there as we kissed, rolling my own hips a bit, grinding into her as she raised her knees and brought her legs around behind me.

"Fuck me, daddy," she whispered. "Fuck me...Michael."

I covered her lips with mine and started to pump, at first just using my stomach muscles to lift my bottom up and drop it down, pumping shallowly inside her. She was tight and hot and wet, and my excitement was mounting to dangerous heights, though. I started humping faster, using longer and longer strokes to give her the full length of my cockstroke.

The mattress shook beneath her as I thrust in deeply, and her arms gripped my tightly as she gasped and grunted and moaned to every stroke, her pussy squeezing and sucking on my boner as I pumped. I came suddenly, spewing my juices deep in her hot little tunnel.

She smiled in delight, raining kisses on my face as I slowed and my cock softened inside her. "My lover," she whispered, caressing my forehead with her hand.

I rolled slowly off, and she rolled with me, reaching down to squeeze my flaccid cock, then turning, straddling my face and licking at it. Soon we were in a sixty

nine, sucking and licking each other like the lovers we now were. When I hardened she twisted around, straddled my hips and sank herself down atop my cock.

She rode me for long minutes, climaxing again before taking more of my steamy stew up inside her body.

She wasn't then and never did use birth control. A year later she bore me a son, and within ten we had eight more kids, all healthy and happy. I know a lot of people would find our relationship wrong, but we love each other deeply, and what could be wrong with the sharing of love and happiness?

- Mike P., Fresno CA

Remembering Mom's Breasts

It was after I broke my ankle in a car accident that I first took more than a chaste interest in my mother.

To be honest, I'd always noticed mom's breasts, and been jealous of them. I mean, my own never grew past a thirty-two A cup. All through my teenage years I waited and hoped they would, but when I hit twenty I realized that was as far as they were going to get. They're nice and firm, but I've always wondered about women with really big breasts, like mom's.

As it happened, I was sitting back on the sofa and mom was bending over my leg, undoing my boot for me. She had on a loose summer top meant for wearing around the house, and as she bent the weight of her heavy breasts pressed it down, opening the whole wide neck before me.

Her breasts looked just magnificent. They were so full and firm that I found myself staring at them admiringly. Mom looked up then, caught the direction of my gaze, and smiled.

"Those aren't for you any more, Holly," she said.

I blushed and she chuckled as she bent again, pulling off my other shoe.

"How come I don't have big boobs like you?" I asked.

"Because you take after your father's side of the family."

"Damn them."

She laughed again, then straightened. "You have nice, perky little breasts," she said. "You don't have any reason to be jealous."

"I just...always wondered what big breasts like that would feel like," I confessed.

"They're just breasts," she said with a smile.

With that she reached down and gripped her light top, peeling it up and off. I stared at her in admiration. Despite being nearly twice my age she had a great body, with a narrow waist and flat tummy. Her breasts hardly appeared to sag at all as she flaunted them, arching her back proudly.

"I bet the guys all loved to get their hands on those," I said.

"Did they ever," she said.

"What do they...feel like?"

She shrugged and sat down beside me. "Feel," she offered.

Slightly taken aback at first, I reached over and cupped one of her big breasts, lifting it slightly, feeling its weight as my fingers sank into the soft flesh. It felt so incredibly sensual, the skin so soft and silky. I felt a sudden desire inside me, and squeezed my thighs together.

I watched her nipple harden before my eyes and my thumb reached up hesitantly. "You have really big nipples," I whispered, stroking my thumb across it.

"You used to be quite familiar with them," she said.

I looked up and smiled, then looked down again.

"Go ahead," she said in a slightly husky voice.

I was sure she didn't mean what I thought, then realized how I had been bending further and further over towards her breasts. I looked up and she nodded, face flushed.

I felt my own body tingle as I bent and slipped my lips around her big, raspberry sized nipple, sucking rhythmically like I had when I was a baby. I let my other hand rise and squeeze her other breast as I pushed my tongue out, lapping at her nipple while I suckled.

"That's so nice," she sighed, closing her eyes and laying her head back.

My fingers kneaded her full breasts, squeezing up and in and back again, revelling in the fullness, in how they sank right into all that warm breast. My mouth was widening, pulling in the flesh around her areola as I sucked hungrily.

Mom's hand slid up and down my back, then grasped the back of my own blouse, sliding it up, stroking my bare back, then pulling it over my head. I eased back momentarily to let her remove it, hardly aware of it. It was nothing but a minor distraction as I bent to suckle on her wonderful breasts again.

Mom's hand reached under and cupped my own small, cone shaped breast, fingering and then tugging on my stiff little pink nipples as I sucked dreamily.

"I've heard small breasts are more sensitive," she whispered, fingering and stroking my nipples.

Then she was gripping my shoulders and gently lifting me from her breast, pushing me back against the sofa as I blinked and gulped in air. She stroked my breasts, then bent, licking at my stiff little nipples, then letting her lips slide apart and taking one into her mouth.

I groaned and looked down as the pleasure washed over me, finding my breathing coming harder and faster as her hands stroked my body. Then one hand eased down between my legs, easing my short skirt up and coming in beneath, caressing my inner thigh, then, as I slumped back, easing into my panties and feeling my moist slit.

"Ohhh! Ohhh God!" I said in a choked voice, starting to shake.

Her finger eased between my swollen pussy lips and began to saw up and down between them, stroking directly across my burning little clit as I began to grind and writhe beneath her.

I humped up helplessly, head rolling as the waves of sexual pleasure swamped me. I spread my legs wide, slumping lower, pushing my pussy up against her as she rubbed. Then she bent two fingers and I cried out, barely able to breath now as they pushed into my body, sliding in to the knuckles and squirming around inside.

I came, my pussy spasming around mom's fingers, my bottom humping up feverishly against her as she sucked on my hot, throbbing little breasts.

I lay back, gasping for breath as mom giggled. Then I felt my skirt undone, and mom tugged it down, along with my panties. She gently parted my legs, lifting the one with the broken ankle up and apart so it was draped across the arm of the sofa.

She slid off the sofa and in between my legs, looking delightedly at my neatly trimmed little bush, then at my oozing little pussy slit. I stared dazedly down at her as she gently eased my pussy lips back, then pressed her face in and began to lick.

I've been licked by quite a few guys, but none ever came close to the gentle, sensual expertise mom displayed. Her tongue had me bucking and humping madly, and it was all I could do to stay sane as mom drove me into climax after climax.

When I finally begged her to stop she eased back onto her heels, grinning up at me.

"God you're good," I panted. "Nobody's ever eaten me like that."

"You've never been eaten by a woman then."

I shook my head weakly.

"Want to return the favor?"

I blushed a little nervously. "I've never done it," I said.

"I'll show you."

She stood and stripped off her pants, then spread her legs as I leaned forward. I licked my lips as she guided me in against her pussy, then ran my tongue up and down along it. She corrected me a few times, giving me gentle instructions, and soon she was gasping and moaning, gripping my head tightly as she ground her pussy in against my mouth.

When she came a tremendous feeling of satisfaction came over me.

I know some would be bothered by our little afternoon affair, but the pleasure and love we show each other only makes us closer. And I'm grateful now for that broken ankle. For it brought us a great deal of joy. - Holly K., Lancaster PA

Older and Wiser

Here's the thing that I love about my grandfather: He doesn't judge me. I mean, no matter what I do granddad doesn't tell me I screwed up or that I was stupid, or that I shouldn't do something for this or that reason. He doesn't even give advice unless I ask it and even then he just gives things in a calm voice that doesn't suggest I'm stupid.

Because of that he's always been the guy I take my problems to, the guy I go to when I want advice, especially about something I would never dare ask my parents.

That's not the only reason we get along so well, though. My grandfather is a pilot, just like I am. In fact, I got my first taste of flying from him and he taught me to fly. We share the same taste in books, love of nature, and dislike of bullshit and fools.

Granddad had often given me advise about guys, but I'd never really asked him a lot about sex until last fall. You see, last spring I lost my virginity at my high school prom. It wasn't exactly pure bliss. In fact, it was so - painful, messy and embarrassing, and over so fast I thought that Tony, the guy I'd given my cherry to, just didn't know what he was doing.

So a couple of months later I had sex with another guy, one I barely knew. It was even worse. It lasted longer, and hurt less, but it was embarrassing, I felt dirty, and there sure wasn't much pleasure.

My friends talked about how great sex was, and I guess I didn't want to appear like a, well, a novice in front of them, so I wasn't willing to confess that sex, to me, had been one big flat dud. I wondered if something was wrong with me, if I was frigid or what, and didn't know who I could talk to about it.

I sure couldn't talk to my parents.

So when granddad asked me if I wanted to go camping for a few days just before I was supposed to head off for college I jumped at the chance. I knew it would take some time to work up the courage to talk about sex to him, and a couple of days alone would be perfect.

He let me take off in his float plane, and we chatted about college, sororities, fraternities and aeronautical engineering - which was what I was going to take. Just like always the more time I spent with him the more comfortable I felt. And I was just waiting for the opportunity to bring up my little problem.

We touched down on a small lake deep in the woods, and I taxied towards shore, then stripped down to my bathing suit, jumped off the pontoon into the water, and pulled the rope to shore, tugging the plane after me.

I tied up as granddad stepped out onto the pontoon carrying our stuff, then waded back into the water, catching bags as he tossed them to me and then tossing them onto the rocky beach. He took off his shoes and, in shorts, followed me to shore and helped me set up camp.

With everything finally set up we sat down on a log next to our fire and made coffee, chatting again, and I finally brought up my problem.

"Can I ask you something about sex?" I said, blushing a bit.

"You can ask me anything, Jennie. You know that."

"You won't tell my mom or dad?"

He gave me a look, you know, like what I was asking was dumb.

"Sorry," I said. "It's just this is kind of personal."

"Shoot."

I looked down, licking my lips, a bit embarrassed. "Well, okay uh, I uh...I'm not a virgin any more."

I snuck a peek at his face but he didn't show any reaction.

"You're not mad or anything are you?"

"Shit no. Bound to happen sooner or later. I just hope you enjoyed yourself."

"Well...that's what I wanted to ask. Uhm, I didn't."

He nodded, not speaking.

"I mean, it was with a guy I liked, on my prom night, and...well...it just seemed to be...kind of messy and dirty and...and it didn't last very long, and it hurt and..."

I closed my mouth, biting my lip as he looked at me.

"It's just...people I know say how sex is supposed to be this fantastic experience, and well...it wasn't."

"It isn't always," he said. "It really depends on your frame of mind."

"But I wanted to," I protested. "I mean, I wasn't afraid or..."

"You were probably pretty anxious, though, weren't you? Tense? Worried?"

"Well, a bit but..."

"The boy you did it with. How long did he spend in preparation before entering you?"

I blushed at the casual words. "I don't know what you mean," I whispered.

"Petting, kissing, stroking. Did he eat you out first or..."

"God no!" I gasped, squirming uncomfortably.

"Why not? Women often need more time to get warmed up, especially virgins. What did he do, take your clothes off, spread your legs and just give it to you?"

"Kind of," I said, face burning.

"Well, now you know why you didn't enjoy it," he said with a sniff. "Young guys are idiots sometimes."

"But I tried another guy, an older one, and he wasn't any better."

"You tried him?"

I looked down.

"You need to be comfortable, Jen, relaxed and hopefully aroused, with someone you care for, someone who knows what they're doing and will help you explore your body."

"Will that make a difference? I mean, will it be..."

"How well you get into sex is up to you. Sex isn't really physical, you see, it's all mental."

"I don't understand," I sighed.

He smiled softly. "Let me ask you to do something."

I shrugged.

"Reach up and stroke your nipples."

I gaped at him, my face reddening again.

"Just stroke them through your bathing suit."

"Wh...why?" I gulped.

"To show you."

I looked down at my breasts, which suddenly felt almost bare. I was immediately aware that my grandfather was a man and I was a woman, and felt my face heating as my breasts seemed to swell and my nipples tightened inside my bathing suit.

I reached up slowly, very embarrassed, and felt my nipples already stiff against my top. I looked away, unable to meet his eyes as I rubbed my fingers against them, felt their exquisite tenderness.

"Now tell me something," he said. "How do you feel?"

"Embarrassed," I said.

"What else?"

"I don't know," I said evasively.

"Are you nipples and breasts feeling sensitive to the touch?"

I nodded jerkily.

"Do you think if you were all alone and just reached up and started rubbing them you'd feel like you do now?"

I shook my head, my short brown bangs flicking across my forehead and brushing my eyes.

"So what's the difference physically? Nothing at all. Then what's the difference in how they feel?"

I shrugged uncertainly, knowing in a way what he meant, but still confused.

He reached out, then halted, his fingers a foot away. "Do you mind?" he asked.

I stared at him again, then sort of shook my head, shocked.

His fingers reached down and gently rubbed against one of my erect nipples, then rolled it between his thumb and forefinger. The feeling was electric, and I inhaled sharply, gasping as my nipple quivered and tingled.

"Now it feels even more different, doesn't it? It feels different than when you touched it."

I nodded helplessly. "Why?" he said.

"I...don't know," I panted.

"Like I said, it's mental. The brain is the most powerful sex organ. That's a cliché but true."

I nodded.

"Why don't you take off your top?"

I felt a shockwave run through me, and a kind of heavy, liquid warmth grip my lower belly. I reached behind me and undid my top, then, blushing anew, pulled my top down and bared my breasts.

"How do you feel?"

"Embarrassed again," I gulped.

"What about aroused?"

I nodded helplessly.

"Because I'm here. If you were by yourself you'd feel nothing."

He reached up again, cupping one of my breasts. Another thrill ran through me, and my breast warmed against his hand as it rubbed back and forth along the underside. His fingers closed slowly, kneading my breast as I sat there, watching me as I tried to show no reaction, tried to calmly analyze the sensations running through my body.

I mean, Jerry had squeezed my breasts, but they hadn't felt anything like this, hadn't throbbed and burned the way my breast was now as my grandfather rubbed and squeezed it.

He put his arm on my shoulder as he squeezed my breast, and after some moments I laid my head back, looking down at his hand, watching it as it moved between my breasts.

It slid down then, and I felt another crackle of shocked sexual electricity as it moved quite casually between my bare thighs and cupped my pussy through my bathing suit. He squeezed gently, and a rush of heat flared inside me.

"How does that feel?" he asked.

"N-Nice," I whispered.

He started rubbing his hand up and down against my pussy, and I felt a hot little tingling between my legs, a tingling asking for more. As if reading my mind his hand rose until the fingers were above my bikini bottom, then slipped slowly down inside.

I quivered and trembled as I felt them slide through my pubic hair, then felt them cupping my pussy directly. I felt so incredibly hot and sensitive down there that I groaned weakly as his fingers touched me.

"Do you like that?" he whispered.

I nodded dazedly, gulping in air as my head swam beneath waves of sexual heat.

He drew his fingers out, then tugged my bikini bottoms off. Again I felt embarrassed, yet the thrill of sexual arousal was far more powerful, and I lifted my behind so he could tug the bottom off and toss it away.

I spread my legs as his fingers probed at my pussy, then closed my eyes and gasped as his finger slowly pushed up into my body.

He moved it slowly, dipping it in, then pulling back, and his thumb was stroking right up at the top of my pussy, against my clitty, making it hard to keep still as we sat there on the log. I was grinding my behind into the log and spreading my legs wider, drawing my knees up and back as grandpa pushed his finger in deeper.

I could feel his long, thin fingers sliding through my tight little sheath, probing ever deeper as his thumb stroked gently across my clitty, and a haze of sexual steam seemed to rush up and surround me. I let my head roll back, moaning as my body trembled to his touch, then the climax hit me and I cried out in pleasure, humping desperately against his fingers as the pleasure poured through my mind and body.

Grandpa kept rubbing and stroking until I calmed, then stopped, pulling his hand back.

He smiled, then lifted his hand, fingers brushing the hair back from my forehead.

"Feel nice?"

"Y-yes," I gasped.

"Good. Well, when you're calmed down a little, we'll go and do a little fishing."

Fishing? He wanted to fish? I was a bundle of frayed nerve endings and he wanted to go fishing.

On the other hand I didn't know what I wanted to do, so I reached for my bikini again, only to have him grab my hand and smile.

"You don't need to wear that. Get used to the idea of a man seeing you naked. You'll be less embarrassed and tense next time.'

So despite my embarrassment and discomfort we went fishing, moving along the shore, he in shorts and T-shirt, me completely naked.

At first it was embarrassing, of course, but then, you know, I kind of got over it, got used to it. And then it started to feel - well, kind of exciting and kinky. I found myself getting really turned on even as we talked about the most mundane things.

We went back to the camp and grandpa cleaned and cooked the fish while I sat back naked. Then we ate.

I was hot, the whole time, though, and started teasing him with my body, posing it in ways I thought were sexy, flirting with him and doing what I could to interest him in maybe, well, fooling around again. I couldn't quite bring myself to ask, of course, for he was my grandfather, after all.

After we ate and I cleaned off the dishes we sat down next to the fire as the darkness spread, and grandpa sat close and started to gently slide his hands over my body again. This time he had me lay back on the ground as he lay on his side next to me. His hand glided over my body, stroking and caressing, easing down between my thighs to palm my pussy and squeeze it.

As before he pushed a finger into me and started pumping it in and out. I unconsciously spread my legs wider and wider, drawing my knees back as he leaned in. I gasped as he licked gently at my straining nipple, then took it into his mouth.

My body burned as his hands and lips moved over it, and my nipples were in glory as he took them into his mouth and sucked, his tongue stroking expertly across them.

I moaned as he pushed a second finger into me, pumping them faster and faster as his thumb sawed at my clitty. Another climax whipped through me and I arched my back in ecstasy, groaning aloud as my entire body writhed to the tune his fingers were playing.

"God!" I moaned as I slumped back.

"The kind of thing your lover should have been doing before he entered you," he whispered.

I reached down and squeezed him between the legs, shocked to find him not hard. But he started to grow as my hand squeezed him, and chuckled as he unzipped his pants and pulled himself out.

"Have you given a guy head before?" he asked.

"Yes," I whispered.

I pumped my hand on his growing erection for a minute, then sat up and leaned in against him as he lay back on his back. I looked admiringly at his long, thick cock sprouting up there in pale white glory, then licked my lips and bent over it.

I licked at the underside of the head, then opened my mouth and took it inside, sucking weakly as I licked, then harder as I bobbed down further and further, taking it deeper into my mouth. Grandpa slid his hands through my hair as I sucked him, and when he came I gulped it down proudly, hoping to show him I wasn't all that much of an innocent.

"It's late," he sighed after a few seconds. "We should get to sleep."

He sat up, kicking off his shorts, then the both of us went into the tent and, to my surprise, he kissed me chastely good night and lay back on his sleeping bag.

I was confused, and left wishing for more, but again, I didn't feel I could, you know, ask.

The next morning he again insisted I go nude. He fingered me to orgasm shortly after we woke, then we sat together eating breakfast before putting things away. He suggested we go hiking then, and had me put on a pair of hiking boots - but nothing else.

We went some distance to a little hill overlooking much of the valley and settled on it, and there he pushed me back and began to fondle me again. I was on the verge

of asking him to fuck me, even if he was my grandfather, but he had other things in mind.

This time after pumping his fingers in me and sucking on my hard little nipples he licked his way down between my legs. I gasped in excitement, raising my head to watch. I'd never been eaten out before, and the sight of his lips inches from my pussy was both exciting and embarrassing.

He licked up and down my slit, then pushed his tongue inside. It felt like the softest, most wonderful sensation in the world. He pressed my pussy lips back and his lips and tongue moved up and down against my revealed pussy opening. Then his tongue began to softly work at my clitty and the sensations blossomed into an almost uncontrollable firestorm.

I was grinding and jerking, my legs flailing, heels drumming on the ground, hands above me as I arched my back again and again.

Grandpa buried his face in my pussy and ate me whole, ate me raw. His tongue pumped inside me and swirled around my clitty, his lips sucked and then blew and then sucked some more as my body disintegrated.

Nothing I had imagined had matched the feel of his soft, moist lips sucking on my clitoris, and I came repeatedly, in the end actually begging him out loud to fuck me. But he didn't.

When I had recovered we walked back to camp and went swimming. He stripped for the swim, and we wrestled a bit. I tried to grab at his cock every chance I got to turn him on, and rubbed my bare, wet breasts against his body and face teasingly until he hardened.

"You're all hard," I panted. "I bet I know what you want to do with it."

"You wish," he said.

"Chicken," I said.

He snorted and pushed me under the water.

I popped up as he was wading ashore and followed him, jumping on his back as he emerged and wrapping my legs around him. He carried me up the trail to the camp, then swung me down and gave my bare bottom a smack that made me jump and squeal.

"It's time for lunch," he said.

"I know what I want to eat," I said, turning and grabbing his cock.

He didn't push me away this time, just smiled and shook his head. I sank down onto my knees in front of him, pumping my hands on his cock, then taking it into my mouth. I sucked excitedly, my lips sliding up and down it as water dripped off both of us.

When he came I swallowed it again, but tried to keep him in my mouth, to get him hard again. He eased me back, though, and started making lunch.

I was starting to get frustrated. I didn't even consider that by then I had absolutely no shame in my body, wasn't feeling the least nervous or anxious about the thought of sex, and that my attitude about it had undergone a huge change.

We sat on the log again as we ate, and I continuously teased him - to the point he threatened to spank me if I didn't stop. Well, that wasn't much of a threat. In fact, I dared him to.

In an instant he had yanked me across his lap and was spanking at my bare bottom. I yelped and squirmed as he warmed my behind, but was intensely aware of his cock hardening against my belly.

And when his hand slid down between my buttocks and continued under to cup and squeeze my pussy I moaned and humped back against it.

"Fuck me, grandpa!" I moaned. "Please!"

"Sure you aren't nervous or scared?"

"Nooooo!" I moaned. "I want you to fuck meeee!"

His fingers were pumping in and out of my soaking wet pussy by then and I was breathing faster and harder as it warmed up to match my red behind.

Grandpa pulled me up and had me straddle him, then held my bottom in his big hands as I slowly lowered myself onto his stick. I felt an explosion inside me as it pushed past my pussy entrance, then groaned loudly as I sank down and down and down until I felt like I was being impaled on his thick, meaty cock.

But then it was fully inside me and he was hugging me, holding me as I rocked against him, revelling in the feeling of fullness inside my belly. He kissed me on the cheek and on the forehead, but I reached up, grabbed his head and kissed him full on the lips.

I pushed my tongue into his mouth and met his own as I started to ride his cock, easing up and down faster and faster, groaning in elation at the pleasure and wild sexual thrill of fucking.

I came again, jerking and shaking atop him, mind spinning from the pleasure that swamped me, and grandpa picked me up, leaning forward to lay me on my back. He knelt between my legs, easing his cock out to lick at me as I lay groaning in the aftermath of orgasm.

He licked me for long minutes, then rose and thrust in deep once more. It was a divine sensation, being penetrated anew with my body as hot and aroused as it was. He grinned at me and I giggled helplessly back as he pumped his big cock back and forth inside me. After a minute he scooped up my legs, lifting them up high, so my toes were wiggling above my head, then began to pump even deeper.

It felt nothing like it had with the other guys. It was wonderful! I could have had that big cock pumping into me forever!

He slowly, gently eased my legs back even more, so my knees were pressed back over my shoulders and my bottom was turned up towards him. Now I could feel his balls slapping against my buttocks as he fucked me, and I lay back, basking in a hot, steaming stew of sexual languor.

I came again, bucking against him, then settled back, groaning, as he continued to pump for long minutes.

Afterwards we lay back, hugging and kissing, and I knew all about how difference sex could be with a man who took his time and made you comfortable.

I remained naked all day, and we shared the same sleeping bag that night. The next day we flew off to another lake - but even in the plane I was naked. At the next lake grandpa took me on the beach, on all fours, both of us grunting like wild animals.

Grandpa showed me what joy sex could bring, what pleasures my body was capable of. If it hadn't been for him my college days might have been pretty dreary, because I would have been very reluctant to get into the sack with another guy. I'll always be grateful to him for that. Jennifer D., Seattle WA

X-Rated

If you guys want to hear about hot, incestuous stories listen to this. A few weeks back I was sitting around my apartment when my cousin Christine called on the phone. Now Chrissie is an absolute babe, with a massive set of orbs, a tight little waist and this huge mass of long red hair done in ringlets.

She seemed to have no reason for calling, and I was wondering what she was up to when she finally came to the point. She wanted to borrow my camcorder. I said fine, then after more beating around the bush she asked me if I'd mind working it for her. Why? Because she wanted to have a video of her having sex - with her girlfriend!

I was stunned, and my prick started to poke out against my pants at the very thought of her having sex with another woman. I mean, I didn't even know she was into women. We talked about that a bit, and she kind of hemmed and hawed and said she'd met this girl named Helen when she and her girlfriends went to a dyke bar as a kind of kick.

Anyway, if you think I turned her down you're out of your freaking mind. I arranged a time, then tried to keep from beating off to the thought of gorgeous Chrissie fucking with some gorgeous dyke. Then I thought maybe I ought to beat off so I wouldn't get too much of a hard on when I was taking the videos. And then I thought I shouldn't beat off in case they invited me to play!

Like, I was totally fucked up in the head, okay? Anyway, Chrissie shows up, blushing and giggling shyly, which is really unlike her, and she's with this girl. Now I'd been picturing either someone cute piece like her, or some big bull dyke with no hair. But the girl with Chrissie was this sleek little asian girl with long black hair.

Chrissie introduced us, and we had an uncomfortable drink, then Helen - the Asian girl, strips off her clothes like I'm not even there, and I almost knocked the camera over as I hurriedly brought it around on its tripod and started filming her. She had these small, but incredibly firm little breasts, the nipples already erect as she started to undress Chrissie.

I backed up as Chrissie's big round breasts came into view, my heart in my throat as Helen ran her hand up and down Chrissie's body. She bent to suck on one of Chrissie's big pink nipples, then the two climbed into bed and started rolling from side to side.

Their lips moved together slowly and sensuously as their hands moved over one another's body. Then Helen slid between Christine's legs, raising her bottom high as her tongue probed against Christine's red furred pussy.

I moved all around them, zooming in on Helen's flicking tongue, then on her round little bottom, then on Chrissie's face as it scrunched up in pleasure. When she came I almost came in my pants. Her back arched and her head rolled way back beneath her and she humped up against Helen's tongue like there was no tomorrow.

After that they did a sixty-nine, then they scissored their legs together, grabbing hands and grinding their pussies in as they jerked and gasped and moaned in

pleasure. I seen some porno movies in my time, but these two girls were so hot they practically melted the camera. I mean, this was real, not fake, and my cock felt like it was on fire.

It's a good thing I have self-control, though. I mean, I lost track of the times I was tempted to toss away the camera and jump into bed to plug one or another of them.

With both of them gasping weakly they rolled back, chests heaving, groaning with release. I panned the camera slowly across them, then turned it off as Helen sat up. "You get all that, Bob?" she asked.

"Oh yeah," I said.

She laughed in delight, then turned to Christine. "I think your cousin got a little hot watching us," she said.

Christine opened her eyes and smiled at me.

"I think we owe him something," Helen said, looking at me, "I think he needs a little...release."

Christine sat up with a smirk, then turned as Helen got out of bed and knelt on all fours.

"Go for it, Bob," Helen said, taking the camera. "Fuck her."

"Do it, Bobby," Christine whispered.

I needed no further urging, and jumped into bed, yanking my pants down as I moved in behind my gorgeous cousin.

"Yeah, you slut," Helen said from behind the camera. "Take it from behind just like a bitch in heat!"

Christine growled and wagged her tail, then groaned as I slammed myself home. God, was she hot inside! I ran my hands along her body, then squeezed her big, soft breasts as I started humping.

"Give it to her, Bobby," Helen called. "Fuck that bitch!"

Christine thrust her bottom back at me, spreading her legs wider, grunting and gasping for breath as I speared her with my big prick. Helen moved around filming it, getting close-ups of Chrissie's face, then her pussy as I rammed my cock into her.

"Fuck her! Fuck her!" she whispered.

Christine cried out suddenly, throwing her head back, her long ringlets whipping back against her pale skin as her pussy started spasming and snapping around my cock. I dug my fingers into her flanks and kept riding, thrusting wildly, the whole bed shaking as I buried myself inside her with every thrust.

"You're gonna wear out her pussy, Bobby!" Helen said excitedly. "Flip her over and do her that way!"

I yanked back and Chrissie fell to her belly with a weary groan. I flipped her over and she looked up blearily as I scooped up her legs beneath the knees, then pressed them back against her body. I pinned her ankles back over her shoulders, then started to piledrive down into her as she grunted and gasped with every thrust.

Her eyes rolled back in her head and she shuddered as she came again.

"She's coming! Slut! Coming again on that cock!" Helen cried.

It was just too much for me and I blasted off too, my cock shooting jism like a fire hose as Helen urged me on.

Afterwards we all watched the film, and the girls started getting into it again. Christine pulled me in with them, and I slid myself home in her once more, fucking her as she ate her girlfriend.

Afterwards they left, arm in arm, taking the tape with them. Every time I've jerked off since I've had the image of those two beautiful bodies behind my eyes, and I only hope they want my help with a sequel. - Mr Robert D., Oakland, CA

Slippery Daughter

I know it might seem kind of tacky, a guy wanting to ball his own daughter. But you gotta look at it from my angle. That angle was from my upstairs window looking down into the back yard. That's where I saw this fantastic sight: A naked woman spreadeagled on the grass.

Now don't get me wrong. If I knew it was Tina I'd have turned away, but all I saw was that gorgeous bronzed flesh, a nice big set of breasts, and a pussy with no pussy hair around it. It wasn't until I'd been staring for long seconds and had a boner you could cut steel with that I looked up at the face and realized it was Tina.

Then I tried to tell myself I shouldn't be looking, and shouldn't be thinking of how I'd like to cram my prick up her pussy. But it was way too late. What the fuck. I mean Tina isn't any kid. She graduated from high school last year and would have been out on her own by now if the economy hadn't sucked so bad she couldn't find a job.

So I hurried downstairs, trying to figure what I could say to convince her to do the dirty deed with me. She obviously didn't even know I was home or she wouldn't be laying out there like that.

I went to the back door and growled, my cock jabbing up even harder at this up front, up close sight. I mean, her legs were towards the door, spread way wide, and her puffy little pussy lips were spread a little, letting me see her winking little pussy hole.

I opened the door and looked down at her.

"Tina," I said. "You sure you should be laying out here like this?"

She didn't seem embarrassed at all. She just lifted her sunglasses and smiled. "I'm not embarrassed of my body," she said.

"Well, I don't blame you. You got a hell of a fine body."

"Thank you, daddy," she said with a grin.

"How come you got no pussy hair?"

"I shaved it off. It gets in the way when guys eat me out. And it feels more sensitive like this."

"Do tell," I said, coming out and squatting down beside her.

"Guys like the feel of it too."

Her body was slick with suntan oil as I laid my hand on her stomach.

"You get eaten out that much?" I said disapprovingly.

"Well I haven't got anything else to do, daddy," she said in protest. "What's wrong with a girl liking a nice stiff prick?"

"Nothing I can think of," I said, letting my hand slide up over one of her big breasts and squeeze it softly.

"I like that, daddy," she sighed, kind of arching her back.

"You do, huh?"

I pinched one of her nipples, watching it swell like a fat little raspberry.

My hand slid back down her body and in between her legs, then up and down over that bald little pussy mound. "Feels awfully nice to me too," I said, feeling my cock throb against my thigh. "You don't want to get sunburned there, though."

She giggled and lifted up a bottle of suntan oil. "This is suntan oil," she said. "It's really good. It's edible too," she said. "Tastes like strawberries."

"No fooling," I said, my finger sliding back and forth over her soft, oily little crack.

"That's niiiice," she groaned, rolling her hips.

"I can make it nicer," I said.

She took her sunglasses off and drew her knees up and back.

"Do it then," she whispered.

I needed no further invitation. I yanked down my pants and moved between her legs, bending and sliding my tongue up and down that tight little pussy slit, tasting the strawberry oil as she sighed and drew her knees back, revealing her wrinkled little anal opening.

I spread her pussy lips and lapped up and down between them, then found her clitty swelling out from under its hood and sucked hard. She fairly leapt up at that, her hips bucking high as she cried out in pleasure. I snickered to myself and started licking hard as she writhed from side to side.

"Lick it! Lick it, daddy!" she gasped.

"Hot little slut," I growled.

I sucked again, then let the edges of my teeth come down around her hot little clit, grinding it between them as she squealed and humped up desperately.

She was right, you know, that pussy tasted a lot sweeter without any fur in the way of my tongue. I licked hungrily as she reached down and grabbed my hair, trying to bury my face in her pussy.

"Fuck me!" she gasped. "Stick it in, daddy! I want it inside me!"

I rose up and grabbed my pulsing cock stick, jamming it against her oily pussy and then slamming it home. She seemed to convulse beneath me as I dropped atop her. It was like riding a bucking bronc as her tight little pink pussy sucked and chewed and squeezed down on my boner.

"Oh God!" she moaned.

"Oh fuck!" I gasped.

I started riding her, my hips rising and falling faster and faster as Tina grabbed the back of my head and pulled my mouth down against hers. Her tongue shot up into me and tickled my tonsils as I humped furiously.

Fuck she was a hot little minx!

I grabbed her head too, running my fingers through her silky blonde hair as I drove my thick cock spike deep into her quivering pussy hole with every thrust. She humped up to meet me, gasping and panting and moaning, throwing her legs up around me and yanking down to bury me in her pussy.

Then she squealed and came, arching her back, letting go of my head as her hands rose and then clamped down on my bottom. She pulled so hard with her hands and legs I think she was trying to drive my whole body up her pussy.

And that pussy was going wild around my cock, sucking like it was starved for my cream. It was too much for me, and I unloaded what felt like gallons of jism up Tina's hot, sexy little pussy tunnel.

But Jesus I was hot. Feeling her big breasts rubbing against my chest and that hot pussy milking my cock made it impossible for me to soften. I continued to hump

down into her, ripping off my shirt so I could feel those breasts against my bare chest, and ramming my tongue into her mouth as I humped into her.

I reached down and took her slender legs, lifting them up and shoving them back, letting her bottom rise higher as I pressed them up over her shoulders. She just moaned and whined as I lifted her bottom high, rose over it, then hammered my hips down.

My hips spanked her naughty little bottom like the bad girl she was, and my cock was a piston as it moved in and out between her tight pussy lips. She came again, then again before I fed her a second load. Then the two of us took a break and went upstairs to shower off. We fucked again in the shower, then again in my bed, both of us hotter than fire to get at each other at last.

Well sir, I it's been a while since I've had a steady supply of pussy like Tina, and she's just as happy to have a cock to play with whenever it strikes her fancy - which is damned often. As for the boys in town she used to let into her panties, well, they aren't nearly so happy. But that's just as well, her hungry pussy was starting to give her a reputation anyway. Now that'll settle down. Dan. P., Waterford TN

An Artist's Eye

My brother Tim is a body builder. He even goes to those competitions, and has won a few of them. He seemed a natural to ask when I wanted a model for a painting I wanted to do of Hercules. And he was flattered to do it.

Until I mentioned I wanted it in the nude.

We talked about that a little. After all, he only wears those tiny bikini briefs when competing, and I am an artist, after all. So he finally agreed to do it. I set everything up in my studio, and Tim stripped.

Okay, I'd be lying if I said I didn't check him out. I mean, brother or not I'm only human. And when I saw his beautiful cock resting there below his heavy balls I found myself regretting we were related. Like I said, he has a gorgeous body, with muscles everywhere. Plus he's a nice guy so...

Anyway, he was a bit nervous, especially since I had to come right up to him and pose him, lifting his arm here, pushing his leg back there. His skin was very soft over those hard muscles, and I felt a little tingling between my legs.

Then as I stepped back and started to pain his cock started to harden. He blushed and turned away. Well, he's only nineteen, after all. Meanwhile I pretended not to notice, even while imprinting the memory of how thick that cock had been getting on my mind.

He got a drink and started again, and again his cock started to rise as I watched him.

"Don't worry about it," I said as he started to turn away.

Blushing, he stayed still, and I found my chest tightening as that cock grew bigger and longer and thicker. It was distracting as hell, to tell you the truth. But more than that it was turning me on. Brother or not I didn't think I could control myself around it my longer.

Then I decided, well heck, why should I? We're both adults.

So I came out from behind my easel and walked up to him.

"It's hard to paint with that pointed at me," I said, grinning.

"I'm sorry," he said, face red. "I mean, it's just being, you know, having a girl staring at me...even you..."

"I was a girl until I turned twenty," I said. "That was seven years ago. I think I'm a woman now."

"You're going to argue feminism with me at a time like this?"

I laughed, then laid my hand on his powerful chest, sliding it up and down admiringly. "I can take care of this little problem if you want."

"Y-you can?" he gulped.

I nodded, then slowly reached down and took him into my hand. He gasped and his jaw dropped, but he didn't move as I pumped my hand up and down his thick erection. I felt a deep, throbbing excitement down between my legs and made a decision, easing down onto my knees in front of him.

"Jesus, Christie," he gulped.

I had to open my lips wide to slide them around his cockhead, then began bobbing up and down slowly, taking more and more into my mouth as he groaned and dropped his hands to my head. His thick cock filed my mouth, pressing my tongue down even as it slid against the roof of my mouth.

I bobbed deeper, feeling his prick push against the back of my mouth, almost gagging several times until he suddenly poured his creamy juice into my mouth. I sucked it down and swallowed it as he softened, then stood with a grin. "There. Now we can continue," I said.

I went back to my easel and tried to paint again, but I still didn't have much concentration. And it wasn't long before his flaccid prick started to rise again. This time he just grinned at me.

"Sterners measures are called for I guess," I said.

I moved forward and dropped to my knees again, taking his cock in my hands and holding it up, then licking up and down the shaft and over the head. I opened my lips wide and took it into my mouth again, bobbing up and down its length as I closed my eyes and groaned in pleasure.

Then a hand of steel gently took my arm and pulled me up. I blinked up into my "little" brother's eyes as he looked down at me.

"I think something even sterner is needed," he said.

He tugged my tank top out of my jeans and then lifted them up. I felt a sudden shattering bolt of sexual excitement, freezing as he lifted it over my head, then undid my bra. His big hands squeezed my breasts, then he unzipped my pants and shoved them down, hugging me against him, pulling my breasts in against that marvelous, powerful chest.

His tongue pushed into my mouth as his fingers kneaded my bare bottom, and I moaned dazedly. I felt his erection pressed up between our bellies, wet with my saliva, felt it rolling between us as his lips slid against mine.

Then he pushed me down again, moving behind me and pulling my jeans and panties down and off. I knelt on all fours, almost trembling with excitement as my brother dropped behind me and ran his hands up and down my body.

Then I felt his thickness press up against my soft, burning pussy hole, felt myself spreading wider and wider as he pushed forward. I gasped against the sting as he stretched me wider and wider. Then he was inside, pushing deeper and deeper as my body melted before him.

I sank down, arms shaking, unable to support myself. I dropped to my elbows, holding my head as I kept my behind high, kept my knees apart. His cock kept sliding in, inch after inch of it filling my belly and then some.

I shook my head, gasping, gulping in air as he pulled back, then thrust in. His big, powerful hands were on my flanks as he started to pump, and they gripped me tightly, needing to keep his cock from jerking me to and fro.

I cried out as he fed me the last inch, as I felt his soft hips against my quivering behind. He growled and reached beneath me to squeeze my breasts, then ground his loins against me, twisting his stiff tool around in my pussy.

"Oh Jesus, Timmy!" I gasped. "God it's big!"

He eased back, then started pumping, slowly at first as my pussy squeezed down against him, then faster and faster, my whole body shaking from the impacts of his hard hips, my head jerking up and down as a sexual storm rolled through my mind and tore it apart.

I came, and came, and came again, grunting at first, then moaning, then just crying out with the pleasure pouring over me, revelling in the tight, shimmering wall of sexual heat gripping me as my brother rode me like an animal. His cock pounded furiously, and after his first come he now had the stamina to keep it up.

I was exhausted, drained and moaning weakly while he was still hammering his hips into my red, bruised backside, his cock still rutting furiously into my soaking pussy tunnel. No one in my life had ever fucked me to the point where I could hardly take it any more. I wanted to beg him to stop but couldn't speak.

Then he finally came, firing his thick cream up into my belly as he slowed and finally stopped. I groaned and collapsed the moment he let go of my hips, then rolled onto my back on the floor, chest heaving, covered in sweat, and utterly drained.

"Man, that was good," he panted. "Give me a few minutes and I bet I can go again."

I could only moan and then laughed softly. Younger brothers can be a pain, but Timmy was something else. - Christie L., Chicago IL

Virgin Check

My brother is quite a bit older than me so my niece Jamie and I aren't all that far apart in age. We've always kind of flirted with and teased each other, and that really came to a head last year at a get-together my brother held to celebrate her graduation from college.

Jamie was electric the whole day, very high, very excited, very proud and glad to be out of school at long last and about to get her own place. She flitted around from person to person, long brown hair flying, dancing and laughing happily.

We didn't really get a chance to chat, at first, but after going to the bathroom I opened the door to find her leaning against the wall. She pushed me back and came in, closing the door behind her.

"And what can I do for you, little girl?" I asked.

She scowled, not happy at her five foot height, then raised her leg, her short, loose skirt sliding up her thigh as she put her foot on the edge of the bathtub.

"I seem to remember you telling me I was wasting my time going to school, and that I should just join a circus," she said.

"Well, I was only fourteen at the time."

"You also said I'd never graduate a virgin."

"Uhm, that was four years ago. Are you really saying..."

"That's right," she said with a smirk. "And you bet me thousand dollars."

"I was drunk," I protested.

"Pay up."

"How do I know you're still a virgin?"

"Don't trust my word?"

"Not hardly."

"Well...you can always check for yourself, uncle Paul," she said, drawling the last two words.

"Check, huh?"

"If you dare." She smirked, as if to say she knew I wouldn't.

I gazed down at her bare leg, then dropped my hand onto it, sliding it slowly up and down along her soft, inner thigh as we smirked at each other, daring to back down.

"You have nice legs for a stunted dwarf," I acknowledged.

"You think so?" she asked teasingly.

I eased my fingers higher and higher, then felt the soft fuzz of pubic hair over her soft mound. I saw her inhale sharply, but her smile never wavered.

"Aren't you feeling a bit chilly with no panties?" I asked.

"No. Actually. I'm feeling a little hot."

My fingers rubbed against her tight little pudgy pussy lips, then slipped slowly between them. She started breathing faster as I stroked my fingers along her cleft and found her hard little clitty swelling out from beneath its hood.

I let my thumb drag across it and she started, but then quickly calmed her face, or tried to. My middle finger was dipping into the soft, honeyed hole between her legs, sliding deeper and deeper with every push, and her lower body was starting to sway a little as she unconsciously ground herself against my fingers.

"What kind of a virgin wears no panties under a mini?" I asked.

"One who..." She gasped and her voice broke as I began to rub my thumb harder and faster over her clit. "One who...wants her...m-money," she panted, her foot shifting sideways to open herself up now and her face becoming flushed.

My finger pushed higher, but I didn't feel anything blocking my path. They were in almost to the knuckle and no cherry.

"I don't feel any cherry," I said, wriggling them from side to side in her pussy.

"I-It...must be there...somewhere," she panted.

"Trying to rip off my money, eh?" I whispered. "You greedy little brat."

I could see the stiff nipples of her firm little breasts pushing out against her thin, midriff baring tank top, and let my hand slide up beneath it to cup one.

She moaned softly, and I slid a second finger up beside the first in her tight, moist little box, pumping them in and out as she let her head slowly fall back.

She gripped my hip to steady herself, her other hand grabbing the back of my hand and pushing it up harder against her pussy.

Then she slowly leaned forward, her legs trembling. She grabbed me for support with both hands, pressing her head and shoulders against my chest as she started to grind faster and faster against my fingers.

I pushed her back against the counter then, and with one motion slipped her tank up and off to bare two perfectly shaped little breasts. I undid her skirt and it dropped to her ankles as she stared up at me, her small mouth parted in heat and arousal, her petite body bared before me.

I kissed her softly on the lips, and her arms went up around me as she moaned, pressing her nude body against me.

"I saved it for you," she whispered, gasping for breath as I lifted her onto the edge of the counter.

I pushed her back, licking my way down her body, sucking and then chewing lightly on her very stiff little nipples then licking lower, lifting her knees up and apart as my tongue plunged into her hot little quim.

"Oh fuck!" she gasped, her head rolling from side to side as she squeezed her breasts.

"My brother is gonna kill me," I groaned, spreading the lips of her pussy and jamming my tongue into her.

She bucked up once, then twice, then started humping madly as I lapped at her clitty. Her small hands came down onto my head, jamming me in harder as she began to whimper and moan and writhe atop the counter.

I pulled up quickly, dropping my pants and bringing my stiff boner up against her pussy. Her glazed eyes widened and she moaned, trying to reach for it.

But I was damned excited myself by then. I let the head sink slowly between her puffy little lips, then press harder and harder against her hole. It spread apart and her pussy was a vice squeezing my cock as first the head, then the shaft began to enter her.

She spread her knees wider, trembling now, eyes closed as she focused on the cock sliding up her hot little pussy.

I bent forward, sliding my hands up her body, then through her hair as I brought my lips down against hers. My hips thrust forward and she cried out, the sound muffled by my mouth as I buried my steely prick inside her.

She let out a long, shuddering groan as I ground myself into her, feeling her soft belly wrapped around my prick. My tongue slid into her mouth as I started to pump, and her knees jerked back in response as I built up a hard stroking rhythm.

She came with a shudder, head jerking and legs flailing as her pussy spasmed around my pussy. I kept pumping, lifting her slender legs up over my shoulders as I drove into her. God, she was sweet!

I reached down, rubbing at her pussy as she moaned and whined in heat, and soon she was humping up again, back arching and eyes closing. I rode her through a second orgasm before my own came and I poured cream into her pussy.

Afterwards, much to my shock, she told me she really had been a virgin, and thanked me for the first time. I recalled then that quite a few virgins lost their cherries one way or another, and found myself both amazed and delighted.

She didn't get the thousand bucks, but I did give her both a good first time, and a better second time that night, so she had no complaints. Paul T - Lancaster PA

Girls Only

My sister Courtney and I weren't close as we were growing up. She's six years older than me, so most of the time we actually spent within sight of each other was when she babysat me.

Even as adults we tend to be wildly different. Courtney is kind of a loner and an intellectual. She has her masters degree in Political Science and is going for a doctorate. Me, I've always kind of hated school. When I graduated from high school last year college was the last thing on my mind. I took a job as a cashier in a lingerie store.

A few weeks ago when she was home from school on holidays I had trouble getting to sleep. So when Courtney got out of bed and left the room I took note of it, and started to wonder when she didn't come back.

After about twenty minutes or so I sat up and decided to get a glass of milk. I was wearing the hockey jersey I use for a nightshirt, and didn't bother to put on a robe as I padded barefoot downstairs.

I heard the TV on as I passed the living room, and thought I'd finally found something that linked me and Courtney. We both had trouble sleeping on the same night.

I poked my head in and found the room dark, but what drew my attention was the TV, and the sight of two women writhing naked on its screen. The light on them was so bright and crass that it was obvious Courtney wasn't watching any ordinary film with a nude scene. It was a porno flick!

I was shocked that Courtney would watch something like that, and my first urge was to make fun of her, but when my eyes focused on the sofa the urge died quickly.

Courtney was slumped down a little on the sofa, and the nightshirt she wore was unbuttoned. Her left hand was inside it and her right had pushed the hem up and was fingering her pussy. Her eyes were small slits as she watched the screen, and her fingers were stroking eagerly as the two women sucked on each other's breasts.

I was slack jawed with shock as I watched her masturbate. It was hard to believe Courtney even thought about sex, let alone would get turned on by two women going at it. I watched her unbutton her shirt the rest of the way, so it pulled wide open.

Her slim body seemed to glow in the soft light coming from the TV, and her small round breasts were rising and falling on her heaving chest as she drew her knees back farther and farther, raising her bottom into the air.

The scene was so erotic I found my own fingers creeping down beneath my jersey and rubbing at my puss. I mean, the two girls on the TV were faking it, but Courtney exuded heat and lust. Watching her jerk off was one of the most erotic sights I'd ever set my eyes on.

I found my heart racing as my finger squirmed up into my pussy, and was starting to grind my hips in tune with Courtney. Then the women on TV changed

positions, one riding the others face. Courtney pulled her knees in and turned onto her belly, riding her fingers as she gasped softly.

I felt my skin tingle with sexual electricity as I rubbed one of my breasts against the doorjamb and ground myself against my fingers, my own breathing growing more ragged as I watched my sister.

Then, feeling a wild thrill, I reached down and peeled my jersey up and off, then hesitantly moved forward into the dark room.

Courtney didn't notice me at first. Her back was to me and she was riding her fingers, eyes closed. She turned to look at the screen again, and saw my shadow on the wall. She jerked around in shock, then did a kind of violent twist which put her arms and hands in front of her breasts and pussy as she stared at me, gaping.

I looked at the screen, at the two women making love, then down at Courtney, who was staring at me, wide-eyed.

"They're beautiful, aren't they?" I whispered.

I sat down next to her and smiled. "Have you ever done anything with a woman?"

Her mouth opened and closed several times without her speaking, then she shook her head.

"I have a few times. It's kind of cool. It's different with girls, you know. They're softer and there isn't the pressure or tension. You know?"

I put my hand on her shoulder and kind of gave it a squeeze, and she sort of unwrapped herself, eyes involuntarily sliding down to my breasts.

See, we're different physically too. She's tall and slim, with short blonde hair and smallish breasts. I'm shorter, with long brown hair and D cups. Right then my nipples were swollen like a pair of strawberries, and Courtney was staring at them.

I let my hand slide up and down her arm, then under one of her small breasts. I pinched her nipple playfully and she yelped and batted my hand away, but when she saw my grin she licked her lips, then reached out and cupped one of my breasts.

She seemed both fascinated and excited by it, and her fingers began to squeeze and knead it as she lifted her other hand to my other breast. I breathed slowly and deeply as she fondled them, then slid my hand behind her head, pulling her gently forward.

She seemed shocked at first, then bent and kissed one of my nipples. A moment later her lips slid over it and she began to suck eagerly, both hands still squeezing and rubbing at my swollen melons as she groaned softly.

I stroked my hands through her hair as she sucked and licked, then eased one hand slowly down her body to finger her pussy.

She gasped and jerked her head up to stare at me, then moaned and bent again, sucking harder as my finger slid up into her and my thumb caught her clit.

She half rolled atop me, grinding her hips down against my fingers as I pumped them in and out.

"Lick them, Courtney," I gasped. "Lick my nipples. Suck them!"

I had two fingers inside her now, and her bottom was riding up and down as she slurped and suckled at my breasts. She was slick and tight inside, and was moaning softly against my breasts. She shuddered then, grabbing me and mashing her face into my cleavage as she came, her bottom jerking wildly as her pussy squeezed down on my fingers.

I smiled softly as she trembled and shook, then eased her back against the back of the sofa. I rose up on my knees then, gripping her left leg and lifting it up into the

air, pushing it back and kind of rolling her onto one hip as I edged myself up close against her. I manoeuvred my pussy in tight against her own as she looked up at me in wonder, then began to slowly grind myself into her.

At first she didn't react, but then she closed her eyes and let out a low whimper of pleasure, head jerking back as she reached for me. I took her hands in mine and we pulled each other together, our pussies rubbing steadily, grinding directly against each other as our bodies throbbed with heat and lust.

I was able to lean in then and feed her my breast, and she suckled excitedly, her one leg jerking up high in the air as chew chewed on my nipple, and her slim body shaking with excitement as I fucked her into a second climax, then a third before coming myself.

She giggled shyly then as I picked up our things, took her hand, and led her back upstairs. We spent the next several hours making love, and she got to taste her first pussy as I gently instructed her in how to please a woman.

It was a side of each other neither would likely ever have seen had it not been for such good timing, a side of each other which brought us close after so many years. We finally fell asleep in each other's arms, breasts together and arms around each other.

When we woke next morning we kissed gently and lovingly, closer than we'd ever been and happier for it.

- Wendy P., New York, NY

Getting Dad - and Mom Too

The way I set out to seduce my dad was kind of childish, I guess. What I did was to make sure he kept getting glimpses of me naked, or in very revealing clothes.

I'd let the bathroom door stay open a bit as I bent over the sink naked, brushing my hair. I'd dance slowly and provocatively in front of my mirror wearing just my panties, again leaving the door open. I'd walk past him in the kitchen or living room in just bra and panties, or in tight, revealing tank top and panties.

I thought I was being clever, you see, in getting him interested in me. I knew I was hot. I mean, all the guys at school watched me wherever I went, and could hardly wait to get their hands on me.

I have long, straight blonde hair with pretty bangs over my forehead, a nice, slim body with high, firm round breasts and a nice, tight butt. My skin was perfect, and I had great legs, which I often displayed in short minis.

Oh I was hot, all right, and took pride in it. If it weren't for the certainty that everyone at school would have called me a slut I'd have lost my virginity years earlier.

But at nineteen I hadn't 'gone all the way' yet, and was determined that the guy I did it with would be daddy.

I was nervous, you see, and could think of no man I trusted as much as him. I had also once heard my mom crying out in pleasure, and through my embarrassment had felt a deep, quivering desire to do the same.

Anyway, I wasn't being that clever. He saw what I was after right away, and he told my mom. The two of them talked it over, and then one night mom invited me into their bedroom. She was naked when I got there, and brushing her hair in the mirror. I was surprised, for I had never seen her naked I was surprised she had such a good body too, and started to feel a little discouraged. I mean, if Daddy could fuck her every night what did he care if I looked nice?

She had bigger boobs than me, and her body was bigger all over, but she was really nice looking, with a nice, thin waist and a good ass, even if it wasn't as good as mine.

"Christine, we wanted to talk to you," she said idly, still brushing her hair in the mirror.

"What about?" I asked.

At that point daddy came out of the master bathroom and my jaw dropped. He was naked, and walking as casually as you please, his cock swinging between his thighs as he grinned at me.

"About the way you're parading around naked all the time," she said.

I was speechless as she turned and looked at me. "Since I haven't seen it I have to assume you're doing it for your father's benefit. I'm also guessing you want more than him to look at you.

Well I stuttered and sputtered, red faced, but when daddy walked up all I could do was stare at his cock, my fingers twitching as I licked my lips excitedly.

Mom walked over and began to squeeze his cock, and I watched it hardening in her hand. Then she took my hand and guided it to his cock, removing his own. I felt it throbbing in my fingers and pumped my fist up and down automatically, like I did with boys in cars.

"Have you ever sucked a cock, honey?" daddy asked.

I nodded, then after a startled moment of hesitation, dropped to my knees, feeling incredibly sensual as I licked at the underside of the head. I tried to show off how good I was to my mom, but she didn't seem impressed as I bobbed my lips up and down daddy's prick.

She lowered herself beside me and eased me back, then winked before taking his cock into her mouth and then, to my shock, sliding her lips all the way down to the hilt, taking it into her throat. I gaped as she slowly throat fucked him, her lips sliding up and down his shaft.

"How do you do that!?" I blurted.

They both laughed, then mom showed me how to angle my throat, encouraging me as I tried to deep throat dad's cock again and again. Then I made it, and I felt a hot, inner glow as daddy's cockhead slipped right down my throat and I was sucking on the base.

I slipped back up, coughing and gasping for breath, and my parents lifted me up and quickly stripped me, then we climbed onto the bed and I lay back, mom laying beside me, holding my hand as daddy knelt between my legs and pushed his stiff girl-fucker into my pussy.

He snapped my cherry and then filled me so full I just lay there and groaned. But once he started fucking there was no turning back, and soon my legs were up over his shoulder and I was squealing in excitement. I climaxed with daddy's prick thrusting powerfully inside me, and felt like I was a woman at last.

After daddy came inside me he moved aside, and then to my surprise mom slid atop me. The feel of her breasts rubbing against mine was nice, but I couldn't figure out what she thought we were going to do besides kiss. She had me spread my legs wide, though, and then spread hers.

To my surprise her pussy and mine lined up nicely, and when she began to grind herself down her soft pussy mound rubbed right against mine, and my insides started to flame all over again. Her tongue and mine slid together inside my mouth as my hands dug into her buttocks, and then we both came, first me, then mom, gasping and grinding like mad.

Mom slid down my body then and gave me head, and God was she good! I was squirming and crying out in pleasure in no time, my body thrumming with sexual electricity as her tongue whipped against my clitty.

After that we took turns sucking daddy erect, then I knelt on all fours, licking mom's pussy as Daddy fucked me from behind. I found that on all fours he went even deeper than the other way, and grunted like a hog as his cock rode me faster and harder, fucking me into another come.

I learned all about sex that day, from two people who loved me more than anyone ever would. It was the only time they fucked me, because they said I needed to experiment with people my own age, but they sure taught me all I needed to know. - Mrs. Christine V., Houston, TX

Family Love-In

When you're a kid you think of aunts and uncles as just these old people who know your parents. It's only when you get older yourself you start to see them as people.

I first met Aunt Christine a few times when I was quite young, and didn't think much about her. But when she came to our house the summer I turned twenty it was like meeting a stranger, and a pretty good looking one, at that.

She wasn't a tall woman. In fact, she was barely over five feet. She had long straight brown hair that reached most of the way down her back. Her face was cutish, with a small nose and really nice eyes. She didn't blow my socks off, but I did immediately think of her as a pretty good looking woman.

I mean, she was far too old for me, being thirty, but even so...

She didn't act old. I suppose I was judging her in the same league as my dad, her brother. But then again my dad had been eight years older than her when he'd died. Still, she acted almost like, well, like a real person, like someone my own age. She kidded with me, she winked, she even flirted a bit, which made me feel really weird.

Anyway, we have a back yard pool, and one afternoon my sister Molly and I were out getting some sun when Chris - she asked us to call her that - came out. Chris was wearing a tiny little string bikini that set off her pale skin and brown hair really nicely.

Again I was reminded of this strange blend of older, relative type person and hot/desirable woman. It's not cool to have the hots for your aunt, but shit. She looked really nice.

She put down a drink on the table next to one of the chairs, then turned to sit. I stared helplessly at a pair of really nice breasts barely contained in her bra, and Molly's face reddened a little too.

"Aren't you...uhm, a little embarrassed wearing that?" she asked after a moment.

"What?" Chris asked.

"You know, bikinis?"

"Oh. No. Why should I be? I look good in it, don't you think?"

"Well...well yeah but..."

"If you've got it, flaunt it, kid," Chris said, winking.

"I think you look great," I said enthusiastically.

Molly glared at me.

"Thank you, Tommy."

"You ought to try wearing one some time," Chris said. "I bet you'd look sexy."

"I couldn't!" Molly exclaimed. "I'd be sure everyone was staring at me."

"Everyone would be. Don't you like that?"

"Well...not at my...I mean..."

"Everyone stares at your boobs anyway," I said.

Molly glared at me indignantly but Aunt Chris laughed.

"He's right, honey. You have lovely breasts," she said. "You should show them off more. Get rid of that one piece thing and buy a bikini."

"She's shy," I taunted.

"I am not! I just don't want to cover my chest every time I move."

"She popped out of a bathing suit once," I confided.

"Tommy!"

"I'm sure everyone nearby appreciated that," Aunt Chris said with a teasing smile."

"And I don't intend to have it happen again," Molly said, getting up and stomping back into the house.

"I hope I didn't offend her," Chris said.

"Everything offends her. My sister is the oldest virgin in Mississippi," I said.

"She's a virgin? I thought she was nineteen."

"She is. That's what I mean. She turns red if a guy even looks at her twice, especially if they're staring at her boobs, which they all do."

"What a pity. With a body like hers she could have an awful lot of fun."

I stared at her in surprise and she winked at me.

"Girls like having sex too, Tommy," she said.

"Well...uh, I know but..."

"I love sex. I love men and I love sex. Don't tell my brother that, though."

I shook my head, feeling a little quiver run along the length of my dick.

"I hope you're not a virgin too."

"Of course not!" I said indignantly.

She giggled, then smiled and laid her head back against the chair.

We stayed out about an hour. After a while Molly came out, dressed in shorts and tank top, and asked if we wanted anything at the store. After she left Chris shook her head and turned to me.

"What a waste," she said. "I should find some nice stud to show her how much fun fucking can be."

My eyes widened and I was speechless for a long moment, then she was on her feet and diving into the water.

"Come on in!" she called.

I got up awkwardly, then jumped into the water near her. She splashed me and I splashed her back. Then she offered to race me the length of the pool. We went to the shallow end and just as she counted down she grabbed my swimsuit and yanked it down.

I yelped in surprise but she just laughed and took off. I yanked my suit back up and swam after her, aware that my cock was hardening inside my suit. I caught up to her near the other end of the pool and grabbed at the back of her bikini bottom. She didn't make any real effort to avoid me either as I yanked it down and exposed her sweet round behind.

She laughed, diving down and pulling them back up, then yanking mine down again, this time getting a nice view of my hard cock poking out into the water. She started to swim off but I caught at one ankle and yanked her back.

We wrestled in the water, my erection pressing wetly against her thigh, then against her bare cheeks as I got her bikini bottom down and off. She got loose then and swam off, with me frantically pursuing her.

She stopped at the shallow end, grinned at me, then slipped her bra off. I stared at her breasts in delight, then gasped as she took hold of my cock under the water. A

moment later she took a deep breath, then dropped below the surface and took my cock into her mouth.

It felt really weird having her mouth sliding up and down my cock, the water sloshing there. She blew out the water that was in her mouth and the bubbles tickled my balls and the base of my shaft.

I was so hard I could have cut steel, and amazed at how this had happened so quickly. I just stood there like a fool as her lips slid back and forth against my cock. She popped to the surface then, grinning at me as she took hold of my cock and backed up into shallower water.

She spread her legs and I gripped her buttocks as I entered her, groaning in elation as her stiff nipples little breasts pressed against my bare chest.

She was hot and slick inside, and I humped furiously, grunting with effort as aunt Chris dug her fingers into my buttocks and licked at my upper chest. I couldn't hold out long and poured my juice into her as I came, gasping breathlessly as I slowed.

"Let's go inside, baby," she said.

We went into the house then up to her room. She had me stand in the middle of the bedroom while she moved slowly around me, looking me up and down. I felt kind of embarrassed. I mean, I hadn't had sex with a lot of girls before, but when I had it had been mostly dark and hurried.

Now I was standing in the brightly lit room as Aunt Chris, who was still naked, ran her hands over my bottom, then over my belly.

"You're really well built" she said admiringly.

She stood in front of me again, then pressed down on my shoulders. I sank to my knees, gazing into her furry opening and starting to get a little nervous. I was sure no expert on eating beaver.

"Have you ever eaten a woman out before, Tommy?" she whispered.

"Y-Yeah," I gulped.

"Go ahead, baby."

I took a deep breath, then started in. I guess I wasn't very good, because aunt Chris kept giving me pointers, licking softer here, nibbling there, sliding my fingers up into her little crack, tugging on her pussy lips. But that was okay. I normally hate school but this was one class I was enjoying.

When she first started to show real signs of being turned on I got an incredible feeling of victory, and licked even harder at her clitty. She started to grind her hips, and her voice became rougher, more breathless as she slid her fingers through my hair.

She cried out and came, and it gave me a sensation of incredible triumph. I kept my hands on her bottom and my mouth locked to her pussy until her legs gave way and she started to sink. Even then I held her up and eased back until she was practically sitting on my face, grinding her pussy into my tongue.

By then I was hard again too, of course. I rolled her over, then slid atop her and thrust in deep. She was a small woman, and groaned as my prick filled her. She drew her knees up and back, though, and started rocking in time to my thrusts.

I thought about how pissed off mom would be if he knew I was fucking aunt Chris, but that didn't slow me down any. And with having already come once I felt like I could go all day. I thrust into her again and again, loving the way she was responding, feeling like a real man as my cock rutted down into her.

After she came again I pulled out and flipped her over, then lifted up on her hips until she was on all fours. I entered her from behind, and continued to fuck, gripping her hips and spiking my prick into her for all I was worth.

I came inside her again, then the two of us lay back on the floor, basking in the warm afterglow.

Over the next couple of days we fucked like bunnies, finding any out of the way place to get together where we wouldn't be noticed. Then one evening she set me up in her closet, with the door open a crack, refusing to tell me the reason.

A few minutes later Molly came in, wearing her pajamas. The two of them sat on the edge of Chris's bed talking low. I couldn't hear a lot of what they said, but I could sure get the picture when Molly eased her lips in and kissed Chris!

My jaw went slack as I saw their arms go around each other, and then my prick got as hard as rock when Chris's hand cupped one of Molly's big breasts. I was literally trembling with excitement as I watched Chris slowly undo Molly's top and saw those big breasts exposed to the soft light.

Chris eased her back and then began to work on my sisters' breasts, her lips and tongue sucking slowly and carefully at Molly's big brown nipples as my sister moaned and gasped and whimpered in pleasure.

I watched one of Chris's hands slide down into my sister's pajama bottoms, watched the outline of her knuckles as it reached Molly's crotch and began to work on it. Molly began to roll and wriggle her hips, arching her back and moaning in pleasure.

Then Chris sat up, tugging off her own nightie and reaching down to pull Molly's bottoms off. I hadn't seen Molly naked in some years, and stared admiringly at a fantastic centerfold body, big breasts, tiny waist, and slim hips.

She blushed a little as Chris whispered to her, then the two of them got into the bed and began to make out again. Chris slid down Molly's body and began to eat her out, and my virgin sister went crazy with the pleasure, writhing and twisting and gulping in air, climaxing again and again on Chris's tongue.

After about her fourth come, and after Chris had worked her up towards another, I saw my aunt turn and look to the closet. She waved her hand, motioning me out, and I got up, cock so hard it hurt, and came forward.

Molly didn't even notice me at first. Her eyes were closed, her body stretched out on the bed, a fine sheen of perspiration covering her flanks and breasts and forehead.

"Lick me! Lick me!" she was gasping.

"Tongues are nice," Chris said. "But cocks are nice too, baby. Do you want a nice big cock inside you?"

"Yesssss," Molly moaned. "Fuck me, aunt Chris!"

"I don't have a cock, but I know a nice boy with a nice big cock all ready for you," Chris replied.

Molly opened her eyes and I saw them take me in. They were glassy at first, but then they cleared, and she gasped, sort of trying to cover herself as her face turned red.

Chris reached over and tugged at my pants, pulling them down. My erection sprang up red and hard and hungry, and Molly and I stared at each other.

She swallowed nervously, then looked at Chris for a moment before looking back at me - well, at my cock.

"Do you want it inside you, baby?" Chris whispered, stroking her thighs.

Molly didn't answer at first, then she nodded jerkily.

Chris smiled and motioned me forward as Molly lay back, spreading her legs again, her hands gripped into fists at her sides as I knelt between her legs. She looked up at me anxiously, and I grinned, then leaned in, sliding my hands over her breasts.

She stared down at my hands, mouth open, watching in fascination as I kneaded and squeezed her big breasts, then she seemed to tremble and laid her head back with a moan, spreading her legs even wider.

Chris took my cock and guided it down against my sister's sopping fuck opening, and I pushed in gently, Chris whispering reassurance to Molly as my cock spread her pussy and eased down against her cherry. I began to press against it with short, sharp thrusts, and Molly let out a gasp, jerking her head back as I pierced her.

I held still for a minute, then slowly pushed forward, my prick going where none had gone before, sliding down my sister's tight, virginal pussy hole, her slick, tight lips moving up my shaft until I was in her to the hilt.

I dropped atop her, revelling in the feel of her big breasts against my chest as I ground my hips in a slow, circular motion. Chris crawled up alongside me, kissing Molly and stroking her breasts.

I started pumping slowly, letting Molly get used to it, fighting my own excitement back as I pumped slowly and carefully.

Within a couple of minutes she'd lost most of her stiffness, and was driving herself back up against me. I picked up the pace, my cock driving deep as Chris's hand gripped my buttocks and one of her fingers slipped up into my anus.

She exchanged a deep, wet kiss with Molly, then pulled me down and did the same to me. Then her hand pulled my head down until my lips were against Molly. We both stared at each other, then I let my lips come down on hers. She was stiff at first, but softened rapidly. Soon our tongues were darting together as I humped down into her.

I came furiously, foaming and frothing inside my baby sister's hot, buttery pussy. But I was so hot, so excited, I barely softened at all. I kept humping, working my cock back and forth inside that incredibly tight hole until Molly came as well.

Chris just sat back and looked on proudly.

Well, I guess I turned my attentions away from Chris for a few days as Molly and I fucked like crazed maniacs every night. I kid you not, Molly had an incredible body, and she was limber, athletic, and desperate to make up for lost time. There was nothing she wouldn't do, and nothing she didn't want to do.

I didn't pay much attention to what Aunt Christine was doing until I heard groans coming from her room late one night when I was sneaking out of Molly's room and back to my own. I halted in surprise, then crept to the door. I guess I expected to see her jerking off as I eased the door open.

What I didn't expect was to find her and my mom screwing. My mom was beneath her, naked, just like Chris. Both of them were grinding their pelvises together, their legs spread wide so their pussies could rub and grind against each other.

Mom's hands were on Chris's bottom, squeezing down in time to their motions, and from my ankle, which was just about at the foot of the bed, I could see this strange kind of reddish brown...thing between their legs. I hadn't a clue what it was at first. It wasn't until Chris kind of sat up, still keeping her legs spread, that I realized it was some kind of dildo they had buried inside their pussies.

Even though Molly had given me a real working over I felt my cock twitch and begin to rise in my pajamas as Chris began to slide up and down on the glistening round dildo. Then she slid right up off it and I watched her pumping it into mom's pussy as she ran a hand up her body and fingered her nipples.

The dildo was incredibly long, and also flexible. She twisted it in and back, and my eyes bulged as I watched her slowly work it down into mom's anal opening. When she finally quit shoving there was just a narrow half donut of rubber visible, one end in mom's pussy, the other in her bottom.

Then Chris began licking at her and mom went crazy.

I felt a hand at my arm and jerked around, startled to find Molly there. She frowned at me curiously, and I motioned for her to look. She stared at the same scene I was, and both of us heard mom's voice starting to rise in long, quavering groans of ecstasy as she came.

Well, like I told you, Molly seemed to have no off switch now that she'd been turned on by aunt Chris. I might have been totally fucked out after hours with her, but she was still ready for more. She pushed open the door and went inside even as I cowered back, shocked.

Naturally mom was even more shocked, but it took surprisingly little persuasion from Chris before she and Molly were kissing, their breasts sliding together as they explored each other's bodies.

Soon Molly was on her knees licking mom out while Chris donned a strap-on dildo and rode Molly from behind. I came in then, sitting down and watching, entranced.

Again mom was shocked, or seemed to be, but aunt Chris only laughed. Molly barely looked up.

"You'll have to settle for us for tonight, mom," she said. "He's all fucked out."

"Your daughter is too horny for any one man to survive," aunt Chris said.

Mom seemed uncertain, but if anything even more turned on by having me watch. They switched around, and Molly ate out aunt Chris as Mom used the strap-on to fuck her from behind. Then mom and Molly did a kind of splits, their legs scissoring as they ground their pussies together.

After enough of this I was hard again - despite how Molly had wrung me dry, and Chris and Molly sat back on their heels, grinning and urging me on as I mounted mom. She welcomed me with a hesitant smile that quickly turned to a moan of pleasure as I buried my cock inside her.

I gave her the fucking of her life, I think. I mean, I'd already come four times in Molly's bedroom, so I had incredible control. At Chris's urging we kept shifting positions. We went from missionary to doggy, then mom got on top and rode up and down while Molly straddled my face and let me eat her out. I couldn't see much of what was going on up there but knew she and mom were kissing and fondling each other's breasts.

Well, Chris had been supposed to make just a short visit, but there seemed no sign she was leaving any time soon. In fact, she was still there a month later when she announced she was pregnant, and still there three months after that when mom realized she was pregnant too.

It's a damn good thing the three of them had their dildos and vibrators, and damn good they were all bisexual, because even with all that I was worn to a nub by their demands. Over the coming years I got all the sex I could handle, and then some. The only

times I got any relief was when Mom, Chris, or Molly were in the late stages of pregnancy.

I've had six daughters and five sons from them so far, and even as I write you Molly is pregnant again, and my daughter Sara, the first girl Chris bore me, is pregnant with my uh, granddaughter.

Luckily my oldest son Mark, who's now in his first year in college, has begun to help me out, and soon my second son, Paul, will be too.

I know a lot of people would be upset at the way our lives have turned out, but let me tell you this, Chris, Molly, mom and I are incredibly happy together. As for our kids, all of them have grown up in a happy, stable home, loved and cared for by all four of us.

And as each of them becomes an adult we let them know the secret we've been sharing, and let them decide whether to take part in it. So far they all have, with great delight.

I think if you don't raise your kids to fear sex, or to think it's something of terrible, awful importance they can enjoy it for the pleasure and love it brings - regardless of who it's with.

- Mr. Tom G., White Creek MI

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