

MAKING A BABY

bob03567

A family discovers incest while trying to have a baby.

Incest/Taboo

4.51

14.3k words

All characters are 18 years or older.

I would like to thank woodlands1946 for taking the time to review my story.

"Oh Fuck Charles. Yes! Oh yes! I'm going to cum. Cum with me! Oh! Oh! Oh!" his wife shrieked as he pounded her hard. Her legs wrapped around his waist as her body squirmed under him coaxing his sperm to surge out of his nuts. However, it was getting harder and harder for him to enjoy the experience.

For a while now they've been trying to start a family, and at first it was fantastic having sex two to three times a day. But now after a month of trying every single day it became more of a job then sexual pleasure.

"Oh Charles! Oh! Oh! OH!" his wife howled as her body quivered. Her orgasm had always thrilled him and his sperm readied to release. Ramming his cock hard into her, he held it there until his baby making juices filled inside her.

Come on you little fuckers. Find the egg. He thought as his sperm pumped out.

Exhausted he crashed his sweaty body on top of his wife, and she held him tight to her. Her breath raced as she tried to speak.

"That was great honey. I'm sure this will be the time," she said and kissed his cheek thinking.

Please... please let this be the one.

Leaning up he kissed her back keeping his cock inside her. Which was another thing they were told to try.

After kissing for several minutes Rylee told him to roll off, and he held her hand as they lay with their backs on the bed and fell asleep.

Their wishful thoughts went unanswered once more. And several times after that until finally Rylee said, "Honey I think we need to see if there's a problem with one of us."

Charles looked at his wife and admired her beauty. Her long blonde hair fell over her shoulders and danced across her perky chest. Rylee wasn't large like her mother. Only being a size B. But that was perfect in Charles's eyes. Everything about her was flawless. At 5'-4, he was able to comfortably walk with her under his arm and he loved looking at her tiny ass. Her baby blues and light pink lips would make his heart flutter every time he would look at her.

"Well what do you think?" Rylee asked.

"Uh? Oh." Charles replied.

"I guess so," he hesitantly said.

"Good I'll make us an appointment."

Charles really didn't like the idea, fearing maybe it was him that had the problem. However, after having some embarrassing tests done it was confirmed they both were okay.

"So what is the problem then doctor?" Rylee questioned.

"Sometimes there just isn't an answer I'm sorry to say. The best thing to do is keep trying."

And try they did. For another two months without success. They even went to other doctors and took more tests. The answers and results were the same. The whole process was now taking a toll on both of them, and Rylee was getting depressed. So once, again they went to the doctors.

"There is another option but it's not covered by your insurance and a little expensive. We could try In vitro fertilization." The doctor explained.

"How does that work?" Charles asked.

"We harvest some eggs from Rylee and fertilize them with your sperm. Then place them back inside Rylee."

"Oh. Well that doesn't sound bad."

"You understand they're still is a risk that Rylee's body might reject the egg after we reinsert it, and the process would have to be done over again. And, like I said, it's expensive."

"How much we talking here?" Rylee questioned."

"Somewhere between ten and twenty thousand. It depends on how many times we have to do the process."

"Oh... that is expensive." Rylee said.

Charles saw Rylee's face and knew she was getting depressed.

"Okay doc thanks. We'll talk this over and get back to you."

Charles led his wife out of the office and held her close as they walked towards the car.

"Don't worry honey. If we have to go this route, I'll find some way to come up the money."

Rylee looked upon her husband's face with a forced smile. She knew they couldn't afford that much right now.

The next day when Charles went to work, Rylee went to see her mother. Rylee and her family were close, and she needed to talk to someone who would understand what she was going through. After greeting her mom with a hug, she began to cry.

"Honey. What is it?"

"Sorry Mom. I just needed a good cry. I don't know what to do."

"You and Charles having problems?"

"Kind of. We've been trying for a baby for almost six months now. The doctors don't know why I'm not getting pregnant. They offered to do invitro, but that's something we just can't afford." Rylee said as her tear filled eyes peered at her mother.

Rylee's mom Veronica was in her early 40's. Her size and complexion were similar to her daughters except she carried a size C cup. Her hair, blonde like her daughters, wasn't long but cut short and ended at her neck. Like Rylee, her parents married right out of high school and gave birth to her not long after that.

Her father, Abe being only a couple of months older than her mom, was beginning to show some gray. Being in the construction business, he stayed fit and unknown to her mother Rylee always enjoyed how her father looked. In her eyes, he was a very handsome man.

"Calm down honey. Let's see if we can come up with something. I'm sure there's a way."

Mother and daughter talked for a couple of hours. Rylee began to feel less depressed and more open with her mom. She became so comfortable talking with her, she started to describe in great detail how her and Charles would make love.

Shocked at first, Veronica couldn't believe that her daughter was telling her all the nasty things her and Charles did in the bedroom. However, she figured her daughter must have needed to get it off her chest. What she wasn't prepared for was how Rylee's talking was affecting her. As her daughter talked, she felt a twinge between her legs. At first, it was barely noticeable, but as Rylee went on it grew.

Oh my god! My daughter is getting me horny. Veronica thought.

Veronica clamped her legs together and placed her hand on top of her skirt. She lightly pressed down between her thighs to ease the building pressure she felt in her pussy. Her mind started to wander as her daughter carried on. She was soon vividly seeing herself getting fucked by Charles. Her pussy went moist, and her heart raced as her excitement became too much to control. Without thinking, her hands pushed down harder between her legs. They willingly parted to make room. She could feel herself close to cumming as her young imaginary stud sank his steel tool deep inside her.

"*Yes! Yes! Deeper! Harder!*" Her mind said as her boy toy thrust and pushed.

"Mom!"

"Uh? Oh... Sorry dear. I was thinking of how to resolve your problem." Veronica replied, feeling her face turn flush.

"Will you excuse me honey? Mommy has to pee."

"Okay Mom. I'll go make some tea."

Veronica went into the bathroom and wasted no time quickly dropping her panties to slide three fingers deep inside her wet snatch as she sat upon the toilet seat. Her mind raced back and replayed the nasty visions of Charles slamming into her.

"Oh fuck! Oh yes. Charles... Oh... Fuck me. Give me your sperm. I want to feel it filling me." Veronica moaned above a whisper as her fingers feverishly fucked her soaked twat sending waves of

pleasure throughout her body.

"OH! OH! OH FUCK!" she wailed as her body quivered from the most intense orgasm she'd ever had.

"Mom? Are you okay?"

"Oh yes honey. I just um... found the mess your dad left in the shower."

"Oh" Rylee laughed.

"I know what you mean. I can't get Charles to clean up after himself either."

As Veronica fixed herself, she mulled over how many years it has been since she came like that. She and her husband still had an active sex life, but for the last 10 years, there wasn't much excitement. The romance was just about gone. That's when a devious idea immersed.

I couldn't. She'd never go for it. But what if she did? Veronica thought as she exited the bathroom and walked towards her daughter who was sipping her tea in the living room.

Gracefully sitting back down of the sofa, she found the courage to share her idea with her daughter.

"Rylee, what if I became your surrogate."

"What! You're kidding right Mom? I mean... you are, aren't you?" Rylee replied looking very puzzled.

"No. I thought about it, and it seems to make perfect sense. The baby would still be part of you since you are part of me."

"I... I don't know Mom. I'm not sure how I would feel with you have sex with my husband. I don't think I would even be able to talk to Charles about this. It's just so... well... so weird."

"I think you're right. I mean, I would have to sell the idea to your father also. Even though I always did want another child."

"Oh... you never mentioned that before Mom."

"It's something I don't like to talk about. Your father and I tried like you two are now. However, it just wasn't meant to happen. We finally gave up when you turned six, figuring too much time had passed by."

Rylee listened to her mother's story and felt sorry for her. In a strange way, her mother's suggestion was starting to sound like a good idea. Her mother's proposal would help both out, and that made her feel good inside.

"Listen Mom, I've been thinking, and you may be correct about this. I'll mention it to Charles tonight and see what he thinks."

"I think we should discuss this with everyone together. Since it would affect us all drastically."

Rylee thought about it and agreed. The women made plans on what night to talk to their husbands, and Rylee departed feeling much better about her situation than when she arrived.

That night, she told Charles about her visit to her parents, and how she needed to have a family discussion with him and her parents over at their house.

Charles looked puzzled but saw that whatever she had talked about with her mother had greatly improved her spirits. Rylee looked much more chipper than when he left this morning. So, Charles just blindly agreed with his wife's wishes.

The next night, they drove over to her parent's house for dinner and the discussion. Charles never minded visiting Rylee's parents. He and Abe had much in common. They both worked in construction and enjoyed watching sports. He also didn't mind seeing Veronica again since being around her made him feel good. Her upbeat personality and great complexion would make him feel welcomed. Not to mention how he still sneaked a peek at her chest and ass like he had done when he and Rylee were dating.

Veronica made a lasagna knowing it was her husband's and Charles favorite dish, and kept the wine flowing hoping the diner and drinks would make their talk much easier. It all seemed to be working out fine. Everyone was laughing and enjoying themselves.

"Let's go into the living room for our talk. Here Rylee, take the bottle of wine with you. The men's glasses look almost empty." Veronica said as she cleaned off the table.

Rylee, Charles and Abe ventured into the living room. Rylee motioned for her husband to sit upon the couch, as she filled his glass. Then turned and did the same for her father who as usual took his place in his favorite chair. However, as she poured the red liquid into his glass, he questioned.

"You know what this is all about Rylee?"

"Mom is coming now. I think she can explain it better than I can."

Veronica walked up to Rylee and said.

"Thanks honey. I'll take that. Go sit down next to Charles."

Veronica took the wine from Rylee and topped her own glass off placing the bottle on the coffee table before unusually sitting on her husband lap.

The room was silent as Veronica took a big gulp of wine and set her glass on the end table before she started to speak.

"Now that we are all comfortable I guess I can go over what Rylee, and I came up with the other day that would help with the problem they're having."

"What problem?" Abe asked.

"Your daughter and Charles have been trying to give us a grandchild for over a half year now, so far without any success."

"Oh... Is that all?" Abe chuckled. "I thought someone was dying or something."

"Listen Abe. This is a big deal. Remember back when we also tried for another child before giving up?"

Abe stopped laughing and said, "Oh... Yes... Sorry" as he looked at his wife.

"So here is what we propose..." Veronica said as she momentarily paused to take another big gulp of her wine and finished by saying.

"We feel maybe I could be a surrogate."

Rylee clutched her husband's hand when she heard him yell out.

"Are you nuts?"

Abe squirmed in his chair and choked when his brain realized what his wife just proposed.

"Veronica that's crazy!" he shouted

"Listen you two!" Rylee yelled and stood up.

"Before you both get hysterical, let Mom finish."

Both men went silent and Rylee sat back down taking her husband's hand back into hers as her mother once again spoke.

"Like I was saying, we feel it is a good alternative. Rylee told me how much the invitro could cost and there is no guarantee that would even work. This way at least the child would still be related.

"This is just too crazy for me to comprehend." Charles said as all kinds of emotions filled his body.

"Think honey. It would mean we could have our baby." Rylee said, as she looked deep into her husband's eyes.

"Are you hearing yourself? You're asking me to ffu... I mean... have sexual intercourse with your mother."

"I agree with you Charles, I think they both flipped their lids."

"Hush Abe! You're not the one that would be carrying the child for nine months. I would."

Abe knew by his wife's face, she was dead serious on doing this. However, as he looked at her, his brain pictured Charles and her having sex. For some strange reason, it was turning him on.

Charles was silent and couldn't believe what was taking place and ponder over what was being asked of him.

My wife wants me to actually fuck her mom? Her hot mom? And her mom wants this also?

Charles looked over at Veronica as she sat on Abe's lap and noticed her shapely bum protruding off his legs. His eyes gazed upon her skirt that rose up high on her thigh showing off her sexy legs.

I couldn't do this. It would be crazy to accept this. He thought as his eye trailed up her body and admired her lush globes.

But what if I did? Charles pondered as he saw himself sucking on her breasts, making her moan in sexual delight.

The room fell still, as no one talked for several minutes. All of them were in deep thought until Rylee broke the silence.

"Well? What do you think?"

"Uh... Um... I... I don't know." Charles replied, looking over at Abe for his response.

"I... think we all need some time to think this over." Abe said as he patted his wife's thigh, which drew Charles gaze back upon it. Charles didn't realize Abe had caught him staring at his wife, and that he noticed the bulge growing in his pants. Seeing Charles get turned on strangely only heightened his own sexual curiosity. So as Charles looked on, he slid his hand across his wife's skirt slowly pulling it up higher revealing more of her thigh for him to admire.

Charles was snapped out of his trance when Veronica pulled her skirt back down and announced.

"No... we need an answer tonight. While it's fresh on our minds."

"Are you sure you're okay with this Rylee?" Abe said as he looked at his daughter.

"Yes daddy. I want a baby in our lives." Rylee said and gazed upon Charles with a pleading appearance.

Charles turned and looked at Abe, who gave him a slow nod indicating he was now fine with the idea.

"Okay honey. Since Abe is all right with it. I'll give it a try."

Rylee leaned in and hugged her husband hard, and tears filled her eye as she thanked him several times.

Veronica and Abe hugged too, but Veronica whispered into his ear.

"You are sure you're okay with this."

Abe held his wife and nodded yes.

Charles and Rylee broke their hug and kissed passionately until Veronica interjected.

"Okay you two, wait until you're back home. Right now, we have to work out the details on how we're going to do this."

After talking for an hour it was decided that her parent's house was the best place. Since it took Abe the longest to get home after work. They could be finished before he arrived, and also Charles wouldn't feel guilty having another woman in his own bed. This also put Rylee's mind at ease, since she still didn't know how she truly felt about her mother sleeping with her husband.

The young couple left and didn't talk much on the drive home. Both were obviously mulling over in their heads what they had just agreed to do. It wasn't until that night as they both lay in bed that Rylee spoke.

"Charles I hope you know how happy this will make me."

"You're really sure honey?" Charles said as he rolled over on his side and stroked the hair from her eyes.

Her beauty still affected him, and as he stared into her eyes, his cock began to grow.

Rylee touched her husband's arms and moved closer to him. Her soft breasts brushed against his chest, and she whispered, "Yes."

Charles pulled her closer and kissed her passionately as their legs intertwined and his hard club ground against her body. Her hips moved and she rubbed her pussy against his thigh. He could feel her heat and wetness grow as their kissing increased in speed. Fondling each other, their lust heightened. He rolled Rylee on her back and centered himself between her legs. Her breathing heaved as her husband slid his steel pole across her mound. She pushed up trying to nudge his meat between her wet pussy lips. Charles kept grinding across her pussy. Her moans grew in intensity as they kissed. Then Rylee broke the kiss, and in a huffing voice said. "Take me."

Charles pulled back, lowering his knob until he felt it break past her velvet lips. Her body shook as her legs spread wider, and her hands pushed on his ass easing him deeper inside her. Slowly at first he moved in and out. However, the tempo increased quickly, and it wasn't long before he was fucking her madly, their bodies crashing against one other. Rylee clawed at her husband's back as her body bucked and twisted. Working his joystick as deep as it could go as she wailed and moaned.

"Fuck me Charles. Fuck me."

Charles pushed and pulled working his thick man meat as fast as he could until Rylee's wrap her legs around his waist and squeezed tightly. Her back arched off the bed, and she whimpered. "I'm cumming."

Charles fucked her hard. Her fluids gushed past his cock, and he could feel his balls getting wet from her juices. With one mighty final push, his cum exploded, and his body trembled as she bucked wildly through their orgasms.

Rolling off his wife. Charles was surprised by how hot they fucked, and he wasn't the only one.

"Oh my god Charles. That was incredible."

Panting, Charles replied. "Yes... we sure got carried away that time."

"Yeah..." Rylee replied, still being short winded herself.

Rylee scrunched up next to her husband and ran her finger lightly across his chest. Charles took her in his arms and held her until the both fell asleep.

Unfortunately, the incredible sex they experienced that night was the last Charles would have in over a week. Rylee convinced him to save up his man juices for his special night with her mom. Figuring it would increase the chances of conceiving.

Charles began having doubts again when the first scheduled date arrived. However, he was reassured by Rylee's spirits when she kissed him good-bye before leaving to meet Veronica.

Veronica was getting ready and felt a strange feeling in her gut. She hadn't felt that feeling in years. It was the feeling of anticipation, like she had the first time she and her husband made love. Her pussy started to ooze as she stripped herself naked and took a quick shower. She desperately wanted to lower her hand between her legs and ease the building sexual desire she was experiencing. However, she knew Charles would be there at any moment. Quickly finishing her shower, she dried herself off and stood by her dresser to admire her naked complexion in the mirror for a moment.

Can I still excite a young man? She evaluated as she reached for her perfume dabbing a tiny amount behind her ears and on her neck. Then, with a devil's grin she dabbed a small amount at the center of her chest, then her tummy and finally placed the last drop right above her pussy slit.

You're so bad.

The doorbell rang, and a rush of excitement ran through her body.

He's here. This is it. No backing out now. She told herself as she reached for her long black satin robe and tied it closed over her nakedness.

Charles jaw dropped open when Veronica answered the door in her sexy robe. His eyes immediately focused on the bare skin where the robe divided between her chest. The inner globes of her large breasts were exposed. The robe unfolded almost down to her navel merging there where a small satin belt tied it closed.

"Don't just stand there gawking. Come in." Veronica chuckled taking Charles by the hand and coaxing him into the house.

Veronica sashayed into the living room, and Charles felt his dick swelling as he followed. He watched and heard the material of her robe swish as it hugged firmly to the rounded globes of her ass.

"Would you like a drink first?" Veronica asked, looking over her shoulder and casting her best flirtatious glare.

"Umm... I... ah... well..." Charles mumbled.

Veronica turned around and took him by the hands.

"Calm down Charles." She said as she moved in closer to him and whispered.

"I won't bite."

"Well... I... I don't know Veronica. Mmm... maybe this is a mistake."

"I think you're just nervous. Maybe this will help" Veronica said as her fingers worked the knot free on her robe and slowly peeled it open.

Charles's mouth watered as he observed the robe inching further apart. Her gorgeous breasts broke free and exposed her hard nipples and large lightly colored areolas for him to see. His eyes drifted down her body, past her navel until he admired her neatly shaved blond covered mound. His Mr. Happy, now completely stiff, had no problem with it whatsoever. His eyes surveyed back up her body, and he saw her smiling back at him.

"What do you think?" Veronica teased, as her hands held the robe fully open.

Charles could only nod his head up and down. Her nakedness hypnotized him.

Veronica looked down and saw his raging boner proudly poking at his trousers.

"I see you like it."

Charles gazed at her looking at his wood, and it twitched when she licked her lips. Veronica reached out and offered him her hand. He took it, and she led them into her bedroom.

Standing next to the bed, Veronica pivoted Charles until he faced her. With his back to the bed she once again made the first move, delicately kissing Charles on the lips. At first, he just stood there, but as she lightly kissed him again, his mouth parted and accepted her soothing lips. His emotions built, as she seductively kissed him until his shaking hands gingerly touched her waist. His palms rubbed lightly over her tender flesh as the sexual steam intensified within him.

Veronica could feel the passion grow between them as their kisses had more feeling. Sensing her young lover's hands touching her softly, she followed suit and enclosed her arms around his neck, pulling him closer until her bare mound pressed against his trousers. A shiver of excitement unleashed in her, and she faintly sighed when she felt his hard appendage pressing against her. Her pussy was on fire. However, she still detected a smidgen of resistance in Charles.

Cautiously working her hands upon his body, she started to unbutton his shirt as she left his mouth and kissed his neck.

Charles loved the way Veronica was making him feel. Her soft and lovely touch was sending waves of pleasure through his body. His body would tingle every time her lips pecked his neck.

I can't believe I'm doing this. He thought as he felt his shirt being pulled from his body. His fear was complete gone and was replaced by raw lust. He wanted her.

Totally excited, his hands drifted from Veronica's waist and cupped her firm buns. Pulling her tight to him, he ground his raging cock against her mound.

"Oh... yesss!" Veronica hissed. Sensing that he fully accepted what they were doing, her own body trembled with excitement. She unbuttoned his trousers and pulled them to the floor.

Charles sucked on her neck grasping at her ass as she reached into his boxers and took his thick hard dick into her hands.

"Oh... Oh... V..." he growled as her hand stroked up and down his shaft long and slowly.

"Shh... Lover... I want this to last. We're going to enjoy this. I want you to remember this night." Veronica said as she eased his boxers down with her free hand and whispered, "just like I am."

Charles felt every stroke, and his hunger to take her grew rapidly. Holding Veronica tightly by the ass, he kissed her deeply, keeping his feet on the floor. With his back to the bed, he leaned back and fell crashing on the bed, taking her with him. Veronica slithered upwards still stroking his thick shaft.

"I want you Charles. I want you bad," she whispered and spread her legs over his waist.

"Christ Veronica. I want you too." Charles said as his hands reached up and cupped her large breasts in both his hands.

Holding Charles's dick, Veronica lowered herself down slowly rubbing his acorn across her vulva.

Charles could feel her heat and wetness as she rubbed his head back and forth.

"Oh shit," he exclaimed when he pushed up and sent the tip of his pecker a smidgen inside her labia. But Veronica still held his cock firmly and was controlling how far he could enter her. Only letting him penetrate her in small increments as she kept rubbing him across her folds.

Charles released his hold on her chest and held onto her hips firmly. Her body moved to and fro, forcing his penis to massage her clit until she shifted her hand. Holding his shaft backwards as she lowered herself even more, she sent his thick missile halfway inside.

"OH! God! So big," she exclaimed as her pussy accepted the girth of her new lover.

Charles felt her lips part as his cock slipped slickly inside her hot vagina. He couldn't take anymore. The feeling to thrust was so great. He needed to fuck her. He needed to fuck her hard. Grasping her hips tightly he pulled her down as he rocketed his ass off the bed. His cock smashed deep inside her, and she fell forward. Her hands landing on his chest steadying herself as Charles raced his raging boner in and out.

"Oh... OH fuck! Charles so deep. So fast. You're going to make me cum," she said as her body filled with waves of sexual pleasure her stud was giving her.

Charles felt his own orgasm building. With his feet still planted firmly on the floor he pushed up harder and tried to get himself even deeper inside. He could feel her cunt tighten on him every time he pulled back.

Veronica sat up and forced herself down hard on his massive cock. She gyrated her hips quickly, riding him cowgirl style. They both moaned and groaned until she screamed, "I'm cumming! Oh fuckkk!

Charles exploded too as soon as he felt her body quiver on him. Thrusting up as his dick pumped its baby juices inside her hot womb until she fell backwards, catching herself with her hands on his thighs. Her pussy still moved up and down slowly on his tool, milking whatever sperm was left inside him.

Charles sat up and forcefully took hold of her. Smashing her chest to his as he madly kissed her. Her legs squeezed tight over his, and she slowly rocked her cunt on his pole until she felt it rising once more.

"Oh Charles you're getting hard again," she whispered between kisses.

Charles held her tight as he rolled over until she was under him. Taking hold of her legs, he pulled them tight to his chest. As he stood up on the floor, he motioned her ass to end of the bed. With a powerful thrust, he sank his dick balls deep back inside her.

"OH Charles!" Veronica moaned as her young lover fucked her hard and fast.

Her body shook as another orgasm shot through her. Then another, and another! Charles showed no signs of stopping as he pounded away, sending her into a complete blissful state. Never had she had so many orgasms. Her moans and wails turned into screams as he feverishly fucked away at her.

Charles was mad with lust. His only desire was to fuck her with everything he had. He felt his sperm rush to the tip and wished it didn't as Veronica screamed uncontrollably.

"I'm cumming! Shit... I'm... Oh... Oh Christ!" Charles grunted and thrust his shooting dick at her slopping cunt.

With their bodies drench in sexual sweat Charles crashed bedside her. Panting profusely he said, "Holy fu... Fuck..."

Veronica took his hand and placed it on her chest and said, "Yes... that was incredible. You're a great lover Charles. I can see why Rylee married you."

Those words raced through his brain.

Rylee... oh fuck... I'm married.

He quickly got out of bed and dressed. In his lustful state, he had completely forgot about her and it pained him.

"You leaving already?"

"Yes. Your husband will be home soon. I think it's best if he doesn't see me like we agreed on."

Veronica also temporarily forgot about her husband.

"Yes, you're right. What was I thinking? I'll dress and walk you to the door."

"No... I'm ok... I'll see you... Well... talk to you... you know what I mean."

Charles spoke quickly before rushing out of the house.

Unknown to both of them, her husband was already there. He left work early knowing that today was their meeting. The hidden desire he had that day when they talked became too strong for him to control. He wanted to see them. He had to see them. So parking his car down the street he waited unseen until Charles pulled up the driveway. He watched as his lovely wife greeted their son in-law at the door wearing her satin robe and quickly got excited. When Charles finally went inside and the door closed, Abe speedily snuck around back of the house. He pushed his way through the bushes until he was standing at his bedroom window. His heart pounded in anticipation, and was delighted when it wasn't long before they entered the room. He glanced at his wife, and smiled as she led Charles to the bed with her robe already opened. Doing his best to keep himself concealed, he couldn't control himself from rubbing his hand over his covered swollen groin as his wife seduced her new lover.

Abe watched on as the action unfolded. His heartbeat quickened as he pulled his cock out of his fly and stroked it. It finally became too much for him to take. Seeing his wife being ravished by their son in-law sent his cum flying. Swiftly, Abe fixed his pants and, like a thief, slipped away.

Rylee couldn't help but look at the clock against the wall. Ever since her husband left she had been glancing at it frequently. She knew it was because of her that Charles was doing this, but as she rationalized over the reasons, a jealousy was emerging. She again looked to the clock. Time seemed to be moving slower than usual. She began to picture her mother and Charles together,

and the jealousy grew. The more she fantasized about them, the madder she was getting. Then another hour passed.

What's taking him so long? Thinking it shouldn't be this long.

I bet he's enjoying it. Of course, he is. He has to cum in her. I bet she's enjoying it to. Rylee thought on as her blood boiled.

I can't believe he went through with this. Unless he always wanted to fuck her. I bet that's it. They both wanted this. They're getting away with adultery, and we agreed to it. Dad and I are fools. Poor Dad. What is Daddy going to do when he finds out Mom is a cheater.

Just then the phone rang snapping her out of her thoughts.

"Hello."

"Honey it's me."

"Why aren't you home yet?"

"I need time to think."

"Oh? Think about what." Rylee answered in a stern tone.

"What I just did. I... I don't feel good about it. I'm sorry."

"Then come home and we can discuss it."

"I'm already at my parent's house."

"Your parents!"

"Yes... Dad wanted me to check in on Mom while he was away."

"Fine." Rylee huffed and hung up without saying goodbye.

Shit she's mad. Charles thought as he knocked on his parent's door.

Mandy, Charles' mother, opened the door and immediately noticed her son's demeanor.

"Everything okay?"

"Yeah Mom... peachy," he said as he went inside.

"Is everything okay over here? Do you need me to do anything while Dad's away?"

"No... No... it's all good."

Charles noticed the puzzled look on his mother's face and searched for something more to say.

"Mind if I get a cold drink."

"Not at all. Take a seat, I'll get you one."

Charles sat and watched his mother open the refrigerator and take out a pitcher of lemonade. He gawked at her body and noticed how similar it was to Veronica's.

Mandy was the same age as Veronica and just as attractive. Her wavy jet-black hair went mid length down her back, and she had brown eyes, but like Veronica, she had heavy breasts and a well toned tush.

Mandy poured the lemonade in a tall glass as she gazed at her son.

"So... are you going to tell me?"

Charles held the glass and sighed.

"Yeah Mom I will," he said and took a big gulp of the tangy juice.

Mandy listened as her son explained the entire ordeal. Her eyes gazed upon her young man's hard body and she understood why Veronica would have thought it was a good idea. She also understood why her son was feeling this way. So when he finished, she gave her honest opinion.

"Charles this just means you love your wife. What you did was to please her. You should be happy you're feeling so guilty. It just reinforces how much you love her."

"But Mom. I... I liked it. I mean I liked it a lot. I'm not a good husband."

Mandy put her hand on top of her sons and patted it.

"Shh... honey it's okay. You were supposed to like it."

Mother and son talked until Charles felt good about himself again. However, their discussion opened a closed door in Mandy's mind. Before Charles married Rylee, Mandy would catch herself staring at her son's hard young body. She would wonder what it would feel like to run her hands across his solid chest and then slip it lower until her fingers were taking hold of his sturdy prick. Her pussy moistened as her forgotten memories re-emerged and sent micro tremors through out her body.

"I better get home Mom." Charles said as he stood up and gave her a quick peck on the cheek.

As Charles walked away, Mandy lightly brushed her hand across her face where Charles had kissed her.

"Let me know if you need to talk some more." Mandy yelled before her son closed the front door.

Vaguely, she heard "I will."

Rylee was beside herself pacing back and forth. Her jealousy enraged her fiercely.

His fucking parent's house? Can you believe this? He fucks my mother and then goes over to his parents!

Rylee grabbed her phone and dialed her dad's number.

"Hello honey." Abe said.

"Hi Daddy. You have time to talk?"

"Always for my little girl"

"I mean in person."

"I... I guess so. What's wrong honey?"

"Good I'll meet you at Rick's tavern."

"Okay sweetie."

"And Daddy, come alone. Just you."

Abe was puzzled by that request. But he agreed.

Charles arrived home, but Rylee wasn't there. He saw the note she left for him on the table and read it.

I need some time to think myself. Don't wait up for me. I don't know how long I'll be.

"Shit is she pissed," he said out loud.

He knew better than to call her.

I'll wait until she comes home. He thought as he went to take a long hot shower.

Abe arrived at the bar and surveyed the establishment until he noticed his daughter sitting at a back table drinking a tall glass of something.

Rylee saw her dad and waved him over as she took another big sip of her stiff drink.

Abe walked up and flagged a waitress down as sat across the table from Rylee.

"Hi honey. What's this all about?" he said as the waitress stood beside him waiting for his order.

"I'll have a draft and get my daughter... what you drinking honey?"

"It's a long island ice tea" Rylee replied as she finished the drink in her hand.

As the waitress walk away Rylee quickly discussed her fears and frustration with her father. How she couldn't help but wonder if Charles and Mom had concocted this whole thing up prior to their conversation.

Abe did his best to calm his daughter and after having two more rounds between them told her how he was sure it wasn't previously arranged, and it was just her jealously getting the best of her.

"How can you be so sure Daddy? I mean instead of coming right home he went over to his parent's house, of all things." Rylee's voice began to slur as the strong drinks were taking effect.

"I just know honey." Abe said taking another big sip of his beer.

"I still think you're wrong, and it doesn't bother you also knowing Mom was with another man?"

Abe peered into his half-empty glass and didn't answer.

"Well... Doesn't it?"

Abe slowly shook his head as he glanced at daughter and sighed.

"I saw them."

"What do you mean you saw them?" Rylee asked.

"I... I watched them through the window today."

"You did what?" Rylee shouted as she quickly stood up.

"Shh... Shh... Shh... Honey calm down. Sit back down." Abe said as he motioned his hands for her to sit.

Rylee sat and slammed the rest of her drink down before her father explained what he did. He left out the part of him jerking off, of course.

"Why Dad... why did you do that?"

Abe was quiet for a moment before he also finished the last of his drink.

"I wanted to see it happen. It... oh god, I can't believe I'm telling you this. It turned me on."

"Seeing Mom fuck another man turned you on? That's sick Dad."

"Maybe you're right, but if you saw how your husband acted you would understand how I know it wasn't planned."

Rylee sat back and thought about what her father just said. Then leaned forward and said, "Did Mom know you were out there?"

"No. Your mother isn't aware of what I did."

"Are you going to tell her?"

"I wasn't planning on it."

Rylee paused before saying, "Are you going to watch again if Mom isn't pregnant?"

"I really don't know. It was exciting to see. However, if I got caught, I don't know what would happen."

There was an extremely long lull before Rylee looked her dad dead into his eyes and said, "I want see it happen with you next time."

"Rylee I don't know about that. I don't think that's a good idea."

"I do. If what you're telling me is true. Then maybe my jealousy would leave if I saw how Charles acts with Mom."

"Baby... It's just so risky. I mean if we get caught. What will happen?"

"Easy. I'd tell them the truth. That we were jealous and needed to see."

"But... but." Abe tried to interrupt his daughter.

"Listen Dad it's either this or I'll tell them what you did already."

"That's blackmail."

"Maybe... But I need to see if you're right about Charles."

Hesitantly, Abe agreed to Rylee's demands. If her mother had to have sex again, he would help her to see it happen.

"Okay?" Abe asked.

"Yes... That's fffine. DDaddy."

"Honey I'll take you home."

"Oh... Okay. Sounds good by me." Rylee slurred. The drinks had finally hit her hard.

Abe flagged for the check and called a cab. While they waited for their ride to arrive, he pondered over his predicament. He already knew that his wife would be having sex with Charles again. Without her knowing for the past week, he had been slipping birth control pills into her morning coffee. However, with Rylee now wanting to attend his secret fetish, that would have to change. Somehow he would have to figure out a way for them to watch without being seen. Outside the window wouldn't be a good idea. There was barely enough room for him squishing in the bushes. He also realized that spiking her coffee would have to stop.

The cab arrived, and Abe helped his drunken daughter into the vehicle. One final idea occurred to him.

A camera. He thought.

If he picked up a tiny camera, he could hook it up in the bedroom and watch it on a screen.

But what screen? They only had one television, and he wasn't computer savvy enough to figure out how to make that work.

It would have to be in the living room only a room away from their bedroom. However, figured if they both were quiet they could pull it off.

Arriving at Rylee's home, Abe helped his daughter to the door where Charles helped him get her inside.

"Sorry about this Abe. I'm sorry about this whole thing. I wish I..." Charles said but was stopped short.

"It's fine. Trust me Charles. I'm cool with everything."

"Maybe you are but Rylee is mad at me. I think I know why. I shouldn't have done... you know... It."

"I had a long talk with her tonight. I'm sure she'll be ok by morning."

"I hope you're right." Charles replied as they tucked his wife into bed.

Abe said goodnight and headed out to his waiting taxi. Charles locked up and turned off all the lights before slipping into bed himself.

That night, as his wife tossed and turned, Charles kept thinking over what he did. His dick once again got hard as he reminisced how great Veronica's snatch felt around his cock as he fucked the shit out of her. However, Rylee stirred, and he gazed upon her beauty as she slept next to him. Brushing her soft hair through his fingers, he fell asleep.

Rylee woke up first. Her head was pounding from all the alcohol the night before and she staggered into the bathroom. Leaning over the sink, she felt sick and her mouth was dry as a bone. Her heartbeat pounded in her head as she tried to get herself together.

"You ok in there honey.

"Oh... not so loud. Yea just a bad hangover."

"Sorry. I'm making some coffee. You want a cup."

"God no. I'm going to take a couple of aspirins and lay back down for a bit."

"Ok."

Charles spent the morning quietly watching the television as Rylee rested her pounding head. It wasn't until noon when she finally made her presence known. She dragged her feet across the floor and flopped down on the couch next to him. Shuffling her body on the couch, she rested her head on his lap.

"I'm sorry I left like that last night." Rylee said looking at the TV screen.

Charles looked down and brushed her hair and reply "I'm sorry I didn't come right home. I didn't want to face you after we had words. I just felt so guilty. I love you so much honey."

"I love you to Charles," Rylee said as she sat up and kissed him deeply.

"I don't think I can do that again." Charles exclaimed.

"What about us having a child?"

"I know you want one honey, but you don't understand. I... I felt guilty because I enjoyed it."

Rylee felt her jealousy re-emerge as the words "I enjoyed it" stuck in her mind.

I bet you did. I bet Mom enjoyed it as well. Rylee thought as she struggled to control her jealousy realizing once again. Why her husband had supposedly done this in the first place was overwhelming her. Her desire to have a child overpowered her anger, and she remembered her talk with her father.

"Then how about this? If you have to have sex with Mom again, and you still feel the same way, we'll put making a baby aside until we can figure something else out."

"Sounds good." Charles said and lightly kissed her forehead. Then he softly kissed her lips and felt her put her arms around his neck. He kissed her harder, and she moaned in his mouth.

Rylee's pussy was moist as her sexual needs blossomed. Not having sex with her spouse was taking its toll on her. However, before Charles could advance any further she pulled herself away and sighed, "Sorry baby. You need to save that for Mom just in case you have to meet up with her again."

Charles huffed and agreed as Rylee slithered up close to him, and they cuddled on the couch for the rest of the day.

A week had passed when Veronica called Charles to set up another session. He agreed and told Rylee the news. Veronica informed Abe about their get together, and he already had the bedroom wired. He explained to Rylee how they would sneak around the house unnoticed when he was told about the next rendezvous.

That night Charles felt just as guilty when Veronica answered the door in her satin robe. He walked into the house and headed for the bedroom.

"Hey what's the rush?" Veronica said jokingly.

"Uh... well... I think it's best if we just hurry and do the deed."

"Do the deed?" Veronica laughed.

"Yes. I'm just not very comfortable doing this."

Veronica took his hand and slowly led him into the bedroom.

Abe and Rylee were already at the back door. When they were sure it was safe, they quietly ventured into the house. Abe looked through the door that lead into the living room and saw the coast was clear.

Veronica stood by the bed and slowly lowered her robe revealing her new little scooped neck dark laced camisole and sheer black thong she purchased just for the occasion.

"What do you think? I bought it for you." She cooed as she spun around seductively.

Charles beheld her sexy figured and how her heavy breasts filled out the top so nicely. His mouth watered as her blond bush was visible under the sheer material, and felt his dick twitch when her ass spun into view.

Veronica sashayed up to her young stud and placed her arms over his shoulders. She leaned in and kissed him. He responded quickly and in short order they were once again committing their passionate foreplay.

Abe turned on the TV in time to see his wife being kissed deeply by Charles while his wife slowly removed his shirt. Both Abe and Rylee took a seat and quietly watched as their spouses engaged in their sexual arrangement.

Charles eased the camisole off Veronica and kissed her heavy right boob. Veronica moaned as her fingers worked on his pants. His pants and boxers finally fell to the floor. Charles reached back and grasped her ass then worked a finger under the thong to ease it off her body.

"Oh Charles, you're so fucking hard. I can't wait to feel that inside me again." Veronica whispered as her hand stroked up and down his stiff shaft.

Charles moved himself closer to brush his meat against her mound. He took his hands and pulled her ass forcing her mound and hand hard against his cock.

"Slow down lover." Veronica said as she gently bit into his neck and then kissed the spot. Another bite and another kiss this one a little lower down his neck. Veronica kept biting and kissing as she slowly worked her way down Charles's body. When she was at his tummy, Charles's body quivered, and he said.

"Oh baby. That feels so good. Even so, we shouldn't be enjoying this so much. We're both married and doing this only for one reason." Charles groaned as his body tingled all over.

"Veronica looked up at him as she sat upon her knees saying, "Rylee isn't going to make you cum like this... I Am." Saying that, she leaned over and slid his cock deep in her mouth.

Hearing her mother's words, Rylee felt her jealousy explode as she watched her mother inhale her husband's organ. She had never sucked his dick feeling uncomfortable doing that sexual act on him. However, now seeing Charles's face in total enjoyment made her even more envious of her mother. She realized she was watching her mother doing something to her husband that she couldn't bring herself to do. Rylee turned toward her father to protest what her Mom was doing, and looking down, caught the rising bulge in his pants. Her emotions were everywhere as the sounds of sex unfolded on the screen while her dad was getting hard next to her. Her jealousy and hidden feeling for her father emerged and grew exponentially until they became too great for her to control.

If they can have fun. Why can't we? She deviously thought as she gazed at her father and subsequently back at the screen. Then leisurely inched her body closer to him.

Charles's body spasmed as Veronica's mouth encompassed over his cockhead.

Being sucked off was a hidden fantasy he had had ever since Rylee objected and now his mother-in-law was making it come true. But it was so wrong. He shouldn't be letting her do this. He tried to protest, but no words came out as Veronica bobbed up and down on his cock until he felt his sperm quickly rising. Taking hold of her head, he unwillingly attempted to ease her off. However, that just made her suck faster until he croaked.

"Oh... Oh god. Veronica. This wasn't part of the deal. We were supposed to... oh shit!"

"Shh... I know lover. I want you to last longer this time," she said as her hand twisted and yanked hard on his dick. She then once again inhaled it down her throat.

"Veronica... Oh my god! I'm going to cum. You have to... OH CHRIST!" Charles cried as his cock exploded inside his mother-in-law's mouth. His legs weakened as Veronica sucked him dry until he crashed to the floor.

Rylee was now sitting closer to her father. Their thighs pressing against each other as she became lustfully enraged at the sight of her husband cumming down her mother's throat. She seethed as her mother eagerly milked the sperm out of her husband's cock.

Rylee lifted her hand to lightly graze her father's upper thigh. Glancing away from the screen, she expected some kind of reaction from her dad, but he showed no sign of resistance and his eyes

stayed fixated on Charles and her mother. Rylee looked back at the television and smiled as her hand patiently eased slowly up her father's leg.

Veronica never let up on Charles's meat. Her mouth sucked on his pecker as her head bobbed and twitched while her right hand kneaded his balls.

Charles couldn't believe how good it felt having his dick sucked this way. Her tongue traced up his shaft and circled around his cockhead sending shivers throughout his body.

Veronica felt his dick once again stiffening and slowly sank it back down her throat, moaning as it slipped past her tonsils.

"Holly shit! What are you doing to me?" Charles groaned as he grabbed her head pulling it down as he pushed up.

Rylee noticed movement beside her. Glancing over, she saw her father had placed his own hand on his adjacent thigh and was rubbing it almost in sync with hers. Both of them slowly proceeded closer to his stiff dick bulging hard against his pants.

Panting lightly, Rylee looked at her father as her fingers grazed over his covered groin. He blinked extremely long, and grunted softly. She felt her daddy's hand on top of hers, pushing down as she massaged his meat. His eyes never left the screen and it appeared as if he was in a trance.

This gave Rylee the courage to continue with her forbidden play. Wiggling her fingers on his groin, she located his zipper while she covered his bulging shaft with the palm of her hand. She grasped the zipper tab and eased it down as she looked for any sign of reaction from him. Feeling confident Rylee fumbled with the opening and freed her father's steel rod. Her heart pounded in her chest as she grasped it and felt its hot stiffness in her hand. Slowly, she stroked, letting the forbidden feelings toward her father to overtake her completely.

Back in the bedroom, Veronica slowly swung around and spread her legs over Charles's chest. She eased her glorious pussy closer to his mouth until she felt his hot breath on it.

Abe was so excited witnessing his wife getting ready to be eaten out by another man, his cock went super hard and felt so stimulated by the hand rubbing across it.

Hand across my cock? Abe's mind apprehended as he glanced down to see his exposed hard dripping acorn standing straight up through his fly. It was being stroked vigorously by a hand. Staring at it, he became horrified realizing it wasn't his hand jerking himself off to total bliss but his daughter's. Quickly looking over at her in disbelief he gargled.

"Baby! What are you doing?"

"Shh... It's ok daddy. We can have fun too." Rylee said as she twisted and yanked away at her father's baby maker.

Oh fuck. Oh fuck. My daughter is jerking me off. So wrong. I have to stop this from happening. But it's so good. So fucking good. Abe reflected as the new wicked desire gradually consumed him.

I have to end this. He protested to himself and moved his right hand to pull his daughter's grip off of him, but was stopped by Rylee. Her free hand grabbed his wrist while her other stroked him harder.

"Oh... Shit... Honey... we can't... oh fuck it's so good."

"Just watch Daddy. He's going to make Mommy moan."

Abe was lost in this new sinful act and looked back at the screen as his daughter magically worked on his meat.

Rylee knew her father's resistance had gone as he lustfully looked back at the action on the television. She let his hand free and slowly eased her panties down. She then saw that same lost expression re-appear on her father's face. Taking advantage of his state, she guided her father's hand to her mound and moving it across her wet slit until he was rubbing it on his own.

"That's it Daddy. Play with my pretty pussy."

Abe broke his gaze when he heard Rylee, and saw what his hand was doing to her. A dark excitement exploded in him as he watched his fingers sliding across his daughter's honey pot.

He tried desperately to control his emotions and said.

"Oh fuck Rylee. Honey I shouldn't be playing with you like this."

"I want you to Daddy." she pouted as she swiftly shuffled herself up onto his lap. She placed his hard cock between her legs and resumed jacking him off before he could stop her.

"Jesus, Rylee." he said half heartedly as his lust built. His will to resist his daughter's sexual advances were almost totally gone.

Rylee leaned back until her head rested on her father's shoulder and hissed.

"Play with me Dad."

Those words seared his brain, and as calmly as if someone else was controlling him, his hand once again went between his daughter thighs. He put his fingers deep inside her wet pussy.

Light moans began to escape their lips, as they both masturbated each other and watched the television screen.

Charles smelled the sweet musk of Veronica's pussy and caught the faint scent of perfume as her mouth worked its wonderful magic on his rigid dick. Moving closer, Charles tenderly licked her outer lips. Her body quivered as he tasted her juices. Another quick lick, and another quiver, then another and another until he was tickling his tongue on her clitoris. She was bucking her hips on his chest. Her pussy juices dripped down his chin as she moaned on his dick. Charles grasped her ass and clutched it in his hands. Moving his tongue, he pierced her inner lips and sank it deep inside her soppy snatch.

Veronica stopped sucking and whimpered "Yes!... Yes Charles! Fuck me with your tongue."

He increased the speed and pressure as her body thrashed on his face. She suddenly sat up and rocked her cunt hard against his face. She almost smothered him as she orgasmed loudly.

She then crashed forward, finally giving Charles a chance to breathe, then haphazardly spun her body around panting loudly. She spread her legs and centered herself over his thick rigid dick. Taking it in her hand, she stroked it as she slowly lowered herself down until the tip pushed her lips apart and eased inside her.

Rylee watched as Charles penetrated her mother and couldn't believe how hot she was. Her pussy juices flowed freely out of her cunt as her father kept fingering her as his ass lifted from the couch in time with her strokes. Her body was too far gone. Fucking was on her mind. She needed to be fucked and fucked hard.

Moving her free hand, she pulled her father's hand away from her snatch as she sat forward jerking his cock. She aligned it with her awaiting pussy. It happened so fast Abe couldn't stop it, and he felt his dick thrusting inside his little girl.

"Oh Fuck Rylee! We're going too far honey. Oh my god I'm fucking my baby!"

"That's it Daddy. Fuck me. Oh yeah, fuck your little girl. I want you to fuck me hard!" Rylee moaned as she bounced herself up and down on her father's cock.

Veronica tossed her head back and clutched her breast as Charles's steel pole spread her wide. "Oh... Yesss... Oh Charles. You're so fucking big," she hissed as she raised up and down forcing more of his massive meat deeper and deeper.

Her body was on fire, and another orgasm was building fast. Her body felt alive as his cock filled her up once more, taking her to the point of no return as she toyed with her hard nipples.

Charles pushed up as Veronica slammed down and she gyrated her hips front to back and in circles. This ground her clit against him, making her tingle inside.

"Oh... OH... OH!" Charles exclaimed when he felt the first wave of pleasure before cumming.

Veronica went crazy and ground herself fast on his cock. Her own orgasm fast approaching as she wailed loudly "That's it Charles. Hold on honey. Cum with me. I'm so close. So close. Oh... OH! YES!!! OH FUCK Me! FUCK ME FASTER! I'M CUMMING!"

Charles felt her body stiffen, and her cunt grabbed his dick as he exploded inside her and huffed "Holy Fuck!" as they climaxed together.

In the living room, Rylee's pussy was soaked, and her body quivered as her father willingly fucked her. His hips rose up to meet her every push down. Faster and quicker she went, holding herself on his thighs as his massive hands reached up and clutched at her chest. Rylee pulled her shirt off and ripped at her bra. Grasping her daddy's hands, she forcefully planting them back on her breast.

"That's it Daddy. Oh yes... Play with my titties."

Abe was lost in total blissful desire. Feeling his daughter's pussy sliding up and down his shaft was sending shockwaves through him. Her soft firm breasts bounced in his hands as her hard perky nipples danced across his palms.

"OH, fuck honey. Daddy can't take much more." He gasped when he felt his daughter's cunt tighten on his shaft as she rocked her hips seductively back and forth.

In the bedroom, Veronica crashed on Charles' chest. Her pussy twitching as it milked his cock. But now, over their panting and cries, they could hear the sounds of sex coming from the other room. Getting up quickly, Charles grabbed his pants and tossed them on as he opened the door to investigate.

Charles was beside himself when he turned the corner and saw his wife wailing in ecstasy as she bounced herself up and down on her father's stiff cock.

"Fuck me daddy... I'm Cumming. OH! Fuck I'm cumming!!!" Rylee screamed as she ground herself hard on her father.

"WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?" Charles yelled. Quickly, Abe pulled his daughter off him as they both just stood there speechless.

Filled with rage he felt like killing them both. His entire world was shattered. The emotions of hurt, betrayal and anger hit him all at once.

Quickly, Veronica interjected and grabbed Charles by the arm when she noticed him lunging towards them.

"Charles. Just go. Please. I know how you're feeling. Please just leave."

Charles turned to Veronica and saw her pleading look. But he also noticed her eyes filling with tears. It was clear to him, she was hurting also.

"Ok... Ok... I'm leaving" Charles replied and headed toward the door. However, not before his wife pleaded to him.

"Charles wait. Honey let me explain."

Charles turned quickly holding the door open and yelled. "FUCK YOU RYLEE!"

Charles raced home. His mind bewildered by current events. The plastered images burned into his brain. Tears filled his eyes as he kept seeing his wonderful wife climaxing on her father's cock and the look of ecstasy on Abe's face as he held her hips while she orgasmed.

Delirious and dazed, Charles stumbled to the front door wearing only his trousers as he fumbled for his keys. His tear filled eyes made it almost impossible to unlock the door. Once inside, he quickly dressed and grabbed a suit case. Sobbing profusely, he packed some clothes. His phone rang, and he looked down to see it was his wife calling him. Her smiling face lit up on his screen. Charles looked upon her beauty once more before taking the phone and smashing it against the wall.

He dropped onto his knees and wept opening yelling "Why god why?"

Finding the courage to pick himself up, he tossed the suit case in his car and drove to the one person that could make him feel secure.

Veronica sobbed as Abe tried to justify what he did until Rylee spoke up and said it was all her fault. She seduced her father into having sex with her. Veronica sniffled as Rylee explained how she got so jealous of her with Charles and lost control of what she was doing. Then Abe injected and confessed it was really his fault. If he hadn't got turned on envisioning her having sex with another man, it wouldn't have never happened. He went on explaining how he saw them have sex the first time and how Rylee got involved. After hearing her family's confessions Veronica stopped crying and sighed. Admitting it was her fault for this entire mess. She told them how she indeed fantasized about fucking Charles and took advantage of Rylee's circumstance to make it come true.

"I think we all need to sit down and talk." Veronica said, which they all agreed was a good idea.

Knock... knock... knock...

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Mandy opened the door. "Charles, what the hell?"

Charles grabbed his mother and pulled her close to him, hugging her tightly as he rested his head on her shoulder.

Surprised at first, Mandy embraced her son, running her fingers through his hair as he wept upon her shoulder.

"Hush... hush... its okay baby. Mommy is here."

After several minutes of Mandy rocking her boy. Charles broke away still holding her arms in his and said, "Sorry Mom. Can I stay here a couple of days?"

"Of course honey. What happened?"

"Please Mom, I just need time to think. I don't want to talk about it."

Mandy stepped to the side and rubbed her son's back as he passed by her.

"You know where your old room is. Just put your stuff there."

Charles went up to his room while Mandy tip toed into the other room and used the phone.

Dialing the number cautiously she whispered. "Greg I think you better get back home."

"Why what's going on."

"Our son is back in his room, and I've never seen him this upset before."

"He probably just had a lovers' quarrel."

"So I take it your staying there then."

"Honey you always over react."

"No Gregory you never listen you selfish bastard. I'll handle this like always. You stay there with whatever hussy you found."

"I'm at an important conference."

"Of course you are dear. Next time don't pack your rubbers on top of your clothes before you forget to close the suit case."

"But they are, um...." Click.

Charles never ventured out of his room that night. However, he forced himself out at day break. As he tossed on a white tee-shirt and jeans, he could smell his mother's coffee brewing downstairs.

Mandy was in the kitchen, dressed in her long red flannel nightgown that buttoned completely up the front. She tapped her pink, furry slippers on the floor as her son stumbled into the room. Sipping her cup of Joe, she saw the depressed expression pasted on her son's face and asked, "Want a cup?"

Charles just nodded and slouched on a chair.

Mandy fixed a cup the way he liked it and placed it in front of him as she sat herself back down.

Charles stared into space as he sipped the coffee.

"You going to tell me now?" Mandy questioned as she leaned herself forward until her heavy breasts were resting upon the table under her flannel gown.

Charles looked at his mom's heavy rack and thought back to Veronica and then to Rylee, and his eyes filled with tears. Looking at his mother's concerned face, he choked out what took place the night before.

Mandy was shocked at first but patiently listened to her son's horrible tale. Her eyes studied over his firm body. Her own incestual desire had awakened, and she pressed her hand firmly against her twat in an attempt to control the building heat.

Mandy was just about to speak when the phone rang and heard her daughter in-law's voice when she answered it.

Covering the phone she whispered to Charles. "It's Rylee."

"I have nothing to say to her." Charles said taking his coffee and leaving the room.

"Hello Rylee."

"Hi... Um... Is my husband there by chance? He never came home last night."

"I think you know he's here Rylee."

"Oh... So I guess he told you what happened then."

"Yes I'm aware of what took place."

"Can I talk to him?"

"I'm sorry dear. He doesn't want to talk to you."

Rylee began to cry over the phone. "Please tell him I said I was sorry."

"I will dear." Mandy said but whispered back. "I'll try to convince him to see you."

Between sniffles, Rylee replied "Okay."

Mandy hung up the phone and walked into the other room where Charles had crashed on the couch noticing how depressed he looked.

"Come here honey," Mandy pleaded as she sat next to her boy and cuddled him in her arms. Charles's head landed flush against his mother's right breast. However, as he tried to adjust his noggin, his mother pushed it back down as she held his head and ran her fingers through his hair.

"Listen baby. Mommy has something to tell you." Mandy said as her hand fluffed his hair and motioned his head gingerly across her bosom while her chest pushed out and into her son's cheek.

"I understand why you're so upset. You don't know this, but I was in a similar predicament back when you were first born."

"Huh? Charles said, and tried again to pull away from his mother. She once again pushed him into her chest, only this time his face rubbed across her gown and parted it, exposing a good part of her bosom to him.

Charles felt his mother's bare skin rubbing across his face as her hands gently nudged his head across her fleshy right globe and said, "Mom, what the hell?"

"Shh baby. Let mommy finish. Like I was saying. back when you were little your father had an affair with a much older woman. I think I knew he doing it from the start but ignored the signs until the day I caught them both together."

"So you forgave Dad for what he did?" Charles said as he succumbed to the closeness he was feeling against his mother.

"Not exactly baby. You see the other woman happened to be your grandmother."

Charles bolted his head away from his mother and gasped.

"Dad was doing his mother?"

"Yes dear. Not only did he have sex with her. He got her pregnant."

"What!" Charles stood up.

"Please sit back down. I have more to tell you."

Charles eased himself back to the couch, and his mother pulled him to her chest again. This time Charles placed his head on her chest himself and snuggled in against her heavy breast.

"Good boy." Mandy said as she gently patted his head.

"So in reality, your uncle Fred is really your half brother."

"Mom that is just so messed up."

"I know dear. I know. Except..." Mandy said and sighed, "I never could fully forgive your father. What he did kept eating at my soul. It wasn't until you became a grown man that I finally understood."

"What do you mean?" Charles said as he pulled his head away and looked puzzled at her.

Their eyes met and Mandy took his hands in hers and said, "Because I began having those same feelings towards you."

Charles moved a couple of inches back from his mother and hesitantly asked, "What feeling's Mom?"

"I think you know honey."

Charles pulled back further and sat back on the couch as his mother let his hands slide out of hers.

"This is messed up Mom."

"Is it? Tell me... what were you thinking the other day when you were looking at me?"

"Hugh? You mean in the kitchen? I was um... just thinking."

"Charles. I saw you checking me out."

"We'll yea... but I was comparing your figure to Veronica."

"Okay... why?"

"Why? I... I don't know I just was."

"Oh I see. So it wasn't anything sexual."

"No... God no... it was just, um, me thinking how similar you are to her."

"So you were comparing me to the girl you just fucked and couldn't believe how much you enjoyed fucking her."

"Yeah. I mean no. I mean... I... You're confusing me."

"No honey I think you were already confused. However, that's okay. So if I understand you correctly, you felt nothing sexual when you looked at me."

"I didn't feel anything. I was just daydreaming at the time."

"Then let's test it."

"Huh?... Test it?"

"Yes. If you're right, then you shouldn't get excited by seeing me like this." Mandy brazenly said as she stood up and opened the top of her gown displaying her beautiful large breasts to her son.

Charles gawked as her large milky bust came into view. His eyes trailed over her chest and spied her huge nipples and dark areola's and felt his meat stir.

Mandy looked down at her son's crotch and felt her pussy tingle when she noticed the bulge growing under his jeans and teasingly said, "I see I was correct."

"This proves nothing. You're a woman. Of course, I would get,,, well get,,,"

"Excited," Mandy playfully giggled as her hidden temptations for her son once more came alive.

"Yeah, excited."

"So you still don't feel any sexual desire?" Mandy toyed.

Charles eyes never left his mother's breasts when he stuttered "No."

"How about now?" Mandy said as she teasingly wiggled out of her gown letting it slip away from her body and puddle to the floor.

Charles's mouth parted as he gasped. His eyes followed the falling gown until they saw his mother's jet black trimmed bush and sent his cock into full hardness as his breath raced and his heart pounded.

Mandy glued her eyes upon her son as she seductively twisted around and parted her legs slightly displaying her firm derriere to her son.

Once again, she teasingly asked. "Still nothing?"

Charles didn't speak this time. He only slowly shook his head.

"Okay..." Mandy replied feeling her heart race as she spread her legs further and bent herself over displaying her pussy for him to see. She could feel herself getting moist, knowing her son was staring at her pussy. She hoped he was getting as turned on as she was.

Charles's mouth watered as his mother's pussy glistened in front of him. His cock actually hurt from straining to free itself from his jeans. His body tingled as the sinful passion to fuck his mother grew stronger. No longer able to hide his infatuation, he rubbed his hand hard against his groin and said. "Ok you win. Maybe you're right."

Mandy straightened up and turned back slowly. Her face filled with glee as she looked at her son's expression of lust. Casually, she sat next to him as she crossed her legs and said. "See now you know how your wife felt."

"Wait, Mom. That's not the same and can you please cover up now you made your point."

"It's not exactly the same. However, I can understand how it could happen." Mandy replied noticing her son's glare was still focused on her crossed legs.

"I don't think Abe pranced around naked and got his daughter all hot and bothered." Charles barely said as his eyes focus on his mother's crotch as she bounced her crossed leg.

"No. He didn't get her hot... you did," Mandy replied as she uncrossed her legs and spread them slightly apart.

Seeing her son's intense stare at her love hole, she finished by seductively saying, "She got excited knowing you were fucking her mommy. Making her cum over and over again."

"Sss, so,,, it, it was my fault?" Charles forced out of his mouth as his need for his own mother grew stronger.

Mandy saw the want in her son's eyes. Moving herself closer to him, she lightly placed her hand on his upper thigh and squeezed saying sassily "Tit for tat honey."

Charles felt his mother's hand against his leg and felt his dick jump when she squeezed his upper thigh. Grabbing her wrist, he tried to stop her hand, but his arm wouldn't respond. It was letting her fingers glide closer to his throbbing cock.

Barely able to speak, he worded. "OH Mom... I think this is going to..."

"Shh... baby let Mommy finish" Mandy said as her fingers approached her prize. Looking at her son, she saw his resistance fading and said, "I would think back to when your father fucked his mother and often wondered how he would feel if he realized I was fucking our son."

Charles' eyes closed, and his hips pushed up when he felt his mothers palm grazed over his penis for the first time.

"Oh shit Mom!... mmm..." Charles garbled when his mother covered his mouth with hers.

Mandy kissed her son hard until his mouth opened and willingly accepted her tongue. As their mouths pressed together, she felt his arms cover her sides, pulling her closer to him. Mandy's lust then went full blown as she worked on her son's pants, freeing his special gift and grasped it in her hand.

"Oh fuck Mom. This is so fucking wrong." Charles huffed.

"It's only fair honey. Rylee fucked her daddy. You'll see. You'll feel better."

"Christ Mom!" Charles barked as his mother jerked his cock hard as she sucked on his neck.

His hips pushed up, meeting her jerks as she lovingly sucked on his neck. Her hand left his cock suddenly, only to come quickly back slick with some sort of lube. She jerked him faster.

"Oh fuck Mom. This can't be happening."

"This is just the beginning" She said and eased herself off the couch and kissed his acorn cock head.

"Charles shuddered and pushed off the couch with both hands sending his ass high in the air and his mother's mouth completely covered his cockhead.

"OH MOM!" Charles groaned as Mandy went down on him. She was bobbing and twisting on his prick as her hands were pulling his pants off his body.

Mandy felt his hands pushing on her head as she deep throat her child. His grunts and groans excited her completely. While she sucked hard on his cock, she also slowly eased her head up until he popped out and looked into his eyes as she stroked his shaft and said. "Tit for Tat honey. Mommy's been waiting to feel you inside her."

Charles helped his mother up until she was straddled over his lap. Peering at each other, Mandy lowered herself down until she felt his stiff pole pierce through her lips and penetrate her pussy. Sending her into a blissful state as she softly groaned "Yesss!..."

Charles slowly thrust himself up as his mother eased herself down. Inching his dick inside her forbidden womb until he was fully inside her warm welcoming hole.

Slowly, they fucked and Charles heard his mother whimper "Oh yes." Then again "Oh yes. Oh yes." A little faster and more yelps.

"Yes... Oh yes... Oh... OH! OH YES! CHARLES - FUCK ME!"

Mandy bounced like a bunny on her son, screaming "Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Charles grabbed her hips and plowed harder into her. Her body spasmed and twisted as her legs shook. He felt her clutching at his arms as her pussy tightened on his cock. His own orgasm readied to erupt.

"Yes!!! Mommy is cumming!" she screamed tightening her legs over his as she ground hard on his cock.

"Oh fuck Mom... I'm going to cum too." Charles grunted as he tried to ease her off him.

Mandy gripped her son tighter and gyrated her hips faster.

"Wait mom. OH shit mom. I'm going to cum."

"Cum in me baby. Cum in Mommy."

OH no, Mom... I... I... can't cum in you. OH SHIT! Charles moaned when his cum exploded sending a shock wave of pure pleasure through his body.

Mandy rocked hard on her son as his dick pumped inside her and kissed him hard on the lips.

Charles still in shock felt his seed dumping inside his mother and moaned in her mouth.

Spent they embraced each other and Mandy rested her head on his shoulder as she tickled the hair on his chest.

"I shouldn't have cum inside you mom."

Mandy lifted her head up and whispered. "I want you to cum inside me again."

However, before they could continue in their forbidden coupling, they heard a knock at the door. Mandy peered around the corner to see Rylee and her family through the front door side light.

"It's your wife and her family," Mandy said in a loud whisper.

"I still don't want to see her."

"Listen Charles - get dressed. It's best to get everything out in the open." Mandy said as she quickly dressed herself.

Mandy went to the door and opened it halfway and said "Hello."

"Hi Mandy will he talk now."

"You brought your whole family?" Mandy questioned.

"Yes we thought it would be best since we are all at fault in one form or another."

Mandy opened the door all the way and invited them into the living room where Charles was already waiting.

Rylee discussed everything that her and her parents already hashed out at their house and said how sorry she was that it happened.

However, before Charles could tell her what he did with his own mother, Mandy quickly spoke up and suggested they needed to work something else out in case Charles had to copulate with Veronica again.

Charles interjected "Wait! Hold on here. I think that is over with."

"So after all of this mess you're going to just quit?" Mandy replied. "I don't think that would be a good idea."

"Listen Charles, you just have to face the facts. Yes, Rylee indulged in her hidden desire to fuck her dad. Yes, her dad liked watching you and his wife screw and also enjoyed fucking his daughter, and Yes Veronica enjoyed fucking you as much as you enjoyed fucking her."

"Wait. I didn't indulge in a hidden desire." Rylee blurted.

"Come now Rylee, let's be honest. Maybe you were jealous, but you didn't go out and find a stranger. You fucked your own father. You had to have wanted that to happen."

"Ok. Maybe I did have a hidden passion, and it just got the best of me. But..."

"Stop right there. No excuses. Just admit you enjoyed fucking your daddy."

Rylee looked at her husband and sighed. "Yes. Okay I did."

"Good. Now that is cleared up. You should know that Charles and I also had sex."

"What!" Rylee said and rose from her chair.

"Sit down Rylee it was only fair since you fucked your father. I seduced my son and showed him how it was possible for you to want your father. However, to tell you the truth, I have fantasized about fucking him for years."

Rylee sat back down and listened as Mandy went on.

"So here we are. All with our own hidden fantasies in the open. The only thing left to do is figure out where to go from here."

"Veronica, you never mentioned how you felt about your husband fucking your daughter."

Veronica cleared her throat and said, "At first it bothered me. But, to tell you the truth, I'm now okay with it. I don't know why, but it made me feel less guilty about having sex with Charles."

"Then this is what I propose." Mandy said and explained how Charles should keep fucking Veronica and let Abe watch from his screen. If Rylee feels the need to fuck her daddy, Charles and Veronica should be okay with it. However, Rylee would have to be okay with the idea that she and Charles continue to have sex with each other.

After contemplating Mandy's proposal, they all agreed to the idea.

Charles went back to fucking Veronica and didn't mind hearing his wife and Abe going at it in the other room. Mandy divorced Charles's dad and continued to enjoy having her son fuck her when she needed it.

Everything seemed fine until Veronica got pregnant and two days later Rylee announced that she also was finally with a child. Rylee's news was shortly followed by with the news that Mandy was also pregnant.

Let's see if they can resolve this predicament in the next family discussion.