

# INCESTUAL THOUGHTS: TEMPTATIONS

***bob03567***

*The family tradition continuous on with the next generation.*

Incest/Taboo

4.74

14.9k words

*I would like to thank 'younghrted2' for taking the time to review my story.*

All characters are fictional and 18 years or older.

Please note that there are a couple lesbian sex acts in the story.

If you like the story please take the time to score and comment on it.

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As I was happily driving to work like any other day, my phone suddenly rang.

"Hi, Honey."

"Hi," I heard my wife, Meadow, say. "The school just called me."

"What did she do, now?"

"I don't know, but they want to have a meeting with us."

"When?"

"Now."

"Now? Fuck! Okay, I'll turn around and pick you up."

Driving back home, I had to wonder where we went wrong with her. You see, this isn't the first time we received a call about our daughter, Stevie. Over the last couple of years, things had only gotten worse. I would have thought after turning eighteen, she would have become a little more responsible. I can see now that was just wishful thinking on my part. The truth was she was my little angel, and I couldn't bring myself to be harsh with her when I knew I should have.

However, the thing was, she wasn't just my little angel anymore, but a beautiful young woman now with long brown hair and brown eyes, whose body, like her mother's, was well-toned and at five and a half feet I was sure I would be threatening her boyfriends by now, except that day hasn't come. I couldn't help but wonder as to the reason why.

I pulled up outside our house and tooted the horn, and watched as my lovely wife Meadow strutted towards the car.

*Fuck, she's still as gorgeous as the day I met her.*

Meadow was only four inches over five feet tall, with a size 34-C breast and a size 24-inch waist. Her eyes were brown but what I loved was her long jet-black hair.

"Hi, Dear," she said, as she got inside the car.

"Hi. So, did the school give you any clue what this is about?" I asked as I drove off.

"No. But it did sound important."

We discussed our daughter the entire way to the school and wondered why she couldn't be more like her older brother, Robby.

Robby was nineteen and was in his first year of college. He was around six feet and weighed about 170 pounds, with blue eyes and blonde hair, like his old man.

When we finally arrived, we were greeted at the school entrance by the principal before walking inside and sitting across from him in his office.

The principal wasted no time getting right to the point and said in a stern tone, "Sorry to have called you in on such short notice, but we're expelling your daughter from the school for a week."

"What! Why?" we both asked.

"We caught her smoking in the girls' locker room this morning."

"Okay," I said. "I agree that was bad. But I don't think it's bad enough to get expelled over."

"We have zero tolerance for that at this school."

Unable to get the principal to reconsider, we met Stevie waiting in an adjacent room before leaving together.

We had no sooner pulled away when Meadow let Stevie have it.

"So! You're smoking, now! When did this happen?" Meadow bellowed, but got no reply.

"Do you want to fail the twelfth grade? 'Cause that's what's going to happen, you know."

"Listen, Honey," I said, drawing my wife's attention, "she's eighteen. I mean, remember back when we were her age and some of the crazy things we did? She just made a little mistake, that's all."

"What we did back then isn't the issue here!" Meadow squawked. "And you're not helping by defending her actions. If she fails, she'll have to repeat the grade. Do you want that?"

"Well, of course not," I replied while looking back at my daughter's sad expression in the rearview mirror. "And I'm sure *she* doesn't want that to happen either, do you, Cupcake?"

Cupcake was the pet name I've called Stevie ever since she was a little girl, and I tend only to use it now when I'm trying to cheer her up. Unfortunately, it appeared like it didn't work this time. What it did do was get my wife more upset and I heard her hiss, "Really, Kevin! Sometimes I don't think you take these things seriously!"

The rest of the ride was quiet until I pulled up in front of our house and heard Meadow yell, "You better be heading to your room!" when our daughter bolted out of the car.

"I'll go talk to her," I said.

"Yes, you do that!" My wife expressed in a nasty tone, just before she slammed the car door.

*Fuck, she's pissed.* I thought as I slow-paced towards the house.

Not wanting to further upset my wife, I did as I said and ventured to my daughter's room.

Of course, the door was closed, so I softly tapped and said, "Cupcake, can I come in?"

"Sure, Daddy."

I opened the door to see my daughter lying face down across her bed and said, "Honey, please don't be like this. You know your mother only wants the best for you."

Stevie abruptly lifted her head, and behind tear-filled eyes, shouted, "Really? Then why doesn't it feel that way?"

I sat on the bed next to my daughter, gently placed my hand on her back, and replied, "You have to understand, Honey. That's her way of showing how much she *does* care. Do you think she would be that upset if she didn't?"

Stevie made a 'pfft' sound and followed with, "That's her, showing she's upset? It looked more to me like she wanted to lecture me. I was surprised she didn't drill me on why couldn't I be more like my brother."

"Listen, we don't expect you to be like your brother. I think she can't find the words to ask why you've been acting like this lately. I mean, Honey, what's going on?"

Stevie looked down at the bedspread and softly said, "I don't want to talk about it, Daddy."

I knew better than to push the topic any further and just said, "Okay, Honey. But please remember you can always come to me or your mother about any issues you're having."

In a soft mumble that I almost missed she whispered, "Not this one."

Again it was obvious to me that I shouldn't say anything, and I just sat up. But before leaving Stevie's room, I turned and said, "Your mom will calm down, and we'll get through this, I'm sure."

Stevie didn't say anything as I closed the door and walked away.

Things were still quiet at dinner time between all of us, and it wasn't until bedtime that Meadow finally said, "So, are we going to talk about our daughter?"

"Sure. I didn't want to press the issue anymore since you appeared to be upset with me."

Meadow sighed, "Not just you, with myself, also. I mean, where did we go wrong with her, Kevin?"

"Nowhere, Honey. She's a great kid."

"No... She's not a kid anymore. She's a young woman, and she really should be acting like one."

"I think she's just trying to find herself in all of this," I replied. "But I'm just guessing. I tried to get her to open up to me, but she didn't want to talk about it."

"Well, whatever is eating her, it's affecting her attitude, for sure."

"I agree."

Meadow rolled onto her side and then lightly placed her hand on my thigh while I lay on my back and said, "So how do we handle her being expelled? Do we ground her?"

"Honey, I think that would be a big mistake. I mean, I think she feels bad enough about it already."

Meadow sighed, "You can't ever bring yourself to discipline her, can you?"

"I guess I can't." I replied and then felt my wife's hand gently massaging my thigh and said, "What are you doing?"

"What? Doesn't Daddy like it when his little girl massages his leg?"

*Daddy? Is my wife role-playing our daughter?* I thought, as my wife's hand rose higher up my thigh.

"How about now?" Meadow purred, as her hand slithered over my groin.

"Honey! What the fuck!" I barked as I started to squirm around when her hand slipped inside my briefs and circled my now half-swollen shaft.

Meadow then put her finger to my lips while her other hand stroked on my cock, and she hissed, "Shhh. Let me show you how much your little girl appreciates your kindness."

"Oh fuck..." I grunted as my wife's hand went faster and then I heard her say, "That's it, Daddy. Let me make you happy."

I don't know what got into my wife, but I would never have dreamt such role-playing phrases would be spewing out of her lips. Truthfully it had been ages since Meadow had ever done anything this wicked.

However, that wasn't the most shocking thing. What was *really* disturbing to me was that I was actually picturing my daughter doing this to me, and wickedly liked it.

It was so wrong for me to be imagining this, and I gasped, "Meadow... Oh god, Honey, please... Oh shit! I don't think it's right for you to be playing our..."

My sentence faded to nothingness as I felt my shorts being pulled down and then heard my wife say as I felt her straddle over my waist, "I need to feel you inside me, Daddy."

"Christ!" I cringed as my eyes closed wrongfully, envisioning my daughter's sweet pussy engulfing my super-hard cock with ease (and not like in reality, my wife's) when my dick bottomed out.

Meadow gyrated and ground her wonderful pussy over my cock, telling me over and over again, "Fuck me, Daddy. Fuck your little girl."

"Oh, God! Oh shit! Jesus! Fuck!" I grunted as Meadow went faster, bringing out a side of me that had been dormant for years. The dark, sinful desire of incest.

"Fuck me, Daddy. Fuck me!" I heard Meadow implore, causing my sperm to bubble up to my cock head.

"Fuck, Meadow!" I groaned, and then heard my wife hiss, "No, Daddy! Say *my* name, not Mommy's."

"Oh, fffuuck!." I croaked.

"Say it, Daddy! Say it!"

"Oh, Sss...Stevie! Oh, God!" I howled.

"That's it, Daddy! Keep saying it. Keep saying it!"

"Stevie! Oh shit, Stevie! Yes, Honey! Oh, fuck! Fuck Daddy! Oh shit! I'm...I'm...I'm going to come!" I shouted.

Meadow ground her pussy feverishly over my cock, and I could feel her juices flowing out of her pussy as I exploded inside her.

Over the years, it was evident that our love life had dwindled to being just so-so. After the kids and the stress of everyday life, I guess it would be expected for that to happen.

However, back when I first met my wife, things were *much* different. It started when I was dating Meadow and had divulged to her how I had fucked my mother for the first time with my father's help.

I was shocked when Meadow had told me how she liked that idea. It was then that I realized she was the woman for me, so when I went home from college to visit my parents, Meadow came along to tell them the news that we were going to get married.

What I didn't know at the time was how intrigued my wife was by the idea, until she figured out a way for me to fuck my mother again.

But that wasn't the most shocking thing that happened, either. Apparently, my wife also had this Daddy complex. So as I was enjoying having my dick once again buried deep inside my mother's hot pussy, Meadow, at the same time, was fucking the living shit out of my father while he watched me and Mom go at it.

I have to say both of us were very sex-crazy at the time. So much so, that our fucking of my parents went on for quite a while, and eventually, my grandmother even joined in on the fun.

Sorry to say I never got my dick inside of *her* sweet sex, since most of the time that spot was filled by either my father's dick or my mother's tongue, but never the less the sex was still hot and steaming.

Now what just happened, at least to me, was a new awakening that it seemed we both had enjoyed, and I relished how great it was to feel that kind of excitement once more.

That was, until I noticed a shadow moving from under our door. A shiver ran down my spine when I frightfully thought. *Oh my god! Did Stevie just hear us?*

Not wanting to spoil the mood, I forwent telling my wife what I had just witnessed and kissed her hard when her face leaned forward.

"So, what did you think?" Meadow cooed, as she rubbed her nose over mine.

"Lost for words," I said. "What made you think about doing that?"

Meadow sighed as she sat upright on my lap with my limp dick still buried inside her and confessed, "I don't know. At first, I thought about the way you baby our daughter all the time. I

wanted to test and see if my intuition about you wanting to fuck her was true. But then, as I was playing the role, I found myself liking the idea."

*Liking the idea? My wife liked the idea of me fucking our daughter...* I pondered over this, then figured this must be some test and decided to play it cool.

"Honey," I said as I ran my hands up her arms and then over her breasts. "The idea of me fucking our daughter had never dawned on me until you just did that, and truthfully since Mom passed away, you've been the only woman I've ever wanted to make love to."

"And now?" Meadow teased, allowing me to express my true feelings.

"Well, now!" I croaked. "Now, you put that crazy concept in my head, you little vixen!"

Meadow chuckled as she kissed me once more before easing my spent pecker out from inside her and, while rolling off me, said, "You can forget about that ever happening. Your dick belongs only to me."

"No sharing?" I joked, as she lay on her back.

"No!" she shot back quickly.

Lying on my back also while looking at the ceiling with my hands locked together over my chest, I said, "So, have you ever thought about it? You know. Fucking Robby?"

"What? No! God, no!" Meadow chimed. "But if you want, we can role-play *that* idea next time..."

I looked over at my wife and grinned as I said, "You're such a minx, you know that?"

Meadow giggled back, "Yes, I know," and with that, turned over on her side and went to sleep.

On the other hand, I couldn't sleep and lay there thinking over what had happened and how our daughter could have been listening.

*Fuck. I think I might have to have a talk with her about what she heard.*

Finally, after some time, I drifted off to sleep. Unaware of the dream that I would have that night. Maybe it was from what I said to my wife that the idea played on my mind, but whatever it was, I vividly saw Meadow and Robby naked as they lay on our bed in a lover's embrace. I could feel myself getting excited as they explored each other's bodies with their hands, and then when they started to masturbate one another, I awoke with a raging hard-on.

"Fuck me," I silently voiced to myself while I gripped my throbbing pecker.

Shocked and stimulated by what I dreamt, I lay there and pictured my dream over again in my mind. But as I did, my mind continued with the sick idea, and I stroked on my cock to the thought of seeing my wife moaning our son's name as he rammed three fingers inside her pussy.

Faster and faster my hand went as my wife, in my mind, was coming close to climaxing. I could hear her encouraging our son to make it happen.

However, Robby stopped and spread his mother's legs wide while getting on his knees and going between them. Clutching at my dick, I could hear my wife hiss, "Fuck me, Robby. Fuck Mommy!" I couldn't even last long enough to picture it happening and came hard all over myself.

Huffing, I lay there in astonishment as to what devious idea I had just thought of, but then suddenly realized what my father must have felt when he watched me fuck my mother all those years ago.  
*Shit, Dad, I understand it now.*

Quietly I ventured into our bathroom and cleaned off the mess I made, before glancing at myself in the mirror and thought, *Fuck. Do I really want something like that to **happen**?*

I wasn't sure, but did know there would be no way I would put my marriage in jeopardy over such a crazy idea. I love Meadow way too much to ever lose her over making such a suggestion.

The next morning, as we all sat to eat breakfast, I kept glancing at our daughter as she sat quietly eating, and tried to figure out when would be a good time to question her about last night.

Thankfully the opportunity arose when my wife went to answer her cell phone that she'd left in the other room. I quickly said, "Stevie? I want to talk to you about what you heard last night."

"What are you talking about, Daddy?"

"You know. When your Mother and I were... Um... How do I put this?"

"Having sex?"

"Yeah. That. I just wanted to say..."

"Listen, Dad, I really don't want to discuss your sex life."

"What? No! I don't want to talk about that! I was referring to what you might have heard."

"Dad. When you and Mom are going at it like that, I just block my ears if I happen to be going to the bathroom at the time. My God, do you think I want to hear my parents having sex? Gross!"

"Oh... Well... Okay then," I replied, and felt a sigh of relief at hearing her say that.

"So that was Robby that called. He's coming home, soon." My wife said as she sat back down to finish her breakfast.

I watched as our daughter rolled her eyes and, before Meadow could comment on her reaction, quickly said, "So Stevie, I thought maybe I should take this week off from work to help you study."

"Really, Dad?" Stevie sneered. "You'll be here to make sure I stay out of trouble all week?"

"Um... Yeah. I mean, you wouldn't fall that far behind, then."

Again Stevie rolled her eyes and, before leaving the table snarled, "Whatever!"

Meadow didn't say a word until our daughter had left and then replied, "I think your little Cupcake might be pissed at you."

"Yeah. I think you're right," I commented.

For the rest of that week, I helped our daughter with her studies while my wife kept busy doing her own daily activities like shopping, visiting her friends, or cleaning the house.

However, I couldn't help but notice that Stevie's dress attire became a little more revealing as the days passed.

Then on the last day when she walked into the dining room where we had been studying, wearing a very low-cut, almost transparent white tank top along with the shortest red and black plaid skirt I had ever seen, I just had to comment, "Honey, don't you think that outfit might be a bit too revealing?"

Stevie, standing with her hands on her hips, gave me her typical pouting look and yapped, "So, what are you saying, Daddy? You don't like how I dress, now?"

One thing I've learned over the years is you never honestly comment on how a woman dresses or looks when they ask you a question like that, unless you're prepared to face the consequences afterward, and lied, "No, Cupcake, I didn't mean it that way. You're an adult now, so however you want to dress is your decision. I was referring to what your mother might say if she saw you in that skirt."

Brazenly, Stevie approached the table and braced both her hands on top of it, causing her body to bend forward in the process, almost exposing her obviously-bare breasts to my eyes, and uttered, "Well, Mom isn't here right now, so as long as *you're* okay with it, I don't see the harm, do you?"

I couldn't help but gaze at her hard little nipples jutting out of the light material, and felt my face flush when I realized she caught my glare and only smirked when I replied, "No... I guess I don't, either."

*Fuck.* I thought when I felt my dick sinfully begin to harden. Thinking quickly I said, in hopes of getting my mind off of this inappropriate banter I was having with my daughter, "Okay, enough of that. Let's get started."

"Alright, Daddy," Stevie replied, and spiritedly sat in the chair next to me.

Fuck! That day seemed to drag by much slower than usual, and it was becoming harder to control myself from stealing glances at my daughter every time she would adjust herself in the chair. I'm sure I had caught a hint of the white panties that were under that tiny skirt of hers out of the corner of my eye, more than once.

Thankfully I was able to sway my unfatherly indiscretion and finished the last day of studying with my daughter without any more embarrassing behavior on my part.

However, that night as my wife slept peacefully next to me, I couldn't help but wank one out to my daughter's sultry image dressed in those sinful clothes.

Once again I ventured into our bathroom to clean off the mess I had made, and said to myself, "I need to quit thinking like this. No good can come of it, that's for sure."

To my surprise, I was able to calm my inner demons and figured all would be going back to normal once our daughter had actually passed the year.

It wasn't until the day our son had finally come home that one of my little devils revealed its ugly head again, and I watched intensely as my wife hugged our son when he walked through the front door.

It was just your typical mother and son embrace to the average person, but it was more than that to my eyes -- much more. And my mind went crazy as they hugged each other in front of me.



In my demented mind, what was supposed to happen next was that they both were likely to kiss passionately, before tearing off each other's clothes. Then as they stood naked exploring each other's bodies with their eyes, they would move closer together and then start to masturbate one another.

I could hear my wife's voice in my head, asking our son to make her come as she jerked vigorously on his stiff pole.

"Kevin?" I heard, breaking me out of my taboo state.

"Huh? What?" I blurted.

"Well, aren't you going to welcome our son home?"

"Oh yeah!" I replied, giving Robby a hearty handshake. "You need help with your stuff?"

"No, Dad. I got it. Thanks for asking."

Thankfully, as I felt the sweat build on my brow, our daughter also decided to greet her brother, allowing me time to slip away to recollect my thoughts.

Alone in the kitchen, I fought with myself until I thought it was safe to return and rejoined everyone in the living room.

Meadow and Robby never hit a low in their conversation, leaving Stevie and me to watch in amazement as to the length of their chattering, until finally it ended, when Meadow said, "Oh, look at the time. I should get supper ready."

"No need," I said. "We should go out to eat."

"Great Idea, Honey!" Meadow said, her face gleaming in delight.

So that's what we did, and of course, all through dinner and the ride to and from the restaurant, they discussed everything from our son's love life to what he did on-campus from day to day.

I do love my son, but to be honest, all this talking was getting under my skin, so when we finally arrived home, I decided not to partake in anymore 'catching up' and went to our bedroom, instead.

I don't know how long they talked that evening downstairs in the living room, but I remember it was late before my wife slipped into the bed next to me.

Things started to settle down more as the days went by, giving my son and me time to do the stuff fathers and sons like to do together; watch the sports channel.

Then, Meadow strolled into the room wearing a pair of dark blue-jeans along with a slim-fit pinkish tank top and sat next to me. I deduced that Robby *did* have a thing for his mother when I caught his eyes peeking at her body as she laid her head on my shoulder while he sat in the love seat.

No way was my mind playing tricks on me this time, I thought, as I watched our son gaze at his mother's marvelous breasts while she rubbed her hand on my chest.

More than once I've fallen prey to my wife's sexy figure, but this was her son, not her husband, undressing her with his eyes, and now having that image made me think long and hard about how I had done the same with my mother.

*Fuck. Is Robby like I was at his age?* I thought, and then wondered if it was true.

*Maybe just as Dad did, I might actually be able to get something started between them,* I wickedly figured.

My cock was getting hard thinking of that suggestion, and I wasn't aware my wife had also noticed my growing appendage until she whispered in my ear, "Getting frisky?"

Thinking quickly, I whispered back, "Um... Yeah. I think I better grab a drink before you get me too worked up."

Meadow sat upright as I walked into the kitchen and quickly popped open a beer. But instead of hurrying back, I peeked out of the doorway and watched Meadow and Robby from a distance.

I was sure in my twisted mind-frame with me gone, Robby would be more at ease with gawking at his mother, and I wanted to see if something else might happen. I haven't a clue what that might be, but in my sick mental state, I hoped something would.

*That's it, Robby,* I thought as I spied my son once again admiring his mother's figure while she sprawled out on the sofa, even more. She was tossing her arms out and resting them on the back of the couch, causing those lushes melons of hers to protrude outwardly, almost saying 'please come and lick them.'

*Do it, Son! Please do it! Say something to her. Tell her she's sexy. Say she's hot. Tell her how hard she's making you right now!* I thought as my hand now was rubbing over my super-stiff cock.

"Daddy?" I heard, making me jump, and I was shocked when I saw my daughter standing behind me with a puzzled look on her face.

"What are you doing?" She asked, as my face flushed.

I was at a loss for words, and quickly trying to put some sentences together that might sound reasonable, blurted out, "Just checking the score while I have a beer."

I felt my heart sink when my daughter's eyes lowered to my groin. I was sure she had somehow read my mind about what I was thinking, and waited for the repercussions. Except that didn't happen.

What *did* happen was: Stevie grinned kind of devilishly when she looked at my face, and said, "Must be an exhilarating game."

I just stood there speechless, as she ever-so-casually walked past me and into the living room.

I slammed what was left of my beer, and grabbed another one as I went back into the room myself, only to see that Stevie had taken my spot on the sofa, and said, "Can you make some room?"

Stevie scooted down a little, and I slipped between her and my wife. Of course, as before, Meadow rested her head on my shoulder and placed her hand on my chest, again. I also had my daughter's thigh pressing into mine, making me feel just a tad uncomfortable after what happened in the kitchen.

Thankfully the game ended shortly afterward, and I became more at ease when Stevie wasn't interested in watching a flick on the tv that Meadow wanted to see, and gracefully departed to her

room.

To be honest, the movie was boring, and it wasn't long before Meadow even commented on changing the channel, but I responded, "Listen, why don't we just head up to bed? It's late, anyway."

Meadow agreed, but gave our son a quick peck on the cheek before leaving with me, which only caused my dick to jump slightly.

Once inside our bedroom, I heard Meadow purr, "So... Care to explain what got you so worked up tonight?"

"Not really," I said as I stripped off my clothes and crawled into bed.

Meadow also undressed and, as she lay next to me naked, remarked, "You know you want to."

I looked at her and sighed, "Yeah. I do. You know me too well."

Meadow giggled as she nuzzled up next to me. I could feel the warmth of her body as her breast pressed into my chest, and I said, "I caught Robby checking you out."

Meadow slightly moved away and replied, "What do you mean by checking me out?"

"Just what I said. Checking you out. You know, admiring your sexy figure."

"Robby? No way." Meadow half-chuckled. "And even if it was true, why would that rile you up?"

It was time for me to confess my sins and I blurted out, "Because I now understand why Dad wanted to watch me do stuff with my mom."

I could sense Meadow's body react, and not in a positive way, and thought that maybe this wasn't such a good idea, as she appeared to be in some deep thought.

However, that didn't last long, and I felt my wife once again snuggle up to me and whisper, "So, what you're telling me is, seeing Robby eyeballing me got you all hot and bothered."

I forwent talking and gave a slow nod.

I then felt my wife's hand palm over my nut sack and heard her say, "So... Did he look at me like you used to look at your mother?"

"Yes," I said as my wife's hand started to toy with my balls.

"And you think he was undressing me with his eyes?"

"Yes," I groaned, feeling her hand now shift upwards to my ever-hardening dick.

"And now you think my baby boy is in his room, jerking off to me?"

"Christ! OH! Yes..." I croaked, feeling Meadow work my dick up to its full potential.

"Put your fingers inside me." Meadow hissed, and I willingly obliged by sliding two digits inside her.

"Oh yes... Mmm." Meadow purred, and then muttered, "Now, tell me what you image our son is envisioning while he jerks off."

I could feel her pussy tightening up as I said, "He's wondering what it would be like to suck on your breast."

"Oh! Mmm. Ahhh. Which one?"

"The left one," I said, as I increased my tempo inside her now wet pussy. "Making your nipple hard, as he flicks his tongue over it."

Meadow's hand went faster over my shaft as her legs spread wider, and I heard her say, "Keep going. Tell me more."

I put my head next to her ear and, while I added a third digit, whispered, "Now, he's picturing himself kissing slowly down your body. He's enjoying how soft your skin is on his lips. Lower and lower he goes, kissing your body until he's at your navel, thrilled to see how your body is reacting to his seduction."

"Oh, Kevin..." Meadow cried as her body thrust upward, pushing my fingers even deeper inside her.

"Then gingerly, he continues downward, until he can smell your sweet musk filling his nostrils, tempting him to explore a place a son shouldn't go."

"Yes. Kevin! Keep going! Keep going!" Meadow implored, while her hand grasped my dick hard as it went feverishly over my shaft, sending my cum to race up my post.

"Unsure, he hesitantly flicks his tongue over your slit, and is happy when you respond by parting your legs, giving him more access to your most forbidden place. A place a son shouldn't be. But he can't help it! His want for you is too great, and he can't help himself from nibbling on your little bud."

"Christ, Kevin! OH FUCK!" Meadow howled. "Fuck Me! Fuck Me now!"

Quickly I got between my wife's legs, and just as my throbbing cock touched her drenched entrance I felt her hands pull on my ass, sending my entire girth inside her.

"Fuck me! OH yes! Fuck me!" Meadow pleaded as her pussy gyrated on my dick.

Thrusting and pumping, I went for broke, but as I did, I kept whispering once more, "Then... Ha... Ha... He slides his fingers inside you. Oh... Oh... While he laps at your clit! Ha... Ha... Ha...!"

It was becoming increasingly hard to keep talking as I pumped madly inside my wife, but I found the strength to put one last sentence together, and groaned, "Can you see him?"

"Yes! Oh God, yes, I can!" Meadow cried as her body tightened up while her hands dug into my back. "Oh fuck, Honey! I'm coming!"

I went crazy and fucked her with all I had while she arched her back and moaned in delight.

"Fuck!" I croaked, as my dick expelled its hot cum deep inside her sweet pussy while she wrapped her legs around my waist and held me tight to her.

Thrust after thrust, I pumped my seed until finally I had nothing left, and as the sweat poured off my head I panted, "Holy shit! That was incredible."

Meadow herself, breathing heavily, wheezed, "Yes... It was..."

I rested my head on my wife's pounding chest, mixing her sweat with mine, and enjoyed how thrilling that was.

Only as I did, I noticed that the shadow was back, and as I listened to my wife's beating heart, realized the shadow hadn't moved.

Was it Stevie standing outside our door? Or Robby? I wasn't sure but *did* comprehend it sure wasn't someone just heading to the bathroom. They were definitely standing out there, listening to us.

Again I decided to keep this my little secret, and slowly eased my dick out from my wife. I said loud enough for the person out in the hallway to hear, "That got me real thirsty. I think I'm going to get a drink."

"Get me one, also," Meadow replied, and as I went to stand up, I noticed the shadow depart quickly.

Tossing on a pair of pants, I headed to the kitchen. As I poured us both a tall glass of water, I heard Robby say, "Oh, you're up, also?"

"Um... Yeah," I replied, and figured I had undoubtedly found our little night listener. Then thought, *He really is like me.*

"Well, goodnight," I said as I walked past him, holding the two glasses of water.

"Night, Dad."

Back inside our room, I handed Meadow her glass and sat on the bed next to her, drinking mine. When we finished I said, "So, what do you think?"

"About what?"

"About our son?"

"I don't know. What about him?"

"You know. About the idea of having sex with Robby."

"What!" Meadow barked. "Listen, our role-playing is one thing. Fucking my son is something else!"

"But you just said you *liked* the idea, after I told you what I saw."

"No! I didn't say that. I asked, what do you think our son would be doing if it was true. That wasn't me saying I agreed with you on what you think you saw."

"But it's true. And not only that, I just saw him standing outside our door when we were having sex."

"Kevin... Really?"

"Yes, Goddammit! I did. He was just downstairs when I was getting the water."

"Okay, so our son was up and also thirsty. That doesn't have to mean what you think it means."

I sighed as I went to lay down on my side, facing away from her, "Okay. Forget I brought it up. I sure the fuck don't want you upset with me over this."

I felt Meadow touch my shoulder and say, "Listen, Honey. I'm sorry. Maybe you *did* see Robby eyeing me up, and if I'm going to be honest, I guess I should tell you it *did* excite me to think he did."

"I rolled over and faced my wife and said, "So... What does that mean?"

"I guess it means I wouldn't mind if you watched me tease him a little. But that's as far as I'm willing to go!"

I smiled when she said that, and replied, "You little temptress."

Meadow giggled and then kissed me, which I returned, and as we cuddled in each other's arms, I again realized just how much I loved this woman.

The next morning at breakfast, as we all sat at the dinner table, I hadn't realized that my wife had already put what we discussed into motion, until I noticed the silky red robe she tossed on that morning had slowly parted open enough for you to see the bare skin between her breasts.

*Holy shit!* I thought when I realized seeing that much skin; she mustn't have had anything else underneath that robe.

Fuck, the sheer thought of my wife being that brazen was getting me hard, and I wasn't surprised when I glanced over and saw our son's eyes unmistakably glued to her chest.

My little minx sure knew how to put on a show and, as if nothing was wrong, would get up and lean over the table, causing her robe to part even more in front of Robby's eyes.

I swear I could see the drool in his mouth when Meadow asked him, "More Milk?"

"Jesus, Mom!" I heard our daughter express. "You're almost hanging out!"

"Oh! Silly Me." Meadow replied as she attempted to fix her robe, but not before fluffing it forward in a way that I'm sure gave Robby a quick peek at her melons.

Robby's face went red and he looked down at his plate, while Meadow sat back down with a little smile and said, "So, Stevie, what's your plans for the day?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe getting some sun."

"Oh, that's a lovely idea. Maybe I'll join you."

"Sure, Mom," Stevie mumbled.

"And what about you, Robby. Anything special?"

"I was thinking about visiting a couple buddies."

"I'm sure they'll be happy to see you," Meadow answered, letting her robe once again part down the middle as she reached for her glass.

The way Robby was fidgeting around in his chair, it was apparent my wife was affecting him so much so that it wasn't long before he blurted out, "Well, I better get going."

"Wait!" Meadow said before Robby could run off. "Give Mommy a kiss first."

Robby stood next to his mother as she sat in the chair, and when he leaned over to kiss her cheek, I caught him once again glancing down at her breasts.

"Bye, Mom," Robby shouted as he ran off.

"I better get going, too," I said and also kissed my wife. But as our kiss ended, I whispered, "That was great."

Meadow smiled and replied, "I'll see you tonight, Dear."

The rest of the week more or less played out like that. Meadow would tease our son, either by wearing more revealing clothes or doing something in an erotic way. It was apparent by the way Robby would run off afterward that it was affecting him significantly.

Of course, seeing that also was affecting me as well. To witness this little cat-and-mouse game was very hot in my mind, and I showed my gratitude by the wild sex I would have with my wife that night.

Yes, life seemed good again, and I was happy with letting Meadow tease our son until the evening when, after having one of our fantastic fuck fests, she said, "Okay, I have to confess. Seeing Robby get all worked up, is getting to me."

"You mean it's making you wet?"

"Well, that too. But I was referring to the fact it must be torturing Robby."

"What are you saying, Hon? You want to... You know..."

"No. Not that. I mean, I don't think so?"

"Then what?"

"I don't know. Maybe a little...touching?"

"Are you asking me if I'm okay with that?"

"I guess I am."

"Hell, yeah. If I get to watch!" I said. "But only if you're sure about this."

"I think I am. But... I don't know... Maybe???"

"Listen, Honey. No pressure here. If it happens, it happens, and if by chance it does, I'm okay with it."

Meadow kissed me and said, "I love you, Kevin."

"I love you too, Meadow." With that, we both went to sleep.

I recalled our conversation the next morning, and was flabbergasted by what my wife said, and excited at the same time. Was this really going to happen? Was my wife going to let our son touch her sensually? Would it go further once she did?

I almost couldn't control myself with the inkling of that happening, and found myself wondering how I could get things started, since it appeared my wife was a little hesitant. But, at the time I was

drawing a blank.

My moment arrived the following day when we planned to have a picnic at a state park close by us.

At first, things were as they usually went, with a couple of exceptions, like how my wife Meadow was dressed in her blue jeans and had on a light white button-down shirt. While she was setting up the picnic table I noticed she unbuttoned the top a little more than usual, and thought, *That's my girl.*

Then, my daughter, Stevie, of course, decided to wear her tight little cut-off blue jeans and that same dam sexy tank top she had worn the last day we studied together, which caused me to glance at her in an unfatherly way more than once.

Only Robby and I appeared to dress like we usually do, having on a pair of loose-fitting jeans and a t-shirt. The only difference was, mine was a plain grey shirt while his shirt was black with a Chevy logo on it.

I had just finished cooking the hamburgers and set them down, when I saw Robby gandering at his mother's cleavage while she reached for a hamburger bun. Then I saw the life drain out of him when he realized I caught him staring at her.

Quickly Robby lowered his head, but I noticed my daughter now leaning over to grab a bun. My mouth dropped, and my pecker jumped when I saw her two little pink perky tits peeking out from under her top.

I wish I could say that only happened once, but it didn't, and I couldn't help myself from stealing several inappropriate glances, every time the opportunity presented itself.

But just as I had caught Robby, my wife had finally caught me when my daughter had bent over to pick up a fork she dropped, letting me see her sexy young ass in the process.

Only it wasn't her tush that drew my attention. It was the fact that her petite cut-offs were crammed between her thighs so tightly that they barely covered that sweet little pussy of hers, and I thought, **Busted!**

However, I was beside myself when Meadow only gave me a little smirk while she finished making her sandwich. I wasn't sure what that meant, but figured I was going to find out later, for sure.

I tried to be a good boy after that, and I think my son did too; only I guess my willpower was more significant than his, because I caught him ogling his mother once again.

It was when my wife and daughter ventured to the bathroom together that I decided it was a good time for a talk.

I waited until I lost sight of the women, and then said, "Listen, Robby."

"I know, Dad. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to..."

"Hold up a minute." I interrupted. "What I was going to say was, I understand what you're going through and think I can help."

"What?" Robby said with a shocked look. "I don't think you do, Dad."

I got a little closer to my son and leaned over when I said, "You got the hots for your mom."



Now it was apparent Robby was bewildered, and I said, "Listen, Son. It's okay. I was the same way at your age. In fact, I had a conversation like this with my father."

"You... You did?"

"Yeah, and now I'm going to let you in on a little secret. My dad was okay with it, also."

"He... He was?"

"He was. So much so, he wanted me to pursue what I was feeling."

"In what way?"

I looked around quickly and then blurted out, "He wanted me to seduce my mother while he watched."

Robby was speechless and just looked at me like a deer staring at headlights until I said, "So, what do you think?"

"I... I don't know what to think of that, Dad. Shit! That's a lot to take in."

"Well, let me give you something else to rack your brains on. I don't have a problem with you doing the same."

"You mean... To seduce Mom?" Robby hoarsely said. "While you watch?"

"That's exactly what I mean. Haven't you noticed how your mother has been dressing and acting, lately?"

"Yeah, I have."

"Well, that's because deep down she's got a thing for you, also. She just doesn't fully realize it, yet. But I'm sure we can figure out a way for her to come around."

"I don't know, Dad. This sounds kind of dangerous. I mean, Mom could get really upset if you're wrong."

"Tell you what. What if we just test the waters a little? Nothing too drastic. Would you be willing to try it, then?"

"I... I guess I can go along with that."

Quickly I sat upright and said, "They're coming," when I noticed the girls strolling back, laughing as if one of them had said something funny.

For the rest of the day, they both appeared to be happier than usual. Almost as if something had changed while they were gone.

I wasn't going to say shit about it, since it had been such a long time since I saw both of them acting that way with one another.

That evening as we got home, I waited for the repercussions I was sure I was going to get for my inappropriate gawking. Instead, I heard Meadow say, as we were in the living room relaxing while the kids were in their rooms, "So, I guess we should talk about today."

"Yeah. I'm sorry for that. I don't know what came over me."

Meadow chuckled and said, "I do, and I can't blame you for it."

"Can't you?" I replied.

"No, silly. Haven't you guessed by now your daughter has a thing for you?"

"What?" I replied, in a very shocked manner.

"Don't worry. I had a talk with her about it."

"You did? When?"

"When we went to the bathroom."

"What did you tell her, since both of you came back awfully giddy?"

"Sorry, Dear, but that's something that will stay between us girls."

I knew better than to push any further and said, "Okay. I won't ask what you said, but at least tell me if that was the reason for her behavior."

Again I heard, "Sorry, Dear."

*Well shit!* I thought and found myself wondering what their conversation might have been, until that evening when the kids decided to join us in watching some television.

Like the other night, Meadow picked out a movie for us to watch, while I sat on the sofa and then waited for her to snuggle up next to me.

Stevie, still dressed in her little outfit, sprawled out on the love seat while our son Robby planted himself in the lazy boy, and I thought, *Smart move.*

You see, where the lazy boy sat; it gave you the clearest view of the sofa while still appearing to be watching the television.

About a half-hour into the movie, while I was rubbing my wife's arm, I noticed my son eyeing his mother up, again. I wasn't aware of why, until I looked down to see my wife's button-down top had opened up, almost exposing her bare breast from my rubbing her arm.

I felt myself stiffen, figuring Meadow had to be aware of it. Leaning over, I whispered to her, "Robby's watching you."

And I then heard Meadow softly reply, "Mmm-Hmm."

I got a little bolder and, while applying a bit more pressure on her arm, which opened her top even more, whispered, "I bet he would love to see your tits about now."

Meadow, with her head still on my chest, glanced upward and grinned, before sitting up and fixing her shirt and said, "I'll be right back."

As my wife departed, I caught my son giving me a sign with his head to meet him in the other room, and I casually walked out into the kitchen and waited before he entered and said, "So, Dad... About our talk earlier."

"What about it?"

"Well, I thought that maybe I could try and, you know...seduce Mom, tonight?"

"Robby, your sister is right there."

"Yeah. I guess you're right. Forget what I said." Robby replied with a disappointed look, but before he could walk away, I stopped him.

"Listen," I sighed. "I guess if you're careful, your sister wouldn't be able to see you from the love seat."

"So it's okay, then?"

"Yeah. But I wouldn't push your mother too far. Especially with Stevie being in the room, also."

"I won't, Dad. But how are you going to get Mom to... You know. Go along with it?"

I thought quickly and said, "Before your mom comes back, sit on the sofa next to me and just play it cool."

"Okay, Dad," Robby said, and we both returned to the living room where Stevie still was sitting in the love seat, all balled up, while Robby sat to the right of me on the sofa.

It was seconds later before Meadow came back, wearing her silky short red robe. I truthfully hadn't a clue she went to change into that, and if, like the night before, she didn't have a bra underneath her robe, I wasn't sure if she would play along now with being in such a state of undress.

"What's going on here?" I heard my wife say with a genuinely puzzled expression.

Hoping for the best, I quickly replied, "Nothing, why?"

Meadow gave me a smug look before sitting down to the left of me.

Once again, we all settled in, and as before, I put my arm over my wife's neck while she snuggled up, but after a short while, when I figured my wife was more comfortable with the new sitting arrangements, I took a shot and whispered, "So what do you think about cuddling like this, with your son?"

Meadow peered up at me with a lost expression for a good five seconds, before she slowly gave me a hesitant nod.

I fought back the smile that wanted to burst out, and said in a loud tone, "Listen, Honey, I have to use the bathroom."

Meadow sat upright, giving me room to stand up before I walked away, and actually used the restroom. I waited until I figured enough time had passed before slowly making my way back into the living room, stopping at the doorway before entering when I saw my wife had moved up next to her son and was resting her head on Robby's shoulder. Her hand was resting on his leg, while her body was curled up on the couch.

Robby appeared to be a little uncomfortable as I stood there surveying the situation, which I guess is understandable. The poor boy probably was scared shitless, wondering what his mother might do, if he pushed things too far.

If I was him, how could he *not* know that I see how hot my wife looked, sprawled out wearing that fucking, sexy little robe that was barely covering her breasts!

I did my best to put him at ease by standing in front of them, before looking down at my wife and saying, "So I leave for a second and you find another body?"

"Meadow played right along, and quickly rubbed Robby's chest and said, "It's not another body. It's my son, and I don't think he minds me snuggling up with him. Do you, Robby?"

"Nnnoo..." Robby hoarsely replied, and I watched as he unsurely put his arm over his mother's shoulder.

I shook my head as I walked away, but before I could settle into the recliner I heard Stevie announce, "Daddy, I'm cold. Can you hand me the throw blanket?"

I handed the soft fleece blanket to my daughter and watched as she wrapped herself in it, before I settled into the lazy boy and reclined.

*This is it.* I thought, as I pretended to be watching the movie when I was taking in the light petting taking place, in reality. It wasn't much to see, to the average person, only Meadow rubbing her hand lightly on Robby's chest, while he gingerly ran his up and down her silk-covered arm. But to me, it was fantastic, and I could feel my dick slowly getting stiff.

I was getting into it, hoping Robby would get up enough courage to take things further. Fuck. Now I even wanted to see my wife's tits. That was, until my daughter expressed once again how she was cold.

I guess her saying that at that moment got under my skin, because I barked back when I looked at her, "Well, then, go put something on that's warmer!"

I could see the sadness filling my daughter's face, and I sighed, "Sorry. What would you like me to do about it?"

"Can I sit with you?"

"Here? In the recliner with me?" I said, and then realized Stevie would be able to see Meadow and Robby if she did, and would probably ruin the rest of the night. "I... I don't think there's enough room for both of us, Cupcake. "

I was shocked when my wife spoke up and said, "Oh, Kevin. Just let your daughter squeeze in beside you, already!"

I gave my wife a '*what the fuck*' look and replied, "Okay. Come on over, Stevie."

Happily, Stevie managed to squeeze into the right side of me while I put my arm over her shoulder. Stevie, before nestling into my armpit, tossed the blanket over the top of us and said, "There, Daddy, that should keep us both warm."

Stevie twisted and shifted her body around for a bit, before finally resting her hand on my chest. She cooed, "Thanks, Daddy."

I just smiled and gave her a little nod, before looking over at my smirking wife, who was watching this unfold.

I gave Meadow another '*what the fuck*' look while shaking my head slightly, and was taken aback when she closed her eyes and rubbed her head on my son's chest like a cat a couple of times, before resting it in place.

Things appeared to be more peaceful as the minutes went by, and I have to say it was very comfy having my daughter resting next to me. I was about to lose all faith in anything proceeding any further, when suddenly I caught Robby's hand moving just a smidgen on his mother's arm. Only it wasn't his hand; it was his thumb, while the rest of his hand stayed motionless.

Then, as I saw Meadow's fingers ever so slowly scratching Robby's thigh, I felt my daughter's hand slightly gliding over my chest before she cooed, "This feels so nice, Daddy."

"Yes, it does," I whispered, and gave her forehead a little peck while rubbing her arm.

Slowly but gradually, I saw Robby's thumb move a tad quicker, and then realized what he was actually doing when Meadows's robe started to pull open, exposing a small portion of flesh between the robe's folds.

*That's it, Robby.* I thought as more of her robe opened up, and then I saw my wife's hand moving just a little more, up and down his thigh.

I could feel my dick stiffen as Robby's hand ventured off his mother's arm, and was inching closer towards her breast.

However, that's when I also realized my daughter's hand that was on my chest, had gradually ventured down without me knowing, and was now ever-so-gracefully brushing across my stomach.

"Stevie," I whispered when her fingers calmly went lower, but got no reply from her.

"Ohh..." I heard, drawing my attention towards my wife, and I swallowed hard when I saw they were kissing. Yes, they were actually kissing, long and hard. And I relished in the fact that I was witnessing this most sensual moment between them. I could feel my excitement grow exponentially with the notion this was only the beginning.

However, as I gazed upon my wife and son's sexual embrace, I wasn't expecting to feel my daughter's hand swipe over my groin, causing me to jump and squeeze the arm I was rubbing, just as Robby opened my wife's robe enough for me to see her exposed left areola.

My head was spinning. Between seeing my wife and son, and now having my daughter touch my groin, I was so confused. But I couldn't bring myself to say anything to Stevie when she brushed her hand over my now hard cock again. Sinfully I liked it.

Then, I saw Robby's hand exploring his mother's breast, while she was rubbing hers over his groin. No fucking way did I want any of this to stop.

Stunned, confused, and horny, I squirmed around as I bit my lip when Stevie twisted her prying little fingers inside my pants, pushing her eager hand down until it had entirely nestled over my balls.

"Oh Fuck." I whispered to myself, as her playful fingers ever-so-gently toyed with my balls, while I sinfully watched the passion grow between my wife and son.

Then, as I studied how Robby kissed down to his mother's neck while he opened her robe completely, I was astonished that Meadow was completely naked underneath.

**Holy shit! Holy shit!** I thought, when Robby suckled on his mother's breast, and she let out a very long and loud sigh while groping his cock hard over his pants.

I reluctantly groaned softly, when my daughter took hold of my swollen wood and started to jerk on it. Slow at first, she steadily increased her tempo while I watched our son ever-so-gradually slide his hand down his mother's body, until it was resting on her upper thigh.

"Oh... Mmm." I could hear Meadow express, as her son bit and flicked his tongue over her nipple, while my daughter was making my cum rise up my shaft with ease, causing me to more and more enjoy what her devilish palm was doing to me.

I knew I would come soon, as my mind raced with all kinds of sinful ideas about my daughter now, and I grasped my daughter's arm while my waist thrust upward.

Then, when I saw Robby tuck his hand between his mother's legs, I felt that familiar excitement. I was about to come! But just before I did, I heard my wife say, "Robby... That's far enough."

"Okay, Mom." I heard him reply and, as I tried to fight back my climax, watched as he moved his hand away from between her legs before kissing her again.

But I couldn't hold back any longer since my daughter was still yanking on my cock, and I knew this was it, when I saw Meadow and Robby embrace in another passionate kiss, along with hearing my daughter say ever so softly, "I want to feel it, Daddy."

"Stevie..." I faintly said, as my daughter's hand raced over my cock and I could only grind my teeth as I exploded.

Stevie grasped and squeezed the head of my dick as my sperm filled her hand, but then suddenly stopped, just as Robby and Meadow broke their kiss.

I saw my wife look at me as the sweat poured off my brow and, as she fixed her robe, heard her say, "You better wake her up now."

*Wake her up? Did my wife think our daughter was asleep?*

I went along with that theory, and nudged my arm that was still resting over Stevie and said, "Honey."

Stevie didn't move, so I nudged her again and said a little louder, "Sweetie."

I felt her stir and then make a groggy sound, while she eased her hand out from my pants.

"What? Oh, sorry, Daddy. I must've fallen asleep."

"That's okay, Cupcake. It's time for bed, anyway." I said, quickly glancing over at my wife to see if she bought any of this bullshit we were selling.

To my surprise, it appeared she did, and said, "Yes. It's getting late. I think we should all turn in."

However, before standing up, Meadow turned towards Robby and gave him a quick peck on the cheek before saying, "Thank you, Robby. I really enjoyed our cuddling."

"I enjoyed it too, Mom," Robby replied, while getting up, himself.

As my wife and kids departed, I turned off all the lights before meeting my already naked wife standing in the middle of our bedroom, looking seductive.

Two things hit me at the moment as I took in my wife's sexy figure along with her 'come and fuck me' look:

One. After all that happened tonight, I sure was feeling the same way she was.

And two. I knew I had to get out of these cum-filled clothes somehow, without her knowing.

Only, before I could make a move, Meadow sashayed her wonderful ass towards me and, as she put her arms over my neck, whispered seductively, "So how was it, to have your daughter make you come?"

Shocked, I held my wife's hips and said, "You... You knew?"

"Of course, I knew," Meadow teased, while sliding her hand down inside my wet shorts.

"Oh... Shit." I grumbled, as her hand toyed over my messy cock.

Then I heard her hiss, "Wow, she made you come really hard!"

"Fuck, Meadow..." I sighed as her hand jerked my cock back to full hardness.

I kissed her hard before stripping down. But in my lustful state, I completely forgot to close the door as we both raced to our bed.

"Oh yes, Kevin." Meadow moaned as she lay on her back, legs spread wide, while I was between them on my knees, lapping at her pussy. My God, she was so fucking wet, and I lifted my head and commented, "I see Robby got *you* all worked up, also."

"Fuck, yes, he did! My God. I was so hot," Meadow whined, as I went back to licking her clit.

I lifted my head again and replied, "Then, why did you stop him?"

Squirming around as I pierced my tongue through her folds, I heard her sigh, "Because I wouldn't have been able to stop myself."

I removed my head before I inserted two fingers and worked them palm-up inside her vagina, and asked, "Stop yourself from doing what?"

"From... Oh, fuck! Oh. Ah. Oh. Ah." Meadow squealed, as I sent my fingers deep inside her vagina and moved my fingers in a 'come here' motion.

"Kevin! Oh! Ah! Christ! Ah! Ah! AH! I'm going to come!" My wife expressed, as her ass lifted off the bed.

"Tell me, Meadow! Stop you from what?" I asked again, working my fingers faster.

"Frrom... Fucking him! OH, GOD!"

Meadow's body went into a convulsive state, as I held my fingers in place while her pussy squeezed and sucked on them.

I was so fucking horny now, myself, I didn't even give my wife a chance to recover before I had her legs up over my shoulders while my cock rammed deep inside her womb.

Pumping and pushing, I went wild while my wife moaned and cried under me.

"Oh, Kevin! Oh, Kevin! Yes! Yes! Give it to me, Baby! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Faster and harder I went, while my wife grasped at my ass, pulling me inside her as deep as I could go.

The sweat poured off my body, as I bent forward until I was resting on my palms over her, causing my wife's body to bend in half while her legs locked around my waist.

"Shit, Meadow. Oh shit!" I groaned, letting my raw sex-drive take complete control of my body.

But suddenly, I caught a movement at our door, and was stunned to see my daughter naked and playing with herself, as I pumped profusely inside my wife's wonderful sex.

"Oh shit!" I huffed, and looked to see my wife's eyes were, thankfully, closed.

Again, I was too far gone to do or say anything about my daughter, and truthfully, seeing her rub her little clit with such purpose only intensified my desire to fuck my wife even more.

My eyes locked onto Stevie's while I pounded away inside Meadow, and I croaked, "You like it, don't you, baby?"

"Yes! Oh yes, I love it!" Meadow exclaimed, while I saw my daughter nod her head.

"You want me to make you come, don't you?"

"Yes, Kevin. Make me come! I want to come!" I heard, and again saw Stevie nod while moving her fingers faster.

Getting on my knees, I took hold of my wife's legs, holding her ass off the bed, and jackhammered inside her.

"Oh Oh Oh Oh OH OH OOOH! Kevin! Yes! I'm coming! I'm coming!" I heard, just as I saw my daughter's face cringe up and her body shake, while her legs clamped tightly together with her fingers still racing over her pussy.

With a mighty thrust, I held my cock deep inside my wife and climaxed, while I leaned my head back and closed my eyes, groaning, "Ohhhh... Fuckkk."

As Meadow and I panted loudly, I opened my eyes and noticed my daughter had left, and then heard my wife softly say, "Holy fuck, that was great."

I eased my sweaty, tired body next to her and replied, "Yes, it sure was intense."

We lovingly kissed while we embraced each other until finally falling asleep.

Thankfully, the next morning was Saturday, which gave us time to sleep in before having to face the day.



But as we both rose from our slumbers, I remembered what my wife had said before we got all sex-crazy and said, "So, I have to know. Last night, when you said you knew what Stevie did. Why didn't you say something? I mean, you did tell me that you talked with her, didn't you?"

Meadow gave me a half-smirk before replying, "Yes. We did talk. But I also knew what she was feeling."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, Dear, if you haven't figured it out... I also had a crush on *my* Dad, and in all honesty, I thought that maybe someday he and I would... you know."

"Fuck?" I said hoarsely.

"Yes. Fuck."

"Why? Why didn't you ever tell me?"

Meadow sighed, "I don't know. I think with us living so far away from my parents, and then after having the great sex we had with yours, I just let my fantasy die."

Well, now I felt like shit, and replied, "Fuck, Honey! If I had known... I'm so sorry."

Meadow walked over and lightly placed her hand on my cheek, and said, "It's in the past, now."

I still felt like such a stupid fucking idiot. How could I have not known?

But now it was all making sense. The reason why she liked the idea of me fucking my mom; the way she would call my father 'Daddy' when she was fucking him.

I could feel myself tearing up inside. There wasn't any way I could fix this, since her parents had already passed.

I think Meadow understood what I felt, because again she said, "Listen. Don't fret over it. I was just explaining my reason for letting our daughter do what she did."

"Okay," I sighed.

However, my wife wasn't finished with her confession and commented, "I also didn't stop her because of how hot it looked. I think I can understand why you wanted to see Robby and me, now."

"Really? You... You liked seeing that?"

Meadow nodded with a smile, and I went on, "So, what does that say about us? Is it sick that we find it exciting to see ourselves doing unthinkable things with our children?"

Meadow grinned before saying, "If we're both happy and honest with each other, why would we care what others think?"

That word 'honest' struck a nerve, especially after hearing my wife confess her most taboo thoughts to me, and I cleared my throat before saying, "Listen, Honey. I have something I need to tell you. Last night when we were having sex..."

"Yes?" Meadow asked, after I paused.

"Well..." I sighed. "Last night, I saw our daughter in the hallway, naked and masturbating, while we were doing it."

"You did? Well, isn't she the little voyeur?" Meadow chuckled.

"You're not mad at me?"

"For what?"

"For...you know, not telling you last night?"

Meadow busted out in loud laughter and said, "Listen. Did you enjoy seeing her do that?"

I nodded, as I shamefully looked down at the floor.

"Don't you think she knew you would? Your little girl isn't stupid. She's my daughter also, you know. Don't you remember how easy it was for me to get your father to fuck me? It sounds to me like your little Cupcake is more like her mother than you think."

Now I chuckled. "I guess you're right."

Nothing more was said as we both changed for the day. That was, until after we all finished breakfast and my wife, as usual, asked what everyone's plans were for the day.

Of course, Stevie was going to spend her day out by the pool, soaking up some sun, while Robby made some plans to visit his friends.

Me, since it was a Saturday, just wanted to spend my day relaxing around the house.

But events appeared to change when Meadow said, "Maybe I'll lay out by the pool with you."

Unlike before, Stevie didn't appear to be agitated hearing that news, and shockingly said, "Sure, Mom. Sounds great. Maybe Daddy will lay out with us, also."

I looked at my wife, who was smiling, and said, "I don't know, Honey. Daddy just wants to relax."

"So? Why can't you do that by the pool with us?"

Fuck! She had me there, and I said, "Okay, I guess I can."

"Great!" Stevie replied, as she jumped up from the table. "I'll go get ready."

Then I heard my wife say, as our daughter dashed out of the room, "You sure you wouldn't rather stay home with us, Robby?"

Robby looked at me, then back at his mom, then back at me again, and said, "I... I don't know. Do I?"

"I think you do," Meadow replied, in a very seductive manner.

"Oh. Okay, Mom. If you want me to."

So the day was set, and we all went to change into some bathing suits. I knew it wasn't going to be the average 'day by the pool' when I noticed my wife's little black string bikini.

"Holy shit, Meadow!" I barked when I saw just how sexy that thing was. It only barely covered her breasts and mound.

"You like it?" Meadow cooed, as she did a three-sixty spin for me, showing me how the string tucked between the crack of her ass, with only a little string tied on both sides of her hips keeping it from falling off.

"Is that even legal to wear, outside?"

"Kevin. Really?" Meadow questioned, as she put her hand on her bent hip.

"I'm just saying," I said, with a light chuckle.

"Do you think Robby will like it as much?"

"Are you fucking kidding me? The boy is going to cream his shorts when he sees you!"

"Good," Meadow replied as she sashayed that amazing ass of hers towards the door.

"What are you up to?" I said before she left.

Meadow stopped abruptly before looking over her shoulder and hissed, "Maybe a little more fun?"

Now I smiled and, like a faithful pet, followed her out to the pool.

We were the first to arrive, and my wife had me rearrange the lounge chairs, placing two of them side-by-side, while setting the other two a good eight feet away.

"You sit over there," Meadow said, and I willingly obliged her request.

Robby was the first of our kids to come outside, and I watched his mouth drop as he noticed his mother sprawled out on her back.

But before he was able even to utter a word, his mother said, "Over here, Robby. I want you to rub some lotion on my back."

Hastily Robby ventured towards my wife while she rolled over, and again he stopped dead in his tracks. Robby's head turned and he looked at me as if asking if it was okay, at which I just gave him a 'keep going' nod of my head.

As Robby picked up the lotion, I made myself comfortable in the chair. Just then our daughter walked outside, and I thought. ***Holy fucking shit!***

I only thought my wife's bikini was small until I stared at my daughter's very sexy body, like a bird watching its prey.

Hot pink in color, the string bikini, like her mother's, was tied at the waist and was made of three triangle-shaped pieces of material, two of which barely covered my daughter's areolas, while the last one was about two inches in length and scarcely covered her mound.

I almost didn't hear my daughter say, "Alright if I lie next to you?"

I could only nod while my cock began to harden, as she took the lounge chair next to me.

I turned my attention back towards my wife and son, just in time to see him start to apply the lotion to his mother's body, and quickly became mesmerized by the sight of Robby ever-so-slowly rubbing his hands across her back.

*What a sight to behold*, I thought, as Robby's hands lazily ventured downward. I then turned to see Stevie apply lotion over the front of her body.

My mouth watered as my daughter looked down at herself while applying the lotion around her mostly exposed breasts. But I saw her grin when she caught me staring.

I drew my attention back towards Meadow and Robby, and saw his hands directly contact his mother's marvelous ass, rubbing and kneading both her cheeks. I saw my wife's lips part just a little, when his palms dipped even lower.

He was just about there. His hands were on her inner thighs, and my cock jumped when he brazenly risked it, and slipped them between his mother's slightly-parted legs.

Except my wife lifted her head quickly, and said, "That's enough, for now."

"Okay, Mom," he replied as he went over to the other chair and laid back, himself.

I followed suit and laid on my back, listening to the outside world in the distance, while the sun kissed all over my skin.

I would guess a half hour had passed before, in the quietness, I heard Meadow express, "Robby, Dear? Can you rub some of the lotion on my front?"

*Front?* I thought, knowing full well she was able to do that herself.

I lifted my head just enough to see Robby sitting next to my wife, who had already turned over, while he lathered up his hands before applying the lotion to his mother's tummy.

"Mmm. Your hands feel so *nice*," I heard Meadow coo.

"Thanks, Mom," Robby said, while inching his fingers upward until they were grazing the sides of her breasts.

Meadow's lips parted slightly again, and I heard her softly sigh, when his fingers slipped just a smidge under her bikini top before pulling back. Then again, his fingers tucked a tad under her top, causing her lips to part even more.

This was getting to me, and I could feel my cock rising again.

"Oh... Robby..." Meadow's voice faded away as his hands slipped completely under her little bikini top, actually pushing it up and out of the way.

Kneading and swishing, my boy's hands worked over his mother's breasts, and I could see her nipples hardening. Then she arched her back when he bent over and flicked his tongue over the right one.

I was in my own world now, absorbing how great it was to be experiencing this sinful sight before my eyes once more, and couldn't help but rub my hand over my now-hard dick.

"Oh... Yes, Son. So nice. So nice," Meadow moaned, as her loving son caressed and kissed her breasts. But then I saw his left hand sliding down her body. Down to her tummy, then down to her waist.

"Robby! Oh, Robby!" My wife implored, as her legs parted slightly when his fingers scratched at her bikini bottoms.

"Son! Oh, God!" Meadow moaned, when his finger slipped inside her bottoms, causing her legs to spread even further apart, while he kept his mouth locked onto her bosom.

Then I knew it happened, when her waist lifted slightly, and her legs ultimately spread over both sides of the lounge chair, until her feet rested on the concrete pool deck. My son's hand found his mother's clit. And as she squirmed around, I could hear her whimpering, "Robby! Oh, fuck! Robby! Too far! Too far!"

However, Robby didn't stop. In fact, his head went up to his mother's ear, and he whispered something to her whilst his finger tented up under her bottom, and I knew he was just about to insert it inside her.

"Oh... Fuck!!!" Meadow bellowed, when his fingers found their mark, causing her head to hit the lounge chair while her eyes snapped shut.

I was so excited seeing my wife thrash around getting finger fucked by her son, I didn't expect to feel a hand cover my mouth, while another one tucked quickly under my shorts.

Shocked, I mumbled, but heard, "Shh, Daddy. We don't want to disturb them. I think Robby's going to make her come, this time."

Stevie's hand went faster and faster, while her other hand devilishly pulled my shorts down, exposing my super-hard cock. I went to say something again, but her hand quickly covered over my mouth once more, while the other was working my sperm up my cock in record time.

"See, Daddy. Look at Mommy. She's close! I can tell," Stevie hissed.

It was true, the expression on my wife's face was that of pure ecstasy. My son was going to make her come.

"Robby! Oh yes! Oh, fuck, Son! Oh, fuck! OH, OH, Christ!" Meadow whined. But as her body thrashed around, I saw Robby's hand tug on the little string, causing her bottoms to fall open. He then quickly got between her legs on his knees, while lowering his head down and latching onto her clit, still fucking her with his fingers.

Meadow's eyes shot open as she lifted her head and squealed, "Robby!"

But my wife's eyes met mine, and just as they did, we watched as our daughter inhaled my cock.

"Stevie!" I shouted, but it was useless; her head bobbed only faster, and all I could do was watch my wife take hold of Robby's head and hold it tight to her box.

"Oh shit! Oh my God, Stevie! Honey! Oh, fuck!" I croaked, as my daughter wickedly sucked my dick, with a passion I'd never felt before.

"I'm coming! I'm coming!" I heard my wife express, and through slitted eyes I saw her back arch off the chair, while her legs quivered. Robby didn't remove his mouth from her pussy, but *had* removed his hands that were now easing his shorts down, exposing his already hard cock.

"Oh shit! I... OH God! Rrr-obby!" I muttered, realizing my wife had no idea what my son was planning.

But as I tried once more to get the words out, I felt my daughter cover my mouth again while she straddled my hips, crushing her barely-covered pussy over my hard cock before rocking herself back and forth over it.

I was now totally and utterly lost in this sexual state of arousal, and could only watch as Meadow once again gyrated her pussy on my son's face while he stroked on his cock.

Stevie ground her pussy over my swollen shaft even faster, when she firmly whispered, "We don't want to stop them now, do we? I think Mommy *really* wants to feel her son's big hard cock inside her, don't you?"

"Stevie..." I implored, as she tugged on her own little ties and pulled her bottoms free, letting me feel her sweet, wet, little pussy lips gliding over my solid shaft.

"Oh... Fuck..." I groaned, and watched as my wife was about to come again, herself. Only just before it happened, I saw Robby grab her thighs and thrust his cock quickly inside her.

"Robby! Robby!" Meadow screamed as she shot up onto her elbows, just as Stevie nudged my cock inside her tight pussy.

"Oh, Mom! OH, Mom! OH, MOM!" I could hear Robby say, as he held onto his mother's waist and went wildly fast inside her pussy.

He wasn't the only one. Stevie was grinding, bouncing, thrusting, and rubbing in circles over my dick. I couldn't take anymore and grabbed her waist, helping her bounce faster on me.

"Yes, Daddy. Mmm. Yes, Daddy! Oh! Ah! Oh! So good! So good, Daddy! Please give it to me! Please give it to me, Daddy! Fuck your little girl. Make me come! Make your little Cupcake come!"

"Stevie!" I cringed when I felt her already super-tight pussy vice onto my shaft, causing me to feel the first threatening signs of release. I did my best to hold it back, and bit my tongue, hard.

"OH GOD!" I heard Meadow bellow, and saw her resting on her hands, while her ass was high in the air with her legs up and over Robby's shoulders.

"Oh, YES! OH, YES!" Meadow screamed, head back, eyes closed, and arched backward when her first climax hit.

Grunting and puffing, I felt myself explode, sending my seed deep inside my daughter's pussy. Then I sensed her also tighten up and quiver, while she held my shoulders tightly.

"Yes, Daddy! Yes, Daddy! Oh, it feels so good inside me. You're filling me up!" My daughter expressed, as my cum kept pumping inside her.

"Robby! Oh, God! I'm going to come, again!" I heard, and saw my wife have *another orgasm while my daughter slowly ground herself on my spent pecker.*

*Robby showed no sign of letting up when he eased his mother's almost limp body back onto the lounge chair, only to help her to her feet facing me, before bending her over slightly while standing behind her.*

*Meadow, with a flushed appearance, looked at me through squinted eyes, and Robby said, "Is this what you wanted to see, Dad?" pulling his mother's arms behind her, before ramming his solid cock back inside her.*

*"Oh, Oh Oh Oh God! Oh, God! Oh, God!" Meadow whimpered, barely able to stand as her son plowed feverishly into her.*

*I was hard again, seeing how mercilessly my son was fucking his mother, and thrust with my cock that was still buried inside my daughter.*

*After only a couple of times, I quickly decided to take control of this myself. Sitting upright, I took hold of my daughter's waist and lifted her. Turning her around, I had her lean over the lounge chair while I rammed my dick back inside her pussy from behind.*

*Thrusting and pumping, I pile-drove my cock, making my daughter squeal in pleasure, and said, "Get ready for Daddy to make you come again!"*

*"Yes! Yes! Oh yes! Yes, Daddy! Oh! Ah! Oh, oh! AHH!" Stevie moaned over and over as I went to town on her little pussy, causing her juices to flow down her leg, and then felt her stiffen up and quiver. But I was relentless and kept plowing away.*

*Having come once already, I was ready to last much longer than before, and like my son, showed no sign of stopping.*

*"Oh, God! Oh, Oh, Oh Fuck! I'm coming, again!" I heard Meadow yell, and saw Robby had his hands on her waist, now helping her stand.*

*Straightening my daughter up, I walked her over in front of her mother, but unlike Robby, before I reinserted my cock I took hold of my daughter's long hair with one hand and pulled her head back, while the other held her waist.*

*As expected, the first long hard thrust caused my daughter to hold onto her mother's shoulders when I went balls deep back inside, which also made Meadow brace herself on Stevie's shoulders.*

*"Oh, Daddy. Oh Daddy, OH, I'm coming! I'm coming!" I heard my little girl whine, while her mother was still getting plastered by her son's meat.*

*However, unexpectedly, as we both fucked the women in our family, I saw my wife kiss our daughter. Not just a little kiss, a full hard fucking French kiss, and I noticed how Stevie accepted it.*

*I think seeing that got to Robby and me, because it wasn't long before I groaned, "Oh fuck!"*

*I could see my son's face turn bright red, as he arched his back slightly while holding his mother's hips tightly in his hands and groaning.*

*"Mmm. Mmm. Mmm," I could hear come from Meadow and Stevie while they kissed. Then my dick finally exploded once more, and then I felt my daughter tickle her clit when it happened.*

*Only it wasn't my daughter who was toying with her pussy; it was my wife. When I looked down I saw that Stevie was doing the same to her mother's clit as Robby came.*

*Holy shit, seeing that only drained my balls even more, once I felt Stevie climax, also.*

Exhausted, I just held my daughter's waist until I felt her body stop shaking, and the women broke their kiss, too.

Easing my daughter upwards, I let my spent pecker ease out from her and turned her around.

Robby did the same, and at the same time. We both kissed our love partners very passionately before I heard Meadow say, "I think we should take this into the house."

Sweaty and extremely satisfied, I smiled and gave a nod, while putting my arm over my daughter's shoulder, before following my wife and son back into the house.

We fucked again that night, all of us in our bedroom. In more possession than I could remember, and just when I thought there was no way I could fuck anymore, that evening I was proven wrong, when Meadow rested on her back and had Stevie get between her spread legs and start lapping at her pussy.

Fuck, seeing that just got me all hard again, and in no time I was fucking my daughter doggy-style while she licked her mother, who was now giving our son a blow job.

I came again, so hard it actually hurt! And as I plopped my exhausted body down on the bed, I watched Robby fuck his mother doggy-style, while she sucked the juices out of our lovely daughter, before I fell asleep.

That was the beginning of our now-regular fuck fests, and hopefully, it's going to last as long as it did with my parents.

But that is yet to be seen, since Robby will be heading back to college, soon. Only time will tell what surprises might await us, so I can only enjoy the time we have now.