

# Tucker's Summer

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## The Beginning

Her little Adonis, that's what Mom was fond of calling me as I grew up. Staring at myself in the full-length mirror attached to my closet door, I could see why she did. At just a shade over six-feet tall, blond haired and blue eyed; I was quite a handsome young man. My naked reflection showed a body chiselled with broad shoulders, well-defined chest muscles and six-pack abs. At 18 and a half years old I was extremely proud of how I looked, but I had something else that I was even prouder of. Hanging between my legs was a large set of hairless balls and an 11-inch dick, when fully aroused anyway. Which, by the way, was most of the time. Yes Tucker, you have the world in your hands I thought to myself as my hand steadily pumped the beast in its grasp.

Yes, that really is my name. Tucker Woodruff. Beloved, and only son of Janice and Don Woodruff. My friends however call me Tucker The Fucker, every since it was discovered that I had shagged Cindy Ellison's Mom in her garage after doing their yard work almost a year ago. It only happened that one time, Cindy's Dad decided to do his own yard work right after that splendid day. I also gained valuable knowledge from that wonderful experience. Never, ever, tell my friends about anymore of my exploits. Offers to do yard work in the neighborhoods around my house have increased quite a bit this summer. Yep, the cash and the gash would be flowing this summer I chuckled to myself, my hand now pumping faster on my enlarged tool. I could feel the beginnings of an orgasm start to build in my balls, until the sound of Mom screaming up at my bedroom window stopped that in its tracks.

"What Mom," I hollered down through the open window, knowing she wasn't able to see below my waist.

"I asked you to water the flowerbeds along this side of the house," she shouted up at me.

"I will," I told her irritably.

"Now mister, not next week," she commanded.

"Be right down," I said, and then went to put on some clothes.

Now I have to tell you about my Mother. Believe it or not, she is an honest-to-goodness librarian at the city library. She even looks the part, from the mid-calf dresses she wears, the always-present sweater draped over her shoulders, to the half-lens glasses hanging from a chain around her neck, when they're not perched on her dainty nose. I'm not implying that my Mother is not good looking, far from it actually. She has short dishwater blonde hair, stands about five-seven and probably weighs no more than a hundred and thirty pounds. She spends a lot of her free time by our pool, so I can honestly say that she has a killer body for someone who's forty-three years old. Even in the one-piece bathing suit she wears I can see she has enormous boobs, slightly wide hips and a firm looking round ass. She can also light up a room, her green eyes have a way of twinkling as soon as her full, sensuous lips, spreads into a charming and off-putting smile.

After throwing on a tee shirt and a pair of baggy sweatpants I took the stairs two at a time and almost bowled Mom over at the bottom. She had just rounded the corner near the stairs and I ran right into her. Reacting quickly I wrapped my arms around her waist and pulled her in my direction so she wouldn't land on her ass. Our bodies came together, her huge boobs mashed into my chest, and before I could stop us we fell

backwards onto the stairs with her on top of me. She squealed when she felt my hands automatically grab her butt to prevent her from sliding down the front of me.

"Tucker! What the hell..." she croaked.

"Sorry Mom," I stammered not removing my hands from those glorious buns.

"Let me up right this minute," she said with a little anger in her voice.

I reluctantly released the death grip I had on her ass and tried to help her get off of me. The long dress she had on was making it difficult for her to place her knees on the stairs, and every time she squirmed our crotches rubbed against each other's. By the time she was able to spread her knees wide enough to straddle my hips I was in a state of arousal. Instead of my tube steak running down my pants leg, it had snaked its way up toward my navel. There was no way that Mom couldn't help but feel my meat pressed into her since she was all but sitting on it. Her face turned a bright red and I swear she let out a soft moan as she struggled to regain her feet, rubbing her crotch roughly against me in the process. Once we were able to stand I lit out of there before she had a chance to tear me a new one, raining apologies all the way to the back sliding glass door.

When I reached the corner of the house I stopped dead in my tracks. Stretched out on a towel right next to the pool she lay, in all her tanned; toned; evil glory. Julie Woodruff, the bane of my existence, the nemesis to my Captain Kirk, my older sister. Bitchiness personified. If you're wondering what she looks like, just picture what I said about my Mom. It was scary how much those two looked alike. As a matter of fact, both Dad

and I have come up behind them on separate occasions, only to find out it wasn't who we thought it was. The only difference between the two is, Julie is twenty-three years younger and doesn't have the wonderful softness that Mom has, especially in the hip and ass areas. Julie does have the same enormous tits that Mom has, and with her top untied and her boobs flattened under her, I was getting quite the eye-full of the pale white side of the one closest to me. Another thing that Julie has is the same baby-blue eyes that I have, something we got from our Dad. As I stood there transfixed, eyes roaming over her glistening tanned body, I saw her eyes open and stare at me, a sneer formed on her face.

"What the hell are you looking at CREEP," she called out, emphasizing her favorite word for me.

"With that thong on, aren't you afraid of burning your box if you spread too wide," I shot back childishly.

"Fuck you pervert," she replied, then turned her face in the other direction.

Unsure which one of us had won that round I grabbed the water hose and began to wet down the flowerbed along this side of the house. Halfway through I glanced over my shoulder in her direction and noticed that she was lying right at the very edge of the pool. A devious plan soon began to take root in my sub-consciousness. Turning to face her I called out, the nozzle of the hose pointed her way.

"Ohhhhh Julie!"

As soon as her face came around to face me I let her have it. I squeezed the nozzle trigger to the maximum, releasing a powerful stream of cold water that caught her in the side right below her boob. She screamed as soon as the jet of cold water touched her and instinctively recoiled away from it. SPLASH! Into the pool she went, her bathing suit top still lying flat on the towel.

"Splish splash I was taking a bath," I snickered, bending over with laughter.

"YOU FUCKING BASTARD!" she screamed as soon as her head cleared the water.

"What the hell is going on out here," Mom shouted coming around the corner.

I didn't pay any attention to Mom; I was too engrossed in staring at Julie's huge boobs bobbing in the chest high water. Her light brown areolas were crinkled, and the quarter-inch nipples were hard enough to cut glass. My trouser snake was fast worming its way down my pants leg. Mom had reached the pool area and kept glancing back and forth between Julie and I, a deep frown etched on her face.

"Tucker..." she said shaking her head in frustration.

"She started it Mom," I said.

"I don't care who started it. I'm finishing it," Mom stated.

"But Mom," I tried to plead my case.

"No buts young man. And Julie dear, please cover yourself," she said glancing at Julie.

"Oh Mom, they're just boobs," Julie replied. To emphasize her point she placed her hands underneath her massive mammary glands and lifted them up out of the water for God and everyone to see.

"For pete sakes," Mom said, then grabbed the top off the towel and slung it to Julie. "Now put that on."

"Did you get your eyes full creep," Julie barked and covering her tits with the top got out of the pool and went inside.

"Why do you insist upon antagonizing your sister Tucker," Mom asked, staring at me with her hands on her hips.

"I don't know," I answered sheepishly.

"Well, please try and be nice to her. She's only here for the summer and then its back to college in the fall," she said.

"I'll try Mom," I told her as sincerely as I could muster.



"Thank you," she said, her eyes growing wider as she noticed the outline of my cock through the material of my pants leg. With a subtle groan and a pat on my cheek she turned and practically ran back to the house.

"Tucker. Yoo-hoo, Tucker," a voice called out from behind me as I was rolling up the hose.

Our house is separated from the one directly behind us by a five-foot high brick fence. When I turned around to see who was calling me I spotted Mrs. Crenshaw staring over in my direction. We have been neighbors for as long as I can remember and often times her and her husband Fred would come over and visit with my parents. Lately though I've caught her peeking over this way whenever I'm swimming or working on my tan. She is a nice older woman, probably in her mid fifties I recon, judging by the small amount of gray hairs on her head. I don't think you can call her fat, just pleasingly plump with big saggy tits and a bubble butt.

"Hi Mrs. Crenshaw," I said strolling over and looking at her on the other side of the fence.

"Hi Tucker. I was wondering if you had time to help me with a little chore?"

"Sure Mrs. Crenshaw. Just let me tell Mom where I'll be so she doesn't worry," I said.

"Okay, and Tucker, call me Dorothy, or as I prefer, Dottie," she told me, then turned and headed back to her house.

I watched her make her way to the patio at the back of her house and open the sliding door before disappearing inside leaving the glass door open. I also was aware that all she had on was a knee-length robe of some sort of thin silky material. My beast twitched in voluntarily. Mom and Julie were on the couch talking quietly when I went in to let her know where I was going. Julie still had on her bathing suit so I guessed she planned on tanning some more once I was out of her way. Julie crinkled her nose and stuck out her tongue at me, Mom just told me okay and to make sure I was back in time for supper. I don't know why she said that, I mean seriously, it was only 1pm after all.

Easily hopping the fence I went to the door and peered inside. The house was set up in such a way that the living room was right next to the glass door. Mrs. Crenshaw, Dottie, was reclining in a lazy-boy, her robe partially open exposing her legs and most of her thighs.

"Come in Tucker, don't be shy," she said lowering the footrest of the recliner so she was in an upright sitting position. The top of her robe parted a little with her movements and I was able to see almost half of both tits, creamy white against the red of the robe.

"What did you need help with Dottie," I asked a little nervously.

"I'm sorry Tucker, but I lied to you. I just wanted to get you over here so I could ask you about something I heard from Janet Ellison," she said pleasantly.

"What...what...did you hear," I stammered.

"Well dear," she spoke while leaning forward enough to run her hand down the front of my pants, "Janet tells me you have quite a monster inside these pants."

"I wouldn't call it a monster," I blurted, my nervousness fast being replaced by horniness.

"Anyway, I was wondering, hoping actually, if you wouldn't mind giving me a peek at it," she asked huskily.

"But Mrs. Crenshaw, I mean Dottie. What would your husband say if he found out?"

"Let me worry about Fred. I just want a little peek, it'll be our secret," she almost purred.

"I don't know Dottie," I said trying to sound unsure even as my hands made their way up to the waistband of my sweats.

"Just a little peek," she whispered.

Seeing the expectation in her eyes I slowly pushed the waistband down until my semi erect penis made its entrance. Since I never wear underwear, way too confining, it was easy to get my sweats down. Once the waist cleared my tube steak I let go and they slid the rest of the way to my ankles. There I stood bottomless in front of my neighbor, my hairless balls hanging down and my cock bobbing in the breeze. I couldn't

understand why I was getting such a charge out of this, but one thing was sure, I wasn't going to stop until she told me to.

"Oh my," she gasped, one hand covering her mouth as the other reached out shakily and her fingers encircled my cock.

I felt a jolt of electricity flow through my veins as soon as her fingers tightened around me and her hand began to slowly stroke up and down my shaft. Her eyes remained fixed on the cock that was rapidly growing in her hand, a small drop of drool leaking its way out of the corner of her mouth. She stared mesmerized as my cock swelled to its full eleven inches and her short fingers were barely able to circle its girth. With her one hand stroking a little faster now, I watched her other hand dip into her robe and it was obvious she was tweaking her drooping nipples. Precum began to collect at the tip of my dick and the tugging she was doing made my hanging balls swing back and forth.

"Come a little closer dear," she said, at the same time pulling me forward by my rod.

Stepping closer put my dick right in her face. I watched in wild anticipation as her mouth opened and her tongue protruded out and gave the end of my mushroom head a tentative lick. A large smile spread across her lips right before she captured most of the bulbous knob inside her mouth and began to run her tongue around it in circles. Sitting on the edge of her seat she spread her plump thighs apart and dropped the hand that had been fondling her tits down to her hair-covered muff. I watched amazed as one, then two, and finally three fingers disappeared into what sounded like the wettest cunt I'd ever heard.

My cock was buried at least five inches deep inside her mouth when a shadow, or something, drew my attention to the open glass door. Standing there wide-eyed, just outside the door was Julie. Her mouth was hanging open and she had one hand rubbing her over-sized tits while the other hand was buried inside the tiny bottoms of her swimsuit. I could tell by the movement down there that she had at least one finger working her clit into a state of stiffness. With her eyes glazed over Julie worked her twat feverously with her fingers, I could see the telltale signs that she was getting close to coming. Her knees were wobbling slightly and her nipples poked through the tops' material as if they would break through the thin fabric.

Losing all control from the sight of my sister frigging herself I pushed Dottie off the end of my cock, and kept pushing until she was crunched up awkwardly on her back in the chair. Before she was able to protest what had to be an uncomfortable position, I bent down, grabbed her ankles and raised her legs up in the air. Scrunching down I lined my pole up with her sopping wet cunt and plunged almost nine inches into her. I wasn't the least bit surprised how loose her pussy was, not after seeing how she had damn near fist fucked herself from the very start.

"That's it! Give it to me you fucking stud," Dottie blabbered between breaths.

I could no longer watch Julie, but something inside me wanted to give her a good show. Over the next couple of thrust I was finally able to go balls deep in Dottie's hot slippery hole, pounding her mercilessly as her mouth gulped in great gulps of air. Smack, smack, smack came the sound of my balls as they bounced off her plump butt with each downward plunge of my rock hard dick. My nuts began to tighten, and when Dottie's cunt

surprisingly clamped down on me, I let loose with a tremendous blast of jism.

"OH GOD! OH GOD! OH GOD!" poured out of Dottie's mouth right before her whole body went limp.

SHIT! I thought I had killed the old gal for a minute there, but before panic could set in she stirred. Slowly I extracted my still pumped up prick from her stretched out hole. When the bulbous head cleared the outer folds of her puffy puss it was like a dam had broken. Glob after glob of cunt cream and dick snot poured from her orifice and left a slug-like trail down the front of her lazy-boy. Good luck trying to explain that to Fred I thought as I pulled up my sweats and tucked the monster in.

Finally able to sit up in the chair, Dottie glanced up at me with a dazed look on her face and said, "Thanks Tucker, I think I'm going to take a nap now."

I don't remember if I replied, or if she was even able to get out of the chair, all I knew was that Julie was gone when I turned around. I weakly climbed back over the fence and went upstairs to take a shower. I had to switch from hot water to cold after cleansing myself; the image of Julie touching herself wouldn't let my cock go down. After the cold water worked its magic I wrapped a towel around my waist I headed to my bedroom.

Our house has four bedrooms, three upstairs and a master suite on the ground floor. That was Mom and Dad's room. Julie and I each had a room, and the third one was supposed to be the guest room, but Mom stored a lot of her books and whatnots in it. The upstairs bathroom is located next

to the spare bedroom so I had to walk by Julie's room to get to mine. As I passed her room I saw that her door wasn't closed all the way and I could hear whimpering sounds coming from within. Curiosity over-ruled reasoning and I gently pushed the door inward enough to see what was going on. Silently the door swung open revealing more and more of Julie's lair to my baby-blues. I almost fainted from shock, or it might have been from all the blood rushing from my brain to my dick that made me weak at the knees.

There in front of me was my sister, completely naked but with her back to me. She was straddling the seat of the wooden chair that's been in her room since we were in grade school. That in its self wasn't what drew my attention however. Attached to the seat by a suction cup was a flesh colored rubber cock that Julie was slowly impaling herself on. Granted, it wasn't quite as big as my dick, but from where I stood it looked fairly large. She had her hands gripping the back of the chair as she steadily rose and fell onto the rubber dong. Her ass cheeks opened a little on each downward pass and I was able to see her puckered brown hole and the way her pussy was stretching to fit the girth of the toy. On each upward glide her cunt lips hugged the sides of the slick looking shaft before pushing back inward on the down stroke. The towel I had on was sticking straight out in front as I stealthily backed away from her door.

In my room I was lying on my back in bed, the damp towel underneath me as I assaulted my pole with both hands. My eyes were tightly shut as visions of Julie danced in my head. Faster and faster my hands stroked my raging man meat until a creak near my door caused my eyes to spring open. Standing in the doorway was my Mother, an unreadable odd look on her face as she saw what her little boy was doing. Before I had a chance to even stop abusing myself she turned and left, quietly shutting the door behind her. Something was wrong here my lust crazed brain screamed. Isn't this the part where the Mother sees her son's dick and can't help but

rush over and suck it? That's how all the incest porn videos and stories I've read go anyway. The wind left my sails and I gave my shrinking rod a final tug before closing my eyes for a nap, all interest in finishing the job at hand vanishing like a fart in the wind.

"Hey creep, time for supper," Julie shouted, pounding on my door as she went by.

Putting on a tank top and baggy, all my pants are baggy, gym shorts I snuck a peek in Julies room before going downstairs. Everything looked normal, the chair was against the wall where it usually was, and her bed was made up. Maybe I could sneak in here when she wasn't home and look around some I thought.

When I got downstairs I expected Mom to say something, or at least shoot daggers in my direction. She did neither; instead she acted as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. I was completely perplexed by her demeanor. We gathered at the table and began to eat. My Dad is a decent enough fellow, but at suppertime he's like a Chatty-Cathy, always asking about our day and what we did. I didn't have much to tell him. It's not like I could say I poked the neighbor lady or, by the way, I watched your little angel ride her rubber dick to tuna town. I seriously doubt if him or Mom would believe me anyway.

After we ate and the kitchen was cleaned, Dad sat in his recliner and poured over the financial part of today's paper just like he did every night. Mom sat in the matching one next to his and started reading another one of her romance novels. Julie and I got the couch, and as always immediately disagreed on what to watch on the idiot box. Mom decided for us by putting it on an action, slash, comedy that turned out to be fairly good. Julie was wearing the same thing she always wore this time of



night, an oversized pink cotton nightshirt that didn't quite reach her knees, and nothing else I guessed by the way she jiggled.

Julie turned to lean against the arm of the couch and put her feet on the cushions with her knees up, that's when our nightly routine became much more interesting. Out of the corner of my eye I would catch glimpses of her opening and closing her knees while watching me out of the corner of hers. I decided turn about was fair play, so I sat in the same position as she was. With my knees up the legs of my gym shorts rode down my thighs a little and I could feel a light breeze tickling my scrotum. Once, I caught Mom peering over the rim of her glasses at my crotch area and she seemed to squirm a bit in her seat. I was wrong about Julie having nothing else on. I got a flash of pale blue panties on one of the times she spread her knees wider than the rest. My anaconda woke up from its slumber after that and I was getting worried that it would poke its head out and say hello to the whole room.

Mom's fidgeting became worse and rubbing my hand down my thigh I realized why. My fingers glided over the very tip of my cock poking out the leg opening of my shorts, a drop of pre-cum sticking to the tip of one finger. Mom removed her glasses, put her book down and went over and whispered into Dad's ear. A look of bewilderment crossed his face but was quickly replaced with a huge smile. Julie and I watched amused as our parents headed off to their bedroom after throwing us a quick goodnight. With Mom and Dad out of the room Julie's knees opened wider and more often, and making no pretense of watching TV I turned my head and gazed directly at her legs. She didn't disappoint me. Her knees inched their way apart until I was looking right at the junction between her thighs. Her panties were pinched into the cleft of her cunt and there was a wet spot that seemed to grow larger as I stared. Mister anaconda made his debut and judging by the look on Julie's face there was no doubt that she saw him too.

"Is that the reason your little buddies call you Tucker The Fucker," Julie asked, breaking the silence that engulfed us.

"I'm not sure what you mean," I told her.

"Because it's so big," she replied.

"Oh. No. It's because I told them something in confidence that they call me that," I explained, my eyes still glued to her crotch.

"What did you tell them?"

"None of your bees-wax," I said.

"How...big is it Tucker," she asked in a little girl voice.

"Big," was all I said.

"Can I touch it," Julie whispered with a catch in her throat.

"What? That's icky, you're my sister," I protested, secretly wanting to feel her hands on my massive member.

"If you don't let me touch it, I'll tell Mom what I saw you doing today."

There was the Julie I was used to.

"Okay, you can touch it. But only for a minute," I told her.

Pulling her feet up under herself, she rose to her knees and moved between my legs. With one hand on my upraised knee for support, she snaked her other hand into the leg opening and wrapped her trembling fingers around my pole. Cautiously at first she explored the full length of my cock, even moving her hand down and cupping my balls, hefting them in her hand as if checking the weight. When she moved her hand back onto my fully erect penis she started to gently stroke it.

"I wanted to touch this since I saw you porking ole lady Crenshaw," she croaked.

"That reminds me. Why were you spying on me," I wanted to know.

"I was just curious what you were up to," she answered absently, her grip on my cock tightening.

"Did you get your eyes full," I threw back at her for her earlier remark.

"A lot more than I expected to. God Tucker, your cock is huge," she whispered, staring dreamily at the twitching monster in her hand.

"Do I get to touch you," I asked hopefully.

I thought for sure that I'd blown it when her hand stopped moving on my shaft. Julie leaned back on her haunches and gave me a weird look, then told me to come to her room in a few minutes. To kill some time after she left I went around the house making sure all the lights were off and the doors were locked. Swiftly climbing the stairs I was almost winded by the time I reached the threshold of her open bedroom. The room was dark except for the meager light that came from two small candles burning on her dresser top. Once my eyes adjusted to the dimness I saw Julie stretched out in the middle of her bed, candlelight flickering off her luscious nude body. Trying my hardest to breath normally I walked to the side of her bed and gazed upon the biggest tits I'd ever seen in real life.

"How big are those," I managed to ask.

"These," she said, pushing the globes together with her hands, "are 36EE, just like Mom's."

I hadn't noticed earlier when she was topless in the pool, but the weight of her boobs caused them to spill to the sides of her chest when she was on her back. Stretching my hand out she scooted closer to the edge so I was able to reach them. She let out a soft moan when I twisted her hardening nipple gently, so I repeated the move on her other one, with the same results. Julie let me fondle and squeeze her succulent tits for a few minutes before swinging her legs over the side of the bed and sitting up in front of me. Without any hesitation she grabbed the sides of my shorts and tugged them down around my ankles. The waistband caught on me for a split second and caused my rigid cock to bounce up and down right in front of her face.

"This has got to be the biggest cock I've ever seen," she whispered almost lovingly as her fingertips lightly caressed the shaft.

"You want to suck it," I softly asked, wondering how far she would go.

Looking up at me, her eyes wide and questioning, she said, "I can't fit all that in my mouth."

"How about just the head sis," I suggested.

She seemed to ponder this for a few seconds, and then holding my shaft in one hand, she leaned forward and took the sensitive glan between her lips. Now I have to tell you that although my penis is extraordinarily long, it isn't much fatter than a healthy normal sized one, so Julie's mouth fit around it nicely. As the minutes ticked by, my hands hanging loosely at my sides, all I could do was watch in utter fascination while my sister slobbered all over the end of my dick. By the time she started to gag, she had managed to swallow a good six inches of my hard pole. Each time the tip of my head bumped the back of her throat I would get weak in the knees and just about explode my load. While her mouth slid smoothly over the purple head her hand flew back and forth along the shaft, aided by the slickness of the large amount of saliva she was coating my cock with. When I told her I was almost there she abruptly removed her mouth and stopped stroking.

"Not yet. Eat me first," she demanded.

Not knowing if I would or not she fell backwards on the bed with her legs hanging over the side. It wasn't until she lifted her legs in the air and

spread them, exposing a completely shaved puffy looking cunt to my lecherous eyes, that I dropped to my knees and buried my face into her soaking wet slit. When I punched my tongue deep as possible into her steamy hole her head began to roll back and forth on the bed. Little mewling noises poured from her mouth and her hips began to rise off the mattress with each tongue thrust. I put my hands on the back of her thighs and pressed them down until the tops of them rested on the hands she was using to pinch and twist her hard nipples with. In this position her tight little pucker hole was poking almost straight up and I wasted no time before running the flat of my tongue against the outer ring of it. She went ballistic when I worked my way from her asshole, through the saturated canal of her slit, and finally clamped my lips onto her stiffened clit.

"Fuck me Tucker! Fuck me now!" she pleaded.

Her thighs remained near her chest even after I loosened my hold on them and stood up. Candlelight reflected off the wet saliva and cunt cream that completely covered her hairless pussy as I brought my cock up and laid it on her wet slit. Her puffy outer folds massaged the underside of my rod as I sawed it back and forth, making sure the head bumped against the stiffness of her aroused clitoris. Deeper and deeper my cock's head sank into her slit with each sawing pass until it was right at her scorching hot entrance. Grabbing the shaft I pointed my cock down, with a small gentle push I watched as just the head of it disappeared into my sister's tight pussy. I could feel her walls expanding and contracting around me as I pushed slowly deeper into her.

"No more," she cried out when just over seven inches of my dick had wormed its way inside. "It's starting to hurt a little."

As gently as I could I started pumping in and out, her pulsating pussy milking my rod in such a way that I knew I wasn't going to last very long. Taking long slow stokes, I tried to prolong the sweet agony of fucking my sister's sweet tight cunt, gradually working another inch into her stretched tunnel. The nerve endings running the length of my tool screamed the longer I pumped into her juicy hole, my cock throbbing from the pleasure being inflicted upon it. Her breaths were coming in ragged gasps as her head rolled violently from side to side as her ass bumped against my tightening ball sack.

"OH FUCK! OH FUCK! TUUCCCCCKKKKKEEEEEERRRRRR!" she hissed loudly then stiffened and sank her fingernails into my forearms.

As her orgasm racked her twitching body her pussy sucked down on my cock so forcefully it was hard to maintain my rhythm. Pulling out to where just the first three inches were still inside her I quickened my pace. Faster and faster I fed my cock to her pussy until my seed boiled over and splashed violently against the back of her cunt.

"UUUNNNNNNGGGGGGGHHHHH!" I groaned as spurt after spurt filled my sister's pussy to overflowing.

I staggered back a couple steps and fell to my knees, an audible sucking sound filling my ears as my swollen head popped from her. Her feet slowly lowered until they hit the floor several inches apart. With fascination and a sense of pride, I watched as a mass amount of my white sticky sperm oozed out of her gaping hole and slid down the crack of her ass. It was just as the river of spunk leaking out seemed to dry up that I heard the creaking of the hallway floorboards. Julie bolted into a sitting position and we both stared toward the door waiting for our doom to arrive in the form of Mom or Dad. It was also at that moment when we

realized that we had forgotten to close the door. Holding our breath for what felt like an eternity we waited. When nothing happened I crept over and looked down the hall. It was empty. Dark and empty. The hairs on my arms stood up and a shiver ran down my spine until I was safely in my room behind a locked door.



## Mom's New Swimsuit

The next day was Saturday and I dreaded going downstairs. Both Mom and Dad would be home. Hiding out in my room really wasn't an option unfortunately. It would only raise suspicions from both my parents, so reluctantly at nine o'clock I grew a set and ventured into the unknown, well aware of my own mortality.

Dad was the only one around as I made my way to the kitchen for a bowl of cereal. Dressed in his golfing getup he was calmly sitting at the table reading the paper and drinking his coffee. I began to relax a little. I almost shit my pants when he suddenly folded the paper and told me to join him. Just because he's a banker don't think for one minute that I wasn't going to do what he wanted. Before yours truly was born he used to be a member of Uncle Sam's special forces, and I knew for a fact that he still kept himself in very decent shape. I sat down and nervously began spooning cereal into my dry mouth.

"Now that you're out of school," he began in that deep baritone voice of his, "Have you thought about your future?"

Was he going to give me the ole, "You can either go to college or into the army," speech again? I sat there and waited to find out.

"Our personnel director at the bank thinks you would be a good candidate for the internship program we just started," he said.

"You guys have an internship program now?"

"Just started it. You could be one of the first to use it," he answered, a little pride slipping into his voice.

"I don't know Dad. When would I have to let you know?"

"It doesn't kick in until the fall, after school starts back up. So you will have plenty of time to screw around before then," he told me.

Screw around? Did he know more than I gave him credit for, or was that just his way of saying enjoy the rest of the summer, because come fall you're going to be doing something, or else?

"Mrs. Babcock thinks you would be perfect. You remember her don't you? Lives two streets over on Maple."

Was Dad fucking with me, or what? Mrs. Babcock? Sure I remember her. Brunette, widowed, about forty years old, slim with a nice rack. Sure, I know who she is, I'm supposed to start doing her yard work next weekend. My dick jumped for joy in the baggy swim trunks I had thrown on.

"Sounds like something worth checking into," I said, hoping he wouldn't think I was just trying to placate him.

"Glad to hear that son."

"Where's Mom and Julie," I asked curious, but also wanting to change the subject.

"Believe it or not your Mother has decided it's time to update her swimwear. She took Julie to help her pick out something a little more modern than that old one-piece she always wears," he chuckled.

My mind reeled with this revelation. Something modern? And she took Julie to help her pick it out? Holy shit! If Mom starts prancing around by the pool in a butt thong bottom and tiny patches of fabric barely covering her nipples, then I would have to spend all the time she's home locked in my room. My cock jumped once more.

Now don't get me wrong, but until last night I have never even thought about having sex with my own family. Sure, they're good looking and have killer bods, but that was as far as my mind had ventured until Julie opened my eyes to what was around me. It's not like I wasn't getting laid, but the sheer taboo of banging my sister had made me have the most intense orgasm I've ever enjoyed. Out of the blue my mind wondered what kind of orgasm I would have if I nailed mom. That's messed up dude I silently reprimanded myself. My cock jumped anyway.

"Well I'm off for 18 holes with the guys," Dad said getting up and stretching his six-foot frame.

"Have a good time Dad," I remarked, my mind far away.

"Thanks son. And Tucker, the pool needs to be skimmed," he threw in.

Finished with my breakfast, marching orders in hand, I headed out back. It took almost an hour to skim the floaties from the water, and as I was putting things away Mr. Crenshaw called out to me from the other side of the fence. Turning, I saw him peering over, just barely. The first thought that ran through my mind was how short he was, and a flood of other thoughts followed that, none of them pleasant. Did he find out about yesterday? Had Dottie been unable to clean the slug trail from the recliner? Did she grow remorseful and blab? So many possibilities tortured my young mind as I sidled up to the fence and said hello.

"Dot wanted me to thank you for your help yesterday. She also said she forgot to pay you," he said handing me three twenty dollar bills over the fence.

"I don't need to be paid for helping," I squeaked.

"Nonsense, besides I'm sure she will need your help again soon," he said, then with a leering grin and a wink he left me standing there totally confused.

With the pool cleaned I felt it only right that I be the first to dive in. A few laps in the cool water did help relax my nerves a little, by the time I climbed out I felt pretty good about myself. Stretched out on one of the chaise lounges by the pool I took in the warming heat of the June sun and must have dozed off. The next thing I know I hear the pitter-patter of bare feet slapping on the concrete deck surrounding the pool. Opening my eyes to slits I saw Julie running my way. She was wearing a short plaid skirt and a white sleeveless blouse. Even with the light pink bra, clearly visible under her blouse, her boobs bounced delightfully as she rushed to where I was. Swatting my feet off the end of the lounge she straddled it facing me, her short skirt hiking way up her thighs.

"Tucker listen, Mom will be here in a minute so we have to act normal," she sounded rushed.

Awkwardly I raised the back of the lounge until I was able to lean back in a sitting position. Naturally the first place my eyes traveled to was the vee between her wide spread legs. I was a little disappointed when I saw that her snatch was completely covered by a pair of white cotton panties.

"How are we supposed act," I asked.

"You know. I call you names, you make snide remarks, things like that."

"Got ya. Mom get a new suit?"

"Oh yeah! You're gonna bust a nut when you see her in it too," Julie snickered.

Mom chose that moment to make her appearance. My jaw almost hit the ground as I watched in stunned silence as Mom sauntered toward us. Julie wasn't right; I only came close to busting a nut. Very close. Mom's suit was snow white and contrasted nicely with the tan on her legs and shoulders. Unfortunately, since she had only worn a one-piece before, her back and stomach were almost as white as her suit. The suit definitely wasn't a butt-thong one, but was never the less quite skimpy. The thought of locking myself in my room for the rest of the summer flirted in the back of my brain.

"Turn around Mom, give Tucker the whole effect," Julie encouraged.

"Oh pooh. Tucker doesn't want to see his old Mother in a skimpy bikini," Mom giggled uncertainly.

"Yeah I do. Model it for us," I damn near begged. Hormones know no bounds.

Mom did something that blew me away. Dropping the towel she was carrying and putting one hand on her hip, the other behind her head, she struck a pose as if she were being photographed for a racy men's magazine. The top of the suit had a narrow cloth band that went under her breasts and hooked in the back. The two triangles of material that did nothing, other than hide her nipples from prying eyes, tied at the neck with tiny strings. The bottoms tied at her hips and the front dipped well below her navel covering what I saw was a prominent mound. When she slowly turned her back to us the blood rushed to my cock like a tsunami. The triangular flap that covered her ass left very little to the imagination. Most of her buns hung out the sides and we could see the whiteness that had been covered in her old suit. I noticed her ass was a little softer looking than Julie's, and she was a tad bit wider at the hips, but all in all I concluded that my Mother was a goddess. When she turned back to us and bent down for her towel, her boobs hung down and swayed hypnotically. An involuntary groan that was heard by Julie escaped my lips.

"You like what you see little brother," Julie leaned in and whispered in my ear.

All I was capable of doing was nodding my head up and down like a bobble-head doll. Mom spread her towel on the chaise next to mine and noticed how Julie was sitting.

"Honey, that's not very lady-like," she admonished her before lying on her stomach.

Julie glanced down and saw how exposed she was, and when she looked back up saw that I had shifted my gaze from Mom and was now focused on her white panty covered crotch. A sly smile spread across her pouty lips. Seeing that Mom had her eyes closed she darted her hand up the leg opening of my trunks and gently pinched the pre-cum slickened head of my cock. Mischief danced in her eyes as she stood up.

"Can I use your car Mom," she asked, then added, "I promised Marge I would have lunch with her."

"Could you rub me down with sun screen first," Mom asked.

"But Mom, I just had my nails done. You don't want me to ruin them do you?"

"Oh sweetie, please. Look at me, I'll look like a lobster in no time without lotion," Mom implored her.

"Can't the creep here do it? I'm sure he's had experience putting lotion on something," Julie said.

"I'll put some..." I started to say, then said "I love you too sis."

Mom rolled partway onto her side and briefly glared at us before letting her eyes settle onto mine, a look of apprehension in them. Giving Mom my most assuring voice I told her that I would be happy to help her out. Just for good measures I gave Julie my best evil eye. Apparently satisfied, and not having much choice, Mom agreed and turned back on her stomach. Julie looked directly at me, stuck her finger in her mouth and pushed it in and out a few times before scampering off for her lunch date. I was leaking pre-cum like an old car leaks oil.

"Where's your sun block Mom," I asked, looking around and not seeing any.

"I must have left it in the house," she answered.

I ran into the house and grabbed a tube of mine. When I returned Mom was in the pool leisurely floating on her back. I sat on the ground near her lounge and waited for her to get out. A couple of breaststrokes, and one scissor kick that propelled her to the bottom of the deep end later, Mom made her way to the pool's steps at the shallow end and climbed out.

My breath caught in my throat. Mom's hands were on her head wringing the water out, causing her breasts to rise on her chest and look even larger than they were. She might have been aware of that, but what I was hoping she wasn't aware of was the water had made her white suit almost transparent. Large dark brown areolas showed clearly through her top and what looked like a healthy patch of light brown pubic hair could be seen through the bottoms. I prayed that I wouldn't have to get the paramedics to come and give me something to slow my racing heart



down. I also prayed that Mom wouldn't notice her wardrobe malfunction. Apparently she hadn't, because she ambled over and resumed lying on her stomach.

"I thought I'd take a dip before you put the lotion on," she explained.

"No problem Mom. I'll just dry you off a little first," I said grabbing my dry towel and dabbing her back with it.

The edges of the back of her suit had slipped in closer to the crack of her ass exposing more of her round, soft, pale cheeks. I had all I could do to keep from drooling all over myself when I dried off the backs of her legs.

"Well?"

"Well what," I asked, my eyes locked on her butt.

"You going to put that lotion on, or just stare at my ass," she said.

"Sorry Mom. You're just so lovely I got caught up in the moment," I stuttered.

"You think I'm lovely Tucker?"

"Very," I enthusiastically replied.

"Thank you son. That's sweet of you to say, even if you don't really think so," Mom mumbled, her face resting on her hands.

"But I do Mom. You're a total babe," I insisted.

She looked at me out of the corner of her eye and smiled. Leaning over I ran a bead of lotion onto her shoulders and began to work it into her skin. Gradually I worked the lotion further down until I came to the small of her back. She let out a little groan as my fingers kneaded the lower muscles.

"Did I hurt you," I asked worriedly.

"No. That just feels good Tucker," she purred.

I spent a lot of time relaxing the muscles there, inching closer and closer to the fabric of her bottoms. Once I was sure her back was coated and relaxed I moved down to the end of her lounge by her feet. She didn't protest as my hands found their way onto her legs and began to loosen the calf muscles, while rubbing in more lotion than was necessary. This being the first time I've ever touched my Mom's legs put me in heaven. I marveled at how firm they really were as my hands glided further and further up. I was surprised that she didn't stop me when I reached her thighs. Minute moans of pleasure came softly out of her lips while I massaged the lotion into her thighs one at a time. Throwing caution to the wind I let my lotion covered hands travel upward onto the soft pliant globes of her ass. This time she did say something.

"Uh Tucker...I think I can get there myself."

"I've already got it Mom, just relax," I said, continuing to lift and separate her cheeks.

"But..." she weakly protested.

"Be done in a sec," I assured her, spotting a couple of stray hairs at the valley of her womanhood.

Finished, all too soon for my liking, I capped the lotion and moved up to the head of her lounge. Her face was turned in my direction and I saw her eyes were wide open, staring at my leg.

"Dear," she whispered.

"Yes Mother?"

"Baby, you're uh, kinda sticking out," she softly said.

Glancing down I saw that one shorts leg had hiked up and the head of my raging boner was peeking out, square at Mom's face. A drop of pre-cum fell to the ground as I frantically pulled the cloth over my cock.

"God I'm so sorry Mom," I profusely apologized.

"Don't worry about it. And thanks for the compliment Tucker," Mom calmly laughed.

Settling down in my own lounge, my face burning hot from embarrassment, I surreptitiously kept a close eye on Mom's gleaming figure. When she finally rolled onto her back and grabbed the lotion I volunteered to put it on her. She rejected that idea with a chuckle and an "I'll bet you would" comment. I still got to watch her apply it over the exposed portions of her big tits, so I was a happy camper. We baked for another forty-five minutes before Mom said she'd had enough for today.

"Same time tomorrow Mom," I asked hopefully.

"Only if you put on some longer pants," she replied, blatantly staring at my crotch.

I got a chuckle out of her when I said I promised. I thought my pants would rupture from the force my rigid member was putting on them as Mom's swaying ass bounced and jiggled until she was out of sight. It was a no-brainer, into the pool I went. Fifteen minutes later I went into the house and had lunch. Mom's bedroom door was partially open, and I could hear the shower through the closed bathroom door as I passed on my way to my room. An image of her standing in the shower, her hands spreading soapy suds all over her bare tits forced its way into my perverted mind. Abruptly turning back from the stairs I went to the garage and grabbed my mountain bike. I was going to have to get away for a little bit and burn off some of my testosterone. A nice bike ride should do the trick I figured.

Cruising around the neighborhood I passed Cindy Ellison's house. Her parents were out in the front yard and as I went by Mr. Ellison spotted me and gave me a look of pure hatred. Mrs. Ellison on the other hand gave me a large smile and a wave, until Mr. Ellison shot her his best version of an evil eye. Chuckling inward I sped up to escape the feeling of his eyes burning holes in the back of my head. Of course, seeing Mrs. Ellison brought back the memory of her hairy beaver sliding up and down my pole, adding fuel to the fire of my raging hormones. I found out it's hard to pedal a bike while sporting an eleven-inch hard-on.

The rest of the afternoon went by uneventfully. I hung around the local park for a while, then cruised over and spent some time playing video games at Johnny Macintyre's house. His Mom flashed me smiles constantly and once even flashed me a full on down blouse of her small, saggy, braless tits. I took a closer look at Mrs. Macintyre and made a mental note to spend more time at Johnny's house. Growing tired of games and Johnny's whining about his Mom hovering around us constantly, I headed home.

After supper I went upstairs and put on a pair of pajama bottoms before settling on the couch with Julie. Mom and Dad were in their usual places, but this time they actually watched what was on the box. During a commercial Julie leaned over and whispered into my ear that she wasn't wearing any panties. Leaning back against the arm of the couch, her knees up but locked together, she gave me a shit-eating grin.

"Mom, Julie's messing with me," I whined, just to screw with Julie.

"Can't you two just get along," Mom complained. Dad just looked at us, mostly at Julie, and smiled.

"I'm not doing anything to the creep," Julie protested before realizing I was only trying to act normally. When our parents weren't looking she winked and gave me a quick thumbs up.

The evening turned into night and I was the first to head off to bed. With the goodnights out of the way I went to my room and turned the TV to a dumb sit-com, stretched out on top of the covers in just my pajama bottoms and relived the day's wonders. Roughly an hour later I heard a soft tapping on my door. Before I could say come in, kiss my ass, or anything else Julie slinked into my room. Leaving the door slightly ajar she tiptoed over and sat on the edge of my bed, one of her hands going directly to the bulge in my pajama bottoms.

"Can I play with it," she whispered.

"Only if I can eat your pussy," I boldly told her.

In two shakes of a stick she had my bottoms down to my knees, her nightshirt pulled up to her waist and was straddling my head. The light from the TV cast a blue hue over everything in the room, including Julie's bald pussy as it drifted slowly down onto my face. The tip of my nose poked her asshole as my tongue slithered out and burrowed into her damp slit. I could feel her mouth going lower and lower on my cock until she must have had seven inches jammed down her throat. I was impressed when she didn't gag this time. Clutching her hips in my hands I worked my tongue steadily along the furrow of her sweet slit, savoring every morsel of her flowing secretions.

She bobbed relentlessly on my rock hard cock while I tongued the bud of her clit into a stiff hard nub, her cunt completely soaked from the abundance of fluids pouring out of her. Without warning she pulled her mouth from my cock and inched her way down my body. When she was low enough she worked herself up until she was standing on the bed over my hips. Squatting down, one hand holding my pole straight up, she guided the head into the warmth of her heated cunt. With her back to my face she lowered herself, inch by agonizing inch, until she had eight rock hard inches crammed into her tight hot pussy.

Dropping her knees to the bed and placing her hands on my legs she began to slowly ride my pole in a reverse cowgirl position, lifting up then going down in what felt like slow motion. As I had witnessed with her rubber dick, the inner lips of her cunt stretched out along my shaft each time she pulled herself forward and disappeared inside again as she pushed back. Putting my hands behind my head I lay there unmoving and let Julie do all the work. My cock glistened from her fluids as she managed to sink deeper onto the rigid flesh that throbbed in her juicy hole. Sliding her hands down towards my ankles until her cloth covered tits rested on my legs she increased the tempo of her pumping.

"Oh shit Julie, yeah, just like that," I encouraged her.

Faster and faster she pounded herself on my rod, capturing more and more of me inside, until she was easily engulfing nine inches of meat up her pulsating tunnel. The grip she had on my shaft increased in pressure the faster she slammed herself down on me. My balls were battered by her hardened clit with each downward thrust of her hips, and her asscheeks started slapping together from the force of her passion.

"Fuck!" I croaked through clinched teeth as the dam burst, releasing a flood of thick milky spunk deep inside Julie's quivering cunt.

Her entire body began to shake and a small rivulet of our fluids leaked out of her and down my shaft. Muffled cries escaped her as she slowed the pace but didn't come to a complete stop. She took long even strokes up and down my softening tool milking every last drop from me. When she did stop she remained stretched along my legs, her heaving tits pressing firmly against my knees. Even growing soft my cock was still lodged into her tight pussy about four inches. Neither of us wanted to be the one to move first, the afterglow was just too sensational. The tightness of Julie's pussy finally squirted my now limp dick from her lubricated hole. Spunk rolled out onto my blankets as Julie turned onto her side and lay still. Twisting around I crawled down and embraced her. She snuggled up against me, both of us on our sides, as my hands gently caressed the soft warm roundness of her ass.

"My God Julie, you were amazing," I said, stroking her hair softly.

"It's not hard when there's such a big cock stuffed inside you. I bet you I can get all of it in me by the end of summer," she giggled.

"You have a bet, but aren't you worried about getting pregnant," I asked, throwing a damper on our afterglow.

"No silly, I've been on the pill for years," she replied just as we heard the hall's floorboards creak.

Carefully climbing out of bed I went to the door and opened it wide enough to look out. The hallway was empty. When I said the coast was clear, Julie gave me a peck on the cheek and snuck back to her room. I



pushed the door closed behind her and crawled under the covers; I was asleep in no time.

## Carla Macintyre

**R**ays of bright sunshine streamed into my room forcing me to squint as I crawled out of bed and pulled the curtains closed. The thick curtains that Mom had placed in all three upstairs bedrooms blocked enough of the light that I had to switch on my bedside lamp to see what I was doing. Mom had said the blackout curtains would keep the bedrooms cooler in the summer if we used them, something I hardly ever did. My alarm clock said it was almost ten o'clock. Glancing around for something to put on I discovered that I was down to just a dirty pair of jeans and the shirt I wore yesterday. Mom had made a rule; since both Julie and I were over eighteen we were responsible for doing our own laundry. Slipping into my bathrobe I grabbed the hamper and trudged down to the laundry room off the kitchen. We didn't have a basement.

With my clothes in the washer I made my way to the kitchen for something to eat. Half asleep, I spotted Julie standing at the sink staring out the window with her back to me still dressed in her pink nightshirt. There was no one else around. She seemed to be completely lost in thought and didn't hear me as I crept up behind her. When I was right behind her I slipped my hands under her arms to her front and cupped both her breasts, while pressing my groin into the softness of her ass. I was in pervert bliss when her nipples hardened instantly against the palms of my hands and she pushed backwards with her ass.

"Good morning sis," I whispered as I bent down and kissed the nape of her neck.

"TUCKER?" Mom shouted spinning around with a perplexed look on her face.

"MOM!" I shouted stumbling backwards, the tent in my robe dwindling fast.

"What the hell do you think you're doing? I thought it was your father groping me," she said red faced.

"I thought you were Julie," I stammered.

"And if I were? Do you always sneak up behind your sister and grab her boobs?"

Think fast moron my brain screamed at me.

"I...I...was just going to screw, I mean mess with her," I blubbered almost incoherently.

"Why on earth would you think I was your sister," she asked a little calmer now.

"Isn't that her nightshirt," I asked still shaking inside.

Looking down at herself Mom said, "Oh. Yes it is. I borrowed it from her this morning. She really needs to wash it though, it has a funny smell to it."

"That doesn't excuse you from trying to molest your sister though," Mom continued.

"It was just an impulse Mom. I thought it would get a rise out of her," I pleaded my case.

"You better watch those impulses young man," she said before walking away.

I watched her go; my palms still tingling where Mom's hard nipples had poked into them. Oh Dad, you lucky bastard you. Mom's nipples were definitely bigger than Julie's.

Right after my clothes were done Johnny Macintyre called and wanted to know if I wanted a rematch to the humiliating defeat he had slapped on me yesterday. Not really wanting to hang around here, understandably so, I told him sure. He said his Mom would make us sandwiches if we got hungry. I threw on some sweats and a Grateful Dead t-shirt and went to tell Mom what I was doing. I hadn't seen Dad or Julie since I had gotten up and Mom was in her bedroom. After rapping on her door and getting the come-in, I entered and told her where I was going. She was lying in bed reading, glasses perched on her nose, a romance novel held loosely in her hands. She still had Julie's nightshirt on.

"How long are you going to be gone," she asked, looking at me over the tops of her glasses.

"Not that long. Where's Dad and Julie?"

"They went to uncle Henry's and the store. Your Dad wants to barbeque this afternoon so don't be too long," she informed me.

Dad's idea of a barbeque meant burgers and hotdogs, and family time splashing around the pool. When I asked Mom if she planned on wearing her new swimsuit for Dad, she said she'd think about it. For some reason I hoped she didn't.

"I'm sorry about earlier Mom, although it was fun," I stupidly said.

"Get out of here and go have fun somewhere else," she said sweetly, a blush coming onto her face.

"Love ya."

"Love you too Tucker," she replied already engrossed in her book again.

I rode my bike the long way to Johnny's house so I could avoid going by the Ellison's place, no need to press my luck, old men can be crazy sometimes. Johnny answered and we went straight to gaming in the front room. Most people that know me wondered why I liked him. To them he was a strange Momma's boy who didn't seem to like the normal things an eighteen year old should. Even though he was a geek, I personally thought he was pretty cool. He was only about five-five and a hundred pounds soaking wet, but I've seen him take on guys much larger than himself and kick their asses. Somehow him and I had formed a bond between us in the ninth grade that still stood. I also knew he had a major crush on Julie, something I tormented him about as often as possible. His

parents had split up when he was ten and his Mom had gotten one hell of a settlement in the divorce. I don't know how much, I just know that she didn't have to work to pay the bills. The one thing about him that did sort of creeped me out though was how clingy he was with his Mom, always hugging and kissing on her when he thought I wasn't looking. To each his own I figured.

"I passed by Cindy's yesterday on my way over here. You should have seen the look her old man gave me," I casually remarked, while trying to sneak up and shoot his game character in the back.

"I wouldn't worry about that. He just thinks you want to dick his precious little girl," he replied, his character swiftly spinning around and shooting mine in the face.

"You telling me he doesn't know about what his wife and I did?"

"No, he doesn't know about that," Johnny laughed. "For some ungodly reason he thinks you want to fuck that fat, pimple faced pig of a daughter of his. Shit man, I wouldn't touch that with someone else's dick."

While we rolled on the floor busting a gut, Carla Macintyre emerged from the hallway that leads to their bedrooms. She had on a short cotton housecoat that didn't quite reach to the middle of her thighs, her shapely pale legs contrasted nicely with the dark blue color. Her shoulder length black hair was done up in a French braid and I could smell jasmine coming from her direction.

"You smell nice Mrs. Macintyre," I told her, lying on my back on the floor.

"It's Carla, Tucker, and thank you. It's a new bath soap I'm trying out. You like it Johnny," she switched her dark brown eyes off me and onto her son.

"Smells really good Mom," Johnny said staring up at her affectionately.

"What were you two laughing so hard about," she asked, her hands on her hips.

"Tucker was under the impression that old man Ellison knew about him dumping uglies with Mrs. Ellison," Johnny spit out, damn near causing my heart to stop beating.

"What the hell Johnny," I squawked.

"Relax, Mom knows all about it," he informed me.

That didn't make me feel any better, especially when I saw the way Johnny's Mom was staring at my crotch with a big smile on her thin lips.

"It's okay Tucker. I'm not going to blab," she said, then stepped right over my head and went into the kitchen.

As she was stepping over me I could see right up between her legs. She wasn't wearing panties and I saw that her pussy was covered with a tangle of long black pubic hairs.

"Dude, I just saw your Mom's snatch," I teased Johnny.

"I've seen it too. Hairy ain't it," flooring me by saying that.

"You've seen her pussy," I asked stunned.

"If you swear not to tell anyone, I'll tell you what else I've done."

"I swear, cross my heart and hope to die. Now give," I pleaded.

Looking around as if we were conspirators, he leaned toward me and said, "I've touched it too."

"No fucking way!" I shouted.

"Way dude," he snickered.

"Tucker," Carla called from the kitchen, before I could call Johnny a big fat liar.

"OH. Sorry about the language Mrs. Macintyre," I apologized.

"Shit Tucker, I don't care if you cuss. I just need your help in here if you would be so kind," she shouted back.

Both Johnny and I scrambled to our feet and headed to the kitchen. When we got there Carla was pressed up against a counter looking up at a cupboard shelf. Her back was to us and her arms were stretched above her head as if she were trying to reach something. What caught our eyes immediately was the way the hem of her housecoat was now at her slender waist, her pale slim ass completely visible to our eyes. We looked at each other and I saw Johnny's eyebrows lift and lower several times at me; a shit-eating grin was plastered to his face.

"Hummm, looks like Mom wants to ride that bologna pony of yours," he whispered at me.

"What the hell dude, that's your Mother," I whispered back, my eyes glued to her ass and my cock swelling rapidly in my sweats.

"So. She's over twenty-one, she can do what or whomever she wants," he said nonchalantly.

"You going to help me," Carla asked looking over her shoulder at us.

"Uh, sure," I managed, heading over and standing behind her.

"I want that pitcher on the top shelf," she told me, lowering her arms but not moving out of my way.

Johnny came over and stood on her left. I noticed they were the same height and I also noticed that Johnny had one hand gliding over one of her ass cheeks. She didn't stop him, or get out of my way either. Leaving



me no choice, I pressed into her back hoping her son's hand wouldn't touch my junk; it didn't. Stretching up I grabbed the pitcher she wanted and stepped back, my cock making my sweats tent out in front of me. Carla turned around giving me a big smile as her eyes roamed up and down my front.

"I thought I'd make you boys some sandwiches and lemonade," she almost purred.

"How about if we just made a sandwich out of you Mom," Johnny said quietly.

I was too stunned by Johnny's remark to say anything. I was even more stunned when Carla just stood there while her son slowly started unbuttoning the row of buttons down the front of her housecoat. What the hell was going on here I wondered? As if he'd done it thousands of times before, Johnny deftly popped the buttons through their eyelets until all of them were undone. When all of them were loose he took the pitcher from her hands and placed it on the countertop, then pushed the housedress off his Mother's shoulders. She was naked in front of me wearing only a smile as Johnny reached down and cupped her bushy mound. Two small boobs, with stiff upturned pink nipples, drooped slightly on her chest. My dick was as hard as it could possibly get.

"You want to make a sandwich out of me Tucker?" This time she did purr.

I gave her the only answer that I could give her. I tore off my shirt and dropped my sweats around my ankles. The beast pointed straight out at her stomach and was leaking an ungodly amount of pre-cum onto her kitchen floor. After getting over the initial shock of seeing such a large

cock bobbing in front of her, Carla slowly sank to her knees right there and latched her lips around the head. Johnny wasted no time in shucking his clothes and pulling one of her hands toward his six-inch boner. She stroked both our cocks at the same time, while switching her mouth from one cock to the other for several minutes.

"Why don't we take this into the front room," she said then stood up.

I almost tripped over the wad of sweat pants bunched around my ankles in my haste to follow Carla and Johnny into the front room. They were already there by the time I removed my shoes and extricated myself from my pants. Carla had taken a seat on the ottoman by an overstuffed chair and was expertly administering oral sex to her son when I stumbled in. Watching, I could tell she was good at it. Very good. Johnny's cock was completely swallowed each time she leaned forward on it and was slick from saliva when she drew back. Her dark eyes followed my every move as I approached. When I was close enough, she reached out with the hand that wasn't cupping her son's balls and gripped the shaft of my penis firmly. Once more she began taking turns sucking our cocks, at least seven inches of mine would disappear while all of Johnny's sank into her hot mouth. After several minutes of his Mother sucking his cock Johnny began to tremble at the knees. Carla let go of my prick, placed both her hands on his ass and pulled him forward until his penis was stuffed in her throat, and her nose was buried in his pubic hair.

"OH FUCK MOM! I'M CUUMMMIIINNNNNGGGGG," Johnny squealed.

Other than seeing things like this in porn videos, I have never watched a guy shoot off into someone's mouth before. Especially not a son popping his load into his own Mother's mouth, I found the sight thoroughly

arousing. Johnny's face was beet red and I assumed that he had been saving up for this moment, because as fast as Carla was swallowing, some of his spunk still dribbled out the corners of her mouth. Emptied, Johnny took one step back and fell ass first into the overstuffed chair, a look of total satisfaction pasted on his face. Carla turned her face up to look me in the eyes.

"Do you find it disgusting that a Mother would pleasure her own son," she asked.

"No, just curious as to why she would," I answered honestly.

She told me that when Johnny's father had left them it had created a need in both of them. For Johnny it had been the need of having a man to look up to and learn things from. For her it was the need to have a man to share intimate moments with. Finding another man to replace her husband with was out of the question as far as she was concerned. She vowed not to put herself or Johnny through the possibility of yet another man leaving them. So, with no other choices she had resorted to pleasuring herself manually to keep her overactive sex drive in check, all the while raising Johnny as best she could.

"Anyway, one night right after Johnny turned eighteen he had an awful dream," she was saying, all the while watching Johnny's face.

"Go ahead Mom, tell him," Johnny encouraged her.

"I let him sleep in my bed with me that night. Sometime during the night he had spooned up against me," her face was getting flushed as she talked.

"Go on," Johnny whispered, his breathing becoming shallow.

"I woke up with something poking me near my pussy. Johnny had gotten an erection and it had slid between my legs where it rubbed my crotch," she was panting now.

"Finish it Mom," Johnny implored her, his cock starting to inflate.

"As soon as I reached down between my legs and touched it I was consumed with the need to have it inside me. I pulled off my panties, pushed Johnny onto his back and mounted him," she continued.

"And...and...then what," I interrupted, absently stroking my rock hard cock.

"At first I think Johnny was scared by what I was doing to him. But the longer I rode him, the wilder he got, until he rolled me over onto my back," she had one hand fondling Johnny's now stiff prick and two fingers of the other hand buried deep into her hairy cunt.

"And..." I groaned.

"He gave me the best fucking I've ever had. Since then we make sure the other one's needs are taken care of," she finished, her small tits jiggled and her fingers were a blur as they sank in and out of her wet sounding pussy.

I had a newfound admiration for my little buddy. Dropping to my knees in front of her, I roughly yanked her fingers from her cunt, pushed her knees wider apart and buried my face in her pussy. Her upper half fell back onto Johnny's thighs, her head almost resting in his lap as I lapped her steamy slit. Her abundant pubic hair tickled my nose and cheeks each time I ran my tongue the length of her sopping crevice. Johnny leaned forward and began molesting Carla's pink, pointy nipples, until they stuck out majestically on her heaving chest. Her face contorted from the pleasure we were inflicting upon her.

"OH MY GOD! I'M CUMMMIIIIINNNNNGGGGG," she screamed out after only five minutes of my tongue bathing her clit in saliva.

"Way to go Tucker, you the man. It takes real skill to get Mom to squeal that good," Johnny chortled.

"I aim to please," I breathed heavily, staring down at the wet matted mess of Carla's pubic hair laden puffy pussy.

When her breathing was under control Carla had Johnny stand and she pushed the ottoman up against the overstuffed chair. She then had him lie down on it with his butt near the edge while his shoulders and head rested on the chair's cushion. She bent over him and began gently stroking his dick until it was pointing straight up in the air. Standing behind her bent over body, her pale soft ass sticking out in my direction, it was almost impossible for me not to step forward and ram my tool into her from behind.

"It's sandwich time my little stud muffins," she cooed.

Holding Johnny's stiff pole up, she hocked a large wad of spit onto the head of it and turned around, switching hands in the process. With the one hand reaching between her legs holding him up, her legs straddling his outer thighs, she lowered herself until Johnny's slickened head was pushing at the ring of her tight anus. Carefully, her hands on his knees, she pushed down until the head popped in. She paused only long enough for her stretching hole to adjust before slowly feeding the rest of his meat into her ass. After her cheeks settled onto Johnny she placed her hands behind her knees and lay back onto his chest, raising her legs into the air at the same time.

"Now you Tucker. Poke that thing into my cunt, just make sure you go slow," she told me.

I wasn't too sure about this. What if Johnny's dick slipped out and touched mine? That thought didn't appeal to me very much. But on the other hand, I couldn't deny the allure of fucking Carla while her son was boffing her butt either. Johnny's dick was so far up her bunghole that I couldn't see any of it, and his balls looked as if they were being mashed under her weight. Straddling Johnny's thighs I inched my way up till the head of my cock touched the puffy outer folds of Carla's cunt. Lubricating the head by running it through her slit until it was coated with her juices I slowly started inserting it into the opening of her hot slick tunnel. The head slid in without too much effort and was followed by two more inches, then three. By the time six inches had found its way inside her expanding cunt walls she began to shudder.

Placing her ankles on my shoulders she dropped her hands onto my hips and pushed backwards. I pulled back an inch or so and she used her hands to pull me forward again. She repeated her pushing and pulling

until I got the rhythm she wanted. In and out, in and out I sawed, all the while able to feel Johnny's dick through the thin membrane that separated our cocks. Johnny began to tweak his Mother's nipples and kiss the side of her neck. I wrapped my hands around her thighs as she started undulating her hips up and down, causing our cocks to push in and out of her tight holes.

"You okay Mom," Johnny asked as she increased the pace of her bucking hips.

"Oh yes baby, Mommy feels real good," she panted, sweat breaking out on her forehead.

Lightly running my hands up and down the front of her thighs, I watched with uncontrolled joy as both our cocks rocked back and forth into her silky smooth holes. The sight of my pole pushing through the dense forest of her cunt hairs into the heated depths of her snug channel caused the tenseness in my balls to increase. I knew it wouldn't be much longer before I blasted a tremendous load against the back of her clinging cunt. Johnny reached nirvana first.

"OH MOM! YES. YES. YES," he barked and then latched his mouth on the side of her neck and sucked.

His cumming gave me an odd feeling since I could feel his rod expand and contract with each spurt of his seed. Once his orgasm finished his cock deflated giving me more ease in pumping into his Mother. Faster and faster I began to fuck Carla, never allowing more than seven inches to ram into her smoldering heat. The pressure from my cock banging deep into his Mom caused Johnny's now limp cock to squirt out of her ass with a wet farting sound. With her movements no longer hindered by her son's

cock in her ass, Carla began to thrust up on my rod faster and faster with her hips.

"Oh yes, yes, yes... make me cum Tucker The Fucker," she hissed through clinched teeth.

"CRAAAAAPPPPPP!!!" I screamed for joy as the walls of her pussy began to convulse around my plunging penis.

"FUUCCCKKKK MEEEEEEEE," Carla bellowed as the floodgates opened and I dumped spurt after spurt of hot sticky nectar deep into her womb.

It took several minutes for the twitching in Carla's pussy to subside. I left my softening dick in her cunt and rocked gently back and forth until her euphoria diminished, lightly stroking her legs that were still resting on my shoulders. I felt sorry, briefly, for Johnny when I finally pulled out of his Mom's soaked pussy. A flood of fluid poured out of her and joined the puddle of his spunk that had pooled in his pubic hair. Helping her off of Johnny wasn't as easy as you would think, but I managed.

"Now that's what I call being royally fucked," Carla said, going to the couch on wobbly legs and plopping down.

"I told you it was big, didn't I Mom," Johnny lazily said.

"Yeah baby, you did," a visible shudder ran through her as she stared at my dangling manhood.



"I better be going. Dad will skin me if I'm not home for his barbeque," I said to no one particular.

"Sure, you don't want to finish our game first," Johnny asked, still stretched out on the chair and ottoman.

"Another time," I told him as I went into the kitchen and got dressed.

Carla Macintyre gave me a naked hug and said we should have a sleepover soon. Johnny just gave me a thumbs up, and another shit-eating grin before I stepped outside. It was close to two o'clock by the time I got home. Just enough time for a nap I thought to myself. I crash-landed on my bed exhausted, giggling noises coming from my sister's bedroom barely registering as I drifted off.

## The BBQ and More

**H**ave you ever woken up and instinctively known that something just wasn't right? That's how I felt when the persistent calling of my name drifted in through my open bedroom window. The first thing that registered was that it was my Dad calling my name. The second and third things were the fact that I don't recall shutting my door when I'd lain down for my nap, and lastly, my cock hadn't been hanging out of my sweats. But the door WAS closed, and my flaccid penis WAS hanging over the waistband of my sweats. My pants had been pulled down on my hips enough that my balls were barely in them. Could I have done it? Had I been playing with myself in my sleep? Or, and I found this more likely, had I been touching myself while dreaming about what had happened at the Macintyre's? Yeah, that was probably it I told myself as I groggily went to the window.

"Hey sleepyhead, you going to join us," Dad asked when he saw my head poking out.

"Be down in a minute Dad. Just want to take a quick shower first," I let him know, and then backed away before he could say anything else.

While I had been talking with Dad I saw Mom lazing back on one of the loungers. She was wearing her old swimsuit; score one for team Tucker I mused. I also saw Julie helping with the burgers and unfortunately, her childhood friend Maggie O'Malley was here too. Maggie O'Malley is a green-eyed, red-haired spitfire who thought her shit didn't stink. I've used the bathroom after she has and I'm here to tell you; it sure as hell does. Her and I have never gotten along and I doubted if we ever would. I jumped into the shower then put on my swim trunks, a tank top, and headed to the pool area dreading the rest of today.

Dad and Julie were busy flipping burgers when I got there and Maggie was standing idly behind them watching me as I approached. She was wearing cut-off jeans that were so tight it looked like they were being eaten by her ass. The dark brown t-shirt she had on revealed nothing other than the handful sized lumps on her chest. Her shoulder blade length hair was in a ponytail and the paleness of her alabaster skin was almost blinding in the afternoon sun. She smiled warmly as I walked past.

"Hi Tucker," she sang out, scaring me that she had actually acknowledged my presence.

"Hi Mags," I said knowing she hated it when I called her that.

For some reason she didn't come unglued on me, she just smiled some more and turned her attention to the grill. I went over and sat on the ground next to Mom wondering what was up with Maggie.

"Decided not to wear your new suit I see," I said to Mom.

"I don't want your Dad to see it until I get a little color on my back and stomach," she told me.

"You still look fantastic in it Mom, even if I have to wear shades to look at you," I teased her.

"Just for that smarty pants, you are assigned lotion duty until I'm evenly tanned," she shot back chuckling sweetly.

"Are we talking just tanned, or a bronzed goddess," I asked smiling widely.

"On second thought, maybe having you as lotion boy isn't such a good idea," she quickly said.

"But why not," I faked a whine.

Looking directly at me she said, "You have impulses."

"Who wouldn't have impulses around you and Julie?"

"What are you saying Tucker," the conversation suddenly getting more serious than I wanted.

"I'm just saying that you and Julie are really pretty, is all," I answered.

"You think your sister and I are pretty," Mom inquired.

"Well...Julie's pretty, but you're gorgeous Mom," I hoped a compliment would end this talk.

"How come you say Julie is pretty, but I'm gorgeous. We look enough alike to be twins," Mom persisted.

"That's true. It's just that Julie is Julie, and, uh, you are more woman than she will ever be," my voice cracked.

"I see," she said, probably not having a clue as to what I was saying, since I didn't either.

"So if I promise to watch my impulses, can I still be the lotion boy," I asked, hoping my eagerness wasn't too apparent.

"Since you promised, then I guess so. We'll get started on it in two weeks," Mom replied, then put on her sunglasses and relaxed.

"Why two weeks, why not tomorrow?"

"Because they're renovating parts of the library then, so I'll have a week off when they start," she casually replied.

"Cool. We'll have you tanned in no time," I said, all kinds of happiness spreading down to my groin.

Dad prided himself on how good his burgers were, but today they were overcooked and dry. I surmised that it was probably due to the amount of attention he had paid to Julie's thong covered ass, instead of watching the meat on the grill. I could be wrong about that, but since I had been ogling her firm bouncy butt myself, I was sure that was the reason. This was the first year my parents had allowed her to wear such a skimpy suit, something that had surprised me to no end. As I watched Maggie and her playing tag, Julie's huge bouncing boobs barely contained in the

swimsuits top, I was thrilled that they had. Judging by the way Dad stared, I'm sure he was too.

"How about a game of chicken wrestling," Dad called out after our food had settled.

"What's chicken wrestling," Maggie wanted to know.

"Oh, I know. It's where you get on someone's shoulders in the pool and try to knock each other off," Julie chimed in.

"That's right sweetie," Dad said.

"I can't play, pool water dries out my hair and I didn't bring a suit," Maggie stated.

"Just wear your bra and panties, it'll be fun," Julie told her. I was all for it.

"I don't think so," Maggie replied, then whispered something in Julie's ear.

"She's not wearing any panties," Julie pissed Maggie off by saying.

"Just wear what you have on," Dad encouraged her.

"Please Maggie. We need at least four people to play," Julie begged her friend.

"Sorry," Maggie said with a determined look on her face.

"How about you dear," Dad asked looking at Mom.

"Oh honey, I really don't think so," Mom giggled.

"Pretty please Mom, I want to play," Julie said going over and pulling on Mom's hands.

"Maybe for a few minutes," Mom relented, knowing Julie wouldn't give up easily.

"Great. Julie and I will be partners," Dad blurted out, the eagerness in his voice evident to everyone, especially to Mom.

"Fine. Tucker and I will kick your asses," Mom said, grabbing me roughly by the arm and pulling me into the deep end of the pool with her.

My feet hit the bottom of the pool and I pushed upwards toward the surface. With my eyes opened underwater I saw Mom spread her legs and scissor kick to the surface also. Her suits crotch had shifted on one side and was digging into her cleft, fully exposing one of the puffy outer lips of her pussy. More happiness drifted downward puffing my penis up a little more than I wanted. When we had all gathered in chest deep water Dad told Julie to spread her legs enough for him to get his head through. Giggling like a schoolgirl she did. Dad ducked down, poked his head between her thighs and lifted her up on his shoulders. Once he was

standing Julie wrapped her arms around his forehead and placed the tops of her feet against his back for leverage. The bottoms of her tits rested on the top of Dad's head.

"You ready for me Mom," I asked, seeing a little uncertainty in her eyes as she nodded yes.

Getting behind her I dropped below the surface and aimed my head between her legs like Dad had done. Right before my head went between her thighs I noticed she hadn't adjusted her suit, Ms. Puffy pressed softly against the back of my neck as I lifted Mom up. The feel of Mom's boobs resting on my head and the touch of her bare cunt lip on my neck didn't help when it came time to maneuver. Too much happiness had flowed like a tidal surge down to my dick, giving me a first rate hard-on.

Hanging on to Mom's thighs I angled us in until we were close enough for Mom and Julie to push and pull at each other. Our strategy was to circle and lunge. It worked great at first; Mom was able to yank Julie enough to the side that she fell off Dad's shoulders in a matter of minutes. When she got back on they used our tactics against us, luring us in then turning so they were at our side and pulling Mom off before I could counter their move. Mom wasted no time in climbing back on and proclaiming she was ready to whip butt. You tell em Mom I thought as I felt her puffy bare skin on me, and what felt like a tiny bump that was growing rub against the nape of my neck.

On our next attack Mom somehow got her fingers caught on the strings that tied Julie's top together and undid them. Her breasts sprang free and bounced on Dad's head a few seconds before Julie squealed with laughter and feebly tried to hide them behind her hands. Seeing that Julie wasn't hanging on, Mom took a cheap shot and pushed her off into the water.



Sputtering a bit when she surfaced, her tits bobbing in the open, she casually waded over to where Dad stood wide-eyed and smiling.

"Can you tie me back up Daddy," she asked in a little girl's voice, her nipples rock hard and pointing right at him.

"Sure baby, turn around," he replied, his fingers trembling slightly as he retied the straps.

Watching and waiting I felt an almost imperceptible movement where Mom's mound pressed into my neck. It was as if she was pushing harder against me and the tiny nub had gotten bigger. Without thinking I began to bounce her gently up and down on my shoulders causing her mound to bump harder against the back of my neck. The pressure from her legs on my sides increased, and what I was now positive was her clit became larger and stiffer. Her thighs trembled slightly and a low moan escaped just as we entered another round of battle.

Mom and I lost three out of five by the time everyone agreed to call it a game. I trailed behind as we went to the pool steps and Julie climbed out first, Dad's face almost in her ass as she did. After he was out Mom climbed up, my eyes glued to her butt. Stopping at the top she slide a finger in the leg hole of her suit to pull the fabric back over her outer pussy lip. Through sheer will power I was able to prevent more happiness from reaching my groin when Mom's erect clitoris was exposed as she pulled the material over her cunt. It was big and juicy looking; I knew there was going to be some pud pulling in the shower tonight.

Mom and I went over and stretched out on loungers while Maggie and Julie helped Dad put the burger makings away in the house. Dad's hand

hovered low on Julie's back, almost touching one of her cheeks, as they headed toward the house with their arm around each other. I couldn't tell if Mom saw or not, her big round sunglasses prevented me from seeing her eyes. Dad came back shortly, stretched out on the last remaining lounge and said that the girls were taking showers. The spare bedroom upstairs overlooks this side of the house just like mine does. Thirty or so minutes later Julie poked her head out that room's window and let us know the showers were available. Dad got up and went inside, saying he was next.

"We'll get em next time Mom," I told her when we were alone.

"Huh? I'm sorry Tucker, my mind was a mile away," she said turning her head lazily to look at me.

"Good thoughts I hope."

"Mmmm," she replied with a small smile.

At eight o'clock I went up and took a shower putting on just my pajama bottoms when I was through. I had decided to hold off on the pud pulling for later since Maggie and Julie were upstairs too. I was coming out of my room, headed for some mindless entertainment on the idiot box, when Julie emerged from the bathroom. She had on her pink nightshirt and beckoned for me to wait for her.

"Can Maggie wear one of your sports jerseys, she forgot to bring sleepwear," Julie asked nicely.

"I guess," I said feeling unusually generous.

"Thanks bro," already going in my room and grabbing my Raiders shirt from my closet.

"Anything else you need," I asked with a leering glance at her chest.

"What do you have in mind," she asked, letting her hand reach out and cup my crotch. I just smiled.

"Later," she whispered, then disappeared into her bedroom.

I was expecting my parents to be in their usual places, but when I got downstairs Dad was at the dinning table setting up a board game, Mom was sitting on the couch watching TV. I joined Mom and settled in, glancing out the corner of my eye to see what she had on. I was pleasantly surprised to see she was wearing a nightshirt just like Julie's; the only difference was this one was pale blue in color. I could see the points of her nipples pressing through the material, and with her feet neatly tucked under her bottom the hem rode up to the middle of her thighs. Oh happy day, my groin rejoiced in song. Down boy, my mind commanded the inflating member between my legs. My mind was only semi-successful in taming the beast. Mom caught me sneaking peeks at her legs and gave me a sly smile while pulling the hem of the nightshirt down at the same time. It didn't do her any good, the shirt returned to where it had been as soon as her hand stopped tugging on it.

"What ya watching Mom," I asked, hoping to take her mind off the shirt's hem.

"Re-runs of that beach show about lifeguards," she answered, her hands idle in her lap.

I knew what show it was because it was one of my favorites, but just to mess with Mom I asked, "Is this the show where the girl lifeguards thingies almost knock them out when they run?"

Softly laughing she said, "Yes Tucker, their "thingies" do bounce quite a bit."

"Cool. I love this show," I remarked.

"Boys. You all have a one track mind," she said feigning exasperation.

Our bantering was interrupted by the sound of Julie and Maggie bounding down the stairs giggling loudly. Turning to look I was just in time to see Julie's tits bounce up and almost smack her in the chin. Maggie didn't have enough tits to even bounce visibly under my oversized jersey. It fit her like a too large dress, going past her knees and swallowing her upper body in silver and black fabric. Her hands were just able to reach out of the sleeves. Reaching the bottom of the stairs, without Julie knocking herself out, they rushed to the table and began to help Dad with the game. It wasn't long before the sound of dice being rolled could be heard.

"What are you guys playing," I shouted at them.

"We're playing Sorry," Maggie answered, turning in her chair to give me goo-goo eyes.

To fuck with her I said, "I know you're playing, but WHAT are you playing?"

"We're play Sorry," she shot back.

"You don't have to apologize. Just tell me what you're playing Mags," I said trying not to laugh.

"Behave Tucker," Mom softly chastised me as Maggie's eyes flashed daggers of hatred my way.

Twenty minutes later I was pissed at myself. Mom had untucked her feet and stretched her legs out in front of her, and I had missed the chance to look up her nightshirt because my eyes were glued to the bouncing boobs on TV. Minus one point for Team Tucker I mentally grumbled. A few minutes went by and I saw an opportunity to redeem the lost point. Mom had been flexing her toes and rotating her ankles as if her feet were hurting. Sliding slightly over in her direction I leaned back on the couch and patted my lap.

"Want a foot rub Mom," I asked, something I'd done for her on rare occasions in the past.

"That sounds like a great idea. Thanks Tucker," she answered, turning her back to the arm of the couch.

I had scooted over only enough to where if she wanted to put her feet in my lap, she had to scoot her body down on the arm of the couch for them to reach. To my complete surprise, and joy, she did exactly that. The nightshirt's hem rode up, and instead of lifting both feet from the floor to my lap at once; she chose to do one at a time. Her legs parted as the first foot made its way to my lap, giving me my very first unobstructed view of her panty-less pussy before the other foot joined the first. It was the briefest of moments, but long enough for me to see her brown pubic hair, the thin lips of her inner labia, and the tip of her clit peeking from its hood at the top of her slit. It was enough of a look to cause the perverted demons in my head to scream out HALLELUJAH! Fifty points were added to Team Tucker's scoreboard.

Before I could get started with her foot rub she raised her butt up and pulled the hem down toward her knees, causing an inward "aaaaw" from me. The thrill of touching Mom, even if it was only her feet, was overwhelming to my senses. My trouser snake was running down my pant leg toward my knee in no time flat. I gave her the deluxe rub, from the heels of her feet to the tips of her toes; there wasn't any part of her feet that I didn't run my fingers over. Her groans of joy were music to my ears making me prolong the massage for over twenty minutes. Not wanting to arouse her suspicions I purposely kept my eyes on her feet. I needn't have worried though. When the urge to look overrode any common sense I possessed, I let my eyes travel up her legs, over the soft flatness of her tummy and past her chest to her face. Her eyes were closed. Wasting no time I let my eyes travel back down to Mom's chest. The nightshirt was stretched tightly over the fabulous globes of her huge tits; the nipples poking through the fabric were clearly longer and stiffer than they had been earlier. Mom opened her eyes to slits and stared at me as I fought a battle to keep from drooling all over her feet.

"That was relaxing Tucker," Mom softly said as she swung her feet to the floor, careful not to give me another shot of her pussy.

"Anytime my fair lady," I said, trying to hide the rigid rod bulging my pajama bottoms.

"Time for this fair lady to hit the hay," she said, before standing and bending over and kissing me on the cheek.

With goodnights thrown toward the dinning table Mom headed to her bedroom, my eyes glued to her swaying ass the whole way. To pull the pud, or not to pull the pud, that was the question bouncing around my brain before loud giggling interrupted my train of thought. To hell with it I thought; I'd store this batch of jizz brewing in my balls for another time. Telling everyone goodnight I went to my room, opened the window for fresh air and after stripping crawled into bed. With just a sheet covering me from the waist down, my hands behind my head, I lay there remembering the brief flash I'd had of Mom's furry twat. Light from a full moon lit up the room enough to see clearly as I drifted off.

I was still on my back with my hands behind my head when muffled voices outside my door woke me up. It sounded like Julie and Maggie. Glancing at my bedside clock I saw that it was one-fifteen in the morning. Slowly my door began to open, so I closed my eyes to slits and pretended to be asleep. Julie crept in softly followed by Maggie. They left the door open a little and came toward my bed on tiptoes. Julie looked like the cat that ate the canary while Maggie's eyes were round and frightened looking. She must have stubbed her toe on something because she let out a tiny squeal.

"SSSSHHHH!" Julie whispered harshly at her.

"Sorry," came Maggie's reply.

"He sleeps like a log and we don't want to wake him if we don't have to," Julie whispered as the two reached the side of my bed.

"I'll be quiet," Maggie softly assured her.

Julie leaned over and gently pulled the sheet below my waist, exposing my soft penis in the moonlight.

"It's not any bigger than it was earlier today," I heard Maggie say in a disappointed voice.

That explained why my pants had been down I realized.

"Just wait Maggie, I know how to make it grow," Julie told her.

"What are you going to do," Maggie hesitantly asked.

"Watch this," Julie answered picking my cock up in her hand and lightly stroking it.

"It's not growing," came more disappointment from Maggie.



"It will when I suck on it," was Julie's confident reply.

"EWWW, that's gross Julie. You're not going to suck your own brother's dick are you?"

"Why not? It's no different than sucking anyone else's. Wanna give it a taste Mags," Julie teased her while wiggling my prick around by the base of it.

"NO! Get on with it before he wakes up. I want to see if it really is as big as you said it is," Maggie encouraged Julie.

"If you don't believe me just watch," with that Julie slid her mouth over the soft head of my cock and started sucking.

It was an unbelievable struggle to stay quiet as Julie's tongue began circling around the head of my awakening penis. Nerve endings began to twitch and blood rushed into the shaft making my cock rapidly expand. Peering through the slits of my eyes I saw Maggie's eyes widen in disbelief as my cock continued to grow. After I was a little over halfway erect Julie removed her mouth and pointed my cockhead at Maggie.

"Sure you don't want to try," Julie asked.

"I... I'm not very good at that," Maggie said, eyes glued to the growing pole in Julie's pumping hand.

"At least give me a hand, rub his balls while I blow him," Julie told her, and then clamped her mouth around my tool once more.

I could feel the shakiness in Maggie's fingers as she did what she was asked. Her fingers grazed lightly on my ball sack before she hefted them into her hands. A nervous giggle jumped from her mouth as her hand steadily rolled my balls around her palm. When my cock reached full length Julie pulled her mouth off and showed Maggie how big I'd gotten.

"OH MY GOD! That's huge," cried Maggie a little louder than she wanted to.

"Quiet dummy," Julie admonished her before asking, "Want to fuck it?"

"You can't be serious. Won't that wake him?"

"So what if it does, he won't tell anyone," Julie told her.

"Gosh, I'm not sure about this Julie. Maybe we should just go," Maggie whined.

"Tell me you wouldn't love to feel this monster up in your hot little pussy," persisted Julie.

"It...it...it's too big Julie," Maggie said, her fingers tightening on my sack.

"No it's not. It's just longer than you're used to. The trick is not to try and take it all at one time. Let me show you," Julie said, then stood up, climbed on the bed and straddled my hips.

"What are you doing Julie? Oh my god, you can't fuck him, he's your brother for Christ sake."

"I've already fucked him twice," Julie told her, then said, "I came like a fucking race horse each time too!"

I could see the fright on Maggie's face, but also the amazement as Julie lifted her nightshirt over her hips and guided my cock to her wet cunt. Just as she had done the last time, she slowly allowed her pussy to sink around my shaft until she had six inches inside her. Maggie's lips formed an O as she watched Julie work more of my cock into her heated pussy. When she had almost nine inches stuffed up her cunt Julie began to go up and down on my pole, lubricating it with her juices as she went. I don't know what got into her, but before I knew it Julie was pounding herself on my rod in a frenzy. Was it the idea of Maggie watching her fuck her own brother, or was she just extra horny I wondered. The sensation her clinching cunt was causing on my cock was starting to get to me, I wasn't sure how much longer I could pretend to be asleep. All I wanted to do was drive into Julie as fast as possible. It didn't take long before Julie's cunt clamped tightly around my shaft and she spit out a guttural moan.

"OH FUCK! I'M CUMMMIIIINNNGGG ALREADY!"

By the time she finished shaking, ten inches of my rod was lodged inside her pulsating pussy. There was no doubt in my mind that by the end of summer her ass would be bouncing off my balls when we fucked. Julie

loved to win her bets. When she lifted herself off my extremely rigid tool it plopped against my stomach with a wet slap.

"Your turn," Julie said pushing a stunned Maggie closer to the bed.

"I don't think I can," Maggie protested weakly.

"You know you want to Mags," and with that Julie shoved her hand under Maggie's shirt and stuck her finger in her pussy.

"What the fuck," groaned Maggie as Julie's finger wiggled around inside her.

"Shit girl, you're soaking wet. Now climb on and ride that big dick," Julie said, pulling her finger out and showing Maggie the slick juice clinging to it, before sticking it in her mouth and sucking it clean.

"What if he wakes up," Maggie whimpered.

"Don't worry about it. Here, let me help you," Julie reached down to the hem of the jersey and pulled it up and off Maggie's slim figure.

Maggie made up her mind, and with Julie holding my stiff prick up, she mounted me the same way Julie had. The slickness from Julie's pussy still on my head made entry into Maggie's pink slit easy. Her cunt hairs tickled my sensitive glan as she lowered herself onto my pole. By the time three inches were in her I lost control, raising my ass off the bed I poked another

three inches into her wet tunnel. Before a startled Maggie could jump off, or even squeal, I started rapidly pumping up and down into her box. Maggie tried to climb off my plundering rod until Julie reached down and started rubbing her excited clit. The combination of my invading cock and Julie's fingers working her clit calmed Maggie down almost immediately. She settled into a steady rhythm of lifting and lowering herself on me as moans of pleasure began to pour out of her mouth. All pretense of being asleep vanished as I reached around to Maggie's chest and pinched her tiny hard nipples between my fingers.

"So good, so good," Maggie softly repeated, now with seven inches going in and out of her increasingly wet pussy.

"Didn't I tell you it would feel good," grinned Julie as she sped up the sweet torture she was putting Maggie's clit through.

"I've never had one this deep before," Maggie panted.

"Try lying back on Tucker, I want to lick both of you at the same time," Julie told her.

Placing my hands on Maggie's back I helped to ease her down until she was sprawled on top of me, her ass resting on me abdomen. Julie tugged off her nightshirt, crawled on the bed between Maggie's raised knees with her face over our joined loins. Julie's big tits squashed against my thighs as she lowered her mouth onto Maggie's erect bud.

"OH FUCK!!!" squealed Maggie when she felt Julie's tongue dance over her stimulated pleasure bud.

With Julie's weight on my thighs it was hard to really slam into Maggie for any length of time before I had to slow down. My breathing was ragged from the effort of thrusting up and lifting Julie at the same time, but the feel of her tongue grazing my shaft intensified the pleasure building inside me. Between me tweaking her tits and pumping her pussy full of cock, and Julie eating her clit, it wasn't long before Maggie went off like a roman candle. Her cunt started convulsing and her hips bucked violently.

"UUUNNNNGGGGGGHHHHHH!" she loudly moaned as a flood of juices pour around my screaming cock.

Spent from her orgasm Maggie went limp on top of me and Julie shifted most of her weight from my thighs as she got into a kneeling position. With my legs freed, I raised my knees for leverage and really started hammering my cock up Maggie's cunt. Eight inches of turgid dick plowed poor Maggie's soaked pussy looking for release. The countdown had begun and I was headed for blast-off. Maggie's limp body just rolled with the flow as her glazed eyes stared blankly at the ceiling.

"I'm gonna cum," I said through clinched teeth.

"In my mouth Tucker," Julie said, roughly yanking my cock out of Maggie's squishy pussy and shoving her mouth over the head as it erupted.

How she didn't drown from the amount of spooge that pour out of me I'll never know. Like a real trooper she managed to swallow what felt like a

gallon or more of my thick man cream. Satiated and deflated I lay limply on my bed with a satisfied smile on my face, while Julie rubbed the soft head of my cock up and down Maggie's swollen slit for a few minutes. With no sign that life would return to my anaconda anytime soon, Julie got up and helped a dazed Maggie to her feet.

"What...Huh...Uh..." blabbered Maggie as she leaned unsteadily against Julie.

"Damn bro, looks like we fucked her silly," snickered Julie.

"Mmmmmmm," was all I could say.

Julie chuckled softly, bent down and picked their clothes off the floor and helped Maggie out the door, softly closing it behind them. Two minutes later the creaking of the halls floorboards registered on my numb mind. A plan to find out about those noises began to take root as my eyes got too heavy to keep them open.

## Unchecked Pulses

For some strange reason I woke the next morning horny as a motherfucker. I would've thought that the huge wad of cream I had fed to Julie would have left me drained for a while. Hormones. No telling what they would make a person do I guess. Right now however my bladder was saying "get your ass to the toilet and drain me." Throwing on my pajama bottoms I stumbled to the bathroom and did just that. After what felt like an hour, but was actually a few minutes, the steady stream off piss dried up leaving my morning wood a whole lot more flexible. Leaving the bathroom I almost ran over Maggie as she rushed to the john. Averting her eyes from mine, she mumbled "morning" and quickly shut the door. What a ditzy broad I thought turning toward the staircase. Julie stepped out of her room at the same time.

"Hey Tucker," she cooed at me.

"What's up with Mags," I asked, ignoring her lascivious grin.

"I think she's embarrassed that she let you fuck her. She really doesn't like you very much you know."

"No shit Sherlock," I quipped.

"So Tucker," she said, lifting the hem of her nightshirt above her mound. "I'm getting stubbly, wanna help shave my twat?"



Her snickers stayed with me all the way to the kitchen. I was just finishing my bowl of coco-puffs when the girls trotted down the stairs chatting endlessly. Their banter stopped abruptly as soon as Maggie saw me at the table. She turned to Julie, gave her a peck on the cheek, and then rushed out the front door.

"That's one serious wack-a-doodle," I remarked as Julie sat down with her cereal.

"Shut up asshole, she's my friend."

"Yeah, yeah, but she is..." I left it there.

"I didn't hear you complaining when you had that horse cock in her," she shot back.

"What the fuck Julie, you want Mom and Dad to hear you," I hissed, frantically checking around to see if they were in earshot.

"News flash butt-wad. It's after ten o'clock, they're at work," came her snide answer.

I was a little stunned that I had slept so late. Fucking two pussies in a row must make you extra tired I thought. I had plans for today so I hurried and took a shower. When I stepped out of the shower Julie was on the pot, legs opened wide, running a razor over her mound. She stopped and watched me dry off, a shit-eating smile on her lips. Just for the hell of it I stepped in front of her and wagged my dick in her face. The mirthful look

on my face vanished when she leaned forward and sucked my dick into her mouth like a noodle. She spit me out just as my cock started to show awareness of what was happening.

"Since you didn't want to help me shave, I'm gonna leave you hanging," she smirked.

Crap, that sure backfired. Now I was even hornier than before.

"What're you gonna do today," she asked, returning to the job of shaving her muff.

"Got to go over and get Johnny to help me with something," I answered, watching the skill she showed as the razor glided over her skin.

"Your little geek friend? What do you need his help with?"

"I'll let you know later. I have to find out if something will work before I can tell you," I said, cringing slightly as the razor neared her clit.

"Okay. I think I'm going to hang around the house, maybe catch a nap later. I was up pretty late last night," her innuendo wasn't lost on me.

Reluctantly I left and put on some shorts, a black tee shirt and running shoes. Making sure I had my wallet I jumped on my bike and peddled over to the Macintyre's house. Carla answered the door dressed in a short, sleeveless floral-print summer dress. After pinching my butt she told me

Johnny was in his room and led me down the hall. She knocked softly but entered before he could say come in.

"Tucker's here John," she announced stepping aside to let me in.

"What's up dude," he said, stretched out on his bed in just his tighty-whities.

"Need some techno advice," I told him.

"Sounds like you two are going to talk about shit I know nothing about, so I'll say bye for now," Carla said and started to leave.

"I'm headed to the store, need anything," she had turned back and asked Johnny.

"Just some of that sweet poon-tang of yours Mom," Johnny didn't hesitate to say.

With a chuckle Carla raised the bottom of her dress and showed us she wasn't wearing any panties, before smiling and quickly leaving. My brain registered the fact that her pubic hair had been trimmed enough to make out her protruding clit and her inner labia nestled in her slit. Johnny and I both groaned at the same time. When I turned back to look at him I saw he had a little chubby going on in his briefs.

"She trimmed it up," I stated the obvious.

"Yeah. She likes to be licked, so I had to tell her I was tired of picking hair out of my mouth for a week afterwards," Johnny remarked.

"It was kinda bushy," I agreed.

"Kinda? Shit dude, it was like putting my face into a big ball of fur," our laughter echoed throughout his room for several minutes.

"Anyway, what did you need to know," he asked all laughed out.

"Is it possible to set up a camera in a hallway and watch it on a laptop," I asked.

"Sure. Why?"

"I think Julie has been going in my room when I'm not home, and I want to catch her in the act," I lied.

"Hell, all you need is a remote web cam and wi-fi and your all set," he said, as if he thought I had a clue to what he was saying.

"How much would it cost to set that up," I asked, not wanting to blow the money I was saving to buy a car with.

"How long ya gonna leave it up for?"

"One, maybe two days. No more than three tops," I said.

Getting off his bed and rummaging through his closet he told me he had everything I needed if I wanted to borrow it. The only problem was, I would be using his personal laptop and he needed it back in a few days max. After getting my assurance to return it as quickly as possible he pulled out a small box from the closet and set it on his bed. When he opened it I saw a tiny black box wrapped in clear plastic inside.

"This is a battery operated web cam already set up to my computer. All you do is stick it where you want with tape and you're good to go."

Taking it out of the box he showed me the back of it. There was a plastic strip that would sit flush against a wall, with enough of a lip to tape it to a flat surface. The whole thing was about half the size of a Zippo lighter and would be hard to spot if you weren't looking for it. If I placed it at the end of the hall pointing toward the stairs I didn't think anyone would notice it, especially if I only used it for two nights and took it down during the day.

"Wow, this is perfect. Where did you get it," I asked.

"Bought it online through a place that sells spy stuff. I've had it for a couple years now. Wanna know something," he asked in a low voice.

"Sure," I loved secrets.

"I had this in Mom's room before we...you know. Used to beat off as I watched her masturbate," he snickered.

"And I thought I was a horndog," I laughed.

"I'm home boys," Carla called down the hall.

Johnny put his laptop and the camera in a carry case and handed it to me with instructions to be very careful with them. He also told me to check out some of the pics he had in a folder labeled 'fun times' on the laptop. Not putting anything else on he led me back to the front room in his underwear. Carla was sitting in the overstuffed chair, naked, her legs out in front of her drinking a bottle of beer.

"You boys want a cold one," she asked, eyeing us from head to toe.

"Hell yeah," we both said.

Johnny got two out of the fridge, gave me one and went over and sat on the floor between Carla's spread legs. I took the couch. Our beers lasted long enough for us to guzzle them down, about half a minute I would say. Carla left her legs spread, her beaver winking at me, when Johnny got up and grabbed two more beers. I sipped mine, boldly eyeballing his Mother's cunt before he blocked my view by regaining his seat in front of her. Johnny leaned his head back, closed his eyes and idly stroked Carla's calf muscle with his free hand. Carla had a sultry look on her face as she gazed directly into my eyes and lazily sipped her beer.

"Is Momma's boy hungry," she purred rubbing the top of Johnny's head, her eyes still fixed to mine.

Without a word Johnny sat his beer off to the side, swung around onto his knees and lowered his mouth towards her pussy. Slouching down some on the chair, she opened her legs wider and her eyes closed briefly when Johnny's tongue made contact with her clit. A soft moan escaped her lips as her eyes opened halfway and once again drank all of me in. They opened completely when I reached down and undid my pants. I put my beer down long enough to pull my shorts around my ankles and free my growing stiffy. Her hips began to rise and fall in the chair as she matched the speed of my slowly pumping hand on my shaft, pushing her cunt forcefully against Johnny's mouth.

Johnny's tongue dug deeper and deeper into his Mom's slit, generously coating her cunt with his spit as he slowly lapped up her flowing juices. The impulse to be next to her overwhelmed me; after freeing my shorts from my shoes and tugging off my shirt, beer in hand, I walked over and stood at the side of the chair staring at her pointy nipples.

"Let me do that for you sweetie," she said, pushing my hand off my dick and replacing it with hers.

Her and I casually sipped our beers as her hand yanked my crank in a slow up and down motion. Johnny's eagerness took over shortly and he began to eat her pussy faster. The quicker his tongue plowed through her love canal the faster her hand pulled on my dick.

"OOOHH Baby, you sure know how to eat Mommy's pussy," she purred.

Her hand became a blur on my shaft as Johnny kicked it into overdrive, assaulting her steamy wet slit with his entire face. Pre-cum dripped from my dick in big drops, landing on her chest as I stepped as close to her as I could. My eyes were slits now, my balls tightening in knots as my cum boiled deep in my sack. Carla knew what was coming; she aimed my rod toward her chest and pumped even faster. My knees buckled a little from the force of my orgasm.

"HOLY CRAP!!" I hollered, as spurt after spurt of sticky white spunk splashed her chest, coating one small tit completely.

Like a deranged maniac she dropped her beer, pushed Johnny away from her cunt and lay down on the floor in front of him.

"FUCK ME JOHNNY! FUCK ME NOW!!" she screeched.

I collapsed into her vacant chair and watched Johnny rip his briefs down enough to pull out his raging manhood. With no care about hurting her, or getting my jizz on himself, he crawled between her widely splayed legs and jammed all his meat into her sopping pussy in one mighty thrust. Like a gerbil on steroids he slammed his Mother's pussy with so much force her tiny breasts rocked wildly on her chest. Her eyes rolled back in her head, and her legs twitched spasmodically as her son pile drove into her squishy sounding cunt. I could hear the sound of Johnny's balls battering her buttocks right before he squealed like a pig and flooded her cunt with an ungodly amount of dick cream. My cock was at half-mast just from the sounds of their fucking.



Exhausted from his efforts, Johnny rolled off and lay beside her on the floor breathing like an asthmatic. The thought that he might die from lack of oxygen vanished from my brain as soon as I saw Carla's soaked pussy staring up at me. Spunk was everywhere, matting what hair she hadn't trimmed, and oozing in a river down the crack of her ass.

"MORE!" she cried, apparently not satisfied from the beating her pussy had just taken.

The word "Impulse" flashed through my brain as I said "what the hell," and slid between Carla's opened legs. My cock was fully hard when I thrust past the outer folds of her leaking cunt and up into her well-lubricated tunnel. Immediately her legs went up around my ass and pulled ten inches of rock hard rod deep into her wetness. She managed to force the rest of me inside her when her hips started wildly bucking up and down off the floor. Lust took over, and if she wanted to get fucked hard, then who was I to deny her. Squish, squish, squish came the sound from her pussy as I hammered my whole cock into her quivering hole. Splat, splat, splat could be heard as my balls bounced off her small, soft, cum coated butt. The knowledge that I was taking sloppies didn't even slow me down; release was all I was after.

"YES! YES! NOOOWWWWW!!" Carla screamed as we came together in a mind searing, cunt-flooding explosion of animalistic lust.

Using the last of my energy I rolled off her onto the floor, desperately trying to catch my breath. One of my legs was flopped over one of hers; I could feel her trembles still running through it. All three of us smelled like we'd been fucked hard and put away wet. The smell of bodily fluids permeated the air we sucked in.

"Oh man, I think I'll be walking bow-legged for a week after that," Carla giggled between breaths.

"We stink," Johnny added.

"Let's take a shower together," Carla suggested.

It was almost twenty minutes before we were finally able to get off the floor and head to the bathroom. Keeping Carla between us, Johnny and I relaxed while she took turns scrubbing us down, giving each of our pricks a quick kiss when she was done. She stood still while we lathered her body in jasmine scented soap, spreading the lather everywhere except on her cunt. She wouldn't let us touch her there because she said it was too sore. We did get to palm her tits and ass though. Once we were done, and dried, I went into the front room to get dressed. Carla wrapped a large towel around herself and followed me; Johnny stumbled to his room saying he was going to take a nap.

"Thanks again for a great fuck Tucker," Carla whispered in my ear as her hand fondled my limp dick, making it hard to pull my pants on.

"Anytime Mrs. Macintyre, uh, I mean Carla," I said tugging my pants the rest of the way up.

"I'm going to hold you to that. Right now I think I need a nap too," she left me standing there and disappeared down the hall.

The carry case slung over my shoulder bumped against my thigh as I made my way home. Not wanting to damage the laptop I was forced to go slower than I wanted, the thoughts of what Johnny had said about the pictures on it urging me to go faster. After I put my bike away, I trotted up to my room not registering how quiet the house seemed to be.

The first thing on my agenda was to plug in the laptop and check out that picture folder. After that I figured I'd set the camera up and do a dry run to check things out. Johnny had high-end gear and it took no time for the computer to completely boot up. On the screen were icons for various programs, including one for the camera and another showed the image of a folder. We all know which one I clicked on first.

The screen filled with a list of files, about thirty in all. Most were designated as jpegs, but near the bottom of the page was one mpeg file. I ran the mouse cursor to the navigation bar and clicked view, then thumbnails. Bingo! Pictures of Carla in different poses filled the screen. Most were shots of her playing with herself and a few showed her stuffing a large dildo into her twat. In every one of the pictures she was smiling from ear to ear. I smiled back at her while rubbing my dick through my pants. After several long, long minutes of salivating over the photos I clicked on the mpeg file. The timer on the media player showed the clip would run for six minutes. I hit play.

The clip showed Carla lying on the same bed as the photos. She had her knees pushed up to her chest and held in place by her arms over her thighs. One hand was savagely ramming the large dildo into her box as the other hand worked her clit. I watched in total fascination as she roughly fucked herself, the fake cock getting shinier and shinier from her juices. Faster and faster she plunged the dildo in and out of her cunt until she started to tremble. There was no sound, but I saw her mouth open in

an O as her feet dropped to the mattress. Her hips began to bounce wildly for a couple minutes before she raised her ass completely off the bed and locked herself in this position, the unmoving dildo shoved all the way into her furry snatch. I felt pre-cum wetting my thigh as she shook for a while then collapsed down. If Johnny thought he had taped this on the sly, then he was sadly mistaken. Carla's eyes had never looked away from the camera's lens the entire time.

I had to sit there for a short time to let the swelling in my cock go down before I could move. The quality of the clip was pretty good, not high-def good, but good nonetheless. I took the camera out and activated it with the laptops program. Holding it up at arms length I watched myself in real-time as I pointed the lens in my direction. The fact that it didn't have sound began to bother me. I didn't think Johnny would get one that had no sound, so I called him and asked about it. He told me to look on the side. There was a tiny switch that read, mic on, mic off. Great I thought as I used my thumbnail to move the switch to the on position. I was now ready to put it in the hall and check how good it would work.

Passing Julie's open door I stopped in my tracks. She was lying on her stomach with her legs over the side from the knees down. What really captured my attention was the way her pink nightshirt had ridden up over her sweet round ass, leaving her cheeks completely exposed. The fact that she wasn't wearing panties made my palms itch to touch her bare skin. Slipping into her room I went and stood near her feet. Her legs were parted just enough for me to see all the way up to her freshly shaved twat. The inner lips of her cunt looked damp and inviting nestled between the smooth puffy outer folds; too inviting.

Everyone thinks that I sleep like a log, but in reality, it's Julie who could sleep through a hurricane. Knowing that I didn't hesitate to put the

camera down and spread her legs wider by her ankles. With the camera back in hand I started scanning it over her legs, then further up until it was pointed right at her pussy. Kneeling by the side of the bed between her legs I snaked my free hand up past her thighs and let my fingers touch her hot flesh. She was damp. The impulse to poke my finger into her grew until I couldn't control it. Extending my forefinger out, I lightly ran the tip of it through the softness of her slit, going deeper and deeper each time. I held the camera at what I hoped was the right distance, so it wouldn't come out blurry as my finger sank steadily into her wet hole. Her muscles rippled around my digits as my finger pushed in until it was buried up to my knuckles. Watching her cunt lips cling to my moist finger each time I pulled it back out had me hard as a rock. Small moans began to trickle out of her mouth the faster I fingered her slick tunnel.

"That feels so good Daddy," she whimpered softly when I twirled my finger inside her increasingly wet cunt.

I froze, my finger not moving in or out. Daddy? What the fuck! Did she just call out for Dad? I'll be a son-of-a-bitch I thought. My sister has Daddy issues. For some strange and perverted reason, the thought that Julie might want to fuck Dad really turned me on. I began to move my finger faster than before, a picture of Dad banging the shit out of her swirling around my head.

"Oh God, I'm cumming Daddy," Julie moaned in her sleep as her ass pushed back on my knuckles.

I kept my finger lodged in her quivering cunt until she settled down and a small snore let me know she was still asleep. Standing up I sniffed my finger, then stuck it in my mouth and sucked her juices from it. Damn, my sister has one tasty pussy I thought to myself as I retreated back to my

room. I shot my second load into some tissue as I watched the new clip for the third time. The rest of the day was a blur. I did get the camera put up in the hallway before I went down for supper.

Everything was the same as most evenings, we ate, took our usual spots and relaxed in front of the tube. Julie seemed preoccupied, and Mom looked as if she wasn't feeling up to par. When I asked her if she was feeling okay, she said she had a headache. Dad just did what Dad does. I had two hours worth of yard work scheduled for tomorrow morning, and since Mom and Julie were in their own little worlds tonight I headed up to bed early. I was almost positive that Julie didn't plan on playing tonight, but I left the camera on record anyway.

My alarm woke me at seven. After taking a quick shower I went downstairs for breakfast and ran into Mom and Dad getting ready for work. I answered their puzzled stares, telling them about the work I was doing today. Both told me to have a good day as they went to their cars and drove off. Dad had looked chipper as always, but I noticed Mom had looked a little under the weather. It was eight-thirty by the time I forced myself to get going.

What should have been two hours of work took me three. Around eleven thirty or so I dragged myself up the stairs heading for the shower. As I passed Julie's room the impulse to push her partially closed door open and look inside got the best of me. I knew one of these days my curiosity would get the better of me, but I was sure it wasn't going to be today. The door swung silently open revealing almost nothing. For some reason Julie had closed the blackout curtains, throwing the room into near total darkness. The meager light coming from the hall was barely enough for me to see her bed, and the figure shrouded in shadow lying on it.

It was deja vu. Julie was stretched out on the bed in exactly the same position she had been in yesterday. Her legs extended over the side like they were before, but it was too dark to see if her nightshirt was above her butt. The impulse to find out urged me closer and closer to the bed until I was standing near her feet. It was still too dark to really tell. I stepped to the edge of her bed and reached down to where her ass should be. The feel of bare skin filled my palms. Soft, round globes of naked butt flesh. My cock sprang to attention immediately. Happiness flowed to my groin as I stepped back to her feet and dropped my pants around my ankles. If I could finger bang her without waking her, then I figured I could probably fuck her without her waking up. I was certainly going to find out.

As gently as I could I took hold of her ankles and started spreading her legs apart. I had to move my hands higher on her calves to spread her open far enough to fit between her thighs. She didn't make a sound. With my pants around my ankles, I placed my knees on the bed and leaned over her until my hands rested at the sides of her chest, the tip of my dick brushing the crack of her ass. Balancing on one hand I reached down and smeared the leaking pre-cum over the head of my cock thoroughly lubing it up. Holding my shaft steady I angled my dick into the soft folds of her slit and found her opening on the first try.

I let go of my rod as my hips pushed the lubricated head inside her tunnel with ease. In a push-up position I continued to press down with my hips until six inches of my meat sank into Julie's very hot cunt. I could tell there was something different right away. Her pussy felt softer and more yielding. I could feel her walls open to my invading penis before closing around it like a soft velvet glove. I assumed she felt softer because she was asleep and relaxed. I pulled back until just the head was in her, staying in that position for several seconds marveling at the searing heat engulfing

me. I began feeding more and more of my cock into her smooth wet hole, slowly working my rod in and out in a slow, easygoing rhythm.

"Unngghhh," she whimpered in her sleep each time I pushed more of my cock deeper into her.

It wasn't until my pelvis settled against her soft ass that I realized that all my cock was up her cunt. Guess Julie wins her bet was my first thought, followed by how soft her butt was feeling each time I pressed into it. The wonderful sensation of her cunt massaging my entire length caused me to go slower and slower just to savor the feelings along my shaft. My strokes took on a life of their own, pulling almost completely out before gently sliding all the way back in. Her pussy began to secrete more and more of her fluids, coating my shaft in a hot thick lather of her cream. My balls tightened, I was getting lightheaded as the heat searing into my flesh urged me to speed up. She groaned softly as I gave in and began pumping a little faster. Another sound penetrated my brain before I was able to release the tension in my sack.

"PSSSST!"

"PSSSST! Tucker!" came from the doorway.

My face turned ashen when I looked at the doorway and saw Julie frantically waving her hands at me. If Julie was over there, then who was I pushing my entire cock into? Glancing repeatedly back and forth from the doorway to the figure on the bed it didn't take long to figure it out. Mom!



"Oh fuck," I whispered.

Carefully I backed my tube out of Mom's slick wet pussy, hoping she wouldn't wake up as it slid from her clinging hole. Getting off the bed wasn't that easy, my pants were tangled around my ankles and I almost tripped. As quick as I could I pulled them up and made a hasty retreat to the relative safety of my room. Julie was right behind me.

"What the hell Tucker? Mom? You were fucking Mom," she stammered. "What were you thinking?"

"I thought it was you," was all I could say.

"You thought it was me. Oh well, in that case..." She was getting red in the face.

"Honestly, I did think it was you. Just like yesterday," I said, fastening my pants as I spoke.

"So you thought since I was asleep you'd bone me? What. Wait a minute...What about yesterday?"

"Why is Mom sleeping in your room," I asked hoping to throw her off track.

"She came home with a migraine, took an Ambien, and is using my room because it's dark in there. Now what about yesterday," she persisted.

I guess she wasn't going to quit until I told her. I sat down on my computer chair and looked her up and down before explaining. She was dressed like a schoolgirl; white blouse; white knee high socks; and her short red plaid skirt. My cock was still hard, and getting harder as I stared at her. When I told her what I'd done to her yesterday I was expecting her to blow up at me, instead she acted like she was getting turned on. I also told her about borrowing Johnny's gear.

"I made a video of me fingering you," I said, hoping she would want to watch it.

She did. I opened the laptop's lid and we were greeted with the photos of Carla Macintyre. I forgot that I'd left the folder open. Julie's eyes widened in recognition and she walked over and stood next to me staring intently at the screen. I quickly explained that they were Johnny's photos, not mine. I don't think she was paying any attention; she just stood there staring and squirming a bit. When she asked what the two mpeg files were I told her.

"Can I watch them," she asked hesitantly.

"If you want to,"

I clicked on the one that showed Carla masturbating with her dildo first. Julie stood next to my chair and stared intently at the monitor as Carla began poking her cunt with her toy. Barely two minutes into the clip I looked at Julie and saw she had one of her hands under her skirt rubbing

herself. She noticed when I unzipped my fly, pulled my hard cock out and began to stroke it.

"Can I sit on it little brother," she asked, already moving in front of me.

Holding my dick straight up in the air was answer enough for her. Turning her back to me, she reached up and tugged her panties to one side, then she slowly sat down until she had my rod stuffed up her cunt completely. Putting her thighs on top of mine, her hands in her lap she sat there transfixed by the activity on the screen. I was right about the bet after all.

"Don't move. Let me get used to the size first," she whispered, her eyes still glued to the monitor.

I could feel her muscles contract each time Carla slammed her dildo deep into her pussy on the screen. Julie made me play it over and over, getting hotter and wetter with each replay. She didn't move but I could feel her juices starting to run down my shaft. Several times her pussy contracted tightly around my pole, and with the increased fluid dripping down me I knew she had an orgasm each time. She really shot one off when I switched to the clip of me finger fucking her. She leaned forward on my lap moaning softly as my finger went in and out of her shaved twat on the monitor. I counted two more big contractions before replaying the clip for the second time. I was one contraction away from flooding her cunt with my nut butter.

"How did it feel," she asked suddenly.

"Oh shit Sis, it feels great," I replied.

"No. What I want to know is, how did it feel to have your dick in Mom?"

"It was different, soft and warm," was all I said.

The mere mention of Mom's pussy caused my dick to swell even more than it was. Three things happened at the same time. Julie's pussy contracted tightly, my seed flew out the end of my dick in a volcanic eruption, and Mom chose that moment to come into my room.

"Tucker, is your Dad home...Oh, hi Julie," Mom asked looking quite groggy.

"I haven't seen him," I answered as spurt after spurt shot up Julie's hole.

"Oh, okay. What are you two doing," she asked looking at us with unfocused eyes.

"Tucker is showing me how to use this new program for school," Julie answered quickly.

Apparently satisfied with that Mom shut the door and left, leaving us trembling from fear and pleasure. Luckily for us, Julie's skirt had hid the fact that my dick was in her cunt, and we were pretty sure that Mom's eyes hadn't noticed what we were watching. Filling my sister's pussy with spunk while Mom watched unaware was by far the most exciting thing

that has ever happened to me. Julie made no move to get off me so I kept my cock in her and we watched the last clip over again. This time I made sure the volume was up enough for her to hear herself call out for Dad. When she did her cunt contracted one more time, almost forcing my shrinking dick from her hole. I could see she was shaken by what she'd heard, but it looked like she was also excited by it too.

"Do you want to fuck Dad," I blurted out.

"No. At least no more than you want to fuck Mom anyway," she said lifting herself off my deflated member. The front of my pants were soaked.

"So, you would do him then," I said, watching as she adjusted her panties over her dripping snatch.

"I don't know. Maybe. He is good looking," she mumbled sitting down on the bed.

"Has he ever tried anything with you?"

"No..." she appeared to be thinking of something.

"But?"

"I don't think it's anything, but I've woken up a couple times and saw Dad leaving my room," she said.

"When did this happen," I asked intrigued.

"The last time I know of was the night we first fucked. You don't think he knows about us do you," she asked worried.

"If he does I think we would've heard about it. I'm pretty sure he would've kicked our asses," I tried to reassure her.

"Yeah, I suppose he would." She didn't look convinced.

"We can find out what he's doing in your room at night," I volunteered.

"How?"

When I said we could put the web cam in her room for a few nights she laughed.

"You'd like that wouldn't you. Then you could watch everything I do," she said sarcastically.

"I'll only turn it on at night," I told her. Yeah right!

It took some doing but I finally got her to agree to it. We placed the camera in her room so it was recording her entire bed from the foot of it. She would also leave a night-light on she told me. It was while we were

checking how it look on the computer that I remembered I hadn't watched what had been recorded last night. It took a while to find the file. I had forgotten to place it in the picture folder when I started it; instead it was on the desktop screen. Thirty minutes of fast forwarding showed that nothing had happened last night. No ghost, no Mom, and no Dad roamed the hallway in the video. It was quite disappointing. Just like the rest of the day.

At suppertime we had pizza. Mom stayed in her room and Dad did what he always did in the evening. Watching TV sucked too. Julie and I were in our own little worlds and barely spoke to each other. By ten o'clock I called it a night and went to bed. Memories of how warm and smooth Mom's pussy had felt around my cock forced me to jerk my gherkin twice before I was able to fall asleep.

## Nocturnal Visits

Hot wet slickness engulfed my cock in a cauldron of heat sending sparks of pleasure all along my shaft. The velvety smoothness travelled slowly up and down on my pole, alternating between gripping and loosening its hold around me. The stirrings of a massive orgasm began to build deep down in my balls as I felt the softness of ass cheeks bounce lightly on them. Just as I was sure I would blow the biggest load ever Julie pounced on the bed waking me up.

"Wake up shit-head. Let's check the nights recordings," she chirped merrily.

"Fuck Julie, you ruined a great dream," I moaned as my eyes fought to focus.

"Come on butt-wipe, get up," she insisted, shaking my legs impatiently.

"Okay! Okay! Get off so I can," I groaned.

After she stood up I threw the covers off and grudgingly climbed out of bed. She gasped as she saw my huge boner poking straight out in front of me, all bloated with throbbing veins. The fact that I might be naked under the covers hadn't crossed her mind. It did now though as she stared at the swollen purple head bobbing up and down in front of her. Just one touch from her hand was all I wanted. One touch and I would give her a morning surprise she wouldn't soon forget I thought. Unfortunately she was wiser than I gave her credit for. Deftly sidestepping away from my



swinging meat she picked up my pajama bottoms and threw them at me, telling me to put them on.

Covered I sat down at the computer desk, opened the folder and clicked on the newest file. Feeling safe from my raging manhood now that it was clothed Julie stepped to my side so she could see the screen. Johnny had told me how to activate the motion sensor on the camera so I wouldn't use up too much space on the hard drive. When I glanced at the size of the file I didn't expect very much to be on it.

The beginning of the clip showed Julie getting ready for bed. Even with just the night-light on I could see clearly as she raised her nightshirt over her head and tossed it on the foot of the bed. When she turned to face the camera, naked and smiling, my softening penis sprang back to life. Teasingly, she reached up with both hands and pulled on her pink nipples until they popped to attention. I groaned twice. Once for what she was doing with her nipples, and a second time when she gave the camera the finger and climbed under her blankets. I looked up at her with malice in my eyes.

"That was cold blooded," I said, getting only an evil grin as a response.

The camera would activate each time Julie tossed and turned on the bed, capturing her restlessness. When she finally settled down on her back, with her hands tucked behind her head the camera stopped recording. Sometime during the night Julie's covers had slid down below her breasts. There was no way to tell what time it was by the clip, so we had no idea how long it was before light from the hallway spilled into her room, telling us that some one had opened her door. We really weren't too surprised when Dad entered and stepped over to the side of her bed. We

were surprised however when all he did was pull the covers up over her tits, then bend down and kiss her forehead before leaving.

"Well that sucked," I groaned.

"Why," Julie asked.

"Because he could've at least done this," I answered by turning and pinching one of her nipples through her nightshirt.

"Jerk!" she snapped and hurried out of my room.

Before heading to bleed my lizard I set up a new file for the camera to record to. With my bladder empty I returned and was just about to get dressed for the day when an idea occurred to me. Sitting back down in front of the computer I clicked on the new file. Holy shit I croaked as I watched Julie in her room in real time. Standing next to her bed she began taking off her nightshirt, pulling it slowly over her head with her back to the camera. The sight of her succulent firm ass had my pecker rock hard in no time. Drooling slightly I pulled out my cock and slowly started stroking, my eyes locked to the screen. Julie moved about her room naked, seemingly oblivious to the camera catching her every move. She finally went to her closet and removed a pale blue summer dress that looked to be thin enough to see through. After donning the dress and some sandals, and nothing else, she turned toward the door and disappeared. I dropped my cock and deleted the file. I had promised not to turn the camera on during the day. A promise was a promise after all.

Quickly getting dressed in loose jeans, a t-shirt and sneakers I ran downstairs to catch up with her. I didn't make it. The sound of a car pulling away from the house made me scramble to the front door. Julie must have called Maggie; it was her car that I watched disappear down the street. That's just great I grumbled to myself, here I was full of cum and all alone. For the briefest of moments I thought about hopping the fence and dumping a load of nut butter into old lady Crenshaw's loose twat. I shivered, and forced that idea from my brain almost immediately. Besides, I had yards to take care of today and no time to worry about getting my rocks off. I really wanted a car by the end of summer so business came first. Most of the yards that I did I was able to use their mowers, but today's required me to push mine from house to house. Thank God they were all in a two-block area.

By four o'clock I dragged my tired sweaty ass back home. Maggie's car was parked at the curb. Putting my mower away I went inside expecting to see the girls either in the kitchen or the front room watching TV. Finding no one downstairs, I crept silently as possible up the stairs until I was almost at Julie's bedroom door. The door was closed but I could hear muffled voices coming from inside. I didn't want to just open the door and say surprise, hoping I would catch them at something interesting. I stood there a few minutes pondering the situation when I remembered the camera. Quietly I went into my room, sat at the computer and fired up the camera. I got an instant woody by what greeted my eyes on the screen. Julie was sprawled sideways on the bed still in her dress. Her knees were up and spread, her dress pushed up to her waist as a naked Maggie knelt between them licking her pussy greedily. Maggie's ass was up in the air at the edge of the bed and she was finger banging the shit out of her own cunt. The angle of the camera was from the side, but it wasn't hard to catch glimpses of Maggie's hand pumping back and forth between her legs. Pre-cum began to drip from my cock as an idea formed inside my brain. Leaving the camera running I ditched my clothes and snuck back into the hall.

Slowly I turned the knob praying that Julie hadn't locked her door. She hadn't; it opened silently and I could hear the sounds of wet pussy being slurped, along with moans of delight. Taking care not to be seen too soon I slithered into the room and stood still. Julie had her eyes tightly closed and Maggie was too intent on what she was doing to notice the opened door. Carefully I crept up behind Maggie's upturned ass and watched as her middle finger plowed deeply into her fur covered pussy lips. My cock head was completely covered in pre-cum. I spread my legs wide enough to move closer to Maggie's slick cunt without touching her feet hanging off the bed. Aiming my dick at her hole I waited until she pulled her finger out. Without warning I grabbed hold of her hips and rammed seven inches of stiff hot cock into her tight twat. She was trapped in a brother sister sandwich of sorts.

"WHAT THE FUCK!!" she yelled as I began sawing my rod in and out of her furry box like a mad man.

Julie's eyes flew open and glared at me. Instead of telling me to get the fuck out, she grabbed the back of Maggie's head and forced it back down onto her slippery pussy.

"Don't stop Mags, I'm almost there," Julie grunted as Maggie's tongue probed her slit again.

Maggie must have like the feel of my cock in her, because her cunt clamped down, and I could see more and more wetness on my rod each time I pulled back. With each push forward I managed to sink a little bit more cock into her, until eight inches was slipping in and out comfortably. Julie began bucking her hips against Maggie's face causing the slurping

noises to sound wetter than before. When Maggie's ass started pushing back on me I increased the tempo of my thrusts to match hers.

"Fuck! I'm cummmiiiiinnnnngggg," Julie moaned.

"OHHHH SHIT!!" Maggie groaned, her own orgasm triggered by Julie's.

"WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THREE THINK YOU'RE DOING," Mom's booming voice came from the opened doorway.

Three sets of terrified eyes darted toward the door. My cock deflated faster than a tire that had ran over a police spike strip. Julie squealed and Maggie swung herself over on her side, leaving my wet deflating rod sinking toward the floor as all three of us stared at the doorway. Mom stood there glaring in disbelief at what she was seeing. She had on her work clothes; white blouse, knee length skirt, and her eyeglasses dangled from the chain around her neck. She did not look happy at all. Maggie was the first to move. She hopped off the bed, grabbed her clothes and started getting dressed while slinking past Mom in the doorway. She blabbered apologies all the way to the front door; before the sound of burning rubber told us she was gone. That left Julie and I to face Mom's wrath alone.

"Go to your room Tucker. Your sister and I are going to talk," Mom said before looking down at my limp tool.

"And Tucker."

"Yes Mom?"

"Stay there."

"Okay," I replied hanging my head as I edged my naked body past hers.

Trembling with fear but safely back in my room I dressed in my bathrobe and waited for the shit to hit the fan. I thought something was wrong when I didn't hear yelling and screaming coming from Julie's room. It wasn't until I saw the computer was recording still that I realized there was a way for me to find out what was going on. Sitting down I opened the running video feed. Mom had sat down on the bed facing the camera and Julie was huddled against the headboard looking scared as hell. I had to put on my headphones and turn the volume to max before I was able to hear what was being said.

"So what have you got to say for yourself," Mom asked in a calm voice.

"I'm sorry Mom. It won't happen again."

"You were having a threesome, and with your brother no less," Mom stated.

"I know and I'm so, so, sorry Mom. Please don't hate me."

"I don't hate you Julie. I just want to understand is all. Are you a lesbian?"

"WHAT? No! No I'm not a lesbian," Julie stammered.

"But I saw what Maggie was doing to you dear," Mom said hesitantly.

"We were just fooling around Mom. Didn't you ever fool around with your girlfriends?"

"Not like that sweetie. We preferred the male species."

"I prefer cock too," Julie blurted out before she could stop herself. Relief washed over her face when Mom started laughing.

Mom then asked her why she had let me join in. I was sure I was dead as soon as Julie told Mom that I had just walked right in and began screwing Maggie. All Mom did was shake her head and say that I had "impulses" that I needed to control. Julie readily agreed.

"Can I ask you something sweetheart," Mom wanted to know.

"You can ask me anything Mom."

"Have you and Tucker..." Mom's face turned red as she left the question unfinished.

"Yes..." Julie's face was as red as Mom's.

"But why? He's your brother sweetie."

"I couldn't resist Mom."

"I don't understand. Couldn't resist what honey?"

Fidgeting Julie answered with a question of her own, "Have you ever seen the size of Tucker's cock Mom?"

"Actually, I have," a dreamy, far-off look was on Mom's face as she answered.

"Then you understand? I mean it's soooo fucking big, I just had to have it in me," Julie whispered anxiously.

"I do understand sweetheart, and yes, Tucker is quite unique in that area. But promise me you won't have sex with your brother anymore. That's incest honey."

"I promise Mom. Besides, I already won my bet."

"What bet," Mom asked puzzled.

"I uh, bet Tucker that I could take all of his thing in me before summer was over," Julie answered uncomfortably.



"And you did? How did it feel," Mom was looking a little flushed as she asked.

"Oh God Mom, you wouldn't believe how good it feels when he's all the way in. I squirt like a broken faucet," the same dreamy look that Mom had had on her face was now on Julie's.

Mom stood up; a little unsteady it looked to me, and before turning toward the door she made Julie promise not to fuck me again. Crap, I whispered after hearing that. I closed the laptop and jumped onto my bed before Mom even got out of Julie's bedroom. My palms were sweaty and my throat was dry as sandpaper as I waited for the knock on my door. The hallway floorboards creaked right next to my room, but the knock I was expecting never came. I exhaled loudly when I heard Mom's footsteps head toward the stairs. I knew this wasn't over. Not by a long shot. I silently prayed that Mom wouldn't say anything to Dad. Twenty minutes passed before I felt safe enough to go take a shower. When I got back to my room the camera was on my bed. Crap, that sucks. No more peeking at Julie during the day. After dressing in my pajamas I headed downstairs for dinner at seven.

Dinner was a somber affair. It seemed as if no one had anything to talk about. My nervousness was increased ten fold by Dad's lack of asking us how our day went, or saying anything for that matter. Did Mom tell him about catching us? Trying to avoid Mom's eyes didn't help either. I was never so happy to see a meal end in all my life. Before we could leave the table Dad cleared his throat and said he had something to tell us. I almost shit my pants then and there.

"I'm going to be gone for a while," he stated.

"Why Daddy," Julie piped in.

"I got a promotion to regional director and I have to attend several seminars and conferences over the next four weeks," he answered proudly. My sphincter relaxed with the news.

"Congratulations Dad," Julie and I managed to say at the same time.

"When do you have to go," I asked, eliciting an odd look from Mom.

"I'll be leaving very early in the morning. Bob is picking me up around five for our flight," he said.

Julie and I were in our spots on the couch when Dad said he was going to bed early. After a handshake for me, and a kiss on the cheek for Julie, he told us he would see us in a few weeks. Mom followed him into their bedroom and closed the door. Julie said she was tired and left me sitting in the front room by myself as she headed up the stairs. I was too keyed up to go to bed so early. Fifteen minutes later I was still searching the channels for something to watch when Mom came out of her bedroom. She had her bathrobe on and her hair was damp, but what really surprised me was when she sat on the couch in Julie's spot instead of her normal seat.

"Mind if I watch some TV with you dear," she asked sweetly.

"I thought you'd want to spend some time with Dad before he goes," I replied.

"Are you kidding, your Father's already asleep," she laughed.

"Oh. Already?"

"Yeah. The man can fall asleep at the drop of a hat." Both of us laughed about that, he was so much like Julie.

"Okay then, what would you like to watch Mom?"

"I don't care baby, whatever you pick is fine with me," she said leaning on the arm of the couch.

There wasn't much to choose from so I left it on a goofy sit-com and settled back. I really couldn't get into the show, but sat there anyway hoping that Mom didn't want to talk about what had happened earlier. I was actually relieved when she swung her feet up into my lap and asked if I would rub them. That probably meant she wasn't mad at me anymore I thought, and that she didn't want to talk. I found out I was wrong as I massaged her small delicate feet.

"You know Tucker, what you and Julie did with each other was wrong. You know that right?"

"YYYes," I stammered, not sure what else to say.

"Can I ask what possessed you to have sex with your own sister?" I could feel her eyes boring into me.

"I..I..I'm not sure," I squeaked.

"Something must have got you going. Are you sure you don't know why you did it," Mom persisted.

"Julie wanted to see my...you know. She had me come to her room, and when she touched it I couldn't help myself," my voice trembled as I told her.

"You couldn't help yourself? Tucker, she's your sister, and what you two did was incest," Mom said, staring into my eyes.

"I know, I know. But she's so hot, just like you. I just couldn't stop myself from wanting to make love to her," I blurted out.

"Like me? You think I'm hot," she asked with a surprised look on her face.

"You are hot Mom," I said.

There was a long pause before she asked, "Do you fantasize about me Tucker?"

"What do you mean," I asked, knowing full well what she meant. My cock started to itch.

"I think you know what I mean young man," she calmly said.

"Sometimes I do," I answered. My dick began to slowly swell.

"Sometimes you do what Tucker?"

"Sometimes I think about you." More swelling.

"When do you think about me?"

"When I...you know," the words hard to get out. The swelling was getting dangerous since her feet were in my lap.

"When you masturbate?"

All I could do was nod my head as I felt the heat rise in my face. Her feet moving around on my lap finished the swelling in my pants. I was now completely hard.

"That's a little too hard sweetie," Mom stated.

"Wh..Wh..What," my heart was beginning to palpitate.

"You're rubbing too hard honey," Mom cried out.

"OH! Sorry," I said, finally noticing how my fingers were digging into the soft flesh of her feet.

Mom stood up and stepped in front of me. I couldn't raise my eyes to hers.

"Look at me Tucker," she said, reaching down and cupping my face in her hands. I looked up.

"We won't talk about this anymore, but I want you to promise me something first," Mom had a small smile on her lips.

"Whatever you want Mom."

"I want you to promise to leave your sister alone. Can you do that for me?"

"Okay."

"Okay, what?"

"I promise I won't fool around with Julie anymore," I answered, inwardly groaning at the idea.

"Good. Now I think I'll go to bed, see you in the morning sweetheart." And with a kiss on my forehead she left.

Five minutes later I was naked in my room wondering if I should choke my chicken before going to bed. I decided not to for some reason. I stuck the camera on my dresser, forgetting that it was still on, and climbed under the covers. Visions of me plowing Maggie's twat while she munched Julie's box roamed freely through my mind as I slept. Only, in my dreams I actually got to squirt load after load of man juice deep into her overheated pussy.

I was up in time to say goodbye to Mom before she went to work. Dad was already on a plane headed back east and I didn't have a clue as to where Julie was. After breakfast I went to my room to get ready for my day. I had several more yards scheduled and wasn't sure how long they would take. Before I left I checked the computer and noticed that the camera was active. When I opened the current file I saw myself sitting at the computer desk staring at the computer. Turning, I saw the camera pointed right at me. I chuckled at the thought of taping myself without even knowing I had. Just for the hell of it I left the camera on and headed off to earn more money for my car.

All of the yards on my list today belonged to old people, so I didn't get to dip my wick into any strange tail. It made the day drag. At the last house I did the old couple insisted that I visit and have some iced tea with them. It was after six pm by the time the old geysers shut their pie holes and let me go. Since it was so close to dinnertime when I got home I stayed downstairs and watched some boob tube. Dinner with just Mom and Julie turned out to be pretty pleasant. We talked about our day, and even had a few laughs about this that and the other thing. Not once did the subject of Julie and my incestuous relationship come up. Mom was in a wonderful mood. After dinner all three of us sat and watched a movie on the couch. Mom sat in-between Julie and I.

They stayed downstairs talking after the show, while I went straight to the shower. With just a towel wrapped around my waist I made it unnoticed back to my room. Idle curiosity made me sit down and scan through the days worth of video. I really didn't expect anything to be on it since I had left. I was wrong once again. After the short clip of me from this morning the video showed Mom enter and stand in the middle of my room and look around. The thought that she was looking for something she had misplaced flew out the window when she sat at the computer. She was in her work clothes so I figured that this was around five this afternoon. Mom knows how to use a computer, and it wasn't long before she spotted the folder on the desktop screen. I was horrified as she looked through the naked pictures of Carla, and even more horrified when she started watching the clips I hadn't deleted. She didn't seem to be too interested in the one of Carla pleasuring herself, but when she came across the one of me fingering Julie her back stiffened and a slight moan filled the air. She watched that one twice. It wasn't until she was watching the threesome she had broken up that I noticed she had her free hand under her skirt. Abruptly she closed the folder and left my room. Hmmm, interesting I mused. Had Mom just gotten aroused by watching us fuck? I created another file and left the camera on, then crawled into bed with a grin on my face.

I was up bright and early the next morning, and after a quick trip for bladder release, I was at the computer checking the new file. The angle I had placed the camera in wasn't the best. It showed part of the computer desk and almost all of my bed. Every time I moved in my sleep the camera switched on, I began to think that I would see nothing more than myself tossing and turning all night. I was astonished when Mom came on the screen. She was bathed in blue light from my TV, letting me know that this was before the three-hour timer had shut it off. She was dressed in her bathrobe, but I could see that most of the buttons down the front were undone. Even in blue her ample cleavage caused my cock to rise up and



take notice. The robe went to the floor so I didn't get to marvel at her shapely legs.

Holding my breath I watched as Mom moved to the side of my bed and stared down at my sleeping form for several minutes. My heart skipped a beat when she bent over and lowered the covers past my naked Johnson. I must have just started having an erotic dream because my cock began to grow on the screen. Mom put one hand over her mouth, her other one floated down the front of her robe and stopped when it reached her mound. The hand over her mouth moved down between the upper folds of her robe and onto her tit. I could just make out the movement of her fingers as they stretched and pulled on her hard nipple. Movement from her other hand drew my attention to her lower half. Her hand was buried inside her robe where I couldn't see what it was doing, but I could imagine. The intensity of her fingers plucking at her nipple, and the back and forth swaying of her hips told me everything I needed to know. Mom was masturbating while watching my dreaming cock expand to its full length. When Mom's mouth opened in a wide circle and she began to shake, I shot a load of jism under the computer desk. I was shocked from the release. I hadn't even realized that I had been spanking my monkey the whole time.

It was disheartening to watch the rest of the video after Mom bolted from my room. I must have gotten chilly because the covers that Mom hadn't bothered pulling back up were suddenly over me again. All that remained on the clip was of me moving sporadically around the rest of the night. It was awkward cleaning up my mess. Not only had I spooGED great globs of gunk on the floor, but I had also spunked the wall.

Mom was drinking coffee at the dinning table already dressed for work when I got downstairs. She jumped a little when I caught her off-guard

and came up behind her, put my hands on her shoulders and kissed the top of the head.

"Morning Mom, sleep alright without Dad next to you," I asked, heading over and getting some coffee of my own.

"I slept great," she replied her face coloring a bit.

"You didn't get lonely in that big bed," I asked taking a seat across from her.

"It was actually nice having it all to myself for a change," she said, her eyes asking where I was going with this line of questioning.

"So, since Dad won't be here, are we still going to barbeque this weekend," I change the subject.

"I don't think so. It's just going to be the two of us anyway."

"What? Why?"

"Julie and Maggie are driving over to the coast and staying with some friends for a week."

"When are they doing that," I asked nonchalantly.

"Saturday morning sometime," she answered.

Hmmm. Interesting.

"Isn't it next week that you have off Mom?"

"Yes. A whole week of lying around doing nothing, I can't wait," she said smiling widely.

Neither could I. The rest of the day took its sweet-ass time in going by. I knocked off two more yards on my list, but no pussy. Before I went home for the day I stopped and rented one of Mom's favorite romantic movies. After showering I changed into the baggiest sweats I owned and went downstairs, my dangling dick swinging freely in my pants leg. By supertime my stash of nut butter was at full capacity. After we ate I showed Mom the movie I had rented. She was overjoyed and said we would watch it after she took her shower. While she did that I ran up to my room and splashed some cologne on my face. Just enough to give off a subtly hint.

Julie didn't want to sit through a movie; she wanted to plan what to take on her trip instead. That was fine by me. I was already seated when Mom came out of her room wearing the blue nightshirt that was a clone to Julie's. As she walked to the couch my rod began growing from the way her huge breasts jiggled under the cotton material. Instead of sitting next to me as I'd hoped, she took a seat in Julie's spot and relaxed with her feet neatly tucked under herself. The nightshirt rode up and offered my wandering eyes a fairly nice view of Mom's thighs. Before I could get the movie started Mom asked me to fix her a glass of wine. Walking into the kitchen and back with her drink was a little difficult; my dick was

creeping down my pants leg and becoming obvious. Mom didn't say anything, but by the expression on her face I could tell she had noticed the bulge.

Halfway through the movie, and two more glasses of wine, Mom asked if she could lay with her head in my lap. Of course I had no objections to that idea. Once she got comfortable on her side I didn't know what to do with my hand. I had one on the arm of the couch but it soon became uncomfortable to have my other one stretched over the back of it. Mom must have sensed my discomfort.

"What's wrong honey," she looked up and asked.

"My arms getting stiff," I told her.

Reaching up she grabbed my hand and put it on her stomach.

"Better?"

"Much. Thanks Mom," I said feeling more blood rushing to my groin.

Mom kept my hand pinned to her stomach until she decided to place both of hers under her head for cushioning. What she didn't realize was that the tips of her fingers were resting right on my shaft. Something else she didn't realize was that by lying in the position she was in her nightshirt had ridden up almost to her hips. I could just make out the smooth soft flesh of her upper thigh. I let fifteen minutes pass before I couldn't help myself and worked my hand over until it was resting on her hip. I don't

think Mom even noticed since my hand wasn't touching bare skin. My dick noticed though, and showed its appreciation by stretching to its full length. I wasn't sure if it was my over active imagination or what, but I could have sworn that I felt Mom's fingertips move against my pole. As casually as I could I began to softly rub Mom's hip with my fingertips.

There was maybe twenty minutes left in the movie when Mom suddenly shifted onto her back with her knees up. Her movement had caused my hand to slide onto the front of her body right over her mound. Glancing down towards her legs I saw that they were completely exposed; the nightshirt had fallen down to her crotch. My hand was frozen in place and I expected her to tell me to move it. When she didn't say anything I looked at her face and saw that her eyes were closed. She had fallen asleep.

As if my hand had a mind of its own, my fingers began working the hem of Mom's nightshirt up until I felt pubic hair. I screamed in silent joy as I discovered that she wasn't wearing any panties. I kept my eyes on her face, her beautiful peaceful face, just in case she wasn't asleep. Millimeter by millimeter I slid my hand lower, until the tip of my middle finger was resting on the hood of Mom's clit. She let out a sigh as my finger made contact with her bare skin. I could actually feel Mom's clit grow as I very softly rubbed it back and forth. The longer I played with it, the bigger it got. I had been playing with her for barely two minutes when her hips started to move a little. A couple of minutes after that she clamped her thighs together and let out a soft moan. Scared that I had woken her I yanked my hand back up to the back of the couch. It was a good thing too, because her eyes opened at the same time.

"Did I fall asleep," she asked me.

"Just for a few minutes," I assured her.

"Mmm, I was having such a good dream," she said yawning.

When she went to sit up she saw how much of herself was exposed. She looked over at me while rearranging her nightshirt. There was a look in her eyes that I couldn't read.

"Oh shoot. The movie's over?"

"Just a couple more minutes is all," I said avoiding looking at her.

"In that case I'm going to turn in. Goodnight dear." She stood, kissed my cheek, and went to her room.

"Night Mom, sweet dreams," I called out to her before her door closed.

I tried to stay awake. I really did. Unfortunately for me, the next time I opened my eyes it was morning. I sprang out of bed and opened the file from last night without even taking time to bleed my lizard. I wanted to see if I had had another nocturnal visit from Mom. I had. It was exactly like the other one, except this time she was in her nightshirt instead of her robe. She stood over me rubbing her cunt while staring at my cock. Watching the screen, I started to wonder if I always had a hard on at night. This one was a beauty, all long and hard lying flat on my stomach. Mom must have liked it. When she came this time, she shook a lot more than she had in the other clip. I rushed to the bathroom instead of making a mess on the floor this time. By the end of the week, I had three clips of Mom visiting my room at night. The last one was by far the best. Mom had actually reached down and touched my cock right before she got off.

## Tag Teamed

I had gotten up early Saturday morning, about five-thirty, and had just finished watching the last clip of Mom sneaking into my room when a noise in the hall caught my attention. Thinking it might be Mom I quickly closed the folder, but couldn't do anything about the raging hard-on sticking through the fly of my pajama bottoms. I tried in vain to cover it with my hands as my door swung open. It was Julie, and she had mischief written all over her face. She was dressed in the same summer dress she had put on the other day, and yes, I could just make out the light brown of her areolas through the thin material. My dick swelled even more. She shut the door behind her, locked it, and turned to stare at me as her tongue licked her lips.

"Don't say a word," she commanded as she swivelled the chair and me in her direction.

"What are you up to," I asked, my now uncovered cock sticking out and up in my lap.

Her intentions became clear when she told me to shut up and hiked her dress above her hips. She wasn't wearing any panties. In one swift motion she grabbed my rod, straddled my lap facing me, and sank down until my entire prick was buried in her cunt. Wasting no time, she began riding me with abandon. Up and down, she bounced, going faster and faster until I could feel my seed getting ready to leave my balls. Three more bounces and I was spurting spunk into her like a fire hose.

"OH GOD!" she wailed through clinched teeth as her orgasm crested.

All I could do was sit there dumbfounded as she backed off my pole, then stood in front of me with her legs spread letting our fluids drip to the floor.

"Sorry bro. I just had to have that big damn dick in me one more time before I go," was the only explanation she offered.

"I promised Mom that we wouldn't do this again," I said as drops of sperm dripped out of the end of my dick.

"Oh, grow a pair Tucker. This will be our little secret," she snarled, using my discarded t-shirt to wipe the cum from her coochie.

Had my own sister just raped me? The question bugged me as I stared at the door she had just went out. My mind told me that you can't rape the willing, so the answer must be no, she hadn't. Using the t-shirt that Julie had, I cleaned up the mess that had dripped out of her cunt and made a mental note to do laundry before my room started to smell like a whorehouse. With my empty balls hanging between my legs I headed naked to the shower. I was drying my hair with my bath towel, not paying any attention as I headed back to my room naked when I ran right into Mom. She had just stepped out of Julie's room and had her back to me when we collided. One of her hands flew back behind her and landed square on my dangling dick. Her fingers squeezed my rod in a soft grip for a fraction of a second before dropping it like a hot potato. Mom's eyes were as wide as saucers when she spun around to face me, and I knew that she had realized what she had just grabbed.



"Oh my God Tucker, I didn't mean to touch...why are you naked out in the hall?"

"I didn't think anyone was awake yet," I lied; hastily throwing the towel around my waist, but not before Mom got a good look at my junk.

She had turned and shot down the stairs as if the boogieman were behind her. Her telling me to be a little more discreet in the future echoed in my head when I reached the sanctity of my room. I could still feel the touch of her fingers on my penis as I got dressed. Today was the day I started doing Mrs. Babcock's yard so I put on jeans, a tank top and sneakers. When I opened my door, Julie was coming out of her room with a suitcase in her hand. She gladly accepted my offer to take it down for her, going so far as to give me a peck on the lips as a thank you.

Maggie was in fine form when she arrived to pick up Julie. When she saw me sitting on the couch, she opened her mouth and stuck her finger in. I wasn't sure if she meant she was going to throw up, or if she wanted to suck my dick. It wasn't until I gave her a smirk, and she acted like she was retching, that I figured it out. Julie came out of Mom's room, gave me a wink, then her and Maggie were off for fun in the sun. I didn't have to be at Mrs. Babcock's until noon so I hung around and watched TV.

At ten Mom finally came out of her room dressed in her floor length robe and went into the kitchen. Wanting to apologize I followed her. We both fixed a cup of coffee and sat at the dining table across from each other. She seemed to have trouble looking at me.

"I want to say I'm sorry about this morning Mom. I won't walk around naked any more I promise," I told her.

Looking over the rim of her cup she said, "And I promise not to accidentally touch your thingy again." Our mutual laughter eased the tension we were both feeling.

"So, what are your plans for today Mom?"

"Well, I have to go shopping this morning sometime, but this afternoon I thought I'd take in a little sun. Gotta work on that tan you know," she answered over her cup.

"If you can wait until after four, I'll order us a pizza and put some sunscreen on you," I told her, hoping I didn't sound too anxious.

"We'll see, but why after four?"

I told her about the yard work and how I wasn't sure how long it would take, since I hadn't done this one before. She seemed to be okay with waiting and told me; yes she did when I asked if she planned on wearing her new swimsuit. I wanted to call Mrs. Babcock and cancel for today but knew Dad would be pissed when he found out. He didn't like it when I didn't hold up my agreements. I sat around until almost noon hoping that Mrs. Babcock would call and cancel instead. She didn't. Grudgingly I pulled out my mower and headed to her house. I wasn't too thrilled about the location she lived in; it was next door to the Ellison's.

It must have slipped Dad's mind, but I had met Mrs. Babcock a couple of times at the bank. He just didn't remember was all I could figure. I had forgotten how pretty she was though. When she answered her door I was

stunned by her feminine charm. Her long brunette hair was up in a bun at the back of her head, and her coal black eyes appeared warm and inviting. She was dressed in a severe charcoal gray woman's business suit; a blazer, skirt and white shirt with ruffles around the high collar. She was barefoot but had on light brown stockings and stood maybe five-five. The suit couldn't hide the fact that she was slim and her chest was fair sized, but not too big. From previous meetings I estimated her boobs to be in the 36C category. Something else I knew about her was her husband had died of a heart attack seven years ago. They had never had any kids.

She informed me that I wouldn't need my mower; all she wanted done today was have some weeds pulled from around her back fence. I left the mower parked by her garage hoping it would still be there when I was done. Taking my hand she led me through a spacious living room then past the dining room to the patio door facing her back yard. Her back yard was beautiful. The only patch of grass wasn't much bigger than a large car and was neatly trimmed, and there was an abundance of flowers growing around the fence line. The large pool off the patio took up most of her yard and had several loungers around it. Three were directly in the sun and two more sat under the awning on the patio itself. What really amazed me most was the eight-foot tall brick fence that completely walled in the yard. No nosy neighbors here I could tell. What she told me she wanted done didn't seem like it would take any time at all.

"I had a meeting this morning, so I'm gonna get out of these clothes. If you have any questions feel free to ask," with that she left me to it.

Less than thirty minutes later I was halfway finished when she came out with two tall glasses of iced tea and told me to take a break. There was a wicker table with four chairs on the patio and I was grateful to get out of the sun. She had on a fluffy white terry-cloth robe that went to the floor

and was belted securely around her middle. It revealed nothing of any interest. I was disappointed by that. The least she could do I figured was loosen the top enough for me to get a look at some cleavage. Oh well I sighed, the tea was good anyway. Sitting next to me she crossed her legs, making sure they stayed covered, and stared at me with her smoldering dark eyes before saying anything.

"Did your Dad tell you about the internship Tucker?"

"Yes he did Mrs. Babcock," I replied, feeling a little uncomfortable from her piercing gaze.

"Irene. That's my name Tucker, no need to be so formal here," she chuckled.

"Irene. That's a nice name," I said shyly.

"Not to pressure you, but have you thought about it," she questioned.

"The internship? Sure, I'm really thinking about it." I hadn't thought one iota about it since Dad had mentioned it.

"Good. It comes with lots of benefits. A scholarship for business school, a position with the bank when you finish, and best of all, you get to work with me a lot," she laughed.

"I'd like that," I said returning her stare.

"Great. You look like you're getting hot out in the sun. Why don't you finish up and take a dip when you're done," she pointed at the pool saying, "I keep the water real cool."

"I can't. I didn't bring any shorts," I told her.

"Just swim in your underwear."

"I don't wear them," embarrassment clear on my face.

"Oh. In that case just go nude. I promise I won't look, and I'm sure you will enjoy the water," she was insistent.

"Are you sure its okay? I think I might be a little uncomfortable with that," I was a little uneasy by the look she was now giving me.

"It'll be fine. I'm expecting my friend Mabel soon. We'll be in the front room where we can't see you, so go ahead and jump in, cool off, and then come inside to get paid," she sounded like she was ordering me to.

She didn't give up until I told her I would, just as the doorbell chimed. With a smile and a pat on the cheek she went inside leaving me to finish my work. Her insistence of me getting into the pool kind of made me wonder. Was she planning on spying on me, or was there some other reason? I pushed the thoughts out of my head and returned to what I was here for. Twenty-five minutes later I was done, and very hot. Standing by the pool looking at the patio door and not seeing anyone, I said what the

hell and stripped. She had been telling the truth, the water was cool, but not cold. Splashing around the water did have a nice effect on my hot shoulders so I stayed in longer than I realized. After swimming to the bottom of the deep end, my dork flapping about, I surfaced to find two people standing at the edge of the pool watching me. One was Irene and the other I assumed was her friend Mabel.

Mabel turned out to be Mrs. Ellison, and she had the biggest smile on her face that I'd ever seen on a person. She reminded me of a fish that had just spotted a nice juicy fat worm. Even though I'd bumped uglies with her a year ago, I had no idea what her first name was. I did now. They both had on the same terry-cloth robes that covered them from neck to feet. It didn't take a mental giant to figure out that they were naked under them either. I was getting a little nervous by the way they just stood there staring, not saying anything.

"Uh...I'm sorta naked in here ladies," I told them with a catch in my throat.

"We know," they answered in unison, their eyes twinkling with excitement.

"Could you turn around so I can get out," I asked, knowing that wasn't going to happen.

"No!" again they answered together.

"What are you two up too," I asked them, my arms getting tired of treading water.

"We thought we'd join you for a game of tag," Irene announced.

"Tag?"

"Yeah, water tag. I think you'll like the way we play," Irene continued to be the spokesperson.

With just my head bobbing above the water I watched with widening eyes as both women untied their robes and shrugged them off their shoulders. Automatically my mind began making comparisons of the two naked women; my dick just started growing. Irene's hair was still in a bun but Mabel's hung down to her shoulders in waves. Where Mabel's tits sagged slightly and were capped with dark brown nipples, Irene's stood out firmly with pinkish-brown ones. Both sets of nipples were hard and pointy. My cock grew longer. Each woman had a slender figure and I could see they had trimmed their pubs quite short. Irene had gone the extra mile and shaped hers into a heart design. Another thing that caught my eye was their skin color. Mabel was a pasty white, contrasting greatly to Irene's golden bronze tan. My cock was now a torpedo in the cool water.

Before I could say anything else both women jumped into the pool. Irene landed at my side and Mabel sank below the water right in front of me. Suddenly the head of my dick started getting very warm. I found out why when I craned my neck and gazed below the surface. Mabel had caught the worm. She had a lip lock on my cock as she struggled to remain submerged, and Irene was now behind me rubbing her firm tits against my back. As soon as Mabel surfaced, Irene dove under and sucked four inches of my rod into her mouth. It hadn't even had a chance to cool off before being swallowed again. Irene came up for air by using her hands on my body to pull herself upwards, sliding her body against my front all

the way to the top. When her head was above the water she cupped my face in her hands and stuck her tongue down my throat in a smoldering, passion filled kiss. It took my breath away.

"Tag, you're it," she giggled, and then both women separated away from me.

"So you want to play do you," I said, glancing back and forth between the two.

"We do. But you have to play by our rules," Mabel spoke up.

"Okay. What are the rules?" My arms had forgotten how tired they were getting.

"You can only use your mouth to tag us, and it has to be either on the ass or on our pussies," Irene explained floating further away from me.

"I'm not sure I understand," I said being deliberately stupid.

"I'll demonstrate," and with that Irene sank below the surface, swam over to Mabel and ran her tongue up through her slit before coming back up.

"Tag, you're it Mabel," she giggled as she splashed away as fast as she could.



I was too engrossed in watching Irene's tits sticking up out of the water to notice Mabel approaching me under the surface. I notice however when she clamped her lips on my dick and gave it a hard suck before swimming away. Okay, I can get into this I told myself as I dropped below the surface and let my eyes adjust to the pool water. I could hold my breath for a good while and each time I surfaced, I had managed to force both women further into the shallow end of the pool. I caught Irene first. She was scissoring her legs in order to stay afloat and I timed it where I could come up between them when they were spread. As soon as my mouth landed on her cunt I pushed my tongue into her slit and over her clit, locking my lips over the tiny bud for a few seconds before releasing it. She was still moaning when I surfaced.

The game went on for maybe thirty minutes with me making it easy for the girls to catch me. I was pretty sure they were doing the same. I had to kiss some ass but mainly I was able to slip in-between their legs and lick their pussies quite frequently. I liked that, and judging by their squeals, they did too. My cock was only semi-hard by the time we climbed out and headed over to a group of lounge chairs. Irene's bun had come undone and I was amazed to see that her hair reached the small of her back. Walking half a step behind them I took in the sight of their jiggling butts with a smile on my face and blood flowing back down to my tool. By the time we reached the chairs I was poking straight out like the limb of a mighty oak tree once more.

"Oh my, you really weren't exaggerating were you Mabel," Irene said as soon as her eyes saw the size of my cock.

"Told you," Mabel shot back with a sneer.

"You want to help me put sunscreen on Mabel before she blisters Tucker," Irene asked, still gazing at my erection in wonder.

I told her sure, so we put a towel on one of the loungers in the sun and Mabel stretched out on her front. Irene took Mabel's shoulders while she had me to rub the lotion on her legs and butt. I didn't waste too much time applying the sunscreen to Mabel's legs, I was more interested in rubbing it into her creamy soft ass instead. Slowly my hands worked the lotion into each soft bun until both of them were slick and shiny. When I let my thumb run over her ass hole and dig in a little Mabel politely said, "That's an exit only hole." When she flipped over Irene switched places with me so I could lotion up Mabel's soft drooping breast.

As I straddled Mabel's head in order to reach her boobs without killing my back, she pulled my cock downwards and began to suck it enthusiastically. At the same time, Irene stretched out between Mabel's legs and began to run her tongue between the meaty lips of her cunt. Each time Mabel moaned I could feel it on my cock, the vibration from her mouth sent ripples of pleasure along my entire shaft. Watching Mabel's pussy getting eaten turned me on to the point that I pulled my cock out of her mouth and stepped behind Irene. I tugged on Irene's hips until she was kneeling, then dropped down and buried my face in her furry box. Irene's cunt juices were already flowing as my tongue worked its way from her ass hole to her growing clit in a constant up and down motion. Feverously I plowed her slit with my tongue until the urge to shove my dick into her became overpowering.

With a foot on each side of the lounge I worked my way up until I was able to bend enough to run the head of my penis through her slick lips. Over and over my head parted her fur as I rubbed it back and forth through her puffy outer lips, until it finally slipped into the wetness of her

cunt. She was tight. Damn tight. I really had to push before I could see my prick start to disappear into her heat. First the head disappeared, then one inch, followed by two more, until six inches of my throbbing cock was stuffed into her snugness. It was like having my dick in a vise. A very hot, wet vise. That's enough I told myself, so I began to slowly back out then push back in. Holding onto her hips I soon established a nice smooth in and out motion that her moans told me were just right. I was just getting warmed up when her cunt clamped down and she began to hyperventilate. I thought she was going to break my dick off her pussy was so tight.

"I'M CUMMIINNNGGGG!!!" she screamed, her whole body shaking with her orgasm as she fell forward onto Mabel, yanking my cock out with a wet plopping sound.

On fire with lust, I picked Irene up and moved her to another lounge. Turning her onto her back I spread her legs as wide as I could and crawled between them. Using no finesse what-so-ever I jammed eight inches of hard cock into her steamy wet cunt. Her eyes were glazed over and she grunted as my rod sank into her. After a few minutes of me sliding in and out, her eyes focused and her legs wrapped around my back. With her feet on my ass she threw her arms around my neck and pulled my lips to hers. The kiss she gave me was wet, hard, and full of a lustful hunger. Her hips started bucking up against me as her feet pulled more of me inside her loosening twat. Faster and faster we fucked, deeper and deeper my cock went, the sounds of our sweaty bodies music to my ears. She took it all, and wanted more as I pounded her pussy with a fervor. In and out I rode, my balls slapping her butt each time I plunged down. There was a continuous moan coming from her as she tried to match me thrust for thrust. I felt invincible, I felt magnificent, and I felt like I could fuck this woman all day long without shooting a load. Her body went stiff as a board when she climaxed once more, pushing my entire cock inside with

her feet on my ass. She didn't utter a sound as I felt her cunt muscles ripple up and down my unmoving rod for at least a full minute.

"Get over here and fuck me Tucker," Mabel demanded as Irene's orgasm subsided.

My balls still full, I slowly withdrew my dick from Irene's sopping hole and went over to where Mabel was frantically pumping three fingers into her own cunt. She was soaked and loose, all of my cock slid into her in one easy push. It was actually more comfortable on my dick after being damn near squeezed off by Irene's insanely tight twat. This was not the Mrs. Ellison that I knew. This lady was hot in the crotch. Wet and hot. She went wild on my ass, bucking and thrashing under me like she hadn't been fucked in forever. My back was giving out and my speed was slowing when she told me to change positions. Lying on my back she mounted my dick and began battering my balls with the downward plunges she was making. With her hands on my shoulders, her arms locked straight, she pounded me into the lounge.

"You go girl," Irene shouted encouragement as she watched the frenzied fucking Mabel was unleashing on me.

I was unable to hold onto her hips for very long so I moved my hands to her dangling tits. Pinching her hard nipples seemed to only make her go faster. There was so much cream leaking from her cunt that it coated my balls and began to run down the crack of my ass. I felt it immediately. That sensational feeling when a woman unloads around your shaft. Mabel was a squirter. Wave after wave of hot, wet fluid washed down my shaft, slid around my balls and into my ass crack. My butt hole was swimming in cunt cream, but Mabel continued to ride the train.

"Oh my god. Oh my God. OH MY GOD!" Mabel wailed as her orgasm went on and on.

She collapsed on my chest, her small soft tits mashed warmly against my skin as tremors ran through her body. She lay there not moving, just breathing real hard as I began to pump my still hard dick into her saturated tunnel. I needed release. My balls felt like they were on fire. She moaned and moaned as her limp body bounced from the force I was using to shove my rock hard dick into her. What's wrong? Why can't I come I wondered? Irene got off her lounge and walked over and tapped Mabel's shoulder. Mabel sat up, climbed off of me dropping a wad of cream on my stomach, and sat down where Irene had been.

"Tag," she said as Irene held my cock up and sank her pussy down on it.

"Tag?" I somehow asked, my mind hazy.

"Irene and I are tag teaming you Tucker. Don't you ever watch wrestling," Mabel's voice came through the haze.

"Yeah sweetie. That tea I gave you had a little something, something to keep you going. Hope you don't mind," Irene said as she began to slowly rock on my cock.

I could feel everything their cunts did to my cock. Squeezing it, massaging it, soaking it in woman batter. I could feel it all, and it felt great. I just couldn't come, and my arms felt too heavy to lift. I don't know how long this went on. Ten minutes? Twenty? An hour or more, I just didn't know. I had no sense of time. All I did know was that the women would ride me

until the other one came over and "Tagged" them. How many times each one had gotten off was unclear also. Judging by the slickness in my butt crack I would have to guess, a lot.

Very gradually my mind began to clear and my arms no longer felt like they were tied down. Mabel was bouncing on my dick with her back to my face when the familiar tightening in my balls let me know I was close. Reaching up I grabbed Mabel by the upper arms and pulled her down on top of me. With her back resting on my chest, I raised my knees for leverage and began hammering my cock into her well-fucked cunt. I was using so much force my balls actually slapped her clit with each thrust. With my arms wrapped around her chest, my fingers pulling painfully on her nipples, I savagely pumped and pumped my pole into her pussy. The moment arrived. Irene squealed in delight as she watched my balls loosen and go slack from the loss of nut butter I was injecting into Mabel.

"OH FUCK YEAH!!!" I hollered as the river of sperm swam up my pipe and mingled with the frothy cream of Mabel's quivering cunt.

"FUUUCCCCCKKKKKK!!!" Mabel's intensity equaled mine.

"You win Mabel!" Irene shouted with glee, clapping at the same time.

"Told you I would," a panting Mabel said.

"Win what," I asked, tenderly holding Mabel against my heaving chest.

"We bet on who would be riding you when you squirted. Mabel won," Irene informed me, then said, "This time."

I just laid there after Mabel climbed off, uncertain as to what had just happened. Had I been raped or what? If so, that would make twice in one day. First by my sister, and then by two sex-starved middle-aged women. Shit yes, life was good. It got better when the women brought out a basin of warm soapy water, a washcloth, and thoroughly cleaned my nether region, including my butt crack. After they finished with that they took turns giving me the most wonderful massage I'd ever had. I felt like a pampered pony by the time they were through, even though my dick was sore. Irene told me that the stuff she put in my tea only lasted a short time and wouldn't harm me in any way. It was something her pharmacist cousin had come up with several years ago she said. All it did was prevent a man from ejaculating for a while. I learned that the "for a while" was closer to two hours.

"How many times have you used that stuff," I asked Irene.

"You're the first actually. I didn't want to waste it on a normal sized cock. When Mabel told me about yours, I had to give it a try. Are you mad at us?"

"No, not really. But you didn't have to use that, I would've fucked you ladies for as long as you wanted without it," I told her.

Mabel went into the house and came back in a few minutes fully dressed. She was wearing the same dress she'd had on the first time I'd fucked her. The breeze caught the bottom of the housedress and lifted it up enough

for me to catch a glimpse of pink panties. Unbelievably my dick started to swell a little. Both women noticed it twitching.

"I have to be getting home," Mabel announced with a look of disappointment on her face.

After Mabel left, Irene got on her knees in front of me and asked if I would like her to fix the swelling in my dick. Not only was she one of the tightest pussies I'd ever had the pleasure to fuck; she was also one fine cocksucker. It only took her nine minutes to make me shoot a load down her throat. She told me that if I took the internship she could have lunch under my desk a couple of times a week. It was a no brainer; of course I would take the internship I said. When it was time for me to go she handed me an envelope with four hundred dollars in it. She explained that she paid once a month for services, so I was now obligated to do her at least three more times in the coming month. She didn't mention anything about yard work.

As soon as I got home I ordered a pizza, it always seemed to take them forty minutes to deliver, put a bottle of Mom's wine in the fridge and went up and took a shower. I put on my swim trunks thinking that Mom wanted me to put sunscreen on her this afternoon. I went downstairs dressed in just my trunks and hunted for her. She wasn't out by the pool so I went and knocked on her bedroom door. She answered the door in her new swimsuit. My eyes got big, as well as my sore dick from the sight of her. A wolf-whistle came out of my mouth before I could stop it.

"Ready to catch some rays," I asked while trying not stare too hard.



"No. I was just trying to get used to this suit. I'm not too thrilled the way it rides up my butt," she replied a small smile on her face.

"It doesn't ride up your butt Mom. It looks great on you. Turn around and let me see." I was pretty sure that wasn't going to happen.

Okay, so I was wrong. She turned her back to me and my penis lurched. The small triangle of material sat perfectly on her marvelous cheeks. It didn't hide much, but it didn't ride up her crack either. A look of relief came over her face when I told her it looked fantastic.

"Sure you don't want to sun bathe?"

"Not this late in the day. Old man Crenshaw likes to be nosey when we're out there in the evenings," she said.

"Why'd you put your suit on then," I asked curious.

"Just trying to get used to wearing it. I feel naked in it," she blushed.

"If I may be so bold Mom. You have a killer body, and that suit looks absolutely fantastic on you. If it didn't, I'd tell you wouldn't I," I assured her for my own selfish reasons.

"You sure," she asked, running her hands across her torso while looking down at herself.

"Positive! How about this. Wear the suit in the house the rest of the evening so you can get used to how it feels." I was going for broke.

"It wouldn't bother you having me walking around almost nude?"

"I could look at you all day long in that and never get bothered Mom. You're gorgeous, and that's a fact." I hoped I hadn't over done it with that statement.

"Well okay, I'll give it a try. But no lecherous looks from you young man," she told me with a chuckle.

"I promise." The word liar bounced around inside my head in big bold letters.

"Who could that be," she asked, stepping back into her room at the sound of the doorbell.

"Relax Mom, I ordered a pizza."

She came out of her room after the delivery guy left and followed me into the kitchen. It was nice having Mom all to myself as we ate. She passed on the wine, settling for soda instead. When I told her that I had decided to accept the internship at the bank she came around the dinning table and gave me a big hug. The feel of her boobs pressing into me had the usual effect, my dick expanded. It expanded even more as I watched her ass when she returned to her seat. We sat there talking about everything under the sun, except about Julie and I, until shortly after seven. I learned

a lot about Mom in that time. For one, she told me she had been a problem child to her parents, much like Julie was today. Never listening to what they told her, and always wanting to explore things she shouldn't. I tried to get her to elaborate but failed; she said there were some things a son didn't need to know about. When I pushed it, she changed the subject. I decided on a new tactic.

"How about we go for a swim Mom," I asked, all wide eyed and innocent looking.

"I've already told you that Mr. Crenshaw makes me uneasy. It's like he can see through my clothes the way he looks at me, and Julie for that matter." I almost spit out the swallow of soda I was taking when she said this.

"He is creepy isn't he? How about I go see if he's out there, if he isn't then we can go for a nice dip."

"I don't know honey," she hesitated.

"Please. It'll be fun. Just you and me in that big pool, we can play tag or something," I pleaded.

"Tag huh? Oh, okay. But only if he's not out and about," she gave in.

Looking around, and over the fence into the Crenshaw's yard I didn't spot Mr. Creepy anywhere. Mom was skeptical but grabbed the towel I offered and followed me out to the pool anyway. She was the first one in, making

a beautiful splashless dive into the deep end. I almost rammed my head into her ass as I surfaced; I had followed her in so quickly.

Tapping her on her ass I said, "Tag, you're it."

By the time she spun around I was already at the bottom of the pool looking up at her legs as they scissored back and forth keeping her afloat. The water had done its magic once more on her swimsuit. I could clearly see the hair that covered my Mother's pussy, dark brown and contrasting nicely with the white of her bottoms. I had been under too long and was forced to surface, water blurring my vision as I hunted for her. I spotted her a split second later. She had dived and was coming up from underneath with one arm extended in front of her. She was going for the tag. I'm pretty sure that she was aiming for my butt, however I had other ideas. The legs of my trunks floated away from my skin and just when she reached upwards I twisted. Her hand traveled up my pants leg and landed right on the head of my cock. Bubbles of air broke the surface as she opened her mouth in total surprise. When her head was out of the water she was sputtering.

"You cheated!" she managed to say after catching her breath.

"I didn't tell you?"

"Tell me what," she asked.

"All's fair in this game Mom," I snickered; relieved she hadn't come up all pissed off.

"It is huh? Okay," she had the same evil grin that Julie gets.

Before I could react she propelled herself down feet first grabbing my trunks as she sank and yanking them to my knees. She smacked my bare butt before swimming away, leaving Captain Winky floating free and proud.

"Tag, you're it," Mom shouted from the shallow end, her dark nipples visible in the waning light of the evening.

I love that suit I told myself as I pulled my trunks back over my hips. I told her it was on like Donkey Kong and dove under heading for my prey like a horny shark. It turns out Mom's like greased lightning in the water, she swam circles around me pulling my trunks down three more times without me even touching her once. It was completely dark by the time we both said enough. I conceded graciously, and after we dried ourselves a little, grabbed our towels and followed Mom back to the house. I talked her out of changing right away, telling her she would get used to the suit faster by leaving it on. I didn't add that I was having a ball being able to see her nipples and bush. I spread our damp towels down on the couch and told her to find something to watch while I got us something to drink. She seemed grateful when I brought her a large glass of chilled wine.

"Just what this old lady needs to relax," she purred, downing half the glass in one swallow.

"You're not old Mom," I insisted.

"Yeah, right," was her come back.

I don't think either of us knew what was on the TV. Mom was too absorbed in thought and I was too absorbed in sneaking peeks at her chest to watch a lame show. When she killed off her first glass I volunteered to get her some more. She told me to bring the bottle and turn off the overhead lights on my way back. I left the kitchen light on and threw the front room into shadows by turning off those lights. I could still make out the roundness of her areolas in the semi darkness but her suit was drying fast. We stayed on our own side of the couch, watching a bunch of crap for over an hour before Mom said she was going to bed. She took the nearly empty bottle of wine with her. I went up and yanked my sore crank before falling into a deep, disturbing sleep. I kept dreaming that a horde of women was raping me; all of them looked like Mom.

## Wine and Roses

Sunday morning started out on a down note. There was no new video of Mom coming into my room. I checked. I also checked the camera thinking that maybe something was wrong with it. There wasn't, it was working just fine. The only logical conclusion was that Mom hadn't come in and masturbated last night. Bummer. I showered and went downstairs in my pajamas. The house was empty. I ate breakfast in the front room; more coco puffs. Bored, I wandered around the house for a bit and then went outside to the pool area. It was while I was staring at the flowerbeds that an idea came to me. I ran to the garage and returned with a small pair of Mom's bush trimmers. Carefully I cut three red roses leaving the stems long enough to put in a vase. I sat the vase of flowers on the dining room table and went back to my room. There I fashioned a hand written card and got dressed in my work clothes. I had obligations this morning. On my way out of the house I placed the card against the vase. It read, "Dear Mom, I love you."

I finished my last yard at four o'clock. On my way home I stopped by the only florist open on a Sunday, actually it was the only one in town, and paid to have a small bouquet of red roses delivered to my house every morning for the rest of the week. The lady taking my order was genuinely touched by what I told her I wanted on the card. She told me that I was sweet. I wanted to say, "If you only knew Lady," but didn't. When I stopped by Johnny's, Carla was more than happy to go to the store and buy several bottles of Mom's favourite wine. I paid of course. She wasn't too happy when I told her that I didn't have time to stay after she got back from the store. With a promise to come over soon she let me go without too much disappointment on her face. Lugging home a bag with five bottles of wine in it, and pushing my mower was almost as strenuous as the yard work I'd done today.

Mom's car was in the garage when I got home, but I didn't see her when I went in and stashed the wine in the pantry. I saw that the roses were still where I had put them but the card was gone. I smiled. I put one bottle in the fridge and headed over to Mom's bedroom door. Before I knocked I could hear the shower running in her bathroom so I went upstairs and took one of my own. My body was clean but there wasn't anything I could do about the dirty thoughts that roamed my brain. I didn't want too either. At five-thirty I put on my only suit, a black pin stripe with wide lapels, black silk shirt and tie and black loafers. I even went so far as to put on some boxer-briefs hoping they would contain my beast if it got too excited. When I went downstairs, I didn't see Mom. Going over to her bedroom I knocked. She answered wearing her floor length housecoat.

"Wow! Don't you look handsome," she said after noticing what I was wearing.

"Got a hot date," she asked.

"I hope so," I replied slyly.

"Is she anyone I know?"

"Yes," I said failing to elaborate.

"Well, who is she Tucker," Mom's interest was peaked.

Smiling broadly I said, "You."



"Me?"

"That's right Mom. We have reservations for dinner at The Palms, and afterwards we're going to see the new release of your favorite movie," I told her beaming with enthusiasm.

"Oh honey, The Palms? That place is expensive," a worried look was on her face.

"Not to worry, I've got it covered. So you, young lady, get dolled up and I'll pick you up in thirty minutes," my cavalier attitude had her laughing.

Playing along she said, "But I don't know what to wear. That place is awful fancy."

"Wear something sexy," I said blushing slightly. "Oh, there's one other thing."

"And what would that be," her eyes twinkled as she asked.

"You'll have to drive. My Rolls is in the shop."

After she quit laughing she looked at me and said with a serious tone, "Are you really asking me out on a date?"

"Yes I am. You deserve a night out so get cracking, times a wasting."

"Aren't you the forceful one? Alright, give me a few minutes Mr. Big Spender," she had a huge smile on her face as she closed the door.

I was as nervous as a cat while I sipped my soda and waited for her on the couch. Good to her word, she emerged twenty minutes later. My jaw dropped to the floor when I saw her. The dress she was wearing had a gauzy black material that covered her shoulders and arms, the neckline plunged just enough to show her ample cleavage without being trashy. Her hair and makeup were perfect. Bright red lipstick adorned her lips. Her six- inch black heels accentuated the muscles in her legs covered by sheer black nylons. To top it off, the triple strand of cultured pearls around her neck added just the right amount of class to her outfit. She was clutching a small handbag as she stepped over to where I was drooling.

"You like," she asked, turning all the way around to give me the whole effect.

"Oh yeah," I blubbered between drools.

"It doesn't show too much of the girls, does it?"

"Not at all. You look great," more drool as my eyes feasted on the "girls."

The Palms was one of the swankier eateries in town, but you didn't really need a reservation to get in, I'd just said that to impress Mom. Why it was named the way it was had me baffled; there wasn't a palm tree in sight. Once we were seated our waiter fawned over Mom, asking her if she wanted this or that, obviously reluctant to leave. I knew what was on his

mind. Eat your heart out fucker, this lady's mine. Mom hadn't brought her reading glasses so she had me pick something for her. I chose the most expensive item on the menu, fresh Maine lobster, another one of Mom's favorites. I ordered myself a juicy t-bone. I was batting a thousand with the choices I'd made so far; Mom was obviously pleased. Go team Tucker I proudly patted myself on the back.

"What made you think about this Tucker," Mom asked halfway through our meal.

Reaching across the table I took her hand and told her, "I love you, and I wanted to show you how grateful I am for all the things you do for me."

"That's so sweet," she had mist in her eyes, "And thank you for the flowers this morning."

She was gracious enough not to mention that she knew where I'd gotten them. It was the thought that counted she'd always told me. I left our waiter a thirty percent tip; Mom left him with a chubby in his pants. I hoped he used some of the tip for hand lotion so he could take care of his problem when he got home.

Mom's mascara was running by the time we sat through the remake of her favorite tearjerker. She put her head on my shoulder about halfway through and I took a chance and placed my arm around her while letting my fingers rubbed her shoulder softly. Almost two hours of boring chick-flick had me almost in tears myself. I held her car door open for her after the show and was rewarded when she had to part her legs to get in. In the brief moment before she pulled her other leg inside the car I caught a glimpse of the top of her nylons. She was wearing a garter belt. A black

one. The boxer briefs didn't contain my growing excitement in the least. At home I held her door for her again. The lighting in the garage was much better and I got to see all the way up to her black panties as she climbed out of the car. Team Tucker scores again; the crowd went wild. So did the snake crawling down my pants leg.

"I had a lovely time," she began as I walked her into the house arm in arm.

"It's not over yet fair lady," I told her as I led her over to the couch.

"What now Sir Tucker," she asked as she took a seat.

"Just wait here, and I'll show you."

On my way to the kitchen I dimmed the lights and put some soft mellow music on the stereo. Glancing back I saw Mom watching me with a big smile on her generous lips. I used her long stemmed wine glasses and fixed us a drink. Soda for me, and a burgundy Chardonnay for her. She accepted the glass I offered but not before she scrutinized the other one I was holding. I took a seat on the couch and watched as she scooted back and crossed her legs. The hem of her dress rode almost to the tops of her nylons, while the head of my cock tried to reach my knee.

"Mmm, this is good," she offered after taking a sip. Yes! Go Team Tucker Go!

"I was hoping you would like it. I had Johnny's Mom pick it up for me today," I boasted.

"Johnny' Mother bought alcohol for you?"

"I told her it was for you," I said hastily, seeing the look on her face.

"Still..." she took a bigger sip.

By the time she finished her third glass she was quite relaxed. Her dress had hiked higher and I was able to see the tops of her nylons along with part of her garter belt. I walked stiff legged into the kitchen and refilled her glass. Just as I handed it to her a slow, moving song began to blare from the stereo. Her eyes grew wide with surprise when I took her glass out of her hand, sat it on the coffee table, and held out my hand to her.

"May I have this dance beautiful lady," I asked formally.

"I..Uh..I guess,' she answered taking my hand and standing.

With her heels on she was as tall as I was and when she came into my arms her breast pressed into my chest. I held one of her hands while she gingerly placed the other on my shoulder as my arm went around her waist and gently pulled her against me. She eased into my body and placed her head softly on my shoulder while I led her around in a slow circle. We were both caught up in the tenderness of the moment. She pressed harder into me as I pulled her even closer. My hand on her back rubbed up and down her spine, going lower and lower each time. When my hand traveled over the rise of her ass I heard her emit a soft moan. She had to feel the bulge in my pants pressing into her crotch; I know I did.

"If I didn't know better, I'd swear you were trying to seduce me," she whispered into my shoulder.

"Maybe I am, would that be so bad," I whispered back.

"It would be wrong," she answered still clinging to me.

When the song ended it was a few seconds before we broke our embrace. She stepped back and gazed into my eyes with a dazed look in hers.

"I have to go to bed," she announced sounding slightly flustered.

"Can I have a good night kiss Mom," I asked softly.

"Of course you can," she said offering her cheek to me.

With my hands on her hips I leaned in to kiss her cheek; her head turned toward my face at the same time. Our lips met. I should have backed off immediately but I couldn't, her lips were just too soft and inviting. She offered no resistance as I pushed our lips together harder. Fire and passion ignited. Her mouth opened and her tongue snaked between my lips until it touched mine. Clumsily I pulled her pelvis against mine and ground my raging cock against her crotch as my tongue fought to dominate hers. I felt her hands cup my ass and pull me tighter into her as she ground back with equal force. Her body began to tremble when suddenly she brought her hands up to my chest and pushed my away

from her. She stood there panting and staring at me with eyes full of fright and disbelief.

"Oh my God Tucker! I'm so sorry. I don't know what came over me," she kept saying, shaking her head to clear the cobwebs.

"It's okay Mom. I'm to blame not you," I insisted trying to put my arms around her.

She swatted my hands away and ran into her bedroom, closing the door behind her. Remorse began to set in before I even reached my room. Why had I pushed it? How much pain have I just caused my Mother? Will she ever forgive me? Or will she torment herself with guilt? Questions came by the truckload but no answers were in sight as I lay on my bed staring blankly at the ceiling. After an hour of tossing and turning, my covers completely kicked off my body I finally fell asleep.

I didn't even bother checking for a new clip the next morning. After last night I doubted if Mom would set foot in my room again. She was at the table staring into her coffee cup when I got downstairs, and didn't look up when I sat down with a cup of my own. It wasn't until I reached over and took her limp hand into mine that she acknowledged that I was there.

"Mom?"

"Yes dear," she asked without looking up.

"Look at me please."

"What Tucker," she looked troubled as she gazed over at me.

"Don't be sad. You didn't do anything wrong, it was just a harmless kiss," I tried to tell her.

"Harmless? It was a lot more harmful than you know," she replied.

"How so? You don't hear me complaining do you?"

"No, I don't hear you complaining. But I'm so ashamed of myself," her voice trembled when she talked.

"There's nothing for you to be ashamed of. We were having fun and we both just got caught up in the moment, that's all. I for one enjoyed it."

"That's the problem, Tucker." Her eyes were starting to mist.

"The problems because I liked it?"

"Not because you liked it," she said.

"Then why," I asked puzzled.



"Because I liked it! I liked it a lot! If I hadn't come when I did there's no telling how far we would have went," she almost shouted as tears streamed down her face.

"You liked it? What? Wait...you came?" Were my ears hearing right?

"Yes, I liked it, and yes, I came," she stuttered.

"But how? I thought you had to be having sex to come," I stated.

For some reason she found that extremely funny.

"Oh my poor, sweet, naïve son. You have so many things to learn about women," she squeezed my hand gently.

"Teach me Mom," I said staring intently into her eyes.

"Seriously? You want me to teach you about women," she asked taking a slow sip of her coffee.

"Who better to, than you," I sipped my own coffee waiting for to reply.

"Your Father, for one," she came back with.

"Seriously Mom? Dad? You must be kidding," I chuckled.

"Yeah, you're right. The only thing he seems interested in anymore is getting head and going to sleep," she half whispered.

"Oh my God! I can't believe I just said that," she shouted when she saw my jaw drop.

"Wow!" was all I said, before we both busted out laughing.

"Okay. What do you want to know," she asked wiping the tears of laughter from her face.

"How about we start off with something simple. Tell me what gets your motor running. I'm sure I can apply it to other women," I said leaning closer to her.

"Oh sweetie, that's kinda personal don't you think? After all, I am your Mother."

"You're also a woman. But if you don't want to help I understand." I laid the guilt trip down as thick as I dared.

"You're right, I am a woman first. I guess it wouldn't hurt to tell you a few things." I was all ears.

"First thing you need to know about me is, I'm multi-orgasmic," she clearly had trouble putting this out there for her son to hear.

"Multi- what," I asked almost enjoying her discomfort.

"It means I can have multiple orgasms. But in my case I don't always have to have a man's penis in me to get off. All I have to do is get overly aroused and I can come."

"Like last night," I threw out there.

"Yes Tucker, like last night." I could see she was getting too uncomfortable.

"Let's make a deal Mom," I said.

"What sort of deal," she asked skeptically.

"Let's forget about last night. I won't say another word about it, it'll be like it never happened," I told her.

"I would like that," she said softly.

The sound of the doorbell ended our conversation, much to Mom's relief. She looked at me funny when I told her it was probably for her. She answered it in her long robe and came back into the kitchen carrying a vase of fresh cut red roses. She read the attached card as she walked in. Her smile filled my heart with love as she put the flowers on the table and leaned in to give me a hug. The top part of her robe opened enough for

me to see the valley between her breast right before her arms went around my shoulders. Captain Winky saluted.

"Dinner and a movie last night, and now this. What are you up to Tucker," she asked still holding the card that said I loved her.

"Nothing. I just want to make you smile Mom," I said as she sat back in her chair.

"Well, thank you. This is very sweet."

"We good Mom?"

With her brightest smile she said, "Yes baby, we're good."

"Great! So what time do you want to work on your tan," I asked fighting not to show my eagerness.

"I forgot all about that. How about eleven, that okay with you," the way she replied told me she hadn't forgotten my promise to rub lotion on her.

"Sounds good. Umm, I might have to break a promise to you though," I told her.

"What promise?"

"The one about wearing long pants while I'm on lotion duty. I won't be able to swim with long ones on," I said as innocently as I could.

She gave me a mock look of seriousness before breaking out in laughter. "Oh dear."

"I'll try to keep things under wraps, but if I can't, just close your eyes. Okay?"

"If I must. I promise not to look," she was still laughing.

She lied. I could clearly see her eyes locked onto the head of my cock as it peeked out the leg of my swim trunks. I was standing near her head putting the final touches of sunscreen on her shoulders when I saw her eyes go wide. What Mom didn't know was I had used her sewing machine to shorten the length of my trunk's legs. Now I didn't have to be fully hard before Captain Winky emerged out the leg opening. Groans of pleasure left her lips when I did her back, working my fingers deep into her muscles as I went. I saved her legs for last. Starting at each ankle I spread the lotion in deep, stopping my upward travel just shy of the globes of her ass cheeks. She had actually opened her legs a little so I could get the insides of her thighs. More of Captain Winky made an appearance down my leg.

She took me by surprise when she said, "Don't forget my butt. I really don't want to burn there."

"Okay. Would it be okay if I push your suit closer to the center just to make sure I cover you good," I held my breath waiting for her answer.

"Uh...do you really need to?"

"Better safe than sorry," I said.

"Well, okay."

She really didn't sound too enthused about my idea. She was even less enthused when I asked her to spread her legs so I could sit between them to put the lotion on. After I told her I didn't want to strain my back by leaning over she reluctantly parted them. With my legs over the back of hers, my feet to the sides of the lounge, I dropped a glob of lotion on each cheek. I could see all of her crotch area between her legs. She flinched at first when my hands cupped her cheeks, but relaxed as I worked the lotion in. With my thumbs pointing toward the crack of her ass I began to work them closer together until the tips dipped under the fabric of her suit. As slowly as I could manage I pushed the outer parts of her suit in with my thumbs until her bottoms were wedged into her crack. She didn't complain. She probably would have if she'd known that by moving her suit inward, the outer lips of her pussy were now visible to my astonished eyes. The white of her suit contrasted beautifully with the tufts of black pubic hair poking out on both sides of her bottoms. It took everything I had to keep myself from letting my thumbs slide down over the puffy folds of fur-covered womanhood.

"Uh, sweetie. I think they're well covered now," she broke the hypnotic spell I was under.

"Sorry Mom, guess I got carried away," I stuttered as I got up.

"Be a dear and pull my suit out of my crack. I really hate thongs."

"Okay," I said, putting a forefinger in the leg bands and pulling out with my head tilted to the side for one last look. It was a good one; I saw all of her pussy before I released the bottoms where they were supposed to be.

"Tucker?"

"Yes Mom," I asked stepping up to where she could see me.

"Did you get a good look?"

"I guess you did," she added before I could respond.

Looking down I saw what she was looking at; two inches of hard cock was poking out in plain sight below my trunks. Her snickers followed me all the way to the pool until I jumped in. I had to stay in the cool water for over ten minutes before I was able to stuff my Johnson back where it belonged. Mom spent an hour flipping back and forth from her back to her front in the sun before diving into the pool to cool off. I thought that she was done when she got out. Instead, she buttered up her front once more and stretched back out on the lounge. I just lay in the one closest to her and admired the view of her dark nipples. When she flipped over and told me to do her back again I was in hog heaven. This time I let my thumbs almost touch the softness of her outer lips as I rubbed the lotion in. She didn't complain. She baked for forty-five more minutes before getting up and going inside. I went up to my room and had a wankfest.

I surprised Mom by fixing spaghetti for dinner, along with a nice red wine for her. After we ate I shooed her out of the kitchen while I cleaned up, telling her to go relax and watch something on the box. She was reluctant at first, but gave in when I insisted. Finished, I took the bottle of wine into the front room where Mom was sitting on the couch absorbed in a sitcom. She had changed into her long robe but I noticed that she hadn't done a good job buttoning it up. The top was open more than usual and her cleavage spilled out causing me to grow before I could get seated. I saw her eyes shift from the TV to the bulge in my pajamas. She sat there sipping her wine as I made myself comfortable at the other end.

The bottle of wine was almost gone by the start of an action movie. I truly expected her to go to bed since she wasn't into these types of flicks, but she didn't. She asked if she could rest her head in my lap instead. She was pretty tipsy by now and giggled when I told her I had to make an adjustment first. I was a little embarrassed as she watched me reach in my pants and pull my dick upwards away from my pants leg. I couldn't leave it where it was; her head would've been right on top of it. When I was settled she lay on her back, with her face to the television and her head pushed up against my balls. I had one hand on the arm of the couch and Mom took my other one and placed it on her stomach. She told me she didn't want me to be uncomfortable. Too late Mom, I thought, since the way she was laying gave me a good look down the front of her robe. My cock inched its way up toward my belly button.

"That feels good," I heard her whisper.

Glancing down I was startled to see that I had removed my hand from her stomach and was now softly stroking the side of her face. I hadn't realized that I had even moved my hand. Her skin was so soft and warm I just continued to stroke her face and hair. Her eyes closed and her head shifted



so her face was pointing away from the TV. I was in agony; now her mouth was actually resting against my pajama-covered balls. I inwardly groaned from the heat her breath was blowing onto my sack. My dick was leaking pre-cum on my stomach as I kept stroking her hair gently. I was no longer watching the TV. When she had shifted her robe had opened enough that one of her breast was almost completely exposed. I could see the beginning of her dark brown areola but I couldn't see was her nipple.

There were no if, ands, or buts about it. I had to touch it. I eased my hand onto her chest, right above where her breasts began to swell, and held it still long enough to see if she was aware of it. With no signs that she was, I slid it deeper into her robe running my fingertips into the valley between her marvelous mounds. Her skin was soft, warm, and as smooth as a baby's butt. Down and up my hand went, until my fingers crested the top and found her pert nipple. Resting my hand completely on top of her boob I could feel her nipple begin to stiffen under my palm. Her nipple got harder and harder the more I moved my hand over her breast. The heat from her breath on my nuts increased with each passing minute. Boldly, I gently pinched the stiff nipple between my fingers and twisted it back and forth. I froze when she shoved her face into my crotch engulfing one of my cloth-covered balls in her opened, moaning mouth. Lord, please don't let her bite down I prayed, keeping my fingers deathly still. Her moaning stopped shortly and she turned her face up on my lap. I quickly pulled my hand out of her robe as I saw her eyes start to blink before opening all the way.

"Shit, that was one hell of a weird dream," she mumbled as she struggled to sit up.

"Good weird, or bad weird," I asked after she got her bearings.

"Let's just say that I will sleep good tonight and leave it at that," she replied, then stood up and said goodnight.

I had so much pre-cum on me that I didn't need to use lotion to enjoy the wanking that followed once I was in my room. The remembrance of how soft she had felt, and the thought of my ball being in her mouth produced the most exquisite orgasm I'd ever known. Dutifully, I cleaned the enormous amount of semen from my floor before falling into bed for what turned out to be the best sleep ever.

The next day was more of the same. Mom was overjoyed when a new batch of roses arrived for her. I slept in naturally, but when I finally made my way downstairs, there was a breakfast of bacon, eggs and hashbrowns waiting for me. Mom said it was in appreciation for the lovely flowers. When I told her she didn't have to do that, she told me to shut my blowhole and eat.

Lotion duty started earlier than yesterday. I made no effort to hide it when my dick started hanging out, and Mom made no effort to look away from the three inches peeking out either. She also made no effort to stop me when I let my thumbs "accidentally" touch the outer lips of her cunt. Of course it was the fastest feel ever recorded, but it was a feel nonetheless. She even played a round of tag with me. The water reducing her suits cover to nothing. Four inches of dick was on display as I climbed out of the pool. After blatantly staring at my penis for a minute, Mom called a halt to the sunbathing for the day. Another half inch showed itself as I watched her juicy ass sway on her way back to the house. My wrist got sore from the amount of pud pulling I did when I got to my room.

Dinner was excellent, poached salmon, steamed asparagus and a baked potato. Mom even cracked open a bottle of wine to go with her meal.

Together we cleaned up, bumping into each other, sometimes on purpose. We stayed at the table and played cards for a while before she said she was going to take a shower. She told me to get comfortable, pick out something to watch, and she would join me shortly. I decided that being comfortable meant just wearing my bathrobe. I was sprawled on the couch, her bottle of wine on the coffee table, when she came out of her room. Her idea of getting comfortable turned out to be the same as mine. She was wearing a silk burgundy robe, held together by a sash tied around her waist. It only went down to the middle of her thighs, and when she sat down it parted enough for me to see she wasn't wearing panties.

"Oops," she said, pulling the bottom half of her robe closed after seeing where my eyes were glued to.

"Looks like we had the same idea," I told her, stretching my legs out in front of me.

"Yeah, but don't get used to being down here in your robe. We can't dress like this when your Father and Sister get back," she pointed out.

"Guess we'll have to make the most of this peace and quiet while we can," I said, leaning forward and filling her wine glass.

Holding the bottom of her robe closed she turned sideways, scooted down against the arm of the couch and put her feet in my lap.

"Mind rubbing my feet sweetheart," she asked.

"Not at all," I told her. I rubbed them for over twenty minutes, keeping Mom's wine glass full at the same time, before getting bolder.

"Oh God, that feels so good honey," she purred as I moved my hands past her ankles and started rubbing her calves.

"Legs sore Mom," I asked trying to reach higher.

"I guess so. Must have been from playing tag in the pool."

"If you slide further my way, I can do a better job of loosening them up for you," I told her.

She downed the wine in her glass, had me refill it, then wormed herself down until just her head rested on the arm of the couch. Somehow she managed to keep her robe closed as she scooted her butt closer to me. Her thighs were almost over mine by the time she was done. I continued to rub just her calves so she wouldn't get nervous about my hands being on her strong thighs. Patiently I stroked the tightness out of her lower legs, receiving numerous moans of pleasure from her as I did. I was not even aware of what was on the boob tube; I was too enamored by the feel of her silky smooth skin. I didn't know if she was watching TV or not. All I did know was the wine was disappearing fast.

She sat the empty wine glass on the floor and scooted so far down that she was now lying on the couch when I let one of my hands go above her knee. I got real encouraged when she put her hands behind her head and told me what I was doing felt great. I looked over at her face and saw her eyes start to droop. I rubbed higher. She purred.

Ten minutes. Twenty minutes. For well over thirty minutes I caressed her wonderful skin. I have to say, "caressed", because what I was doing sure as hell wasn't giving her a leg massage.

I watched as her breathing became shallow, her chest rose and fell evenly and her eyes had been closed for some time. Higher my hand slid, pulling one half of her robe to the side as it went. I did the same thing to the other side when I switched legs. With her robe partly open and her legs together all I could see was the downy soft hairs covering her mound. I sat there trying to figure a way to see more when she fixed the problem for me. The knee closest to the back of the couch lifted as Mom bent her leg and put her foot flat on the cushion near my butt. Her other leg slid down my thighs, stopping at my knees. With the one knee up and resting against the back of the couch, the other leg spread out, her pussy was now visible in all its glory to my lecherous eyes. To me it was the most beautiful pussy in the world. The pussy I had come from. The pussy I longed to return to. My hand slid softly along the inside of her thigh, closer and closer to the ultimate taboo.

At last my fingertips brushed the furry outer reaches of my Mother's cunt, while my eyes watched her face for signs of awareness. Seeing none, I pressed my index finger deeper into the outer folds until they parted, allowing my fingertip entry into her warmth. Gently I pushed my finger in up to the first knuckle. It was instantly coated with a thick, sticky wetness. I couldn't resist; I had to taste her. Pulling my finger out was the hardest thing to do, but when I stuck it in my mouth it was worth it. An aroma unlike any I'd ever smelled, sweet yet sharp, assailed my nostrils right as my tongue licked the tangy essence that was my Mother from my finger. Hurriedly I put my finger back into her heat and slid the tip back and forth through the slickness of her slit, carefully running the tip of it

over her growing bud. The longer my fingertip slid up and down between her inner lips, the more her fluids began to flow.

"Yeesss," softly spewed from her mouth as I pushed half of my finger back into her tunnel.

The heat surrounding my finger was immense, getting hotter and hotter the deeper my finger plunged. By the time I had all of it buried inside her it felt like I'd stuck my finger into an inferno. Slowly I pulled my finger back, then pushed it in again. Each time I pulled it out I saw more and more juices clinging to it. I was just starting to go faster when the leg over my thighs rose, bent at the knee and mashed itself against her other one trapping my hand between her thighs. I could feel her cunt sucking on my buried finger as the walls of her fiery pussy contracted over and over and over.

"Uuunnnggghhh," she hissed as her head rolled from side to side, her pussy still contracting around my finger.

Forcefully I yanked my hand from between her thighs as I watched in horror as her eyes began to flutter. I threw both my hands behind my head, sank lower on the couch and pretended to be engrossed in the TV. She laid there on her back, knees up with the bottom half of her robe in disarray, staring up at the ceiling. What I didn't know was the bottom half of my robe was also in disarray. My rapidly deflating member was lying out in the open against my leg.

"Damn," she whispered, rubbing her face with both hands.

"What's wrong Mom," I croaked keeping my eyes on the television.

"I think I'm going to have to stop drinking that wine," she said.

"Why? Is it making your stomach upset," I innocently asked.

"No. It just makes me have strange dreams lately. God I feel woozy, help me up Tucker."

I took her outstretched hand and pulled her toward me. She spun her legs off the couch seemingly unaware of how much her robe wasn't covering. When I let go of her hand it fell onto my thigh with her fingertips resting against my exposed dick. She didn't seem to notice this either; at least not at first. The feel of her fingers grazing my rod resulted with the inevitable; I began to swell. She glanced down but didn't freak out. Instead she freaked me out by wrapping her hand around my shaft and giving it a squeeze. With eyes as big as saucers I watched her drop my tool, stand up and look down at me.

"Goodnight son," she smiled and was gone.

When I woke up the next morning I was lying in a sticky wet mess of my own spunk. All night long the same dream had played out over and over. I was sitting on a chair, my hands and feet strapped down, while Mom's pussy was spread open and staring me in the face. I was helpless. Desperately I tried to tip the chair forward so my face would fall onto her fur covered slit but couldn't. My cock was so hard it was actually painful. I thought I would go insane from desire before I woke up. I shivered from

the memory as I changed the spunk stained sheets. I wondered if I was losing my mind. Could lust make you go insane?

I showered, check for new clips and found none, then lingered in my room instead of going downstairs. I was scared that Mom might know that I'd fingered her last night and wasn't sure what to say if she asked me about it. There was definitely something different in her eyes when I finally went down. She was in the front room drinking coffee, a new batch of flowers on the coffee table when I got there. I can't describe the look in her eyes other than to say I'd never seen it before. She was fully dressed in her work clothes and I asked her what was going on.

"I have my monthly staff meeting today," she told me without really looking at me.

"I guess we won't be tanning today then," I asked.

"I'm afraid not honey. This meeting won't be over until at least five," she answered finally gazing up at me.

"Bummer," I uttered under my breath.

"But listen. If it's alright with you, I thought I'd pick up some pizza, rent a couple of movies and we could make an early night of it. You know, just hang around in our comfy clothes and enjoy the peace and quiet."

"Sounds good to me," I said with an over abundance of enthusiasm.



"Great. See you this evening sweetie." She stood, gave me a peck on the cheek and left.

Johnny called around two wanting to know when I was going to return his stuff. I made him use his Mom's car and come and get it, something he didn't mind doing. He wasn't too happy though when he learned that Julie was out of town. We hung out for a spell before he said he had to go. I had burned copies of my clips and deleted them from his computer before he came over, so I spent a few minutes installing them to mine after he left. I spent some more time rewatching them all. The rest of the day was spent in idle boredom.

Mom didn't get home until almost seven o'clock and I could smell alcohol on her breath when she kissed me on the cheek. When I asked what took her so long, she explained that her and some co-workers had stopped for drinks after the meeting. I knew she wouldn't drink and drive if she'd had too many so I wasn't worried that she was drunk. Kicking off her shoes she told me to get the pizza and movies from the car while she took a shower. It was just starting to get dark so I had to turn on the garage light to see what I was doing. She had gotten a large pepperoni and two movies. One was a comedy and the other was a love story. Leave it to a woman to pick out movies I thought as I carried everything to the front room. Mom came out of her room with her dress still on.

"Can you help me honey? My zipper is stuck." She turned her back to me.

She was wearing a drab brown number with a zipper that ran clear down to her butt. I found the problem right away. The zipper had caught a stray thread and with a grunt I managed to free it. She didn't stop me when I pulled it all the way down, exposing her panty tops and the hooks holding

her black bra on. Without asking I reached in and unclasped the bra for her.

"Thanks baby," she said holding her hands over her chest so the dress wouldn't fall off.

She turned on her way back to her room and asked if I was going to get comfy. Her eyes lingered on the sweats I was wearing. I was back from my room in a flash with just my robe on. I was making myself comfortable on the couch, munching a slice of pizza, when she came out and went straight to the kitchen. She was wearing the same burgundy silk robe she'd had on last night. There was some clinking of glasses before she came back carrying the last two bottles of wine and two glasses. Another thing she did was turn off all the lights and close all the curtains. She sat the wine and glasses on the coffee table and joined me on the couch. She noticed the odd look I was giving the glasses.

"I figure since you paid for it, the least I could do was let you have some," she explained as she filled both glasses.

"Thanks Mom," I said taking the one she offered.

"You're welcome, now slap in a movie and let's eat."

We agonized through half of the comedy before we both agreed it sucked and put in the love story. Mom slid over and snuggled against me as it started. I put an arm around her shoulders pulling her tighter into me as my motor also started. Light from the TV bathed us in a myriad of colors as we sat sipping the wine. The first bottle went fast with Mom keeping

our glasses topped off often. I slowed way down on the second bottle. She got up shortly after opening the new bottle and went into her room saying she had to pee. When she returned she had a throw blanket. Instead of snuggling back up with me, she leaned against the arm of the couch with her knees up and placed the blanket over her legs. The toes of her feet slid up under my thigh as she watched the movie.

I looked over at her when the pressure from her toes digging under me increased. She had scooted down enough so her head could rest against the couch arm. It was hard to see her face over her upraised knees. She took a long swallow of her wine then placed the empty glass on the floor. I kept my hands to myself. It took me a while to finish the wine in my glass but when I did I leaned forward and put the glass on the coffee table. As I was leaning back I glanced over at her face and saw that her eyes were closed. I was too scared to try and touch her though.

It wasn't until her knees fell away from each other spreading apart in a wide V that I was able to get a clear look at her face. She sure looked like she was asleep. All self-control vanished. Gingerly I began pulling one side of the blanket over her knees, not stopping until she was completely uncovered. I placed the blanket over the back of the couch and gazed in wild wonder between her spread legs. No panties, just warm, soft, hair covered pussy met my gaze. The same soft pussy that had tormented me in my dreams. My hand snaked forward.

Fear clutched at my racing heart as I repeated the things I'd done to her the night before. This time when she started contracting on my finger I put in another one. I used my thumb to work on her clit as my fingers became more and more wet from her juices. I went slow. I didn't want this moment to end by getting too anxious. She came; multiple times. Each time a mirror of the last. First a shudder, then the all-powerful contracting of her cunt muscles. My rod was harder than ever as I pulled it through the flaps of my robe and started stroking it. Pre-cum coated my fingers

and was spreading over my shaft with each downward tug of my hand. Moans of pure pleasure echoed throughout the room. Most of them were hers, but some were mine. Something told me she was headed for the big one. Her feet slid apart and her ass began to move, forcing my fingers deeper into her hot wet slickness. There was no turning back. I went faster. In and out my fingers plunged into the caldron of heat coming from her juicy sounding pussy. My balls ached for release. Then it happened. I glanced up at her face and saw her wide-open eyes staring at me. I tried to yank my hand away from her heat but she grabbed my wrist and held it there.

"Don't stop. Don't stop Tucker," she pleaded softly, humping her cunt up against my fingers with a vengeance.

Her juices flowed making squashy sounds as her hips moved faster and faster on my slime coated fingers. Not missing a beat I inserted a third finger while bearing down with my thumb on her clit. She exploded.

"OH FUUUCCCCCKKKKK!!" she screamed holding her ass completely off the couch cushions.

My balls wanted to blow. I was too stunned by the intensity of her orgasm to move. She wasn't. Like a cat she swung around on the couch with her head ending up in my lap. One of her hands batted mine off my cock and grabbed hold of my shaft. She pointed my raging meat up toward her mouth and lowered her head. I came as soon as her lips closed around the helmet of my penis. Spurt after spurt erupted from me. She managed to swallow most of it but some dribbled out the corners of her mouth. There was just too much of it. She held me in her mouth until my body uncoiled from my orgasm, and then she whispered in my ear.

"You're gonna finish what you started."

With that she mashed her lips to mine smothering me in a passion-fueled embrace born from pure lust. Our robes didn't even make it to her bedroom. She was like a wild animal. She threw my down on the bed and pressed my semi hard cock between her huge, soft breasts. She pinched her own nipples as she held me in her tits while sliding them up and down my shaft. Satisfied with my stiffness she released her tit hold on my cock, letting it flop down to rest on my stomach. Her eyes stayed glued to mine as she climbed up and straddled my waist, lowering herself down until my pole was trapped between the puffy outer lips of her pussy. My entire shaft was covered in her cream by the time she scooted up enough for her erect clit to scrape my glans. With her hands on her hips she began a slow, steady rocking of her pelvis, making sure her clit touched the underside of my cockhead with each pass.

"You woke the beast, now you must tame it," she grunted as another orgasm swept through her.

As her shudders subsided she slipped off me onto the bed. I got up into a kneeling position between her feet and pushed her legs apart. Her clit was huge and poking out of its hood in all its magnificence. The black tangle of her pubic hair was matted with her juices and I could see the opening to her love hole peeking from between her swollen lips.

"Oh Mom," I whimpered, lowering my face to her sweetness.

"Unnggghhh. My sweet Adonis," she cried as my lips captured her erect clit.

Lovingly my tongue ran circles around her stiff bud for several minutes bringing her to the precipice twice, before I slid my mouth lower and sucked out her sweet nectar. Crawling up her body kissing every inch of her on the way, I positioned myself in a three-prong stance over her and gazed into her eyes. The tip of my cock dangled down between the outer folds of her saturated pussy. She nodded and reached down, guiding the head of my cock into the cavern of her womanhood. One inch was followed slowly by another, and then another, until I had stuffed seven inches inside my Mother's clinching cunt.

"Slowly baby. Mama wants this to last," she whispered, cupping my face tenderly in her hands.

"I love you Mom," I told her as I withdrew almost all of my cock then slowly pushed back in.

"I love you too, Tucker," she said pushing her hips up taking more of me inside her.

She put her arms around my back and pulled me down on top of her causing the rest of my cock to slip into the abyss of her heated tunnel. We meshed, her thrust as easy as mine. Sweat coated our chests as we labored to reach the crest of our passion. Her nipples hard and pointy slid around my chest as my balls gently touched the softness of her ass. I counted two orgasms before she forced me over onto my back, my dick never leaving the warmth of her cunt. Mounted on top of me she took control. Placing her hands on my chest she began to ride me faster and faster, slamming

herself down on my pole and bouncing her ass off my balls. The friction from her slick creamy tunnel had me panting for release.

"I think I'm gonna come."

"Not yet baby. I want to come with you," she said lowering her chest to mine and letting me be the one doing the driving.

I found out that if I slowed the pace, the urge to squirt eased.

"Oh yes. Just like that sweetie. So good. So good," she chanted.

I ran my hands down her back and cupped her ass. More contractions squeezed my dick when one of my fingers glided over the ring of her anus. Her breathing became rapid. Lifting my knees for leverage I increased the tempo of my thrust until I was soon hammering up into her with enough force to slap my dangling balls against her ass.

"Fuck me Tucker! Fuck me hard," Mom squealed as I pounded her pussy.

"OH GOD MOM! I'M CUUMMIINNNGGGG!" I yelled as my balls emptied into her contracting cunt.

"OHHHH BAAABBBBYYYY," she screamed then went limp. Torrents of sex juice dripped from her limp body as our fluids poured out of her onto my balls.

We stayed in this position over ten minutes, neither of us wanting to break the cuddle of our embrace. I could feel her pussy continue to contract around my softening rod long after we had exhausted ourselves. I had finally achieved the ultimate bliss. I had made love to my Mother. Nothing would ever compare to the pleasure that she had given me. I felt totally unworthy.

"Mom?"

"Yes baby?"

"I have a confession to make."

"What sort of confession," she asked as she lay on top of me while I stroked her hair.

I told her about the camera in my room and how I had watched her sneak in and masturbate while looking at me. She said she knew; she'd seen the camera on my dresser. I also told her about playing with her while we watched TV. She laughed and asked if I'd really thought she had been asleep. When I broke down and told her how I had stuck my dick in her in Julie's room, thinking she was Julie, she told me she hadn't been sure.

"Did you know about Julie and me before you caught us with Maggie," I asked since she was being so forthwith.

"Yes, I knew. I'm surprised the two of you didn't hear me out in the hall. Those floorboards up there make an awful squeak."



Flipping her over onto her back I gently made love to her again. I didn't stop until she had peaked five more times. Later, as I listened to her soft snores, I couldn't help but dwell on the fact that the days of wine and roses were almost over.

## Deal or No Deal

Something warm, smooth and soft nudged up against my left hip snapping me out of my semi-awake state. My eyes flew open and took in the soft pastel blues and pinks of my surroundings just before my brain registered where I was. Mom's bedroom. But how? Why? Then it all came rushing back; Mom and I on the couch, hair covered pussy, and the taste of her sweet nectar. Fornication, Check. Pussy munching, check. Cocksucking, check. Hot sweaty monkey fucking, check. We'd done it all, over and over again, both of us insatiable in our lust for each other. Holy fucking shit my brain screamed with the realization. I fucked my Mother! A smile spread across my face and my dick began to swell.

Turning over on my side, one arm tucked under my pillow, I let my other hand float down on top of the smooth soft skin of her hip. She had her back to me with her fine round ass pressed back against my growing rod. I could hear her soft snores as my hand traversed the slope of her hip, then moved down over the round cheek of her ass before reaching the valley of her sex. She was still wet. Very wet. Pushing myself away from her body a little, I pulled my cock down and stuck the head of it between the wet outer lips of her cunt. A slight push forward with my hips was all it took. Her pussy lips parted and my cock slipped inside her moistness. My invading member woke her by the time I was halfway buried.

"Oh yes, right there, baby," she purred, reaching behind her and putting her hand on my hip, stopping me from going any deeper.

Putting my arm around her I cupped her huge tit in my hand, my fingers instantly finding her swollen nipple. We lay like this for several minutes before she started to gradually push her ass back toward me. The sensation of feeling her walls yield as my bulbous head inched deeper and deeper into her warmth was intoxicating. I've never felt a woman massage my member the way that Mom could. It was like sticking my cock into the most velvety softness imaginable. When the globes of her firm ass finally settled against my pelvis I had nine inches of rock hard cock buried in her twat. Immediately her cunt began contracting around my shaft as moans of pleasure escaped her lips. Buried deep inside I lay unmoving, feeling her muscles ripple up and down my shaft tenderly. I'm pretty sure I was moaning too.

"Love me baby. Love your Momma," she whispered softly.

Slowly. Very slowly I began pushing in and out, moving only two inches in each direction, no rush to my strokes. The sounds of her mewling increased as wave after wave of contractions squeezed my shaft bringing me to new heights of ecstasy. A pleasure unlike any I'd ever known cascaded through my entire being, until I couldn't hold back any longer. Rope after rope of semen splashed the depths of Mom's pussy as I unloaded the sweetest orgasm I'd ever achieved. My moans drowned out hers briefly as my balls emptied and I convulsed from the powerful release.

"MOMMMM!" I groaned going limp all over.

"*Ohhh!* TUCKER!" she whimpered as her pussy milked every last ounce of cum from my cock.

Neither of us moved. I remained spooned up against her backside, my softening cock wedged up inside her as our fluids slowly dribbled out between us onto the sheets. I don't know which one of us fell back to sleep first, her or I. All I do know is when I woke up I was alone in the bed. I was lying on my back staring up at the ceiling when she came out of the bathroom a few minutes later. She was naked except for the towel wrapped around her head and her nipples were still hard. My eyes glued themselves to her points as she sat on the edge of the bed and took my hand in hers.

"Tucker?"

"Uh huh."

"Baby, my eyes are up here," she gestured with her free hand to her face.

"Oh, sorry Mom," I said reluctantly looking away from her big ripe boobs.

"Time to get up. Go upstairs, take a shower then meet me in the kitchen."

"Okay. What's wrong," I asked hearing the seriousness in her voice.

"We need to talk. Now go," she replied shooing me out of the room.

I didn't like the sound of that, but did what she asked me to do. Showered and dressed I went downstairs and found her sipping coffee at the dining table. There was a cup for me across from her. Nervously I sat and sipped waiting for her to say what she wanted to.

"You know what we did last night was wrong, don't you," she asked after setting her cup down and looking me in the eyes.

"Yes."

"Then you know that we can not do it again." This was more of a statement than a question.

"Why not?"

"I just told you why sweetie. Because it's wrong."

"If it's so wrong, then why did you let me do it in the first place," I asked with a slight whine in my voice.

"I guess because I'm more like your sister than I'd realized. Just like your sister, when I saw the size of your penis I was overcome with the urge to have it inside me. At least once anyway," her voice faltered a little as she tried to explain.

"Tell me something Mom. Did you enjoy it?"

"Oh baby, yes I enjoyed it, more than you could possibly know," she replied reaching across the table and holding my hand.

"If you enjoyed it so much, then we should do it again." My whining was evident now.

"Tucker, Tucker, Tucker," she said shaking her head in exasperation.

"If I tell you a secret, will you promise not to tell anyone," I asked, not sure if I was about to open a can of worms or not.

"A secret huh? What kind of secret?"

"You have to promise not to say anything first."

"Okay, I promise," she chuckled.

"Johnny and his Mom have sex together all the time." I could see by her expression that she wasn't expecting this kind of secret.

"Really? How do you know that?" There was definitely doubt in her voice.

"Because I've watched them do it." I could see the shock on her face when she heard that.

"What? Oh my God, seriously? They had sex right in front of you," she sputtered.

"Welllll..."

"Well what?"

"I sorta joined in a couple of times," I told her meekly.

Silence hung in the air like a lead weight. Her eyes never left my face as she tried to digest what I'd just told her. Nervous jitters filled the pit of my stomach as I waited for her to either fly off the handle or say anything for that matter. She just sat there for what was starting to feel like an eternity. I had no idea what was going through her brain, but I could see the wheels turning in her eyes as she stared at me.

"So you've had sex with Johnny's Mom? Are there any other women out there that you've become intimate with," she finally asked releasing my hand and sitting up straighter.

Biting back my fear of how she would react, I told her everything. I told her about Carla, Irene and Mabel. I even told her about Mrs. Crenshaw. She gave me a look that said, " Were you desperate or what?" There were a few other women that I didn't say anything about since they were older than Mrs. Crenshaw, and I didn't want another " Were you desperate" stare from her. She perked up a little when I told her how much money I'd earned so far.

"My son, the gigolo," she laughed easing the queasiness in my stomach.

"I guess I am," I laughed too.

"Tell me something Tucker. If you're having so much sex, why do you still want us to have sex too? I mean it's not like you're not getting enough," she asked.

"Because it's so much better with you Mom," I answered unsure what else to say.

"I don't know why it would be better with me, they're just as old, if not older than I am."

"Because with you I feel warmth, tenderness and best of all, love. With them it's just doing it. I love you Mom," I tried to explain.

Her eyes misted a little and she reached over and took my hand in hers again before saying, "And the incest part of this doesn't bother you?"

"Not at all. If anything it adds a little spice to our lovemaking," I said trying to sound all grown up.

"Is that what we did, make love?"

"Yes."

"I see. And you think we should make love again," she said while rubbing her thumb softly across the top of my hand.

"Let me ask you something personal Mom. Is Dad keeping you satisfied, sexually I mean?" Her thumb stopped moving and she stiffened slightly but she answered anyway.

"Your Father spends a great amount of his energy trying to get ahead at work. He hasn't had much left the last couple of years to keep up with me."

"So your answer is no, he hasn't been satisfying your needs."

"If you put it that way, then no, he hasn't. But it's not his fault; I'm just over sexed," she whispered softly.

"Then let me help you. We're consenting adults, and you have to admit, we were good together last night," I said placing my free hand over hers.

"But I would be cheating on my husband, and you are my son. It's just not right," she rationalized.

"Don't think of it as cheating, and forget I'm your son. Think of me as being your personal stress reliever," I chuckled.

"My personal stress reliever huh," she laughed.



"Exactly! To be used only when absolutely necessary." Something in her face told me I was taking the right approach.

"Oh honey, I don't know. We'd be taking too much of a risk."

"Not if we're careful and don't tell anyone," I said.

"I just don't think it would be wise. But I will make you a deal," she said putting her other hand over the ones on the table.

"What kind of deal," I asked curious.

"We still have the rest of today. Julie won't be home until tomorrow so if you want, we can make love some more before we have to stop," she told me. My cock was on the rise.

"How about we have sex four times a week until the end of summer. The situation permitting of course," I counter offered.

"Are you nuts? We can't get away with that! Once a week will have to do," she proposed.

"Three times, and I'll throw in one weekly foot rub," I said straight-faced. She sat silently thinking for a minute before speaking.

"Here's my final offer. Twice a week, one foot rub, and you have to stay away from those other women. That includes Julie. Deal or no deal?"

"Just twice a week? I'm a horny eighteen year old Mom, I can't survive on twice a week relief."

"Maybe we could sneak in a handjob or two during the week to help you through, no promises on that though. Deal," she asked. Bingo! Eureka! Whoohoo!

"Deal! But why do you want me to stay away from the other women," I asked thinking I knew the answer already.

"Come over here and give me a kiss to seal the deal," she said without answering my question.

I walked around the table and brought my lips to hers. As I was lip-locking her luscious lips I felt her hands pulling my sweat pants down over my hips. She struggled a bit but was able to free my rock hard monster from the waistband. It bobbed up and down before her hand wrapped around the shaft and held it steady. The one hand began stroking the base of my cock as the other one found its way to my sack.

"In answer to your question about the other women; I don't like to share," she said right before her mouth engulfed the head of my rod in her wet, warm lips.

I found out that Mom was every bit as good as Irene was at sucking cock. With one hand stroking my shaft, the other one massaging the shit out of my balls, and her mouth nursing vigorously on the end of my cock I came in under two minutes. She didn't spill a single drop.

"Ready for your last day of lotion duty," she asked, looking up at me and wiping the corners of her mouth with her fingertip.

"You bet I am," I said gleefully.

"How about we do something different this time," she said smiling broadly.

"What do you have in mind?" My dick twitched just from the thought of her in that swimsuit.

"Put a towel down on the floor in the front room while I go change. You can butter up my back in here before we go outside." My dick twitched harder.

I was back from getting a large beach towel just as Mom came out of her room. She was completely naked, her swimsuit dangled from her hands. I spread out the towel giving her a quizzical look as I did. She said she would put the suit on after I rubbed in the lotion, and that I should also get undressed. No problem my brain screamed in delight; I was butt-naked in a flash. Instead of sunscreen she handed me a bottle of baby oil saying she preferred the smell of it better. I got another surprise when she lay on her back and told me to start with her front. Oh yeah! My hands shook slightly as I squirted a little onto her chest. After a few minutes of

trying to rub from the side Mom suggested that it would be better if I just straddled her hips and worked upwards. It was better; now my growing dong was lying across her furry mound, with my balls resting on her clit, as I slid my oily hands over every inch of her huge tits. Her nipples popped to attention on the very first pass of my slick fingertips. If she hadn't told me that I had enough oil on her boobs I probably would have rubbed her nipples clean off. I worked my way down her supple body until her entire front was as slick as I could get it.

Flipping onto her stomach she had me start at her feet and work my way up to her back. I have to admit; the backs of her legs didn't get near as much attention as her soft round ass did. Sitting astride her legs I wormed my ass higher up until I could reach her lower back, coating my dick in oil as I did. The head of my cock nestled between her thighs right under the swell of her asscheeks just barely touching the outer lips of her pussy. Her pubic hairs tickled the end of it causing it to twitch a little. I squirted a dab of oil in her crack, which flowed down and liberally coated the head of my cock. She didn't say anything about what I was doing. She did become aware of my intentions when I scooted forward and the tip of my lubricated cock slid effortlessly into her cunt. She didn't say anything about that either. The only sound that came out of her mouth was a soft moan.

A louder moan escaped her lips when I leaned forward to reach the tops of her shoulders and four more inches of rock hard cock wormed its way deeper into her depths. Putting the bottle of oil aside I started slip sliding my ass on the backs of her thighs pushing more and more of my steel pole into her slippery hole. Leaning slightly forward I grabbed her slippery hips and began to rapidly pump her pussy full of cock meat. This position wasn't very comfortable so I put my hands flat on the floor, stretched my legs back alongside hers, and was able to sink almost my entire rod into her clinching cunt. I became fascinated watching how her ass jiggled each

time I slammed my pelvis against her butt, spurring me to go faster and faster. Her backward thrusts soon equaled mine in intensity as I continued to hammer into her increasingly soaked cunt.

"That's it baby! Slam that big cock in me! Faster! Harder!"

This was a side of Mom I never knew existed. I have never heard her get vulgar; I liked it! Her words through me into a frenzy of animalistic lust. If she wanted faster and harder, then I sure as hell was going to give her what she wanted. My hips pumped my tool into her smoldering pussy at warp speed while I hammered her into the floor. Harder and faster is what she got as I bounced off her luscious ass with ever increasing force, every muscle in my body straining from the effort. We weren't making love this time. We were fucking, pure and simple.

"OHHH FUUCCCCCKKKKKK!!!" she screamed as wave after wave of contractions rippled along the shaft of my cock.

I couldn't even scream out the arrival of my own orgasm, I was too exhausted. I collapsed onto her back wondering how I could be shooting so much spunk into her after the blowjob she had given me earlier. Neither of us moved. I lay on top of her, my dick firmly planted inside her sweet tunnel, as the last of my semen oozed into her overflowing pussy. Purrs of contentment poured out of her mouth as she tried to get her trembling under control. I just tried to breathe.

"Oh God sweetie...that was fantastic," she murmured underneath me.

"I aim to please," I breathed, rolling off her with a plopping sound as her cunt released its grip on me.

"Well, you succeeded," she laughed turning on her side to face me.

"You surprised the hell out of me Mom." My breathing was finally back to normal.

"How? Oh, you mean with the potty mouth," she snickered.

"Yeah. I've never heard you talk like that," I said turning to face her.

"Your Dad doesn't like it when I get too vocal. Plus, it's been a very long time since I was fucked so hard," she snickered again. I was beginning to think she was fuck drunk.

"In that case, want to renegotiate our deal? I can fuck you that hard any time you want," I informed her smugly.

"A deals a deal baby. Let's just enjoy the rest of the day and worry about tomorrow later," she said reaching over and stroking my face tenderly.

"Okay Mom, but you know where I live if you change your mind," I chuckled.

We didn't bother taking a shower; Mom just donned her suit trapping most of my spunk in her twat with the bottoms. I raced upstairs for my

modified trunks while she raced out and dove into the pool. Some of my pork was poking out the leg when I reached the pool and joined her. Tag, you're it I gurgled underwater as I ran a finger against the camel toe in her swimsuit. She giggled and the game was on. I lost of course. We climbed out shortly to catch some rays and relax.

"Remind me to buy another swimsuit before your Father gets home," she said as we headed to the loungers.

"Why," I asked following behind her, my eyes glued to the transparent bottoms of her suit.

She spun around, placed her hands under her globes and hefted them up, revealing her dark nipples to my staring gaze and said, "This is why smarty-pants."

"You knew? How," I asked, dazed that she knew her suit was see-thru when wet.

"Of course I knew. You didn't think that because my boobs are so big, that I couldn't see my nipples when I looked down, did you?"

"Well...yeah," I stammered.

"Silly boy," she laughed at me then stretched out on the lounge. My curiosity was in overdrive.

"How long have you known," I asked, sliding a lounge closer to her and sitting down facing her.

"From the beginning," she chuckled.

"And you wore it anyway? Why?" My eyes traveled over her semi-nude body as we talked.

"Because I liked the effect it had on you," she stated, looking down between my legs.

"Have you been planning on having sex with me," I hesitantly asked.

"Not at first. I've heard the rumors about your large cock. I didn't believe them until I saw you using two hands to masturbate. I told you, I'm more like your sister than I realized." She didn't even flinch when she told me this.

"Wow," was all I managed. All she managed was to keep staring between my legs.

I looked down. My trouser snake was halfway out the leg of my trunks and striving to free itself completely. Maybe I hemmed these up a little too short I thought as I glanced back up and saw Mom rubbing one of her tits through her suit. She had the same evil grin that Julie gets when she sees something she wants. Another inch of pecker power crept out into view. Drops of pre-cum dripped onto the concrete and Mom stunned me with a question completely out of the blue.



"How many times a day can you come baby?" The look on her face told me that she really wanted to know.

"I'm not sure, I've never counted," I said awkwardly.

Lying back and shielding her eyes with her forearm she whispered, "Guess we'll have to count."

Seven inches of throbbing love muscle exposed its dripping self to the air when I stretched out on the lounge, wondering how I'd gotten played by my own Mother. Twenty minutes later we were back in the pool. We didn't play tag. This time Mom went over to the side closest to the fence and leaned against the side of the pool beckoning me with her finger. She was in chest high water and wrapped her legs around my hips as soon as I got close to her. With her hands on my shoulders holding her up, she used her feet to force my trunks down freeing my prong. It pointed straight out toward her crotch.

"Hold me up sweetie," she said pulling me closer with her legs.

With my hands in her armpits she reached down and grabbed my rod with one hand, while her other hand pulled her suit bottoms to the side exposing her slit. Using her leg muscles, and guiding my dick with her hand, she pulled me forward until I was probing her cum-filled cunt once more. If anyone looked over the fence, all they would see were our heads. Her velvety softness was like a cocoon around my hardness as I slowly began to stroke back and forth.

"Ooooh, that's it baby. Fill my pussy with that big hard cock. Do it slowly," she said as her arms wrapped around my neck and pulled my chest against her huge tits.

Slowly is how we did it. I would pump her pussy until I felt the naggings of an explosion, then I would stay still for a bit. We repeated this over and over; drawing out the pleasure until she suddenly bit down on my shoulder and started that marvelous contracting around my cock. Blobs of white gunk floated to the surface as I emptied another load of man batter into her steaming cunt. Even with her teeth sunk into my shoulder, I could still hear her cries. She had come so hard that I almost had to carry her into the house.

We stripped out of our wet clothes in the front room and ate lunch naked. I didn't eat much; it was impossible for me to tear my eyes away from her enormous breasts. When she started playing with them I did something I never dreamed I would do; I tasted my own sperm. I practically ran around the table and hoisted her butt onto it, then munched her box till she screamed. I have to say that I'm not into eating my own spunk, but hearing her squeals of joy made me think it was worth every salty lick. Besides, she returned the favor on our way up the stairs to my room.

I'm no superman of sex; I had to rest before Mr. Woody would agree to come out and play once we reached my room. However, I was starting to think that Mom WAS a nympho. I had to almost beg before she agreed to take a quick nap instead of fondling my privates raw. Did I say quick nap? That was an understatement. I had no sooner entered snooze land when she struck. Lying sideways on the bed with my ass near the edge and my feet flat on the floor, I felt that velvety tunnel swallow my semi-erect dick once more. Glancing through slits, I saw she had her back to me with her hands on my knees as she straddled my hips. Her legs were spread open

and her feet were over the side of the bed as her ass mashed down on my pubic hair.

"Mom, I'm tired," I whined even though I could feel Mr. Woody waking up.

"Relax. Go to sleep, I've got this," she groaned and began to rotate her hips clockwise on my crotch.

"But it's not hard enough," I complained, starting to enjoy what she was doing anyway.

"It's hard enough baby," she cooed just as her rotating hips reversed direction.

I closed my eyes and relaxed, letting Mom have her way with my tool. And what a way she had with it; two minutes later Mr. Woody was replaced by Mr. Stiffy. That's when Mom started riding up and down instead of round and round. I couldn't help but open my eyes and watch her ass going up and down on my cock. She was like a sensuous cat, graceful and sleek in her performance. I could see streams of my previous deposits coating my rod as it leaked from her slick pussy and pooled at my base. When I began to move my hips she laid back on my chest and put her feet on my thighs. Reaching around her I cupped her tits in my hands and tweaked each nipple until they were just as hard as my dick. Her fingertips brushed my shaft as they worked her clitoris into an erect state. I was in no hurry. Slowly I pumped up into her heat listening to the change in her breathing as we went. Something nagged at my brain the closer I drove Mom to the top. Something familiar. Just as she popped I realized what was nagging at me. It had been the sounds of the hallway

floorboards creaking. Looking over Mom's shoulder I saw what had caused them to creak. Julie was standing in the open doorway holding our swim suits in one hand as her other hand snapped pictures on her cell phone. She had the evilest grin on her face I'd ever seen.

"Well, well, well...what do we have here," she cooed, still snapping picture after picture of my cock buried up Mom's fur burger.

"Julie!" Mom screamed trying to lift herself off me.

"Don't either of you move, otherwise I send these photos to Dad," she shouted forcefully.

We froze as Julie slowly walked over to the bed and glared at us. She repeated her command not to move as she sank to her knees in front of us. I felt her hands on my knees pushing them apart as she worked herself between my legs and closer to our crotches. Her intentions became clear when I felt her lean forward and capture one of my nuts in her mouth. She sucked it briefly then ran her tongue up my shaft and over Mom's hard clit. Mom shuddered from the touch of wet tongue on her pussy.

"NO! OH NO! Don't do this Julie," Mom pleaded as Julie's lips clamped down.

"Be quiet, you'll like it, I promise," Julie barked then went back to sucking Mom's clit.

Apparently Julie was right, Mom did like it. I felt the contractions start in the depths of Mom's cunt around my cockhead and work their way down my shaft. The harder Julie licked and sucked, the tighter she clamped her cunt around my cock. Julie didn't ignore me either; she ran her tongue up and down my shaft almost as much as she ran it over Mom's clit. I pumped faster. Mom moaned loader. Julie sucked harder. My nut butter sprang out of my balls and splashed the back of Mom's pussy in gushes.

"OHHHHH YEEAAHHHHH!!!" I squealed feeling mom's pussy clinch my rod at the same time.

"FUCK! FUCK! FUUUCCKKKK!!!" Mom shouted as she bucked her cunt wildly on my cock and Julie's mouth.

"Oh my God! I've never felt anything like that," she said between breaths.

"Told you you'd like it," Julie said with a satisfied smugness.

Julie stood up, Mom rolled off, and I sat up and waited for what was about to come. I know Julie; she wasn't about to let us get away with this without getting something in return. There was no doubt in my mind that it was going to be something big too. For some reason Mom tried to cover her nakedness with her hands as we sat there staring up into Julie's gleeful eyes. I almost laughed at the absurdity of her trying. It would take her hands and mine just to cover her tits. All thoughts of laughing vanished when Julie turned to face Mom and began to speak.

"So, you don't want me enjoying Tucker's big dick, but it's okay if you do huh," she asked snidely.

"It's not what you think," Mom said weakly, her face crimson.

"It's exactly what I think. I knew as soon as you saw the size of that monster you'd be all over it, and I was right," Julie snapped back.

"I couldn't resist," Mom whispered looking down at her feet.

"I know. I couldn't either once I saw it," Julie's tone softened.

"I'm so sorry honey. Please forgive me." I thought Mom was going to cry.

Julie wormed herself between us and sat down. She turned and hugged Mom like a Mother comforts a child. I was touched.

"I understand Mom. I love you. That is one big beef stick," she laughed, stroking Mom's hair away from her face.

"Like an M&M, can't have just one. Or in this case, can't have it just once," Mom snickered.

Laughing herself Julie said, "Exactly. That's why there's going to be new rules."

"What sort of new rules," Mom asked finally looking up.

"Until I go back to school, you and I are going to share Tucker's dick."

"Hey! Don't I have a say in this," I asked, actually liking the idea.

"NO!" they both shouted at the same time.

It was lovely to see a Mother and daughter bonding over the same thing.

"There's something else Mom."

"What else Julie?"

"Since you liked what I did to you, I get to do it again. And you're gonna do it to me too."

"Oh sweetie, I don't think I could do that," Mom said.

"You can, and you will. Remember, I have the pictures of Tucker's dick up your cunt. Wouldn't want Dad to see them, now would you?"

"Seriously? You're blackmailing me into licking your pussy?" Mom was beside herself with anger.

"No. I'm blackmailing you into trying a new experience. It doesn't make you a lesbian or anything. Do we have a deal or not?"

"Once again. Don't I have anything to say about this deal," I spoke up.

"NO!" Once again they answered in unison.

"So. Deal or no deal Mom," Julie asked again.

"Deal. Now what?" For some reason my mind wondered why Mom hadn't argued very much against Julie's terms. It didn't matter to me; I win either way. I could feel nut butter begin to fill my balls again.

"No time like the present to experience something new. Lye down on the bed and I'll clean up that creampie Tucker gave you. Maybe we can get his bolony pony to turn into a stallion," Julie remarked, looking down at my flaccid penis.

Mom didn't hesitate. She stretched out on the bed, raised her knees and spread her legs. Standing up I watched as Julie chucked off her clothes and crawled between Mom's thighs leaving her ass up in the air. Watching her lick the spooge from Mom's cunt while her bald pussy stared back at me was all it took. Positioning myself behind Julie's upturned ass I guided the stallion up the path of her slick passage until she was bucking like a bronco. All I needed now was some spurs. Julie had a hard time keeping her tongue on Mom's convulsing pussy as I held onto her hips and rode the shit out of her. Mom got off first, followed by Julie then me. One creampie cleaned, another just starting to leak out. I was having a wonderful day.



Nine times. That's what I told Mom later when she asked how many times I busted my nut today. With an evil grin from both her and my sister, she asked if I wanted to try for an even ten. My curiosity as to why Julie had come home early vanished as both women began to lick my dick at the same time. Did I mention that I was having a wonderful day?

## Summer Ends

I could hear whimpering sounds coming from the open door of Julie's bedroom. I tried to ignore them but was powerless to stop myself from looking in. At first I thought she was in agony or something, but the closer I got the more the sounds resembled whimpers of ecstasy. I reached the door and stared wide-eyed at the sight in front of me. Julie was sprawled on the bed sideways with her widespread legs up in the air. She was naked. What really shocked the shit out of me was who she was with.

Dad held her ankles as he drove his rock hard dick deep into her stretched slit. His cock was as big as mine, but fatter. I could see the veins in his massive tool throb as he hammered my sister's pussy like a jackhammer. His eyes were wild with lust as he watched Julie's face each time his rod sank all the way into her cunt. Her huge breasts swayed up and down from the force of his penetrations, and she had the look of pure rapture plastered to her face. Her grin was the vilest I'd ever seen on her.

"You like that baby girl, you like that," Dad chanted as his cock pistoned in and out of her at break-neck speed.

"Oh yes Daddy. Fuck me hard. Fuck your little angel," Julie squealed.

"That's right little girl, Daddy's going to fuck you good. Turn over! you know how I like it."

Dad pulled his monster from her drenched bald slit and watched as she flipped over and stuck her ass up in the air. Stepping up behind her he guided the slickened bulbous head of his massive dick back into the sweetness of her slit. Once it parted her outer lips, he rammed it all the way in with one mighty lunge. Julie screamed in delight as Dad's cock buried itself into her steaming twat.

"OOOOHHHHH YEAH! That's it, Daddy, do me, do me good," she panted as he rocked her back and forth on the bed.

"You like the way Daddy fucks his baby girl?"

"I love the way you fuck me Daddy."

"Does Daddy fuck you better than your brother?"

"Oh yes Daddy. Much better than Tucker does."

"And don't you forget it either," Dad hollered, slamming into her harder and faster.

"OH SHIT!!!" Julie screamed as her orgasm burst throughout her convulsing body.

"You ready for it baby girl?"

"Yes Daddy, give it to me."

"Turn around, I want to do it on your tits," Dad said, backing away and yanking his throbbing cock from her hole.

Julie turned and sat on the edge of the bed holding her tits together as Dad stepped forward stroking his dick with both hands. He aimed the head directly at Julie's boobs, grunted once, then unleashed the biggest damn wad of cock snot I'd ever seen. It covered Julie's tits completely in one splash. Both Julie and Dad turned to look at me; their evil grins mocking me. Another load blasted out over her globes at the same time a scream blasted out of my mouth waking me up.

I jerked to a sitting position in bed covered in a cold sweat. It was dark; my TV had turned itself off some time ago. I shook my head trying to clear the dream from my memory. I couldn't. All I could see was that massive cock stretching my sister's pussy beyond belief. This by far had been the worst of the dreams I'd been having since Dad returned two and a half months ago. My days were filled with the fear of him catching me fucking his wife and daughter, while my nights were filled with these weird ass dreams. I guess my scream was loud enough to wake Julie, because she came rushing in asking if I was okay. After I told her it was just a bad dream she volunteered to help me get back to sleep. I didn't refuse her offer and was sleeping soundly shortly after she drained my balls with her mouth.

Morning came, and with it so did the first day of my internship at the bank. I shit, showered and shaved before dressing in the new gray suit Mom had bought me. I was going to need help knotting the tie. Mom and Dad were at the dining table ready for work when I got downstairs. Grabbing a cup of coffee I joined them and asked where Julie was. Both said, as far as they knew, she was still in bed. I wanted to thank her for helping me get back to sleep. I'd have to wait till tonight I guessed. I almost fainted when I felt Mom's stocking covered foot stroke the inside of my calf as Dad sat there drinking his morning java. Looking over at her I saw the mischievous grin on her lips. It was things like this that had my nerves strung taught as a banjo string. Both her and Julie had been pressing our luck with little stunts right in front of Dad. My mind drifted back over the last few months.

July fourth started with a bang. Literally. I woke to find Mom riding my morning wood. The feel of her slippery pussy going up and down on my cock caused me to groan with pleasure before I even realized I wasn't having a dream. My eyes opened and I saw her looking down at me with lust-glazed eyes. Unable to resist the sweetness of her heat I began pumping up to meet her thrust, as my hands sought out and found her nightshirt-covered breasts. Realizing I was awake she leaned forward and kissed me on the lips before whispering in my ear.

"Morning honey."

"What time is it Mom," I whispered back, at the same time pulling her completely down on my chest and pumping faster.

"It's early. Don't worry, everyone's asleep except us," she said moving her hips to match my pace.

She shuddered as she came, her cunt clamping my rod in her velvet cocoon before her contractions sent ripples of pleasure up and down my shaft. I shot my load; her lips on mine stifling my moans. My cock fell out of her pussy and landed on my stomach with a wet plop as she climbed off, gave me another kiss and left. I slept the sleep of the dead for another four hours before getting up.

In my pajama pants and t-shirt I went down and made myself a bowl of coco-puffs. It was a holiday so Mom and Dad were in the front room watching some off the wall crap. I was enjoying my cereal when Julie came in and joined me with a bowl of her own. She kept glancing over at me like she wanted to get my attention. When I looked her way, she reached up and squeezed one of her tits through her nightshirt and smiled at me. Right then and there I knew this was going to be a long day. A very long day.

"You two want to ride along to the store with me," Dad hollered from the front room.

"Not really," I mumbled under my breath.

"What are you going to the store for," Julie asked, trying not to snicker at me as she pinched her tit once more.

"It's July fourth. We need fireworks, something to barbeque and beers for you and Tucker." That got our attention.

"You're gonna let us drink beer," I asked. I wanted to ask, "Who are you, and what have you done with my Dad?"

"Sure. You're both old enough to have a couple beers now," he replied coming closer to the table.

"Aww, just a couple Daddy," Julie remarked in her little girl voice.

"We'll see sweetie," Dad chuckled, stepping up behind Julie's chair and kissing the top of her head.

"You and Mom don't drink beer," I said, still unsure if this was my real father or some alien clone.

"Your Mom and I will probably indulge in a little bit of the Jack," he said with a twinkle in his eyes.

"But Dad, you know what happens when you and Mom drink Jack Daniels. You guys get all mushy and lovey-dovey," Julie laughed.

"We'll try and behave ourselves," he laughed back, and then asked, "So, anyone want to go with us?"

"Mom's going," Julie asked.

"Yeah."

"I think Tucker and I will stay here and get the grill all set up," Julie said, not asking if that's what I wanted or not.

"Okay sweetheart. We'll be back in a little while," he told us as he headed back to the front room.

As soon as Mom and Dad left Julie started in on me.

"Aren't you happy I got us out of that," she asked, leaning her head to the side and glaring at me.

"Yes. Thank you," I told her.

"How happy are you," she asked with a sly grin.

"What?"

"I said, how happy are you that you didn't have to go," she responded.

"I'm ecstatic," I said, getting up and taking my bowl to the sink.

"That means you're happy enough to do your big sister a favor?"

I stopped in my tracks, took a hard look at her and asked, "What sort of favor?"

Not missing a beat she stood up, cleared the table in front of her, and hopped up on it spreading her legs wide open. Her bald slit winked at me. My cock winked back.

"Eat me," she said unsmiling.

"Are you nuts?"

"No. I just want to have my pussy licked," she replied all serious like.

"Julie," I groaned.

"Remember who has the pictures Tucker. Now get your ass over here and suck my cunt," she demanded.

Well, I was still hungry. One bowl of coco-puffs doesn't fill a growing boy up. I took her chair, scooted it close to the table and sat down facing her shaved slit. Putting my hands on the backs of her knees and holding her legs up, I leaned in and ran my tongue tentatively through her slit. Shit yes I thought, much better than coco-puffs. She squealed with delight as I sat there trying to find out just how many licks it does take to get to the center of a lollipop. I don't know about the lollipop thing, but I did find out that it takes roughly forty- seven licks to get to Julie's center. The lower half of my face was smeared with her cunt cream by the time she let out a loud moan and coated my tongue with her essence. I stood up, pulled out



my raging cock with every intention of cramming it up her hole. She had other ideas. Hopping off the table she turned and grinned evilly at me.

"Later," was all she said before rushing to the stairs.

"Julie...You can't leave me like this," I called out to her retreating back.

Bitch! I thought as I watched her disappear up the stairs while I stood there like a dumb ass holding my unused boner in my hand. Bitch! I thought again as I stood in the bathroom rubbing one out. One of these days Sis, one of these days, my mind screamed as I headed back to my room.

By six o'clock that evening half of the burgers and dogs Dad had grilled remained on the grill. No one seemed to be hungry. I was thirsty though. Apparently so was everyone else. Between the two of them, Mom and Dad had managed to kill off two-thirds of a bottle of Jack. However, judging by how amorous Dad was getting, I'd have to say that most of it had gone down his throat and not Mom's. Julie and I had kicked back and sucked down nearly a twelve-pack by this time. I can't speak for her, but I was feeling no pain.

Mom's new swimsuit was nowhere near as provocative as her other one. This one left way too much to the imagination. The top was full cupped, while the bottoms covered her ass completely. To top that off, it was a muddy brown in color. Luckily for me, I knew intimately what was under the drab thing. Julie still wore her old one so if I needed a flesh fix I just stared at her. So did Dad. I got Julie and myself another beer while Mom and Dad played a drunken version of tag in the pool. I sat in the lounge

closest to Julie and watched my parents play grab ass, all the while wishing Mom's top would fall off.

"I'm sorry for leaving you hanging this morning," Julie said leaning over toward me.

"Sure you are," I told her sarcastically.

"No, seriously, I am. Let's go upstairs and I'll make it up to you." I couldn't even make the same lecherous face that she was making.

"You really are nuts, aren't you," I told her.

"Why, because I want to repay the favor? That doesn't make me crazy, just horny," she laughed.

"No Julie, you're bat shit nuts. Mom and Dad are right there," I whispered, feeling the twitch in my groin her offer was causing.

"So. They won't even know we're gone. Come on bro, I know you want some of this," she teased rubbing her hand over her mound.

"At least wait till we light off the fireworks," I pleaded.

"Oh pooh, you're no fun," she said leaning back in her chair and pouting.

By the time it was dark enough to light the fireworks, Dad and Mom had started on a second bottle of Jack. Due to the strict ordinances and the cost, our fireworks display was limited to a few sparklers and some hokey things that popped then fizzled out. Yeah folks, we were having a ball. Made me long for the good old days when I was six years old. A little over an hour later Julie told them that she and I were going to bed. I didn't even think they heard her until Dad said good night. Mom was too busy nuzzling Dad's neck, while trying to lie on the same lounge to care if we were there or not.

I prayed Julie didn't rip one as we headed up the stairs; I was following behind her so close my nose was almost between her buns. Instead of going to her room or mine, she took my hand and led me into the spare room overlooking the pool. I had a pretty good idea what she was up to when she went over and opened the window. I asked her anyway, just to make sure.

"You know how those two get, so just be quiet and watch," she whispered as we looked down onto the pool area.

Sure as shit, we hadn't been gone five minutes and our parents were already in a lip-lock, with Dad's hand roaming down the back of Mom's swimsuit bottoms. Hers was rubbing the crotch of his shorts. Yeah Mom, get some I thought, just as I felt Julie's palm rub the front of the long shorts I had been forced to wear. An involuntary gasp erupted from my mouth when she reached inside the waistband and wrapped her hand around my pole.

"Shush fool, want them to hear you," she chastised me.

"Sorry," I squeaked, undoing my pants and letting them fall to the floor.

"Much better, thanks," Julie said, really starting to tug on my meat as we watched our parents down below.

"My pleasure," I snickered as my rod expanded in her hand.

The booze must not have had any effect on Mom's co-ordination; she had Dad's pecker out and up in less than five minutes. From the gasp Julie let out, I was sure she was as impressed with our father's dork as I was. It wasn't near as long as mine, maybe seven or eight inches tops, but it was thick. You go Dad I smirked, reaching a hand over and cupping Julie's firm ass. The way we were both leaning partially out the window made it easy for me to slip a finger under her suit bottom and run it up between her legs.

She didn't even flinch as my finger entered her juicy slit. All she did was stare at Dad's dick while Mom slid lower and lower on the lounge. She did flinch when my finger probed her opening, but I think it was from watching Mom's mouth inhale Dad's cock, more than from what I was doing. I really didn't care how Julie got her jollies; I was getting some stinky finger and that's all I cared about. That, and the fact that Julie's hand was really pumping the snot out of my dick now.

I have to admit, watching Mom suck Dad's prong was turning me on. So turned on that I slid my whole finger deep inside my sister's wet twat and finger fucked her, while the sloppy sounds of cock sucking came up from below. The slurping noises grew along with the groans of pleasure pouring out of Dad's mouth. He started bucking his hips up and down forcing more and more of his hardness inside Mom's mouth. She was a

real trooper, munching his meat all the way down to his balls without slowing down as he hammered her throat. Yeah Mom! That's how you do it. My finger moved faster in Julie's cunt as she worked her fist up and down my shaft, making mewling sounds that got louder the longer she watched our parents.

I didn't tell Julie to be quiet; I was too mesmerized by the spectacle below to say anything. Mom stopped sucking and stood up, dropped her bottoms and straddled Dad's knees. I watched in complete awe as she used one hand to jack Dad's cock keeping it hard, while her other hand wormed under her mound and onto her slit. I could see her fingers frantically massaging the hell out of her clit. I could tell she was into it, getting wilder by the second. I knew it wouldn't be long before she mounted the cock and rode Dad into the ground. She threw her head back and howled as her fingers massaged her clit and cunt into an explosive first orgasm. Julie and I almost jumped back; Mom's unfocused eyes were staring right at us.

Just when I thought it was time for Mom to climb on, Dad blew his wad. Cum spurted everywhere; on his stomach, his chest and all over Mom's pumping hand. I heard Mom's sigh of disappointment clear up here. Used to the response she got from my young meat, Mom stroked Dad's deflating tool hopping to bring it back to life. It didn't work. Thirty seconds after popping his nut Julie and I heard his passed-out snores. Mom definitely wasn't a happy camper.

"Damnit Don! Not again," she cried.

I was lost in a world of lust. Pulling my finger from Julie's clinching cunt I yanked her bottoms down, stepped behind her bent over body and shoved my cock up her soaking wet pussy. She was so hot and bothered

my rod slid all the way in on the first try. Grabbing her hips I rammed my rod into her as hard as I could, causing her to shriek in joy. What I didn't know, since I could no longer see out the window, was Mom heard her too. She looked up and saw Julie hanging partway out the window. Mom stood up and ran toward the house.

Wrapping my arms around her middle, I dragged Julie over and fell on top of her on the spare bed without ever taking my dick out of her cunt. I was just getting a rhythm when Mom rushed in. Her eyes were wild as she took in the sight of my dick going in and out of Julie's pussy. For some reason I didn't stop bouncing my pelvis off Julie's butt cheeks. I couldn't; it felt too damn good. Mom on the other hand had no problem stopping me. She reached me in no time and yanked me backwards dislodging my engorged dick in the process. I was furious until Mom told Julie to turn over and scoot up on the bed. When she did Mom climbed up on the bed on her hands and knees and got between Julie's legs. She looked back at me.

"Fuck me. I need some cock...I need it now," Mom begged.

Grinning from ear to ear I held my rod out and stepped towards Mom's upturned ass. Julie put her hands on the back of Mom's head and gently pulled it down toward her steaming twat. I bent down long enough to run my tongue once through Mom's furry muff before guiding my purplish head between her puffy pussy lips. Unlike how I'd entered Julie, with Mom I slowly sank my cock into her molten slit until my balls made contact with her clit. She groaned then lowered herself onto her elbows bringing her mouth down on Julie's wet love box.

Bending forward over Mom's back I began raining kisses on every inch of skin that I could reach, as she began to ravage Julie's sopping pussy with

her tongue. The smell of sex was in the air, along with the sounds of hot steamy fornication. I felt all-powerful, all consumed with the sounds of two wet pussies getting wetter by the minute. Gradually I picked up the pace of my strokes until my balls were banging off Mom's clit like an over-inflated basketball. The sounds of wet, nasty, sloppy fucking filled my ears.

I felt four orgasms ripple through Mom, and heard Julie squeal out two of her own before I decided to slow down a little. I was gonna go for broke. I was going to make these two women know that they'd been fucked. Yes, you are a God, my mind screamed at me as another orgasm bolted through Mom's shuddering body. It was time. Time to make more of my dreams come true. Time to fill my Mothers pussy once more.

"UUUGGGGHHHHHH!!" I bellowed as my seed shot out and flooded the depths of Mom's pulsating pussy.

"Oh! *God*" Julie and Mom squealed at the same time.

Mom shuddered once more then fell over onto her side next to Julie. My cock was still hard and hanging out in front of me. I wasn't done yet. Grabbing Julie by her ankles I pulled her to the edge of the bed and ploughed into her sodden tunnel. Her eyes grew wide as my cock buried itself deep into her soaking hole. Holding her thighs against my sides I began to hammer her cunt as her panting grew erratic. The force of my thrusts caused her tits to slip from her swim top and bounce up and down on her chest. Faster and faster, I fucked her hole until the tell tale tingling of my approaching orgasm reached critical mass. I nuked her twat in nut butter with so much force she briefly passed out. Okay, it could have been too much beer. Whatever. At least I felt I'd paid her back for leaving me

hanging earlier. The sound of someone calling my name snapped me back to the present.

**THE END**