

Aunt Before Mom

MrCurrie

Chapter 1

Dawn was sound asleep. It was time for me to leave - forever - but I still didn't want to disturb her. She was lying face-down; the bed covers were strewn to the side. Her beautiful nakedness was on full display. I reminisced about our time together the last two months, which had concluded with a night of celebratory sex.

When she'd accepted a scholarship at a college on the other side of the country, we'd decided we wouldn't maintain a long-distance relationship. Neither of us was in love, which would make it easier to go our separate ways.

My eyes traveled down her smooth back to her fine ass. Her long, firm legs looked better than ever this morning. I hardened as I gazed at her nude body. I knew it was time to leave; I truly didn't want to wake her. My need to touch her one last time won out. I narrowed the distance between us.

"Kevin! Did you hear me?"

Mom's voice knocked me out of my daydream. My eyes focused on her, standing in front of the stove. Her robe revealed the backs of her calves, which were identical to what I'd been admiring in my trance. I had superimposed Mom's legs onto Dawn. No wonder they'd looked so good. It wasn't the first time it had happened; I frequently substituted Mom's image while having sex with girls.

"Sorry, Mom. Guess I drifted off. I didn't sleep well last night. Could you repeat yourself?"

"Hang on," she sighed. She turned and brought our plates of food to the table. Her infectious, crooked smile melted my heart as always. Her shoulder-length, cropped brunette hair matched the color of her alluring eyes. She was stunning. I was shocked - and secretly grateful - that she hadn't mentioned a relationship with anyone during my freshman year of college. She had insisted I come home on as many weekends as possible to help maintain the house, and I hadn't even pretended to be upset.

After several bites, she repeated, "Kathleen and Kenneth want you to spend the week at their place. She's nervous about him going away to college and how he'll be treated because ... you know..."

"Because he's gay?" I finished her sentence. "Mom, it might have been that way back when you and Aunt Kate were young, but it's not uncommon now."

Mom smirked. "In my day? Do you think I'm sixty? It was a mere nineteen years ago, and gays were harassed in my senior class. The university might have been different, but I wouldn't know. I had to enter the workforce to support us."

"Nineteen? Let's see, that would make you thirty-eight. I would have guessed much younger."

She smiled. "Nice deflection. I hope you're right. He's a good kid, and I'd hate for anything to happen to him."

"He'll be fine, Mom. I wanted to stay here and do some things with you this week. We haven't had time to do much lately since I've been concentrating on finals the last few weekends."

"Don't worry, Kevin. I'm taking off next week after I complete my latest project. Kenneth told his mom he wanted to spend a week with her before summer classes began."

"Sure, Mom. I'll go and brighten their week with my presence." I didn't really have a choice, so I figured it was better to give in and be pleasant.

"That's my guy," Mom said with a sexy smirk.

One week wouldn't be too bad. Mom and I would be together every day after my brief stay at my aunt's. It didn't hurt that Aunt Kate was a hot milf, too, offsetting my desire to remain home. She was one year younger than Mom; my cousin had been born a year after me.

I quickly packed and left for my aunt's place.

Since my aunt and cousin were expecting me, I didn't knock when I arrived. They were waiting in the living room. "Hi, Aunt Kate. Ken. I'm here for the party."

My cousin replied, "Hey. Glad you could make it. Your half of the room is still the same."

I made my way to his bedroom where I quickly stored my clothes. He followed behind me. He was correct that nothing had changed. We'd never heard exactly what had happened when we were born but knew our fathers had quickly vanished. Mom and her sister had each obtained a job and had made sure their schedules were staggered. Ken and I had switched back and forth between our houses, depending on which mother was working. Our shared bedroom in each house had been kept the same even after we'd graduated from high school.

Ken wasted no time in reiterating the reason I'd been summoned. "I'm worried about Mom," he said. "She's making such a fuss about me going to college. That's why I asked her to talk to your mom and invite you. She has the week off and wants to do some of the things we've done in the past. I thought it'd help if you could convince her there isn't going to be an angry, gay-bashing mob waiting to greet me at college."

"In that case, I better call up my gang and call off the surprise I had set up," I chuckled. The ice broke and it felt like old times. We'd been the best of friends growing up, and the fact he was gay had been a definite bonus for me. He'd matched me with several of the enticing girls who frequently befriended him. As a way of returning the favor, I tutored him since I was a grade ahead of him. I couldn't exactly go tit for tat. Like I said, him being gay had been a bonus ... for me.

After handing me a controller, he plopped onto his bed. "Check out the new games and console Mom bought me for my eighteenth birthday," he said, chuckling. "I'm certain she wants me to remain in my dorm room and not wander out to get harassed."

Fond memories surfaced as we played together; we'd done this a lot growing up, though with different games. After a few hours, he set his controller on his nightstand and said, "Dang, that was fun. Remember what else we did together?" Unbuckling his belt, he shucked his pants and shorts.

We had experienced pubescence together and had no problem whacking off simultaneously. Although Ken was gay, he'd never made a sexual move toward me. He did admire my larger cock, though, and had always liked watching it while he stroked his. He loved that my mushroom-shaped head was always visible because I was circumcised. By the time I had removed my clothes, he was frantically stroking himself.

His gaze locked onto my cock as I gently pumped it. Did his fantasies center around sucking or fondling my manhood? Mine always revolved around my Mom, and the one I summoned for our impromptu jerk session was no exception. I recalled her luscious legs from breakfast. Pre-cum oozed out my tip, which I used to slather my stalk. My hand effortlessly stroked my slick, aching prick.

Loud knocks snapped me into reality as my aunt yelled, "Kev, Ken! Dinner's ready."

Fearing she would enter, I quickly pulled my shorts and pants up. My cousin laughed. "Dude, she knows better than to come into my room when the door is closed. I'm gay, not impotent."

Sighing with relief, I finished zippering up while Ken dressed. After washing our slimy paws, we made our way to the kitchen. While eating, I suddenly realized how much my aunt resembled Mom. Had they always looked so similar? Her beauty prompted me to use her image in subsequent masturbation sessions.

When I finished dinner, my cousin said, "Kev and I will clean up, Mom. Take your bath, and then we'll meet you in the living room to talk about this week's events."

Even her smile reminded me of Mom. She left for her room, and we took care of the dishes. We hadn't been on the living room couch watching TV for very long when my aunt returned. She sat down in her favorite chair, just like always. Much to my dismay, her long robe covered her lithe legs. Her calves rested on the ottoman, allowing her feet to hang over the edge.

Glancing away from the action on the screen, I periodically admired her sexy body. Movement caught my eye whenever she crossed her toes. I smiled; Mom did the same thing whenever she watched TV. Ken got off the couch, then kneeled by his mother's feet and began massaging them.

Her relaxed smile led me to believe this was their normal routine. After a few minutes, Ken insisted, "Kev, come over and help. You can work on her other foot. Mom's on her feet all day and deserves a good foot rub."

Not waiting for my aunt's approval, I quickly positioned myself by my cousin and caressed his mother's foot. Aunt Kate's alarmed expression showed she wasn't used to anyone but her son touching her.

"Kenneth, you shouldn't make Kevin help with your job. He might find it uncomfortable to be handling my feet."

"Nonsense," Ken blurted. "When I stayed at their place, Aunt Kelley never received this kind of attention. He needs to learn how to give his mother a treat. Don't you want your sister to enjoy the same kind of relief?"

She smiled and chuckled. "I suppose it wouldn't hurt to teach him, especially from a master such as yourself."

It was the first time I had spent any time caressing a woman's foot, and it was more erotic than I had imagined.

Ken placed his mom's heel in his palm, supporting most of her leg's weight with it. Then he instructed, "Kev, you can check how well you're doing by monitoring her calf muscle." When he slid his other hand up and down her calf, her foot stiffened in my hand. Was her tense reaction an indication he had not previously stroked her leg? Catching my attention, he indicated I should follow his lead. Only too glad to comply, I enjoyed the smoothness of her skin.

She tensed again as she breathed in deeply. Her flesh was soft and hot, which made me yearn to kiss it. Knowing that would be too much, I contented myself with just stroking my aunt's leg.

After several minutes of allowing us to grope her curvaceous calves, Aunt Kate pulled back and rose off her chair. "Thanks so much. I'm going to bed now. Ken, tomorrow you get to select our activities for the day. This week is going to be so much fun."

"Sure, Mom," my cousin answered. "Good night."

His look of encouragement prompted me to answer as well. "See you in the morning, Aunt Kate. Sleep well."

As soon as we made it to our bedroom, my cousin stripped and resumed where he had left off earlier in the day. With the memories of his mother's legs fresh in my mind, I followed suit immediately and then started stroking my aching prick.

My lustful thoughts were interrupted when Ken asked, "Who do you fantasize about when you're jacking off?"

Would it bother him if I admitted I was fantasizing about his mother? Probably not but I decided to keep it from him. "It's a variety of girls I've dated in the past. I owe you, actually, since you set me up with a lot of them."

He grinned. "It was the least I could do as payment for the help you gave me in school. What do you think makes me cum hard?"

I was afraid to ask, just in case he explained in detail. I had a feeling his fantasies would do absolutely nothing for me. "No idea. If you keep pestering me, I'm going to have to go to sleep with blue balls."

"Sorry," he giggled. "My biggest orgasms come from watching your enormous prick erupt. Your big, spongy head spitting out cum does something for me."

He had never attempted to recruit me as a sexual partner, so I cut him some slack. If watching my prick spurt gave him his jollies, that was fine - as long as it didn't go any further.

He continued, "I'm leaving early this week and meeting up with my friend at school."

"Cool. I'll let Mom know I may be home earlier than planned."

"No," he replied. "I want you to stay here for the rest of the week to keep Mom company. I don't want both of us leaving right away. She needs time to adjust." He

sounded so sad. He really cared about his mom - his hot mom, who looked a lot like mine.

"Sure, Cuz. I'll help you out."

He smiled wide and then added, "Thanks. There is one other wish I was hoping you'd grant me. One of my fantasies is one of you fucking a girl and spraying her tits. Watching your cum-covered prick jerk and spew out your load after sex would drive me crazy. Would you be willing to fulfill my dream?"

My hand stopped. I took a few moments to process what I'd just heard. "No girl will allow you to sit and watch me make love to her."

"I can make it happen," he replied confidently. "If I find someone willing to do it, will you consider it?"

Recalling the babes that had regularly hung out with him in high school, I decided I'd be stupid to refuse his request. "Sure, Ken. If you find an agreeable woman, I'd be happy to provide you with a farewell memory."

"Great," Ken said, elated. We concentrated on stroking our pricks to completion. I squeezed my bulbous head until precum leaked and coated my shaft. My thoughts drifted back to Aunt Kate's legs, and that pushed me much closer to my orgasm.

My cousin's eyes locked onto my shaft; he knew I was close to blowing. "You're going to love the pussy I'm setting up for you."

"You do have a lot of sexy friends. Do I know her?" I asked.

He grinned and replied, "You do. She's my mother. You're going to fuck your aunt."

That's all it took. Visions of me plowing his sexy mother formed in my mind. My cockhead expanded and shot a big blob high on my chest, followed by streams of cum. My cousin's prick released its load soon after. Silence ensued as we concentrated on draining our bodies of semen.

After our pricks finished spasming, I exclaimed, "Your mom? Aunt Kate? Are you nuts?"

He laughed, "Come on. You're not fooling me. Your prick exploded when I mentioned her. She's hot and I know you'd love to shove your big prick deep into her pussy."

"You have me there," I conceded. "She's a real milf - but how will you arrange it? You two are close, but I doubt that you can convince her to have sex with her nephew, while her son watches. That's a reach."

"You haven't been around to hear her moan and groan while she relieves herself in her bedroom every night. She's been hinting about seeking companionship after I leave. She's lonely and horny. Once we introduce her to your magnificent prick, she'll be thrilled to use it instead of one of her toys."

I wasn't convinced he could pull it off, but the seed was planted. I was thinking about mating with my aunt for real, and I desperately wanted it to happen. "I'll trust you since you've been good to me in the past. What do you need from me?"

My cousin grinned; he knew I was hooked. "My mom's lustful longing for a man is strong, but I don't want her to feel uncomfortable with our advances. As you noticed earlier, she allowed me to progress further than most mothers would have allowed because I'm gay. She didn't object when you stroked her leg which indicates she trusts you."

"Sounds like a plan. Let me know what you want me to do."

"I'll tell you more in the morning," my cousin yawned, pulling the covers over himself.

I slept surprisingly well, considering the conversation I'd had with Ken the night before. Far less surprising was my morning wood. My dreams had been of me and my aunt enjoying intercourse. Sitting upright, I contemplated what to wear. The majority of clothes I'd kept at my cousin's place had been hauled home during the previous year. Before I could grab my pants, a robe landed on my lap.

"Wear this," my cousin insisted. "Your hard-on will be a nice touch."

"It'll go away," I replied. "Dreaming about plowing your mother kept me stiff most of the night." His expression turned sorrowful, and I regretted mentioning her. "Sorry, I didn't mean to be so crass," I apologized.

"It's okay," he replied. "I wasn't being forthright when I asked you to do this. The main reason isn't providing a memory for me. I love my mom and don't want her to get hurt. Once I leave, she'll be lonely, horny, and vulnerable. Men will be drooling all over her, tempting her to make poor choices. The girls I've paired with you have all returned to me and told me how nice you were to them. According to them, you're more than a great fuck. You're someone who appreciates a woman and knows how to treat her. I want the same for my mom. I'd like you to fulfill her sexual needs so she can concentrate on finding a good guy and building a healthy relationship."

I understood. He loved his mom. He wanted the best for her, but, of course, he didn't want to fuck her himself. "No problem, Cuz. I'll treat her as if she were my mom."

"Wait," exclaimed Ken, "you're fucking your mom?"

"No, of course not," I giggled. "I meant I'll respect your mother like I do mine."

"Whew," my cousin whistled. "Fucking your aunt is one thing, but I doubt it could compare with fucking your own mother. That kind of competition would have hampered my plan. Anyway, go out and have breakfast with her. I'm going to take my shower. Remember the tips I've given you in the past concerning girls."

Fortunately, I had softened by the time I made it to the kitchen. My aunt was busy preparing breakfast but took the time to smile and wish me good morning. "My son's robe is a little tight on you. I hope this doesn't mean you've offed him and taken his place."

"No," I laughed. "Ken offered me his robe while he showers. He said he'd prefer to wear sweats today. I'd forgotten that I'd taken most of my clothes back to my own house."

While I sipped on a hot cup of coffee, she finished cooking and brought over our filled plates. "Let's eat while it's warm," she beamed. "I can heat Ken's share when he comes out."

I appreciated her beauty more than usual, spurred by the idea that I could actually have her. Meanwhile, her hungry eyes furtively explored my chest - exposed, since Ken's robe was tight on me. Ken had been right. She was horny for a man.

Kate was the first to break the silence. "By your expression, I must have food on my face," she teased.

"No, it's your smile," I replied. "It always cheers me up, like Mom's. You two are a lot alike. She always brightens my day."

She gushed, "Thank you, Kev. I'm especially giddy since my two favorite people are with me during my week off before Ken leaves for school."

Her friendly, infectious demeanour affected me as we continued our conversation throughout the meal. During a quiet moment, I asked, "Are you looking forward to Ken going to college? Do you have any plans? Any hobbies you're going to pursue?"

Her expression turned immediately. "I'm worried about what's going to happen to him there," she said. "People can be so mean to..."

"Gays?" I answered for her. "It's not like it was in the old days."

"Old days?" my aunt laughed. "I suppose things might have changed since I was in high school, but thanks for mentioning how ancient I am."

"Sorry, that was rude of me. You could easily be mistaken for Ken's girlfriend when you're together."

Her wide smile returned, and, before she could reply, I added, "Besides, I'll keep an eye on him at school and make sure no harm comes to him. His apartment will be close to mine, making it easy to hang out like we did growing up."

"Thank you so much," she blurted. "You're such a sweet nephew. I feel better already, knowing you'll be there to watch over him."

Then, her expression turned distant. She was struggling with more dark thoughts.

"What's wrong, Auntie?" I asked.

She hesitated, but finally, "It's always bothered me that maybe I was the cause of Ken becoming gay. You didn't really have a father figure, either, and you're obviously heterosexual. Despite all the time you two spent together, maybe I just treated him differently, somehow."

"I'm no authority on the subject, but I wouldn't worry too much about it. Ken has always been a good person and appears happy with his lifestyle."

"I know," she agreed. "I just worry that maybe I could have - should have - steered him towards girls. It disturbs me that I might have been able to help him connect with girls. Did your mom do anything like that, that you can remember? You stayed with me enough that you should recognize the differences in our child-rearing techniques."

It was obvious she was distressed about my cousin's sexual preference. A plan formed in my mind. "She did some things to increase my interest in girls, now that I think about it."

Her raised eyebrows and her anxious expression prompted me to continue.

"She became more interested in my relationships after my eighteenth birthday. When I first discussed dating a girl, she started dressing less conservatively. The first thing I noticed was that her shorter dresses displayed more of her legs. They're one of her best features, a lot like yours."

My aunt's face reddened. Was she recalling how I stroked her calves last night?

"Really?" she chirped. "Your mother flirted with you? How risqué of her. I had no idea."

"She has become a little more open in the last year," I said. "One time was especially memorable to me. Black thigh-high nylons cloaked her legs, and when she sat opposite me, her skirt rose. An inch of pale flesh was visible above the tops of her stockings. When she caught me staring, she didn't adjust herself and allowed me to leer at her while we continued to talk. I felt like a perv, but I couldn't help it."

My aunt smiled and anxiously egged, "Go on. What else happened?"

She seemed hooked. I decided to go all-in with my perverted lies. "A few nights later, I brought home a date to meet mom. She noticed my date's nylon-clad legs right away. She smiled, like she was thinking she'd had something to do with my choice."

"Wow!" Aunt Kate exclaimed. "She must have been so proud of herself. I wish she would have told me about all of this. Did she do anything else to help you??"

I'd gone so far that there wasn't much point in stopping. My eyes caught my aunt's bosom straining against her robe. Inspiration struck.

"After the nylon incident, she would hug me longer at night before bed, and I remember noticing that her robe was looser up top. One night she pulled me in tightly, and it was obvious she wasn't even wearing a bra."

"Eek," my aunt squeaked. "I can't believe she'd be so aggressive. Did it pay off?"

"It sure did," I lied. "My new date the next week was well-endowed, and Mom smiled again, knowing she had planted the seed in my head."

"Jesus," my aunt said. "I wish your mother and I would have communicated better but we were so busy with our work we didn't have a lot of time. She probably felt it wasn't her place to influence my son and concentrated on you. It seems to have been an effective method, though. Do you think it's too late for my son? What if I could help him like that? Did she do anything else?"

"She did introduce me to kissing," I lied again - but I decided I'd pushed things far enough.

"... but nothing romantic," I added. "A light peck on the lips at night was enough to pique my curiosity. She never witnessed the results, though, because I thought it was weird kissing a girl in front of Mom."

"I bet," my aunt chuckled. "Thank you for telling me about this. Let's keep it our secret."

"Of course, Auntie."

Hearing Ken emerge from the bedroom, we fell silent and cleaned our plates. The twisted fairy tales I'd just told my aunt about my mom had had an effect on me, too. Thankfully, the tent in my robe wasn't visible from her side of the table. I still wasn't sure she was ready for that.

Ken filled his cup and sat at his place. His smirk confirmed that he'd noticed my prominent bulge. "My ears are burning," he quipped. "You guys talking about me?"

"Don't be silly, Ken," my aunt answered. "Kevin and I were catching up on him and his mother's latest activities. Hopefully, I'll be able to spend more time with my sister once you leave for college."

"I get it, Mom. You're anxious to replace me," my cousin chuckled.

"You know better. I'm going to miss my adorable little man. First, I need to feed you." Before she could rise, Ken put his hand onto hers, holding her in place.

"Mom. Today, we're doing everything for you. It's my turn to direct the activities and it starts with me cleaning up the kitchen. I'll eat a snack and finish up. Both of you get ready and meet me in the living room." Maintaining his grip on his mother, he ordered, "Kev, take my mom's and your plates to the sink, please."

Did he forget about my bulge? Of course not. Rising, I hunched over a bit, trying to at least make my erection look smaller. When I reached over to grab Aunt Kate's

plate and silverware, I saw her eyes riveted on my puffy robe. She blushed as I turned to place our stuff on the counter.

Retreating out of the room, I moved out of sight and listened.

"Guess I should have told him to take a cold shower," my cousin laughed. His mom giggled as he continued, "Mom, it looks like you still have it."

She chirped, "Stop it! You're so bad."

When they changed the subject, I left for our room. It was clear they enjoyed a closer relationship than Mom and me. I found it amusing that my cousin thought my hardening resulted from interacting with his mother when it was actually visualizing Mom in my fabricated stories.

He was right about two things: I needed to cool off, and an icy shower would do the trick. Ken entered when I finished dressing. After I relayed the morning's events, he excitedly said, "Excellent. It sounds like you're on the right track."

When we heard my aunt call out to us, we left to meet her. I chuckled when I saw her legs concealed by light-blue thigh-highs. Was she already taking my advice, and trying to entice Ken towards girls? Or was she feeling young again for a different reason?

Maybe it was nothing. I didn't think so, though.

Our first stop was the mall. My aunt loved to shop, so my cousin decided this would be our first event for the day. On our way to the second store, my cousin held her hand. Nodding his head for me to follow suit, I took her other hand. She welcomed it. Upon exiting each store, she took the initiative and grasped both of our hands again.

After a light lunch at a restaurant, we drove to a park and leisurely strolled through the gardens. There was no need to initiate contact with her as she snaked her arms through ours and held us close. At that point, I wasn't even sure if it was Ken's plan or Kate's. I enjoyed reaping the benefits regardless; Kate's body felt wonderful next to mine.

Our final stop before heading home was the grocery store so that Ken could pick up some fresh vegetables. He'd promised to cook dinner for us - yet another benefit for me.

Once home, we made ourselves comfortable in the living room. The walking had tired us out a bit. After a few minutes, my cousin knelt and removed his mother's shoes so he could massage her feet. All he had to do was look at me; I joined him and assigned myself a foot and leg.

His mom leaned her head back and cooed, "What a wonderfully fun day. Thank you so much."

Ken chirped, "It was a great way to kick off our vacation."

Reaching under her skirt, he stated, "We sure don't want to ruin it by ripping your stockings." He swiftly pulled her nylon off. Her sharp intake of breath led me to believe this was not ordinary.

Wasting no time, I repeated my cousin's actions. Under the pretense of being careful, I wrapped my hands around her thigh and gingerly rolled her nylon down the length of her luscious limb. My fingers lightly slid across her smooth, hot flesh. Even though her leg was tense from the unexpected contact from her nephew, she didn't object.

"You'll have to do both, now," my cousin stated. "I'm going to prepare dinner. Get some more practice. Your mom will appreciate it."

I switched feet, and my aunt smiled widely with appreciation. Their open-concept house allowed the delicious smells from the kitchen to fill the living room. Ken shouted, "Don't forget what I told you about checking her calves once in a while."

I quickly slid my hands up her smooth flesh. Her muscles were more relaxed than the first time. She kept her eyes closed and let me work. She rewarded my efforts with an appreciative moan.

Several minutes later, my cousin interrupted my massaging. "Kev, there's one other relaxation area you could try out on your mother to help her. Hold her heel with one hand while your other hand moves up the underside of her leg. When you reach the area underneath her knee, lightly run your fingers over the skin."

Aunt Kate's eyes opened as she objected, "Ken, I don't think he should go that far with my sister. It can be a little ticklish."

Ignoring her pleas, my fingers traipsed across the flesh below her knee. Groaning replaced her feeble protests, followed by goosebumps appearing on her leg.

"It is silky smooth," I commented. "From your reaction, I'd say it's pretty sensitive."

My hands slid along her leg, massaging her flesh until the bumps subsided. Then I teased her again. After repeating the two-part maneuver a dozen times, I switched to her other leg. Aunt Kate's eyes closed while she enjoyed her nephew's attention.

"Dinner's ready," Ken announced. "Come enjoy the fruits of my labor."

We sat and devoured his delicious meal. "You're a good cook," I noted. "You're going to see a lot more of me next school year."

"No problem, Cuz. Watching people enjoy my dishes brings me joy. There have been times I've thought about switching majors and making it a career."

"My loss, your gain," my aunt interjected. "Hopefully, my son will visit me on weekends and pamper his mother."

"Of course, I will," my cousin replied. "If you remember, Kev returned every weekend last year and I know it's not because he can cook. I guess we're both mama's boys at heart."

We giggled, but he had hit the nail on the head. I studied hard during the week so I could devote all my free time to Mom on the weekends.

When we finished, Ken ordered, "After today's workout, we all need a shower. You two go to your rooms and clean up and I'll follow suit."

Refreshed and clean, I tied up my robe when my cousin entered the bathroom. "You're doing great so far," he said, encouragingly. "She's become accustomed to your touch and it'll be easier from now on."

"Thanks. You're more intimate with your mother than most sons. How far have you gone with her?"

"Not much more than we've done. It's only recently that I've tested my limits. A few weeks ago I noticed her masturbating more at night when I massaged her feet so I decided to massage her longer and harder. Sure enough, the better the massage, the louder her groans later."

That didn't bode well for me. Aunt Kate must have been fantasizing about her son, since he was the one building her up. Did Ken realize I was competing with him?

Recognizing my sorrowful expression, he attempted to cheer me up. "It's not what you think. I'll explain everything later. When you go out, don't offer to massage her legs. I have something else in mind. I'll meet you after I shower."

My aunt's attention was focused on a sitcom when I entered the living room. She flashed me a welcoming smile as I took my place. Her robe was split apart at the top, exposing more of her smooth collarbone and a few inches of cleavage - exactly as I had described how Mom had encouraged me to admire a woman's breasts.

It was becoming clearer to me that Aunt Kate wanted to change her son's sexual preference for her own selfish reasons. Ken was the one that she wanted.

"Hi, guys. What's on?" My cousin asked us by way of greeting.

"Not much. I'm going to bed early tonight," my aunt said, tiredly. "You guys wore me out."

Ken moved behind his mom and placed his hands on her shoulders. "It was a fun day. Your final treat is a vigorous massage so you can sleep better." His fingers slid underneath her robe and worked her muscles.

"That's nice, Ken," she moaned. "Thanks for all you've done today."

Pretending to watch the screen, I covertly observed his actions. His hands slowly moved his mom's robe to the sides, widening the gap in front. Kate sighed with pleasure, and after ten minutes, she leaned forward. Her exhibition wasn't lost on my cousin; he even bent over to check her out. He glanced at me and grinned. Clearly, he thought everything was going great.

Releasing his mom, he ordered, "Kev, your turn."

Aunt Kate sat upright and objected, "I'm plenty relaxed, honey. I'm heading to bed."

"Mom, Kev needs to practice so he can do the same for his mom. It won't take long. Please?"

"Okay," she sighed. "My sister does deserve this kind of attention."

Switching with my cousin, my hands went to my aunt's shoulders. She involuntarily jerked and her neck tensed when I made contact.

"Kev, massaging her scalp will relax her before continuing," my cousin instructed. "Mom was apprehensive with me the first time, too."

My fingers interlaced with her silky locks; they reminded me of Mom's. Rubbing in tight circles, I caressed her scalp and was rewarded with a series of low moans. Her body relaxed as I worked my fingers. "Your hair is fine and soft. I love running my fingers through it," I complimented her.

"Thanks, Kev. My sister and I used to brush each other when growing up. Your mother's hair is similar to mine, so all the same things should work."

"Move to her shoulders now," my cousin ordered.

Replicating my cousin's actions, my hands slowly worked her robe outwards, widening the split. While sitting on the couch, I couldn't see exactly how much my cousin had witnessed. In any case, I intently watched as more and more of her confining undergarment was revealed. Sliding my hands further to the side exposed more of her silky apparel. A sliver of her dark-brown areolas peeked out from the top of her half-bra.

My hands concentrated on her flesh while my eyes leered at her exposed mounds. My fingertips dug into her soft folds and slid lower. Resisting the temptation to venture down to cup her full breasts, I massaged the territory I had already conquered. Her breathing rate increased while her chest expanded, stretching the material beyond the edge of her nipple. My prick was iron-hard, and when I thought her tip might pop out, she leaned back into the chair.

"Whew, that was a nice workout," my aunt wheezed. Feeling her rise, I removed my hands so she could finish standing. "I'm not going to have any trouble sleeping tonight." Holding out her arms to my cousin, she begged, "Come hug your mother. You deserve a reward for being so nice to me today."

Her arms wrapped around his back and pulled him tightly to her breasts - just like I'd said Mom had done to me. She was facing away from me while my cousin rested his chin on her shoulder. Grinning at me, he embraced her and placed his hands directly above her ass. As he hugged her tightly, his eyes directed mine towards them. He was telling me to squeeze her tightly when it was my turn - to shove my bulging prick against her body.

After I nodded to show him I understood, he smiled and said, "You smell nice tonight, Mom."

She released him and replied, "Thanks, Ken. It's nice to be appreciated." She didn't move, and I knew she was contemplating kissing him, just like in the fairy tale I'd spun for her. Before she could act, Ken seized the initiative. He leaned in and pecked her on the lips.

I couldn't see her expression, but I'm willing to bet it mirrored his smile. She pivoted to her left and stepped towards her bedroom. My heart sank; apparently, I wasn't going to get a hug or have my chance. I'd been right; she wanted Ken, not me.

"Mom!" my cousin blurted. She stopped and turned to face us. "Kev was such a big help making your day special. Shouldn't he get a hug, too?"

She blushed and lifted her arms, inviting me in. I moved close and held her while her arms wrapped around me. She didn't pull me tightly as she did with her son. When our cheeks pressed together, I lowered my hands to pull her into my rock-hard bulge. A gasp of hot air washed over the back of my neck, but she didn't push me away.

Ken wished us goodnight before he closed his bedroom door. He was leaving so his mom wouldn't be held back by his presence. I slowly ground my crotch into her stomach; her arms pulled our chests together. Her soft tits mashed out to the sides.

Her natural scent, mixed together with the floral smell of her shampoo, was intoxicating. Turning my mouth to her ear, I whispered, "Ken was right. You smell nice, and your tight embrace reminds me of when my mother did it. Thanks for the memories."

After several more minutes of enjoying our close contact, she released me. Before she turned, I kissed her. Instead of just a peck, I let my lips linger on hers for several seconds. Her eyes were closed when I pulled back. "Good night, Aunt Kate. It was a great day."

Her silent answer was a nod and a wide smile.

Ken was sitting on his bed when I made it back to our room. We rehashed the events of the day. After about ten minutes, he picked up a penlight and ordered, "It's time. Follow me and listen carefully."

He led me through the dark living room and hallway until we were outside of his mom's room. Muffled sounds emanated from within, but I couldn't discern anything. Ken lowered the penlight and illuminated his face with it. His finger was on his lips. His hand went to the doorknob before he flicked off the light. He slowly cracked the door open wide enough so we could hear her voice.

Her passionate tones confirmed Ken's assertion that she was horny. Was she fantasizing about our intimate contact in the living room? I hoped so.

"Twist and pull them, baby. You know how to turn me on," my aunt spouted. It was clear she was imagining a man teasing her nipples.

"I'm wet enough, honey. Stick your meaty cockhead in my slippery hole and slide your thick prick to the bottom. Stretch me out, like you do every time."

Hearing her grunts of lust hardened me as I visualized the huge dildo disappearing into her hungry cunt. "Perfect," she groaned. "Slow and sweet like we've done since the first time we made love."

After several minutes, the squeaks from her bed became louder as she increased her pace. "Faster, sweetie. I'm getting close. Slam it into me. Fuck me hard. You own my pussy," she screamed.

Sloshing sounds were as loud as the springs squeaking mixed with her groans. When her grunts of passion ebbed, I thought she had climaxed. After several minutes, though, they increased in intensity again. She was prolonging her orgasm as she alternated between fast and slow stroking. It was a sensual method I had used on some of the girls I had dated.

"Damn, your big balls slapping against me are turning me on. I'm ready to blow. Fuck me hard and pull my ass into you," my aunt screeched. Not two minutes later, her orgasm overtook her as she screamed, "I'm cumming! I love your cock. Fuck me hard!"

Her vocal narrative switched to grunts and groans as her body writhed through her climax. Before she finished, Ken silently closed her door and switched on his light to lead us back to our room.

When we returned, my cousin explained, "As you can tell, she isn't fantasizing about me. She's thinking about Dad. What finally convinced me to execute my plan was when I realized that you've got the same type of cock. Once she realizes your prick matches her dream man's, she won't be able to resist the real thing. You're the perfect solution for helping my mom."

My smile was enough of an answer for my cousin. We plotted our next course of action before we fell asleep.

I went to the kitchen the next morning, again without my cousin. My aunt asked, "Is Ken showering again?"

"No. He isn't hungry and decided to sleep a little longer."

We weren't long into our meal before she brought up the previous night's events. "Did Ken mention anything about last night's hug and kiss? Did it have the same effect on him as your mom's had on you?"

My cousin and I rehearsed this very conversation last night. "He did talk about it," I replied. That much was true. Then I added the lie. "He was interested in the sensation he experienced when you pressed against him."

"You mean my tits, right?" my aunt giggled.

"Yes, he wanted to know how it felt to hold a woman's breast, as he's never done it."

"And I suppose you're an expert in groping women?" she said with a sexy smile.

"I have to admit I wasn't good at it at the start. If you can keep a secret and not flip out, I'll tell you about my first time."

"Of course, you can trust me. Who was it? Do I know her?"

"It was my mother."

"Shut up!" she exclaimed. "My sister let you explore her bare breasts?"

Putting on my most serious face, I pleaded, "My mom will kill me if she ever finds out. You can't tell her." She probably would, especially since I was lying, again, about something so taboo. It was a terrible gamble, actually, as I had overheard Mom and my aunt talking about all sorts of stuff over the years, and knew they weren't good at keeping secrets.

"Our conversations have encompassed more than I'm willing to impart to your mother. She can't be made aware of our secret discussions. It's between you and me alone." She smiled widely to put me at ease. I pretended to be convinced.

"Remember when I told you she hugged me braless? A few days later, we were watching a movie on the couch. She was on her side, resting her head on my thighs. I noticed her snoring, so I looked down; her robe had fallen open, and I could see almost all of her breasts."

"And you weren't satisfied with just looking, were you?" my aunt giggled.

"Never having seen them before, you can imagine my curiosity. It wasn't long before I gently pulled the material off and exposed everything. They were glorious, and I couldn't resist touching them. My fingers explored every inch of her flesh before cupping and lightly squeezing her mounds. Mom moaned, and at first, I thought she was waking up. Her breathing remained steady and deep, though, so I kept going. I let her expression and her moans guide me. I figured out the best way to caress her. Her areolae were so beautiful; they were the same dark-brown color as..."

I caught myself before I spilled the beans.

"Mine?" She finished my sentence. "Go on. Did you touch them?"

"Yes. my fingertips gently enclosed them and lightly squeezed. They quickly filled with blood. She inhaled sharply, and her chest rose against my hands. I quickly checked her face to make sure she still hadn't woken up."

"Seriously?" my aunt croaked. "Don't you ever wake up in the morning with parts of your body hard? As far as your mom, I know she can become stimulated in her sleep."

It was my turn to blush. Avoiding the obvious question as to how my aunt knew all that, I continued my fable.

"After a few minutes of lightly twisting and pulling them, she moaned and stirred. Taking no more chances, I discontinued my exploration and covered her. She woke up a minute later and seemed none the wiser."

"Wow," my aunt exclaimed. "Your mom took home-schooling to a whole new level. It's easy to see why she was proud of herself when you brought home your well-endowed date."

Her frown reflected her concern that she had made some child-rearing mistakes, "Maybe if I had concentrated on my son's relationships, things could have been different. Did she have to do anything else to encourage you?"

"There was one more thing, but it's a little embarrassing," I answered.

"More so than describing how you groped your mom's tits? Come on, spill the beans to your aunt."

Ken and I hadn't gotten this far last night. I paused for a moment, pretending to be reluctant. Really, I was trying to put together the next lie. Finally, I said, "Well, Mom caught me necking with a girl in our living room. My date freaked out and left from the embarrassing situation. Later that night, Mom informed me she thought my kissing was too aggressive."

"Let me guess," Aunt Kate stammered. "Your mom came to the rescue and taught you how to kiss."

"Yes, but it wasn't like you think. It was instructional, not sexual. It was right after one of our hugs before we went to bed. Instead of a quick peck, Mom maintained close contact with my mouth, slightly opening it after a few minutes. Her tongue lightly swiped against my lips before she released me. She instructed me to be more gentle with my dates if I wanted to keep them interested."

"One kiss and you were done?"

"Nope. She insisted on practicing, and eventually, our tongues touched. Our hugging became tighter. and my hands roamed over her silky clothes while we kissed."

"Jesus!" exclaimed my aunt. "French-kissing your mother before bedtime. You said your hands were exploring. What exactly was she wearing?"

Before I could answer, Ken's door opened. Just before he walked into the kitchen, though, I whispered, "A see-through nightie."

"Yikes!" my aunt screamed.

"What's wrong, Mom?" Ken asked. "Do I look that bad?"

"No. Kev was just telling me a story, and part of it surprised me. Sit at the table, and I'll bring you breakfast."

For the remainder of the meal, my aunt looked desperate to continue our conversation. I'd taken another gamble on the negligee part, but apparently, it had paid off. I inwardly chuckled. I knew she was dying to pry more information out of me.

"It's your day, Mom," my cousin said, breaking her concentration. "What do you have planned for us?"

Aunt Kate hesitated, and I wondered if she was trying to incorporate my latest lies into the day's activities. "Don't you two groan," she said, "but we're doing a couple of things that I recall were a lot of fun back when you were younger. First, we're playing miniature golf, followed by a light snack. After that, we'll attend a double-feature movie and finish up with dinner. Appropriate dress for today is casual-fun." She giggled at that last part.

My cousin and I did in fact groan, but only because she'd told us not to. We knew it would be fun. While Ken and I dressed in our room, I caught him up on my conversation with his mom.

"Nice going," he said. "Tonight should be interesting. Hopefully, she'll remain focused on fixing my gayness." He chuckled, and I actually felt a little bad for his mom.

Surprisingly, my aunt found one of the few remaining golf parks in the city. Pleasant memories returned as we competed, and it was more enjoyable than I thought it would be. My aunt wore a knee-length skirt and a billowy, untucked blouse. She had applied enough makeup to appear years younger, and could easily have been mistaken for one of our dates.

The two top buttons on her blouse became unfastened at some point and provided us with glimpses of her braless tits. She was following through on my advice and providing her son with quite the show.

My aunt hit the ball out of bounds several times. One of the times she went to retrieve it, my cousin held my arm so I wouldn't move on to my next shot. "Watch this," he said with a large grin.

When she bent over, her skirt rose mid-thigh, but more importantly, her top drooped open and revealed her hanging breasts between her open legs. Her golfing skills hadn't depreciated as much as I had thought. She was missing shots on purpose to expose herself to her son.

When she rose and turned, her face flushed; she realized I'd been enjoying the show too. For the rest of the game, she played it straight - well, you know what I mean.

After a light lunch, we drove to a multiplex theater known for showing classic movies. She picked out one of our favorite action films for the first one. We always sat in the middle seats with my aunt between us.

Our routine was to use the restrooms during intermission, which allowed us to avoid the rush at the end. My cousin said he didn't have to go and he'd stay to hold our seats. I made it back before Aunt Kate. As I sat down, my cousin handed me a silk handkerchief. "Keep it handy," is all he said.

The second film was a tearjerker, and one of my aunt's favorites. She followed our tradition, switching from shows we liked to one of her choices. Partway through the movie, my cousin's arm enveloped his mom's, and he held her hand. When I sensed her forearm moving outward towards me, I took the hint and did the same as Ken.

The hem of her skirt rose, causing the back of my hand to press against her warm flesh. She periodically squeezed my hand during dramatic scenes, just as she had during our childhood.

When the credits began rolling, my cousin announced, "The bathroom lines will be crazy long. You two wait here until the place clears while I fight the crowds. I'll meet you at the car." A minute after he left, the lights brightened, and I saw her left hand rub her face.

Turning to look, I could see tears streaming down her high cheekbones. Her mascara marred her beautiful face. My cousin had known this would happen. Aunt Kate smiled as I gently wiped away her tears with Ken's hankie.

"Where did you get that?" my aunt asked. "This movie gets to me. I must look like a mess."

"You know a boy scout is always prepared," I giggled. "You don't need to wear makeup. You're naturally beautiful."

She smiled, "Thanks, Kev. I thought Ken would appreciate seeing a woman made up today. When your mother and I were young, I wore makeup to compete with her. Her looks attracted men more than mine did."

My aunt was pretty, but I actually agreed with her. Mom was better-looking. It was a bit strange to hear Kate say it.

Aunt Kate probed, "Kev, did I catch his attention?" Her anxious tone brought me back to the conversation.

"He'd be nuts not to take notice of his pretty mother. Didn't you see him admiring your beauty?"

She blushed and croaked, "It wasn't the same as your mother did for you, but I did my best. It was a little embarrassing, especially when you got caught up in it."

"You have nothing to be ashamed of. You're beautiful."

While my thumb gently rubbed her soft cheeks, her hand squeezed mine and pulled me tighter against her thigh. It was a sensual moment. I could see lust in her eyes. I desired nothing more than to kiss her.

Before I could act on that desire, she glanced at her watch and blurted, "We're late. I bet he's already in the car."

After dining at a fancy restaurant, we arrived home about when we would normally retire for the night. "Let's take our showers and meet back in the living to talk about tomorrow," my aunt suggested.

"Sure," my cousin replied. "Come on, Cuz."

After our showers, I asked Ken, "What are your plans for tomorrow? I'm running out of lies to tell her."

"Not sure. I have to see how tonight goes. I'll know more in the morning."

He certainly had his cryptic moments. I let it go, and we went back to the living room.

His mom entered the same time we did, and my cock jerked at her appearance. She wore a thin, green nightie. Her blue panties and bra were visible underneath. I immediately regretted not telling her that my mom had been braless. She followed everything else pretty closely, and I realized I had missed a great opportunity.

Her firm stance and pleading expression cried for a compliment. Ken did the honors. "Mom, you look fantastic. I've never seen you wear that nightie before."

"I've had it for a few months," his mother said, smiling at her son's approval. "It's late and I wasn't going to come back out, but I remembered we wanted to talk about tomorrow."

"About that, Mom," my cousin stuttered. "There are a couple of places I have in mind but won't know for certain until morning. Today was a lot of fun, and it's going to be hard to compete with it."

My aunt's reply was open arms. Ken walked over and let her hug him tightly. When it came to the kiss, she lingered. I had no doubt she was following my script to the letter. When she opened her mouth, though, Ken backed off a few feet. Glancing over, he nodded for me to take my turn.

She held me tight as she covertly ground her stomach onto my bulge. Taking the initiative when we kissed, my lips opened slightly before my tongue swiped across her lips. Expecting her to shift backward, I was pleasantly surprised when she hugged me tighter.

Ken didn't leave this time, and after a few seconds, he commented, "Kev knows how to kiss a woman, doesn't he?"

Without releasing me, her affirmative hum tickled my lips. When she paused as if to end the kiss, Ken piped up again. "Mom, show me how I should treat a woman if I want to date one."

His pleading convinced her to continue our illicit connection. She twisted her mouth on mine and then snaked her tongue inside. While we French-kissed, her hands explored my backside, giving me the green light to do the same.

My hands roamed across her silky nightie, and my prick jerked again. I thought back to my lie - to the fictional version of my mother who'd done all of this to me. Aunt Kate's breathing was rapid; her eyes were open this time, filled with lust. I moved closer to her covered breast, she made no move to stop me.

When I cupped her soft tit with my hand, her kiss intensified. I gently squeezed her mound as she ground against my rock-hard prick.

"That's one difference between men and women," Ken interjected. "Men don't have a big, spongy breast to squeeze. Can I try it, Mom?"

Her eyes conveyed her pleasure with her son's sudden interest in women. She pulled off long enough to croak, "Yes, Ken. See what you're missing." She connected with my mouth again as I pulled my hand away.

My cousin moved close, and I waited for him to hold his mother's breast. Suddenly, she pulled back and cried, "Ow, Kenneth! Not so hard. They're sensitive. You have to be gentle like your cousin, Kevin."

"Sorry, Mom," Ken replied as he backed off. With the intimate mood broken, the situation quickly became uncomfortable. Her angry expression turned sad when Ken turned and yelled, "Come on Kev. Let's hit the sack. We have a big day tomorrow."

I wanted to stay and talk with my aunt, but she immediately left for her room.

"What the hell, dude?" I screamed at my cousin when we were back in our room. "She was getting into it. Have you changed your mind about me seducing your mom?"

He replied, "No. It's still on. It will take a little more work for Mom to break her moral boundaries. Don't worry. You'll be fucking Mom in a couple of days."

His calm and confident demeanor comforted me. "Sorry I yelled at you. I should have known you had a plan."

When morning arrived, Ken briefed me on what to say to his mother. When I informed her Ken wouldn't be joining us for breakfast again, she asked, "Did he tell you what we're doing today? I want to pick out an appropriate outfit."

"Something came up, actually," I said. "He has to go all the way out to campus to fill out some paperwork. He wants us to drive him there so he can submit it. He said we could do something in the afternoon."

"It'll take several hours each way," she surmised. "Comfortable clothes it is."

She didn't mention last night's episode and didn't prompt me for more details about Mom. Perhaps she thought she'd done all she could. It was hard not to stare at her lips throughout the meal, remembering how soft and sexy they had been when we'd kissed.

I offered to drive, and Ken insisted that he ride in back so he could work on his phone without being distracted. That was just fine with me. His mom's skirt rode up her thighs as she twisted and turned to get comfortable in the front passenger seat.

After dropping him off at Campus Center, I parked the car, then strolled through the grounds with his mother. An hour later, she received a text from Ken stating we should eat lunch as he couldn't get away.

We sat in the cafeteria for an hour after lunch, waiting for Ken to arrive. We looked like any other couple on campus, since Aunt Kate's youthful and sexy looks didn't betray her age. Hearing nothing from Ken, we decided to stretch our legs and take the walking path circling the campus. Halfway through, she hooked her arm through mine and held my hand as we leisurely hiked the trail. It was late when Ken finally messaged us that he was ready.

At the midway point home, we stopped for dinner. Ken had been quiet most of the time, which had given his mom and me a chance to talk some more. While we were eating, he finally spoke up. "Sorry about today, Mom. I wanted to do something special, but I forgot about some of the deadlines for admission."

"It's alright, Ken," my aunt assured him. "We had fun exploring the campus. Kev and I enjoyed a pleasant walk."

By the time we arrived home, it was time for bed. My aunt anxiously suggested, "After our showers, could I ask one of you to massage my poor muscles after the long drive?"

She couldn't wait to get warmed up again before making love to her favorite dildo. Her expression soured when my cousin replied, "Not tonight, Mom. I'm exhausted and want to hit the sack."

Was he leaving it open for me to get some alone time with his mother? He answered my thought when he added, "Let's go, Kev. We need to plan for tomorrow. We'll talk about it after our showers." When he turned and left, I looked over at his mom. She looked completely dejected. My heart sank as I followed Ken.

True to his word, he briefed me on how to proceed in the morning. He was confident that everything was on track.

My aunt appeared relieved when I showed up alone again. It wasn't long before she conveyed her concerns. "Is Ken okay? You two talk a lot. He wasn't himself yesterday, and I'm worried about him."

The conversation proceeded exactly how my cousin said it would go. "He's fine," I said, "but he's upset he may have hurt you the other night. He's afraid you hate him. That's why he made up the story about the stuff at the college. He thought if you weren't together, things would go back to normal."

"Oh, dear," she sighed. "Instead of instilling him with confidence, I did the exact opposite. It was wrong of me to scold him in front of his cousin. I'm so bad at this, and your mother was so good. What can I do to fix it?"

"He'll be fine," I replied. "Time will heal anything. Your relationship was great before I told you about Mom. Maybe you should support his lifestyle and not attempt to change him."

"Maybe," my aunt replied, clearly unconvincingly. "Today is my turn to select the activities, and I have some ideas on how to cheer him up."

Our first stop was the zoo. Ken's mother remembered that he and I had loved going when we were kids. She wore a floral sundress and looked stunning. Her braless tits pressed against the material, distracting scores of men who passed by. She held my hand and wrapped her arm around me at every opportunity, and encouraged her son to do the same. He followed through on his plan and became less despondent as the day progressed.

After lunch, she drove us to a museum that Ken had loved to visit when we were kids. We spent even longer there than we had at the zoo, and by the time we left, we were all ready for dinner. We stopped somewhere on the way home. Everyone was in good spirits throughout the meal. My aunt was obviously happy that things seemed to be turning around with Ken. I was looking forward to how the night would end.

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Once home, Ken chirped, "Thanks for the wonderful day, Mom. It was a lot of fun. Your tired feet will need a good massage with all the walking we did. After our showers, let me repay you."

"Perfect!" my aunt beamed. "I'll meet you guys in the living room."

When I exited the bathroom to get dressed, I saw that Ken was wearing sweats. Seeing me open the dresser drawer, he insisted, "No underwear tonight."

I grinned and slid on my short robe. The thought of fucking my aunt caused me to stiffen. He smiled when he saw my cock, and said, "The quicker Mom feels your wonderful prick, the sooner you can make love to her. Before we head out there, I just wanted to talk to you about that other thing."

"Of course. I'm so horny and full of cum that it's going to be an explosive show. I'm not going to last long, because your mom is really hot."

"No worries," he replied. "Once we get your cock inside of her, she's going to cum hard and fast. She's been waiting for this for eighteen years. You're going to drive her crazy. Anyway, what I was going to say was: I'm absolving you of your commitment. My mom's pleasure is all I care about, and I want your entire focus on her."

"Thanks, Ken. I care for her too. I'll do my best to live up to her fantasy."

I arranged my stiff cock to point upwards and secured it against my stomach with the cottony belt. Ken saw, and giggled. "Break a third leg, Kev. Have fun."

Aunt Kate paraded out of her room even more boldly than she had two nights prior. My eyes locked onto her nightie-clad body as she relaxed in her chair. Her full, bare breasts proudly pushed out the thin material. Her pink panties were clearly visible beneath her thin green wrap.

Assuming our positions, we massaged her soles and toes. When her eyes closed and her moaning increased, we progressed up her calves. After several minutes, Ken transferred the foot he was holding to my bare leg. Standing up, he excused himself. "Sorry, but I split my toenail earlier. I'll trim it and be back in a jiffy."

"Sure, honey," his mom moaned. Grinning at my cousin's lame excuse, I positioned her other foot on my free leg and slid my hands up her lower legs until I reached her knees. I rocked back and forth while caressing her limbs, and that made her feet slide against my bare legs. They slowly arched outward to increase contact with my hairy flesh.

I leaned forward to stroke her inner thighs, and that made her wiggling feet slide even closer to my groin. Her tits were heaving, and she was moaning nonstop. She was loving everything I was doing to her and making no attempt to stop me - or even to pretend to be hesitant.

Before I could gain more ground, Ken hobbled back into the room and asked, "Mom, I lost mine. Can I borrow yours?"

Aunt Kate slowly opened her eyes and groggily asked, "What? Borrow?"

"Your clippers, Mom. I need them for my toe. Never mind, I'll just go look for them."

When my cousin was partway down the hall, she yelled, "They're in one of the drawers on the left."

She closed her eyes again; she clearly wanted to lose herself to pleasure again. I continued stroking her smooth flesh. My fingertips ran across her upper thighs while pushing her hemline higher. At the same time, her feet traveled further under my cottony robe. They approached my pelvis, and soon they were within inches of making contact with my prick.

"Your hands are wonderful," my aunt cooed. Her tits rose and fell under her thin nightie as she enjoyed the foreplay. "Higher, please," she pleaded.

Her intentions were clear. She wanted me to get closer to her so that her feet could come into contact with that large lump she'd felt during our intimate hugs. My fingers crept higher and higher. When they made contact with the soft flesh of her inner thighs, the soles of her feet collided with my upright cock, shoving it into my lower stomach. She sighed and sucked in a deep breath of air.

I'd managed to raise the hem of her nightie all the way up past her pink panties. I ground my palms into her hot flesh. If she'd even bothered to try hiding her arousal, her darkened, soaked crotch would have betrayed her. Her feet went completely still, as though she didn't want me to know that she knew she'd made contact with my prick. I rocked back and forth some more while massaging her succulent thighs. That made my cock slide up and down her delicate feet.

Her rapid panting caught my attention, and when I looked up, I saw her puffy nipples, filled with blood, as they poked out the silky covering.

"Mom, I can't find them," my cousin screamed from her bathroom. His interruptions were pissing me off. "Could you come help me?" he added.

Aunt Kate pushed her feet into my groin on either side of my rock-hard cock. When her heels closed on my bloated balls, her eyes opened. "I'll be there in a second, dear."

Looking towards the hall, she trapped my cock between the insides of her feet. She slid her feet up my shaft and paused when they locked onto my fat cockhead. After she squeezed my spongy tip, she quickly removed her legs and rose off her chair. She avoided my stare as she reluctantly left for her room. My eyes remained on the backs of her beautiful legs.

It suddenly occurred to me why Ken had manufactured the toe injury. He was a considerate son, luring his mother into her bedroom so her nephew could fuck her on her comfortable bed. Jumping up, I made my way into her bedroom. The sound of a drawer closing was followed by my cousin apologizing. "I can't believe I couldn't see them. Sorry, Mom. It won't take me long to take care of this."

Soon after, she entered the bedroom and looked surprised to see me standing there. I feared the uncomfortable pause was going to ruin our plan. The clippers snapped shut before Ken quickly appeared. "Mom, it bothers me how I mistreated you the other night. I've felt terrible about it. I hope you can forgive me."

Her stance relaxed as her expression turned motherly when she replied, "It's fine, Ken. I know it wasn't intentional."

"Kev has a lot of experience with women," my cousin stated. "Let's have him teach me how to handle a woman properly."

When she paused, he begged, "Please, Mom? It would make me feel better for hurting you."

"Okay, I guess it wouldn't hurt," she acquiesced. She smiled and placed my hands on her sides. She hesitated, prompting Ken to chirp, "Kiss him like before. It'll be more realistic."

Without objecting, she hugged me tightly before her moist lips connected with mine. Our mouths opened while we French-kissed as lovers. Her previous reluctance dissipated as our arousal increased. Her lustful eyes locked onto mine as my hand slid into the opening of her nightie. My hand slithered up her body, caressing her hot flesh. She grunted with lust when my hand cupped and held her meaty breast. She didn't resist at all.

Her hands explored my back as I fondled her spongy tit. I trapped her hardened tip between my thumb and forefinger, and she groaned into my mouth. When I lightly squeezed her nub, she kissed me harder, with more urgency. My cousin snaked his hand between our bodies and unbuttoned the top two buttons of her nightie before pulling it off her shoulders and shoving it to her waist.

Releasing her mouth, I leaned over and sucked her right nipple into mine. Her hands pulled my head tightly as she moaned, "That's it, baby. It's been so long since anyone has sucked my tits."

Ken moved behind me, untied my robe, and pulled it off. His mom's eyes remained shut as she enjoyed my mouth locked onto her sensitive nub. Ken pushed on my back, urging both me and his mom close to her bed.

"Let me practice on one, Mom. Lie down so I can see it better," my cousin croaked. She had lost all control of her inhibitions as she quickly pulled me to the bed. My cousin knelt beside us on her left side. After he cupped her free boob, he latched onto her nipple. Her hands held us firmly to her breasts as we milked her.

"Feed on me like you did as babies," my aunt muttered.

After several minutes of nursing, her breasts heaved with unbridled excitement. When my cousin pulled off, my fingers replaced his mouth. While one of her hands

held my head, the other explored my bare back. Ken commented, "You're ruining your silk panties, Mom. Let me remove them."

"No," my aunt unconvincingly objected. Her hips shifted upward to aid him in pulling off her soiled undies. After spreading her limber limbs, Ken tapped my side so I'd position myself between his mother's legs. He went to the side of the room and sat in a chair. Pulling off his sweats, he stroked his cock as he watched his cousin mate with his mother.

All of my sucking and teasing left my aunt breathless. She anxiously awaited our incestuous joining. I hovered above her body, propped on my knees and elbows. I released her tits and kissed her sizzling flesh, moving my mouth upward until I once again found her open, welcoming mouth. My prick was ready and poised inches above her pussy. I wanted almost nothing more than to slide it into her moist depths, but even more than that, I wanted her to take the initiative. Ken wanted me to treat his mother differently than other girls. Even though our fantasies were coming to fruition, it was imperative that she was the one to set the pace.

Her hands explored my back and ass while her body writhed with anticipation. Her tongue went crazy in my mouth; she cupped my balls with one hand and wrapped her fingers around my prick with the other. She released and closed her hand several times as if she were measuring its girth. After a few minutes, she squeezed and slid up my length until the side of her hand collided with my flared ridge.

My cock ached as I waited for her to stroke my engorged head. Instead of lingering, though, she pulled it against her slit and slid it through her wet groove. Once my prick was smothered with her slick juices, she seated me between her puffy, outer lips. Her hands gripped my ass cheeks while her tongue ceased moving.

I saw it in her pleading eyes: she wanted to concentrate completely on the pleasure from her pussy. Releasing my mouth, she whispered, "Please make love to me, Kev. It's been so long."

"I'd love to, Auntie. You're a beautiful and sexy woman."

She smiled widely and gripped my buns. I remembered what I'd heard her mutter, murmur, and cry out while she'd masturbated. I wanted to do more than just make love to her; I vowed to fulfill her fantasy.

I shoved hard and split apart her soft folds with my engorged, spongy head. I didn't stop until I had descended to the bottom of her snug pussy and my balls smacked against her soft ass. She shrieked with pleasure as her clinging walls yielded to my invading ram. Her juices freely flowed; her velvet glove quivered at the feeling of fullness.

Pulling my head next to hers so we could whisper to each other, she gasped, "God, that was good. It was better than I imagined."

"Your pussy is unbelievable," I croaked. "Let me take care of you."

Pulling out until my tip was between her outer labia, I resumed fucking her at a snail's pace. Hot air washed over my ear as she panted with excitement. Her hips jerked upward, signaling that she needed a faster pounding. Her guttural groans were loud enough for her son to hear as my hard cock serviced her.

It was a toss-up who was hornier and would cum first. It had been days since I had released, but years since my aunt had enjoyed intercourse with a man. I was confident I could bring her to orgasm before I exploded. She cried, "Almost there. So good."

I slowed my stride; I wanted us to enjoy a longer unison. Groans switched to soft moans. Her channel massaged my shaft, and each time my tip threatened to pass through her engorged lips, her pussy clamped down and pulled me back inside. With her sexy body escalating my excitement, I knew I had to be content with a shorter session.

Recalling the night outside her room once again, I squeezed her ass cheeks and pulled her pelvis into mine. If I wasn't going to be able to last anyway, I resolved to give her exactly the kind of fast, hard fucking she'd been yelling about near the end. Her body writhed and bounced on the bed as she humped her hips up to meet each of my strokes.

"Uhhh, I'm cumming on your big prick," she wailed. Her pussy convulsed and snapped tightly onto my rod. My cock expanded while her tight glove squeezed several more times. Relief swept through me as her contractions decreased. I had successfully held off my climax.

Pulling out, I rose to give Ken a show. My gaze scanned her naked, hourglass figure, beginning with her full breasts and ending at the brown landing strip above her gasping gash. Her sexy body set off my orgasm. Before I could wrap my hand around my cock, a blob of semen escaped and landed below her heaving breasts. Firmly stroking my spitting staff, I covered her mounds with my full reservoir of creamy cum.

She faced her son, and when I looked at him, it was clear he had cum seconds earlier. After he cleaned off his cum-covered belly, he pulled up his sweats and moved next to his mother and me. Running one of his fingers along her flesh, he scooped up a blob of cum. "You're a mess, Mom. Can I clean you?"

She nodded, and he quickly licked his finger. Leaning lower, he slurped my sperm off her spent body. His mom looked at me and rolled her eyes as her son feasted. My cousin's voracious appetite led me to believe his interest wasn't only in watching my prick erupt. I backed off; I didn't want him cleaning off my cock like he was cleaning off his mom.

After he sucked the last pool of cum off her flesh, Ken gently draped the bed covers over his panting, post-orgasmic mother. "Good night, Mom. Let's go, Kev."

Her smile and blissful expression was her only answer. She rolled to her side and closed her eyes, completely satisfied. Turning off the lights, we made our way back to our bedroom. After crawling into bed, Ken said, "Thanks, Cuz. She looked happier than I've seen for months." He sounded completely sincere. He really did love his mom.

"I've always cared for her and will treat her as I would my own mother," I assured him.

"Except you're fucking mine," my cousin giggled. "Unless you lied and are already in bed with your mother."

It was a good thing I was under the covers so he couldn't see my prick jerk from fantasizing about Mom. "Nothing like that," I replied, opting once again to keep my desires a secret.

I found it hard to fall asleep after the thrill of fucking my sexy aunt. My cousin was also restless and piped up, "Kev, I'm leaving early tomorrow to meet up with my

friend at school. You have the rest of the week with Mom. The one thing she's told me she misses most is someone cuddling up to her while she sleeps."

"Okay, I'll let her know in the morning if she's not up when you depart."

After a few minutes of silence, he asked, "Why are you still here? Didn't you hear me?"

Realizing he meant for me to sleep with his mom, I jumped out of bed and didn't bother with a robe. Briskly walking to her room, my prick swayed back and forth in anticipation.

She was fast asleep and still on her side. Crawling in behind her, I snuggled up until our bodies were pressed together. She moaned when I wrapped my arm around her and pulled her tightly. She groggily purred, "Oh, that's so comforting. Does Ken know you're spooning his mother?"

"Definitely, since he sent me."

"Of course," she stated. "My son is always looking after my best interests. You were right when you said I should support his lifestyle no matter what. He's gay and I'll always love him no matter what."

"It was nice of you to allow him to clean my juices. Some mothers wouldn't be able to handle their son slurping another man's cum off of them."

She chuckled and held my arm tightly to her warm body. I would have loved to ravage her sexy body again, but I could tell she was exhausted from the long day. Shortly after, when her breathing turned steady, I fell asleep.

I awakened to the smell of sausage. Mom preferred bacon, but my aunt always cooked sausage. Both were fine with me as long as I could admire their beautiful faces during our meal. After I retrieved my robe, I sauntered out to the kitchen to find my aunt facing the stove. Her thin robe hid the backs of her upper legs but left the backs of her calves on display.

My prick awakened and poked out of my untied robe as I silently crept up to her. Reaching around, I snaked my hands into her robe. I found one of her bare tits and gently grasped it. I ran my other hand up the side of her leg until it landed on her hairy pussy. "Did my aunt sleep as well as I did? I didn't even hear you get up this morning."

She purred, "It's been years since I've enjoyed such a restful night, and it was all thanks to you." Turning the sausage with some tongs, she asked, "Wouldn't my son be upset if he walked in and saw his cousin groping his mother? Shouldn't you wait until we're secluded?"

"He left to meet his friend early this morning. He won't be back for another week."

Her body tensed as she fretted, "Was he upset with me? Maybe I should have kept my urges under control last night. I don't want him to be ashamed of me."

"No. Your son loves you, and it's what he wanted. He set this up because he was concerned about your well-being. He knew you needed someone to satisfy your sexual cravings, and I'm thankful he picked me."

She relaxed and exclaimed, "He's such a sweet boy, always making me happy. You think you're glad? I'm thrilled he found someone I've always cared about, and who's equipped with a fantastic cock."

I squeezed one of her puffy nipples and played with her slick labia, eliciting a groan.

"It wasn't by chance," I replied.

After detailing how my cousin and I had eavesdropped on her while she masturbated, she chirped, "What a little sneak. I should be mad, but since it was for my benefit, I'll have to forgive him. That would also explain how you knew how I liked my man to fuck me."

Turning off the stove, she gripped the edge and pushed me back while she bent over. She was ready for her nephew to service her.

After flipping her robe on her back, I was able to see my aunt's beautiful ass for the first time. She moved her feet outward and presented herself for an incestuous mounting. My hands explored her firm buns before moving to her thighs.

"Jesus, Aunt Kate. Your thighs and butt are perfect."

"You're about to fuck me. Isn't 'Aunt Kate' a little formal?" she giggled.

"Would you prefer Kate? Or what my mom calls you - Kathleen?"

"Neither. When we're together, call me Auntie. It's a thrill to know I'm fucking my nephew."

Inching forward, I dragged my mushroom-shaped head through her juicy slot. Her hips swayed to and fro in an attempt to swallow my hard prick, but I was relishing the feeling of her slick, puffy labia caressing my spongy tip.

My aunt pleaded, "Did you forget my son wanted you to help me? Fuck me hard and fast. I'm beyond horny this morning."

I slid my prick through her entrance, held onto her cheeks for leverage, and pushed my prick inside of her. I bottomed out in one quick stroke. She screamed, "Damn, it's better than ever. Every inch of my pussy can feel your throbbing cock."

She was so tight that I had trouble fucking her as rapidly as she wanted me to - at least at first. Soon enough, I felt her slick juices surrounding my shaft and gladly picked up the pace. She grunted each time I bottomed out and rocked her hips into me to stuff as much cock in her as possible. Her quivering quim sent shock waves of pleasure through my prick. My hopes of a prolonged fuck were dissipating. She was the best fuck I'd ever had.

Fearing I would cum before her, I found and pinched her nipple with one hand. After a dozen more strokes, her pussy squeezed tightly.

"I'm cumming!" my aunt screamed. "Fuck me hard!"

Releasing her tit, I held her ass while I pumped through her contractions. My prick couldn't last any longer from the intense assault.

"Your pussy is amazing, Auntie. I'm going to cum too."

The cold air hit my cock as it popped free of her warm oven. Auntie turned around and engulfed my cum-coated cock in her hungry mouth. One hand cupped my balls while the other squeezed my prick, urging it to erupt. She swallowed each spurt as I emptied my load. After she sensed I had finished, she pulled off and licked her lips.

"My son knew what he was doing. Your cum is tasty. Now that I've received my protein, it's your turn," she giggled. She shoved me to the table, slapping my ass before I sat. I sipped on my coffee while she finished preparing breakfast.

She served up both plates and then sat across from me. We talked about the past few days. Our conversation was certainly different. We'd always been close, but the typical, familial relationship had made certain subjects taboo. As lovers, we discussed everything. We were free to communicate our desires.

We made the rest of the week count; we acted like newlyweds during their honeymoon. Every day we enjoyed all the activities we used to do as a family, but they all felt different - better. She was more than just my aunt. I was out with my lover. We devoted our evenings to satisfying our lust for each other. Several days later, Ken sent me a note and thanked me for making his Mom so happy. When he vowed to repay me, I told him I was the one who owed him for setting us up.

One night while I was sucking on her breasts, she croaked, "You like my nipples, don't you?"

"They're perfect," I answered while chewing on one of her engorged tips.

"Growing up, the boys always liked your mother's more because hers are puffier, but you already know that since you explored hers first."

As soon as Auntie mentioned my mom's breasts, my prick hardened. I made sure it didn't touch Kate's flesh; I was still ashamed of my sexual desire for my own mother. I decided, though, that at least I could be honest with Auntie about what I hadn't

actually done, even if being honest about what I wanted to do was still a bridge too far. "Actually, I've never seen them. I made it up to encourage you to expose yourself."

"Seriously?" my aunt exclaimed. "Was the kiss, hugging, and negligee all fake, too?"

"Yup. My mom is way too conservative."

"I knew it!" she exclaimed. "She would have never been able to keep that secret from me. It's a relief to know for sure, though. I was worried I might have to compete with her to win your affection. I've always held the losing hand against her when it comes to sex and romance."

Her body thrashed and writhed as she fucked me throughout the night, confident that her sister had finally lost out for once. My prick was as hard as granite when I drilled her, but images of Mom were floating through my head the whole time.

On our final night, we decided to retire early and make love as many times as possible before I left for home in the morning. I was deeply conflicted. I was still looking forward to spending time with my mom, but I didn't want to leave my aunt. I fantasized about fucking my mom, but I was actually fucking Kate.

After a lengthy period of foreplay, my cock was buried to the hilt in my aunt's tight pussy. While I slowly pumped, she murmured, "Kev, I've enjoyed our time together and want you to know how much I appreciate spending time with me. I'll tell my son that you more than held up your end of your little bargain. Your girlfriends will be happy to know you're available again. I have to confess that I'm more than a little jealous of them."

"The last few days with you have been the best I've had in years," I croaked while enjoying the tightness of her clasp channel. "It's not only the great sex, but I love going out and doing things together. You're my girl, and I'm not going to see anyone else. You're stuck with your nephew."

"I'd love nothing more. The last several days have been blissful. You've made me the happiest woman in town. I had hoped we shared the same feelings."

Her hips twitched, signaling that she wanted me to fuck her faster. When my own hips were thrusting at full speed, she widened her legs, allowing me to slam into her pelvis. She pulled me tightly to her chest and kissed me while we frantically fucked.

Panting, she screamed, "God, it's the best one yet." Wanting our final session to last, I eased off. I noticed her hair was disheveled and had covered her face. I gently brushed it to the side to reveal her beautiful smile, then tenderly kissed her.

When she regained her breath, she whispered, "I never told you about that fantasy you overheard. The size and shape of your prick is identical to Ken's father's cock. I was addicted to it, but he was a horrible partner. Even with his flaws, I wanted to marry him, but he chose another. I love this method of love-making because I'm positive it's how I conceived my child."

"It sounds like he had a nice prick but was also a prick," I chuckled.

"Exactly. You're my greatest wish come true. Please make me yours and fuck me hard."

Raising her knees, she begged for a deep and hard pounding. Snaking my hands between our chests, I squeezed her mounds and pinched her hardened tips. My cock bottomed out in her pussy, slamming against her back wall. Her long legs wrapped around me. It didn't take long to bring her right back to the edge of orgasm.

Her hips humped while her hands squeezed my buns and pulled me tightly to her pelvis. "It's going to be a big one. Cum in me this time, honey. Fill me with your hot sperm."

Her words made my prick swell up even more. We had been careful up to this point, withdrawing each time. She told me she hated the unnatural feel of a rubber. I'd never pressed the issue, as she loved to suck me dry each time. "I'd love to, Auntie. I was afraid to do it before because I didn't know if you were safe. Whatever makes you happy, I'll do."

"I'm not protected," my aunt smiled. "Does it freak you out that I want you to plant a baby in me?"

My cockhead expanded larger than ever, and her shrieks of pleasure echoed her approval of my increased girth. My body went into overdrive, knowing that I was seeding my aunt.

"Wee!" my aunt screamed. "Every man loves to breed his woman. You own my pussy. Fill it with your sperm and mark me. I'm cumming on your magnificent prick!"

Her pussy snapped tightly onto my prick in an attempt to milk its contents out. Not having to worry about holding off my orgasm, I continued to plow into my horny aunt. Her walls continuously quivered with contractions as the top of my cock brushed against the tip of her enlarged, dangling clit. "Keep fucking me, Auntie. I'm going to flood your fertile pussy. Kiss the father of your child."

Our mouths mashed together while her body thrashed wildly. Her hips humped mine in perfect synchrony with my strokes. My body tingled with excitement, then waves of pleasure soared through me. When the first blast of hot juice sprayed against the back of her pussy, another intense orgasm overcame her.

"Argh, it's stronger and the best one so far," she screamed. "Your sperm is filling me full. Pack it in deep, honey!"

Her pussy expertly coaxed out every drop as I pummeled her hungry slot. Once drained, I ceased pumping but kept myself buried to the hilt. Her legs released me, and she pulled me to the bed with her arms. We panted while we recovered from our incestuous breeding.

"Wow!" she exclaimed. "That was the best sex I've ever experienced. I should have let you cum in me days ago. Impregnating your aunt turned you on, didn't it?"

"It surprised and excited me simultaneously," I admitted. "Your sexy body, and the fact I love you, put me over the edge. It felt like I was having a seizure when I came. It'll be tough to beat tonight's performance, but I'll keep trying."

"I hope so," she giggled. "We'll have to be careful around your mother or she'll suspect something. At least it'll be easy for us to visit another town and check in at a hotel since we share our last name. We can sign in as husband and wife."

“Mom will be more than happy to lend her son to her lonely sister. She’s always mentioning how much you love having Ken around the house. She’ll understand that you need somebody to keep you company.”

We made love two more times during the night, then showered in the morning to wash off the stench of our lovemaking marathon. After a hearty breakfast, my sexy aunt kissed me goodbye and sent me back to my mother.

Chapter 2

My excitement elevated when I neared home. Mom was off for a week and I looked forward to spending time together. After I closed the front door, Mom surprised me by hugging me tightly.

“Welcome home, Kev. I've missed you and can't wait to enjoy my vacation with my favorite son.”

“You only have the one, Mom. It's not a high bar,” I chuckled. After having spent the previous night in bed with her sister, I'd been confident I was satisfied enough to control my lust for Mom. That confidence vanished when her full breasts pressed into me. I inhaled her natural scent and immediately stiffened. I had to shift back to avoid an embarrassing situation.

She asked, “Are you hungry? I hope my sister fed you before shipping you back to me.”

“We had a hearty breakfast, same as she's always done. I'm eager to catch up on my to-do list.”

“No boring work for us this week. It's my vacation, and we're going to enjoy every minute. Where did my sister take you and Ken?”

I described several of our activities and was careful to repeatedly mention my cousin's name, wary of arousing any suspicions she might have had about my aunt and me.

“It sounds like you had fun. I wish I could have tagged along. In fact, what do you think of taking me to the zoo and museum today?”

“I'd love to, Mom. It'll be easy for me to show you the highlights since I was at both last week.”

Once at the zoo, we agreed on the order to hit the various areas. Mom brushed up against me when we viewed the more-popular, crowded exhibits. When our hands bumped together, Mom would hold mine until we moved to the next habitat. Our

close contact increased as we toured the grounds. I wondered why I hadn't taken her here sooner.

After the zoo, we enjoyed a light lunch and toured the museum in the afternoon. The calm and quiet atmosphere opened up more opportunities to become physically closer to Mom. For some of the more interesting pieces, I leaned in close to whisper in Mom's ear. The fragrant mixture of her perfume and shampoo scent drew me in to talk to her more than I normally would.

She reciprocated my actions and frequently whispered in response. Her warm breath washed over my ear, sending chills down my spine. For the first couple of times, she would hold my upper arm to keep her balance. Soon after, she progressed to holding my waist; I quickly repeated her actions.

If I hadn't known any better, I'd have thought she was flirting with me the same way my cousin and I had done with Aunt Kate. Our intimate interactions continued until we finished.

We ate dinner, followed by an evening of watching sitcoms. Mom wore her robe, which prompted me to compare her smooth calves with her sister's. She was taller, and her long, lithe legs were like magnets to my eyes. When I caught sight of her wiggling toes, I wondered how she would react if I offered my services as a foot masseuse. Before I'd built up enough nerve to act, she rose and excused herself for the night.

Mom wore her street clothes when I arrived in the kitchen for breakfast. Her legs were covered with nylons, concealing her luscious flesh. I'd wanted to see her bare legs and hoped she didn't notice my disappointment. Her cheerful disposition, identical to her sister's, elevated my spirits.

"What's on the docket for today, Mom? Anything special you want to do?"

"It's a beautiful day," she joyfully said. "Let's walk to the park and enjoy the spring blooms."

While we leisurely strolled to our destination, my mind drifted to her uncharacteristic hug the previous day. Did my aunt confess to Mom and tell her the lies I'd made up? Quickly dismissing my paranoia, I enjoyed our romantic walk. When we arrived at

the park, Mom firmly held my hand. She'd always done that, though, so it didn't set off any alarms like her hug had.

We rested on well-placed benches, enjoying our time together. Several hours later we decided to head home.

The deadbolt didn't click with Mom's house key, alarming us. I protectively moved her off to the side and slowly opened the door. Relief swept through me when I smelled food cooking. My suspicions were confirmed when Aunt Kate yelled, "Welcome back, you two. Sit at the table and have some lunch."

Mom rushed through the door and hugged her sister. "Hi, Sis. How'd you know where we were? I thought you were working today?"

Kate smiled and replied, "Your cars were parked out front, it's a beautiful day, and you love taking walks with your son. It was an easy conclusion, and I thought you'd be hungry. My work schedule has been reduced since I'm working remotely. It was a perfect time to come visit you, especially since Ken has left for school already."

She waved at me and said, "Hi, Kevin. Come join your mother, and I'll bring your plates over. Good to see you again."

Her poker face concealed our illicit relationship. Throughout the meal, my aunt's bubbly personality brightened our already-pleasant mood. When we finished, I offered to clean the dishes, giving them time to chat in the living room. I worked quietly so I could eavesdrop on their conversation.

Kate was careful to not mention her son leaving partway through the week, and talked about the same activities I'd discussed with Mom. Once finished in the kitchen, I joined the sisters in the living room. When Mom noticed me heading towards my favorite chair, she ordered, "Sit by Kathleen on the couch, Kevin. She won't bite, and I want to look at both of you while we talk."

"Kel, it's time you quit calling me that," my aunt complained. "It sounds too formal. Call me Kate, as you did years ago. After all, your son calls me that."

"Sure, Kate," Mom replied with a smirk, "You've always loved everything Kev does. If I didn't know better, I'd think you have a crush on him."

My aunt's face flushed, but Mom showed no indication that she suspected we had a deeper connection.

When I sat beside my aunt, her intoxicating scent swept over me. Memories of our lustful nights resurfaced, awakening my prick. When I attempted to concentrate on something non-sexual, my eyes landed on her shapely, bare legs. Her shorter-than-normal skirt rose several inches above her knees, and once again, my cock responded.

Panic set in. I stared out the living room window and thought about my school schedule for the next term. Fortunately, it was enough; my prick softened.

I shifted my attention to Mom to clear my mind of my aunt. Mom frequently glanced at her sister's exposed legs, which had undoubtedly aroused her curiosity. Both had always worn thigh-high nylons, and the absence of them on my aunt didn't go unnoticed by Mom.

We talked for hours, with the sisters commanding most of the conversation. Mom hinted several times she suspected that Aunt Kate was in a relationship. My aunt finally relented and admitted she had been seeing someone but said she didn't want to divulge any more information. I hoped that would quell Mom's interest in her sister's change of attire.

It had been a while since the two had had a lengthy conversation and it appeared that their close relationship was strengthening. It felt good to see both of them happy with their reconnection.

Aunt Kate's body squirmed against me, her restlessness increasing. "How about we go to the mall and do some shopping?" she suggested. "We can finish off the day at a nice restaurant. It's going to be like old times. Remember how much fun we used to have when we went out with the boys?"

"We certainly do have a lot of fond memories," Mom replied. "Teasing the kids and pranking each other eliminated a lot of our stress. With your new hours and the boys away, I'd love to spend more time with you."

"You may be older, but I'm more devious. You won't beat me on the practical jokes," Kate said with a mischievous smirk.

"Give me a few minutes to freshen up before we head out," Mom said, before leaving for her room.

As soon as Mom's bedroom door closed, my aunt turned to me for a kiss. While our mouths were locked, my hand snaked under her skirt. My fingertips ran across her smooth flesh, progressing towards her treasure. When the side of my hand bumped against her silky panties, she spread her legs.

I immediately took advantage and cupped her panty-clad pussy. She moaned and pushed her pelvis into my palm. The silky material stretched tight when I shoved three fingers into her crevice. She groaned and humped her hips, begging for more attention.

"Did my horny aunt miss her nephew?" I whispered into her ear.

"You have no idea," Aunt Kate groaned. "You've spoiled me. My toys aren't enough anymore."

Before I could respond, Mom's door opened, and we quickly resumed our innocent-looking positions. Mom insisted I drive so they could continue their conversation.

It took less than an hour to get to the mall. While they shopped at their favorite stores, I lugged their purchases. After several stops, we decided to have dinner.

Mom insisted that her sister and I sit together on one side of the booth at the restaurant. To my dismay, the table concealed my aunt's legs. I wanted to sneak my hand underneath to grope my aunt but dismissed the idea when Mom continued to glance at us while they talked.

Kate shifted near me, continuing to converse with Mom. Holding her napkin in her left hand, she gently swiped her mouth after several bites before lowering it to her leg, repeating the process several times.

After she was sure Mom wouldn't notice, she reached over and unzipped me during one of the times her hand was under the table. She was quick, and Mom didn't flinch when my aunt wiped her mouth again. On the following cycle, Kate extracted my prick. The next time she squeezed and stroked my staff until it hardened. Never taking more than twenty seconds each time, she stroked and massaged my cock, ensuring she held Mom's attention.

Normally, I would have devoured my food, but I slowed to a snail's pace to prolong the pleasure of Aunt Kate's caresses. Her manhandling kept me rock-hard. To help keep a straight face, I concentrated on their conversation. Too soon, in my opinion, we finished eating. When my aunt dropped her napkin on the table, I knew our fun had ended. Squirming in my seat as if I was uncomfortable, I cautiously stuffed my cock into my pants.

"How about some dessert?" Kate asked with a smirk, knowing she had successfully groped her sister's son without being caught.

"Nope," Mom replied. "We have pie at home to finish off our wonderful day."

Excusing herself, my aunt rushed to the ladies' room. After several minutes of talking, Mom and I walked out to the car. Standing on the passenger's side, Kate exclaimed, "Shotgun! I want to ride in front this time."

Mom didn't object and crawled into the back seat. After we were on the road, my aunt twisted to face me and raised the console so she could lean over the seat and talk to Mom. Her skirt rose and exposed her smooth thighs. Knowing Mom's view was blocked, I ran my right hand across my aunt's bare thigh.

Mom and Kate's chatting kept their attention on each other, giving me an opportunity to stroke my aunt's leg. My fingers inched higher until her hem prevented me from advancing. Swinging out her right leg, my aunt gripped her hem and yanked it to her waist. Her bare pussy glistened in the dimly-lit interior; my hand moved towards it on its own. I knew she'd been wearing panties at the house, so I figured she'd ditched her undies in the bathroom just before we'd left the restaurant.

My fingers delved into her juicy slot; she was already aroused. I slowly finger-fucked her while she continued to talk. Her breathing rate increased. Fearing she'd orgasm and lose her concentration, I withdrew from her pussy.

When I pulled into the garage, my aunt rearranged her skirt and twisted herself back into position. Her sexy grin was the only thanks I needed, but I knew she desired much more. I immediately began thinking of ways we could sneak off together to satisfy her incestuous craving - and mine.

Once inside, Mom insisted her sister and I sit on the couch while she prepared our dessert. The apple pie was topped with sugar sprinkles, one of my aunt's favorites. It was delicious, but after my aunt took a bite, she gagged and shrieked, "Kelley, you sneak! You sprinkled salt on mine."

"Did I?" Mom giggled. "You did mention how you missed our pranks."

"Don't worry, Sis. I'll get even," my aunt replied. Prying off the top layer, she gobbled down the rest of her pie. Her mischievous smile indicated she was already formulating her revenge.

We watched TV for another hour before Mom yawned, "Time for me to hit the sack. Do you want to spend the night, Kate? My bed is big enough for both of us."

"Like old times, eh?" my aunt asked with a mysterious, sexy grin.

Mom's face blushed beet red. "Not exactly. We're adults now, Sis."

Their innuendos intrigued me. It was clear that my relationship with my aunt had empowered her to push the boundaries that she and my mom had maintained while raising their children. In any case, I thought a sleepover would be a perfect opportunity for my aunt to satisfy her horny pussy. It'd be easy for her to slip out of Mom's room and visit me during the night.

"Not tonight, Sis," my aunt lamented, "I need a good night's sleep for an important Zoom meeting tomorrow morning. I'll drop by after I'm done."

Mom's disappointed look matched mine. I wondered if we'd both been looking forward to enjoying my aunt's body.

They hugged, and while Mom walked toward her room, Kate unzipped me. When Mom's door clicked shut, Kate pulled out my cock and stroked me until I was rock-hard. She leaned in for a kiss. "Don't worry, Kev. Your aunt will take good care of you. While your mom is busy cleaning herself, I'll be doing the dirty with her son."

Turning around and lifting her hem, she impaled herself on my cock. "Damn, your prick is perfect," my aunt moaned. "Fuck me fast and hard!"

Her hands squeezed my legs for leverage, frantically humping herself onto my prick. I gripped her waist to keep her thrashing body from popping off. We had to be quick; neither of us slowed the pace of our stroking. Our fast fucking caused her slick, hungry pussy to quiver with excitement. My aunt's snug pussy, and the knowledge that Mom could catch us at any moment, were both huge turn-ons. I mostly hoped that the noise from the shower would prevent Mom from hearing our panting and groaning, but a small part of me hoped she'd at least hear enough to be suspicious.

Sensing my aunt was nearing her orgasm, I thrust my hips upward on her downstrokes, resulting in my engorged head smashing against the back of her pussy. Her body tensed, and the force of her contracting channel resulted in my cock spraying her insides with hot cum.

After my entire load had been deposited into her fertile pussy, she lowered herself and kept my cock embedded in her tight glove. It took several minutes for us to recover from the intense session. When our normal breathing returned, she rose off my coated staff. Blobs of mixed cum dripped onto my groin.

Kate leaned over and cleaned our juices off my withering stem. "There. All clean again," she said, confidently. "That should hold both of us over until we can arrange some quality time."

Sleep arrived quickly, with visions of the two women filling my dreams.

Feeling energized after a restful night, I was anxious to greet Mom for breakfast. She wore a flowered sundress and looked gorgeous. The hemline was shorter than normal, but unfortunately, her long legs were concealed by her black nylons.

She'd heard my rustling in my room and had already placed my filled plate on the table. It didn't take long for me to dive into the hot meal. She sat and smiled,

watching me eat. "It looks like you still have your appetite," she giggled, sipping on a cup of coffee.

"Good Morning, Mom. You're dressed and appear eager to get going this morning. Did you already eat? What do you have planned?"

"There's been a little change to our plans. Your aunt called. Her meeting was canceled, and she asked me out to one of our favorite restaurants. She wants to discuss something with me privately. You'll have to find something to do until we're finished. We shouldn't be too long, maybe an hour or two."

"I could drive both of you and wait in the car," I offered, hating to relinquish any time I could be with the two sexy women.

"No, she sounded serious, and I don't want to make her any more uncomfortable than she already is. It'd be best if you leave before she arrives."

Waves of panic flowed through me when I digested the seriousness of the situation. With the rekindled relationship between Mom and Kate, was my aunt feeling guilty, and getting ready to divulge our affair?

"No problem, Mom. I need to purchase something at the electronics store anyway," I reluctantly agreed.

Mom's oddly mischievous grin intrigued me. After I threw on some clothes, I left.

Several scenarios flashed through my mind, each a different conversation between the two of them. It didn't take long to finish my shopping, so I decided to head back to the house and wait.

After kicking off my shoes, I heard a faint noise emanating from Mom's room.

"Mom, are you here?" I asked, unsure if it was her.

"Yes," she weakly replied. "Could you come here, please?"

When I entered her room, I knew why she hadn't come out to greet me. Her hands and feet were secured to the bedposts with leather handcuffs. Her unconcerned look surprised me.

"Mom, who did this? Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," she chuckled. "It turns out your aunt didn't want to talk or go out to eat. She tricked me into trying out some of the items we used to play with, and before I figured out her motives, it was too late. She warned me she'd get even for the salty pie."

My mind shifted from the fact that she and my aunt used to handcuff each other to how I'd like to take advantage of my defenseless, bound mother. Quickly discarding any ludicrous thoughts of forcing myself on her, I asked, "Where are the keys? Did she take them with her?"

"They're here. If my sister knew you'd be back so soon, she wouldn't have risked it. She called one of our friends and asked her to come here in half an hour and release me. Unlock these cuffs so I can call Rachel and tell her she's not needed. The keys are under my stockings. Find the one under my left calf."

Running my hand under her leg, I felt the outline of the key. "Do you want me to get the scissors and cut it out?"

"No, pull my stocking off. I don't want it ruined."

When I pinched the material to yank it off, she exclaimed, "Stop! You'll tear the material. Reach underneath my skirt to locate the tight band holding it in place."

Happy to obey my curvy mother, my hands slowly traveled up her silk legging. When I didn't reach bare skin where I thought it should be, I asked, "Mom, are these thigh-highs? I can't find the top."

"Yes," she murmured. "They're a little longer than most. You're almost there."

My hands were within inches of her groin when I discovered the taut, silicon ring. Moving my fingertips under her stocking to drag it off, Mom stopped me, "Roll the material when you remove it to avoid ruining the nylon. Pressing your fingers into my flesh will help."

Eager to comply, I wrapped my hands around her thigh and squeezed while moving the silky nylon down her smooth leg. Her hot flesh burned my fingers when they brushed across her skin. My cock fully hardened from caressing my mother's shapely leg.

Once I located the key, I stopped. It was secured on the meaty portion of Mom's firm calf with a piece of tape. "Found it, Mom. It may hurt a little when I remove it."

"Be gentle," Mom gasped. "Hold my leg tightly on both sides to prevent the skin from pulling."

Holding her leg with my left hand, I sunk my fingers into her soft, smooth flesh behind her knee. Memories flashed back to when I had caressed the same area on my aunt. While I massaged Mom's erogenous zone, I gently removed the key. Her reddened, sore flesh beckoned me. Taking full advantage of the situation, I kissed her calf.

Mom giggled, "What are you doing? Did you get the key?"

"Don't you remember whenever I hurt myself growing up, Mom? You'd kiss it and make it better."

"It's what mothers do," Mom sighed. "I have to admit that it does lessen the sting. Thanks for your gentle touch. I hope it's the key for my hands to avoid further embarrassment."

After I discreetly adjusted my stiff prick so it wouldn't be too obvious, I moved toward the top cuffs. When the key didn't open the lock, Mom exasperated, "It must be for my legs. Unlock them and retrieve the other one. It's under my right foot."

She stretched her left leg to the side after I unlocked the cuffs. Proceeding to remove her other stocking, my hands didn't hesitate, anxious to press into her soft flesh. After locating the top band, I slowly moved her nylon down while squeezing

her soft, pliant leg. Her skirt rose when she moved her other leg, which let me leer at several inches of her creamy thigh.

After her stocking was removed, I stopped to admire her shapely legs. "Jesus," I stuttered, in awe of her beauty.

"What's wrong?" Mom fearfully asked.

Unable to form a plausible lie, I truthfully answered, "Mom, your legs are beautiful. I don't know why you cover them most of the time."

Mom's face flushed crimson-red. "Thanks, Kev. It's nice to receive a compliment, even if it's from my son. Maybe I should stop wearing them, like my sister has. She doesn't seem to mind, and maybe I could finally snag a man."

"You'd have no problem attracting men, Mom. You're beautiful, smart, and a joy to be around. Your shapely body would drive anyone nuts. Your legs are sexy, but the rest of you is more than enough."

It was my turn to blush; I'd revealed more of my incestuous lust than I'd intended. Once I saw Mom's smile, I heaved a sigh of relief.

I pulled off the tape, retrieved the key, and lifted her leg to kiss the bottom of her foot. My eyes traveled up her bare legs when her skirt rose even higher. I envisioned kissing her flesh while she was still bound but quickly discounted it as a horny impulse that could end in disaster.

Sneaking a final look at her bare legs, I released her arms. To my dismay, her first action was to push her skirt back in place to cover her legs. Smiling, she said, "I'll meet you in the living room. I need to call Rachel. I don't want her to arrive and suspect anything."

On my way to the front room, I overheard her on the phone. She explained to her friend how someone else arrived and assisted her. Less than five minutes later, Mom entered the room, dressed in the same clothes. I immediately noticed that she'd kept the thigh-highs off.

"Since my sister stood me up, you're going to have to take her place," Mom insisted. My smile widened as she continued, "I feel adventuresome and want to go to a new town and restaurant."

"Sounds good, Mom. Where are we going?"

"You'll find out when we get there. I'll drive," Mom replied.

My attention was split between my phone and Mom's legs during the drive. Once I realized we were heading west, I wondered what she had in mind. The only city on the route was the main metro area, located ninety miles away. I had no idea where we might be headed; my only guess was that she knew about some good truck stop diner. In any case, I didn't complain as I enjoyed the view.

After passing several restaurants, I knew we were in for a lengthy ride. Mom was talkative and cheerful during our trip, making it difficult to surf the web, gawk at her legs, and maintain a conversation all at the same time. I stowed my phone and focused my attention on her. The time flew by while we laughed and reminisced about old times.

Two hours later, Mom pulled off an exit in the center of the metropolis. Her confidence led me to believe she knew exactly where she was headed. She'd planned on eating locally with my aunt and definitely hadn't had any time to research a brand-new place while tied to the bed. I surmised that maybe she had investigated this place at some time in the past, but had never had the chance to visit.

After we parked in front of a fancy Italian restaurant, we exited and stretched our legs. While we walked to the entry, Mom grasped my hand with hers and stopped me. Smiling, she asked, "Kev, would you do me a favor today?"

"Sure, Mom - unless it's to not to embarrass you by eating like a pig. Breakfast burned off long ago."

"No," she chuckled. "It's more personal and maybe a little narcissistic. Could you not call me Mom in public? It makes me feel old, and I don't want people to think I'm a lonely, divorced woman, forcing her son to escort her."

Her hand tightened and she pulled me closer. She couldn't have made me happier. "Of course, Mom. It'll be fun pretending we're a couple."

She frowned and I immediately recognized my mistake. "I mean, Kelley." I knew it would be difficult to remember to not call her Mom since I'd done it all my life.

"Kel would be even better," she said with a grin. "A little less formal."

"No problem, Kel. Let's eat!" Gripping her hand, I held my beautiful mother close and escorted her into the restaurant. When she hesitated by her chair, I quickly moved to pull it out for her. She was serious about portraying a non-familial relationship with me.

Knowing my mother enjoyed a glass of wine when eating pasta, I was surprised when she didn't order any. Thinking she was doing it for my benefit so she could drive home, I decided to come to her aid. After ordering my entree, I said, "Please bring a glass of your house red wine for my..." Panic set in and I stopped. I'd been about to say 'Mom,' and it would be awkward to continue with 'Kel.' I sputtered, "My lovely girlfriend. She's had a long day and deserves a treat." My ears tingled and my face flushed from my corny and hasty save.

"Thank you, dear," Mom said. Her smirk reflected her amusement at my expense. Nevertheless, my angst vanished with her response. When the server left, our conversation continued from the long ride. It was easier than I thought to talk to Mom as a beautiful woman, rather than as a parent.

We were midway through the meal when Mom glanced at her phone a few times.

I asked, "Kel, is someone texting you? If it's important, you should answer."

"No," she sighed. "It's my bratty sister. She's worried I'm mad about this morning."

"Aren't you?" I asked. "It was pretty risky leaving you, even if she had arranged a friend to drop by."

"Not in the least," Mom replied. "Trust me, we've done a lot worse to each other. It's nice to see her happy again. Her attitude has improved greatly, and I'm glad she's dating again. Did she mention anyone when you were there last week?"

My thoughts rang out, "No, Mom, unless you count the times she cried out my name while I was fucking her." Instead, I answered, "She didn't say anything, but I hung out with Ken most of the time, so I wouldn't know. You should call her and put her mind at ease."

"I would," Mom whispered, "but it's rude talking on the phone at a dinner table. She can wait until we're done."

"We're sitting at a corner table, and no one is around. I certainly don't mind. Call your sister, Kelley," I demanded, emphasizing her full name.

She giggled at my assertive tone but obeyed and contacted her sister. The phone was pressed close to her ear while she whispered, so I could barely even hear Mom's side of the conversation.

After a short greeting, Mom stated, "Sorry I didn't get back to you, but I was kind of tied up." Her grin led me to believe my aunt was laughing.

"Lucy from work dropped by, so I called Rachel," Mom explained to my aunt. "No, he's been over at his friend Bill's place all day." It was evident that Mom wanted to ensure my aunt didn't find out I had witnessed her prank.

"I have to run, Sis. I'm at a restaurant and don't want to be rude," she said curtly.

"Never you mind who I'm with," Mom retorted, and quickly pressed the cancel button. She dropped her phone back into her purse and smiled smugly, continuing our conversation. A feeling of excitement flowed through me, knowing that Mom had kept our liaison a secret from her sister.

After we finished our meal and were back in the car, I asked, "Ready to return home, Kel?"

"We're not out in public. It's Mom," she corrected me.

“Sorry, Mom.”

She chuckled, “Just teasing. You took me to the places you and your cousin visited with your aunt. Today, I want to go to the aquarium. You drive while I navigate.”

It was located within a mile of the restaurant, and it became obvious why she had picked it. It had been years since we went to the popular attraction, but I remembered how much she'd enjoyed it back then. After parking, she waited for me to open the door and assist her. I was more than willing to continue the pretense of being her date.

With our arms intertwined, we strolled through the various rooms and exhibits. Although I couldn't admire Mom's exposed legs, the frequent contact with her soft body more than compensated for it.

Two hours later, we entered the final display room. A tiered platform filled with benches faced the large tank teeming with sea life. Mom led us to the top level and tugged me to sit beside her on the hard wooden surface. Once my eyes adjusted to the dimly-lit room, I could make out several other couples resting and observing the exhibit.

Mom wrapped her arm around my back and pulled me close before resting her head on my shoulder. “That was a workout. They've expanded since the last time we were here. Thank you so much for bringing me.”

When her hand firmly clenched my side, I extended my arm around her and held her tightly. She sighed and leaned into me. We sat motionless for several minutes, enjoying our connection. Without realizing it, my fingers strummed to the soft, background music. Mom's hand gripped mine while squirming in her seat. “It tickles,” Mom giggled.

“Sorry, I didn't even realize I was doing it.”

“No problem. It gave me a great idea, though. Let's get going.” Mom jumped up and led me to the exit. Once outside, her sense of urgency only increased. She jumped into the car without waiting for me to open her door. “Head for home, Kev,” Mom ordered.

Once on the freeway, Mom pulled out her phone and dispatched a text. After responding a few times, she stowed it back in her purse. "It's all set. Sis will be over tonight for dinner, giving us plenty of time to head home and get ready."

Mentioning my aunt brought back visions of our lovemaking. It would be nice seeing her again, and I'd hoped for a repeat performance similar to the last time she visited. She was also responsible for Mom and me becoming closer, so I resolved to reward her for the time I'd gotten to spend on Mom's legs that morning.

"What brought this on, Mom? It seems rushed." I worried she suspected our involvement, and that there was more to the invite than a casual dinner.

"It's time to repay my dear sister," Mom replied. "You're going to help, and I don't want you to disclose anything to her about discovering me this morning."

Knowing she was concerned more with her sibling feud, my muscles relaxed with relief. "Don't worry, Mom. I heard you tell her earlier that I was at Bill's all day, and I'll stick with my story. How do you want me to help?"

"You'll know when it's time," Mom chuckled. "Follow my directions, and I'll have my revenge."

After seeing me nod in approval, she changed the conversation while we enjoyed the rest of the trip.

When home, Mom began preparing our dinner. She ordered me to my room so I wouldn't distract her.

Aunt Kate arrived on time, and after a cordial greeting, we adjourned to the living room. Her skirt was higher than usual, and I was confident that she wasn't wearing panties. Mom had changed into one of her favorite dresses. Sadly, it was very conservative.

Kate was nervous, suspecting Mom had something planned. When my aunt asked me what I'd been doing, I fabricated a story of spending the day with my friend.

Mom approvingly smiled at my performance before informing us it was time for dinner.

My aunt cautiously picked at her food, expecting that her serving had been tainted with something distasteful. When she was confident the entrees were fine, she ate without hesitation. When finished, we moved to the living room. Mom sat by me on the couch and directed my aunt to sit in a comfortable armchair.

After a few minutes of conversation, Mom rose and went to the kitchen for a drink. When Mom returned, she stood behind my aunt's chair and winked at me. Placing her hands on my aunt's shoulders, she massaged her sister.

"Thanks, Sis. That's relaxing," my aunt groaned.

Mom ran her hands down my aunt's arms and asked, "Remember when we were kids and what I would do if I wanted to teach you a lesson?"

My aunt's expression turned to fright, and before she could react, Mom gripped her wrists and pulled them to the back of the chair. Kate squirmed and squealed, "You wouldn't dare. Let me go, Kel."

Mom ordered, "Sit on her legs, Kev."

Watching my aunt's bare legs shift around had its effect on me. After I rose, I covertly adjusted myself before I sat on my aunt's thighs. Face-to-face with my beautiful aunt, her full lips begged for a kiss. For a moment, I wondered if that was what Mom had planned.

"Tickle her waist," Mom ordered.

Remembering back to when Mom squirmed in the aquarium, it became clear when Mom had formulated this plan.

"No, stop it!" my aunt screamed. My fingers lightly danced over her covered midriff.

"Pull her blouse out and touch her bare skin," Mom directed.

Aunt Kate's eyes widened when I obeyed Mom and untucked her top. Running my fingers over her familiar flesh, she giggled and twisted with my touch. Her firm tits jiggled, which caused my cock to uncomfortably poke upward. After several minutes of torture, Mom relented. "Enough, Kev. She's learned her lesson."

Kate breathed a sigh of relief when my fingers left her sensitive skin. Mom's hands snaked around and pinched Kate's midriff flesh. "Looks like you're getting out of shape, Sis. Maybe we should jog again."

My aunt was still recovering and didn't reply. Her rapid breathing and flushed face reflected her embarrassment. Rising off my aunt's legs, I made my way back to the couch with Mom following. It wasn't long before the two sisters were chatting as if nothing had happened.

Later, Aunt Kate fidgeted in her chair and crossed her legs, exposing her smooth thigh. She was horny, and desperately needed a fix from her nephew. I wasn't the only one ogling my aunt. Mom furtively glanced several times at her sister's exposed flesh.

"It's getting late. It's time to turn in," Mom said, yawning.

"Go ahead, Sis," Kate responded. "I'd like to stay and chat with Kev."

"We have a big day planned for tomorrow, and he needs his sleep, too," Mom insisted.

"Don't worry. I want to work on some things this weekend, so he can stay at your place. You two will be able to talk all you want. Make a list to keep him busy."

Kate's smile broadened, and I knew Mom would be shocked if she knew the incestuous acts my aunt was planning. With the knowledge we would be together throughout the weekend, Kate rose and hugged Mom goodbye. I headed to my room.

I felt conflicted. I missed my aunt, but I also wanted to spend more time with Mom. Our connection was more intimate than ever, and I feared that we would regress if we spent too much time apart. Tossing and turning, I finally drifted off. I then awoke to the smell of bacon.

Mom welcomed me with a smile while she sat at the table. My hearty appetite was quickly satisfied with a stack of pancakes, plus the bacon. Anxious to know today's schedule, I asked, "What's the plan today, Mom? Was there anything you wanted to be done before handing me off to Aunt Kate?"

"Speaking of my sister, she sent a text this morning and wants to take a jog. It looks like my teasing embarrassed her. She'll be here at nine."

"Sounds great!" I exclaimed. "I'm looking forward to a good workout." Visions of my mom and aunt running in front of me and displaying their luscious legs awakened my horny prick.

"Sorry, sweetie," Mom replied with a furtive look. "We like to go at our own pace because it gives us a chance to discuss things privately. You'll have to find something else to do while we're out. It'll only be an hour."

Disheartened, I grumbled, "No problem, Mom. I'll do the long loop around the park." Mom's smile immediately made me feel better. Our plates were empty, so I offered to finish. "Go get ready. I'll clean the dishes."

After I cleaned the kitchen, I dashed to my room and changed clothes. When I met Mom in the living room, I felt better about running solo. Mom's sexy attire would have made it uncomfortable to jog with my aunt and her.

Her short, pleated skirt exposed her long, beautiful, bare legs. Evidently, she didn't own a running bra or top; her silky, blue bra was visible beneath her button-down blouse. My eyes traversed from her shoes upwards, until they settled on Mom's smiling face.

My admiring appraisal prompted her to visually inspect my body the same way. When she finished, she remarked, "It looks like we're both dressed right for the run. Sis is late. Take off since you're going for a longer distance."

I knew that if my aunt showed up dressed similarly, it would be even harder to contain my excitement. I didn't hesitate and left for the park. The weather was perfect for exercising. There were many other joggers on the path, and the more I thought about seeing Mom and my aunt when I returned, the faster I ran. Walking the last block, I cooled off and caught my breath. My shirt was soaked with sweat, and I couldn't wait to take a shower.

Removing my shoes in the front entry, I headed towards my room when I heard Mom yell, "Rachel?"

Since I had completed my run early, I was surprised to hear her voice. "Mom? It's me."

"Damn, you're early. Could you come here?" Mom pleaded.

My thoughts raced to yesterday when she was cuffed to her bed. After rearranging my stiffening cock, I dashed to her room.

Secured to her bed again, she was still dressed in her jogging outfit, except her shoes and socks had been removed. "Again, Mom? How'd you allow Aunt Kate to repeat her prank?"

She blushed and sputtered, "After our run, we were exhausted. My sister flopped on the couch and I came in here to rest. She sneaked in while I was asleep and found the cuffs in my dresser. Before I was fully awake, she was finished."

My attention focused on her exposed bare legs. She cleared her throat, bringing me back to the conversation.

"Aunt Kate knew I was coming back, didn't she?" I queried.

"Yes," Mom sighed. "She said it was payback for using you to tickle me, and if Rachel didn't arrive before you, it'd serve me right. I'm so embarrassed to have this happen again. Unlock these things before Rachel arrives."

I dearly wanted to explore my mother's body again, but I didn't want to appear too overzealous. "Maybe I should go back outside and run for another twenty minutes so Rachel can rescue you. Aunt Kate wouldn't have to know I found you."

"No!" Mom exclaimed. "I don't want to wait. If you hear her enter the house, go out and intercept her. You can tell her I'm resting and don't want to be disturbed. Close my door behind you in case she snoops around."

"Okay, Mom. Let's set you free." I wrapped my hand around her leg and caressed her flesh, searching for the key.

"Kev! They're not down there. She taped them onto my ribs. Unbutton my blouse and pull it apart to find them."

I enthusiastically released her legs and moved upward. My fingers trembled with excitement while I unbuttoned Mom's top. I unveiled her silky bra. Unfortunately, it was not see-through and adequately hid her motherly assets.

A thin strip of a band-aid peeked out from the bottom of her left cup. "Found it, Mom. It's partially hidden by your..."

"Breast?" Mom replied and giggled at my embarrassment. "Don't be shy. It won't bite. Shove it upward so you can pull off the tape."

Using the back of one hand, I pushed her soft mound so my other could grip the edge of the band-aid. After removing it, I kissed the reddened flesh. She chuckled, "Thanks, Kev. You're such a kind and loving son."

Pulling the key off the tape, I tried the cuffs holding her arms to find the key didn't fit. Once again, it was for the leg restraints. After releasing the bottom cuffs, my eyes drifted back to her exposed torso. Mom's face reddened before she confessed, "I should have known it'd be the wrong one. One can only hope. The other key is located under my other breast but higher."

"Not seeing it, Mom," I said, inspecting the area below her covered tit. Repeating my technique, I gently shoved against the bottom of her bra with the back of my hand. Her fleshy globe squished to the sides but refused to reveal the hidden key. "Are you sure it's under there?"

"Yes. I can feel it," Mom said, exasperated. "You're taking too much time. Hold my breast with your hand to lift it and look underneath. Be gentle and remember, I'm your mother."

Turning my hand, I cupped Mom's meaty breast. That's all it took to fully harden my prick. Thankfully, my shirt concealed my helmeted head poking above my running shorts. Involuntarily, my hand clenched and squeezed her soft tit.

"Not so hard," Mom croaked. Air filled her lungs, resulting in her chest heaving upward. I lifted her breast and located the tape lying underneath the lower rim of her bra. Firmly gripping her soft tit-flesh, I removed the band-aid. When I leaned over to kiss her reddened flesh, I released her breast, allowing it to squash against the side of my face.

I kept my lips sealed to her hot flesh; her natural scent drove me crazy. Her rapidly-beating heart sent shivers through my spine. Mom's excitement grew from our erotic contact.

"Thanks, Kev."

Easing off her, I glanced at her flushed face. I wondered if mine was the same color. My eyes drifted back to her heaving breasts.

Mom cleared her throat and ordered, "Unlock me so I can call Rachel."

When free, she pulled her blouse together and stated, "Go take a shower and put on those hiking shorts I bought for you last year." Her eyes shifted to the bottom of my shirt, which bulged out from my prick. "Maybe it should be a cold shower," she giggled.

Unable to think of anything to save face, I left for my room. Mom was on the phone talking before I reached my door. Disobeying my mother, I took a long, hot shower and splattered the walls with copious globs of cum.

I found Mom waiting in the living room, wearing her same jogging outfit. She handed me a bag and said, "We're taking a walk on this beautiful day, ending with a light

picnic at the park. It'll help relieve some of the tension between us from my sister's stunt."

It wasn't long for our uneasiness to dissipate while we briskly hiked on the walking path. When we arrived at a spot overlooking a pond, I spread out the thin blanket on the grass. We sat together with our legs stretched out in front of us. While we ate, I seized the moment and stole a few glances at her beautiful legs. Not wanting to be too obvious, I regularly shifted my attention back to her smiling face. She showed no concern that her son was checking out her shapely, bare legs.

When finished, I found a receptacle to dispose of our trash. Once I was seated again, Mom wiggled her feet and groaned, "These are the wrong shoes for long walks. My dogs are barking."

Memories of Ken showing me how to massage his mother's feet flashed before me. It opened up a perfect opportunity to demonstrate my skills with my mother. Kneeling on the grass, I held her foot and pulled her shoestring.

"What are you doing?" Mom giggled, but she didn't move. If anything, she relaxed her leg.

Once I removed her shoes and socks, I rubbed and caressed her foot. "You've taken care of me all my life. It's time I paid you back," I explained.

She groaned and hummed during my foot massage. After fifteen minutes, I switched to the other and repeated my actions. My aunt came to mind again; I remembered how my cousin and I had pampered her. "Mom, what are you going to do about your sister? Aren't you two getting carried away with the pranking?" Secretly, I'd hoped it would escalate since I was receiving the rewards of their feud.

Mom's head tilted as if she were devising another way to torture her sister. Much to my surprise, she agreed, "You're right. I'll talk to her tonight and call an end to any further stunts."

Hiding my disappointment, I took a chance and slid my hand along her calf. Mom relaxed her leg when I squeezed and stroked her lower leg muscle. Kissing her calf, I moved to her other one. After caressing and kissing it, she said, "Thanks, Kev. I feel much better. It'll be a snap walking back home. Let's take it a little slower this time."

After putting her socks and shoes back on for her, I rose and helped her off the ground. My feet were near hers when she stood. We were face-to-face and sensuously close. Her bare legs touched mine, and neither of us backed off. Our eyes locked together, and just when I decided I was going to kiss her, she turned and said, "Okay, onward home!" Her subsequent giggle gave away the game. She was enjoying teasing me.

Stowing the blanket, we took off. When a young couple passed by us on the path, Mom intertwined her arm with mine and held my hand. Maybe she was embarrassed about people thinking she was walking with her grown son. Whatever the reason, I was thrilled to pretend to be her boyfriend again. Our arms gently swayed, causing the side of her soft breast to bump and rub against my arm. My prick remained painfully hard the entire trip home.

We spent the next few hours working on our list of projects.

While we ate dinner, Mom reminded me of my upcoming commitment. "Don't forget that I promised your aunt you'd help her out this weekend. It'd be nice for you to go over sooner, like tomorrow. With her last stunt, she might assume I called it off. I invited her over tonight and will let her know. That's alright with you, isn't it?"

Her apprehension made me think she wanted me to call it off and stay with her. I would have loved nothing more but I didn't want to appear too eager. Of course, the thought of having sex with my aunt all weekend might have swayed me to honor Mom's promise. "I'd be more than happy to help her. I have most of the items on your list checked off. Since you're going to make amends with her, it'd be a sign of good faith to illustrate that you hold no hard feelings towards her."

"Excellent," Mom replied with a wide smile.

Apparently, I'd misread her expression. She was pleased that I had agreed to her revised schedule.

After we cleaned the kitchen, we left for our showers. When I emerged, I found Mom sitting on the couch with her legs folded under her. She wore a non-revealing nightgown. It was one I'd seen her in many times before. It sexily hugged her curves but didn't show much of her luscious legs. I had hoped for more of a show on the last night before I left for my aunt's place.

We watched TV for an hour before Mom ordered, "Kev, I want to speak to my sister alone. Would you mind spending the rest of the night in your room? She's due here in a few minutes."

"Sure, Mom." Feeling bold, I walked to Mom, leaned down, and planted a kiss on her forehead. "Good luck. Call me if you need any help handling her."

She giggled, "I'll be fine, but thanks for offering. Your aunt can be challenging at times. Good night, dear."

Saddened I wouldn't be around to see the sisters fight it out and hopefully get involved, I sulked to my room. Leaving my robe on, I stripped off my underwear and decided to do some casual surfing. Recalling the events of the last few days, I decided to switch to some of my favorite incest sites. My prick peeked out of my robe when I envisioned my mother and aunt in the scenes I watched. I refrained from stroking my horny cock. I wanted the session to last.

My fantasy world was disrupted by the sound of the front door loudly slamming. Deciding to check if anything was wrong, I silently crept to the living room, only to discover that it was empty. The TV was blaring, but there was no sign of Mom or her sister. I figured Aunt Kate must have left in a rush. Switching off the TV, I turned to walk to my room.

"Kevin! Are you there?" Mom apprehensively called out.

"Yes, Mom. You left the TV running, so I turned it off. Is everything okay with you and Aunt Kate?"

"No," Mom answered. "Could you come here, please?"

Thankfully, my robe was closed, because my prick lurched when I entered Mom's room and discovered her nightie-clad body secured to the bedposts. "Mom, what happened? How did you allow Aunt Kate to cuff you again?"

Mom's face flushed, "It's complicated, but I'll get even with her. She's returning in thirty minutes and doesn't think I'd have the nerve to call you for help. Release me so we can teach her a lesson she won't forget."

"Of course," I gleefully replied. I couldn't wait to run my hands over Mom's body again.

"Unbutton the top of my nightie and pull it apart," she ordered.

I hastily complied and peeled the silky fabric to the sides to expose her heaving bra. "It's underneath this time," she croaked.

Reaching under her, I explored her back, searching for the key.

"No, Kev. It's under the bra. Unsnap it and peel it off my left one," she murmured. Her face flushed with embarrassment.

The hook was in front, and the bra snapped to the side when I released it. My cock turned rock-hard when Mom's left breast was exposed. The key was taped on top of her mound. My first thought was that my aunt had been telling the truth about my mom's nipples. They were puffier than hers.

I was paralyzed by the sight of her bare tit. "Kev, hold me and peel it off slowly," Mom snapped. "My nips are sensitive."

Happy to obey, I gripped her breast with one hand and held it steady as I slowly pulled off the band-aid. Once it was removed, her taut teat filled with blood from my lustful stare. I thought, "Do I dare repeat my action of kissing her flesh?"

That was an easy question to answer. My heart raced when my lips captured Mom's erect nipple. I gently squeezed her sensitive nub while my tongue washed her tip.

Mom groaned and involuntarily arched her back. Her tit squished against my face. She heaved with excitement while I sucked her dark-brown, puffy tip. Feeling her squirm beneath me caused my prick to throb. Reluctantly, I released her breast. When I attempted to unlock her cuffs, I discovered once again that it was the wrong key.

Moving to her feet, I unlocked the restraints. She stretched and widened her legs, causing her nightie to shift upward and expose her creamy thighs. Crawling between her legs, my hand slid under the other side of her nightie, cupped her right breast, and gripped her puffy nipple. There wasn't a key taped to it, and when I looked at Mom's face for confirmation, her gaze was filled with lust.

"It's not there," Mom bleated. "It's further down."

Releasing her mound, my hand snaked underneath her nightie, across her smooth belly, and stopped when I felt her crinkly bush. There were no panties to interfere with my exploring fingers.

"Lower," Mom hoarsely whispered.

I couldn't imagine my aunt would tape a key to her pussy, but Mom had instructed me to continue, so I did. My fingers ran through her wet, engorged labia and found nothing.

"It's inside, hidden in a bullet-like canister," Mom huffed. Her bare tits heaved, and her breaths were short and rapid. My fingers slowly dove into her depths.

When I made contact with the metallic object, I nudged it deeper, rather than pulling it out. Mom grunted and shifted her hips.

"Mom, I need to look closer so I can remove it. It'll be faster this way."

She meekly shook her head, but before she could verbally object, I unfastened the remaining buttons on her nightie and pulled it to the sides, revealing her nude body. I involuntarily gasped when her neatly-trimmed bush came into view. Her soft, dark-brown, fur was identical in color to her hair and eyes and seeing it made my cock jerk.

My entire body got hot from seeing my mom nude for the first time. Glancing upward, I saw Mom's face locked onto the ceiling with her eyes tightly sealed. She was trying her best to distance herself from the illicit act.

Untying my belt, I shook my shoulders until my robe fell off. My fully stiffened prick bobbed but remained hidden from her view. Running my hands along her smooth thighs, I nudged her apart until her legs were lewdly splayed out. Her muscles twitched with excitement. My gaze was locked on her hairy pussy, framed by her smooth, creamy thighs.

"It shouldn't take long now," I huskily croaked. My fingers traveled up and down her outer lips. Mom's hips jerked upward when my digits entered her slippery, tight interior in search of the metal capsule. Once I found it, I kept it pressed against her velvety walls while my fingers slowly stroked her horny pussy. She moaned and gasped when I increased my pace. Pungent waves of pussy scent washed across my face when I leaned in closer.

Blowing lightly on her exposed pearl resulted in more frantic gyrations from her pelvis. "One push should do it, Mom. I'll help you." My mouth was so close to her sex that I wasn't sure if she heard me.

Latching onto her clit with my lips, I squeezed and ran my tongue across it. Her orgasm commenced immediately, her pussy clamping tightly onto my fingers. I continued to finger-fuck her while I shifted my mouth lower to devour her flowing nectar. The shiny capsule slipped out and plopped onto the bed with a thud. When her body relaxed, I removed my fingers and rose to lock eyes with my mother.

Grabbing the silver case, I unsuccessfully attempted to unscrew the cap. "So slippery," I croaked. Popping it into my mouth, I cleaned off Mom's juices. Her breasts rose and filled with air, watching her son lick her cum. Her eyes filled with incestuous lust when her gaze locked onto my jutting prick. My cock jerked with the realization that I was about to fuck my beautiful mother.

Removing the key, I inched closer and contemplated whether I should shove my prick into her open, wet pussy. Mom broke my spell when she whispered, "Unlock me?"

Her tone reeked of uncertainty. My body froze. I'd dreamed of this moment forever. A million thoughts ran through my head. I still wasn't sure what she really wanted: to be uncuffed, to nip our incestuous contact in the bud. To stay cuffed, so she couldn't be blamed for it? To be uncuffed, so she could actively participate? To stay cuffed, because it turned her on more?

As if she could read my thoughts, her legs opened wider and her pelvis humped up. Her glistening slot was her invitation. No words needed to be spoken. I suddenly knew she wanted me, and didn't need an excuse.

Once the cuffs were removed, her hands held the back of my head and pulled me to her soft lips. Our tongues danced and rolled together while we passionately embraced. Hot air gushed from our nostrils. We kissed as lovers for the first time. One of her hands roamed down my back and stopped on my ass; the other snaked between us and tightly gripped my cock.

Pulling my cockhead into her dripping pussy, she squeezed my cheek. Her flexing hips pulled me in further. Once I'd sunk in halfway, she released my mouth and screamed with carnal lust, "Jesus! It's been so long since I've been stuffed with such a magnificent cock. Fuck me hard, Kev!"

I took the chance that she'd want to be fucked just the way her sister liked it. After plunging to the bottom, I pulled out and slammed in again. She struggled to breathe. My unrelenting cock pummeled her tight crevice. After a dozen strokes, her pussy contracted from her orgasm.

"Damn, Mom! You're cumming already. My prick feels like it's in a tight vice."

"I can't help it," she grunted. "Your cock was made for my pussy. Fulfilling my dream after all this time sent me over the edge. I've never felt so much pleasure."

I slowed my pace until she recovered, wanting our session to last. Beads of sweat poured from my pores from her white-hot body pressed against mine. Our slick bodies thrashed and effortlessly slid together. Knowing I wouldn't make it through another one of her orgasms, I committed to making it one of her strongest.

Her body lurched to meet mine when I increased my pace. I alternated my angle until she grunted and rewarded my ram with a coating of hot pussy cream. Her clinging folds gripped my shaft, attempting to keep it buried in her fiery pit.

"Your pussy is mine now, Mom! I'm going to fuck you every chance I get. I love you more than any other woman. We're going to enjoy each other's bodies forever."

"Yes!" Mom screamed. "I'm all yours, Kev. You own me! Show me your love and pound your mother's pussy. Don't hold back. Fuck me hard!"

When she tightened her ass cheeks, I lifted her pelvis so I could drill her deeper. Her legs wrapped around me, holding me steady while her hips bucked. Her body shook when my mushroom-shaped head expanded. My legs tightened from the strenuous exercise. I plunged deeply into Mom's clasp crevice, and I feared leg cramps would soon follow.

"Mom, I'm going to fill you with cum. I want you to be the mother of my children."

My heart rapidly pumped blood into my shaft, increasing its thickness. Our final illicit act was about to be complete: a son sperming his willing mother. The thrill of our incestuous coupling sent waves of pleasure through both of us. My reservoir of semen flowed while Mom's heels dug deep, holding me tightly to her groin.

Mom's primal screams of passion deafened me when my meaty tip slammed into the back of her pussy and ejected the first dollop of my cum. Her walls contracted and squeezed onto my prick. "I'm cumming so hard!" Mom screeched. "Give me a baby! Pump me full of your seed!"

Lust consumed us; our bodies shook uncontrollably through our orgasms. spurts of semen filled my mother's pussy. Her cleft unmercifully clamped along my length, milking every drop of potent sperm from my balls. Our nests of pubic hair were saturated from the mixture of our cum squishing out of her filled pussy.

Our synchronized contractions were in perfect rhythm as if we had been fucking for years. I couldn't believe how many times my cock erupted. Then again, I had never fucked my mother before.

I'd wanted to remain stiff and enjoy her body for hours, but we were spent after our emotionally-intense sex. When our orgasms subsided, her hips lowered to the bed. She pulled me tightly against her hot flesh. Neither of us spoke while we panted to catch our breath.

I expected to experience a wave of guilt after committing an incestuous, unpardonable sin with my mother. Instead, I felt relief and overwhelming love for my mother. Her face reflected identical emotions, and I knew we had bonded closer than ever.

"Jesus, Mom. That was the best sex I've ever had. I love you so much."

"Same here, honey," Mom whispered. "You don't know how long I've dreamed of this happening."

Realizing our time was running short, I asked, "Shouldn't we get ready for Kate's return?"

"My sister?" Mom chuckled. "She didn't have anything to do with this."

"Really? And the other two times?"

"Nope," Mom giggled again.

"You seduced me by pretending your sister was pulling tricks on you? You didn't have to go to that much trouble. I've fantasized about making love to you for a long time."

"I know, dear. When I knew my sister was fucking you, I decided to make my move."

It was my time to blush. "You know about Aunt Kate and me?"

"Of course. Ken and I have become very close friends in the last several weeks."

Before I could ask any more questions, she lowered her legs and hugged me tightly. "We can talk more tomorrow. Stay with me tonight."

Rolling off to one side, I wrapped my arm across her and vowed, "I'll be here with you every night from now on."

"Hold me tight, baby. Close your eyes and sleep with your mother," she whispered. We snuggled together and slept as lovers for the first time.

Fully rested, I stretched and rolled over. A wave of panic hit me because I thought I had dreamed the whole thing. Once I smelled the aroma of breakfast, my eyes cleared, and Mom's dresser came into focus. I breathed a sigh of relief when I realized that I had indeed made love to my mother.

Throwing on my robe, I raced to the kitchen to find Mom cooking on the stove. Her short robe hugged her curves, and I hoped she was nude underneath. Sneaking behind her, I wrapped my arms around her waist and kissed her neck. "Good Morning, Mom. You smell better than what you're cooking. How about if I feast on your body?" My hand roamed to her thigh and stroked her smooth flesh.

"Stop it," she said, playfully chastising me. "You might be able to have your way with your aunt, but I'm your mother, and I have higher standards. Sit, and I'll bring over your plate."

Kissing her again, I obeyed and sat at the table. We ate with our eyes connecting more than in the past. Mom was in a good mood, but she avoided discussing our incestuous mating. As usual, her joyful disposition made me even happier - though it hardly seemed possible. When we finished, I offered to clean the dishes. Mom excused herself.

After taking several steps in the direction of my room, I stopped. My room had changed, so I turned to head to my new suite. When I entered, my prick jumped at the sight on the bed. Mom was naked and positioned doggy-style. Her head rested sideways on her hands looking straight at me. Her high ass wiggled, beckoning me.

"Is this what you wanted, honey?" Mom asked. "Did you want to sow your seed in your slut this morning? Like a dog breeding his bitch? Come and show me how well you fucked my sister."

Dropping my robe, I leaped behind her. I took my time admiring her long, creamy legs spread apart, framing her hairy pussy. My hands traveled up her smooth flesh, and when they bumped against her glistening outer labia, I lowered them, teasing her several times.

"Are you ever going to properly take care of your mother? I need your stiff prick rammed into my pussy."

Gripping her ass cheeks, I shoved my cock between her legs and sawed to and fro. Her juices leaked and oiled my prick with her frothy fluid. Seating my tip between her puffy lips, I gently shoved. Mom grunted and attempted to push back into my pelvis. She wanted a fast and hard fuck, but I wanted to savor the moment I fucked my mother in this position for the first time. Holding her firmly, I ceased movement. "Let me set the pace, or I'll have to go fuck your sister instead."

She giggled, "You better not, Mister. She's enjoyed you too much."

Mom held her hips steady while I slowly slid into her depths. Her pussy folds clung to and resisted my intrusive ram, sending jolts of pleasure through my body. My prick separated her smooth, velvety walls, successfully descending to the bottom. When my stomach pressed against her soft ass, I stopped and allowed my prick to soak in her steamy pussy.

Moving my hands to the front of her thighs for added leverage, I pulled back and slammed to the bottom, once more. She screeched, finally receiving the forceful penetration she desired. Pulling her body into mine, I furiously fucked her and was rewarded with her flowing juices coating my steel-hard shaft. I knew at that moment that sex with anyone else would never be as satisfying.

As if her pussy read my mind, her inner walls quivered and squeezed my cock with each stroke. Instead of slowing, I continued my relentless assault on her hungry pussy. I had awakened from dreaming about my mother all night, and I'd already lost any desire to take it slow. When I looked at her backside, my body shivered with excitement, watching my slick prick hammering her hairy pussy.

I wasn't the only one enjoying our first doggy-fuck. Mom's loud groans filled the room, relishing the pounding from her son. "You're fucking Mommy so good. My pussy is full of my son's cock, and I couldn't be happier. Keep pumping and fill me with your sperm. Claim me and make me a mother again!"

"You own me, too," I croaked. "I love you and I'm going to flood your pussy with a big load of cum. I'm ready to blow!"

The urgency in our mating increased tenfold; we were both fully committed to pleasing each other. Mom pushed back into my groin, burying my prick into the deepest depths of her pussy. My balls lewdly slapped against her puffy mound on each stroke. Although I wanted to grope her swaying breasts, I didn't dare release my grip for fear of getting thrown off her bucking pelvis.

When my throbbing prick swelled with blood, Mom's orgasm commenced. "Oh, fuck!" Mom screamed. When her pussy sensed my cock pulsing, another contraction hit her. Ropes of boiling, sperm-laden semen splashed the insides of her fertile pussy, immediately seeking their target.

My cock jerked and deposited even more cum than the previous night. Once our bodies relaxed, I pulled out and noticed a big glob of baby-batter oozing out of her drenched pussy. Before it could drop onto the sheets, I caught it with my palm and rubbed it into Mom's ass cheeks.

She moaned when she felt her son's cum smearing into her hot flesh.

"Fuck, Mom. I can't believe how good it feels cumming in your pussy. You're amazing."

Gently pushing her down onto our bed, I plopped beside her. We locked eyes and silently communicated our commitment to each other. Her soft hands soothingly stroked my chest, bringing back memories of when she did the same to me while growing up. She knew me better than anyone.

Her expression turned to concern when she said, "Sweetheart, it's time to explain something to you about your aunt and me."

My curiosity was piqued when she mentioned her sister. "I'm listening, Mom. What is it?"

"Did your aunt make any remarks concerning your prick?"

It took a minute or so to recall my conversations with Aunt Kate. "Now that you mention it, she did comment it's the same size and shape as the man who fathered Ken. He married someone else, but it didn't bother her. She told me her fantasies revolve around his cock."

Mom grinned and said, "There's a reason for the resemblance. Your cock's features are also identical to your father's because he's the same man. You inherited your dad's magnificent cock."

She giggled when she saw my mind sifting through the information and arriving at the inevitable conclusion. "Ken is my half-brother, not my cousin?" I asked.

"Exactly," Mom replied. "Your father took care of your aunt and me, mostly at the same time. When we wore him out, my sister and I would continue without him until he could get hard again. He promised to marry the first one to get pregnant, who turned out to be me."

"Wow, Mom. Aunt Kate and you?"

"That's all you got out of this?" Mom laughed. "So the news about your father is dwarfed by the revelation that your aunt and I were lovers?"

"Well, it makes sense now why you blushed when Aunt Kate asked if you two could share a bed like old times."

"She's become randier since she's been fucking you. My sister and I have ignored our sexuality for far too long. After your father left, we were busy raising our sons and drifted apart."

"If both of you loved him so much, why did he leave?" I asked.

"We adored his prick, not him. He decided to share his gift with other women, so we weren't sorry to see him go."

"His loss, Mom. I'm not like him and won't leave. I love the sex, but I'm also your soulmate."

"I know, dear. The only thing you have in common with your father is your magnificent cock. Your caring and loving personality make you the perfect man for my sister and me."

"I can't believe how the two women I love most are also the sexiest. I owe my cousin a lot for setting this up."

"He assisted me fairly well," Mom chuckled. "Glimpses of your morning wood convinced me it was time to bring joy to my sister and myself. Ken and I had some extensive conversations on how to seduce his mother. All he did was follow my instructions."

"You are one devious and sexy mother, and I adore you for that quality. When do we let Aunt Kate know?"

"Tonight," Mom replied. "Right now, we need to clean the house and work on the garden. Are you ready for a little distraction from breeding your mother?"

"Sure, Mom. Let's get to work."

While we toiled on our chores, we'd quickly kiss or swat the other's butt whenever we encountered each other. Mom's playful demeanor intensified, anticipating the upcoming sexual romp with her sister. Her sexy sundress didn't hide the fact that she wasn't wearing a bra or panties. My prick demanded relief from her teasing.

After several hours of coping with my stiff cock, I decided it was time for a break. I sneaked into our bedroom and retrieved the cuffs, practicing with them until I learned how Mom had locked herself. After I hid the keys in the nightstand, I stripped and positioned myself on our bed. Locking my feet and hands, I was ready for some fun with Mom. My prick proudly stood upright when memories of her tied in the same manner came to mind.

"Mom!" I yelled. "Can you come here?" My prick jerked when I heard her faint footsteps approaching. She stopped in her tracks when she entered, her smile broadening on seeing my condition.

"Aunt Kate paid us a quick visit, Mom. Can you please rescue your son from your evil sister?"

Jumping onto the bed, she straddled me and wrapped her hands around my legs. "I suppose she gave you some story about someone coming to rescue you, too?" she asked.

"As a matter of fact, she did. She's returning in six hours, which should give you enough time to figure out what to do."

She giggled, "Excellent! This will require a thorough search. Let's start with these wonderfully hairy, strong legs."

Running her soft palms up and down the fronts of my legs caused my prick to jerk. She continued her sensual caressing, lingering on my hairy thighs with each stroke. Inching forward, she bypassed my groin, concentrating on my stomach and ribs. My body quickly warmed, and Mom's face was flushed by the time she finished exploring my chest.

"Whew," Mom wheezed and gasped for air. "It's getting hot in here." Pulling off her dress, she flung it to the floor. Edging closer, her hairy pussy snuggled against my groin. Her nipples were hard and prominent atop her swaying tits. She was horny and needed my stiff cock to extinguish the fire burning in her pussy.

She clasped my head in her hands and said, "Let me check to see if she hid them in your hair." Caressing my scalp with her strong fingers resulted in an appreciative moan from me. "Nothing there," she asserted. "Maybe in your mouth."

Pulling my lips to hers, she opened her mouth and sought out my tongue with hers. She moved her mouth in a circular motion. My mother's sensuous and passionate kiss, and the feeling that she was in complete control of me, turned my prick to stone. Our breaths shortened, and it was becoming harder to inhale through our nostrils.

After releasing my mouth, she sat upright. Her fiery eyes were full of lust. One of her hands cradled my balls while the other wrapped around my cock. "There's a large load of cum in these babies," Mom squealed. "Once my sister sees this magnificent prick, she'll be humping you until you blow. We can't chance her getting pregnant, can we?"

"A little late to worry about that, Mom," I giggled. Her expression didn't change; she knew her sister all too well.

"In any case, this is one load she's not getting." Holding my prick upright, she rose and impaled herself on my spear. Her pussy was slick with her juices, allowing her walls to be easily separated.

"Jesus!" she cried. "Shivers just shot through my spine. It's been nearly two decades since I've ridden a cock, and I'm going to enjoy yours." She rose and fell several times, slapping our groins together each time. Gripping my waist, she fucked my pole with the vigor of an eighteen-year-old. Her face was wracked with pleasure while she twisted and turned her pussy on each stroke to ensure each sensitive spot made contact with my large, ridged head.

After her initial lust was sated, she settled on a steady rhythm. She rapidly humped my prick until her pussy triggered a mini-orgasm. She slowed down but didn't stop. Her flowing juices coated my cock while she recovered, and then she repeated the cycle. Her labored breathing betrayed the intense workout her body was getting.

My eyes locked onto her heaving breasts, lewdly bouncing. My restraints prevented me from being more active, but on the other hand, I wasn't in danger of cumming too soon. Mom's sweaty hands slipped on a downstroke, and her eyes caught my gaze when she adjusted herself.

"You like your mommy's titties, don't you?" she hoarsely asked. "Would you like to suck on them, sweetie? Like you did as a baby? Your aunt loved feeding on them, too."

"Please," I sputtered. "Your sister is rightfully jealous of your big, puffy nipples. Feed me, Mommy."

Keeping my prick lodged into her hungry pussy, she leaned over and rested on her elbows. Continuing to pump my cock, her breast neared my lips. My tongue shot out and scraped across her nipple while she moved to and fro. Her pussy responded instantly to the new source of stimulation, gripping and squeezing my embedded prick.

She held her breast with her hand and brought it to my waiting mouth. I sucked and teased her engorged tip. Her moans and grunts were even louder than the sloshing of her soaked pussy on my shaft.

"Harder," she screamed.

Squeezing tightly around her distended teat, I pulled and twisted until she screamed with pleasure.

"It's coming on strong. Bite me, baby. Make Mommy cum on your beautiful cock."

My teeth clenched firmly and pulled her breast until I thought I might draw blood. Her pussy spasmed while she gurgled nonsense. Her contracting walls did everything possible to coax an eruption from my prick. My pubic hair was drenched with her cum. When her convulsions ceased, I released her nipple. She fell forward and slipped off my still-hard prick.

"Unbelievable," Mom exhaled. "Every time we make love, I don't think it can get any better, but it does. You make me so happy."

"I feel the same way. The cuffs made it even more exciting. I wish I would have left you locked up last night so you could experience the same thrill."

"Me, too," Mom cooed. "Don't worry. My sister and I love to use them. We'll have plenty of opportunities in the future."

"You have so many good memories with her. Are you looking forward to her upcoming visit?"

"Definitely," she replied. "You're a great fuck, but no one eats pussy better than my sister."

"I'm a quick learner. Practice makes perfect," I argued.

"Don't bother," Mom teased. "If it's a choice between your tongue or your prick, your cock will always win."

A sudden twitch from my groin reminded me of my horny condition. "Mom, can you unlock me? The keys are in the top drawer."

"Twist your wrists. They're not police quality." Mom giggled.

One quick jerk popped them open. Once my hands were free, I rolled Mom to the side of me and freed my feet. I admired Mom's backside for a minute before moving to the end of the bed. Without warning, I grabbed her ankles, pulled her to the edge, and flipped her over.

Her eyes immediately locked onto my jutting, rock-hard prick. I grasped her ankles and lifted her legs before closing the distance between us. "We still have a problem, Mom. My balls are full of cum."

"Really?" Mom asked. "My orgasm was so strong that I didn't even realize you didn't cum. Why don't you crawl up here and let Mommy suck you off?"

Placing her ankles on my shoulders, I gripped her ass and lifted her until her open pussy was aligned with my stiff prick. One quick lunge, and I sunk to the bottom. Mom gasped when our groins met.

"Mom, if it's a choice between your mouth or your tight pussy, I think you know which one I'd prefer."

"Touche," she chuckled.

She was still soaking wet, and my prick glided effortlessly in and out of her. It wasn't long before her body responded to my rapidly-pistoning ram. Her snug slot squeezed and rippled, sending bolts of pleasure through my prick. We fucked for a solid ten minutes - mother and son blissfully bonding together.

Her lustful expression and jiggling breasts bolstered my desire to please my mother. In response, my hips moved at lightning speed, pummeling her juicy pussy. The room was filled with the loud noises of our bodies slapping together.

My frantic pace brought us near our orgasms, and I wanted nothing more than to kiss my mother when I flooded her pussy. Raising my hands to under her knees, I bent her legs forward and lowered myself. She understood my move and held her knees so I could maul her bountiful breasts.

"Ugh," Mom grunted. "You're fucking your mommy so good. Pump me hard and deep, baby."

Her hips bucked, forcing my spongy tip to flatten against the back of her pussy. She screamed with joy and continued to meet my pounding to ensure the deepest penetration.

My fingers twisted her blood-engorged nipples, pushing her over the edge.

She screamed, "Oh, fuck! It's a big one!"

"I'm cumming, Mom! Kiss me while I fill you full of sperm."

Our eyes locked as our mouths sealed tightly. Tears of rapture misted her eyes, signaling the surrender of her body and soul to her son. Our love for each other was at its peak at that moment. Her pupils dilated when my prick expanded with blood and pulsed. My sexual fluids flooded into her causing her pussy to contract.

Our bodies jerked and spasmed; her expression turned euphoric. Our union, however frantic, was blissful. It wasn't just sex; it was lovemaking.

When my balls were drained, and I felt her body relax, I pulled out and flopped beside her. "You're right, Mom. It gets better each time because our love for each other keeps growing."

"I love you more than anyone, Kev," Mom murmured. "You make me feel young and full of energy. Of course, your beautiful cock helps, too."

We laughed and moved further up on the bed. Facing each other, our hands caressed each other's spent bodies while we recovered from our mating. Within ten minutes, we fell asleep.

The smells of cooking awakened me. Looking at the clock, I calculated that an hour had passed. After I threw on my robe, I made my way to the kitchen. Mom hugged me and lightly kissed my lips. "Hi, sweetie. Did you have a nice nap?"

"Excellent. If I ever have trouble sleeping again, I'll know the best cure is fucking my milf of a mother."

"Don't worry," Mom said. "You'll have no problem since we'll be making love every night."

"We have to nourish you for my sister," she stated. "I want her to get a good fucking from my studly man."

"No problem, Mom. I'm sure you'll be able to assist me if needed. When is she arriving?"

"Not until eight tonight. I let my sister know that she's taking you home with her tonight. If I know Kate, she'll be playing with herself all day, dreaming about sticking your cock back in her pussy. She's going to be horny."

After we ate, we decided on another long walk to the park. Our pace was slow and intimate, far different than a typical mother and son. We periodically sat on a bench and necked like horny teenagers. Other couples smiled and giggled when passing by, knowing we were a couple madly in love. After we arrived home, we watched TV until dinner time. Our anxiety grew when my aunt's arrival time neared.

After we ate, she showered alone; we knew what would happen if we shared one. When I was done with mine and finished drying, Mom handed me my robe.

"Wear this and wait in the living room," Mom said in a firm tone.

"I thought she was coming here on the premise to take me back with her. Isn't it going to be a little strange that I'm not dressed?" I asked.

"You know us. We're always running late, and I won't be giving my sister enough time to question it."

Heeding Mom's instructions, I left and waited for her. When she arrived, my prick lurched at the sight of her. Her short skirt rose mid-thigh, showcasing her long, bare legs. Her tight blouse was tucked in tightly, and her pointy nipples poked out the thin

material. The top three buttons were undone, allowing a fair amount of cleavage to show.

"Wow, Mom. You reek of sex." Hugging her, I nestled my face into her neck and inhaled deeply. "You smell nice too. How much time do we have?"

She kissed me and held my stiffening prick. "Thirty minutes. It's time to prepare for my sister's visit."

Her passionate kissing intensified, and so did her cock-stroking. Mom pulled me to the couch, sat on the edge, and leaned back. She flipped her skirt on top of her blouse, exposing her hairy pussy. She was slick and ready, with no panties blocking my access. I accepted her invitation and knelt on the floor while opening my robe. My rock-hard prick easily slid into her slick sheath.

Her hungry pussy gripped and pulled my familiar intruder deep inside of her. After ten minutes of fucking, I neared my orgasm. "Mom, we're warmed up. Any more stimulation, and there won't be anything left for your sister."

Her answer was bucking her hips while her clinging walls squeezed onto my cock. Mom wanted me to finish inside of her, and I wasn't about to disobey her. Gripping her ass, I pulled her into me, slamming my cock into her snug pussy.

"Fill me, Kev. Fuck me hard and fast!"

Five strokes later, my cock spit out my load of cum. Mom's pussy contracted in conjunction with her orgasm. Her suctioning pussy successfully milked out every drop of semen. After I softened and backed off, Mom stuffed the excess cum back into her slot. When I stood, Mom engulfed my coated cock with her hot mouth. Her tongue washed off our juices while she cradled my balls.

I ran my fingers through her silky hair while she gently sucked my deflated prick. She moaned and tilted her head back, locking her gaze on my bliss-filled face. Her wide, deep-brown eyes conveyed her undying love for me. It was an incredibly erotic moment, silently communicating with my mother while her mouth worshipped my prick - her son's prick.

"I may have to take you up on that offer someday, after all, Mom. Your blowjob is amazing. It won't be long before I'm hard again for your sister."

After several minutes, I felt the first twinge of life. Mom's gentle sucking and licking had paid off.

She pulled off and proudly said, "I knew you could do it. My sister loves sucking a man's cum out of my pussy, and I want our first menage a trois to be special. She's due in ten minutes, and I suspect she'll be early. Let's get ready."

Proving Mom right, Aunt Kate rang the doorbell five minutes later. She hugged Mom and pulled back, immediately scoping out her alluring sister. My aunt let out a wolf whistle in appreciation of Mom's charms. Her gaze locked onto Mom's dark-brown nipples, visible through the thin fabric. "Sis, you look gorgeous and really sexy."

I sat on the couch and checked out my aunt's attire. I chuckled when I noticed her skirt was as high as Mom's. They knew how to show off their best assets. Her top was a frumpy sweatshirt which I suspected she wore to hide her bare tits.

Shifting her gaze to me, she frowned when she noticed my robe. "I thought I was here to take Kev home."

"You are," Mom replied. "We were watching TV and wanted to finish the show. I wanted him nice and clean for you, so I told him to take a shower. It won't take him long to get ready. Sit beside Kev and relax a bit. I'll bring us some iced tea."

While Mom was in the kitchen, my aunt leaned over and kissed me. "I can't wait to get you home and show you how lonely I've been." Her hand snaked into my robe. Fortunately, Mom's cleaning disguised our recent romp. She wrapped her hand around my clean cock and huskily said "God, I've missed you."

Pining to hold her tits again, my hand crept under her top and squeezed a fleshy mound. Teasing her stiff nipple, I said, "It looks like you need some attention before we go back to your place. How about we stop at the overlook first?"

"Mmm, I like the sounds of that. Are you always hard with the way your sexy mother parades around?" Kate asked.

"Admittedly, it's tough to quell my urges since she's as hot as her sister," I said with a wide grin. Her concerned frown prompted me to add, "She is my mom and kind of off-limits, so I spend a lot of time in my room fantasizing about you." Her doubtful expression didn't lessen, prompting me to quickly change the topic. I asked, "I wouldn't mind a drink before I change. Do you mind if I hang here for a bit?"

"Not at all," Kate replied.

Hearing Mom approach, our hands retreated to our sides. After Mom placed the refreshments on the table, she sat across from us and crossed her legs. Her skirt rose and revealed the entire length of her creamy thigh. The bottom of her soft ass cheek was visible, and the fact she wasn't wearing panties wasn't lost on my aunt. Her gaze was locked on her sister's sexy display.

Mom cleared her throat, and when my aunt glanced upward, Mom's knowing look caused my aunt to blush. In an incredibly lame attempt to disguise her arousal, Kate started talking about the weather. During their conversation, Mom leaned over to place her cup on the table, giving us a revealing view of her bare breasts. My hardening prick was close to making his appearance.

Mom rose and held her hand out to Aunt Kate. "Come in and look at some of the outfits I recently purchased. You too, Kev. I want to discuss something with both of you."

Mom held Kate's hand and led her to the bedroom. I followed the pair of sexy sisters per Mom's instructions. Mom stopped at the end of our bed, turned, and faced her sister. Aunt Kate's perplexed look matched my own. Both of us didn't know what Mom had planned.

Mom firmly held her sister's shoulders and asked, "Kathleen, I've noticed a change in you, and I want you to confide in me. Who is your new boyfriend?"

Kate blushed and furtively glanced in my direction. "No one you know, Sis," she lied.

Mom twisted Kate around, and gently pushed her down on the edge of the bed before continuing her interrogation. "Your attitude is noticeably better, and you've been dressing like a slut. Tell me!"

My aunt steadfastly held her ground. "There's nothing to tell. I'm getting uncomfortable with Kev here. Can we move on?"

Mom hesitated for a moment, but then quickly jumped on the bed behind Kate and held her arms. "Kev, sit on her legs. We'll need to tickle her to get her to tell the truth."

The bottoms of my legs smashed against the tops of my aunt's thighs when I positioned myself. Mom nodded and I ran my hands under my aunt's top, gently tickling her waist.

"Stop it!" Kate giggled. "This has gone far enough, Sis. Let me go, and I'll tell you." My aunt twisted her arms in an attempt to pull away from Mom. Thrashing about didn't free her, and Mom pulled her sister back to the bed and rested her legs on my aunt's arms, pinning her.

"Continue, Kev. Go higher, where she's more sensitive."

My hands roamed upward and were near her bare tits when my aunt screeched, "Sis, don't let him go any further. I didn't dress for this. Make him stop."

Mom grinned and asked, "What are you afraid of? That he might not find a bra?"

Before my aunt could answer, Mom reached down and pulled my aunt's top up, exposing Kate's bare tits. "Oh my, look at you. Are you braless? Were you going to try to get my son to grab your breasts? Let her have her wish, Kev. Squeeze my sister's tits."

Wasting no time, I cupped each meaty breast and caressed them both. Aunt Kate moaned from the sudden, unexpected assault on her sensitive mounds. After several minutes, Mom ordered, "Look at how excited her nipples are. Suck on those and see if she'll confess."

With my mouth latched onto one of my aunt's taut nipples, I teased the other with my fingers. Aunt Kate's body writhed and twisted under me, her excitement mounting. She was panting rapidly. She couldn't feign reluctance or unease

anymore. She was horny and didn't care how much humiliation she had to endure from her sister.

"Are you ready to tell me who you're seeing?" Mom asked.

"Please, Sis. I'll tell you if you release me." my aunt begged while smiling, faking her tortured state. Her gasps of pleasure didn't fool Mom.

"Not a chance," Mom replied. "You won't be truthful. Kev, shove her skirt up and see what she's wearing underneath."

Before my aunt could protest, I gripped her hemline and pulled it to her waist, exposing her neatly-trimmed bush.

"No panties? Could you be any sluttier? Kev, stand and show my sister what she wants."

Aunt Kate's legs spread wide when I rose, lewdly displaying her glistening, engorged lips. I shrugged off my robe and my prick jerked up and pointed directly at my aunt. Mom held my aunt's head so she could gaze upon her desires. "Is that why you're dressed the way you are? Do you want my son's giant cock crammed into your horny pussy? Tell me the truth, or I'm sending him away."

"Alright, yes!" Kate screamed. "I love your son's prick and I need it badly. I'm sorry, Sis, but your son has made me happier than anyone else. Please help me."

Inching forward, I stroked my aunt's creamy thighs. Pre-cum leaked out my slit when her pussy's scent hit me. I wished I could sink my ram into her slot, but Mom was enjoying slowly taunting her sister. I wasn't going to spoil her fun.

Mom slid off my aunt's arms and edged to the back of her sister's head. "Don't worry, Sis. I'll grant your wish on one condition: you have to swallow my son's cum first."

My aunt lifted her head and opened her mouth wide. "Of course, anything," she begged.

Mom grabbed Kate by the shoulders and pushed her flat on the bed. "That's a good sister. All of his cum has been deposited in my pussy. Suck it out!"

Mom lowered her cum-filled pussy onto her sister's mouth. Kate's muffled scream filled the room, and Mom's loud groans let me know her sister was feasting on Mom's pussy. My aunt's hands disappeared under Mom's skirt to hold her sister's ass in position while she worked.

I could tell from Mom's expression that her sister was doing a good job. Mom frantically pulled off her blouse and discarded it to the floor. Squeezing her own breasts, she ordered, "Now, Kev. Ram it in hard and fast. You know how we like it. Make her happy."

She intently watched me swipe the head of cock through my aunt's outer lips. It was shiny, coated with my aunt's pre-cum. Seating my bloated helmet between my aunt's swollen lips, I looked at Mom for her approval. She smiled and held out her arms. We embraced as I sunk my cock to the bottom of my aunt's hungry pussy. Kate screamed and attacked Mom's clit, causing Mom to dig her fingernails into my back.

After I pulled back to her entrance, I buried it to the hilt. After several more power strokes, Kate's pussy contracted with her first orgasm. Mom felt my aunt convulsing beneath her. "Keep fucking her, Kev. From experience, I know she doesn't need a break between climaxes."

Mom leaned forward and kissed me while I hammered her sister. Kate's body jerked and shivered underneath us with another orgasm. Her pussy squeezed my cock and coated it with another layer of her slick cum. Mom released my mouth to gasp for air.

"She hasn't lost her touch," Mom panted. "My pussy is getting a workout. I'm not going to last much longer."

"Me neither, Mom," I croaked. "Her pussy is choking the life out of my cock."

Concentrating on pleasing my aunt, I changed the angle to one I knew she craved. It resulted in several more minor orgasms. Eating my mother's pussy had sexually

energized my aunt in a way I'd never seen before. I imagined that it had been this way when both of them had been sharing my father.

Mom's gasping grew more desperate. She gripped me even harder.

"Suck my tits!" Mom wailed. "I'm ready to cum on my sister's tongue."

I latched onto her nipple and lightly bit it while pinching the other with my fingers. Mom rocked her hips, and in return, Aunt Kate bucked hers into my groin. "Kiss me!" Mom shouted, her body shaking with excitement.

I lifted off her nipple and found her lips. She went wild; her tongue fucked my mouth in unison with the one shoved inside of her pussy. Our eyes locked together and soon after, Mom's orgasm overwhelmed her. My aunt's writhing cunny squeezed my cock while Mom flooded Kate's sucking mouth.

After her body stopped jerking and pulsing, Mom pulled back and rested her head on my shoulder. "Damn, she sucks pussy good," Mom whispered.

Mom's passionate noises were replaced with the lewd sounds of slurping and swallowing. While my aunt devoured Mom's cum, I concentrated on servicing my aunt's horny pussy.

Mom leaned back and looked at my slick piston sliding in and out of her sister. "Give me her ankles and finish her. She deserves a major orgasm."

Shifting position, I raised my aunt's legs high in the air. Mom held her sister so I could jab my spear in deeper. My aunt ceased munching on Mom's pussy and concentrated on her own pleasure.

Kate's face turned sideways to suck in cool air. Her hands gripped Mom's thighs for greater leverage. Her pelvis frantically bucked into my groin. She chanted and groaned in time to her body's gyrations. The combination of mother and son pleasuring her was overwhelming.

"Fuck her to a giant climax, sweetie," Mom yelled. "Push your fat prick into her like you do to me. Show her how well a motherfucker can please his woman."

Thrusting faster, I plowed my oiled ram into my aunt's slippery, quivering pussy. Her muscles tightened and soon after, her pussy walls rippled along my slick prick.

"Argh," grunted Aunt Kate. "I'm full of his hard cock, and the thought of you and your son fucking is such a turn-on. I'm on the verge of a gigantic cum!"

"Ready?" Mom asked me.

"Yes," I said between gasps.

Mom lowered her hand and scraped her fingers along the top of my prick. Finding her sister's engorged pearl, she squeezed and mauled Kate's joy button. The result was instantaneous. My aunt's pussy convulsed tightly on my cock. My prick expanded and lurched to the bottom of her juicy slot. While I slammed into her spasming pussy, Mom continued teasing her sister's clit. My pulsating cock spewed out whatever my balls had managed to make since I'd shot my last load into Mom.

Feeling Aunt Kate's body relax, I stopped stroking and allowed my prick to soak in her tight glove until it softened. Mom released her sister's ankles before I gently lowered her spent legs. Mom kissed me and stroked my sweaty torso.

"Thanks for treating my sister the same as me," Mom whispered. "You own us, and in return, we'll treat you like a king."

Returning her kiss, I replied, "I'll love and cherish both of you forever."

Mom smiled widely and crawled off her exhausted sister. Reluctantly, I removed my deflating, slimy cock. Together, we shoved Kate toward the headboard. We joined her, and I found myself sandwiched between the sexy sisters. Their hot flesh pressed against mine, and their roaming hands sent waves of comfort through me.

My aunt was the first to break the silence. "That was the best sex I've ever had. Sis, we have a lot of catching up to do. For starters, how long have you been fucking your son?"

Mom giggled, "Not as long as you. I've missed you so much, and we do have a lot to talk about."

"Talk, fuck, suck," Aunt Kate chanted. "We have much to discuss. You've let the genie out of the bottle now. I don't want this to end."

"It doesn't have to," Mom replied. "Why don't you move in with us?"

"Wonderful," my aunt quipped. "Hopefully, my son won't mind."

"He won't," Mom said. "I've already discussed it with him, and he's in full agreement."

"Wow, just wow!" Aunt Kate exclaimed. "Everything I've dreamed of has become reality."

Their chatting ended when they saw my wide, content smile. They kissed me, rested their heads on my shoulders, and swung their legs on top of mine. We remained silent, enjoying our new familial relationship. As for me, I knew I was the luckiest man on Earth to have so much love bestowed upon me.