

Kathy Andrews

Camping with mom

CHAPTER ONE

Liz Jefferies tucked her hands beneath the bottom of the faded blue sweatshirt she wore. She pulled upward, easing it over her head and arms, then tossing it atop the granite boulder beside her. She smiled, feeling a rush of excitement.

Hooking her arms behind her back, her fingers found the clasp to her white bra and freed it. The confining halter slipped forward, the heavy mounds of her breasts spilling out and doing a lively little jostling dance.

Her hands slid under the twin, pillow-like tits, massaging away the redness left by the bra. She wasn't used to wearing the bra and it felt so damn good to be free of the thing – if only for a few moments. She had slipped away from the others for an evening swim.

She glanced to her chest, her smile widening. They were still attractive breasts, firm and rounded with just a bit of a pendulous swing to them. Not at all the breasts one would

expect on a woman who had nursed two children. But then, Liz Jefferies' body wasn't that of a woman in her early forties. She had seen to that. She was proud of her body and had taken care of it during the twenty-two years of marriage and twenty years of motherhood. She appeared no more than thirty, no longer a girl, but a mature, attractive woman. But what was better – she felt like a woman of thirty.

With a toss of her head, she sent a cascade of fiery red hair, still untouched by cosmetic aids, back over her slightly-freckled shoulders. Releasing the weighty globes of her breasts, she reached down and popped the snap to her jeans, then dragged the zipper down its metallic track.

Sucking in a deep lungful of the crisp mountain air, she slipped her fingers under the tops of her jeans and the elastic band of her panties. She wiggled her hips a bit and shimmied free of her clothing. Completely naked, she stood alone beside the edge of a mountain pool deep within the forests of the Northwest. It was exhilarating. Her whole body felt alive.

She grinned, suddenly wishing her husband Jason were with her. She felt sexy and what better place to make love than here amid the fertile wildness of the forest. Next time she discovered

such a secluded pool, she would see that Jason was with her – or perhaps they could slip off tonight when the others were asleep, and revisit this one.

Below her, reflected in the water, another grinning woman stared up to her. For a moment or two, Liz stood there, admiring the supple sleekness of her nakedness. The flatness of her stomach, the long shapely contours of her legs, the womanly knoll of her shaven pubis – all reasons why after their years of marriage, she and Jason were still lovers.

Stretching out a toe, she tested the water, shattering the mirror-like image in a series of ripples. The water was cool, but not cold. Without hesitating, she stepped into the pool, immersing her bare body in its soothing waters.

Despite her earlier protests, she was glad she had given in to her husband and agreed to this wilderness trek. Even with the long hours of hiking each day, she was enjoying every minute of their summer vacation.

She kicked out toward the center of the pool and rolled over to float on her back. However, she did wish it were just Jason and

her and their children, and not Mona and her family along on this mountain trip.

Children! She shook her head and laughed aloud. Bret was twenty, a junior in college, and Linda was eighteen, ready to begin her own college education this fall. Neither could be described as children any more. She had to be careful about calling them that. She remembered how much it had irritated her when her own mother had done it.

Still, she wished Mona and her family weren't here. Not that she minded Mona or her son Phil or even her step-daughter Karen. There was something about all three of them that made them the type of people one enjoyed being around. Frank, Mona's husband, was a different story.

Liz wasn't sure exactly what it was about Frank that put her off, but the man made her feel uncomfortable. He was so straight, so uptight. Mr. Middle Class Conservative, that was Frank, she decided. If there were any member of their group that put a damper on things, it was Frank. It was as though he was afraid to let himself go, afraid to enjoy their vacation. Why Mona had ever selected him to fill the vacancy left by Tom's death in Vietnam, Liz would never understand. Perhaps Mona needed

the security; Frank was a hard worker and a good provider.

But he wasn't Tom, not by a long shot. Tom was Liz's one regret in her life. She and Jason had shared an open marriage for more than half their life together. Yet, she had never been able to approach Tom. It had been a mistake, she knew that now. She and Tom had been close – yes, loved each other. Neither had ever been able to admit that then – the times were different, people afraid to display their feelings for one another. And then, Tom had been Jason's sister's husband. No matter what the reasons, it was too late now – it was a loss that could never be filled.

Liz's thoughts returned to Frank. He was attractive enough for a sexual partner, but he would probably freak out if he ever learned about Jason's and her marriage. Knowing Frank, he would probably refuse to let Mona and the children see them ever again. That had to be avoided. Jason and his younger sister had always been close. Closer than most siblings in that Jason had raised Mona after their parents' death in an auto accident.

Still, it would be amusing to watch Frank's stone face shatter in moral horror if she should walk up and proposition him for a little extra-marital hanky-panky. She laughed again, rolling over

to swim the length of the mountain pool.

Phil Stivers' groin was afire, aching with need. The eighteen-year-old youth had wandered away from the rest of the group for a bit of privacy. He had seen his Aunt Liz slip away from the camp and followed her, hoping to talk with the woman. The two of them had always gotten along well – and she was cool, both she and Uncle Jason were in with the times, without having to try to act young.

All he had wanted to do was talk. He never expected this!

His dark, young eyes devoured the supple nakedness of his aunt. He had never really seen her as a woman before, but now it would be impossible to see her as anything else. Aunt Liz was beautiful!

He glared at the big balls of her tits. He wished his hands were massaging those luscious looking mounds rather than hers. And the pinkness of her pink nipples, standing stiff and hard in the coolness of the evening – his lips and tongue hungered to possess those tempting morsels of flesh.

His cock stiffened, straining against the tightness of his jeans. Aunt Liz turned a bit, glancing over her shoulder as if checking to see if she were alone. His eyes drifted over the sleek smoothness of her stomach, homing in on the most private part of her body.

She shaved!

Aunt Liz shaved her pussy!

He had read about women doing that, and he had seen pictures in magazines of women with shaven cunts. But he had never seen one – not for real – not in the flesh. His balls did all sorts of wild flip-flops.

Phil stifled a moan of disappointment when his aunt turned back to the pool, denying him a further view of her sex. His hand reached down and squeezed the swollen length of his prick. His eyes caressed the oval-shaped cheeks of her ass, as she bent over and tested the water. It was the ass of a woman, full and rounded.

He sucked in his breath. Aunt Liz was a woman, all woman, not one of the million girls who filled the world around him. There was nothing girlish about her. Her body was so damn beautiful; it sent throbbing aches of desire through his young body, just standing there behind the trunk of an old oak, watching her. He had had girls before – Mary Jane in the back seat of their family car – Sally, that night of the senior prom out behind the country club. But Phil Stivers had never had a woman.

Aunt Liz walked out into the pool, the water climbing up the taut length of her legs. She did a little spring and pushed out to the center of the pond. When she rolled onto her back, the alluring forms of her tits stood atop her chest, wet and shining, like shimmering domes. At their crests, her nipples still stood, stiffly pointing to the sky.

Just to be able to touch her. To feel his fingers move over the pinkness of her body. That would be enough – even if the touch was no more than a fleeting second or two.

It was then Phil decided to strip and join his skinny-dipping aunt.

He peeled away his clothes and slipped into the pool before Liz noticed his presence.

"Phil!" She looked surprised to see him, but not shocked. "What are you doing here?"

He didn't answer, but swam out to join her.

"Phil?" she said again, uncertainty in her voice. "What are you doing here?"

"You," he said, coming beside her. "I saw you from up there." He pointed to a stand of oaks above the pool. "I wanted you."

Those last three words slipped over his tongue before he realized what he was saying. He hadn't meant to be that brash. He didn't want to frighten her off, to scare her into leaving.

But if Liz was frightened, she didn't show it. Her eyes, green and sparkling like emeralds, widened a bit; then she smiled. It was a

gentle smile, a smile of understanding.

"Phil..."

"You're beautiful," he blurted out, confidence growing within him. "I've never seen a woman so beautiful!"

He moved closer, the nakedness of his young body brushing against her bare skin. Liz fought to suppress a thrilling tremble that rose within her. He was so young, so virile. The thought of taking him as a lover was exciting. The boy had inherited Tom's looks and physique. It would be a lie to deny she found him attractive.

But she was his aunt.

"Phil..." she fumbled for her words. She did not want to hurt him. "Phil, thank you, that was a nice compliment. But, Phil, I'm your aunt. And I'm so much..."

"Older than me?" He shook his head. "That doesn't matter.

"You're still beautiful."

She smiled again, fighting against the natural urges of her own body. It would be easy if I didn't feel so sexy, she thought. Her feet found the bottom of the pool and she began to walk to the bank and her clothes.

"Please don't leave," Phil said behind her. He reached out and took her hand.

"Phil, do you realize..." She turned back to him. It was a mistake. The water was below her chest. Her breasts, glistening with moisture, were exposed to his eyes.

Before she could finish her sentence, her nephew's hand rose and lightly touched one of the bulging mounds. A shudder of desire raced through her body. Without thinking she moaned softly.

He smiled, stepping closer. His hand tightened its hold on her vulnerably bare tit.

"You feel good." His voice was deep and husky with want. "So smooth and soft."

She knew she should turn and leave. But she didn't. Instead she moaned again when his fingertips found the plump, stiff form of her nipple. He toyed with it, drawing circles around the pink halo of flesh surrounding it.

He pressed closer. The thickened crown of his prick touched a bare thigh. He didn't move, but stood there, his aroused cock throbbing against her leg. She shivered, not in fear or repulsion – but in desire.

"Phil," she began again. But the sudden squeezing of his caressing hand cut off whatever words she intended to speak. His exploring fingers dug firmly into the ball of her breast, kneading the pliant flesh.

"Kiss me," he whispered, inching closer to her. "Kiss me, Aunt Liz."

With increased vigor, his hand worked her heavy mound of

titflesh. Summery waves of sexual heat coursed through her on a direct line to the pulsing channel of her sex. She did as he said. She leaned forward and kissed her nephew.

Their lips met, pressing against one another. Then his mouth opened and his tongue flicked out, taunting her to open her mouth to him. She did, accepting the deep thrust of the youth's tongue.

He was pressed firmly against her now, as though he realized she would offer no more protests. His hand released hers, then drifted downward to skim a thigh and ease between her legs. Almost on their own accord, her thighs opened to him, allowing his hand to cup the shaven rise of her pubis. She moaned around his mouthful of tongue, as his hand clamped firmly over the bulge of her cunt.

She forgot all thoughts of trying to prevent him from exploring her body. Instead, her arms encircled his waist, tensing at the boulder-hard contours of his young buttocks, her own tongue eventually snaking into his mouth to probe and taunt.

An inquisitive finger slid between the cleft of her loins, finding

the open and willing tunnel of her cunt. Upward his digit moved, invading her body. She moaned again under the wanton rise of passion filling her.

His finger twisted and stroked a moment, then was joined by another of his taunting fingers. Standing there, waist deep in the water, she took his two fingers, groaning with mounting desire.

"You want it, don't you?" He smiled when they parted. "You want it as much as I do."

His fingers drove all the way to their third knuckles, as if to emphasize his words. She nodded, unable to speak as she gasped with his forceful invasion. He pumped into her, finger fucking her pussy with decided relish.

"But not here," she managed to say.

Suddenly, he pulled from her cunt, his other hand releasing the hold on her tit. "There, by those trees."

Taking her hand once again, he led her from the water. The place he selected was a small grassy clearing hidden behind a low hedge-like growth of bushes – secluded and just right for two bodies.

Without speaking, she lowered herself to the grass, laying on her back, thighs open to him. Her nephew stood above her for a moment obviously enjoying the unashamed nakedness of her body. At the same time, her eyes roved over him, homing in on the turgid pole of cock jutting from his groin. She had been wrong in thinking of him as a boy earlier – Phil was every inch a man.

Raising her arms, she beckoned to him. He answered with a pleased smile and came to her, sliding atop the luxury of her supine body. His hands covered her bulging tits and his mouth met hers.

Simultaneously, she reached down, wedging a hand between their cores. She found the stalk of his sex and squeezed. He did a little aroused twitch atop her and moaned.

Her fingers caressed the swollen firmness of his youthful length,

reveling in its virile feel, its urgent throbs. It felt so long and hard – so ready to enter the aching slit of her sex.

Expertly, she guided him to the slightly-pouting lips of her labia, nestling his cockhead within those thick lips. With an excited tremor of desire, his hips bucked forward. In one thrust, he skewered into her, burying himself within the moist harbor of her pussy.

She felt every bit as good as he had imagined. Hot and tight, his aunt's cunt stretched around the swollen length of his cock. Her pelvis undulated beneath him, washing the clingy folds of her pussy around him, bathing his bone-hard rod in the luxury of her body.

He wanted to just lay, feeling her beneath him, soaking in the liquid warmth of her womanly core, but his body was fired with lust. His hips inched upward. His prick slithered from the molten deeps of her cunt. Then he slammed back, drilling to the hilt. The woman under him, his aunt, groaned with pleasure beneath the fleshy impact.

"Yes," she whispered when his pelvis rose once again. "Yes,

that's it. Fuck me!"

His balls jumped. Fuck me! She had asked him to fuck her. It was the sexiest thing he had ever heard. Cool Aunt Liz had asked him to ball her. He had never imagined her using that word, let alone begging him to do it.

His hands squeezed into the pliable domes of her breasts, as though using them for handles. His hips plunged down. His cock, jerking with excitement, rammed into the welcoming gash of her shaven pussy.

She groaned. He felt so damn good. Swollen and long, his young prick tunneled deeply into the mouth of her belly. He filled her, packed her to the brim. Thrills of lustful want blasted through her wanton body. If it wasn't enough that this her latest lover was so young, there was the wicked taste of forbidden fruit in their union. This was not just some youthful sexual partner – this was her nephew.

As tight as possible, she squeezed down on his shafting length. She made the channel of her cunt a fleshy vise, igniting a pleasurable friction over each inch of his prick. His groans rose

to mingle with hers.

Deep and hard, he drove into her. She had men who knew more about how to please a woman, but very few could match his vigor. In and out he poled, plummeting and probing the hot socket of her cunt. He was like a rutting stag and she was the vessel of his lust. She accepted and welcomed each forceful lunge of his penetrating cock. She worked her own pelvis, accommodating his wants and needs, giving herself completely to him.

Harder and harder, he pumped into her aching pussy. She felt the juices of arousal flowing within her, lubricating the fleshy piston that reamed her so marvelously. Up and down her hips hunched, matching each of his ravaging strokes.

Their bodies slapped together, just wet from the water and moistened by their own sweat. They worked together, each trying to satisfy, yet take as much as possible from the other.

Her thighs pulsed with a glowing heat. She groaned in disbelief. Already her body raced toward its release of lust and desire. With reckless abandon she threw her pelvis upward, deepening

the angle of his penetration. Hotter and hotter the fires of need burned within the core of her body.

The throbbing heat of her thighs expanded, swirling out in nebulous streams. They met in exploding ecstasy. She came, her whole body shuddering with tremors of unleashed pleasure. She whimpered and thrashed beneath the weight of the youth atop her. Her fingernails dug into the globes of his buttocks, trying to drag him deeper into the steamy, contracting channel of her cunt.

In a rush, like erupting lava, he came. Gush after gush of hot, burning come spewed from the head of his cock. Sperm and semen, in a creamy white flood, filled the spongy tunnel of his aunt's vagina. His balls emptied themselves of their fiery load, jetting fountain after fountain into her trembling pussy, until his come oozed from her wanton slit and trickled down a thigh.

Then he was still, soaking in the gratification of their carnal union. Full weight, he rested atop the quivering bed of woman flesh, moaning his total pleasure.

Liz closed her arms around the boy, lovingly caressing his body –

the body of her lover, her nephew.

CHAPTER TWO

Mona Stivers was, as her husband Frank phrased it, "in the mood". In her own words, she was horny. But one did not use such common street language around Frank. Frank was above such things.

Mona contained herself during the campfire dinner that night, waiting until the two families eventually drifted into their various tents. Then she walked to the river and bathed.

The bath was the first phase of her plan to seduce her own husband. After all, a woman who smells of a days hiking and campfire smoke isn't the sexiest of women. And tonight, she wanted to be as sexy as she felt. She wanted to be sexy for Frank. She had to be sexy for him.

Stepping from the chilly current, she briskly toweled herself dry. The soft moonlight played on her body, her skin glowing milk white. She knew she was a small woman, but she also realized she was attractive, not beautiful, but attractive. Her breasts

were firm cones, each topped with a plump bud of dark brown, almost black flesh. They weren't the heavy balls of titflesh her sister-in-law Liz sported, but they were perfectly matched for Mona's diminutive figure. She was a small woman just reaching five foot four.

The rest of her body was curved and rounded where a woman's body was supposed to be and trim where it was supposed to be. It was the type of figure other women envied, since Mona came by it naturally and kept it that way with little or no effort. It was also a figure that still captured the admiring gazes of men.

Yet with Frank...

Mona shook her head, her raven black hair tumbling around her shoulders. She didn't want to think about that. Tonight would be different. She'd make it different!

Beside the robe she'd placed on the river bank, she found a small bottle of perfume. Carefully, she dabbed droplets on all the vital areas of her body. The fragrance wafted through the air. It was the same perfume she'd worn when Frank and she

first started dating. This bottle had been purchased to revive whatever had first sparked Frank's interest.

Capping the bottle, Mona lifted her robe, slipped it on and tied it loosely around her waist so that the neck opened in a wide "V", exposing a bountiful expanse of titflesh. She wished the robe were one of those wicked, black lacy gowns she'd seen advertised in the magazines, but it was all she had and it would have to serve its purpose.

She breathed deeply, filling her lungs, steadying herself. Then she started back to the camp. The fire was no more than glowing embers now. All the tent lanterns were extinguished, except for Frank and hers. She tingled with a rush of anticipation, excitement suffusing through her body. Frank was waiting for her.

What if this time was like all the rest?

No! She refused to consider that possibility. This time would be different. She knew it would. She knew it!

Reaching out, Mona lifted the tent's flap and stepped in. Frank, in pajamas, was stretched out atop his sleeping bag. He laid aside the paperback he was reading and glanced up to her.

"How was the bath?"

"Lonely," she said, knowing as she said it that Frank would never consider their bathing together while on the camping trip. It was hard enough to get him to bathe with her in the privacy of their own home. However, here someone might discover them and conservative Frank could never live with that.

"Tired?" He ignored her comment as she knew he would.

"Not that tired," Mona replied, her fingers pulling the sash to the robe.

The knot untwined. The folds of fabric fell open, revealing her nakedness beneath. Frank's eyes lowered, darting over the invitation of her nudity. Then, a somewhat embarrassed expression on his face, he looked back at her.

However, Mona noted the rising bulge beneath the pants of his pajamas. Gooseflesh raced up and down her spine. Moisture crept into the core of her body. Desire grew within her.

"My place or yours?" she smiled, her hand waving to the two sleeping bags. But Frank seemed to miss her point.

She didn't let it bother her. Instead, she slipped the robe from her white shoulders and let it drop to the floor of the tent behind her. Slowly, tauntingly, to allow Frank's eyes to view her total nakedness, she walked to her sleeping bag, then stretched out on her back. She opened her arms to her husband.

He stared at her seductive pose for a moment, his eyes wide and unblinking. Then he moved.

He scurried toward her, his hand fumbling with his pajamas. Hard and stiff, the fat length of his prick shafted from the fly. He wasn't even going to take off his pajamas! She shuddered in disgust.

No! She told herself. If that's the way he wants it, that's the way it will be. I want him in me. This time I'll show him what he can do to a woman. I'll show him what being a man is all about.

Frank slid atop her, the fabric of his pajamas feeling rough and harsh against the swollen tips of her nipples. She moaned, not in pleasure, but with the crushing weight of his body. Frank did nothing to relieve his two hundred pounds.

Still she refused to believe this time would be like all the rest. She closed her eyes and waited for his kiss.

But no kiss came.

Instead she felt his hand awkwardly pushing between her spread thighs, his rough fingers opening the lips of her cunt. And at last the sudden, slicing entry of his rod.

Hard and deep, he drove into her. Thick and swollen, the massive stalk of her husband's sex drilled into the hot, lusty pocket of her pussy. She groaned, grateful for the stiff invasion of her wanton body.

He felt good. He filled her, his bulky tool stretching the spongy folds of her vagina. She moaned, squeezing down around him. She squeezed, making herself as tight as possible for him, giving him as much pleasure as she could.

"Yesss," she whispered. "God, yes!"

His hips jerked up, his fat rod slithering from the molten recesses of her cunt. She quivered, anticipating the lunging stroke that would drive him back into her.

Down he slammed into her. Deeply his manhood sliced into the liquid warmth of her trembling cunt. Her arms wrapped around his back, pulling him tightly to her. She closed her eyes and silently prayed that this would be the time – that this time would be what she wanted and needed.

Rapidly now, Frank's pelvis rose and fell. In and out his swollen cock pistoned within the willing mouth of her belly. She prayed harder, her own desires rising with each lunging shaft of his prick.

Then Frank shuddered.

His hips thrust down, driving his throbbing lance deeply into the gash of her sex. He trembled, his lust and need gushing from the tip of his cock and flooding into her vagina. For a moment, he lay there atop her, then rose, his limp penis sliding from her body.

Without a word, Frank crawled back to his sleeping bag. He reached up to extinguish the lantern, then rolled to his side to sleep.

It was over. Just like that, it was over!

Mona, feeling vulnerable and used, stared up into the blackness filling the tent, trying to stem the flood of tears welling in her eyes. It had been no different than all the times before, no different at all! And she had no idea what to do!

"You shameless bitch!" Jason Jefferies chided his wife.

"Seducing your own nephew!"

Without a word, Liz ran a hand down over the hardness of her husband's stomach, eventually finding the bone-hard spike of manmeat jutting from his crotch. She squeezed the rigid rod, her fist jacking along its length. The man lying beside her in the double sleeping bag moaned with pleasure.

"And you called me shameless!" she teased him. Her other hand cupped the bag hanging from his scrotum and toyed with his weighty testicles. "You're as hard as a rock!"

He was! But then that was exactly what she expected. Her husband's reaction to her sexual encounters was always the same. Her recounting of what had happened between Phil and her beside the mountain pool had been no different. It turned Jason on.

And that, in turn, was doing all sorts of warm, sexy things within her.

"We're both shameless." Jason chuckled softly, his own hands sliding from her shoulders to caress the pillowy balls of her tits.

"Mmmmmmm," she cooed softly while his fingers lovingly kneaded the pliant flesh of her breasts. Jason understood her and her needs. When they made love, it was that – love. "Not shameless, free."

They were free, she realized. It was during such moments as this that it became obvious just how free they were. How many women could tell their husbands they had just balled their teenage nephew and find their husbands ready and willing to make love to them? The number she knew could be counted on one finger – her. And Liz realized just how lucky she was.

For the majority of married couples, she realized, her confession would have brought unreasonable anger which would have led to the divorce court. But for Jason and her, the sharing of their sexual adventures only brought them closer together. And it always led to their own love-making, which was the best part. Despite their open marriage and the other sexual partners they both had known, they still loved each other and still found the deepest satisfaction in each other's arms. The extra-marital encounters were like icing on the cake.

"Oh!" Jason's fingers found her nipples and scissored around them. A hot, exciting thrill of pain and pleasure rushed through Liz's body. She felt the sleeping buds of flesh come to life, fattening and swelling with desire.

Then his mouth was on hers. She opened her lips and accepted the flicking tongue that slithered forward. Playfully, he teased her, taunting at the roof of her mouth and twirling around her own tongue.

Gently, she bit down, trapping the cajoling oral digit. Then she sucked, hard and long. Her action was a promise of things to come, a promise she had every intention of fulfilling. To make sure he knew so, she squeezed tightly at the thick stalk of cock she held. Jason moaned, his prick throbbing and twitching in her grasp.

When she at last released his tongue, she scooted down, kissing her way over his neck, chest and stomach, moving toward the target of her desire. She felt Jason throw back the top of the sleeping bag, giving her more room to maneuver, as well as giving him room to roll onto his back.

She lifted her head a bit and tenderly kissed the plum-like crown of his cock. He trembled beside her, quivering with arousal. She smiled to herself, knowing the pleasure she gave to the man at her side.

With mounting relish, she ran her moist tongue over the swollen head of his sex. She bathed the turgid knob, licking and laving it, enjoying its smooth, yet demanding feel. And when her tongue returned to her mouth, she tasted him. It was a taste that only served to stoke the flames of her want. It was a slightly saline flavor she had come to love during her years with this man.

Her lips parted wide, then wider. Her head tilted forward once again. Down onto the pulsing staff of sex she moved. Over the velvet carpet of her tongue she took him, accepting the ponderous mass of his cock. She swallowed him, his glans throbbing against the back of her throat.

Then she sucked.

Pulling upward she sucked, her cheeks hollowing. The man beside her moaned. His groin tightened. She felt as his testicles

rose in the wrinkled sac she still held.

Downward she moved again, the length of his cock filling her face, moving into her throat, then upward, sucking at his fat root. She loved the feel of him, the virile life that throbbed within this fleshy column of pleasure.

It would have been enough to just lie there, feeling him within the shelter of her mouth. But it was not enough for her husband.

As she eased up the rigid rod of his prick once again, Jason managed to swing himself around, his head ducking between the spread of her satin thighs. She moaned around the mouthful of cock she sucked when his lips pressed against the womanly knoll of her shaven pubis.

While her tongue and lips busied themselves with the turgid length of his cock, his lips and tongue eagerly began to work on her cunt.

Warm and moist, the feathery touch of his tongue taunted at

pink slit of her pussy. Up and down he ran his cajoling oral digit, teasing over the plump lips of her labia, but never delving into the moist crease of her sex. Electric thrills coursed through her. She moaned, sucking harder at the pulsating pole of cock filling her face.

As if her own eagerness spurred him on, his tongue suddenly speared inward. Like a miniature penis, he thrust it into the moist heat of her cunt. In an involuntary reaction, her pelvis pushed forward, helping his oral impalement.

Swirling sensations of sexual heat radiated out from the hot core of her body. His tongue licked over the folds of her cunt. He toyed with her, feeding the flames of desire rising in her body. In and out his marvelous tongue worked. He ate at her, sucking away the constant flow of female juices flooding the cleft of her loins.

Simultaneously, his hips began to rock back and forth. While he flicked her with his tongue, he was fucking her face with his cock. She welcomed and accepted the gentle pistoning of his prong. She sucked and licked at his unbending cock, eating at him while his tongue reamed the hot socket of her desire.

Thicker and more swollen, he seemed to grow within her mouth. It seemed he would grow until her jaws cracked, grow until he filled mouth and throat with his pulsing presence. But she did not abandon the needy lance of his sex. His swelling need only served to increase her desire to please him, her want to satisfy the man so expertly eating her pussy.

Hard and thick, a knot grew at the hairy base of his cock. She sucked, feeling the knot begin to move upward. His loins tightened and retightened while he fought to prolong the inevitable outcome of her oral caresses.

Higher and higher the knot pushed up his length, moving over her tongue, then her lips. Then it happened, the moment she had been waiting for.

He came. Hot and scalding, the thick cream of his loins erupted into her mouth. She sucked at him, gulping down the milky juices of his lust. Jet after jet of sperm and semen blasted into her face and she swallowed them, sucking at his twitching stalk, drinking away every opal drop. And when she had drained him, she sucked some more just to be sure.

Like a soft, moist whip, his tongue now licked in and out of his pussy. He drilled into her, eating and laving around in the spongy folds of her cunt. Up and down, his oral digit lashed within the pink slash of her womanhood, taunting the extended nubbin of her clitoris. She moaned and quaked with hot waves of growing passion each time his tongue brushed that button of ultimate pleasure.

Writhing beside him, she made no attempt to contain her need. She spread her legs wider, allowing his tongue to dip deeper into the heated groove of her sex. She groaned, urging him on, urging him to bring her to full release.

It was a task he accepted with relish. His animated tongue whipped around, reaming into the heated tunnel of desire. He drilled into her. He fucked her, fucked her with his ever-moving tongue.

Flowing with the swirling sensations of unabandoned lust, she rose higher and higher. She groaned and trembled. She whimpered and cried in pleasure.

Then she came, her world exploding in white-hot ecstasy, while his tongue ran around and around within the contracting pocket of her vagina.

Somewhere through the showering cascades of glittering colors filling her mind, she realized he withdrew from her. She felt him move beside her, but could not tell exactly what he was doing.

Then it happened!

Hard and long, he invaded her body. His cock, throbbing its demanding need, rushed into the trembling gash of her cunt. His pelvis slammed into hers. His balls bounced against the upturned curves of her ass.

"My God!" she heard herself moan. "Fuck me. Fuck me!"

He gave her no time to descend from the plateaus of pleasure his tonguing had sent her to. His cock now dominated everything. His fantastically rigid penis controlled her body. She was his to do with as he pleased.

And what he pleased was to fuck her!

Upward his hips moved. Outward he drug his rod, pausing just a moment for her to feel the pulsing thickness of his cock crown as it throbbed at the entrance of her cunt. Then he shafted down.

"Ahhhaarrggahh!" she groaned in deep-throated lust.

Ball-deep, he packed her pussy to the brim with inflexible, demanding cock. She tightened herself around him, trying to squeeze every fold of her cunt so that she fit his massive contours like a glove, so that her pussy squeezed him like a third hand.

Her effort did not go unnoticed. She felt him quiver beneath the intensity of her carnal grip. She heard the low moan of pleasure escape his lips.

Again his hips swung up. She relaxed and prepared for the rigid impalement she knew would once more come thrusting into her soaring body. Burrowing hard and deep, his wand of joy

pistoned into the furrow of her sex.

"Yesss! Yes, you marvelous stud!" she cried out in her lusty fervor. "Fuck me! Drive that beautiful cock all the way back into my mouth!"

He tried his damndest to do just that. His pelvis jumped, then plummeted. Swollen and throbbing, his cock speared into the liquid heat of her cunt. Her body was jarred under the heavy impact of his deep-grinding stroke.

"Deeper," she urged him. "I want you deeper."

His hips thrust harder, but he penetrated her no deeper. She remedied the situation herself.

Drawing her knees upward, so that her feet were flat on the floor of the tent, she increased the angle of his attack. Inward the pounding pole of his cock rammed, reaching the deeper recesses of her pussy, satisfying the mounting wants of her greedy body.

Even in her somewhat confining position, she could not remain inactive. She moved her pelvis in a swaying motion, undulating herself around the skewering stalk of his prick. She hunched back and forth, matching herself to the rhythm of his rising and falling hips.

She came, pulling at his buttocks, trying to draw him into her body. But he did not stop. Nor did her consuming passion for the man mounted atop her body. Before she could recover from the waves of pleasure released during her climax, her body was already soaring upward toward yet another level of carnal ecstasy.

In and out, the never-ceasing rod of his cock filled her quaking cunt. Out and in he plummeted, fucking her with ruthless fury. She accepted him, welcoming the almost brutal plunges of his rigid cock. She welcomed him, urging him on, whispering her love and need for him and his magnificent prick.

She came again, then again, before she felt the mounting closeness of the man skewering her with his swollen root. Now she went to work, bringing him the pleasure he had given her.

She squeezed and relaxed the edacious mouth of her belly. She milked him, drawing up the seed that boiled in his loins. She hunched into the persistent rod of manmeat he fed into her body. She fucked with a vigor to match his.

Suddenly he groaned, loud and long. His body quaked as he threw himself into her, burying the full length of his prick in the caressing folds of her pussy. His body went rigid. He came.

Hot spurts of come blasted from the slit mouth of his prick. She felt him, throbbing and twitching beneath the strength of his release. He groaned as fountain after fountain of pleasure gushed from the aching depths of his balls. He filled her cunt with his molten seed until it oozed from the pink lips of her pussy and trickled down her thighs.

Then he went limp atop her, panting with the powerful sensations of his climax. She held him tightly, lovingly. This was the man she loved; this was her man. No matter how many lovers they both took, they would always be man and wife. Warm satisfaction filled her and tears of fulfillment welled in her eyes.

CHAPTER THREE

"It gets easier each day," Liz said. "I thought it would be harder the farther we hiked."

Jason Jefferies looked up at his wife and smiled. "You're just enjoying it more. It's easy to forget the hard work when you're in this forest. It's so damn beautiful. We should've thought of doing this years ago."

"The work's not over for me," Liz replied. "Tonight is my night to do the cooking. Now I've got to see if I can talk somebody into helping me get a fire going."

"Somehow I think that somebody is this body." Jason raised an eyebrow and gave his wife the sternest stare he could muster. The effort was wasted. Liz only laughed and kissed him. He shrugged his shoulders. "You win. Give me a few moments to gather some wood and I'll have you the finest blaze going this side of the Mississippi."

"Hey, I don't want a forest fire, just a few flames for dinner!"

"Yes, ma'am!" Jason grinned, slipping his backpack to the ground, then walking towards the woods.

Liz was right. After six hours on the trail, he still felt capable of going another hour or two. The first few days he would have never believed such vigor possible. There was something to be said for getting away from the city. He was rapidly finding himself becoming an addict to backpacking along these wilderness trails.

And, it didn't seem to be hurting his family any. Liz had more color in her cheeks than he'd seen in years. And his daughter Linda was getting one of the most golden tans he'd ever seen, he thought glancing at the young girl busily setting up a tent. And Bret...

He glanced around the campsite, trying to find his son. Bret was nowhere in sight.

Nor was his step-cousin Karen as a matter of fact, Jason realized.

A movement to his left drew his attention. He smiled to himself. It was Bret and Karen. The two were quietly slipping off into the woods together.

Damn fine pair those two, he thought, his smile growing to a grin. Bret was turning into quite a man. He was muscled like an athlete and growing taller each day. And Karen, well, there was no other way to describe her; Karen was a woman. Despite only being nineteen, the young brunette had already developed all the curves and bulges of womanhood in all the right places. Jason couldn't blame Bret for wanting to get Karen off alone and make a kissing cousin out of her.

Kissing cousin, he chuckled. It was a sign of his age. If he knew his son, there was more than kissing on Bret's mind. Again, he couldn't blame Bret. If he were a bit younger, Jason realized, he would be doing his damndest to get into Karen's pants. The young girl was getting to the age where she needed a man.

With a wistful shake of his head, Jason watched the couple disappear amid the forest undergrowth, then returned to his task of building a fire.

Little bitch, Frank Stivers glared after his daughter, cursing himself as much as he cursed Karen. It had been against his better judgment to come on this trip. Bret was turning into a young stud and Karen was at that age. He had known something like this would develop. Why hadn't he taken his own advice and begged off taking his family along with the Jefferies? Jason and Liz were just too loose with their children. They weren't the type of people he wanted Karen and Phil to be around. If Jason weren't Mona's brother, he'd...

"Frank, could you give me a hand?" Mona's voice interrupted his thoughts. He turned to find his wife trying to raise their tent.

Without comment, he glanced away from Bret and Karen and walked to his wife. When he looked back, the couple had vanished in the woods. He cursed under his breath. If anything happened between those two, Jason and Liz would have to answer for it! The morals of the country might be deteriorating, but within the Stivers family, he would see that the old ways were upheld.

"Frank, please!" Mona pleaded, once again interrupting his concentration.

Silently he helped Mona raise the tent, cursing her in his mind. Mona was no better than Jason and Liz. She should be able to see what was happening between Karen and Bret. She should take Karen aside and explain the facts of life to her. Tell her how important it is for a young girl to remain a virgin until her marriage night. Tell her how men consider loose women to be nothing better than prostitutes.

But Mona would never do that. Mona couldn't even control her own desires. He still found it hard to believe that she had been so forward last night. He should have been stronger and resisted her, but the temptation of the flesh had been too strong for him.

"Thank you, Frank." Mona walked to his side and kissed his cheek.

"When do you think dinner will be ready?" he asked, ignoring his wife's show of affection.

Mona stared at him a moment, then shook her head. "Jason's

just getting the wood together. Should be at least another hour."

He nodded, then walked off to the shade of a towering oak, lowering himself to the ground. There was time for a short nap. He closed his eyes and tried to sleep. But the thought of Karen and Bret alone in the woods kept returning to his mind, haunting him.

What could they be doing out there alone? Why were they gone so long?

He knew. Damn it, he knew. His own daughter was out there giving her body away just like a whore. His own daughter!

He couldn't stand it. He had to stop her before she went too far. She wouldn't understand it now. But later, after she had matured, she would thank him for protecting her.

Frank opened his eyes and looked around. Mona, Jason and Liz were all busy around the campfire. Phil and his cousin Linda were sitting nearby, talking. Nobody would even notice he left.

Quickly, he scrambled to his feet and ducked into the forest where he had last seen Karen and Bret. He had no idea where the young couple had gone off to, but he was going to give it his best to find them and stop his daughter before she did something she would regret the rest of her life.

Pushing his way through clump after clump of bushes, Frank worked deeper into the forest. He stopped after about ten minutes and looked around him. There was no sign of the two. Despite his good intentions, he suddenly realized how useless his search was. Karen and Bret could be anywhere.

A light, laughing sound came from his left. He cocked his head, but it stopped. Had it been a bird, his imagination?

No!

The laughter came again. And it was coming from off to his left. He smiled and began to follow the sound. His steps were cautious now. He was nearly on tip-toes, trying to be as quiet as possible. If the young couple were just sitting and talking, he

didn't want them to know he was there. However, if they were...

Frank stopped, freezing in mid-stride. There, just beyond the break of the bushes he was in, he could see Karen and Bret. Slowly sucking in his breath, he reached out and parted the branches of the bush and peered at the couple.

His worse fears were realized. Karen was wrapped in Bret's young arms. They were kissing – their mouths opened to one another. And worse yet, Karen's blouse and bra were on the ground at her feet.

Indignation swelled within him. Moral outrage and anger burned in his mind. He had to stop Karen, had to save her from herself. Had to...

Frank stepped forward, then froze again. Something within him, something that confused him, made him freeze again. He stood staring at the young couple, unable to take his eyes from them.

"Mmmmmm," Karen moaned softly when her lips parted from

Bret's. "I've been waiting for that all day. I didn't think we'd ever get away from the others."

"Neither did I," Bret said as the young brunette eased from his arms, moving back a step or two. "But the wait was worth it."

"Are you sure?" Karen smiled coyly at her step cousin. "What if I'm not in the mood?"

"It would be the first time since that night you spent with us when Aunt Mona and your father were on their honeymoon," he chided her, his eyes roving over her body.

Frank's eyes widened. It was too late to save his daughter. This boy had already seduced her – months ago – and right under the eyes of Jason and Liz. He should have expected as much. Jason and Liz were...

Frank's thoughts suddenly faded. Karen turned toward him. Her naked breasts bobbed a bit drawing his eyes. Beautiful! His thought shocked him. This was his own daughter!

Yet, her young, firm tits were beautiful. So young and vulnerable looking. They were twin cones that jutted from her chest. Each slightly uptilted tip sported a fleshy nipple of brown. And around each was a halo of lighter brown skin, skin so stretched with the fullness of her breasts that it was sleek and shining in the light filtering down through the trees.

"You're awful sure of yourself," Karen said.

"No more than you are of yourself," Bret said with a wide grin.
"We both know what we want. Neither one of us is kidding the other."

"And what I want right now is to feel you inside me," Karen said.
"I want to feel you making love to me!"

Frank watched still unable to move, his lurid fascination growing when his daughter's hands drifted to the tops of her jeans.

Without fumbling, the young brunette popped the snap to her blue jeans and unzipped them. Her fingers tucked under the tops and with a provocative wiggle worked the jeans down to

step out of when they were around her ankles. She stood for a minute, wearing nothing but a skimpy pair of yellow bikini panties, her head turning to her step-cousin. The boy's own attention was directed to peeling away his T-shirt and skinning down his own jeans.

Frank stared at his daughter. Her legs were long and tan, shapely curves and inviting, sleek thighs – thighs he now knew were no strangers to the feel of a man. Something stirred within him with that realization, something he tried to ignore, buried deep at the back of his mind.

But it was something that refused to remain buried, as his eyes rose up to the temptation of his daughter's legs, delving into the inviting "Y" of her crotch. There, beneath the thin fabric of her panties, he could see the dark patch of her pubic hair – the bulging mound of her womanhood.

His groin tightened with lust, with want for the forbidden treasure of her young body. He tried to fight such thoughts, to push them from his mind. But his own body betrayed him. He felt the stiffness of lust creeping into his cock, lengthening it, swelling it.

His eyes darted to Bret. The boy stripped away his jockey shorts and stood naked before his step-cousin. His own arousal was more than apparent. Hard and long, his young prick shafted out from his groin at a forty-five degree angle. It was not the penis of a boy, but that of a man. Its blood-engorged head glistened with crystal droplets of pre-seminal fluid. The same juices that now moistened the tip of Frank's shaft.

Karen's eyes were riveted to the thick stalk of cock twitching and jerking in the air. Her mouth parted and her tongue flicked over her lips, wetting them. Her nostrils flared with arousal and a determined expression moved across her face.

With her step-cousin's eyes following her every move, she slipped her fingers beneath the elastic of her panties and languidly squirmed from them. As she bent to free them from her ankles, her tits swung from her chest, swaying like ripe, young pendulums.

Then she stood, giving the young man standing before her an unobstructed view of her nakedness.

The same view was shared by her father, still hidden in the bushes. Frank's loins were tense and hot. His cock was rigid, bone-hard with lust. It strained at his pants, as though it were going to rip through the fabric.

"Come here," he heard Bret whisper.

Karen responded, moving into the arms of her step-cousin with eager alacrity. Her arms encircled his waist. She pressed her unashamed nakedness against his body. His own arms encircled her and they kissed, their mouths once more opening to each other.

Anger and lust burning within him, Frank watched. He could see his daughter clearly. He could see her work a thigh against the turgid length of her step-cousin's cock and rub against it. A silvery trail of pre-seminal fluid glistened on her leg, shining in the afternoon sun.

They were pressed together so tightly! Her young breasts flattened against Bret's chest, their contours pancaking out and bulging at the sides. He could almost feel the stiff young nipples that were digging into the young man's chest, felt their

hardness against his own flesh. His flesh against the flesh of his daughter. He shuddered with desire and revulsion. Father and daughter together, it was unthinkable! Unthinkable!

Yet the thought would not leave his mind!

As he watched, the youth ran a hand down Karen's side, drifting over her thigh for a moment. Then, with Frank's eyes glued to its movement, the hand eased between her legs.

The young brunette's thighs spread, widening themselves for her stopcocks's intimate caress. She moaned with desire as his fingertips wove through the soft, brown down covering her vulva. Then she groaned when the hand suddenly clamped down and squeezed the womanly mound of her sex.

He kneaded at her, massaging the plump, fleshy gateway to her body. Moving on its own accord, her body responded. Her hips undulated and swayed in little hunching motions. She rubbed herself into his palm, sighing with the pleasure his expert manipulation was creating within her cunt.

Eventually, when he felt the moist, warm flow of her juices well from the lips of her cunt and dampen his palm, Bret stopped his kneading. While his mouth covered hers and his tongue thrust toward her throat, he tickled a finger up into the hot confines of the girl's pussy.

Karen moaned, her body squirming atop the impaling digit. Deeper the finger entered her, sinking all the way to the third knuckle. Her young hips hunched. She fucked herself on her step-cousin's finger.

Easing back from the sexy brunette, Bret used his free hand to cup one of the tempting cones of tit-flesh. He squeezed his fingers into the pliant flesh, molding it, kneading it. The girl quaked, trembling with mounting need. Her lips parted from his and her head arched back, lolling on her shoulders.

Immediately, the young man's head ducked to her chest. His mouth opened wide and captured the alluring tip of her unoccupied breast. His cheeks hollowed deeply as he sucked. His step-cousin arched her back a bit, pushing her chest into his face, smothering him in the luxury of her fleshy treasures.

So wanton, Frank couldn't believe his daughter was so wanton. She was a vessel of lust, a chalice of carnal pleasure. She gave herself to her step-cousin, enjoying his obvious knowledge of her young body.

Gooseflesh rippled up and down her spine while Bret's finger, slick with womanly lubricants, eased in and out of the pink lips of her cunt. She moaned as the young man's lips and tongue nibbled at the delicate morsel of her young nipple.

And while Frank watched, his daughter's hands drifted down to the youth's crotch. Her long, graceful fingers toyed over the rigid length of his cock. Lightly her fingertips played over the bludgeoning pole. She teased at the swollen glans, moistening the nut-like crown with the clear juices oozing from its slitted mouth. Up and down she stroked, tracing the thick vein running the length of the underside of the lust-engorged rod.

And then, she reached between her step-cousin's thighs to allow his ball bag to nestle in her open palm. Lovingly, her fingers moved over the wrinkled sac. The youth trembled, his knees weakening under the onslaught of sensations brought by her intimate caresses.

Frank's own balls ached just watching his daughter's expert hands. He could feel the coolness of her fingers gliding up and down the swollen length of his own cock. He trembled at the thought of her fingertips testing his ball bag, feeling the weight of his testicles.

His own hand moved down to the crotch of his pants to rub at the straining length pushing from his groin. Then he realized what he had done and pulled his hand back. It was wrong! A father should not have such desires for his daughter. They were unnatural lusts, forbidden desires.

Still, his body was on fire. He realized that he wanted to be Bret, to be the one standing in his daughter's arms.

"In me," he heard Karen moan in a husky, lustful voice. "I want to feel this in me."

Her hands clamped around the fleshy javelin her step-cousin sported. She jacked at its throbbing presence as if to be sure he understood what she wanted.

There were no problems in communications. With one last kiss to her tantalized breast, Bret's head lifted. Then he eased his entrenched finger from the wet lips of her pussy.

The young brunette lowered herself to the grass, stretching out on her back. Her thighs, smooth and satiny, spread in an open invitation. Her pubic moss now glistened wetly with the juices of her own arousal. And beneath that soft fur, her pussy waited, its plump lips slightly pouting in anticipation.

The young man stood over her, his eyes taking in the feast of his step-cousin's wanton body. Her breasts were like shimmering domes, satin-covered pillows with a stiff button jutting from the center of each.

"Please," Karen pleaded. "It's getting late. The others will wonder where we are."

Bret needed no further encouragement. He sank to his knees between the provocative spread of the teenager's thighs and carefully lowered himself atop her body, supporting the

majority of his weight on his elbows.

With no word of instruction, the brunette reached down between his legs and grasped the stiff pole of his prick. Deftly, she glided the fat crown to the waiting mouth of her belly. From there, the youth took control.

Slowly, he pushed forward. Inch by swollen inch, his pulsing shaft sank into the wet harbor of her young cunt. Deeper and deeper he delved into the willing socket of her sex, burying himself to the hilt. Greedily, the young girl's hips arched up, as if trying to swallow his balls as well as the club-like length of his shaft.

Frank could no longer stand it. His self-control crumbled. Standing there, his hands dropped to the fly of his trousers, fingering and fumbling open the fly. Painfully, he managed to extract the unbending rod straining for freedom. Hard and rigid it came from his pants, throbbing and jerking with need. He grasped it and stroked, his rhythm matching the steady in and out motion of Bret's hips, as the youth fed his daughter a full meal of cockmeat.

In the young man plunged, sinking all the way into the pink slit of his step-cousin's hungry body. The girl beneath him quaked, coming alive with the presence of his prick. She whimpered in pleasure, her hips writhing and undulating beneath him.

Out he pulled. The tight mouth of her young snatch tightened around him like an elastic ring, sucking at him. The scalloped inner lips of her labia flowered outward following the slithering hardness of his cock. Then he stroked inward folding the pinkness of her pussy back on itself.

She was consumed by the feel of that meaty rail of flesh. Frank could see that on her face. His daughter wore an expression of complete ecstasy. Her red lips writhed as moan after moan escaped from the depths of her throat.

Her hands clutched at her step-cousin's ass, fingers digging into the taut ovals of his asscheeks. She pulled at him, trying to bring him even deeper into her willing young body. She urged him on, whispering and groaning out the full lust she felt.

And while Karen's father watched, Bret suddenly lowered himself atop her, his full weight pinning her to their grassy bed.

Reaching down, the youth's arms slid beneath her legs. His elbows hooked under the back of her knees, pulling her legs upward toward her chest.

"God!" the teenager cried out in unabandoned relish. "Sweet God! It feels so damn good! Like you're going to the heart of my soul!"

Frank's hand tightened on his cock, jacking at it. He could see how deeply the youth poled into the sweet, pink pocket of his daughter's pussy. In and out the swollen rod plummeted, glistening with the moisture of the girl's depths.

Like a rutting bull, Bret drove into the snatch of his step-cousin. Deep and hard he stroked, giving a full measure of pleasure to the young temptress beneath him.

It was not a one-sided affair. The brunette responded with fervent eagerness. She twisted and writhed under him. She squeezed and hunched as much as possible. Her unbridled carnal needs were raging out of control.

She came, her whole body shuddering as the flood of unleashed desire swept through every cell of her body. She came, quaking and quivering beneath the skewering thrusts of the young man's cock.

Then, her pleasure sated, Bret released the lust boiling within his testicles. He came, groaning as the rush of liquid pleasure erupted from his loins and splattered into the greedy mouth of the girl's pussy.

And still hidden from the couple in the bush, Frank shuddered. White come jetted into empty air from his cock, while his hand jerked up and down on his prick.

Relief flooded through his body. He broke the enchantress' spell his daughter's wanton body had caught him in. He was free of her haunting beauty and the desires of the flesh. But he still felt the shame of wanting her.

The couple moaned. He turned to them. Bret was now lifting himself from Karen's supine body; his deflated prick slithered from the come-drenched gash of her cunt.

What if they should discover him here, like this, holding his prick, jacking himself off? Frank could not bear that, could not live with the thought of his daughter knowing the carnal desires he felt for her, the lust he felt to know her alluring body.

Realizing he had stood there watching them, no better than a common peeking Tom, he was suddenly flustered and embarrassed. Panic gripped him for a moment, as he was unsure what to do. He couldn't go rushing back into camp like this, his cock dangling from his pants and his hand smeared with his own release. What could he do?

Then he remembered the handkerchief in his back pocket. Pulling it free, he wiped his penis and hand clean of sperm and semen. Then he tossed the soiled cloth into the bushes, knowing he could never use it again after it had touched his sex organ.

Quickly he tucked the snake-like hose of his prick back into his trousers and zipped up the fly. With one last glance at the young couple now reaching for their clothes, Frank quietly began to work his way back to the campsite.

CHAPTER FOUR

Frank's attention was homed in on Karen during dinner that night.

The young girl sat close to Bret, her thigh pressing his, or a hand brushing over his. Her attention belonged solely to Bret. Frank was aware of that fact whether the others were or not. And her father's attention was on her.

But not now as she was seated there, but on the image of her naked body so willingly receiving Bret's young cock.

It was an image that refused to leave Frank's mind. After returning to camp, he had tried to lose it by reading, then by eating, but the vision persisted, haunted him, taunted him. Nothing he could do would shake the tantalizing picture in his mind's eye.

He said little during dinner and even less as he and Mona retired to their tent. While his wife gathered her towel and soap for her nightly bath in the river, he waited. And when she left

the tent, he quickly slipped into his pajamas and stretched out his sleeping bag. He didn't try the book again, realizing it wouldn't help.

Damn, he cursed. His daughter was no better than a two-bit street walker and he couldn't get her out of his thoughts. He couldn't bury the tempting vision of her ripe young body just lying there in the grass, thighs opened and ready to take the thick, long, hard length of her step-cousin's prick.

Lust stirred in him, re-awakening in his loins. He felt the throbbing need coursing through his groin. His cock was rising, twitching and jerking with desire – desire for his own daughter – a desire he could never fulfill – a desire that was forbidden to him.

Damn!

He was a haunted man. His carnal lusts had betrayed him. All his life, he had lived as he had been taught by his parents. They had been strict, but they had shown him the path of right. It was a path he had treaded all his life – until now. Now there was Karen, his own daughter, a temptation that rocked his very

soul.

The tent opened and Mona stepped in. He looked up. His eyes scanned her body hungrily, realizing that he hoped she was in the mood as she had been last night. But his wife wore a nightgown beneath her robe.

"The water was nice," Mona said, slipping off her robe and moving to her sleeping bag. "You should really try it with me one night, Frank."

"Mona..." His throat was dry, his words sticking in his throat.

"Yes," Mona turned to him.

"Mona, I..." He wanted to say he wanted her, wanted to fuck her, but he couldn't. "Mona, I'm in the mood."

She glanced away. "Frank, we've got to talk. We've got to work out..."

"Mona, I'm in the mood," he repeated. "We can talk later."

"No, Frank! We've got to talk now."

He didn't listen to her. Instead he moved to her sleeping bag.

"I'm your husband!"

"And I'm your wife," she said. "Doesn't that mean anything? I'm more than just a hole for you to put your prick in when the mood strikes you. I'm a person, a human being, a woman who feels! Until we get our problems worked out..."

"I'm your husband!" He glared at her, reaching out and pinning her shoulders to the ground. "And I demand a husband's right with his wife!"

"No, Frank! I don't want to, not now."

She struggled to get away from him, but she was a small woman. He held her there without effort.

"I'm your husband. You owe me this, it's mine!"

"It'll be rape." Mona stared up at him. "Is that the way you want your wife?"

"A husband can't rape his wife. She's his and her body is his!"

"Is that what you believe? Is that what you really think?"

"Yes," his voice was low and deep, like the growl of an animal.

"And I'm going to get what's mine!"

Suddenly, she went limp beneath him, tears welling in her eyes.

"All right, Frank. If that's the way you want it."

Then she was silent, staring up to the roof of the tent, her eyes never turning to him. He didn't care. All she had to do was just lie there.

Reaching down, he hiked her nightgown up around her waist

bunching it there. She was naked beneath it. The muff covering her cunt was shining black, the pink lips of her sex under the furry covering. It wasn't the soft, light brown moss of Karen's pussy, but it would serve to relieve the burning fires of his groin.

He fumbled with the fly of his pajamas. The hardened length of his prick sprung out, jerking in the air. Gripping the blood-engorged shaft, he lowered himself atop his wife's body. She didn't move, but just lay there completely still.

In the next instant, he pressed the glans of his rod against the lips of her cunt. His hips jerked, knifing his lance into the socket of her belly. Mona cried out under the brutal entry, then she was silent again.

She felt different to him. The warmth and moisture he was accustomed to finding within her body were missing. She was dry. He didn't care. He hunched into her, drilling his rigid shaft into the depths of her cunt.

His testicles were burning. Fire consumed his loins. He took his wife, fucking her while in his mind he ravaged the body of his

teenage daughter. Harder and harder he pumped himself into the furrow of his wife's sex, until at last he found the release of his lust.

Hot and thick, sperm and semen gushed from his balls. He emptied himself into the motionless socket of her cunt. Blast after blast of sexual cream fountained from the end of his prick, filling Mona's pussy with his seed, filling her as he wanted to drain his lust into Karen's tight, pink-lipped twat.

He shuddered and moaned under the fiery force of his release. Then he lay there atop the limp body of his wife, sated. When at last his cock deflated, he lifted himself from the woman under him and moved back to his sleeping bag.

Without a glance back to the woman he left there, gown still crumpled around her waist, he pulled the top of the sleeping bag over him and rolled over. Frank Stivers was asleep within minutes.

CHAPTER FIVE

Mona was unsure just how long she lay there. She stared at the

roof of the tent, feeling the wetness of her husband's release trickling from the lips of her vagina and running down her thighs. She shuddered.

For the first time in her life, she felt used and degraded. The fluids of Frank's climax felt dirty on and within her. Never had she seen sex to be anything but a beautiful experience shared by a man and a woman. Now... now... she felt no better than a whore. No, not even a whore; at least men seek prostitutes for pleasure. Frank could have found no pleasure in the way he used her body, only relief. He could have used his hand for that!

She became aware of the heavy snoring within the tent. She rolled her head to the side and stared at the man sleeping across from her – her husband. She shuddered again. Husband! Never had that word seemed so strange, so alien. Always the word husband had brought warm feelings to her. A husband was a man to share a life with, someone to love.

Had she ever loved Frank?

Yes, she had loved him. After Tom's death, she had thought she would never be able to love another man. But when Frank came

along, he was so gentle and tender. He filled a hollowness within her. She gave him her love, a love he professed to share. And he had asked her to marry him. Six months ago, they had taken the marriage vows. For better or worse.

It had only gotten worse.

The first few times, she had considered Frank's love-making to be caused by the newness of her, his excitement. But after the honeymoon nothing changed, except that Frank approached her but once a week. And then it was only to mount her and sate himself. It was like the old joke about the rabbit – wham-bam, thank you ma'am. She had once thought that was funny. Now it was only frustrating.

For six months she had clung to the hope that things would change. But nothing did. No matter what she tried, Frank was the same. He entered her body, came, then pulled from her only to roll to his side and go to sleep.

Never once were there preliminary kisses, gentle caresses, exploring each other's bodies. Never whispered words of endearment or even a "thank you" when he had finished. It was

simply on and off, leaving her aching for sexual release – for love.

And tonight – tonight had been the worst.

Mona choked back her tears. Tears would only be wasted on Frank. In their six months together, she had done more than her share of crying. It never helped anything. Never. Frank didn't even notice.

Something had to be done. But what?

She didn't know. Everything was too confusing.

Frank continued to snore. Anger and frustration grew within her. She pushed up and stood. To remain in the tent with him was too much for her to endure. She had to leave, get away by herself until she could think this out and hopefully find a solution.

The air was cool outside, cool and clean. Yet it did nothing to

remove the dirty feeling she had. Quietly walking from the camp, Mona moved toward the river bank. She stood there a moment watching the gentle current. Then hiking her gown, she stepped into the water.

She waded out until the water washed around her knees. Then reaching down, she scooped out handful after handful of the chilly water and bathed herself. Carefully she washed the silvery sperm tracks from her thighs, then cleansed the matted hairs of her public mound. Last of all, she washed out her vagina as best she could, removing every trace of Frank's ejaculation, washing out the dirty feel of his seed.

She felt better now, cleaner, free of Frank. Standing straight, she slowly walked back to the shore and stared at the tents. To go back now would be too much. She couldn't endure the thought of returning to Frank. But where could she go?

Nowhere!

There was nowhere she could run to escape Frank. She was amid one of the largest wilderness areas in the country and there was no place she could lose herself.

The thought was too much for her. The past six months and all she had endured came rushing back to fill her brain. She dropped to her knees and cried.

The sound of sobbing invaded Jason Jefferies' sleep. For a moment he lay there half-awake, wondering if the crying was something left in his mind by an unremembered dream. Then he realized the sobs were real; a woman was crying.

Sitting up, he glanced to his side. Liz was nestled within their sleeping bag. The warmth of her naked body was assuring. Easing back the top of the sleeping bag, he quietly slipped out. In the dark, he managed to find his blue jeans and pull them on without too much difficulty.

The crying was still there. And for some reason it sounded familiar. However, he was sure the sobs didn't belong to his daughter Linda. He had nursed her through too many adolescent heartbreaks not to recognize the sound of her crying. Yet somehow he knew the sound of those tears.

Tiptoeing to the front of the tent, so as not to disturb Liz, Jason stepped out into the night. He glanced around the campsite, but could not locate the source of the sobs.

His eyes moved around the edge of forest, but saw nothing except shadows and trees. Walking away from his tent, he moved toward the river. There he saw her, his sister Mona, kneeling on the bank, holding her head in her hands and crying.

Immediately, his strides lengthened into a trot. Within seconds he was beside her, kneeling and taking her into his arms. Her own arms encircled him, holding him tightly.

"Jason," she managed to say between her sobs.

"Little sister," he whispered; his hand caressed the raven blackness of her hair. "What's the matter? What's wrong with my little sister?"

She shook her head, nestling into the hollow of his shoulder. "Nothing."

"Hey now, all these tears can't be over just nothing." His voice was gentle and soothing. "Remember me; I'm your big brother."

She sniffed a bit, her head lifting to him. Her eyes were red and tears streamed down her face, but she managed a little smile. "And my big brother Jason could always make things better."

"Now, I never claimed to be able to do the impossible," he chuckled, hoping to cheer her. "But I've always tried to help when I could."

"Jason, oh, Jason."

Mona broke into sobs again. Her body shuddered violently. There was nothing he could do now, except to hold her and let her have her cry. Which is what he did.

At least fifteen minutes passed before Mona quieted again. She clung to him even longer, before eventually easing back. Her head did not rise, but she stared out, watching the river.

"Feel better?" Jason asked, his hand squeezing his sister's.

"Just cried out," Mona said. "There's no more tears left in me. I was surprised there were this many after this long. I thought they were all gone."

After this long? Jason wasn't sure what she meant. "Would it help to talk about it?"

"Talk it over like we used to when we were kids?" Mona glanced at him, then back to the river. "I don't know if it would help. We're not kids any more. We've both grown up and have got families of our own now. We don't have the same problems we had when we were kids. God, how simple all those worries seem now, whether or not Billy Smith was going to take me to the prom, what dress to wear to the after-game dance. So simple, almost ridiculous now."

"They weren't ridiculous then," Jason answered. "And I don't think what's bothering you now is ridiculous. Times change and so do the problems."

"But you don't, do you, Jason?" Mona looked at him, her dark eyes pleading. "You're still the same, still my big brother Jason, steady and strong, and willing to lend his little sister a sympathetic ear."

"I don't think that'll ever change. After all, you are my sister and I do still love you."

Mona leaned to him and kissed his cheek. "I know. But it's hard to bare one's soul, even to a brother. Especially when it has to do with something this personal."

"Frank?"

She nodded. "Is it that obvious?"

"No. Just a guess. There's not many things that will get a woman up in the middle of the night. A husband happens to be one of those things though."

"I don't know where to start," Mona said. "In some ways, it

seems like this has been going on forever. But Frank and I have been married for only six months..."

Jason listened. It hurt to hear everything his sister revealed. Yet, it wasn't that unusual a story, a husband that used his wife, no matter what the reason. The age of sexual freedom wasn't that free. People still had sexual hang-ups and it seemed the majority of those people were men. Frank just happened to be one of them. What hurt was that he was married to Mona, and she, in turn, had suffered from his sickness.

The usual story was one of possession – a wife is a husband's property, or vice versa. It's hard to accept one's spouse as a human being, despite everything lovers proclaim to one another. Marriage and that legal slip of paper two people sign often is thought to mean "you belong to me, lock, stock and barrel". To be owned by another person makes the owned person nothing but chattel, something to be used.

But as Jason listened, he realized there was something deeper wrong with Frank, something that went beyond the normal property hang-ups usually shared by married couples. Exactly what his problem was eluded Jason. He wasn't a trained psychiatrist and a man that treated his wife that way obviously

needed help.

"... That's it," Mona said. "I don't know what to do. I've tried everything I could think of and it's all fallen on its face. Damn it, when I'm around Frank, I don't even feel like a woman any more."

"You're still a woman," Jason whispered, pulling his sister to him and holding her tightly. "You don't ever have to doubt that, just look in the mirror. You're a woman, quite a beautiful one."

"Big brother inflating little sister's ego. You were always good at that, Jason," Mona said, her head lifting to his. "Why couldn't Frank be like you?"

With that she once more kissed his cheek. Her arms tightened around her brother, holding him close.

What exactly happened next Jason was never totally sure of. One moment Mona's lips were against his cheek in a sisterly kiss, and in the next instant, her lips were pressed to his. The kiss was far from being sisterly. Her tongue flicked out and

taunted his lips, teasing at them, cajoling them to open.

And his reaction went beyond brotherly love. His mouth opened and accepted the offering of her tongue as it moved inward. His arms tightened, pulling her to him, while her tantalizing oral digit dueled over and under his tongue.

Beneath the fabric of her nightgown, he could feel the warmth of his sister's body. His fingertips could feel her slight trembling, a quivering sensation he was sure was not caused by the coolness of the night. It was the same trembling he now felt within himself.

Mona's tongue coyly retreated from his mouth. He followed it with his tongue, delving intimately into the sweetness of his sister's mouth. She moaned softly, nestling even closer against him as he toyed and teased, his tongue flicking and probing toward her throat.

He was suddenly aware of the persistent cushion of her breasts. Warm mounds of flesh pushing out from beneath her gown, rolling over his shirtless chest. And atop each of those fleshy pillows was a hard pebble-like nipple, each trying to dig small

holes in his skin.

This woman, this woman he found in his arms, was his sister. Yet there could be no denying the sensations astir in his loins. His testicles tightened in their sac with the old familiar feeling of want and desire. He knew in that instant that if Mona wanted him, he was willing to enter her body. Whatever social taboos existed against a brother and sister sharing the same bed didn't matter, not here and now.

They parted. Mona's head tilted back a bit, her dark eyes meeting his. Her expression was uncertain, filled with the realization that she had tasted forbidden fruit. But when he made no indication that their action was wrong a small smile danced at the corners of her sensuous mouth.

"I wanted that," she said softly. "I think I've always wanted that."

Jason didn't answer, except to pull her to him once again, his mouth covering hers. Passion rose in their kiss. They clung to one another, brother and sister, man and woman, lovers. Their hands now explored their faces, caressing cheeks, tracing the

lines of their mouths. They stared at each other, love shining in their longing gaze. They kissed, then kissed again, losing themselves in their embrace.

"Love me, Jason," the black-haired woman who was his sister whispered when they parted again. "Make love to me. Make me your woman, even if it's only for this moment."

"Yes," he said, tenderly caressing her cheeks.

She smiled and eased from his arms. As he watched, she stood and disrobed to stand naked above him.

"I've always wanted you to look at me naked," she said, her eyes meeting his. "I wanted you to see me as a woman and not as your sister."

That was the way he saw her now, a woman – a beautiful woman. She looked so fragile and feminine. Her breasts were white cones of milky perfection. Perched precariously atop each of those satiny-smooth cushions were bud-like nipples, dark mushrooms, stiff and erect with her arousal.

Downward over the sleek flatness of her stomach his gaze moved. For an instant he probed the sensual well of her navel. Then his eyes moved even lower, his groin feeling tight and hot.

Between her slightly spread thighs was the thick black bush of her cunt. The silky strands were shining in the silvery rays of the moon. And barely perceivable beneath the soft looking fur of her pubis was the shadowy slit of her sex.

There was no doubt in his mind that his sister was a woman – a very desirable one!

"Beautiful," he said, meaning it. He opened his arms for her to come to him. "Let me kiss you."

She came, stepping quickly to his side. But before she could kneel to receive his promised kiss, his arms wrapped around her thighs. He drew her to him. His lips pressed to hers, but not the lips of her mouth – the lips of her cunt.

"Ahhhhhhh!" she moaned aloud with unabandoned relish.

Quivery thrills of hot sexual desire coursed through her veins. The warm stream of his breath trickled through the moss of her pubis. Then there was the damp flicker of a tongue. The tantalizing tapping of her brother's tongue.

"Good!" she moaned again, reaching down and caressing his head, pushing his face into her pussy. "It feels so damn good!"

The moist little snake of his tongue was doing all sorts of marvelous things to her. He taunted up and down the cleft of her loins, flicking lightly at the nubbin of her clitoris, cajoling it out from beneath its fleshy hood.

And when he had every inch of her naked body trembling with fevered excitement, he licked downward, lapping at the tremulous groove of her cunt. She heard the smacking of his lips and the wet oral sound as he sucked away the sudden flood of juices filling the core of her body.

Abruptly, his tongue darted up into the mouth of her pussy. Her hands tightened on his head, pressing him even harder against

the aching gash of her snatch. In and out his feathery oral digit toyed with her. Her knees quivered and shook, becoming as liquid as the womanly fluids flowing within her cunt.

Suddenly she was no longer able to stand. With a startled cry, she collapsed. But her brother was there, catching her and lowering her to the ground. He was there beside her, his mouth on hers. She kissed him, tasting herself still on his tongue.

Lovingly, Jason reached out and cupped one of the shimmering domes of his sister's tits. Despite the almost chilly feel of the night air, her breast was warm, excitingly warm. So smooth and silky she felt to his fingertips. His fingers traced around and around the fleshy mound, working upward toward the rubbery button seated atop it.

A shudder of pleasure rushed through her supine body when his fingertips at last brushed over her stiff nipple. Teasingly, he tweaked the aroused button of flesh, delighting in the desirous moans that writhed from his sister's lips. Then his hand suddenly dropped down, covering her breast and squeezing.

She felt so good, so damn good, just touching her, holding her.

She was so alive, so willing to have his hands on her. That this woman was his sister only added to his arousal.

He taunted and teased and kneaded and played with her breasts to his heart's content. Then he sucked at them, his tongue licking and laving over every inch of her delectable titflesh. Her body was so ready for man, so hungry to be felt and loved, he found it almost unbelievable that his sister had not sought an extra-marital lover until now. That she had waited was his gain.

Downward his fingers crept, circling the well of her navel, then moving into the softness of her pubic fur. He played there a moment, delighting as the anticipation mounted in her body. She was ready to feel him within her, even if it were only a finger. Yet he delayed tickling up into the socket of her cunt. The longer he taunted the better it would be when he actually came into her.

Cupping her crotch, he squeezed down on her plump womanly pubis. He kneaded her mound of Venus as he had kneaded her tits but moments ago. She was hot and willing and ready. He could feel the warm flow of her juices dampening his palm. Yet still he taunted, increasing the intensity of her need.

"Damn you!" she moaned. "You marvelous bastard! It's wonderful, so fucking wonderful!"

Then he shot a finger up into his sister's cunt.

"Agggarrahhhh!" she groaned. Her whole body writhed under his impaling digit.

Inward he drove, twisting and twirling his finger in the wet haven of her pussy. She moaned and bucked, fucking herself on his hand. She was hot and flooded with her own lubricants, but he prolonged the foreplay, giving her a taste of all the loving care her husband had neglected for so long.

Then he worked yet another finger into her twat.

Her moaning and writhing doubled. She was tight, but she took him, screwing around on his palm. She hunched her pelvis like a woman gone mad. She was oblivious to all, except him, and he knew it, a fact that only served to increase his own desire.

"I want you," she whimpered in a piteous little voice. "Take me, Jason. Make me your woman."

He extracted his fingers from the fleshy sheath of her cunt. They came free with a wet sucking sound. She groaned at the sudden emptiness that filled her. Her eyes fluttered open, filled with the burning light of lust.

With her watching him, he stood. Slowly he eased down the zipper of his blue jeans. He was naked beneath the trousers. His cock, long and rigid, jumped outward, jerking and twitching with its new-found freedom.

His sister's dark eyes widened. A hungry expression moved over her face. She stared longingly at the thick, imposing shaft of his sex. At the same time, there was a knowing glint in her eyes – the realization that his erect cock was for her – her alone!

"Let me feel it." Her lips parted to reveal the wetness of her tongue. "Let me feel you."

He stepped forward straddling her supine body. Below him on her back, his sister gazed up, her eyes frozen on the massive bludgeon of his cock.

Then her arms lifted.

He groaned, trembling at the first touch of her fingertips. Lovingly her fingers ran up and down the solid column of his sex. Light and tender she caressed, as though she were worshipping the virile strength of his cock.

"It feels marvelous," she whispered. "So hard and strong, yet so smooth and soft. I love the way it twitches at my touch. So hungry and ready – ready to fuck me – ready to screw your sister."

His balls surged within their wrinkled bag. That's exactly what he was going to do – fuck his sister.

"I feel so wicked," she went on, her hands still running up and down his cock. "I feel like my brother's whore, willing to do anything he wishes – anything."

Her tongue flicked over her lips, an invitation for him to ask for her mouth. It was a hard offer to turn down, but his loins were consumed with need for this woman. He realized that if she pressed her lips to his cock crown he might just lose the fiery load burning in his testicles. And at this moment, that was the last thing his sister needed.

What she did need was to feel a man's cock shoved up her cunt. She needed a man, a man to fuck her.

"Fuck me," he said. "I want my sister to fuck me."

"Yes," she said, smiling widely. "Yes!"

Her thighs spread, opening her body to him. With one last squeeze, she relinquished her hold on his prick.

Slowly, he lowered himself atop the titillating bed of his sister's naked body. Their mouths met once again, their tongues taunting and probing. Their hands were moving, trying to feel every inch of their bodies all at once.

Beneath him, she squirmed a bit. Her pelvis lifted and his glans nestled in the moist slit of her cunt. He eased forward separating the plump lips of her outer labia. He felt her tense, her anticipation growing.

Moving with slow-motion speed, he inched his throbbing wand of lust into her body. Deeper the swollen shaft slithered. His lust-engorged cock crown touched, then splayed the scalloped inner lips of her cunt.

He was within her now. The hot liquid shelter of her pussy surrounded him, bathing each inch of cock he fed into her hungry body. This woman was his sister – his sister! The fact jarred his brain, as though he were realizing it for the first time. She felt so good, so hot, so tight. To just lie there atop her luxurious body, to feel the glove-like tightness of her pussy sheathing his cock would have been enough.

Enough for him – but not for her. His sister needed all the pleasure and release his body could provide. And that's exactly what he intended to give her.

Abruptly, his hips jerked back. His prick sluiced upward, posing at the entrance to her love channel. He paused a moment, then drove down. Long and hard, his piston of pleasure burrowed into the folds of her steaming pussy.

"Sweet God!" she groaned under him. "You're so big! So wonderfully big! I never imagined it would be like this, never in my wildest dreams."

Her words hit him like an electric jolt. Sizzling sexual energy coursed through his groin. His pelvis lurched up and swung down. He ground into her crotch, making sure her stiffened clit felt the full impact of his body.

He felt her cunt squeeze around him, sleeving his prick in the humid recesses of her core. She was tight, so damn tight. It was marvelous. At another time, he would have liked to just lie there letting her milk his rod with the magnificent power of her vaginal muscles. But that would have to be another time. Now he was fucking his sister, and he was doing his best to make sure it was an experience she would not soon forget.

While he drove his prick in and out of the envelope of her cunt,

he swung around a bit atop, just enough for his mouth to cover one of the mounds of her tits. Then he sucked. He sucked hard, his tongue slashing across the top of her stiff nipple like a moist little whip.

Her moans deepened, filled with gratification and soaring lust. She writhed under him, her hips bucking up to meet each thrust of his crotch. Her pussy squeezed at him, sucking along his slicked length.

She tucked him with unabandoned desire. Her hunger for the pleasures of a man drove her on at a fervent pace. The harder and deeper he shafted into the heated hole of her pussy, the more she wanted him, begged for him. To allow such a passionate woman to suffer as she had with Frank was a sin, he thought. The man had to be insane.

Suddenly he found himself groaning around a mouthful of delicious titflesh. His sister wedged a hand between their sweat-drenched cores and toyed with his testicles. Her fingers lightly kneaded the two heavy balls, teasing him.

His response was an even harder-plunging cock. He reamed in

and out of her fleshy sheath. His hips twisted and ground into her pelvis. He hunched, throwing his full weight behind each of his deep-probing strokes.

"Close," his sexy sister managed to moan in between his slicing thrusts. "Close!"

Immediately, he upped the tempo of his relentless fucking. Her nearness to climax and his own burning need whipped him on. He threw himself into her, trying to slam the head of his prick against the ring of her cervix. But it seemed an impossible task. The deeper he poled, the more his sister's body seemed to open up and accept him.

Faster and faster his cock ram-rodged into the juicy slit of her snatch. Harder and harder, he drove the mighty spear of his lust into the mouth of her belly. She groaned continuously now. She squeezed at his balls, creating a fantastic mixture of ache and pleasure.

In and out, the knifing length of his pulsating prick skewered the juice-flooded hole of her cunt. On and on, she welcomed each probing thrust of his sex.

Her body was packed with him. His fat, swollen presence dominated her life. At that moment, she existed for him and him alone. Her body was no more than a vessel for her brother's cock. And she loved it, loved every hard, throbbing inch he shoved deeply into the greedy slash of her pussy.

It seemed like years since a man had entered her body. Now all the mounting frustrations she had felt during her marriage to Frank seemed to shatter and explode away. This, the feel of a man rooted so deeply in her cunt, was what she had yearned for. This, the pulsing hardness of a fat prick, was what she had ached and prayed for.

And now, now that her prayer had been answered, she realized she could never live without it again. She was a woman, not some doll to be used, but a woman who felt and had needs. And those needs and desires needed a man to satisfy them. Frank could never be such a man.

Inward her brother's cock rammed, filling her body. She moaned in unabandoned relish, savoring the feel of his skewering rod. She squeezed down on his thickness, trying to

hold him deeply within the trembling channel of her pussy.

Out the pulsating shaft slithered, evacuating the edacious mouth of her belly. She quivered and trembled. She felt each swollen inch as it withdrew. Then downward his pelvis swung, once again slamming the rigid length of his prick into her juice-filled cunt.

Higher and higher she soared with every pounding stroke of his magnificent piston. Her thighs glowed with expanding heat, warmth generated from the constant ram-rodding of her cunt. Hotter and hotter she burned, consumed by the flames of lust and love for her brother.

Outward the glow spread, swirling to meet the desires of her body. Closer and closer the fiery heat came. Then it was there flaring within the very core of her pussy. She groaned out loud and long, surrendering herself to the explosive force of her climax.

Beneath him, his sister's body quivered in tremors of pleasure, tremors that rapidly became full-fledged flesh quakes. Her fingernails dug deeply into his back raking down toward his

pumping buttocks. The wet sheath of her cunt contracted around the stiff staff of his prick, sucking at his length in the moment of her ecstasy.

His sister's carnal desires satisfied, Jason then allowed the boiling pressure of his loins to spew forth. He came, blasting spurt after hot spurt of sperm and semen into the tremulous socket of her sex.

Thick, white cream fountained from the slitted mouth of his cock, scalding over the hyper-sensitive surface of his glans. Jet upon jet of his seed splattered over the pink folds of his sister's love hole. He drenched her, covering every inch of her greedy pussy with his release.

Seemingly, he emptied at least a gallon or two of his seminal reserves into her before his throbbing prick at last subsided and the flood of his climax ceased. Gratefully, he just laid atop her still trembling body, savoring the complete satisfaction of their lovemaking.

When at last he rolled from her sated body, she nestled into the hollow of his shoulder clinging tightly to him. He held her,

enjoying the warmth of her body suffusing along his side. He held her until he felt her breathing soften to the shallow breaths of sleep. Man and woman, brother and sister, they both remained there on the bank of the river until the first rays of the new day, then slipped quietly back into their separate tents.

CHAPTER SIX

Linda Jefferies awoke shortly before dawn. She glanced around her tent to find her step-cousin Karen still soundly sleeping. She smiled, grateful that the girl still slept.

This time, before everyone in the two families awakened, was her time. The forest just before the dawn was something special, something she had discovered the first morning of their vacation. Now she cherished this time, relishing the peaceful solitude it provided. Each morning she rose and slipped from her tent and walked a short way from camp. There, she sat alone and listened to the sounds of the forest awakening and watched the rising sun. It was something she had never experienced in the city and while she was out in the wilderness, she refused to miss even one of these magnificent mornings.

Quietly rolling from her sleeping bag, Linda reached out and

found the fresh pair of jeans and blouse she had laid out the night before. Beneath them was a pair of white bikini panties. She smiled again. Karen had introduced her to the brief style of panties just before they had left on vacation. Besides looking sexy as hell on her, they made her feel almost naked. Which was good, because ever since she had started on this wilderness hike, she had wanted to shed all her clothes and run naked through the woods. A bit of the pagan within her, she thought.

Still, that urge to be free had grown greater the farther she hiked into the forest. The second day of backpacking, she had carefully packed away her bra, burying it beneath all her other clothes. Perhaps, when they returned home, she would wear it again. But now, she felt so much freer without it.

Standing, she dressed in panties, jeans, blouse, and sandals, making as little noise as possible. She glanced again at Karen. The girl still slept.

Without making a sound, the young girl stepped from the tent and sucked in a deep breath. The air tasted fresh, still alive with the chill of the night. The smell of the forest permeated every molecule of the air. It smelled so alive and growing that she tingled with its presence. She wanted to laugh or sing, but she

repressed the urge. She didn't want to wake everybody else and spoil this time.

Above her the sky was still black. Stars twinkled and glistened like spots of light on a background of black velvet. To the east, she could already see the first sign of dawn. Blackness was quickly turning to a dark blue and the stars were fading.

Sunrise was close. She glanced around to select a spot to sit and watch the breaking dawn. The trees around the campsite were too high for a good view. However, down by the river would be perfect. Her ears filled with the sound of awakening birds, Linda started toward the river.

She covered half the distance and stopped. Somebody was lying on the bank near the water's edge. Could somebody else have discovered the serenity of this early morning hour? Or had someone just had a rough night and couldn't sleep? Either way she felt as though her own private world had been invaded.

She took a step or two closer, trying to see who the intruder was. Her eyes widened. There wasn't one person, but two. But who? It was still too dark for her to see who the two were. But

unless her eyes were playing tricks on her, the couple was stark naked. Who?

It couldn't be Bret and Karen. Despite her brother's attempt to hide the fact he was balling their step-cousin, Linda knew all about his affair with Karen. The young brunette and Linda were very close and Karen shared all her secrets. However, Linda had left Karen sleeping soundly in their tent. Who could it be?

The couple's identity intrigued her. Obviously it had to be either Aunt Mona and Frank, though she found it hard to visualize those two ever sleeping together, let alone screwing around in the woods, or it had to be her parents. Her parents? Yes, she could see both of them doing something like this.

But should she be spying on them? No, she decided, but she intended to do it just the same. The thought of watching her mother and father together did more than just stir her interest. She wanted to see them!

Her head twisted around, seeking a way to move closer without being detected. Nothing on her right, but to the left. Linda found a thick clump of bushes running almost to the river. She

smiled and turned.

Her steps were slow and deliberate, lifting one foot, then the other, being careful to make as little noise as possible. She worked her way closer to the nude couple, eventually dropping behind the bushes and crawling as close as she thought was safe. Carefully, she reached out and parted the bushes.

She caught her breath.

In the soft glow of the coming sunrise, she could just make out the pair. She had guessed the identity of one of them correctly – her father. But the woman wasn't her mother – it was Aunt Mona – her father's sister!

Her father's sister!

The thought railed through her mind. There was no doubt what her father and Mona had been doing. This wasn't a nudist colony. They had been balling. Her father had fucked his sister! That was incest!

Linda found herself more confused than shocked. She tried to sort her thoughts, but she couldn't. Her eyes were glued to the supple nakedness of her aunt. The woman was beautiful, she looked like some forest Goddess. Linda had always considered Aunt Mona to be an "old woman", but now she realized she had been wrong. Aunt Mona's body was that of a young woman, no more than in her mid-twenties.

And Aunt Mona was pressed so close to her father! Her breasts were flattened against him. Her legs entwining his. So close to...

To his – Linda caught her breath once again, realizing what her eyes now gazed on – her father's cock!

She shivered. It looked so big, like some sleeping snake nestled in the darkness of his pubic hairs. She shivered again, aware that her trembling was caused by a growing arousal, rather than repulsion.

And there was something else, something she couldn't put her finger on at first, but then recognized it as a twinge of jealousy. Aunt Mona was there lying in her father's arms and she was hidden amid the bushes. Aunt Mona had felt that big cock

within her body, and Linda had only dreamed of her father mounting her young body and taking her.

To have seen him, she thought. Then with increasing excitement, to have felt him, her father, moving within her. Again she trembled. She, as with all young girls, had felt a desire for her father. It was a normal part of sexual development. Linda even knew the name the shrinks put on it – Electra Complex.

But until now, she had never really thought of making those fantasies come true. Until now...

She shook her head. No, it wasn't possible. Her father and her mother, she could see that. Even now she could accept her father making love to Aunt Mona, just lying there, they looked so natural. But her and her father? It just wouldn't happen. He would never come to her and ask to share her bed. After all – he was her father. Fathers just didn't do things like that.

And if he did, what would her mother do? What would her mother do if she knew about Aunt Mona?

Linda's thoughts were abruptly interrupted. Her father moved. He leaned over his younger sister and kissed her awake. They were gentle kisses that mounted in passion when Aunt Mona's eyes fluttered open to greet her lover. As Linda watched, the two kissed a very long and involved kiss.

"We'd better get back to the tents," she heard her father say when they parted. "The others will be waking in a bit."

Mona nodded and gave him another kiss before rising and slipping into her gown. Jason quickly pulled on his jeans, then reached out and took his sisters hand. Linda watching from her hiding place among the bushes let her gaze follow them back to the tents. For moments, she just stared at the camp, all thoughts of the sunrise forgotten.

The day's hiking went as those before it had gone. The two families continued deeper into the forest, using the river as their guide. With short rest stops and a break for lunch, it was seven hours before they again selected a site for the night.

The seven hours gave Linda all the time she needed to collect her thoughts and neatly sort them.

First, she wasn't some scatter-brained teenager. Despite her eighteen years she was aware of the world around her and the relationships shared by a man and a woman. While she had no hard evidence to prove her theory, she had the feeling that her mother and father had taken lovers at one time or another during their marriage. She also suspected that each parent was fully aware of what the other did. If so, she felt her mother would understand what had happened between Aunt Mona and her father.

She did. On more than one occasion, she had thought of going to bed with her own brother, especially after listening to Karen recount their love making.

Second, she knew damn well Frank didn't know, or even suspect what had happened between her father and Aunt Mona. She doubted whether the man ever had a thought of sex, least of all considered the possibility that his wife had taken a lover – her own brother at that. Frank just wouldn't believe that such things could happen.

Last, she had considered her own feelings. And, yes, she wanted to be her father's lover – one of them, at least. She had no want to replace her mother. The thought of being her father's wife wasn't what she had planned for her future. But to share his bed was another matter altogether.

Getting him into that bed, or more specifically, into her snatch was another problem.

Linda wasn't a girl. Over a year ago she had felt the thrill of her first lover moving between her willing thighs. It had been a summer romance with the cousin of one of her best friends who had been visiting for a week. When he returned home, she was a woman and he was no longer a boy.

Since then she had taken one other lover, a young man she now had hopes of marrying. But that was in the future, after she graduated from college.

Her father was here and now.

She had no worries of pregnancy. Her own mother had seen to that. A few days before her first date, her mother had taken her aside and talked with her. It wasn't one of those woman-to-woman talks she had heard of from her friends, nor was it a mother-to-daughter lecture. It had been more like two friends discussing what it meant to be a woman. After that talk her mother had taken her to the doctor for a complete physical and a birth-control pill prescription. Her mother had given her the responsibility of controlling her own sex life. Something she had not regretted.

She was a woman, and she knew it. But how was she going to get her father to notice the fact?

As she had realized when watching Aunt Mona and her father, he would never come to her. The only answer was for her to go to him and offer herself. But how and when, that was something she hadn't decided yet.

Linda looked around the camp. Everyone was completing their normal tasks of setting up the tents and getting the fire ready for the evening meal. Then she saw Bret and Karen talking.

Why not?

Bret and Karen managed to get away by themselves simply by taking a walk in the woods and finding someplace to make love. She could do the same thing.

She glanced around and found her father stretched out beneath a tree, resting in the shade. Her heart suddenly doubled its speed. He was alone. If there were a time to do it, the time was now before he became involved in something.

Taking a deep breath, Linda strode toward him without hesitation. Her temples were pounding like hammers by the time she reached his side. She knew he could read what she had planned on her face when he looked up at her, but he just smiled and said, "Hi, Princess."

"Think you could spare your daughter a few minutes?" She forced calmness into her voice.

"Sure, what's on your mind?"

"Nothing really important," she lied. "There's just something I want to show you in the woods."

"Oh?" Her father's smile grew. "What is it?"

"A surprise," she replied. "It's just back up there a bit. Think you feel up to a short walk?"

She held her breath, knowing that she had just given him the opportunity to refuse to go with her. But he grinned and answered, "Okay."

He held a hand out to her as he rose, gripping her fingers firmly. "Lead on."

She smiled and started toward the forest. Once in the trees, she led him directly away from the camp and the others. She had no idea what she was going to tell him when she found the spot she was looking for, but she would think of something. At the moment she had to find a secluded clearing.

"Hey, how far is this?" her father asked.

"Not much further," she answered, repressing the panicky rush that rose from the pit of her stomach. Her eyes darted around, searching for a concealed spot. "It's just right over there."

She glanced at him, her eyes looking back. She could no longer see the tents, nor could she hear the others. Now she had to find the right location.

About fifty feet more, she found what she was looking for. It was a small moss-covered depression surrounded by thick bushes and trees. Unless someone was looking for this place, they would never notice it. That made it perfect for her plans.

Tightening her grip on her father's hand, she led him through the shrubs.

"This is it?" He looked at her, a puzzled expression on his face. "I don't see anything."

"There isn't anything, except me." No, she realized that was the wrong approach and regretted her words as they came from her mouth. "I didn't want to show you anything..."

"Huh?" His puzzlement grew.

"I just wanted to get you away from the others... so we could... talk," she said.

"Alone at last," her father said with a chuckle. He eased to the ground and sat, patting the moss beside him for her to sit also. "Must be something pretty important to bring us out here?"

"Yes," she began, still unsure of how to handle the situation. "It's that... well..."

"That important, huh?" His expression was serious now, filled with the gentle understanding that was always there when she came to him with a problem.

Linda seated herself next to her father and once again took his

hand. "Dad, I saw you and Aunt Mona this morning. I was getting up to see the sunrise and I saw you two by the river."

"And you saw us making love?" His voice didn't quaver.

"No, but I knew what had happened," she said.

He was silent a moment, as if gathering his thoughts. "I'm not sure what to say. What happened, happened. I feel no regrets. I know Mona is my sister, but what happened was between a man and a woman. I'm sorry if what you saw upset you, but..."

"It did upset me," she interrupted him. "But not in the way you're thinking. What I saw looked so beautiful. Aunt Mona looked like a sylvan Goddess from Roman mythology and you..." She stumbled over her words. "Dad, I was jealous of Aunt Mona. I wanted to be in her place!"

His head jerked around. He stared at her. His expression was a strange mixture of surprise and confusion.

"I brought you here to show you me, your daughter," she said, words rushing out. "I'm a woman, your daughter is a woman. I want to show you that woman."

His mouth fell slightly ajar. She knew what he must be thinking, but she had committed herself. She had said what she wanted to say and now she wanted him.

Before he could answer, she threw her arms around his neck and pressed her mouth to his. Her tongue flicked out and darted between his parted lips. She taunted and teased, but there was no response. He sat there frozen, as though he were a man in a state of shock.

She pulled away a bit, undaunted. Her eyes rose to his. "Make love to me. I want you to make love to me."

Again she kissed her father. Her tongue, like a moist whip, flicked into his mouth, taunting and tapping. Suddenly, she felt him stir. He didn't move away. Instead, his hands were on her waist, holding her.

She pressed closer, rolling the firm, young cones of her tits against her father's chest. She hugged close, so that he could feel her body and recognize its willingness to please him.

Jason Jefferies' body responded to his daughter before his mind accepted what was happening. And then it was too late. What Linda was proposing seemed no different than what had happened between him and his sister. He loved his daughter, and his body with the warm sensations coursing in his loins told him that he wanted her. If he had thought of refusing her, it was a battle lost before it started.

His hands rose and caressed the young girl's cheeks. Gently he cradled her face, while he returned her kiss. His tongue entered her mouth, playfully teasing at her sprite oral digit.

For moments, they just sat there, father and daughter, holding one another, savoring the exciting feel of each other's bodies. And when their lips parted, his head lowered a bit, his hand easing back the strands of her strawberry blonde hair. His tongue and lips then busied themselves with the delicate lobe of her ear.

The young girl moaned. She nestled closer to him. Her hands rose to his chest, caressing its broad expanse. Then her finger went to work on his shirt, slipping buttons from holes and exposing his chest. By the time his mouth worked down to the graceful tan arch of her neck, she had opened his shirt and her fingertips were fondling the pebble-like forms of his nipples.

It was happening! Linda couldn't believe it. Her father was in her arms. After all her planning, it had been so easy! Now she would be his and he hers, if only for this moment. And that was enough. It was more than she had ever dreamt would happen.

Her father's lips were on her throat kissing downward. His hands opened the buttons of her blouse. She moaned softly as he suddenly ducked his neck and pressed his mouth between the broad expansive valley of flesh separating her tits.

Then his hands were there, cupping the resilient mounds of her breasts. Lovingly, his fingers squeezed into the white cones. She moaned again, her back arching forward, shoving herself into his hands. He felt so good, so sure of himself – a man that understood a woman's body and how to give it pleasure.

Slowly, he kissed his way to one of the creamy cones. It looked so white and vulnerable against the deep tan of the rest of her body. His daughter did not sunbathe in the nude. Somewhere in his mind, he remembered seeing all those centerfold models in men's magazines and thinking their two-toned bodies somehow looked ridiculous. Now he found the combination of milky flesh and sun golden skin as sexy as hell.

Opening his mouth wide, he homed in on one of the coral buds of his daughter's nipples. He sucked, his groin tightening with his first taste of her bountiful breasts. He licked, using his tongue like a moist finger. He thoughtfully laved around and around the delicate nubbin, thrilling when he felt it thicken and grow to a stiff, rubbery point.

Simultaneously, his roving hands caressed the summery mounds of teenage titflesh. His fingers were alive with the satiny feel of her ripe young breasts. He kneaded them, he rolled them against the flat of his palm, he squeezed them, and he loved them.

Meanwhile, her hands were far from inactive. Abandoning his chest, Linda's fingers were now busy with the snap of his pants. He felt a quick tug and the metallic pwack of the snap giving

way. Then there was the hiss of his zipper.

"I want to feel you," she whispered in a throaty voice of lust. "I want to feel your cock."

She did. Her hands, feeling extremely cool, dipped into his shorts. What she found waiting was a throbbing pole of manmeat – her father's prick! Fiery sensations of desire swirled through her at the mere touch of his staff. Her fingertips ran up and down the firm length, thrilling at the mighty surges she created within the shaft.

But just touching him was not enough. "I want to see you," she said. "I want you the way Aunt Mona had you this morning."

He answered by releasing the fleshy feast of her youthful tits and kissed her mouth once again. Then he stood. With his daughter's eyes following his every move, Jason Jefferies peeled off his shirt. Hastily kicking away his shoes and toeing off his socks, he then removed his pants and shorts.

Naked he stood before the seductive strawberry blonde.

"Fantastic," she whispered as though she spoke to herself. "It's so beautiful."

Her flashing green eyes were riveted to the jutting form of his cock. An impish smile spread over her sensual lips.

Before he knew what was happening, his daughter was on her knees before him. She clasped his prong with both hands. Staring down at her, he saw her lips open, then the moist flicker of pink.

It was his turn to moan. The young girl's tongue lightly tapped against the sensitive skin of his glans. It was just a fleeting brush of warm wetness, but the sensations it created were enough to threaten to turn his knees to water. His column of manhood jerked with eagerness.

Linda's eyes rolled up to him. She smiled, obviously pleased with the pleasure that slight tap of tongue had given him. Then her gaze moved back to his rod.

With his eyes watching her, her head tilted forward. Again her tongue ran out. Her fantastic oral digit swirled atop his cock, igniting all sorts of ball-aching pleasures. She licked at him like a child with an all-day sucker.

Then her tongue coursed down the unbending length of his turgid spike. Wet and warm, she bathed his dork, leaving the pulsating column glistening with her saliva.

Linda had not originally intended this. But when she had first seen her father's prick, she had just followed her natural urges. Now her mouth was filled with the taste of the pre-seminal fluids she had licked from his glans. The slightly saline flavor only increased her desire for this man – her own father.

She had felt a man in her mouth before, even drunk down the fiery spurts of a man's release. But never before had cocksucking seemed so exciting. But then, never had the prick she sucked been her father's.

Her hand stretched out and dipped between his thighs. There, dangling from his scrotum, she found the hairy sac of his testicles. Tenderly, she felt the kidney-shaped rocks within the

bag. They were big, bigger than those of either of her two teenage lovers. For some reason, that fact thrilled her.

She turned her attention back to the situation at hand. The business of giving her father a blowjob.

Drawing back from the lust-filled length of his prick once again, she looked up, pleased to find his gaze still on her. While he watched, she opened her mouth, puckering her lips into a wide "O". Then she moved in on his cock.

The throbbing knob of his glans touched her lips, then slid inward. Downward, she slid on the fat column of sex. Inward, she accepted the fleshy pole, sheltering it in the humid haven of her face.

Jason groaned. Trembling sensations of raw lust shot up from his groin, suffusing through his whole body. He fought his first impulse to shove his hips forward and impale his daughter's face on his cock. Instead he stood there, allowing her fantastic mouth to eat at him.

And eat she did. Up and down with titillating languor, her head bobbed. He watched the shining shaft of his prick vanishing into her greedy, cock-loving mouth, then come sliding out. Again and again she swallowed, carrying the flow of his pre-seminal fluids to her stomach.

At the same time, her tongue politely continued its provocative caresses. Over and down she licked at his root. Under and up, she laved the fleshy pole of her father's sex. Down she slid, her cheeks bulging outward when she sheathed the ponderous burden of his mass. Up she pulled, her cheeks hollowing deeply as she sucked at him.

There was no way his body could resist its natural urges. The single fact that this was his daughter eating at his prick was enough to bring him, enough to have his balls turning flip-flops within their sac.

He came.

She felt the rising flood in his prick. She sucked in her breath through her nostrils and accepted the spurting jets of sexual lava. She gulped down his release, swallowing mouthful after

mouthful of her father's come, then sucking at his cock even harder to make sure not one drop of his fluid escaped her.

With the pleasure of his daughter's mouth rapidly becoming pain, he reached down and eased her mouth from his prod. He smiled weakly when she looked up at him, then whispered, "Enough, enough! I can't take anymore. It was marvelous!"

Carefully, his knees quivering, he lowered himself to the ground beside her. Drawing her to him, he kissed the mouth that had provided him so much pleasure.

As they parted, Linda eased from his embrace. Her eyes shining with the incandescent gleam of love and lust, she stood. Her shoulders wiggled a bit and her blouse fell from her arms. Again, he was struck by the sensual combination of white and golden skin while he watched the lively dance of her ripe tits. The pink-coral colored nipples, perched like cherries atop each of those luscious-looking peaks traced invisible circles in the air.

Running her hands along her sides, the sexy young nymph moved her fingers to the front of her jeans. The snap popped open and the zipper eased down its metallic track. She did a

provocative little wiggle and her jeans slithered down her thighs. Completely exposed for his eyes were two long shapely legs, beautiful thighs and calves she had obviously inherited from her mother. Her skin was smooth and sun-tanned, a golden brown that matched her arms and firm, young stomach.

Next, her fingers tucked beneath the elastic band of her bikini panties. She inched them down with deliberate languor. She was teasing him, taunting him with her young body and enjoying every minute of her seductive scheme.

Tossing her panties away, she stood straight up, allowing her father to view her unashamed nakedness. His eyes roved over the flatness of her belly and the developing womanly flare of her hips. Then his longing gaze moved to the auburn triangle of pubic fleece bushed over the alluring knoll of her cunt.

He remembered her earlier words. She had brought him here to show him she was a woman. As he stared on the arousing curves of her young body, he had no doubts that his daughter was just that – a woman. And a woman who knew the pleasures her body could give a man.

She smiled, stepping toward him, her hips wagging in exaggerated fashion. Stopping at his side, she extended a hand. "Give me your hand."

He did. Taking it, she placed his fingers on her crotch and trembled as he touched her. Her pubic moss was soft and silky to his fingertips. Lovingly, he stroked the down of her sex, delighting at the cooing sounds that came from his daughter's throat.

While she stared down at him, he slid his palm between her thighs and burrowed a finger up into the moist hole of her young cunt. She was wet and hot inside. The channel of her pussy was aflood with lubricants. He twirled his finger around in her damp sluice and she moaned, her body trembling.

"It's good," she said. "Your hands feel wonderful on me – in me."

With that he had to agree. This delightful nymph made him feel like a young man again. Already his deflated prick was throbbing with renewed need – a need to burrow itself deeply into this juicy, pink-lipped pussy.

Slowly, he pulled his digit from the channel of her lust. Then he reversed himself and drilled his inquisitive finger back up into the most intimate of his daughter's body.

At the same time, he ran another finger up the cleft of her outer labia. Her whole body shuddered almost convulsively as he found the hypersensitive bud of her clit. The small nubbin was no larger than a small pea, but obviously it was as ready for his attention as was her juicy cunt.

Almost casually, he manipulated that tiny button of flesh, while his entrenched finger slithered in and out of her sexual slash like a miniature penis.

His daughter's body began to sway, rocking back and forth to the rhythm of his finger fucking. Her eyes fluttered closed. Her sensuous lips parted, writhing as he drew aroused whimpers of delight from her throat.

He took his time with her, languidly building her passion and at the same time allowing her arousal to create new life in his

prick. Deliberately, he controlled her young teenage body. Step by step, he stoked the fires of carnal need within the willing core of her pussy. Higher and higher he moved her through the levels of excitement, sharpening her want to a keen, fevered pitch.

When at last he withdrew his finger from her pussy, she was moaning, near panting, with desire. Her eyes fluttered open. The fires of lust flared deep within their emerald green.

"Lay back," she said, her eyes widening with pleasure when they moved to his groin to find his cock once more an erect pole of need. "I'm going to make love to you!"

Without questioning, he did as she requested. Stretching out on the cool firmness of their moss bed, he smiled up to her. His eyes followed the luscious curves of her naked body as she stepped over him, straddling his groin.

Carefully lowering herself to her knees, one planted securely to each side of his hips, she sat back on his thighs. The soft strands of her pubic fleece tickled his legs, causing his flagpole of a cock to jump and twitch with urgency. His daughter's eyes flashed,

watching the aroused dance of his shaft.

Lovingly, her hand reached out and caressed that massive tube of sexual meat. Toying with him, she ran her hands up and down its fat length, enjoying every inch of it from hairy base to bulbous head. And when her grasp tightened and jacked at the unyielding staff, she grinned with delight at the pleasure groans she brought from her father's lips.

She had felt him, licked him, sucked him and tasted the hot cream of his loins. Now she was ready to get down to the very serious business of fucking him.

Carefully, she pulled his throbbing prick straight up in the air so that it jutted perpendicular to his groin – a fleshy spike of pulsating lust. Holding it there with one hand, she pushed up, rising above the hardened rod.

Her father's eyes widened while she paused, poised over his cock, the hungry mouth of her cunt but mere inches from its fat, swollen head. She hovered there, knowing that the slight delay served to increase his anticipation of what was to come.

With the same deliberate slowness, she began to lower herself atop his meaty rail. Inch by inch, she descended. Closer and closer the wildly throbbing lance of sex came to the willing mouth of her wanton cunt.

"Ohhhhhhhhh!" she moaned aloud, quivering with a sudden rush of desire.

His swollen cock crown pushed through the fleece of her pubic hairs and brushed against the pouting lips of her pussy. Her first impulse was to suddenly drop down, impaling herself on his cock. But that was not what she wanted for him, or for herself.

The trim, youthful muscles of her calves and thighs tightened to support her. Then with perfect control of her yearning body, she moved downward once again.

Inward the skewering rod of cock inched. Through the mouth of her pussy, then through the delicate lips of her inner labia, and finally into the burning socket of her twat. Secure there, she released her handhold on him and continued lowering herself,

impaling her cunt on the fattened column of her father's prick.

Deeper and deeper, she accepted that massive lovewand. She felt him, every throbbing inch of him. Possessively, her cunt tightened, sheathing its folds around the bulky contours of his pussy-prodder. Slowly, ever slowly, she descended, opening her body to him a fraction of an inch at a time. Then at last, she once more sat atop him. This time, however, every inch of his cock was entrenched in the inner-most depths of her vagina.

"I'm full," she said, gazing down at the man who stared up at her from his back. "I feel packed to the gills!"

She did. Her father was deep within the core of her wanton hole. She knew his engorged glans were throbbing no more than a fraction of an inch from the ring of her cervix. He pulsed and she felt him, virile strength throbbing through the total length of his sleeved prick. It felt so damn good to savor the filling presence of his sex – her father's cock.

"Now," she said with a wicked grin, "I'm going to ball you! I'm going to fuck my father!"

She leaned forward, supporting herself on out-stretched arms resting atop his chest. Up she pushed with calves and thighs. Up she rose, her pussy inching back toward the top of the marvelous cock embedded in her cunt.

With only the knobby head of his prick enveloped by her pussy lips, she paused, undulating her pelvis back and forth. She rocked his glans within her cunt, drawing pleased moans from his lips.

Then she dropped back down.

Jason groaned as his cock shot back into the tight refuge of his daughter's twat. Fantastic sexual friction burned along every inch of his prick. The spongy interior of her young slit gripped at him, squeezing wonderfully. Again her hips rocked and his shaft felt as though it were swirling around in the grasping confines of her snatch.

Again his daughter rose on the stiff rail of his desire, then dropped. Her tits, elongated pendulums of flesh, jiggled and

juggled as they hung heavily from her chest. He reached up and squeezed them. She groaned deeply, her body shuddering with the dual stimulation of his solidly rooted cock and his kneading fingers.

When she again climbed his cock, his eyes glanced down to their joined cores. He could see the slickened shaft of his sex, shining with a coating of his daughter's pussy juices. Fascinated, he watched as her cunt once more dropped, swallowing the total length of his prick.

Last night there had been his sister Mona, and now Linda's willing young cunt surrounded him. Had anyone told him that this would happen to him, he wouldn't have believed it. But now, nothing had ever seemed so real – so beautiful. First his sister and now his daughter were his lovers.

The teenager's hips abruptly increased their tempo. Hungrily she rode his cock, impaling herself over and over on the hardness of his manhood. Her tight cunt seemed to squeeze even tighter. The resulting friction was that much more fiery.

His balls began to ache, a sure sign of the nearness of his

coming climax. It seemed impossible that he could be so close so soon after such a thorough cocksucking Linda had given him. Yet, there was no denying the mounting pressure of his testicles. And there was no denying the fact that the girl mounted atop his groin was responsible for his rising need.

To assure that her desire matched his, he slipped one hand down between their crotches. With no difficulty, he found the wet slit of her pussy lips. Dipping a finger into that juicy cleft, he once more located the button of her clit.

The results were electrifying. Groaning with wild lust, the girl's body jerked and quivered. Up and down, she fucked herself on his cock. Her fingers dug into his chest, raking at his flesh.

Lovingly, his fingertips fondled the tiny nubbin. Around and around the pea-sized bud he taunted. Back and forth over its sensitive surface he rubbed, fanning the fires that burned within her eager body.

Harder, she pumped her cunt on his swollen lance of flesh. Her head now lolled between her shoulders, rocking back and forth as she concentrated every iota of her awareness on the fat

column drilling into the refuge of her pussy.

She fucked her father. She fucked herself on his prick. Each impaling hunch of her pelvis drove closer to the ultimate of pleasures. Each crotch-slapping meeting of their bodies set her soaring higher.

She was relentless in her carnal pursuit. She fucked herself as hard, if not harder, than any man could slam his cock into the yielding gash of her pussy. She was driven by her desire, a woman controlled by a delirium of erotic fever.

Then with one hard drop to her father's crotch, she securely impaled herself on his throbbing dick. She came, crying out in the rush of pleasure that flooded her body in powerful surges.

Jason did his best to continue to move within his daughter's cunt, helping to prolong the ecstasy of her climax. Unable to hunch up and down, he rocked his hips back and forth, slashing his prick around in the hot, juicy recesses of her pussy. When her moaning groans of release rose to a keen pitch, he politely removed his finger from the trigger of her clit before the onslaught of sensations turned to pain.

Her arms shook violently as quake after quake erupted within her. Reaching out, he caught her before she collapsed atop him. Lovingly, he held her, caressing her trembling body while she rode the currents of orgasmic bliss.

And when at last her quivering subsided and her lovely eyes opened, misted by the pleasure of her release, she began to undulate her hips around the entrenched length of his prick.

Faster and faster and faster, she gyrated her pelvis, rocking and whipping him around in the clingy mouth of her belly. She hunched a little, pistoning him up and down within her cunt.

Just lying there, letting his sexy daughter fuck him brought his balls to a heady boil. He withheld their steamy load for as long as possible, prolonging the marvelous ride she was giving him. Then he let the walls of will power crumble.

He came.

Gratefully, he blasted his full load into the welcoming channel

of her cunt. Even after the recent demands her mouth had placed on his seminal reservoir, he fountained a hot flood of sperm and semen into the depths of his daughter's belly. He filled the tight confines of her pussy until the opalescent cream of his release oozed around the base of his cock and trickled into his pubic hairs, matting them to his body.

As the last throb of pleasure passed from his cock, Linda's mouth covered his, kissing him long and passionately. "Thank you," she said when they parted. "It was fantastic. Thank you."

He returned her kiss, his tongue probing the sweetness of her mouth. Then, wrapped in each others arms, they lay there, neither wishing to move and break the spell of their satisfying union of father and daughter.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Jason and Linda heard the voices as they returned to camp. Hastening their steps they quickly walked from the woods.

At the center of camp, Frank stood, his face violet with anger, veins standing out on neck and forehead. He faced Bret and

Karen. The young couple stood close together, holding each other's hands. Bret stared at the elder, his restraint more than apparent, while Karen's head was lowered, her eyes cast on the ground.

Glancing at each with uncertainty, Jason and Linda moved beside Liz and Mona, who stood nearby, watching the confrontation.

"You're wrong," Bret said, his voice quavering as he tried to control his rising anger. "You're so wrong!"

"Damn you! I know what I saw!" Frank shouted, his fists clenched, knuckles glowing white. "I saw you yesterday. And I damn well know where you two were going when I caught you trying to slip off from the rest of us!"

Neither Bret or Karen answered.

"Did you think I was stupid?" Frank continued to rage. "Did you think I was blind?"

"Frank, calm down," Jason interrupted. "Take hold of yourself and tell me what's going on here."

Frank twisted around, his eyes wide and wild. "It's your son, Jason! He's just like you and your wife! I caught these two trying to sneak out into the woods so that they could satisfy their carnal urges, like two rutting animals!"

His head jerked back to Karen. "My own daughter! I thought I raised you better than that. You little bitch, you're no better than a common slut! I saw you out there yesterday, flat on your back giving your body away. A whore! My own daughter is nothing better than a whore! How many men have you known, Karen? How much do they pay for your body?"

Jason saw the tears well in the young brunette's eyes and stream down her cheeks. "Frank, you've..."

"Stay out of this, Jason!" Frank raged. "If you had raised your son better, this wouldn't have happened. But he takes after his mother and father, loose with their morals, no understanding of what is right and decent!"

"Hold on, Frank," Jason answered. "I think you've got this all wrong. Times have changed. People don't have the same standards they did when you were young. The world is freer, more understanding..."

"Loose is the word!" Frank's eyes glared. "No morals, young people today have lost all their morals. They can't even control the baser urges of their bodies!"

Jason shook his head. He had heard all this before, the same old tired arguments straight out of Victorian England. He thought of Mona and her suffering with this man. If that was Frank's idea of strong morals, he would have no part of it.

"Frank, Bret and Karen are young. Their bodies need sexual release. They aren't made of stone. They're flesh and blood and what happened between them was natural. It's the way we're created," Jason said. "There's nothing good or bad about sexual urges; they're just natural, which makes them right."

He knew as he said it there would be no understanding from

the man. Frank was molded too tight into his rigid view of the relationship between man and woman. It was too late for him, he'd never change.

"Mona," Frank's gaze turned to his wife. "Do you think it right for my daughter to go sneaking off in the woods so that she can lie on her back for a man?"

"No, I don't think it's right," Mona's head rose defiantly and she stared at her husband. "It's wrong that they had to sneak off and hide. It's wrong that they were afraid that this might happen and had to conceal their feelings as though they were ashamed of them. It's wrong, Frank, but even with all its wrongness, what Bret and Karen share is so much better than whatever we've had."

Frank was stunned. His wife's words hit him hard, jarring him at the foundations.

"I'm not sure exactly what Karen and Bret feel for each other. But I do know both of them. They're both human beings, Frank, good, warm people. They both have a great capacity for love," Mona continued. "But even if all they feel for one another is

lust, at least they shared those feelings. That's more than we've ever done."

Suddenly, Karen ran from Bret's side and threw her arms around Mona, hugging the woman close. Her tears trickled down her face as she tenderly kissed her stepmother's cheek.

"And you," Frank turned to Liz, "I suppose you feel the same way?"

"Yes," was Liz's complete answer.

"I should have known. All of you, you're all depraved, sick people." Frank's eyes ran over the faces staring at him. "It's not too late though. I can teach Karen the ways of right and wrong. I'm going to take my daughter away from you, take her back to the city with me. Mona, you'll be hearing from my lawyers."

"No, Dad." Karen abruptly spun around and faced her father. "I'm nineteen. In this state that makes me an adult. I won't go with you. I can't live with you and your sick outlook on life anymore. If Mona will have me, I'm going to stay with her."

Frank took a step toward his daughter, then froze. "If that's the way you want it, then that's the way you'll have it. I wash my hands of the both of you. As far as I'm concerned neither of you exist anymore. You're out of my life, not even ghosts of the past!"

There was silence for a moment, as Frank caught his breath. Then he spoke again. "All I want is to get out of here, get back to a world of sanity."

Jason looked at Bret. "Son, get Frank a backpack and fill it with enough supplies to get him back to where we left the cars. Also break down one of the smaller tents. Frank can take that also."

Jason turned to Frank. "Is that suitable? You can follow the river back to where we started. If you push it, you can make it in two days."

"Fine," Frank said. "Anything to get away from all of you. To get away from this disgusting, depraved situation."

Within minutes, Bret returned carrying the pack and the neatly-rolled tent. Frank accepted them, strapping them to his back. Then, he turned and without another word walked from camp. For minutes, everyone watched until he disappeared upstream.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Frank had upset all of them. They were quiet that night as they gathered around the fire for dinner and would have probably remained so, if Bret hadn't suddenly spoken up.

"I think I should say something about this afternoon..." he began. It was obviously hard for him to talk and at first he was awkward. But he said it all, explaining everything that had happened between Karen and himself.

Had it stopped there, it would have been a completely lost effort, but Mona then explained her frustration in Frank's bed. Then sucking in a deep breath told all, including Jason and her love-making by the river.

With that the walls crumbled. Each of the two families opened

themselves to the others, revealing all that had occurred during their brief vacation. All listened and weighed what they heard, but it was Liz who seemed to find the words for all.

"It's shocking at first. We've cast away every taboo we've ever been taught and that's not an easy thing to do." She looked around at the faces gazing at her. "I'm sure that what we share with each other isn't right for every family. But for us it seems right... for now. Perhaps tomorrow it will be wrong. If that's the case, I'll have no regrets. All of this, even Frank's violent reaction to what he could never accept, has brought us all closer together. That closeness, our sharing, is something none of us should ever regret... never."

With that she extended her sister-in-law an invitation to spend the night with Jason and herself. Mona accepted. With that, the subject was closed. The family, one instead of two, now it seemed, finished their meal, enjoying the open companionship of each other.

Eventually, Bret and Karen rose. Without comment from the other members of their family, they walked to Bret's tent to share that night. Linda then offered her cousin Phil Karen's sleeping bag in her tent. Whether or not the night they shared

would be as intimate as Bret and Karen's the others were unsure, but either way, it seemed right.

Reaching out, Liz took Mona's hand and led her to their tent with Jason following. Within the tent, the three sat awhile as Mona once more recounted for Liz the details of Frank and her life together.

"Terrible," Liz said with a shudder.

"It was wrong," Mona said. "We just weren't right for each other. I see that now, but for these past months, I thought something was wrong with me."

With that, Jason moved beside his sister and held her, his lips tightly brushing her forehead. Suddenly, Liz was at his side, her lips against his ear, whispering. His balls lurched. Twisting around a bit he looked his wife squarely in the face to be sure he had heard her right. The sensuous redhead grinned and nodded.

"I think I'll go down to the river for a bath," Liz said. She rose

and rummaged through her pack, extracting a bar of soap and a towel, then walked from the tent.

Jason watched her leave, her words still repeating themselves in his ear. "Make love to her again." As he had realized time and again during their marriage, his wife was quite a woman.

He also did as she suggested; turning back to his sister, he lifted her chin and kissed. It was a soft, tender kiss, lips brushing lips. They parted, their eyes meeting.

"I want you," he said. "I want to make love to my sister."

He felt the aroused shiver course through her diminutive form. He saw the flash of lust flicker in the depths of her coal black eyes. A smile, coy and shy at the same time, moved at the corners of her mouth.

This time, she kissed him. There was nothing sisterly about her embrace. She was a woman and he was a man. Her arms encircled him, drawing him to her. Her mouth opened tauntingly over his lips, then flicking into his mouth to swirl and

tease.

From there, nature took its course. Their hands came alive fondling, caressing, touching, feeling – removing the layers of clothing that separated their bodies. Within moments, their naked flesh glowing beneath the tent's single lantern they were lying side by side, each fully engrossed in the other.

Suddenly, the flap to the tent flew open.

As naked as the brother and sister stretched out before her, Liz slipped into the tent. Pink and smooth, her body seemed to radiate sexual heat. A wide grin spread over the redness of her lips. "I couldn't get you two off my mind. I was down at the river and the thought of you two up here was driving me crazy. I hope three isn't a crowd."

With a broad smile, Jason reached up and took his wife's hand, pulling her down with him. The sexy flaming-haired woman's joyous laugh was stifled when his mouth covered hers and his tongue rammed deeply, intimately into her mouth. She moaned with satisfaction, the abundant balls of her tits rolling their luxury across his bare chest.

Not to be forgotten, Mona scooted around, her teeth nipping in the most tantalizing fashion at the nape of her brother's neck. Simultaneously, she ran a hand over the ovals of his buttocks and dipped between his legs.

It was his turn to moan. He did so, loud and long. Marvelous sensation rushed through his groin as his sister's hand playfully toyed with the weighty forms of his balls. Lovingly, she caressed their rock-like shapes, creating all sorts of crotch-tightening needs within him.

Wet and moist, the small raven-haired seductress behind him wove her tongue down his neck, tickling down his spine. The thrill of feeling that provocative tongue was amazing. Shivers of fantastic delight rippled up and down his back. Thrills that heightened as his sister's mouth moved lower and lower. Then her lips were at his asscheeks, lovingly kissing.

"My God!" He could not restrain his enthusiasm. "Your mouth is great!"

The greatness had just started. Using her free hand, Mona eased his buttocks apart and laved her tongue up and down the deep crease separating the two manly cheeks. His groans increased, as did the wanton throbbing of his stiff prick.

With flicking coyness, the black-haired woman, worked closer and closer to the dark ring of his anus. She took her time, deliberately allowing him to anticipate the feel of tongue to asshole. And when that taunting oral digit brushed lightly over the puckered ring of his asshole, he went wild, his body writhing, sandwiched between woman flesh.

Not to be outdone, Liz began to kiss her way down his chest. She paused to politely give his manly nipples the attention they deserved. She sucked at the two pebbles until they were stiff and aroused. Then, without warning, she suddenly pushed down, dropping to his crotch.

Opening her mouth wide, she swooped in on his cock, swallowing its total length and sucking like a woman who had not tasted a man in years. His balls danced around under the dual stimulation of his wife's marvelous mouth and his sister's cajoling fingertips.

Sexual electricity sizzled through every cell in his body. Mona's tongue was growing more and more intimate. Like a moist little feather, her tongue-tip drilled into the ring of his asshole. Inward, she dipped, reaming his anus. Two women, two mouths working so industriously at his body. It was like an adolescent wet dream, something a man fantasized, but something that never happened.

But this was real – so fantastically real!

He felt his balls swelling, aching. There would be no way to stem the rising tide of his need at this rate – no way any man could control himself.

Apparently, realizing his mounting desire, Liz eased back from his cock, giving it one last smacking kiss. Scooting back up she kissed his mouth and said, "There! It's all ready. I want to watch you shove that marvelous pussy-pleaser into your sister's cunt. I want to watch you fuck the hell out of her!"

The words jolted him, sending another wild flourish of arousal

streaking straight to his groin. The thought of his own wife looking on while he balled another woman was something that completely blew his mind. In all their years together, all the lovers they had taken outside the marriage bed, they had never seen the other make it with another person. To do it now only increased the passion of this moment. It was damn sexy and Liz seemed to be aroused at the prospect as much as he was.

And they weren't the only ones!

Mona's titillating tongue slithered from his bowels and her mouth was back at his neck again, kissing and licking. "Yes, fuck me, big brother. Fuck the hell out of your little sister."

It was an easy request with which to comply. Rolling over, he wrapped the delicious woman in his arms and kissed her. At the same time, he worked a hand between her thighs. The ease with which his index finger slid into the juicy harbor of her pussy answered his unspoken question. His sister was turned on and ready for the ravaging piston of his cock. Her cunt was a veritable rain forest of lubricant – hot and wet and willing.

Lolling to her back, Mona made her body an open invitation to

him. Slipping his probing finger from her pussy, he accepted that invitation. He mounted the supine temptress, his eager prick sliding into the juicy gash of her cunt with no aid from either his or her hand.

There was no art to their coupling. She was a woman who wanted a man. And he was a man very much in need of a woman. The fiery lust of their bodies was all the incentive they needed at that moment.

His hips lurched, plunging the full length of his cock into the clingy depths of her cunt. She cried out in delighted surprise. Stiff and hard, he rammed himself home, stuffing the tight channel of her vagina with throbbing manmeat.

Wildly, her small, voluptuous body thrashed beneath his impaling rod. The juices of her warm, sheltering pussy seemed suddenly to increase their flow. The pulsating column of his prodder was bathed and washed in that exciting flood of womanly fluids.

"Fuck me, brother!" she whispered lewdly in his ear. "Fuck your little sister until she begs for mercy!"

His pelvis jerked with the stirring command of her words. Upward he wrenched, drawing the fat plunger of his cock from the moist cleft of her loins. Then downward with all his might, he slammed back into that sweet furrow of flesh.

There was no way for her to escape him. The floor of the tent was no mattress on a bed. It was hard and unyielding. She felt every ounce of his soul-jarring thrust. She received every swollen inch of his lust-gorged prick up into the mouth of her belly.

She groaned beneath the crotch-slapping meeting of their bodies. Her lips writhed in pleasure and her dark eyes fluttered closed as she savored the grinding impact of their pelvises. She was pinned beneath him, feeling his full weight crushing atop her. She was skewered to his body and loving every minute of it.

Again he lurched into the air and once more swung downward with relentless fury. This time, she greeted him. Her hips arched up in bucking fashion. The trembling lips of her pouted pussy welcomed the driving stroke of his cock. She accepted him,

taking all of his fat prick into the spongy interior of her cunt, then squeezing it possessively.

Whether it was the excitement of once again having her brother within her, or perhaps that wonderfully wicked feeling of knowing that Liz watched every desire-flamed movement of their coupled bodies, he didn't know, but on the fourth ram-rodging plunge of his prick, Mona came. She cried out and clutched at him while he increased the tempo of his strokes, prolonging the soaring sensations of her climax-gripped body.

Her second release followed quickly on the heels of the first. Then the third and fourth and fifth. He knew that women were more than capable of sequential orgasms. Liz experienced them frequently. But he had never known a woman to react this way, so quickly and so violently.

That wonderful feeling of power, pleasure and self-accomplishment suffused through his body – the feeling of a man who has satisfied his woman. His sister's body shuddered and quaked with each soul-penetrating thrust of his cock. Every invasion of her juicy, pink-lipped cunt seemed to set off yet another explosion of ecstasy within her body. It was as if all the frustration and heart-break of her marriage to Frank had

suddenly fallen away and now she was making up for lost time.

"God... you... you... Sweet Jesus... you're... killing... me." Her words were barely discernible, held within the lusty groans rolling up from the depth of her throat. "Fuck... me. Fuck me!"

He never stopped. His body felt as though he had the strength to continue poling this delightfully sensuous woman – his sister – for a lifetime. He knew it was an illusion and that his own biological needs would eventually win out over his determination, but for the moment, it was a fantastic experience.

Higher and higher, the woman under his pumping body seemed to soar. Each explosive shudder of her body was stronger and harder. She was moving toward a climax of climaxes, he realized – the big one – the one that would make all the pleasure she was now experiencing seem pale in comparison. And it was his duty, his pleasure, to see that she got there.

Bucking like a lust-enraged stallion, he slammed deeply into her orgasmically-quaking cunt. His prick was a fiery brand. Despite the constant flow of her syrupy lubricants, friction burned along

the sensitive length of his cock. His balls were boiling, trying to free the flood of sperm and semen they contained.

He thought of icebergs. And when that didn't help, he thought of Arctic blizzards, of sailing ships, of sealing wax, or cabbages and kings, anything to distract his mind from the consuming need of his own body. Anything that would allow him to sate the passions of this cock-hungry woman writhing under him. Anything that would allow him to release the total ecstasy contained in his sister's body.

At the same time, he drove himself on with reckless abandon. He pistoned in and out of the pleasure-squeezing channel of this raven-haired beauty's pussy. Hard and long, he fed his cock into the hot chamber of her lust, thrilling at the sensations his rough, almost brutal fucking was igniting within his sister.

She cried out. Her voice was high-pitched, a whimpering cry of pleasure unleashed. The woman under him went completely rigid for a moment. Then her body shuddered, possessed with the flesh tremors of ecstasy. She quaked and writhed, twisted and bucked. She came, came like she had never come before in her life.

"Now it's your turn," he heard Liz whisper at his side. "You deserve it. You're quite a stud!"

His wife's hand caressingly moved over the boulder-hard globes of his buttocks to tuck down between his legs. Then her fingers were there, playing and massaging the rumpled sac of his testicles.

It was too much. The exciting pleasure of his sister's climax after climax. His own passion. And his wife's taunting fingers. It was too much!

He came!

Thick and steaming, he came. He lurched under the force of his climax. His body shuddered and quaked with a violence equaling that of the woman still lying under him. He blew his load, spurting fountain after fountain of hot come into his sister's cunt.

It seemed like hours before his cock eased in its eruption. Then

he just lay there, soaking in the fantastic luxury of his sister's body. He felt his prick deflating, slithering out from her come-drenched hole, but he didn't care. He was drained and sated, as was Mona.

At least he thought she was. He had once read that a woman has the physical capability of climaxing until judgment day. Just how true that statement was became apparent when he finally rolled to his back.

Immediately, Liz moved in. Not for him, but for his sister. The heavenly-titted redhead was on her hands and knees between Mona's open thighs. As he watched, his wife slowly lowered her head, the lips of her mouth meeting the lips of her sister-in-law's pussy.

Mona moaned, her eyes fluttering open and gazing down at the woman kneeling between her thighs. Whether she had ever felt a woman's mouth on her cunt before, Jason didn't know. But one thing was certain: she didn't mind it now.

Nor did Liz. His wife's tongue was now busily licking away the opalescent trickle of come oozing from his sister's love hole.

Pink and wet that dexterous little oral digit went to work with an ardent fervor. Hungrily, Liz lapped up the welling traces of his release. Politely she licked and cleaned the dampness of Mona's cunt.

Jason watched, unable to take his eyes off the titillating sight of his own wife on her hands and knees busily eating another woman. In the past, Liz had admitted her woman-to-woman experimenting to him. As with most men, it had turned him on. However, he had never witnessed a woman loving a woman until now. Even in his drained state, the scene before him was one of the most sexually stirring sights he had ever seen.

Wetly, Liz's delicate tongue tips ran up the fur-fringed slit of Mona's pussy. The supine woman shivered deliciously. Despite her recent climax-after-climax explosion, she was fully engrossed by the woman laving around on her twat. It was easy to see her arousal in the flaring of her nostrils and the bright gleam of lust in her dark eyes.

"It's so wicked," Mona managed to say through trembling lips. "It's so wonderful, like a man's mouth, but different, so wonderfully different!"

Liz apparently recognized that subtle difference. Tenderly, she reached out and with one hand to each side of her sister-in-law's pubis, she eased those moist labia lips apart. From his position, Jason was unable to get a good view of everything that was happening. He remedied that by swinging around a bit, so that he was positioned at Mona's feet. The view was breathtaking in itself. Not only did he get an eyeful of his sister's opened cunt with its pink, scalloped inner lips, but he had an unobstructed line on his wife's shaven love mound, upturned, its excitingly hairless lips dampened by the redhead's own arousal.

While he took in the whole scene, Liz's tongue once more resumed its cunt lapping. In light, fleeting strokes, she tickled her tongue-tip along the wet, pinkness of Mona's pussy. Her smacking, oral sounds rose and mingled with the constant moaning of the woman lying before her.

Delicately, that exploring oral digit rose up the dampness of her sister-in-law's sexual cleft, clinging at the top of its gash. The results were volcanic. Mona groaned and writhed, obviously caught in another of her sudden climactic releases.

The reason was simple. Liz had located that very special button of the black-haired woman's pleasure – her clit. Tenderly, she worked her tongue over the slightly extended nubbin. With a slow, constant, rubbing pressure, she sent Mona into the writhing agony of ecstasy, again and again.

It was a replay of the fucking the raven-haired beauty had received. Her orgasms were short and fast, building higher and higher with each blasting shudder of her naked body.

Liz suddenly changed her tactics. Easing a finger to the woman's clit, continuing to fondle that all-important center of a woman's passion, she began to lick back down to the waiting mouth of Mona's cunt.

In a sudden invasion of tongue, the flaming-haired temptress thrust her oral digit into her sister-in-law's twat. Mona cried out. Her hips jerked up, pressing firmly into Liz's face. Her arms shot out, gripping the floor of the tent with her hands as if to anchor her firmly to the ground.

To his surprise, Jason felt his limp hose-of-a-cock on the rise again. Throbbing and pulsing with renewed life, his prick rose,

standing stiff and erect as a flagpole. With each woman-hungry plunge of Liz's probing tongue, his balls lurched with increasing arousal.

There was no way he could resist that uptilted slot of his woman's shaven pussy. It looked too lonely, too abandoned there without hand, tongue or cock. Pushing to his knees, he scooted behind his wife and while she busily ate his sister's cunt, he slipped his rod into the warm sleeve of her body.

Liz groaned, wiggling her sleek asscheeks back against his crotch in appreciation of his thoughtfulness.

It would be a long time before his testicles were fiery with need, but he didn't mind. He planned a long, slow fuck for this woman, his woman. After all, the three of them had all night before them and he didn't think she would mind.

He was right.

CHAPTER NINE

The sun was high in the sky by the time Liz awakened the next

morning. She stretched, feeling wonderful. Last night had been something special – for all three of them – something she hoped they would share again soon.

She rolled to her side and glanced at Jason and Mona still asleep atop the double sleeping bag. She had never thought about this brother and sister making love, but last night she had found out just how sexy a sight watching her husband ball actually was. That he was fucking his sister only seemed to heighten the sexual thrill. Definitely something the three of them must do again, she nodded to herself with a smile.

In fact, she realized, she wouldn't mind a repeat performance right now. But neither of her lovers looked in any shape at the moment to assist her. Again she smiled, realizing just how much of a sex hungry woman she was. She didn't mind, it made her feel marvelous. It was a feeling she hoped would be around for a long time.

Quietly slipping from her husband's side, Liz stood and found a pair of blue jeans and a blouse within her pack. She slipped into them, purposely forgetting panties and bra. She felt deliciously wicked this morning and only half dressing served to prolong that feeling. Also, she wanted to walk down to the river for a

swim and underwear would only get in the way of undressing for a skinny dip.

Outside the tent, she was surprised to find everyone still in their tents. It was late. Perhaps they had all had the same type of night she had shared with her husband and his sister. She hoped so!

Slowly strolling down to the river, she enjoyed the feeling of the sun warming her body. A warmth she was more than appreciative of when she stretched out on the bank to allow the sun to dry her after a brief swim. Lying there, alone and naked seemed to fit her sensual mood perfectly. She wasn't sure just how long she soaked in the sun, nor did she care. But eventually the smell of fresh brewing coffee wafted in her nostrils. Somebody was awake back at camp and that coffee did smell good. Reluctantly, she gave in to that enticing aroma, rising to once more slip into jeans and blouse.

Back at camp, Bret squatted alone beside a small fire. Her son looked up and smiled when she approached. "Hey, today's not your turn as chief cook and bottle washer."

"I know," he replied. "But since nobody else was awake, I thought I could manage a bit of coffee. Care for a cup?"

"Mmmmmmm," she nodded, accepting the tin cup he handed her and sipping. "Hey, that's good. Think I'll keep you around as my son a little longer. It's hard to find a man that can make a good cup of coffee."

Bret laughed. "I was thinking about going ahead and getting breakfast ready for everybody. Want to help?"

"Might as well," she answered. "What's on the menu?"

"I saw what looked like a patch of wild blackberries back in the woods yesterday before..." He stopped, obviously not wishing to remind her of Frank's explosion yesterday. He took a deep breath and started again. "Anyway, I thought they might be just the right touch for pancakes."

"In my day, when a young man asked a girl to go blackberry picking, it was usually just an excuse to get her alone and make a pass," she said in jest. "What's on your mind, young man?"

"Blackberries," he smiled, picking up a small bowl and standing. He offered his mother a hand as she rose from beside the fire. "And my mother."

Liz looked at her son, unsure what he meant. "Is something bothering you?"

"Yes," he said, as they walked away from the camp, moving into the forest. "Yesterday. I've been thinking about what happened yesterday."

"I know yesterday was hard on you," Liz began. "Frank was cruel. He had no right to speak to Karen, or you, that way. However, I thought you handled yourself well. I think if I had been in your place, I would have punched his nose... or worse. In fact, I almost did."

Bret smiled. "That's over with. Karen and I had a long talk last night. In fact, that's all we did last night was talk. She had to get things straight in her head. She was pretty well shaken up by all that happened."

"And you?"

"Me too," he admitted. "Especially by what you said last night."

"Me?"

"About what happened with you and Phil," Bret said, stopping and looking at his mother. "That you and Phil had made love."

Suddenly, she didn't know what to say.

"And what Dad said about Linda and him making love," her son continued. "At first, it just blew my mind – you, my mother, making it with my cousin Phil, and Linda and Dad out there in the woods together. But this morning, I've had time to think about it some more. And I guess the shock has worn off some..."

He paused, as though he were uncertain of what to say next.

"And?" She was sure what her son was trying to say. But at that moment, she was hoping. If Jason and Linda made love, why not Bret and her?

"And, I was hoping that perhaps you felt..." he stumbled over his words, "... that you and I could... that I could make love with you."

Liz's heart was beating at twice its normal speed. This is what she had hoped for, what she suddenly realized she wanted, what she had felt for Phil and hadn't recognized. She wanted to make love with her son, to have her own son fuck her.

"Yes," she said simply.

"Huh?" Bret looked at her, as if he didn't believe his own ears.

"I said, 'yes'," she repeated, smiling widely. "I want to make love with you. I want you to be my lover."

He dropped the small bowl he held. His mouth fell ajar slightly,

as though he still couldn't believe her words. However, she could see the effects of her answer in the thickening bulge in her son's crotch.

"I think it would be easier for the both of us, if I undressed myself," she said. "That is unless you'd like to do it."

"No," he shook his head. "I think I'll have enough trouble with my own clothes. Will this be good enough?" His hand waved around the spot on which they stood. "Or do you want me to go back to camp and get a blanket or something?"

"No, you stay right here," she answered. The spot was perfect. It was grassy and concealed well enough from camp. It wasn't hidden, but secluded. Besides, the thought of someone coming out here to look for them and finding her in her son's arms already had her pussy dampening with a flow of womanly juices.

Liz began to unbutton her blouse. At the same time, Bret's fingers clumsily went after the buttons of his shirt, while his eyes remained locked on his mother.

One by one, the flaming-haired beauty slipped the buttons open to her blouse. Inch by inch the "V" of her neckline dipped, exposing a broad expanse of soft, smooth-looking flesh. Down her hands worked, laying open the sweet valley separating the partially unveiled contours of her big, heavy tits.

With her son's eyes roving each inch of her body she exposed for him, she pulled her blouse from her jeans and quickly stripped it from her arms. He caught his breath. She stood there, the slightly pendulous balls of her tits swaying lusciously on her chest. The pleasure he found in her tits was reflected in the longing caress of his gaze. She felt a warm ripple of desire and pride rush up and down her spine.

Her hands then freed the snap to her jeans and the zipper. She wiggled free of the pants and tossed them aside, to stand completely naked before her son. Her choice of no panties and bra had been correct. She had no intention of this earlier, but now it seemed so right.

Apparently, it did for him, too. Shirt cast aside, he skinned out of jockey shorts and blue jeans at the same time. His cock,

liberated from the confines of his pants, twitched like a mighty pole of lust from his youthful groin. Its slitted mouth seemed to stare at her like a tiny eye. She shivered with want.

Before he could move or speak, she stepped to him. Tenderly, she reached out and took a firm hold on his stiff rod. Just the mere touch of his virile cock sent sizzling thrills racing on a direct line to the moist cleft of her shaven loins. She squeezed lovingly, eliciting a moan of pleased surprise from her son.

"You're a beautiful young man," she whispered, leaning forward and kissing him. Their tongues played and dueled for moments, then they parted. "I think this lovely cock would like a kiss."

He didn't need to answer. The lusty jerk of his prick told her she was right. Slavishly, she lowered herself to her knees before him. Leaning to his crotch, she ran her tongue out and licked up and down the massive thickness of his sex. She felt and relished the excited thrills she sent swirling through his groin.

Then she opened her mouth and accepted the ponderous burden of his cock into the humid warmth of her face. The crystal juices welling from his glans flowed to her tongue and

she tasted him. The manly favor was one she knew well, but this vintage was something she had never experienced before. This was her son's cock she cradled lovingly within her cock-hungry jaws. This was her own son she was kneeling before, giving him head.

Sliding down the fat rail of his prick, taking him deep into her throat, she realized what Jason must have felt with their daughter Linda. She knew what her husband felt. She was feeling it now. Back she eased. The saliva-glistening column of her son's cock sliding from her tightly puckered lips. She heard him moan above her and glanced up to find his eyes gazing down, down at his mother and her worshipping lips wrapped lovingly around his throbbing dick.

Watching him watch her, she dropped back down the rigid lance of his dork. At the same time, she tucked a hand between his trembling thighs, over his scrotum and up the hot crease of his ass. With no difficulty, she found the taut ring of his anus and tapped it with a finger.

The results were explosive. Results she was prepared for. Her son's pelvis lurched, stabbing his cock into her face, into her welcoming throat. Inhaling deeply through her nostrils to fight

the gag reflex, she accepted every inch of his bludgeoning prick. She took it and worshipped it.

Pulling her head back a bit, she sucked up and down the pulsing shaft. Her tongue licked and laved around the fat circumference of his manhood. Meanwhile, her probing finger taunted the tiny mouth of his asshole. Carefully, she teased at him, eventually working her finger into his rectum, then easing her finger in and out of his bowels.

She would have been satisfied just kneeling there, sucking at her son's shaft and fingering his asshole until she felt his hot gushes of come flooding into her mouth. But Bret, as marvelous as her mouth was, wanted something else.

"No more," he moaned, quivering with the delicious feel of her lips and tongue. "No more, please. I want in you. I want to make love with you."

What he wanted was to fuck her. But she wasn't about to quibble over terms. She'd gladly exchange mouth for cunt and love it.

Carefully extracting that teasing fingertip from her son's asshole, the red-haired temptress sucked at his prong with all her might, inching her way off his lust-swollen rod. Her mouth came free of his throbbing young cock with a wet, smacking sound that seemed to echo around them.

Then without direction, she simply reclined on her back at his feet. "Take me. Push that beautiful cock up your mother's cunt."

She opened her thighs, allowing him a view of her vulnerable-looking pussy, shaven and pink and glistening with the wet flow of her arousal. She raised her arms, beckoning her son to mount the voluptuous bed of her wanton flesh.

He came to her, carefully lowering his body atop hers. He pressed down on her, his weight feeling wonderful. His chest crushed against her chest, flattening the satin-covered balls of her breasts. She moaned, every cell of her body ready to receive the offering of his young cock.

Down between their cores, his hand moved. She felt him grip the rigid staff of his prick and guide to the waiting slit of her cunt. There poised against the bare lips of her pussy he pulsed, the fat head of his prick throbbing.

She spread her legs wider, then whispered, "Yes."

He responded with a quick thrust of his hips. Up into the welcoming sheath of her juice-filled snatch, his virile shaft glided. Deep and hard, he plowed the loving hole of his mother's body. Their pelvises met, tightly pressed, and he lay still.

She did not mind. It was wonderful to have him within her. Her body was alive, hypersensitive. She felt the throbbing twitches of the love shaft she cradled in the innermost recess of her pussy. She thrilled at the hot, filling length of him.

Then he moved.

Not quickly, but with deliberate languor. He dragged himself from her body. A fraction of an inch at a time, he slithered that

ponderous tool up from the fiery depths of her cunt. Slowly, ever slowly, he raised his hips. Higher and higher, sluicing out from the caressing folds of her cunt he came.

Then, with glans remaining within the mouth of her vagina, he began a series of rapid-fire strokes. Not the deep-grinding thrust of his youthful loins she hungered for, but short, titillating jabs that drove but an inch or two of his cock into her pussy.

She clutched at his ass, trying to pull him deeper into the wanton quick of her belly, but he resisted. Instead he continued those short, quick, teasing strokes. He taunted, feeding the flames of her passion. He knew damn well what he was doing to her and she loved him for it. He was making love to her, building the needs of her body to a fevered pitch.

"Ahhhhhahhhhh!" she cried out in lusty surprise.

In one hard, probing thrust, he rammed home. Hard and long, he packed her quivering cunt with every inch of his fat cock. His ball bag, soft and hairy, bounced off the curved cushions of her ass. Then he was still, just lying there, his magnificent prick

pulsating within the burning recess of her belly.

How long she held the hardness of him there she didn't know. It was enough to just savor the filled feeling of her body. But when he did begin to move again, it was in that same pleasure-agonizing slow-motion stroke.

Up and out he moved, the blood-engorged head of his cock sliding out from her depths. Inch by inch, he withdrew. Then he moved back in. It was a marvelous tease, a fantastic taunt of sensations, forcing her to focus her full attention on his cock. And when she did, she felt him, felt every pulse of that pleasing piston. She was sure that had someone been watching they would have thought them to be lying still. But she knew, knew well that her son's cock was reaming the interior of her cunt with delicious languor.

When he upped the tempo of his slithering probes only a fraction of that tantalizing slow-motion speed, it was like he was drilling in and out at neck-break speed. But still he moved within her only a fraction of an inch with each passing second. It was a sheer torture, a torment of excruciating pleasure. It was a new, thrilling stirring of her carnal senses.

Slowly, ever slowly, her sons' hips increased the vigor of their thrusts, until he drilled in and out of her body at a firm, steady pace. She groaned, savoring the flowing motion for his young body, delighting in the satisfaction of just having him within her.

"Deeper," she urged him. "I want you deeper within me."

Immediately, his hands slid down the womanly curves of her sides to tuck beneath the cheeks of her ass. Hands firmly wedged under her rump, he lifted her from the ground. Like a sword entering its sheath, his lusty wand glided to the innermost reaches of her edacious cunt. He plowed into the folds of her pussy, the thick, swollen head of his prick opening her body to him.

At the same time, he managed to wiggle a finger into the cleft of her ass. Then he returned the favor she had performed for him earlier. He drilled that finger into the tight, tiny hole of her anus.

She went wild. The dual impalement on cock and finger was

unbelievable. She pushed back and his finger slipped deeper into the smooth channel of her rectum. Her hips lurched forward and his mighty spear of flesh skewered even deeper into her pussy.

"God!" She writhed beneath her son. "Oh, sweet God!"

She was a vessel of lust. She existed for him and him alone. She felt like a total sex object, her only reason for existing – to give her body to her son.

Even held firmly in his palms, she could move. And move she did. Her hips bucked and arched. She squeezed her vaginal muscles and undulated her pelvis. Every inch of her body was alive with his presence and she wanted him to know it. Her hands gripped his buttocks and kneaded them. She hunched and fucked, squirming and thrashing under his constant poling of virile cockflesh.

Again his hips increased the rhythm of their thrusts. Harder and deeper, he drove into her. She moaned and took him. She groaned and accepted everything his finger and prick were doing to her. She whispered into his ear, telling him all the

marvelous things he was doing. She moaned out the lewd wants and desires she held for him.

Out his pelvis wrenched. In his groin drove. Out and in, in and out, he fed his fat pussy-pleaser into the greedy slit of her snatch. He fucked her now. Love making gave way to lust and need. Harder and harder, his swollen dork ravaged the grateful channel of her cunt. Stronger and stronger, the throbbing length of his prick burned within her.

She matched him stroke for stroke. Her hips arched and thrust. She bucked under his onslaught. She pulled at him, trying to pull every inch of his manhood into her wanton pussy, trying to suck his balls with the lips of her vagina. She squeezed, tightening herself. She twisted and gyrated, swirling his massive prong around within the scabbard of her belly.

Hotter her need flamed. Higher the winds of pleasure took her. The pounding of her thighs pulsed like the roar of thunder. Then the universe exploded around her.

She came!

The whole earth seemed to tremble beneath her. Ecstasy raced in her veins. She cried aloud, cried out the total pleasure of her powerful release. For an eternity, she soared, rising higher and higher. Minutes, transformed to hours of consuming passion, held her body in a grip of desire.

Long, so damn long, she trembled and quaked, unable to do anything but to writhe there in the arms of her son. But when she finally descended back to earth, she turned her attention to satisfying the young man atop her.

It didn't take much, simply slipping her hand down between his thighs and lightly touching the taut bag of his scrotum. He came. She held him closely, lovingly, while the fires of his passion spewed up the center of his cock and blasted into the chalice of her cunt.

Deep within the core of her body, she felt the hard-pulsing, jerking throbs of his glans as the creamy seed of her son's loins gushed into her pussy. He moaned and shook atop her. He kissed and bit at her neck. He emptied the thick flood of his lust into the very receptive channel of her sex.

And when the last quivering had passed, his mouth moved to hers. His tongue probed deeply, gratefully. They lay there, holding each other, their fingertips lovingly tracing the features of their faces. At one point, he attempted to move from atop, to lessen the weight of his body, but she clung to him refusing to end this moment. She felt his cock soften to a hose within her, but still she refused to relinquish the feel of his body.

Lying there, she kissed and fondled his youthful body, reveling in the strength of his muscles. Then she felt it. There, quietly lying within the come-drenched tunnel of her pussy, Bret's cock stirred. It came to life, growing, hardening, swelling, pulsing with new need.

"Again," she simply said.

Immediately, his hips began to move.

Gratefully, she eased her son's face to hers and kissed him passionately.

CHAPTER TEN

"You and me?" Karen blinked at her step-cousin. "Are you sure?"

"Of course, do you think I'd ask you otherwise?" Linda answered, a wide wicked grin on her face. "Of course, if you don't want to..."

"I don't know," the brunette shook her head. "But I do admit it sounds sexy. But what will your father think? He made love to you, but what about me? I think he's as sexy as they come, but what will he think of me?"

"We won't give him a chance to think," Linda replied. "We'll just rape him."

Karen shivered, visibly excited at the proposed 'rape'. "But how are we going to manage it? He fell for that 'let's go for a walk in the woods' routine you handed him yesterday. But I don't think he'll buy it again."

"Like I said, we won't give him a chance to think," Linda said.

"You just wait here, and I'll bring him back."

Karen nodded. "Good luck."

"Don't worry," Linda answered. With that she turned and stepped from the tent.

As Karen had said, yesterday was yesterday. Today was a new day and Linda Jefferies found that she was far more sure of herself today than on her first attempt at seducing her father. Today she had no doubts as to the outcome of her efforts. At least no more than a bit of nervousness.

She found her father sitting beside a small camp-fire, nursing a cup of coffee. Apparently at least two others were up, because of the two empty cups on the ground near the blaze. She knew one of them was Bret, but she wondered who the other was.

"Good morning," she said, stepping to her father's side and kissing his cheek.

Jason smiled and returned the greeting, offering his teenage daughter a cup of the coffee. Linda shook her head and refused. "Actually," she said, "Karen and I have a problem over at our tent. We're not sure what to do with all the extra things Frank left behind. Do you think we should pack them?"

"Let me finish this and I'll come take a look at what he left," her father answered.

Inwardly, the sexy little strawberry blonde smiled. This was far easier than she thought it would be. Her anticipation mounting, she forced herself to be calm until Jason lifted his cup and drained the last swallow of coffee.

"Ready?" He looked up at her.

She nodded and started off toward the tent where Karen and she planned to spring their trap. Her father rose from the ground and followed closely behind.

Once at the tent, she lifted its flap and allowed Jason to enter first. Then she stepped in behind him.

"Okay," he said, glancing around the interior of the tent, "where's the things you wanted me to take a look at."

"You're looking at them," Linda said, feeling far bolder today than yesterday. "Karen and myself."

"Oh, no you don't," Jason threw up his hands and shook his head. "I'm not sure what you two have in mind, but I can take a wild guess."

"Sorry, but you don't have a choice in the matter," Linda answered. "We've already made up our minds. We're going to take you by force if need be."

Jason laughed. "Listen, my lovely daughter. You're still not too big to throw over my knee and spank. In fact, that's exactly what you two need."

His step toward Linda was his mistake. Karen reached out and grabbed one of his ankles. She tugged a bit, not hard, but just enough to make him lose his balance. He stumbled a minute,

grabbing at Linda for support. Then he fell, dragging his young daughter with him.

After that, it was a lost cause, no amount of resistance would have had any effect. Both the young teenagers were all over him at once. Their hands were at his clothes, pulling at them. He felt the first three buttons of his shirt eased from their holes. The last two came away with a snap, ripping away from the fabric.

"Hey, be careful you..." His protest was silenced by Linda's urgently-pressing mouth. Her tongue snaked out and flicked into his. He made no attempt to resist her. He just gave in, enjoying the intimate probing of her inquisitive oral digit.

"I told you we'd use force if necessary," his beautiful young daughter smiled down at him when their lips parted. "Now I suggest you just relax and enjoy it."

He did!

Lying there on his back, he watched as the two girls went to

work on his pants, dragging them, along with his shorts, from his legs and tossing them to one corner of the tent. Next they went after their own clothes, peeling them from their shapely young bodies and pitching them atop his.

"Like it or not, you're our prisoner now," Linda smiled down at him. She stood above him, her legs spread in a wide stance of defiance. The sexy position gave him a delightful view of her auburn-fleeced cunt. The pink lips of her pussy were visible through that soft, fringing fur. They looked so tempting, so ball-achingly beautiful. "The only choice we will give you is which of us do you want to take on first!"

"Both of course," he laughed, his eyes glancing to Karen as she bent to gather the two sleeping bags and toss them into the corner with the clothes. The delightfully white flesh of her perky young ass flashed like two half moons. In that instant he was given an unobstructed view of the young girl's snatch. Like his daughter's young pussy, the silky mat of moss covering her love knoll looked so soft and smooth. And those pink lips marking the cleft of her sex were so tantalizing, so enticing.

Both the girls were similar in height and build. He could visualize the exciting changes that would occur in their bodies

by the time they reached twenty-five. But now, they were impish nymphs, tauntingly beautiful and hauntingly sexy.

"Both of us!" Linda snorted, when Karen rose and turned back to her. "Did you hear that braggart! Take a look at him! Right now, he couldn't handle one of us."

The young blonde's step-cousin glanced at his crotch. He was a bit chagrined. Despite such a tempting offer the girls' youthful bodies presented, his cock was just beginning to rise. In a moment or two it would be a rigid shaft. But at the moment it was no more than a thickening hose.

"I can take care of that," Karen grinned.

Whether she meant to use her hands or her mouth to remedy his limp cock, Jason never found out. Linda threw out an arm and stopped her step-cousin from kneeling beside him.

"We brought him here for our pleasure, not his," Linda grinned wickedly. "I think we should make him get it up by himself. And if we aren't enough incentive for him, then we'll throw him out

for the wolves!"

Jason had difficulty keeping a straight face when his daughter delivered that melodramatic line. But what man hasn't dreamed of finding himself captive of two horny and very beautiful young teenagers? Half the men in the world would be willing to give their right arm to be in his position. So he played along with their sexual charade.

"Right," Karen echoed Linda's words. "I think he should give himself a hand job while we watch."

Both the girls were more than obviously excited at the prospect of watching while he played with his penis, working penis into cock. He didn't mind. On more than one occasion he had aroused his daughter's mother by jacking at his prick. He assumed that women were as turned on by watching a man stroke his dick as a man was by watching a woman finger her pussy.

Reaching down, he cradled the thickening hose of his sex in a fist. He really didn't need any more stimulus to arouse himself than just looking up and gazing at those young, firm, uptilted

breasts that heaved on the chests of the two angels standing over him. He just ran his fist up and down his rod a few times and within a matter of seconds, he was jacking at a firmly-stiffened cock.

He caught the shivers of rippling gooseflesh that raced over his daughter while he fondled himself. Karen was far from unmoved by the sight. Her breaths were long and labored now.

"That's enough," Linda managed to say. "We'll take over from here. All you have to do is just lie there."

"Great!" Karen piped looking at her step-cousin. "Now what are we going to do? As beautiful as it is, he's still only got one prick."

Before Linda could answer, Jason suddenly sat up. He reached out and took each of the girls by a wrist. Then he pulled them down to him.

"Why don't you let me worry about that?" He glanced from girl to girl. "I think we can arrange something here."

Neither girl spoke.

"First of all, it's not very polite to make a man diddle himself while two gorgeous woman are just standing around naked waiting for him," he said. "Since it was your idea, Linda, I want you to get down there and make up with me."

Immediately, his daughter scooted down to his crotch. She thoughtfully caressed his erect cock with both her hands. There was nothing rough about her handling of his shafting prick. Gently, she ran her fingers up and down its thick length, fondling and taunting it.

Jason then turned to Karen. "And as for you and the 'he's only got one cock' comment. I think you need to be shown just how many ways a man can satisfy a woman. To begin with, there's this!"

Without a hint of his intent, his hand darted out and firmly grabbed the lovely mound of her young pussy. He squeezed, gently, but with enough pressure to let her know she was in the

hands of a man.

Her response was a startled, but pleasure-filled moan-whimper. Her body also responded with a hard thrust of her pelvis. She nestled against his palm, pressing the lips of her cunt against his hand.

"Sometimes a man can give a woman pleasure just by doing this." His hand kneaded her fleece-covered mound. His fingers paid particular attention to the area near the top of her pussy lips. He worked his fingers around with extra vigor there, knowing that at least a fourth of the grinding pressure was being transmitted to that fantastically sensitive part of a woman's body – her clit.

Shudders of delight quaked through the girl half-sitting, half-lying beside him. She fought to keep her eyes open, but the thrilling sensations were too much for her. Her eyelids leadened with lust and closed. Her wide, sensual mouth opened, the pinkness of her tongue flicking behind it.

"And, if a man really wants to show a woman what he can do with his hands, there's always this," he said.

Abruptly, his fingers stopped the persistent massage. In the next second he had sent a probing digit up the dampened hole of her sweet young pussy, while another finger ran up the lips of her cunt, finding her clit.

Sheer sexual energy jolted through the brunette. She cried aloud as he unlocked the lust of her body.

"And this."

His unoccupied hand slid over the smoothness of her haunches and delved into the deep crease separating those two delightful eggshell-white ovals. Again the young girl was jolted by the surprise of his touch. His fingertip now tickled at her tight little asshole.

"And if he adds his mouth..."

He leaned forward, his mouth opening wide. He homed in on one of her creamy looking, cone-shaped tits. His lips eased atop the delectable mound. Simultaneously, his teeth nibbled, his

tongue licked and he sucked deeply.

The girl was one bundle of explosively charged, lust-laden nerves. She was doing her damndest to support herself on one elbow. But eventually the fantastic and varied sensations he was creating in her body were just too much. Her arm shook, trembled and collapsed. She wrenched her breasts from his lips with a loud wet pop. And at the same time, she impaled herself on his finger as she laid on her back.

He didn't mind the sudden interruption in his demonstration of tit sucking. For at that moment, he had another use for his mouth.

"And, if a man wants to really show a woman how he can use his mouth," he said with a slight pause for her to wonder about what was coming next, "he can always do this."

At the same time, he slithered his finger from the teenager's juicy pussy and leaned forward planting a loud, wetly-smacking kiss on the most intimate part of her alluring young body. The results were explosive. Her hands reached out and clasped the back of his head, pushing him down to her cunt.

Willingly he accepted the task she had given him. His tongue lashed out like a moist whip and licked up and down the pink cleft of her eager loins. Meanwhile he continued to apply the even rubbing pressure on her clit with that polite fingertip with which he had first located her button of ecstasy.

Finger screwing the tiny mouth of her anus, tongue lapping the juicy channel of her cunt and finger toying with her clit, he brought her to a quick and strong climax. She rocked and moaned as the combination of pleasures he generated blasted her into the sweet oblivion of sexual release.

With a tonguing kiss to her trembling pussy lips, Jason carefully extracted his fingers from the various orifices of her satisfied body.

Then he turned his full attention to the young strawberry blonde still busily fondling his prick – his daughter!

"Yesterday, you were on top," he said, watching her hands tenderly stroke his shaft. "Today, I want you on your back."

With a final parting squeeze of delight to his rigid rod, the girl complied with alacrity. She scrambled back a bit, then stretched out in that age-old position.

His loins lurched. Beautiful! His daughter was simply beautiful. Her body was seduction in itself. Lithe and trim, she lay there waiting for him. Her firm, young breasts were like shimmering domes, satin-covered pillows. The coral-blushed nipples on each of those tempting mounds were stiff and erect like delectable little mushrooms.

Her legs opened, spreading slowly. The damp slit of her sex was quivering with anticipation of his entry. An entry he delayed no further.

Moving toward her, he lowered himself atop the luxury of her young body. Immediately, her arms were around his neck and her mouth on his, tongue probing and twisting with ardent fervor. Her back arched. The excited buttons of her nipples stabbed at his chest as if they were trying to dig into his skin.

He reached between her hot loins. The throbbing shaft of his sex in hand, he maneuvered its bulb-like crown to the waiting gash of her pussy. He felt her quivering arousal tremble through her supine body at the mere touch of his turgid shaft. He paused there a moment, then eased his hips down, sinking into the enfolding channel of her belly.

Tight and hot, she accepted him. Her vaginal muscles, like velvet-covered steel, clamped down covetously. She squeezed him, making herself even tighter, molding the spongy folds of her hungry cunt around the swollen contours of his cock. The sensation was fantastic, just lying there soaking in the warmth of her young and willing body.

But she was eager and ready. Her hips began to undulate beneath him. Quick, teasing gyrations that told him what she wanted and how urgently she needed it.

He gave it to her.

Hard and driving, his pelvis answered her desire. In a steady, deep-grinding rhythm, he pumped in and out of her cunt. She moaned gratefully, her own body hunching to meet each

plummeting thrust of his body.

While her hands roved over his back, his own hands turned to her tits. Wedging palms between their tightly-pressed bodies, his fingertips brushed against the pancaking outer bulges of his daughter's breasts. Lovingly he fondled the white flesh, delighting in the marvelous feel of her, so smooth, so soft, so young.

Inwardly his fingers wiggled. He now covered the two plentiful mounds of her tits. His palms pushed down, trying to flatten the tempting cushions against her chest. He was firm, not rough or brutal. The girl beneath him responded with an appreciative sigh.

The task was impossible, but he tried anyway, lost in the sensual luxury of her nymph-like tits. His fingers scissored around the taut, budding nipples. He tweaked, not pinched, those rubbery tips, enjoying the firm insistence of their arousal.

Then he rolled the twin cushions of flesh. He kneaded into them like balls of dough. He occupied his attention with her tits to stop from thinking of the ball-aching tightness of her pussy.

That way he could prolong his ride atop this lusty, willing girl – his daughter!

His breast-fondling also brought about the wanted reaction from the strawberry blonde. Her desire-flaming body writhed sensually under him. She bucked and twisted. She grunted and hunched, fucking with unabandoned vigor. Her head rolled back and forth on her shoulders. Her eyes were closed and her mouth parted in a continuous moan.

Recognizing the height of his daughter's passion, he relinquished the hold he had on one of her tits and slid his palm down over the sleek flatness of her belly. His fingers wove through the auburn moss of her pubic muff. At last, he dipped a fingertip into the wet groove of her cleft.

There was no difficulty in locating that pea-sized nubbin of joy. Again firmly, but not roughly, he rubbed her clit. In a steady rolling motion, he massaged the tiny pressure point. His inquisitive finger-tips circled and fondled. He stroked and toyed at it. He made love to it, giving her clit all the careful, tender consideration it needed – she needed.

The sought-after results came. Her body trembled and quaked. She whimpered, the pitch of her voice growing higher and higher with the delights of her near release. Then she groaned. Her whole body bucked, wrenching upward. She came, clinging to him in her moment of ultimate ecstasy.

His cock still hard and rigid, he lay there atop her shafting in and out of her quivering cunt until the last tremor of her climax passed. With one last kiss to her still-closed eyes, he eased back, slithering his prick from her sated tunnel of passion.

Rolling onto his back, he glanced across the room. Karen was moving. She was crawling to her hands and knees. He grinned with his view of her excitingly perk ass. Creamy white half-moons of flesh were poked temptingly up in the air. As she pushed to rise, they tightened, sleek and vulnerable.

He made no attempt to suppress the urge that shot through his body. He simply reacted.

Scooting around, he almost dove across the tent and grabbed the brunette teenager around her waist. She lost her balance in her attempt to rise, falling back to hands and knees. She

grunted at the unexpected tackle. A grunt that was rapidly transformed into a long sigh of pleasure as the man behind her showered the ovals of her asscheeks with a series of taunting kisses.

Remembering Karen's emphatic response to his fingering her asshole, Jason gripped each of her hindcheeks and eased them apart. There at the bottom of that deep crease was the tiny, brown ring he sought – the puckered mouth of her anus.

Leaning forward, he kissed her there. Excited shivers of arousal coursed through her body at the intimate and oh, so sexy contact of a male mouth to her rear.

It was the reaction he expected – the one he knew would come from the girl. He was fully aware of the fantastic sensations a man could create within a woman simply by giving her ass a bit of deserved attention. He also realized that the majority of men in this so-called sexually free society were denying themselves, and their women, the pleasure of a little ass grabbing, fondling, petting, and tonguing.

The majority of women, even those too small to take a man's

prick up their backsides, went wild with a bit of ass fingering or fondling. And when a man had enough sense to touch the tight mouth of her rectum with his lips, the results were fantastic.

Such results were what he was getting from this teenage temptress kneeling on her hands and knees before him. He added to her thrilling excitement by flicking his tongue lightly over the hard nodes of her ass. In soft, brushing strokes, he worked his tongue-tip over and around the tense ring of her asshole. He laved and licked, while his hands felt the full trembling pleasure he was igniting in her willing body.

With the mounting of her moans, Karen relaxed. It was the opportunity he had been waiting for. Gently, he tickled the end of his tongue up into the hot, humid furrow of her ass. Then he licked and laved some more.

It was apparent the brunette could have knelt there all day enjoying the highly arousing feel of his tongue in her rectum, but he had other plans. His ass-eating was just a preliminary to what was to come.

Easing a hand from the warm, smooth curves of her haunches,

he reached between her legs. Her thighs spread, opening for his intimate explorations. He cupped the mound of her sex. She groaned and wiggled a little in a most provocative manner, encouraging him to continue.

He did. He ran a finger up and down the groove of her pussy lips. She was still wet with his own saliva and the abundant flow of her own juices. There was no need for further foreplay. The girl was aroused and ready. Her cunt was hot and wet just waiting to receive the hard thrust of a man's cock.

But that extra measure of care and consideration is the difference between love making and fucking, a man and a boy.

Up into the clingy socket of her twat, he slipped a probing finger. He sluiced around within her, while his tongue continued to busy the mouth of her ass. Carefully, he noted the growing intensity of her mounting shudders. He didn't want to bring her off this way. Last time, he had brought her to climax with his mouth and hands. This time, he wanted to feel her, for her to feel him.

However, he also recognized the limits of his own body. Even

after the thorough sexual workout he had with Liz and Mona last night, these two teen-age nymphs were more than arousing. While at last he felt as if his balls had been drained, now he realized that a fresh load was steaming in his testicles. The longer he could go without its blasting eruption, the longer he could enjoy these two delightful girls and the longer they could enjoy him.

Thus he carefully stirred Karen's passion with eager manipulation of her cunt and ass. He held back his own want to suddenly rise and slam his prick into her inviting cunt, knowing that her arousal was having its effects on him. He waited, feeling the increased violence of her quaking body and the deepening of her throaty moans.

At what he judged the moment or two before her climax, he suddenly withdrew finger and tongue. The girl groaned out in disappointment. A groan that quickly changed to a surprised moan when he stood behind her on his knees and slid his throbbing shaft into the quivering channel of her pussy.

There was no way he could have stopped her had he wanted to. In fact there was no need for him to move. All he had to do was just stand there while the young brunette kneeling before him

fucked herself on his rigid dork. Which is exactly what she did.

Rocking back and forth, she slid along the meaty rail of his cock. With one hand stroking the sleekness of her asscheeks, he leaned over her and captured one of the swaying pendulums of her tits in his palm. He squeezed and kneaded the pointed cone, delighting in her wild reaction. She hunched back, throwing her body on his prick, impaling herself on his swollen shaft.

She didn't take long to satisfy herself. In no more than a half dozen of her wanton strokes, she came. Her body trembled and quivered. Then her shaking arms gave out, she collapsed back to the floor of the tent, lost in sexual oblivion. Jason's cock, glistening with the wetness of her juices still jutted from his groin, hard and needy, unsatisfied.

"My God!" Linda said from behind him. He turned, his daughter's eyes were on his twitching sex. "After all that, you're still hard!"

He wasn't sure what she expected him to say. But, yes, he was still hard and he had a burning load that desperately needed release.

"Fantastic!" The girl's eyes gleamed with lusty enthusiasm. "I want to feel you again. Only this time I want you where... where you were kissing Karen!"

Her words jolted through him on a straight line to his groin. She wanted him to take her in the ass. His daughter wanted him to ass fuck her!

"Have you had a man there before?" He wanted her, but taking a woman in the ass is a delicate thing, especially when that tight round hole is virgin territory.

"No," Linda shook her head. "But I've never seen anything as sexy as when you were kissing Karen's behind. I could have come just watching you two. I want to feel you inside me there. Please!"

There was no denying that last plea.

"Yes," he nodded. "But first I need something to prepare you for me. Petroleum jelly would do, or perhaps..."

"Right!" She moved across the tent to a pack. She rummaged there a moment then withdrew a small bottle and tossed it to him. "This should do the trick."

He caught the bottle, glanced down and smiled. His daughter understood the problem well enough. What she had taken from the pack was one of the gentlest and most slippery body oils around – baby oil.

"Perfect," he said turning back to the young blonde. A wide grin split his face.

She was already on her hands and knees. Her luscious young ass poked provocatively up in the air, wagging at him. "I thought it might be," she said, her head twisting around at him.

The problem solved, he moved behind his daughter and knelt. "Now I'm going to give this pretty little ass that kiss it wants."

Placing the bottle of baby oil on the floor of the tent, he leaned over and kissed every inch of those two silky demi-globes of

flesh. She came alive with a glow. She sighed appreciatively, purring and cooing as his lips tenderly worked their way over the sleek curves of her rump. Then as something extra, he lightly ran his tongue down the dark crease separating those two shapely cushions.

"Ohhhhh!" She wiggled a bit, gooseflesh rippling along her spine. "It feels so wicked... so deliciously wicked!"

It did too, and he realized that, having had more than one woman's tongue licking around on his anus. There seemed like there were a million and one spots on a woman's body that created those marvelous sensual sensations that warmed her and prepared her for a man. No, did more than prepare her, made her want to feel a man within her body. All it took was a little time to locate them, then give them the attention they deserved. The rewards of such loving care were a sexually gratified woman, something every man wanted in his bed.

After his kissing session, he just stood there behind his kneeling daughter. His hands roved over the ripe cushions of her bottom. He caressed them tenderly, lovingly. Despite her eagerness for his prick to be embedded in her anus, he knew she was nervous and even a bit frightened. No matter how willing a woman is to

have a man, being a virgin – either fore or aft – is still being a virgin. And that means fear of the unknown, a fear that can only be conquered with tenderness. Even a small prick can look like a monstrous ramrod when it's about to enter virgin territory. And it's the man's job to see that when it does slide in where no man has gone before, it brings pleasure, not pain. He was making sure of that right now.

Firmly taking hold of her asscheeks, he eased them apart. And as he had done with Karen, he leaned forward and kissed the puckered ring of his daughter's anus. She moaned with the tantalizing sensations he sent through her. The tight mouth of her asshole only tightened harder. It was to be expected. The thought of him probing her ass was exciting as hell, but again the fear of the unknown was at work.

"Relax," he said, his voice filled with gentleness. "We'll take all the time you want. Just think, relax. Anytime you want to stop, I'll stop. I don't want to hurt you. Just relax and think about relaxing every muscle in your body."

Her head nodded. "It feels good. I'm just a bit frightened, I guess. It's like the first time all over again."

"Relax," he repeated. "Relax."

Then he went back to his licking. Moistly, his tongue washed over the hardened nodes of her asshole. He bathed them, creating all sorts of fantastic thrills for her, but at the same time always comforting her, helping her to relax, helping her to prepare her body for him, and for her.

He kissed and licked and licked and kissed. He accustomed her to the feel of his mouth and tongue. It was a new sensation for her. It was a sexy one so he took his time. Then when he felt that taut ring relax, he used the tip of his tongue to enter her backside.

There is no way a tongue, or even a finger, can be compared to the size of a rigidly-swollen cock, but it's a beginning. Inward he worked and she relaxed even more, allowing the saliva-wet probe of his oral digit to drill into her bowels. Then he licked and laved some more, slickening that tiny little entrance, wetting the smooth channel of her rectum for what would come next.

And that was his finger. While he continued his kissing and licking, he reached down and found the bottle of oil. After fumbling with the cap and succeeding in removing it, he wetted the tip of his index finger, then brought it to her ass. Sliding his tongue from her anus, he used that finger to slick the mouth of her asshole. He played around long enough to make sure she knew what to expect next. Then he wetted another finger and brought it to her anus.

"Relax," he whispered again. "I'm going to slide my finger into you."

She nodded. And he did. Gently, he pushed his fingertip into the slackened little hole. Immediately she tightened. The strong ring of muscle squeezed down on the digit invading her bowels, but he expected this. He just stood there until she relaxed again, then pushed further in, coating the channel of her bowels with the slippery oil. Again and again he repeated the process, each time giving his finger another coating of baby oil. He worked deeper into her, one knuckle, two knuckles, then three knuckles deep.

"It's wonderful," she moaned, as his finger gently slid in and out of her ass. "It's like nothing I've ever felt before. But I want you.

I want you inside me there."

That was what he was waiting for his daughter to say. Easing his embedded digit from her anus, he stood on his knees behind her and pulled her asscheeks farther apart. The slick ring of her asshole was visible at the bottom of that deep valley of flesh. He moved forward, pressing the head of his cock against the tiny mouth and stood there awhile, letting her get used to the prospect of taking him into her body from the rear.

"Remember," he said. "Anytime you want to stop, I'll stop. It's up to you. I won't be disappointed or hurt. This is your first time, it might not be the right time."

"No," she shook her head. "I want you. I know we can do it. Just go slow with me."

He had no intention of doing anything else.

"Relax, and I'll do the rest."

With that he began to push forward with his loins, not hard or with a sudden jabbing thrust, but with slow, steadily-increasing pressure. She tightened again as he knew she would, but he waited patiently, allowing her to relax her body once again.

Eventually, the taut nodes of her anus softened and flattened. The fat crown of his cock vanished into the slackened hole of her ass.

Tight! She clamped down in nervous reaction. She squeezed him hard and long. It was marvelous. The tightness of a woman's rectum is fantastic, well worth the time taken to prepare it properly. And when she relaxed again, she was ready for him. She opened up and he slowly sank into that smooth, hot, round hole that seemed to be made just to take a man's prick.

"I feel you!" his daughter cried out in joy. "I can really feel you, every beautiful inch of you!"

He knew she could. He was packed into her rectum, straining the tunnel of her backside. He throbbed and pulsed. And she was receiving every little jerk of a man's sex like she had never

received it before. For moments, he just stood there, letting her get the feel of him, letting her savor their cock-to-ass union.

Then he moved. Again there was nothing rushed or hurried about his movements. The anal channel of a woman is a delicate thing, something that can be torn or ripped if a man isn't gentle. And he was gentle. He moved in and out of her with deliberate languor. There was no need to slam and pound for either of them. For her, it was an exciting experience. For him there was the volcanic heat of her ass and that fantastic tightness.

So, slowly he eased into the depths of her asshole, then slowly withdrew. Again and again, he stroked into her upturned bottom. He knew she felt him, the thick, pulsing knob of his glans burrowing into her virgin depths, opening the channel of her back. And he damn well felt her. His balls were boiling with the excitement of that moment.

Their passion mounted, but he controlled himself. It was like a slow torture for him and her both. They both wanted it hard and fast, but he kept to his slow, steady reaming of her rectum.

And in the end, the results were much more fantastic. She came, quaking and shuddering and crying out with ardent pleasure. And he held back that burning flood until the last possible moment. Then he blasted into her virgin ass, coating and soaking the tight hole of his daughter's ass with her father's seed.

Somehow, she managed to hold her position, supporting herself on quivering knees and shaking arms until he jetted the last drop of his release into her come-drenched backside and his cock deflated to a limp hose and slithered from her body. Then she collapsed to the floor of the tent, panting and quivering.

"My God," she moaned. "I've never had such a fantastic morning!"

He smiled. He had experienced few mornings that matched it. And it was a hell of a way to start a day!

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Mona was alone in the tent. She stared at the pack standing before her on the floor. Fifteen minutes ago, she had entered

the tent with every intention of packing and preparing for the hike back.

Now she just sat there gazing at the half-finished packing job she had started. Despite her talks with Jason and Liz last night, Frank still plagued her mind. She supposed it was a normal reaction to what had happened, but it still hurt. Hurt a lot. She wished the pain would go away, but it persisted – a hollow, aching throb.

Also, there was guilt and doubt. She knew she had given her husband all she could, tried every thing to please him, to ignite the love she felt within him. But it didn't help. She felt like a failure. She knew it was wrong, but it didn't help. The ache remained.

"Damn," she muttered aloud. "Damn, damn, damn!"

Frank had caused her nothing but heartache the six months she had lived with him. And now that he was gone, walked angrily out of her life, the hurt continued. She knew it would eventually dull and fade. But right now it seemed like it would never stop. Never.

"Mother," Phil's voice came from behind her. She turned her head to see her son standing at the entrance to the tent. "Can I come in?"

"Yes," she nodded with a smile. "I was just sitting here thinking."

"About Frank?"

"Uh huh," she replied.

"I'm sorry about what happened yesterday," he said. "I'm sorry he hurt you."

"Don't be sorry, it wasn't your fault," she said. "I'm an adult, and I made a mistake. That's all there is to it."

"Still it hurts to see you like this," he said, reaching out and taking her hand.

"I know," she answered, squeezing his hand. "But I'll be all right. All I need is some time. Frank is gone now; I won't allow him to ruin the rest of my life. I promise you that."

She leaned to him and kissed his cheek. He returned the kiss, his lips pressing against her cheek near the corner of her mouth, lingering there for a moment.

"You are upset, aren't you?" she asked.

"More for you than myself," Phil replied. "I thought you and Frank were happy together."

Suddenly tears welled in her eyes as the ache returned with increased intensity. Phil moved beside her, his arms encircling her and holding her, comforting her.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to upset you," he said, his voice full of concern. "I just thought it might help to talk about it."

"It's okay. I guess I'm still a bit tender," she answered, wiping the wetness from her eyes. She looked up at him and smiled. "Really, I'll be all right. Just give me a bit of time."

Suddenly his head tilted toward hers. She knew what was coming. She had time to move away from her son, but for some reason she didn't. Instead, she sat there, letting his lips move to hers. She could feel his nervousness, his awkwardness. But she could also feel the gentle warmth of his mouth on hers. There was no insistence on his part. His lips just lightly brushed hers, remaining there. And she offered no resistance to her son. It was a tender kiss, one that reassured her. But there was something more – something that at the same time frightened and excited her.

His head eased back. Their lips parted. Her eyes rose to his, lingering there. For moments they just sat there, neither moving, neither sure of what was happening, or even if it would.

Then she lifted her hand and lovingly caressed the side of his young cheek. She smiled. He reached up and took her hand, moving it to his lips. He kissed her palm and then each of her fingers.

There was no doubt in her mind now. Phil? Her own son? Jason was one thing, and Liz another. But Phil? She shivered at the thought of taking him into her body, the thought of having her son as a lover. She wanted that, there was no denying that fact. The dampness that welled suddenly in her loins told her just how much she wanted that. But did she dare?

His eyes studied her face. He was waiting for her to make the next move, either to reject him, or accept his unspoken suggestion. Unsure of herself, she leaned forward, her lips once more pressing against his. Almost of their own accord, her lips parted, giving his tongue entrance to her mouth.

His arms tightened around her, no longer just holding her, but embracing her. She melted against her son's body, pressing close to his warmth. She trembled while his exploring tongue flicked over and under her own tongue, bringing it to life, taunting it, cajoling it. She returned his kiss, her oral digit dueling with his.

They clung to each other, as if afraid to end their kiss and end this moment before it even began. Something she didn't want

to end, something she wanted more than she had realized at first.

To assure him, she took one of his hands and drew it to her chest, placing it atop one of her breasts. His fingers tightened around the bulging mound, squeezing at her through blouse and bra.

Tingling sensations of sexual heat suffused through her tit. She moaned softly at the persistent kneading of his grasp. It felt good, but it could be better – feeling his hands on her nakedness. And her hands on his.

Slipping her tongue from his mouth, she eased her head back a bit. "Let me help you."

With that, her hands went to the front of her blouse and began undoing the buttons. Her son's hand dropped from her breast as he sat there and watched her open her blouse and slip out of it. Next, her arms tucked around behind her. There were three metallic snaps as she unclasped her bra. She wiggled her shoulders a little and the white straps slid from her shoulder and down her arms. White and jiggling her breasts came free

from the confining cups of the bra. Her son's eyes homed in on the tempting cones and their dark sleeping nipples.

"Touch them," she whispered, urging him to feel her body, feel his mother's body.

Both his hands rose. His fingers touched the deep brown pinnacles of her nipples. She sucked in her breath, her chest heaving. The excitement of having her son just feel those rubbery tips brought her nipples to life. Beneath the circling caress of his fingertips, she felt the fleshy buds swell, fatten. They thickened and stiffened with shivery arousal. She moaned, sighing out the pleasure of his gentle fondling. Her tits swirled with warmth. Her whole body seemed to focus its attention on those titillating fingertips.

Softly, his fingers traced around the conical shapes of her breasts. He spiraled downward, until his palms cupped the twin peaks and he squeezed with relish. She moaned while quivery thrills lashed through her body. She eased forward, pushing her tits into his hands, rubbing them against his palms.

Her own hands were far from inactive. She opened his shirt and

repaid the attention he was giving her nipples and tits, then her fingers slid downward, opening his jeans and stroking the bulging thickness she found in his jockey shorts. In reaction to her intimate fondling, his head abruptly ducked to her chest. His mouth captured one of the erect tips of her breasts. His tongue whipped out and lashed at the lust-throbbing point, while his lips sucked at her flesh.

She ached. Her breasts ached with the heightening fires of need. She gripped the firm stalk of her son's cock with a fist and squeezed wantonly. Up and down her fist ran, jacking at his virile pussy-pleaser. Immediately, his mouth increased the suction of his caress.

"I think we'd better get rid of our clothes," she managed to say. "I don't think I can wait for you any longer. I want you inside me, moving."

He abandoned her breasts, mouth and hands, and looked up and smiled. Likewise, she released the hearty hold on his cock. Both of them began to peel down their jeans.

He had no more than tossed his pants aside when he moved to

her naked body. She reclined on her back, opening her arms to him. But instead of mounting the bed of her body, he stretched out beside her.

His hand returned to her breasts, fondling them for a moment or two, then drifting down toward the core of her desire. Through the black patch of her pubic muff, his fingers combed. He taunted her with a tickling fingertip that ran along each side of her dampening sex slit, and he caressed the smooth interior of her womanly thighs.

Almost in an involuntary reaction, her thighs spread wider and wider, as if calling him back to the wanton gash of her snatch. Eventually, his hand returned. She groaned out in a husky voice of lust when an exploring finger pushed up into the hot channel of her cunt.

"Hot," he said, as though to himself. "You're so hot and wet."

"And ready," she added.

But he ignored her. Instead his probing finger continued its

arousal, sluicing in and out of her excited pussy. He finger-fucked her. He drilled in and out of her snatch, fanning the fires of her need for him.

She writhed and bucked, her pelvis undulating in time with his quick, sharp strokes. Her own hands returned to his cock, squeezing and fondling its throbbing length. This was what she wanted, not his finger.

Her meaning was clear. He eased his entrenched digit from the humid tunnel of her lust and mounted her.

Expertly, her hands guided the turgid rail of his prick to the waiting mouth of her belly. She positioned him there, holding his shaft until his hips thrust forth, skewering his cock into her body.

Stiff and unyielding, he cut into the juicy slot of her pussy. Her back arched up sinuously, accepting the meaty fatness of his rod. She took her son into her body, welcomed every swollen inch of his incestuous sex into her cunt. She squeezed down with every ounce of strength held in her pussy muscles. She tightened herself for him, trying to make this moment as

pleasurable for him as it was for her.

Apparently, it was. He groaned out, his body trembling. For a moment, she thought that he had come in the excitement of their union. But his cock remained hard and long, firmly rooted in the possessive hole of his mother's sex. She sighed, grateful for the control of his loins.

"Fantastic," he said with a quick inward thrust of his hips. "So tight and hot!"

Fantastic was exactly the way she felt. He was so hard and swollen within her. She felt packed to the brim, stuffed with her son's presence. Every cell in her body thrilled with shivery delight. She was solidly impaled on his skewering prick and loved it – every inch of it.

"Move," she whispered into his ear. "Move within me. I want to feel you moving!"

His hips lifted and his pulsing staff of sex slid upward from the deep recesses of her cunt. The pink folds of her pussy squeezed

tighter, trying to capture and hold him, but it was impossible. The thick head of his rod eased outward to the very lips of her love channel. Then they began their inward tunneling.

Quivering with excitement, she relished the firm, virile sensation of her son's cock burrowing deeply into the hot, spongy confines of her body. Deeper and deeper that slithery pole moved, once more filling the needs of her body. She held tightly to him, reveling in the magnificent strength of his young loins.

"My God, you're a man," she heard herself saying. It was then she realized that's exactly what he was. Her son was no longer a child, or a boy, but a man. And she was his woman.

She was his woman. The thought sent rippling arousal up and down her spine. She was his woman, and as any loving woman should do, she was stretched out on her back, opening her thighs to her man. She was giving her body to him, letting her son pole the intimate groove of his mother's cunt.

Quickly this time, his hips swung upward. With the same alacrity, they drove down. Hard and long, he shafted his

spearing lance of flesh into the socket of her pussy. Wet and hot, she accepted it and enfolded him within her welcoming snatch. She tightened herself, squeezing with vise-like persistence.

Upward his pelvis rose. Out from the aching interior of her body his manly root of flesh came. Then once again, he drilled home his prick. Her body was jarred by the strong impact of his crotch. His pelvis ground into hers. Her clit ached and throbbed, feeling the pressure of his thrust.

He was so big. Thick and long, he reamed the channel of her lust. She was a mare and he was her stallion. Willingly, she accepted the pistoning action of his prick, her pussy flooding with the juices of arousal. Lovingly, she took the skewering plunges of his cock.

Her body was consumed with lust and want for her son. For the last two nights, she had felt her brother within her. But it was nothing like this. This was her son shafting in and out of her, her own son, child of her body and its lover.

She wanted to feel him deeper, she ached to have him driving

to the very heart of her soul. Drawing her legs upward and resting her feet flat on the floor of the tent, she opened her body even more for him. His lunging strokes knifed into her, lancing even further up the greedy harbor of her cunt.

He was deep now. The fat crown of his prick was plunging deep and long. He felt as though he would drive all the way up into her mouth at any moment.

"Ahhaarrgggahhh," she groaned her pleasure for him. Her body squirmed and writhed under him. "Ohhhhh, my sweet God, it feels so good – feels so marvelous to have you fuck me!"

"Fuck you," he echoed her words. "Fuck my mother!"

His hips wrenched upward and slashed down. Inward his pulsing root came. He flayed open the folds of her cunt and rammed into the innermost recesses of her pussy. He fucked her, driving on like a man gone wild.

"That's it," she urged him on. "Fuck me hard. Fuck me hard and deep."

Relentlessly, he poled into her. Willingly, she took his almost brutal thrusts. Her hands slid down over his back and raked into the tight balls of his buttocks. Her hips lurched upward pressing tightly to his youthful crotch while her fingers pulled at him with flaming urgency.

She came. As had happened the night before, she came, then came again.

Still her son ravaged savagely into the trembling hole of her cunt. Whether or not he understood exactly what was happening in his mother's body, she didn't know. But as long as that rigid shaft of manmeat slid in and out of her, she didn't mind. She just sailed on the heightening shudders of her lust.

She came, then again, and again.

Harder and harder, his loins seemed to pump. Deeper and deeper the swollen stalk of his dick seemed to plummet into the mouth of her belly. She quaked as blast after blast of orgasmic bliss raced through her. She groaned, caught in the constant

series of climaxes that exploded within the core of her loins. She shook violently as each shuddering wave whipped her higher and higher.

In and out, the ram-rodding column of her son's cock sluiced.

She came and she came and she came!

The sensations were incredible. Each shattered her soul, yet still they came one after another. It was like being tortured with pleasure. Every nerve of her body was overloaded, yet still they accepted each sizzling blast of ecstasy.

She thrashed under him. Her body squirmed to escape his driving cock, yet at the same time, her hips thrust wildly, eating at that marvelous pussy-pleaser.

He fucked her and she came.

She was lost in the oblivion of the ultimate of pleasures. She no longer existed. She lived only for his cock and its searing heat

and the consuming passion of her body.

Out and in, his shaft drilled to the hot recesses of her cunt. Out and in, his prick lashed into her ever-greedy pussy. And she came.

She tried to find her voice and tell him of his total control of her body. But she no longer had a voice, nor could she find the words. All she could do was groan, freeing the bestial lust from her throat.

Harder and harder her body shook. Each climactic quake grew in intensity. Higher and higher she rose. Closer and closer she approached the moment when she would be thrown into another universe – a dimension where only pleasure existed.

Inward his ever-moving cock skewered. Outward, his hips leaped, dragging his prick from her contracting cunt. He alone controlled her. He alone ruled this moment in her life.

Quaking in hot swirls from her thighs it came. Like a bursting nebula it exploded within the depths of her loins. She felt her

body go rigid beneath her son; then there was only pleasure.

It was a total experience. Each and every cell of her body glowed with white heat. Colors flashed, melting into one another, flaring to burning white. Then back to the spectrum again.

Her voice – she somehow knew she was crying out in sheer delight, yet she could hear nothing, but the whirlwind of passion rushing through her ears. It was magnificent. It was the complete consummation by pleasure. It ached, it hurt – so wonderfully.

She soared there for an eternity. Then she slowly returned to the reality of the world around her. She felt her son still moving within the quaking depths of her cunt. She felt the weight of his young body pinning her to the floor of the tent. She was aware of her hips bucking and thrusting to meet each pistoning plunge of his prick.

Her need sated for the moment, she turned attention to fulfilling his. Politely, she ran a hand down between the sweating, slick cores of their bodies. Thoughtfully, her fingers

found his ball sac. The weighty rocks within that wrinkled bag jerked and twitched at her intimate caress. Upward they rose, trying to escape into the security of his testicle sac.

Still she persisted. Her fingertips taunted and toyed with the kidney-shaped stones. She fondled them, knowing that as she did, she stirred the flaming needs of her son's groin.

At the same time, she extended a finger upward, lightly touching the spearing pole of his cock. The results were explosive. When her finger tapped at his prick, feeling its length, slickened with the juices of her own body, her son shuddered.

"Ahhhhhh," he groaned, his hips lurching forward with urgency.
"Damn, oh, sweet God!"

Deeply entrenched within the caressing channel of her pussy, the swollen head of his cock jerked and twitched. Outward, from the slitted mouth of his glans, the creamy jets of his lust spurted.

She held him. She clung to his young body while he spewed

forth the seed of his loins. She clutched him, delighting in the trembling pleasure rushing through him.

His pelvis twitched as he seemed to try and work his cock even deeper into the hot luxury of her cunt. She arched her hips upward, attempting to open herself for him. She sighed as she felt the fountains of come blast into her. This man, this woman-pleasing man was her son and she gratefully received the seed of his body.

Then as the quaking trembles of his lust-sated flesh subsided, she just held him, reveling in the complete fulfillment of their carnal union.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Mona's leadened eyes opened. Above her was the top of the tent.

She smiled, remembering. She glanced beside her. Phil was still there. His eyes were closed and his young chest rose and fell gently. He was asleep.

The last thing she remembered was just lying there beneath her son, basking in the feel of their bodies so closely pressed together. Then?

She wasn't sure. She must have drifted off in the total relaxation that had suffused through her body after their love making. It had been good, so wonderfully good.

Again, she looked at her son. An impish urge to reach out and fondle the sleeping hose of his penis rushed through her. She resisted the impulse, letting her son sleep.

Closing her eyes, she listened. From outside came the sound of birds singing in the woods. But she couldn't hear anyone moving around in the camp. It was almost noon. Where was everybody? Even if Jason and Liz had slept late, Frank was always an early riser.

Frank!

Memories flooded back into her mind. The hollow ache returned. But somehow it seemed more dulled than before. She

smiled to herself. Perhaps in a week or two, it would be completely gone. She knew she would always have memories of Frank, a few good, mostly bad. But that was as it should be. To forget the hurt and the pain, that was the way it was supposed to be too.

She glanced across the tent to her unfinished packing chore. Sooner or later, she would have to rise and complete the task and start back home.

Home? She shook her head. There was no home waiting for her now. If she knew Frank, she would find all her things waiting for her on the front porch, as would Phil and Karen. Suddenly, she felt sorry for her stepdaughter. The girl had probably been hurt more by Frank than she had. But Karen was a strong girl; she would get over her father's rejection sooner or later. And she would find a man to love her – perhaps even Bret. Who knew what waited in the future.

Home?

Her thoughts returned to the house. And that's exactly what it had been to her, a house not a home. She could get a motel

room for herself and Phil, and of course, Karen, when she got back to the city. It shouldn't take too long to find a suitable apartment for her family. Thank God, she hadn't listened to Frank and quit her job. She shuddered at the thought of trying to locate a decent job during these rough times. They wouldn't have the money they had with Frank's salary, but she made enough for them to live comfortably. And there was the money she had tucked away for Phil's college expenses. Perhaps if her son and stepdaughter got part-time jobs, she could stretch that savings account to cover both their expenses. It would be tight, but not hard.

She smiled to herself again. It didn't look that bad now. All she needed was to think things out. She didn't kid herself. It wouldn't be easy at first, but she could and would make it. She would, of that she was sure. She had done it once before, after Tom's death, and she would do it again.

Divorce, there was no way to get around that. Not that she wanted to. She and Frank had been heading in that direction ever since they had taken their marriage vows. If he hadn't recognized it, she had. Even though she had tried to push it from her mind. Now that she faced that fact, it seemed for the best. There were other men in the world, and she was still an

attractive woman. This time, however, she would be cautious and make damn sure she knew exactly what type of man she was getting involved with. And if that meant sleeping around a bit, again that seemed for the best – perhaps even fun!

But what about Phil?

She looked over at her sleeping son. She wasn't sure about that. Something new stirred in her breast when she gazed on him now. Yes, she was still his mother, but there was more than just motherly love. They knew each other's bodies now; there was no way to change that. They had taken each other as lovers. Perhaps it would be only for this day?

She knew it couldn't be forever. Her son was a man now. He had to seek a life and a woman of his own. She couldn't and wouldn't use her body to hold him to her. After all, he was her son. And there were other men in the world; she was going to find them.

Perhaps they would share each other's bodies again. The thought warmed her. She would enjoy that. If it happened, it happened. Nothing more than that.

Karen and Phil? Again, if it happened, it happened. Three days ago, she would have been shocked by the thought. But now, it seemed natural and right.

Her eyes drifted over her sleeping son's body. She visualized him making love to his stepsister. She felt the sudden dampening of her loins as the sexy vision of their two young bodies flashed through her mind.

The urge to reach out and toy with his penis returned. She shivered and listened. Still she could hear no one moving outside.

Why not? The thought thrilled her. Why not wake her son and feel him within her one more time. Her hand trembled as she reached out. A mere inch from that tempting hose, she stopped and smiled. No! There was a better way to rouse him.

She slid down along his side until her face rested next to his groin. Softly she kissed him. He stirred. She kissed him again. He moaned. Within a few minutes, he was awake – every inch of

him.