



# FAMILY DRAMA

Son has a plan for several ladies in his life

## ABSTRACT

*A reimagined tale by Scouries  
told by*

**CB\_Grl\_Dani**

Incest | MS | SB

## Author's Notes:

This story is inspired by *Scouries Two Pregnant Moms & A Sis?* Dearest Readers, while this story borrows the original story premise, I have changed it to suit my narrative while keeping the characters, and some lines of dialogue. from the above-mentioned story. The character portrayals have been changed to suit my writing style and many other things were fleshed out.

I sought the author's blessing but after waiting a month with no response (he hasn't been active here since Nov of 2020) so I am going ahead with my story. I hope you enjoy my take on this tale.

## Chapter 1

My story begins in the here and now but we will be covering details of the past and recent past as well. My name is David Michael Taylor. I am 18 years old and as of this point in my life only a few months away from graduating high school with honours. I am the only son of Kenneth and Sophia Taylor. I am 6 feet tall and have a runner's build to me as I am a cross country and track star for my high school in California. As such I have a nice tan and physique. I have my mother's blue eyes and black hair but my father's handsome looks and a pale complexion (normally).

I spend quite a bit of time at the beach with my friends and date quite frequently. While most of my friends chase society girls I prefer girls that most of my social circle would say are

socially beneath us. I don't have the same attitude as I prefer women that while beautiful, are more down to earth and have a good head on their shoulders. After all, women age, and some of them very badly. I have seen many a pampered princess age badly from teenager to adult and have nothing but their trust funds to fall back on.

Moving on to my family life, My father is a very wealthy businessman and my mother has been a stay-at-home mom all of her life. Life changed for my family when I turned 15. My dad called my sister and I into his study and announced that he and our mom were getting a divorce. Over the past few months, there have been many tense moments between mom and dad but neither my sister nor I were able to ascertain the nature of said arguments, that is until now.

As upset as I was by this news my sister was infinitely more so. She yelled and screamed at my dad about destroying our family and for what? Dad didn't answer him but as I looked at my mother I had a sneaky suspicion that she knew, she just didn't want to say. So, by month's end, dad had moved out of our house and closed on his new... well mansion for a lack of better words. It wasn't billionaire big (as dad wasn't a billionaire) but it was still larger than our current house and so far he would be the only one living in it. He of course said that he wanted us to visit him and that he would set up rooms for us.

Krysta was very adamant about not taking him up on the offer (at first). It took a year before she would spend more than a few hours with dad after that. She was mommy's girl and the two were very close. While most teen girls are breaking away from their mothers at this age in an act of rebellion my sister and mother were the best of friends. While I don't think Krys told our mother absolutely everything that she did I do know that they shared more so than other mothers & daughters. Still, mom wanted Krys to have some kind of relationship with our dad so eventually, mom convinced her to start spending some time with the man as he was considerably older than mom and she knew that with his active lifestyle that he was bound to die at some point in time.

Continuing down my family tree with my sister. Krysta Marie Taylor is 20 years old (thus, two years older than I am). She was born shortly after our parents were married (by months). Her birthday is February 21st and she was born in 1986. Krysta grew up taking part in ballet but shifted to gymnastics until her bust grew so large it became difficult for her to properly compete. As such, she switched to cheerleading. She became captain of the cheerleading team in her junior year beating out all of the senior girls. My sister has dark hair that seems to get darker the longer she is in the sun. She has my mother's olive-like complexion inherited from mom's side and dad's green

eyes. At 20 she has filled out over the years to a very shapely 32C-22-34.

My mom, born Sophia Rosa (nee Fratelli) Taylor, came from a nice second-generation Italian American family. They owned a modest little vineyard and had their own brand of wine that does quite well throughout the state. While they would never go national, choosing to do things like their family did in Italy, they were well enough off. As I tell this story my mother only turned thirty-six this spring. I have been told (not that I needed to be) that she was impossibly beautiful for a woman who had two adult children. Mom had long wavy black hair that normally fell over her shoulders in a fiery cascade that simply led one's eyes downward to the full, round, still high, and firm breasts that screamed to be cupped and caressed. While I don't know how my parents met I do know why my father was so instantly taken with her after seeing her high school photographs.

Traveling down from her bust, next was her ridiculously small waist, and then the flaring outward of hips and her... ass! There was no question about it, my mother was hot! A fact that my friends almost inevitably pointed out to me after seeing her. Life got even worse after American Pie coined the term MILF. While in high school, if I felt strongly enough about a girl, I would introduce them to my mother (they already knew Krysta as she was very popular). Despite my mom introducing

herself as my mother, none of my girlfriends believed that this stunner was old enough to be in her 30s, much less a mother of two.

This brings us to the antagonist of this tale. Kenneth Oswald Taylor: Dad has always had an eye for younger women (and sometimes girls). Our father was married once before. His first marriage began as an 18-year-old college freshman. Dad met an innocent young girl for, the first time away from home and she was immediately smitten by my father's intellect and sophistication. The woman's name was Nia Potok.

Nia came from a large Greek family and was the youngest daughter and the first to go away to college. She was also the first to defy tradition and date outside the Greek community and thus was ostracized when three months after arriving at college she fell pregnant from my dad's viral sperm. To save face in his family's social circles and stop a scandal that the girl's parents were threatening to make, Kenneth Taylor married his baby momma. Nia immediately dropped out of school at her parent's insistence and raised their daughter, Alana Taylor, while dad managed to graduate college with a degree in business while supporting his new family. He interned with a very prestigious company starting in the summer before his junior year and when he graduated had a high-paying job waiting for him.

During his marriage to our mother, Dad never spoke of his first family. He also has never said why but he one day abruptly walked out on his family. From what I've learned talking to... someone, his in-laws never took to dad, no matter how good a provider he was. When the divorce was finalized my father gave up all parental rights to his daughter and was cut out of her life. While Krys and I knew we had a sister named Alana that was all we knew. Dad only had one photograph of her and that was from her third birthday.

Two years later he married our mom. Neither mom nor dad had ever fully explained how they'd met and fallen in love to either of us (well... at least me). Within a year of their marriage, Krysta was born and 18 months later I came along.

Krys and I were at the door the day Dad came to pick up the last of his things. Krys stood with her arms crossed in front of her breasts and was glaring daggers at dad for being so selfish and for hurting our mother. I was equally mad but hid it well. I have long since learned to properly mask my emotions from everyone around me. Mom was in her room crying hysterically at the notion that her family was for all intent and purpose, no more. I handed dad his last box not wanting him to stay any longer than necessary. He said that he would see us later when he was all settled in so that we could go furniture shopping to

decorate our rooms at his house. Krys stopped off in a huff, not even saying goodbye. She had to go lay next to our mother and comfort her broken heart.

~ March 17th, 2006 ~

Have you ever had that sinking feeling of impending doom even though there are no signs to the contrary? You're just minding your own business when all of a sudden the hairs on the back of your neck (or arm) stand up on end? Or how about you're just minding your own business and your pulse begins to race? Always go with your instincts, because they're usually right. I knew something was coming when after settling into my room at my father's house he calls my sister and me into his study to "Talk".

The last time something like this happened (in our family home) he broke the news that he and our mom were getting a divorce. Based on his track record I could hardly wait to hear what he wanted to "talk" about. He waited until my sister and I were in our seats and comfortable. Then he asked us if we were all settled in.

"Dad... what do you want to tell us?" My sister asks. She too remembers all too well our last "Talk".



"I'm getting married." Dad just blurts out. I facepalm myself as the words leave his mouth. Dad never was one for subtlety.

"WHAT?" My older sister screeched. Her scream was so loud that I think that the neighbors at the end of the block heard her.

Looking back I really should have known what was coming when he called us into his den and said he'd like to discuss something serious. While Krysta is more observant than I am she doesn't visit our father as often as I do. Krysta is fiercely loyal and protective of our mother ever since the divorce and as such only visits dad once every few months. As such she never knew that our father has been dating Katrina Sloan for the past year. Since the divorced dad has dated several women that are very much like Katrina but none of them lasted very long. I have to admit, I was surprised when he made it to one year but was sure she was so long-in-the-tooth now that he would be trading up for a younger model any time now. Apparently, he was waiting to tell both Krysta and me at the same time so that if we went nuclear he only had to endure it once.

Truthfully I thought that we were going to have a heart-to-heart about how we were doing in school... or that he was going to offer us a summer job at his company... or even maybe

a little discussion about our love lives. Boy was I wrong, but as I've been worried about that last item a little relieved as well (more on that later).

"But what about Mom?" Krysta asks.

"Honey, your mother and I have been divorced for a while now. We've both moved on."

"Moved on? Moved on to fucking where... and with whom?"

My father moves over to his desk and picks up a framed photograph that he had turned down before we came in. As a frequent visitor, I knew all too well that the photo was not of any of us. My father moves within arm's reach of Krysta and presents the photo to her. He is smart enough not to hand it to my sister as she would probably either drop it or throw it.

"Her!" Krysta says in a loud tone. "Dad... you're sixty-two. She doesn't look any older than me." My sister states in an accusatory tone.

"Katrina is a university graduate with a Master's degree in psychology... and for the record she is Twenty-six," Dad said softly, knowing how much his words had hurt my sister.

"Ohhh... I'm sorry... she's almost the same age as our half-sister!"

I vocally groan when Krysta says that to our father but not for the reason most would think. As I turn my back to the two for a moment I can't help but think that Krysta is throwing tact out the window this time. For some reason, it had never occurred to my sister that our elderly dad would possibly remarry, especially to someone as young as Katrina. However, given his history, it shouldn't have been a surprise.

For the last three years, I'd been spending my time between two houses. At first, I found it to be a weird experience, but for a horny teenager, it had certain advantages. Firstly both of my parents spoiled me in an attempt to gain my favor over the other. This meant that I had lots of spending money as my mother loved to give me "dad's money". Krysta took money from mom but never my father (so dad just gave my mother the money he would have handed to Krysta himself). Second, I had access to very nice cars via my parents the moment I got my driver's license. Mom wasn't going out much and Krys was given a fancy new Audi for her 18th birthday. As such I could

drive Mom's sports car which she seldom used and dad's whenever he was out (which was often). For my 18th birthday, my father gave me a motorcycle (specifically a crotch rocket). Being in sunny California he informed me that it was the perfect ride as my dates would have to hold onto me tightly. My dad was a fountain of wisdom but this is one little nugget that I completely agreed with him on (and I could still use his car at my leisure).

Krysta went on a rant for another fifteen minutes until she was all yelled out from her huffing and puffing. While she was recovering Dad informed us that the wedding was set for the Saturday of Memorial Day weekend.

"That's only a few weeks from now dad, and I'm going to be leaving for Europe the next day," Krysta complained.

"I'm aware of that sweetie. But between all of our schedules it was the only day that fit," he said, then added, "I was hoping that you will both come. Just because I'm not married to your mother doesn't mean that I don't love you both. It would mean a lot to me if you both came."

"I'll... I'll think about it," Krysta says. She crossed her arms in front of her breasts, stood up, and stomped away as she used to when she was younger.

"And what about you son?" He asks me, hoping I will be more accommodating.

I was very reluctant to go. I felt the same as Krys did, especially regarding our mother. However, I had an anterior motive to go. So, I promised him that I would be there. But on the condition that I could bring a date. Dad readily agreed. He asked me to see if I could persuade Krys and I told him that I would do my best but reminded him from who she gets her stubbornness (the answer was him). He sighed and wished me luck. As I left the room I knew what his next two requests would eventually be and I couldn't wait for them to come. I grinned thinking back to my statement to him and how easily I played this to my advantage.

~ March 18th, 2006 ~

I normally sleep in on Saturdays but today I was rocked out of my sleep by an incessant knocking on a door. However, it wasn't my door being knocked on but my sisters. From the sound of the voice, it was Katrina trying to talk to Krysta. I

looked at my clock through bleary eyes and saw that it was 10:12 in the morning. As it was Saturday dad would be out golfing with his work buddies trying to score more accounts with wanna-be golf pros. He would be gone until almost dinner time. As I roll onto my back and sigh I can hear faint bits of the conversation happening through my sister's door.

"I know you're angry... maybe hate me," she started trying to appeal to Krysta via psychology. Having spent 18 years with the woman I could tell Kat to save her breath. No one, save my mother can get through to Krysta if she doesn't want to.

I heard the door fly open and could imagine the look on my sister's face as I clearly heard every word my sister tells our soon-to-be stepmother, "Hate you? You're damn right that I hate you. Breaking up marriages... fucking old men for their money," She accuses our soon-to-be stepmother.

"Krysta, you don't know me or anything about me. Firstly I hadn't even met your father when your parents divorced three years ago. I only met him two years ago."

"What about the money? I notice you didn't object to that point."

"I don't care how much money your father has. He could be a lowly bank clerk working for minimum wage and I would love him." Krysta says in her defense.

"Kryst, you're twenty-six years young... you're almost the same age as my half-sister! Can't you find somebody your own age?"

"Age is a number, Krysta. The truth is that despite being in his sixties your father is still very... virile. More so than any other man that I have ever known. He loves me and I love him and we're going to be a happy family." Katrina states standing up to my sister.

As much as I love my sister I am actually proud of Katrina for standing up to Krysta. I had a variation of this conversation with Katrina when we first met, but I was much nicer about it. There is a long silence after Katrina's declaration and I wonder if one of the pair is dead. As I contemplate getting up I can't help but think about Kat. Katrina Sloan was just about the hottest woman that I have ever seen. She was easily one of my top 5 hottest (attainable) women. After spending time with her I quickly discovered that Kat was very smart. Most men probably took one look at her and assumed that she was another bubble-headed blonde coasting by on her looks. I knew that Kat could easily have had anyone she wanted but for some reason, she'd chosen my 62-year-old dad. If I'm

completely honest I have had a hard-on for her ever since the day dad introduced her to me. Sure I was loyal to my mom so I didn't immediately warm up to her but eventually I let her in and we developed a cordial relationship.

I'd even lain in bed stroking myself as she and dad went at it on the other side of the house. She was a screamer and even the supposed soundproof construction of dad's new house couldn't muffle Katrina's groans of pleasure as she writhed under his prick. I'd even watched them once. Had watched them late one night, had stood in the darkened hallway outside their room, naked, my throbbing prick in hand, as dad had pounded deep inside of her. I'd had to fight myself to stop rushing into the room and pushing my old man off her and replacing him. My hard cock had finally spurted gobs of cum against the wall even as Katrina's orgasmic screams echoed around me. I knew I still wanted to fuck her even after dad's marriage announcement.

It was quiet for some time but eventually, Kat started talking again. "Look, I don't expect you to love me... maybe ever. I know you are loyal to your mother and I respect that. I'm not trying to replace your mother, I'm just in love with your father and I want us to get along. One day, maybe... you'll let me and hopefully, we can be friends.



"And what about my mom?" Krysta asks in a demanding tone.

"Krysta, your parent's marriage has been over for years. Your dad has moved on and eventually so will your mother. After all, she is young... rich... and very attractive. Eventually, she'll find someone new."

"What, she'll go out and find some twenty-year-old boy toy and live happily ever after?"

"If that's what she wants... why not?" Katrina asks.

I can tell my sister is fuming at the notion of my mother with a younger man, heck, probably any man. Finally finding her voice, Krysta says, "We're done here. You can leave now!"

"I'll leave... but remember, you'd better get used to me Krysta because I'm here for the long run!" Katrina barks.

Krysta slams the door and with a loud groan, I hear Kat stomp off and slam the door to the master bedroom. I am smiling, my arms behind my head as I lay naked thinking about the two women and their verbal tirade.

"Yeah... but will dad be around as long as you?" I say to nobody in particular. Based on my mother's prior statement I gave Kat no more than four years before dad's eye began to wander again.

~ March 21st, 2006 ~

Krysta and I returned home on Monday. As we both had spring break we didn't have to be up early so we had breakfast with dad and Katrina before we said goodbye and we drove home. Breakfast was a little tense as Krysta and Kat were still not talking beyond necessary bits over breakfast. I felt forced to broach the subject of asking dad if he had informed mom about his impending nuptials. Dad said he'd meant to do it before the weekend was over but as he hasn't talked to mom in almost two years I hadn't held my breath on that. As such, I told him not to bother, and that I would do it as it would be better coming from me. Dad agreed and thanked me for stepping up to help him out. After Krysta and Kat left the kitchen dad proceeded to ask me if I would be his best man. I wanted to laugh. Not because I was insulted or wouldn't do it... but because he wasn't brave enough to ask me when Krysta was around. Still, he was my dad and he treated me right so I (reluctantly) agreed to his request.

My sister and I walked in at 10:30 that morning. Lacking tact seems to be a genetic trait as before I could work up to breaking the news to mom Krysta blurted it out like the US Government dropping a bomb on our enemies. Surprisingly, mom's only reaction to my news was, "I'd like to strangle that prick."

"She's just a little, fortune-seeking slut mommy," Krysta tells our mom.

The two Taylor women traded wicked barbs about my father before mom's resolve melted and the truth of the moment came crashing down on her. Mom's stoic face broke into sadness and the tears started falling like a heavy rain shower. Krysta rushed to hug and console our mother who was so distraught.

I could tell the news was very jarring to mom. I was immediately at mom's side and comforted her as well as I saw tears welling up in her closed eyes. In the time since dad had left her, mom hadn't had sex as she never went out, and never met with any men her age... in all honesty, I think I was just about the only man in her life save when my guy friends came over. I suppose she could be having a secret daytime tryst but she never seemed sexually gratified so I highly doubted that was the case.

"I think I need to go lie down." My shattered mother announced.

"I'll go with you mom," Krysta announces.

I know she wanted a little girl time so I said I would make them some tea and bring it to them, which I did. Mom thanked me and kissed me on the cheek and Krysta asked me to close the door on my way out.

I left the two of them alone for just over two hours. During that time I changed out of my clothes and into a pair of sweat shorts and a t-shirt. It was very quiet in the house so I felt the need to go check on them. I open moms door and peek my head in. "Are you guys okay?" I asked from the doorway of mom's bedroom.

"You're all bastards," Krysta announces upon seeing me. Finding that they were both alive I approached the bed. "Bloody men!" My sister adds.

I had come to try and comfort mom but still, I couldn't help but notice what they were wearing. Mom was in a gossamer thin, light blue, v-necked satin slip, her large areolas easily seen

through the material. Krysta was in a yellow slip that reached mid-thigh and struggled to contain her breasts, full, round orbs that were spilling out the sides of it. Neither seemed to be wearing panties. If they felt embarrassed that I was looking at them they didn't show it nor did they seem to take issue that I was just about leering at them. While I haven't had a chance to see my sister in this state of undress in quite some time it is more common to see our mother like this. She tends to drink a lot of wine with dinner and as the only other person in the house, I have to help her to bed.

As such I help her get into her night clothes and while I have never seen her in all of her glory, some of her nightwear leaves very little to the imagination. Over the past several months, with the two of us living together just across the hall from one another I have slowly realized that I wanted to make love to my mother! I crawled up the bed and then, after sitting between the two, put my arms around them and pulled them against me. "I love you two," I said as I gave each of them a squeeze.

"Yeah sure," Krysta grouched.

"Is... is she... beautiful?" mom asked, her watching eyes dark pools of despair.

"NO!" Krysta declares. Mom smiled but then she turned to me. She knew Krysta would say that if it were Miss America.

"Katrina is dad's type mom," I say.

"You mean she's young." My mother states.

"How... how young."

I tried to work around the actual age but again... Miss Tactless had to chime in.

"She's twenty-six."

Surprisingly, our mother laughed at Kat's age. "That old... wow... I'm surprised. She must be something as she only has about four years with your father... maybe a few more." As Krysta and I had long ago done the math on when we came along we both laughed at moms statement.

"In all honesty mom..." I began, "Katrina is beautiful..." I could see the evil glare coming from my sister but continued, "BUT..."

Compared to you, dad must be going blind in his old age or is just senile."

"And why is that David?"

"Because, he had the most beautiful woman in the world as his wife and the two of you created the second most beautiful woman when you made Krysta," I tell the pair.

"Thank you, David. You are so sweet but I knew what your father was like when we met. I should have started preparing myself for all of this when I turned thirty."

"Why?" Krysta asks.

"Because honey, the truth is I'm getting old," mom lamented.

"Oh mom... you're not old, you're young at heart, you're full of life and you still look amazing for having two adult children," Krysta stated. "Besides, Katrina is just another in a long line of Barbie doll-liked blondes. They're a dime a dozen whereas we are two of a kind." Mom smiled at my sister's praise. I had thought three to myself but that was neither here nor there at the moment.

"Krysta's right mom. After all, if I wasn't your son... or Krysta's brother, I'd..." I added, leering suggestively at the two women as I squeezed them.

"You'd what?" my sister challenged, an invitation in her eyes even as she pushed her thinly covered breast into my chest. Her nipples were hard as they poked against me.

Turning to face her, I move so that are noses are touching. I see her gulp as I stare directly into her eyes. I boldly state while never breaking eye contact with her, "I would fall head over heels in love with either of you."

"Oh, honey... you are the sweetest man on Earth." My mom says hugging me tightly.

"Yes..." My sister says just above a whisper as her beautiful breasts press against me, "he is." I can feel her heart pounding in our close proximity.

I place a soft kiss on her nose and then re-adjust myself so I am on my back and holding my ladies against me. I can tell Krysta is blushing as her body is radiating heat. I decide not to say



anything else. Mom and Krys snuggle up against me in their slightly inebriated condition. My mother is on my right side and Krys is on my left. Mom's eyes are closed and her right hand is on my chest while my sister's left hand is on my stomach. I feel something graze my cock head which is barely being contained by my shorts. Krys is looking into my eyes for a moment before she places a soft kiss on my nose while she traces the shape of my raging hard-on. Seeing our mother shift she moves her hand from my dick up to my peck. She closes her eyes and with a smile on her face drifts to sleep. I just lay there for some time, too excited to fall asleep. Visions of these two exotic beauties naked as can be fill my every thought.

As I am not keeping track of the time I have no idea how long it is before I again feel a soft hand on my cock. Only this time it is on the right side and that means that it is my mother. I look over and see that her eyes are still closed, her breathing is the same, but her entire hand is resting on my cock. Her mouth is agape as she runs her hand up and down my rigid member. Looking at her I can tell, even if she is really asleep, she is excited. I decided to test the waters and let out a loud moan of approval. My mother's hand snaps back and I feel her body twist in the bed.

Smiling wickedly, I turn and pull my mother back against me. As she is smaller than me her body fits against mine and I press my cock deep into her ass. Mom gasps at this and deciding to

be really wicked I begin dry-humping her ass. I feel my mother lift her left arm up and cover her mouth, afraid to do or say anything. My hand that was under her left tit cups the breast and I begin feeling her for the first time. Eventually, the taboo nature of this is too much for me and I explode within my shorts. Surprisingly, my mother doesn't move after I finish shooting off in my shorts. with my hand still firmly holding her massive tit I lean down and kiss her neck, her thinking I was either dreaming or remembering a past lover. Krys's arms likewise come around me and she presses her body against mine. No one says anything if they were awake. we just stayed like this and slept.

~ May 2006 ~

The following weeks seemed to fly by and suddenly it was the day of the wedding. Krysta had just finished her doctorate in Psychology the first week of May. That Saturday dad asked me to bring Krys with me as he said we needed to discuss something. Katrina was in his office and asked dad and me to leave the two of them alone. Dad and I did as asked but I stood outside the door in case I needed to rush in and pull Krys off of Kat. Surprisingly, there was no yelling, no screaming and when all was said and done Krysta came out and said that the two of them were going dress shopping. They abruptly left just like that and I had to look at dad.

"Don't ask me... I will never understand women." My father stated.

"David, will you please come with us?" Katrina asks sticking her head back in the room. If I were to guess I'd say Krys asked for my presence... just in case.

For the next few hours, I got to watch my sexy sister try on and be fitted into the striking bridesmaid dress. While the seamstress went to work on my sister Kat showed me some photos of her other bridesmaids who have already had their final fitting. Taking her phone I examined each photograph through the eye of a sexually active 18-year-old. While all of her bridesmaids were quite lovely none could compare to my sister. Every one of them would be a fabulous fashion model, but none of them held a candle to Krys figure-wise.

While not quite as full-chested as our mother, her round, full orbs certainly reflected her genetic inheritance and easily outclassed all three older women by at least 3 inches and one cup size. Not to mention my sister's heart-shaped ass was so bubbly compared to the older women's barely there backsides.

"David, can you please come here and tell me what you think?"  
My sister asks wanting my opinion as opposed to the bride's.

I enter the room and the seamstress is about to object but Kat sees and informs the woman that we are siblings so she retracts her objection... the fool. I close the curtain and immediately see the issue. "That bra doesn't go with the dress," I said as I walked around my sister.

"I know, I'll have to wear a strapless bra or something similar."

Deciding to begin my plan I take the initiative. "If you want my honest opinion... you should go topless," I was now well within arms reach of my sister as I first kiss her shoulder which earns me a moan and she reflexively closes her eyes for a moment.

"But." she starts to whisper.

"No buts," I say. With her eyes still shut I bring my hands up and slip them under her arms and pull down the front of her dress. Krys gasps in surprise and her eyes fly open but in the seconds that this happens my hands are now at her front clasp and disengage the simple clip, exposing her magnificent breasts.

"David!" Krysta whispers her protest. Her protest however is very feeble.

My hands are at her waist, my body is pressed against her ass and she stands transfixed by the image of us in the mirror. She marvels as my hands come up and cup her sizable tits which are bared and capped off by two quarter-sized pink nipples. She said nothing as I stared at her in the mirror, and didn't move as her nipples hardened. Finally, I slowly raised the dress over her breasts.

"See, doesn't it look and feel much better this way?" I ask my panting sister. I swear I heard her groan in disapproval when my hands left her naked tits to pull the front of her dress back up.

Krysta turns in the mirror to get a view of herself from every angle. "But... I'm practically spilling out of this dress. Won't people see my breasts during the wedding and reception?" she asks trying to adjust the bodice of the dress. to look a little more modest.

Looking through the curtain I see that our soon-to-be stepmother is out of earshot. Still, I lean in close to my sister,

my breath is hot as I can see her eyes close again and this time she shivers when I whisper, "That just means that the bride will be envious of her bridesmaid... after all, you're so much prettier than Katrina," I whispered.

"She's a blonde beauty. She could be an exotic dancer in any of the clubs you've been frequenting."

"So... like you said they're a dime a dozen. I meant what I said that time... you and mom are easily two of the most beautiful women in the world. Also, you have nicer..." I said as I ran my eyes appreciatively up and down her body.

"Nicer what?" My sister asks in a husky tone. She is almost panting as I rest my hands on her hips pulling her body back firmly against mine.

"These for one," I answer as I cupped her still-pointed orbs through the material of the dress. I gently knead them in my hands, massaging her as a lover should. The shiver that comes over her body is one of my record books. She moans loudly without realizing it and only when she comes back to her senses does she react.

"David!" she screeched just above a whisper as she pulls away. I don't know what broke the spell I was casting over her but for the moment she was having none of what I was selling. As she turned to look at me I couldn't help but notice the saucy invitation in her eyes despite the fact that her mouth was trying to say otherwise.

"Is everything all right in there?" Kat asks us. She is standing outside looking at her watch wondering what is taking so long.

I decide discretion is the better part of valor for our plan so I whisper to Krysa to put the bra back on for now. It is so form-fitting that it constricts my sister's true size (one of her older ones that she still keeps in rotation for some reason). Once she is ready I open the curtain and step aside proclaiming, "Here comes the bridesmaid,"

Out steps my beautiful sister to the adulation of Katrina and the boutique staff.

After Krysta changed back into her clothes and I paid for the dress we were on our way out when I suggested, "Now we better go buy you some lingerie to go with your dress. There's a great lingerie store on the next block."

"I would only need panties and I have lots of panties."

"Yes, but remember. This is Dad's dime. He said for you to buy whatever you wanted for the wedding. He just didn't put a limit on specific wedding items." I reminded my sister.

Having never taken advantage of a situation like this and knowing that I was in possession of our father's platinum card my sister actually gets a wicked grin. "You know what... I do think I need some new lingerie to go with this dress..."

We had Kat drop us off near our true intended stop and informed her she could go run some errands as we would probably be another few hours. The two of us spent an hour inspecting the latest in women's underwear. During that time I got to see my sister's magnificent breasts again, and again. In fact, she seemed to delight in trying on bra after bra in front of her younger brother. Her nips were pointedly erect the whole time. In addition to bras and panties, she found several new nighties that caught her eye. Needing a man's opinion she tried them on for me and I'm quite certain I gave her the reaction she wanted from the tent in my cargo pants the entire time we were in the store. The store had a nice selection of heels to cap off special wear so my sister got several pairs of heels of various types for various occasions. After spending a large sum of my



dad's money we called Katrina when we were ready for her to take us back to the house.

When we returned home dad's housekeeper was just setting out the dining wear for dinner. Dad walked in shortly afterward and we all sat down to eat. During dinner, dad informs me that his lawyer will be dropping off some very important papers tomorrow. He reminds Kat that she needs to sign those forms before the week's end. I see my soon-to-be stepmother flinch at the notion but then she just nods her head and we continue with dinner. Dad is gone most of the week as he has to handle business matters and make sure his associates are prepared to deal with issues that may arise in his absence.

When my father finally returns home at the end of the week I hand him the papers his lawyer left. I show him that Katrina has signed where she needed to and I have him sign where his signature is required. Once done I send my father's lawyer a text informing him the paperwork is all signed and that he can have his assistant pick it up the following day to file with the court. A young lady of Hispanic heritage shows up at noon and collects the envelope. She examines the paperwork and once she has verified everyone has signed all of the papers in the correct places she returns them to the folder and heads off to the courthouse to file them. I point out that there is a second form that needs filing and once she reviews it and sees that it is signed she tells me she will take care of it as well. Several

hours later a friend of mine at the courthouse informs me that the papers have been received and are in process of being properly filed. I thank him and grin.

"That was too easy."

~ May 27th, 2006 ~

It was the Saturday before Memorial Day and the big day finally arrived, and the wedding turned out to be a great success for dad and Kat. The ceremony was nice without being overly long. The reception was at a very ritzy country club that my father was a member of. It easily held almost 500 people in the venue, not counting the employees. Looking around the reception I saw more of my dad's business associate and their sons than I did dad's family members. I wondered to myself if they were just tired of attending these for him as it was now his third one.

As the best man and Krys as maid of honor, we rode in the stretch limousine with the wedding party. My date drove my father's sports car from the church to the reception since he was in the limo. We went through the wedding procession as was the custom. As soon as the music hit Krysta hit the dance floor as she was bound and determined to discover if I was right

about being able to upstage the bride at her wedding reception with her bridesmaid dress. I had the distinction of being the first to see Krysta in the dress as we drove to the ceremony together. Katrina actually choked when she saw her soon-to-be stepdaughter in the dress she had selected for her wedding party. The maid of honor and her associates had similar reactions as I escorted her to the room, kissed her hand, announced how beautiful she was, just gave a courtesy bow to the three other women, and left smirking.

Krysta tried to convince our mom to accompany her to the reception. Mom thought about it but decided she couldn't stand to see our dad with another woman so she politely declined but instructed us to have a good time. If mom wasn't going with her Krysta announced she was going solo and would be showing up the bride. Mom didn't say anything but I'm sure she was not only proud of her daughter but was cheering her on.

I however did not go stag. While I had not yet introduced her to any of my family I was bringing the woman I have been seeing since Christmas time. Her name is Vanessa Coleman and while she is almost the same age as my stepmother she actually looks younger than my sister's 20 years of age. You'd think she was still in high school which is why she gets carded everywhere we go. Vanessa and I met while I was out one evening. I heard a loud scream. Looking about I saw Vanessa being pulled into the alley by a hooded figure. She was being

mugged. Racing over to her rescue, despite the possible danger I stepped in and kicked the crap out of the scum bag. After helping her up and collecting her things I offered her a ride home. She was so shaken up that she readily accepted.

I didn't want to impose on her after I got her home. I walked her in and checked her apartment as she was scared. I made her a cup of tea to calm her nerves. We chatted for a bit in her living room. It was during this time that I learned that she was a college graduate with a degree in business. Her parents were divorced like mine and her mother re-married when she was young. Her stepfather was a very nice man and adopted her before she turned 16. They live on the East coast now having transferred when her dad's company moved. She lives here and works as an exotic dancer to pay the bills while she is looking for a full-time job.

As we sat conversing my eyes discretely sized Vanessa up while we were getting to know one another. She had long auburn brown hair that traveled down to the small of her lower back. She had sparkling green eyes and her skin was an all-around perfect gold tan having spent many hours on the nude beach. When Vanessa yawned I took that as my cue that I should leave. I thanked her for her hospitality and asked for her cell phone. She skeptically looked at me as she unlocked it but I opened her contacts and added my name. I took a quick photo of myself and told her if she needed anything at all, or if

she just wanted to say hi and chat, I was always available. As much as I wanted to give her a friendly kiss (cheek, hand) I didn't want her to think I expected anything for saving her so I just left.

It was a good ten days before my phone alerted me that I had a message from Vanessa. She sent me a friendly text message informing me that she was doing well and was feeling more relaxed around people (particularly men). After I sent her a friendly response I was gifted with a notice that she was sending a photo of herself. The picture was a very nice hi-rez image of her at the beach (it was timestamped 30 minutes ago) and she was adorned in a sexy barely there bikini. She was looking very alluring as she was sitting, legs posed like she was modeling, back upright but slightly arched back. Her head was turned towards the camera and she was giving the photographer (and me) a very saucy expression. I was instantly hard upon seeing it and the next text line said, "For my Knight in Shining Armor, Thinking of you fondly!" I sent her a kissing emoji and said call me any time beautiful.

I was home studying when my phone chirped. Vanessa sent me a dinner invite for Friday night. I quickly accepted the invitation and we made plans to meet at a nice Italian restaurant we both frequented. Dinner was great and I liked getting to know this sexy older woman. She told me she had to work the following night but shyly asked me if I would like to

come to see her. I answered only if she didn't think my presence would make her uncomfortable. I was honest and told her that I have been in a few of these clubs, not hers yet, and while I was not a crass individual I knew how men acted while watching women as gorgeous as she was. Vanessa informs me that she can handle me being in the audience and was hoping that I wouldn't mind seeing her in that light.

I agreed to show up and spend the evening at her club watching her dance. Despite some of those unsavory individuals making rude and derogatory remarks about Vanessa I kept my cool and was a model patron. Not wanting to be upstaged by all these other men (one old man in particular) I enticed Vanessa over to my table for a very lucrative dance. The old man in question glared at me as Van (her stage name) danced around me, close to me, and finally on my lap. She was wearing a very sexy G-string panties and a matching bra as she pressed her ass hard against my cock which was straining against my pants. She leans back, resting her head on my left shoulder, and with her eyes closed, undid the front clasp of her barely there bra exposing her tits to all the men, to much adulation.

After she was done with work I offered to give her a ride home (I brought my motorcycle as the weather was still nice). We drove around town and I felt like Tom Cruise in Top Gun and Vanessa was Kelly McGillis. Vanessa was wearing a simple

Yellow sundress and sexy Brazillian-style panties on underneath (I caught a glimpse of them while she was climbing onto my bike through my mirror). We parked on the beach and talked. I didn't want to be too forward as she might still be a bit on edge after her mugging. Vanessa appreciated my patience and rewarded me with a sensuous kiss. We made out on the beach for quite some time before she shivered from the night air. I gave her my coat and Van had me take her home for the night.

We officially started dating the next day. She told me that she knew she had a real gentleman after I didn't push her for more than she was offering. The following week after her work shift Vanessa invited me to her place just before I was to spend the week with Dad and it was the first time we made love. That's what it was, making love. Since then we have had plenty of sex and don't get me wrong, I wanted to ravish Vanessa almost from the moment I saw her but that's not what she needed at first. We needed to bond, Build a relationship built on mutual trust, and then see if we were sexually compatible. When I agreed to be my dad's best man I knew who would be accompanying me as my date. She of course said yes. Of course, before the wedding, I knew that I had to reveal something to Vanessa that I knew about her, but more on that later.

Vanessa was the last guest through the procession and I was standing beside my father and I introduced the pair. Dad gave Vanessa a funny look when he looked at my date. He asked if they had met before but she answered she didn't think so. She added that she just has one of those familiar-like faces. Dad shook it off as Kat was glaring at him, and he thanked her for coming and wished us well. I took Vanessa's hand and led her to the dance floor to await our chance to tear it up after the first dance of the newlyweds.

Despite all the lovely ladies in attendance I danced most of the reception with Vanessa, dancing with Krysta once or twice when she could squeeze me in between all of the other guys trying to win her favor. We were at the tail end of the reception and my sister was currently dancing with our father so I had taken Katrina onto the dance floor. Whenever I was on the dance floor without her Vanessa turned down other would-be suitors asking for a dance saying she needed a break. I felt great pride that she did this as some of those older gentlemen (laughable term really) were rich... very rich actually. Van knew I was a trust fund baby now but I was unlike any that she had met (and in eight years as a dancer she had met many). Despite her reservations about the event (and Katrina), Krysta had a great time. As I told her would be the case, every man at the reception made it clear to her that they found her very attractive. She danced every dance. Even a couple with dad, who was her current partner. While Kat still wasn't my favorite



person in the world I was warming up to her, particularly with my intended endgame. Looking around and seeing all eyes were on Kry's and dad I decided it was now time to begin the second phase of my plan.

"You do realize that your sister's upstaging me at my wedding," Katrina whispered into my ear as we danced. With my face stoic I look at my stepmother who had a pouty expression on her face as she watches my sister as she owns the dance floor and all of the attention.

I just smiled at the comment. I knew that Kry's was enjoying that fact immensely. "Oh just let her be Katrina. This is still your special day... Mrs. Taylor. It's you in the photos and you that will be whisked away for all to see in just a bit," I answered back.

"That may be true... but just look at her," Kat says in a whispered whine. "She... she's beautiful," she insisted as we both turned to look at my sister as dad dips her allowing those behind her to see down her dress. "And she's been showing a lot of her cleavage all night."

Laughing I remind Kat, "Firstly, you picked the dress style, Kat."

"Yes but your sister is braless and far more... buoyant than my other bridesmaids," Kat tells me.

"You should have made time to watch the final fitting Kat," I inform the older woman. "Nevertheless, you've got your man, you don't need to show off for these people in a sexy dress."

"Still..."

"Are you fishing for a compliment?" I asked as I spin my young stepmother about, pulling her in close against me so that she can feel my cock which is straining against my dress pants. From spending so much time pressed against Vanessa, Krysta, and now Kat, my cock feels like it's going to go off in my pants.

"Maybe," she answered even as she smiled sweetly at a passing couple.

"Katrina Taylor, you're the prettiest bride that I've ever seen," That is an accurate enough statement as I've only been to a handful of weddings and most of those women were older than Kat and Van. "And for the record... you have very nice breasts," I whisper in her ear.

As we are moving in a circle, my left hand just below her breasts, I take the liberty to quickly cup her tit and squeezed it. Under normal circumstances, I might not be so bold but as Krysta, has everyone distracted no one is paying any mind to the bride and I (save Van). Kat gasps at the gesture but it is over before she can make an issue of it. I whisper, "Very nice breasts."

"Th... thank you, David." She says blushing. I'm sure she's shocked that I would grope her tit on the dance floor in front of everyone but when she sees all eyes are on the father and daughter she relaxes in my arms. "Thank you for everything you've done. Your dad was so happy to have you standing next to him today... and that you helped me with Krysta. We are so happy that you both could be part of our special day."

"You're very welcome Kat. I know I gave you a hard time when we first met... and Krysta is just Krysta..." That comment made Kat both sigh and chuckle. "But the more I saw you two together the more I realized that you really love my dad and not his wallet. So, I can accept you for you and hope for the best for you."

"Thank you. You've been so nice to me... I was worried that maybe your sister would do or say something when it was time

to object." she said as for just a second she pressed her mound against me. She could feel my urgent hardness.

"She promised dad and I before the wedding that she would be on her best behavior," I inform my stepmother.

Kat was distracted as she seemed lost in the moment of our cloth-covered loins still pressed firmly together. "Kat!" I say breaking the spell she was under. I keep my poker face but inside I am grinning maniacally. "Are you ok Kat?"

"Yes... yes, I'm fine." Kat replies almost breathless. "Your girlfriend is very lucky," she said as the song ended.

I kiss my stepmother, and she presented her cheek but I turn my head so I was kissing her at the corner of her mouth. She blushes again, a deeper shade of red as I whisper. "I am the lucky one, but I'll tell her how jealous you are of her." Kat's cheeks are flush at the notion but she is unable to comment now that the music is over and dad comes back to his bride.

"C'mon, it's the last dance," Krysta said as she rushed up to me just after midnight.

"The beautiful princess forgets her brother is taken..." I remind my sister as Vanessa walks up to us.

"Compromise," My lovely date announces. "I will take the first half of the song, your... sister will cut in at the refrain and finish the dance." Krysta agrees and sits beside the dance floor awaiting her turn. I lead my date back out to the floor and dance with her earning a wicked smile from her as I whisper sweet nothings to her. As dad's house is going to be empty until he returns from his honeymoon I have been tasked with playing house sitter. As a recent high school graduate (with no summer job as of yet) I have absolute freedom to do as I please and have the run of dad's house as I play house sitter. I promised him no wild parties which was fine as far as I was concerned. I had other plans for my time alone than wrecking his home.

Krysta taps Vanessa on the shoulder right at the end of the refrain and my beautiful date allows my sister to cut in. We begin dancing slowly and my sister smiles contently. "Ok... you were right." Krysta states.

"About what oh lovely one?"

"Katrina was beautiful but in the end... all eyes were on me," Krys whispers as she moves in such a way that the material of her dress is fighting to keep her magnificent assets within the confines of the material.

"I know. All of your would-be suitors have made you ignore me almost all night." I mock complained as she danced oh so close to me.

"Ohhh... you poor baby. What's wrong... your sexy older girlfriend not enough for you?" Krysta mocks back at me.

"Vanessa is more than enough woman for any man Krysta," I say pulling almost out of arms reach.

"Ohhh shut up and dance David," she ordered as she slipped back into my arms.

And we did. Cheek to cheek. Belly to belly. I didn't talk. Krysta had my hardness trapped between our bodies. My sister felt so warm pressed against me and her pressing against my cock said everything about what I suspect we felt, what we wanted. She rubbed her body languorously against mine.

"I love you, little brother," Krys whispered.

"I love you too Krys." We kiss briefly on the lips. Nothing hot or inappropriate as we are in public with a large congregation of our relatives (that actually know us) present. We walk over to Vanessa who claps for us and tells us how amazing we looked together.

"Thank you for sharing your date with me for the last dance," Krysta says giving Vanessa my hand. Once co-joined I pull Vanessa up from her chair and spin her about so she is in my arms.

"Thank you for giving him back. I know personally how hard giving him up can be." Vanessa says planting a kiss on my cheek and then my neck. "It was very nice to finally meet you, Krysta. Your brother talks about you very often and very highly at that. I have to say that you were by far the most beautiful woman here..." Vanessa looks around to make sure no one else can hear her before pulling Krysta's ear to her "even more so than the bride."

Krysta smiled and glowed at the compliment. "You better hold on to this one David... I like her, and I've never said those words about any of your girlfriends." Krysta states.

"I know." I say pulling Van against me and kissing her in front of Krys.

From the window, we watch as my parents make their way from the reception hall to the limo that has their luggage and is driving them to the airport to catch my dad's private jet. With the reception now over it is time to call it a night. My father had arranged for a private limousine to come to collect Krysta. She had to go home and change as her early flight to Europe would be leaving in a few hours. She was so energized from the evening that she would easily stay up until it was time to go. Her bags were all packed and she just needed to shower, change and collect her things. As a last-minute gift, he had even arranged for the limo to stay until it was time for Krysta to head to the airport. They would collect her girlfriends along the way and shuttle them to the airport to catch their flight.

"I'm going to escort my sister to her car. With all of those randy suitors out there someone might try and abscond with her." I tell my alluring date.

"I'm going to go powder my nose and then I will wait for you here," Vanessa announces.



I put my arm around my sister's waist and lead her from the reception hall outside toward her ride. By now all but a few have vacated the premises. The employees are bustling about cleaning things up for the next day.

"You made your date tell me I was prettier than Kat didn't you?" Krys asks me on our way to her limo.

"Nope. That was 100% her."

"You're all too kind but really... I'm not as pretty as Katrina," she argued.

"Hah!" I scoff. "You're so beautiful that I almost asked the minister to marry us after dad and Kat walked down the aisle," I teased.

I thought my sister would hit me (playfully) after those remarks but she didn't. All she did was rest her head against my shoulder. The chauffeur opens the door and then runs around to the driver's side and climbs in.

"I had fun tonight..." Krysta announces. "Even though dad was marrying Kat. For the record you are a very good dancer," she

stammered, her lips just inches from mine, seconds from joining mine in that first taboo kiss.

"Ohhh Krysta," I murmured just as a nearby car door slammed shut.

The moment was broken and Krys climbed into the car. I close the door and Krys opens the window. Before I knew it she had grabbed me by my tie and kissed me. Deeper than the one we shared on the dance floor but not as long as either of us would have liked.

"I'll see you soon," I tell Krys. She blows me a kiss and I tap the roof of the limo indicating he is good to go. I watch as the limo containing my sister drives off into the night.

~ May 28th, 2006: Dad's House ~

It was half past midnight when the door to my father's home flies open and hits the wall with a resounding thud. There I stood, six feet tall holding my 5 foot 8-inch tall lover. Vanessa had unlocked the door as I stood pressed behind her but before she could completely open the door I stepped back, lifted her into the air, and held her bridal style in my arms. Vanessa

giggled loudly as she kicked the door open all the way. Once inside she pulls on the door and I finish closing it behind us. Vanessa engages the top lock and I carry her thru the house to my desired destination. Dad's housekeeper went through the house and changed all the linen today as other than myself no one would be in the home for two weeks. I gave the staff 10 days off (with pay) starting today as I wanted the house all to myself for the duration of my stay here. What would go on within these walls over that time would not be for prying eyes.

"Nice house," Vanessa mumbles as she kisses me along my cheek.

"A little too nice for the owner... in my honest opinion," I tell the lovely lady in my arms as I carry her up the stairs toward our destination.

"You sound like you have almost as much disdain for him as I do," Vanessa states as she nestles against me.

"You and Krysta are tied in the disdain department. " I announce. "Although I think Krys lessened so this evening... but only because she was drinking wine, dancing all night, and showing up our stepmother on her wedding day."

"But you are holding a grudge against the man... right."

"You know the answer to that love," I say.

"Where is it?" Vanessa asks as we reach the top of the stairs.

"It's the last one at the very end of the hall. His highness had to take up the entire back section of the house." I tell Van.

We make our way past the rooms designated for Krysta and myself and to the closed door belonging to my father and new stepmother. The bed is against the west wall so that the sun wakes my dad up and he can stare into the night sky at his pleasure. I place Vanessa on the bed and she kicks off her strappy heels. As I discard my tuxedo jacket my older lover has undone my tie and is hastily unfastening the buttons on my shirt. When she finishes with that task she starts on my pants. Shucking off my shirt I am now naked from the waist up and Van is working her magic so that I am as naked below my waist as well. Once I am down to only my socks Vanessa unzips the side of her dress and slips it off her perfect body. I am staring at a true naked goddess and she watches as my cock twitches at the site of her.

"Naughty, naughty... dancing with your lover naked underneath your dress all night," I say capturing her lips and kissing her deeply.

"Mmmm... I wasn't..." She pauses to allow me to kiss her some more. "Wasn't naked all night. I took my panties off before the reception line." Vanessa states. "You don't know how hard it was keeping the front of my dress from getting wet being near you all night in such an intimate manner."

"Ohhh... I am well aware." I say taking her hand placing it on my cock. Van strokes me several times before she finally scoots back from the edge of the bed. I divest myself of my socks and climb onto my father's king-sized bed after the sultry vixen. When she hits the pillows along the headboard I pounce on her and she wraps her arms and legs around me. My large cock is pressed firmly between her soaked pussy lips and she moves her hips in such a sexy manner that I can't help but groan.

I can feel the smile this is eliciting from Vanessa. "You want me, don't you?" Vanessa asks me.

"As much as you want me," I say as her hand comes between our bodies and strokes my shaft. Staring her in the eyes I then ask, "Are you ready to consummate our relationship?"

"Yes hunny... breed me!" Vanessa declares. "Breed me in dad's bed." Vanessa releases her hold on my waist and aligning my cock with her pussy I slowly move in and fill it with my rock-hard dick.

"OOOOHHHH MY GAWDDD!" Vanessa screams. Knowing we have the house all to ourselves we don't hold anything back. We are making love on top of dad's bed and when he comes home the room is going to reek of sex. If dad was smart he would have scheduled his flight to leave the following day so he could christen his bed with his new wife. But over the past few weeks I've made a point of proving how blind, trusting, and ignorant he can be. Now, I am the one christening his bed with my new wife.

I kiss Van from her lips, along her face, down her neck, to her left shoulder, along her arm, until I reach her fingers. Adorning her ring finger is my paternal grandmother's wedding ring. Dad gave it to me on my 18th birthday telling me that it was willed to me by my grandfather. I knew Vanessa was the woman I was going to give said ring to and the tears she shed when I slipped it onto her finger melted my heart. Vanessa and

I had made sure that the pastor was one of the last guests at the reception. As dad was offering free booze, he decided to partake with all of his parishioners and other guests. Before he could leave, I approached the man and offered him a large bonus if he would stay long enough to marry Vanessa and I.

He asked how long and I asked to wait until after all of the other guests were gone. I told him we waited until the stroke of midnight so as not to take away from the bride's special day. Showing him said bonus, he was more than amenable to our request. The pastor signed the marriage license and performed an impromptu ceremony before the cleaning staff who in addition to having their fill of all of the leftovers, I gave a ten thousand dollar bonus (also of dad's petty cash).

Vanessa groaned over and over as I began to pound into her sexy body. Her tits which were a natural 36D, while not as large as my mother's, were the perfect size for her frame. Our skins were a good contrast. My creamy complexion pressed against her olive complexion. Even now, my sun-kissed tan was blended with Van's golden tan. Our skins began to perspire as we moved as one. I kiss her breasts... nibbling on her nipples as she digs her nails into my back. The pain is sharp and instant but I don't care. Just knowing that I have this goddess beneath me, panting, groaning, moaning throughout the house.

"Ohhh, fuuuuck! I love the feel of your cock David. I never thought that I would find a man that could make me feel the way you do... who knew that I would have to have sex with my half-brother to find my soulmate!"

"Mmmm... Vanessa Coleman-Taylor... or should I say, Alana Vanessa Taylor... how does it feel to be a Taylor once again?" I ask as I drill my cock into her over and over again.

"Uhhhh gawd..." she groans happily. "I'm just glad uhhh... if I have to be a Taylor... uhhh... again... uhhh... It's because... uhhh... I... married... uhhh... YOU!" She says loudly as the head of my cock pushes against her cervix."

"Ohhh gawd... give it to me David! Fill me with your cum! Give me your sweet, sweet seed!"

"Is that what you want baby? You want me to fuck you in this bed for the next two weeks. You want my balls to churn out blast after blast of white seed into you?" I ask my sister/wife.

"Gawd yes! I never thought I'd find anyone like you... I don't care that we share a parent... I want you... uhhh... ALWAYS..."



Vanessa moans... "Please... I want your babyyyy... I want to give you... lots... and lots... of... bayyy... BEEEEES!"

Vanessa's pussy clamps down on my cock and as she hits her orgasm she brings me off and my cock spews its life-giving seed directly into her womb. With her nails still in my back, I groan as she digs in like a cat sinking its claws into a scratching post. Jet after jet flows from my balls, through my cock, and into my lovely sister/wife. Only after we are spent and recovering do we climb under the covers and snuggle up together. Our bodies are a sweaty mess as we settle in. Vanessa's left hand is resting on my chest and I can feel the engagement ring that I gave her at the cabin and the wedding ring that I gave her tonight on her ring finger. As we settle in I look at the rings on her finger I think back to how all of this came to be.

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I turned 18 in November and during one of the weekends that my dad was out with his work buddies I worked my way through my dad's desk just snooping about. It was during this time that I discovered, at some point in time, dad had looked into his daughter, my half-sister's, whereabouts. I took the paper with her location and moved the file to the bottom of his stack of files. He might realize that he didn't do this himself but

it will probably take some time as he has to worry about work and (at that time) his new girlfriend (Katrina). I couldn't use dad's car in my observation of her as it is very noticeable so I would use my motorcycle or occasionally I would trade dad's car with Krysta's car which is far more inconspicuous. I spent weeks watching her, discovering her routine. Next, I found out where she worked. I wasn't intentionally stalking her (perse), I just didn't know how to introduce myself to her. After all, our father left her and her mother for my mother. The time discrepancy from when he left Vanessa's family when he married my mother, and when Krysta came along are all in too close proximity to be a coincidence.

Fate decided to introduce us by way of the mugger who choose Vanessa as his target. I don't know when it happened but during my time observing her my love for her grew. First, it was a simple familial love but the more I saw her, the more my love changed to that of a man for a woman. I would die or kill for Vanessa, of that, I am quite sure.

Getting to know her I knew that it wasn't infatuation, it was true love. While it should have bothered me that I was lusting for a woman that was related to me I think I have always known, deep down, this is who I was and what I was into. Vanessa did not know who I was (familial relationship-wise), but she took the time to learn everything I was willing to share. It wasn't until after we spent the night together that I was ready

to risk telling her. The following weekend I took her out of town to a cabin that I had rented for us.

As soon as we were inside I locked the door, we lost our clothes and we made love on the bear skin rug well into the night. I had her drive up the second half of the trip and during that time I discharged our cell phone batteries. While she went to look at the cabin I disabled the car so she couldn't leave. Once we were sexually sated and relaxed I broke the news to the woman I loved about who we were to one another... really. At first, she thought that I was joking. But as I sat there looking at her intently she realized that I was not. I told her everything that I had learned about her from what our father had shared with us and then told her the truth about how I found her. I told her I watched her trying to decide how best to approach her and introduce myself... but then explained that the more that I watched her that my feelings for her changed.

Vanessa didn't take it very well and locked herself in the bedroom of the cabin that night. I slept on the couch in the front room and woke up as soon as the sun came up. I set everything out so that when she was ready I could make us breakfast. It was around 9 AM that I heard Vanessa start moving about. Shortly after she came out of the room wearing only the blanket from the bed as all of our luggage was still in the car's trunk and she had left her clothes scattered all over the floor as we

came in. I still remember that conversation like it was yesterday.

"If you're my half-brother... and you knew I might act like this... why... why tell me at all? You knew I was in love with you! Weren't you worried that I would call this... us... off?" Vanessa asks. She wants the answer to this question that has probably been on her mind all night.

I walked over to Vanessa, she was still a bit unnerved at the notice that her lover is also her half-brother (apparently). "It was a risk... yes," I answer. "But I had to hope my sincere affection for you would sway you. But.. I had several things going for me in my favor."

"Such as?" Van asks me really curious as to my answer.

"First, I know that you love me. Even now, I know you are hurt that I kept this information from you but I can still see the love you have for me. The same love that I have... have always had... for you."

"You're awfully sure of yourself, aren't you?" Vanessa asks. There is a hint of sarcasm in her tone.

"No... I'm sure of us. This brings us to point two. We've shared things with one another, not just our bodies, but our hopes, our dreams, and how even after the short time that we've known one another that we were hoping to fulfill all those things together."

"Any... anything else?" She questions. I can see her resolve begin to weaken so I hit her with the big gun.

"Dad... don't you want to get even with our father for how he treated your mother?"

Vanessa turns away at that. I'm curious as to why but I let her have her moment with her thoughts. Eventually, I ask her, "Well, do you or don't you want to get some measure of payback for the grief he caused her and your family?"

"YESSS! Vanessa screams. "Yes, I want payback. He left my mother and me and moved on like we never existed. He blames my grandparents but they told me the truth. He had a wandering eye even back then and was looking for the next Mrs. Taylor. I was barely two when he up and left us for your mother. We never learned her name... or anything about any of

you. We just knew that she was younger than my mother and was very successful in business."

I took Vanessa in my arms, blanket and all, and lift her up with a strength I didn't know I had. I carried her over to the couch and hold her so that she can vent whatever emotions she has been holding in for all these years. When she settled down I carried her over to the table where I sat her in the chair across from me. I then made us breakfast and we ate in silence. She asked me if I was angry with our father for how he had also left my mother. As I was totally in love with Vanessa and wanted to be completely honest with her I told her exactly how I felt about the man. She listened intently to how I had bottled up my feeling and wore the facade of an understanding and dutiful son. All the while planning to somehow stick it to him when he least expected it.

"And what about me? Where do I fit into your grand scheme?" To say that my answer shocked her would be an understatement.

The encounter I was secretly dreading happened at the wedding and I was a little worried when dad saw Vanessa in the reception line that he had recognized her as his daughter. After all, she looked very much like her mother had in her youth and she has his eyes. My heart was racing when their

eyes locked as recognition was almost there. I have to thank Kat for interrupting the moment and giving me the chance to spirit Vanessa away.

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Vanessa and I woke up four hours later. It was still dark outside but our bodies, despite only a short nap in the grand scheme of things, were revitalized. This time Vanessa climbs on me and rides herself to an orgasm. My two friends are still recharging so I don't cum in my bride this time. As Vanessa gasps for air, I turn her around and slowly lower her until her hands are on the bed. She then adjusts herself so that she is on her knees. Just as she is on the verge of recovering from her orgasm I go to work sexually pleasing my wife. I methodically make love to my goddess and she tells me how wonderful she feels by screaming out in sexual bliss every time my cock strikes the opening of her womb. Her magnificent breasts are flailing about every time my hips collide with her round rump. We do this over and over until she picks up the pace and I have to match hers. We grunt and groan in unison as our bodies collide. The sound of our skin slapping against one another is the orchestra and our love making the symphony. Finally, we reach our peak again, and once again, I flood her womb with my seed.

Vanessa shudders as her womb takes in blast after blast of my cum. My dick stays lodged within her pussy. It doesn't want to leave and from the way, her body still has a grip on it, she doesn't want me to leave her either.

"MMMMMM... that was heavenly," Vanessa says kissing me immediately afterward. We are now in the spooning position. My dick is still within her holding in the flood of sperm. We hope one will take but we have many more days to try and accomplish this task.

"Indeed," I reply.

"Do I really have to share this with the others?" Vanessa inquires.

"I am hoping you will. But if you tell me you can't... then we might not get the desired result of my machinations."

Vanessa sighs loudly. I'm not sure if from the realization that I'm right or because she is still catching her breath (maybe both).



"You're probably right." She reluctantly concedes. "Just remember... I'm first above all, and our kids come first!"

"As you wish... my love," I say kissing her shoulder, then her neck, her face, and finally I drink from her lips.

Vanessa smiles at my words and through our kiss. When we stop she moves back so we are pressed as close as we can be. My hands claim her breasts and we interlace our legs as we drift back off to sleep. While dad doesn't close the blinds and curtains as he likes to get up at sunrise (which will be very soon), my wife and I need to cooperate if we are going to continue trying to procreate over Vanessa's peak days.

We hope that by the time our father and his wife return to their sex-scented room that Vanessa will have a developing fetus in her womb. Our child will grow over the course of nine months, but in that time I plan to continue the Taylor line with my mother, my full-blood sister, and our new stepmother. Between that and everything else going on my dad won't know what hit him.

## Chapter 2

~ June 16th, 2006 ~

Life has returned to normal in the Taylor house (this branch of it at least). Dad and Katrina returned from their honeymoon on Monday as planned. Dad said the two of them had a great time but once he was out the door and on his way to work I got the real scoop from the family psychologist. While dad was attentive and loving during their honeymoon it was not all rest and relaxation. Dad took his laptop with them, something he told Kat he wouldn't do but apparently couldn't be completely *incomunicado* during their honeymoon. She told me at least once a day he called in to see how things were going in his absence. Not with the same person, but with someone in the office...

Because we didn't want to be home, just in case, when dad and Kat returned, Vanessa and I installed hidden cameras with built-in microphones throughout the room. As soon as they walked in the door their noses were immediately struck by the smell of sex. We had not changed any of the bedding during our time alone in the house nor aired out the room. As such when dad lay in his marriage bed with his new bride the first thing they smelled was my cum and Vanessa's secretions. I'm sure dad knew what had happened in this room (although

probably not how often it happened) and nothing was ever said about it. While they were out the next day Vanessa and I stripped the bedding and replaced it with another set. We took the bedding to Vanessa's apartment and after cleaning it we put it away in her closet. We wanted to keep it as a memento of our wedding night.

"Vanessa's coming to dinner," I remind Katrina who is telling the housekeeper how many plates to set out for dinner.

"Well we have lots to eat as your father's working late... again," she said, the exasperation clear in her voice. I laughed internally at her words. Despite her argument with Krysta before the wedding if Kat was already annoyed at the hours my father kept she really wouldn't last long in this family. Apparently, she was so busy finishing her degree that she never took notice of her fiance's work ethic.

"I know, he sent me a message when I asked him what the status of a summer job was. Apparently, he had an urgent meeting with an irate client," I said shrugging my shoulders."

Truth be told I knew that dad didn't want me at the office. I have stopped by several times doing my actual summer job, as a bicycle messenger. I'm in the sun all day (save when I'm in

the building to hand off the delivery), the job is great exercise, and the tips can be excellent. I was actually in my father's office building today delivering a parcel to the man himself. He didn't recognize me because I had my glasses and helmet on and I didn't speak in my normal tone of voice as I wanted to remain incognito if possible.

My father signed for the parcel and gave me a very nice tip as I got it to him far quicker than UPS or FedEx. I noticed that my dad seemed distracted by something outside his office and when I exited I saw exactly what... or who I should say, it was. The young woman in question was just that... young. She was not as physically developed as my mother, sisters, or even Kat for that matter. But judging by her appearance, I'd wager she was still in her teens. 19... maybe even 18.

Knowing what my father's intentions were I decided to cock block him. I stopped to get a drink of water and when the young woman started toward my father's office carrying a large stack of folders I turned to make my way to the elevator and arranged to knock the folders from her hands as she was talking to her supervisor. She dropped to the ground in a mad scramble to keep the folders and their contents in some semblance of order. I went down to the ground and helped her as her supervisor watched shaking her head. I apologized for my clumsiness and the girl, Monica, accepted it. She thanked me for the help and I said no problem. Unbeknownst to her

supervisor, I slipped the young girl my burner phone number that I kept for my job and left.

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"Urgent my... my ass. He's probably making plans to take potential clients out of town to wine and dine at some gentleman's club. By the way,... who's Vanessa?"

"You met her in the reception line. You probably forgot because when you met her you were too worried about what my sister was wearing to take notice of her." I remind Katrina.

My stepmother took in my words and then flashed back to the reception line. "Ohhh... you mean the golden-skinned beauty with the striking green eyes?"

"Yeap... that's her. And those are just some of her more... obvious traits."

"You can be such a boy David." Katrina declares. "Any other plans for the evening?"

"We're going out to a dance club. After Maria's amazing cooking we are going to need to burn off whatever calories we can. We may even have to do some... extracurricular nocturnal activities to get rid of a few.

"Geeze..." Kat huffs aloud as she leaves the room. I laugh freely when she is out of earshot. "Man, she's frustrated already. Way to go, dad."

Vanessa arrived just after seven thirty, suitably prepped by yours truly. "So nice to meet you, Mrs. Taylor, Vanessa crooned when I formally (re)introduced the two. We sat down and ate dinner and during which Katrina grilled Vanessa. Upon getting a close look at my date (wife), she realized that she was more mature than I was. Vanessa didn't share her true age (what woman does right?). She just said that she was a college graduate and was working part-time until she was hired in the field of her degree.

It got better after that. It was hard for anyone to dislike Vanessa. My wife was so friendly (something she learned on her job) and upbeat that it was impossible not to be infected by her happy disposition. After a great dinner and a bottle of wine, Vanessa and Kat were giggling like schoolgirls.

"We're going to grab a quick shower and get changed before we go," I told Katrina when we finally got up from the table at 10:15.

"Why don't you come with us, Katrina?" Vanessa asks Kat.

"Yes, why don't you mother dearest?" I say opening the door that Kat wasn't expecting. This was the plan all along but it completely threw Kat for a loop.

"Noooo, I couldn't. I... I don't have anything suitable for the club scene." Kat said trying to back peddle out of the situation that she didn't really want to. As the wife of a big-time executive, she had to display a certain image for her husband's social circles. How would it look if she went out to a club with her limited wardrobe? She would stick out like a sore thumb, a paparazzi would see her and the photos would be all over the tabloids within 48 hours.

"Is that all that's holding you up?" I ask her. Before she can comment I turn to my lover and say, "Honey, do you think you have something you could lend my stepmother? Something more you and less matronly than Kat's prim and proper wardrobe?"

"David!" Katrina hissed.

"My man likes to tease, don't you sweetie?" Vanessa asked but then adds, "Seriously Katrina, you should come with us." Vanessa insisted.

"B... but..."

"Don't worry..." Van says. "We're close enough in size that with my help you can pull off one of my club outfits."

Before Kat can utter another word Vanessa is behind her and nudging my dear stepmother toward our bedroom. Kat is sputtering the entire way and I watch with a grin as they enter and the door closes behind them. During Kat and dad's honeymoon, Vanessa's lease was coming up so we moved her out of her apartment and transferred her things between a storage unit, mom's house, and here. A nice portion of Vanessa's wardrobe currently resides in the closet here. In this case, for this part of the plan. Van and I had gone out and used my dad's platinum card (which I was still in possession of) and picked out what I would call the perfect wardrobe for our plan.



Once she had a good selection of clothes Van shooed Kat into the master bedroom and before Katrina could even try and back out again the door to the master bedroom was shut behind them. I knew that it would only take Van moments to have them both stripped out of all of their clothes and in the shower. Once the master bedroom door was shut I made my way to my room, fired up my computer, and watched the scene play out via the hidden cameras. It would take me far less time than the two of them so I sat back in my chair, fished out my cock, and tugged at it while watching Vanessa strip herself and Kat. Kat did her best to be a demure housewife while my sexy seductress showed Kat her choices (or lack thereof really) before she was guided to the outfit she would be wearing. Once the clothes were picked out, Van led the naked blonde woman from the bedroom to the bathroom where they would get cleaned up and then Van would work her magic and make themselves look beautiful. When the shower was coming to an end I took that as my cue to get in myself. All that was left was the drying, hair styling, and makeup before they got dressed.

I didn't return to the video screen to see "my" ladies getting dressed as I wanted to be surprised by the visual when they came out. Thirty minutes later I was summoned to my parent's bedroom by Vanessa. When I entered Katrina was still in the master bathroom but I was told this was for effect.

Van gave Kat a drum roll and announces, "And now, presenting... Katrina "The Kat" Taylor."

Katrina appeared, her hair was done up, her makeup applied, and wearing the Lizxun Slip-style dress that we had picked for her. It was virginal white, with a boat neck. The dress was sleeveless, held up by two thin spaghetti straps. The top of the dress only came up to just above her breasts but the valley was on display. The dress was lace and polyester and the bottom part containing all the lace in an ordained pattern. Kat was either wearing a strapless bra or nothing at all. As Van was the one that had dressed her I was quite certain she was braless underneath her dress. I'm sure Vanessa tried to get her to go sans panties but I know that would be too much for Kat at this stage of the game.

"Your new mommy can sure fill out my dress David," Vanessa said as I gazed upon the pair.

Vanessa was adorned in a very sexy Milanoo Club dress. The material was Tulle and practically transparent. It had a Halter neckline and was open-shoulder and backless. The front was embellished with studs that while covering the entire front seemed to have the largest concentration of studs over the front of the tits and crotch.

"You are sooo beautiful Van..." I say taking my lover in my arms and kissing her passionately in front of Kat.

Peering out of my almost closed eye I can see that my dear stepmother is a bit put out that this other woman is being kissed in her bedroom and not her. Whether she is annoyed as to who is doing the kissing is not yet my concern. Before Kat could second guess our plans and try and get out of the evening we were on our way. Vanessa drove Kat in her car (as she arrived at our house in it) while I rode my motorcycle. We arrived about the same time and the three of us walked up to the main door like we owned the place. The long line snaking around the left of the door watched as Vanessa pulls out a card from her barely concealed right tit. The bouncers take one look at it and allow us in much to the jeers of displeasure from the people in line.

As always the club was loud and crowded. We found a table to claim as our own and then made our way to the dance floor. Throughout the night we danced and talked and laughed and drank... just three young adults partying like kids out for a night on the town. As the evening went on I took note of the carefree attitude exuding from my stepmother. In all of the time I had known her I'd never seen Katrina so alive and happy. At least until we started to draw a crowd. Suddenly the atmosphere got very Closter phobic for the psychologist. She insisted that I not leave her alone. If I took my hands off of her

to dance with my girl (wife) she found a way to maneuver herself between us.

This of course was all part of the plan but Van and I made it seem like we were put out. Kat's eyes pleaded with me to allow this. When the DJ had to take a quick break I asked Kat if she was willing to do what was necessary to get rid of her unwanted admirers. She quickly nodded yes and when the music came on we began dancing with her between us. Nodding at my love, Van comes up behind the sexy blonde psychologist and places her arms around Kat's waist. One hand lands squarely in front of her pussy and the other cups one of her succulent breasts. Van then begins to suck on Kat's neck. My stepmother gasps but doesn't get to suck in much air as I lean in and claim her mouth in our first non-familial kiss. Even with my eyes closed, I know Kat's eyes are wide open as she tries to voice her objection. However, they are drowned out by the music and my tongue which is dueling with hers as we move to the music.

Kat soon is swooning as we make out on the dance floor and doesn't even realize when Van releases her hold on her and adjourns to the table to order us some more drinks. Only when I break the kiss does she realize that she and I are alone on the dance floor once the music stops. Kat is still in a daze as we adjourn to our table. Kat takes her drink and downs it quickly saying nothing about what just occurred. Three more drinks

later Kat is loose as a goose and ready to retake the floor. By now no guy is around her save me as most have found their partners for the night. Kat does manage to attract several female admirers to orbit her as she moves to the music. Some were smitten by her beauty and others just wanted to get to know the hot-new club girl. It was just before 3 AM when Van and I finally had to drag Kat from the club.

"It's still early," she complained as we walked to Van's car. "I never used to leave clubs this early. C'mon, let's go to that after-hours place down the road."

"How do you know about that place, Kat?" Vanessa inquires as she helps the blonde into the passenger side back seat.

"A friend... of... a ffffriend tole meh." A drunken Kat slurs, barely managing to finish her sentence.

"Sorry Kat, Vanessa and I are tired... we want to go to bed," I inform her once Van is seated next to my inebriated stepmother. Once they are locked in I close my door, put on my seatbelt, and drive us home.

It takes Kat a while to absorb the information she has been given. Halfway home she says... hey, what about your bike?"

"I gave the keys to a buddy who was at the club. He's taking his date for a nice long ride about now. He'll bring it back tomorrow."

"K... Hey... is Van staying over?"

My lovely wife grins at the question. I play it off like it's no big deal and say, "Yes Kat, if that's okay with you," my sexy stripper of a wife answered, then turned to me and added, "And you better not be too tired David Taylor. I just might hit my second wind once you get me in bed."

"Why not?" the slightly befuddled Kat asked as we pulled into the driveway of my parent's house.

I get out and open the door for Vanessa first. With Kat watching through glazed eyes Vanessa reaches out and cups my groin which is at full mast from me thinking about both of the sexy women. "Ohhh," Kat says when she saw Van's hand move up and down my rigid shaft.

"Mmmm... I can't wait to get this in me." Van announces.

We help Kat out of the car and then into the house. We do our best to keep the noise down until we reach Kat's room. Van and I help her out of her club dress and I see that Kat is wearing a pair of sexy white lace G-string panties. I can't help but note that the front of them is completely soaked. Vanessa has Kat lay back and once she is parallel to the ground Van takes the sexy garment off my stepmother and I get my first view of the sexy blonde. She chooses to keep her mound neatly trimmed in a landing strip just above her clit.

I move to the door to help sell the next part of the plan and once out of her view I hear my wife say, "Good night Kat,"

"Nite..." comes from behind the door followed by the sounds of slumber.

"I think she'd have liked to join us," Vanessa said as we close the door to my (our) bedroom. She shoves me playfully down onto the bed and mounts me. Once her velvety smooth pussy is wrapped around my solid shaft she kisses me and then rolls us so that I am on top of her.

"Join us? Join us where?" I ask as Vanessa's heels locked behind my back as I drive my cock deep into her.

"Right here baby," she laughed as she snaked one of her hands down between our bellies and gently squeezes my cock which I am slowly pushing my love muscle back into her.

"I'm sure if she had her way... if she were honest with herself... she would kick you out of our bed and want to keep my cock all for herself.

Van kisses me as I finish rooting my cock into her passage. "She can try... but I fight dirty... and no one... no one, steals my man from me!"

We made love for over an hour. During that time we roused sleeping beauty from her enchanted slumber. We had purposely left our door open and in that time my drunken stepmother somehow managed to make it down the hall and to my room. However, she didn't do it with much guile or stealth so we knew when she was there, we just didn't pay her any mind. When she started her journey from her bedroom Van shifted positions so that when she saw us she discovered exactly what I had in my pants. During their honeymoon, Van



and I had re-arranged the room so that my bed was now facing the east wall which was facing the door.

Vanessa was giving me a quick blowjob so that she had a way to conceal my cock from Kat but to also give her a good view of it when we were ready. I gave Van a tap on the shoulder indicating my stepmom had a birdseye view and slowly releases my cock with a loud pop. Kat watches as Van slowly backs away and gives Kat a clear view of my cock.

We both hear her muffled gasp of surprise when she sees my large circumcized cock in all of its glory. The gasp pleases us immensely and we move to the next phase. Van turns around, her eyes closed so she doesn't take notice of Kat. Focusing on my wife, I take my cock in hand, and slowly feed my dick into her waiting pussy. Kat watched for several minutes as Van moans as I feed her my cock. Only when I have bottomed out and she is panting like a bitch in heat do I begin moving my shaft in and out of her. Soon my room is filled with the sounds of flesh slapping against one another. My room smells like sex and the older is wafting out into the hall Kat can't help but recognize the smell from her own room when she returned to her house. Shortly after Van began screaming Kat began playing with her tit with one hand and the other working over her pussy. We are very loud and eventually, Kat departs hoping our noise will mask her journey back to bed. Vanessa's loud wail as she comes is one for the record books and as we

would later discover, made Kat so sexually frustrated that she had to diddle herself off before she could go back to sleep.

The next morning we all had breakfast together. Dad never came home from the office as he had sent a text saying that he would be gone all weekend (as Kat predicted). Kat thanked Vanessa for getting her out of the house and she watched as my lover kissed me goodbye as she had to go take care of some things before work tonight.

As soon as Vanessa was out of earshot Kat turned to me and scowled. "She's too old for you..."

"What are you talking about?" I playfully ask.

"David... she's 23... she's almost the same age as I am for Christ's sake." Kat declares. However, raising her voice causes her to flinch from the pain of her hangover.

"She told me she was 18..." I playfully say. Kat just looks at me. "Age is just a number, Kat. Or are you going to try and lecture me about age gaps?" I say holding up her hand wearing my father's wedding ring.

Kat is annoyed but can't say anything more about that subject. However, I know she has another card to play as the girls "drunk talked" while I was getting new drinks.

"Ok... but she's a stripper for God's sake... Stip... per. If your dad doesn't kill you for that your mother will... I'm sure of it?"

"What makes you say that?" I ask.

"Because I would kiss... I mean... kill you if you came home with a stripper."

I wish I could pump my arm at that slip of the tongue. I'm getting to her. I knew it but didn't think I would be making this much headway so soon.

"And here I thought the two of you were such close friends."

"Van's very... nice," Kat states rubbing her temples.

"She liked you," I answered. "Maybe you can put in a good word for her with dad."

"I... I guess you're right. She went out of her way to make sure I had a good time last night after your dad left me... us, high and dry." She takes a big swig of her coffee. "I'm sorry David, I shouldn't have said what I did about Van. I had fun last night... thank you for including me in your evening." Kat says. She refills her coffee cup and says, "I think I'm going to go lie down... for a year."

~ June 18th, 2006 ~

As dad wasn't around and Katrina was busy setting up her new practice I decided to return home to mom's house. I have been spending so much time trying to work myself into Kat's good graces that I was neglecting my own mother. I called mom before I left to tell her I was bringing someone over to meet her. Deciding to leave my bike at dad's, which wasn't returned until late Saturday night, I pull up in Van's sleek and sexy sports car. Mom is waiting outside and is surprised when I step out of the driver's side, run around, and help Vanessa out of the car. We walk up to my mother who is dressed very conservatively, as always. After giving my mother a big hug and kiss I move to the side and introduce my mother to Vanessa. Vanessa gives my mother an equally big hug and a friendly kiss on the opposite cheek. My mother is blushing but warmly greets my (wife) girlfriend.

Mom made dinner for the three of us, homemade Chicken & Gnocchi soup as an appetizer and as the main course her special family's traditional Lasagna. I have never seen Vanessa devour so much food in my entire life. She had three squares of Lasagna, and two servings of soup and topped it off with a slice of my mother's Tiramisu. I volunteered to do the dishes so my ladies could go to the living room and get to know one another better.

After putting all of our leftovers away I rinsed off the dishes before putting everything in the dishwasher and starting the load. Once everything is clean and put away I make three cups of tea and put them on a tray, I carry them into the living room. Once there I hand them out to my ladies and take a seat across from them. I don't say anything, I just let them continue their conversation. I can tell that something is bothering my mother but she isn't doing or saying anything to indicate what that might be.

Vanessa is in the middle of a story when her cell phone rings. Apologizing to my mother for the interruption, she excuses herself when she recognizes the number and steps into the dining room to take the call. Several minutes later she comes back and apologizes telling the two of us that she has to leave as one of her co-workers twisted her ankle and can't work tonight. Her boss asked Vanessa to cover the shift so she has to

leave to go get ready. Mom stands up and the two women hug before Vanessa leaves.

"So... what do you think of her?" I ask my mother.

"She is a very lovely young woman..." Mom begins.

"But..." There is always a but.

"But... she told me what it is that she does for a living." My mother informs me. Now I know what has agitated her. I told Vanessa not to lie to my mother with the exception of the status of our relationship... for now. I knew that mom wouldn't be pleased about Vanessa's current vocation but that was going addressed by my plan as well.

"Yes, mom. Vanessa is an exotic dancer. We knew that you wouldn't approve of her vocation but it was how she put herself through school."

"So she said." Mom retorted.

"Did she tell you what her degree is in?"

"Yes, she did. She said she has a bachelor's degree in business."

"Yes... business. She hasn't been able to get her foot in the door with several of the companies out there. They take one look at her and basically laugh her out the door without even looking at her resume. However, the next time we catch dad at his house I'm going to have him arrange an interview for her at his firm."

"Very slick, using your relationship to help your girlfriend?"

"She deserves the chance. Most of the men in these places won't even consider her as a candidate, so why not use my familial relation in her favor."

"Aren't you worried that your father might go after her?"

"She's almost the same age as his wife... not really." I playfully respond. Even mom has to laugh and agree with my logic.

"Still... she's prettier than your stepmother."

"Did Van show you the photos from the wedding?" I inquire.

"Yes. The two of you looked very fetching. Then she showed me the photo of you dancing with what's her name."

"Katrina... or Kat if you prefer."

"You... you're warming up to her... aren't you?" Mom asks.

I take my mother in my arms and hug her. "First off, she's actually not that bad a person once you get to know her. But... she could never rank higher in my heart, or my thoughts, than you, Krysta, or Vanessa."

"You really care for your little stripper that much?" Mom asks me.

While she has met several of my girlfriends' in the past none have ever had the effect on me that Vanessa has. Of course, she doesn't yet know the true nature of our relationship(s) but there will come a time for that. I tell mom the abridged version of my relationship with Vanessa and how it began. I can tell mom's opinion of her softens some and so do her opinion of Kat.



Mom wanted to get cleaned up and ready for bed but also wanted to hear more about the events post-wedding until today where Vanessa and Kat were concerned. When I come into her bedroom at the time she told me to, mom had changed into a sexy nightie and I was just wearing a pair of sweat shorts. My cock was currently flaccid and running down the length of my right leg. My shorts were long enough that the head of my cock was concealed but just barely. Mom was settled in against my bare chest. She had showered in the interim between our conversation and her hair smelled so sweet, so clean. Once we were settled in bed under her covers I continued to tell her the complete account of our evening.

"Vanessa's too old for you... I can get past the notion that you're dating a stripper, but she is five years older than you and has to be far more... experienced." mom chastened when I'd finished.

"Mom... I am in love with Vanessa. She loves me too. You know with her... vocation she sees a lot of men of various wealth. If it were money she was after she could do far better than me."

"Money-wise, yes. But honey... there is no one like you. You have always looked out for your family and you wear your heart on your sleeve. If Vanessa loves you... really and truly,

then she is the luckiest girl in the world." My mother declares. I give her a quick kiss and say thank you.

She rubs her lips as this is the first kiss she has received since before my father left. Mom is momentarily stunned but then continues her thought. "I... I think what bothered me, was seeing that not only the affection you had for this woman... but that she had the same love for you."

"I've never met anyone like her before mom. Beauty is only skin deep. We have shared so much with one another and know where we want to go with our lives. We are going to do it together and I hope you will give her the chance to show you there is more to her than the fact she takes off her clothes for money."

"David... why did the two of you take her out with you anyway?"

I grin evilly at my mother's question. This is where I put this phase of my plan into motion. "I have a plan," I whispered.

"Plan... what plan?"

"I'll tell you in the morning. It's very involved and I'm sure you'll have a lot of questions so it will be better to hear it tomorrow after breakfast and when you're fully caffeinated."

My mother smiles at my statement and kisses my cheek. I start to get up but as I hoped, she asks me to stay with her until she falls asleep. We turn off our lights and I ask mom what position she wants. She says like we just were. My mother scoots her body against mine. Her scantily clad body presses firmly against mine. Her skin feels very warm as she nestles in and intertwines her body with mine. I wrap my arms around her and kiss her head as she rests on my chest. My heart is thumping like mad being in such an intimate position with me. This is a dream come true but only the first of many.

I stay awake long enough for my mother to shift in her sleep. She now has her back to me but is still in my arms, just not pressed against me for the moment. My mother must be having very sexy dreams as I can smell the aroma emanating from her pussy. Snaking my right arm under her body I wrap myself around her. I pull down the front of her nightie and her tits spill out. I pull her body firmly back against mine and wedge my cock between the pillows of her ass.

Mom moans as her hips move a bit. Something tells me if I were to take my dick out and press it at her pussy she would

welcome the invasion. The only reason I don't is that the first time I make love to her I want her wide awake and completely willing. I place my left hand under the hem of her nightie and on top of her pussy mound. I hear her suck in a breath of air as my middle finger gently plays with her clit. Her pussy does indeed smell of sex because even before my fingers begin to tease her she is already sopping wet. As tempted as I am to play some more I want her awake, alert and willing so I finally allow myself to drift to sleep.

~ June 19th, 2006 ~

I woke up the next morning and found my mother still in the same position that she finally settled in before I fell asleep. I pull my hand from my mother's sex and she moans in displeasure at the loss of contact. Equally so when I pull my arm from beneath her. I kiss her on the neck and when she smiles I kiss my way up to her ear and she shivers. Playing it off a little more I nibble on her ear before finally kissing her on the cheek.

I walk into her master bathroom and shuck my shorts and start the water in her shower before I relieve myself. I wash up, wishing that mom would climb in here naked with me but know that we aren't at that point in our relationship yet. I can already tell that she is a bit jealous of my relationship with

Vanessa. That is all part of this phase of my plan where she is concerned. Phase 1 of my master plan is complete but will be kept from everyone with the exception of Vanessa who is aware of all phases. Phase 2 is Katrina and is underway. Phase 3 is mom and is only in the early stages. Phase 4 is Krysta and began on the day we were getting her ready for the wedding up until she left for Europe. I will pick up where we left off when she returns... hopefully. Her being away for so long might have broken the spell I was weaving on her but that will be addressed upon her return.

Once I am clean I dry myself off and step back into my shorts. My mother is awake when I step out of her bathroom. Her eyes are closed and she is stretching her arms, not realizing her tits are out and still on display for my eyes. At a glance, I would say if Vanessa is a 36D my mother must be a 40DD.

"Wow, mom... you put women half your age to shame." I say alerting her to my presence. She opens her eyes and sees me appreciatively looking at her. She looks down and sees that her breasts are hanging out from the top of her nightie. She pulls it up and covers her chest.

"Too late, I will never forget the sight of my magnificent mother's amazing breasts." I walk over, give her a chaste kiss on the cheek and then tell her I will make us breakfast. Half an

hour later my mother arrives dressed for the day. Likewise, I stopped in my room, dressed for a day of shopping, and had everything laid out for my mother. Once we ate and tossed the dishes in the sink to soak I brought mom back to the living room and as we were both wide awake I told her exactly what I had planned for dad where Katrina was concerned.

"Oh god, you shouldn't... David, it's so wrong," mom said when I'd finished. "Wha... why would you do that to your father?" she asks not seeing the obvious reason.

"He uses women and then discards them like yesterday's newspaper. I think it's time he discovers how it feels to be left for a younger lover."

"But.. you never..."

"A facade. Dad would never trust me as implicitly as he does if I acted like Krysta. I buried my true feelings and just let him think that I was the dutiful son. I am... but my heart, my loyalty has always been to you. I say cupping her chin and looking her squarely in the eyes.

I lean in and press my lips against hers. I hold them there and I can feel her intake of air through her nose but she does not try and pull away, moreover, she does not push me from her. Breaking the kiss, I pull mom into my arms and go over what I have done where Kat is concerned, how Vanessa and I have begun lowering her inhibitions and showing her how life can be away from dad. Kat has had to integrate herself into my father's social circle and that atmosphere can be very stifling and rigid. Mom couldn't hide her excitement at what we had in store for the would-be psychologist. I'd explained to mom that my end goal with Kat was that I was going to seduce dad's young bride. Mom tried to talk me out of it but I could see she was attracted to the idea of her own son messing up her ex's new marriage.

"You'd really do all that for my honor?" Mom asks.

"All that and much more. There is more going on here but I don't want to say anything at this point, preferring to keep some plans close to the chest for now."

"You're not going to physically hurt him are you?" My mom asks.

"What I do might be detrimental to his health... but no, I'm not going to hit him with anything if that is what you're asking."

"Promise?"

"I promise."



## Chapter 3

~ June 23rd, 2006 ~

Per my request, Katrina called me during the middle of the week and informed me that my father would be returning home Thursday night as he had a big dinner party planned for several of his associates from the office. David had already planned to be there but reminded Kat to have two extra places set. He then called his wife and informed her that dinner was on. David then informed his mother that he and Vanessa would be gone until Sunday morning but that he and his lady love would be back to take her out for brunch. David and Vanessa arrived at his father's house on the tail end of the last guest. His father was surprised to see his son, and even more surprised that he was accompanied by his sexy date. The two slipped into the social circle like two experts despite David's young age and Vanessa being an outsider. David had long ago mastered the art of being invisible in such circles but hearing everything. He also treated the various wait staff like equals and not servants. As such they soon became his eyes and ears.

After she wowed some of the big wigs at his father's company David slipped in the fact that Vanessa was a college graduate with a degree in business. However, none of the big companies have so much as given her an interview up until now. David's

father and associates quickly called the head of HR (who wasn't present) and informed him that a young woman would be meeting with him first thing Monday morning. With Vanessa now having her foot (almost) in the door David knew it would only be a matter of time before the next phase of that part of the plan was underway.

One of the things Vanessa noticed and pointed out discreetly to her husband was that none of the women were socializing with Kat. Oh sure, they were "polite" but even if Katrina was beside them when they were conversing they didn't include her or ask for her opinion on matters. It was almost like the younger woman was a pariah. It dawned on David as to why this was. Somehow, all of these women were still the first wives of these high-powered businessmen. Katrina represented something that could easily happen to anyone of them (being replaced by a younger model). David whispers this to his wife who decides to go save her mother-in-law and make her feel wanted.

Of course, this drew the attention of all the horny older men who then circled the two young voluptuous women and they quickly became the focus of the party. I watched as the older women scoffed and talked wickedly about the pair, causing me to chime in and belittle the old hens. Nothing like putting vindictive old crows in their place. While I was raised to respect my elders these women needed their egos checked,

especially where my wife was concerned. I also threatened to introduce their husbands to several younger ladies that would gladly usurp them if I learned that they ever spoke badly about my Vanessa again. The ladies took one look into my eyes and seeing that I was serious they apologized and stood in relative silence for the remainder of the party.

~ Friday, June 30th, 2006 ~

After the weekend at my father's, I drove Vanessa to my dad's office to meet with the head of HR. The meeting was just a formality as she was hired instantly and she then began filling out paperwork and would have to go through the process of learning about her new job. I give her the keys to her car as traffic will be hectic so rather than her wait for me to pick her up she can drive herself and I would get a ride home. After every workday, Vanessa would drive to my mother's home after work and mom always had a home-cooked meal ready for her to feast on. Vanessa would playfully make it a point an hour after dinner to make her way to the exercise room and work off the fabulous meal she had just ingested. Mom and I would always join her.

Today though Vanessa got out of work early as the company closed just before lunch as it was the 4th of July weekend. As

such Vanessa went to our room and changed into a Wine Red California Romper.

"So, what are your plans for the holiday weekend?" Mom asks us.

"Funny you should ask." I chime in after hugging and kissing my love.

"We made plans to go out of town. They are having a huge 4th of July festival in the country so David and I made reservations at a private cabin."

"Wow... that sounds like a nice time, very romantic. When do you plan to come home?"

"Uhhh mom, she said we... you're coming with us," I tell her. My mother has a look of absolute astonishment on her face at my declaration.

"What? You... you want me to go with you?" She says in shock.

"Of course we do... mom," Vanessa says honestly. In the month since I introduced them Vanessa has been doing her best to win over my mother. Little things from helping her around the house, and spending time talking either during a meal, in the living room, or out by the pool. My mother's apprehension about Vanessa's age and vocation has become a thing of the past. "You're an important part of our lives and we wouldn't dream of leaving you alone over the holiday weekend."

"But... I... I don't have anything to wear."

This was a true statement. We have all been exercising so religiously that we are all fit and in my mom's case, leaner than she once was. Mom has always had a nice figure but she never quite lost that last bit of baby weight from me. It wasn't detrimental to her figure but after the divorce, she got a bit frumpy in both weight and wardrobe. Now that she was so active, not only had she lost that divorce weight but she had lost all her baby weight as well. She was now almost as slim as she had been before giving birth to Krysta but with her enhanced bust and hips.

"Well, I was planning to go shopping for some new clothes so why don't we all go shopping and get you some new clothes as well." Vanessa insists. My mom starts to sputter, not really sure

she wants to intrude on our alone time but we collect her by her arms and practically drag her from the house with us.

To say that my mother didn't know what hit her would be an understatement. Before they went clothes shopping my two ladies made a side trip to the salon. The ladies got a trim, a coloring to liven my mother's hair color, and finished off getting their makeup done. When they left the salon a short time later their looks alone caused most heads to turn (that and Van's figure in her romper). Sofia (we didn't want her to feel old by calling her mom in public) was quite surprised that she was seemingly drawing as much attention as her son's girlfriend. Despite our best efforts to the contrary to convince her that she was still a real beauty Sofia just wasn't feeling it. That all changed after the first store. The first thing Vanessa picked out for her mother-in-law was very sexy and racy lingerie.

"Vanessa... this isn't me." Sofia states looking at the various pairs of bra and panties the younger woman has selected for her. While the material in question isn't an issue, it is the provocative nature of the undergarments that Sofia has an issue with.

Vanessa had poked around in moms dresser and gotten her sizes. She also noticed that while she had a few pieces of what

could be considered sexy lingerie they weren't "show stoppers" by any means. "Sofia, you are still a young, beautiful woman. Your problem is that your confidence was shattered when Kenneth left you." Vanessa declares. My mother sighs in acceptance of this fact. "You can't let him have that power over your life anymore."

"What do you suggest I do then."

"Show the world how sexy you really are. For example, when I am up on stage, I start out in something like this," Vanessa says holding up the black bra and panty set. "When all eyes are on me I don't feel exposed, I feel empowered. I have their attention and am the focus of their world. I know that they will be remembering me and fantasizing about me for the rest of their days."

"I... I never thought about what it must feel like to be in that situation." Sofia states.

"That's because you never got the chance to be wild. You got pregnant early on and spent the last 20-plus years of your life raising your children and serving your husband. You never had the chance to do anything for yourself. You need to focus

on your wants now... your desires. You are a sexual being, it's time you realized this and showed off!"

An hour later my mother exited the first store looking very different. While she was still made up from her trip to the salon she seeming had an epiphany thanks to Vanessa. My lady love helped her pick out all new lingerie and even wore a pair of lacey white panties out of the store. They had informed the salesgirl about this, given her the tags that they removed, and had them rung up with all of the other lingerie they had chosen.

Van had me watch as my mother dropped a small plastic bag into the garbage. "Out with the old, in with the new."

Next Sofia had Vanessa take her to the store where she bought the romper that she was currently wearing. My ladies had me wait outside as they wanted my honest impression at first glance. I was utterly shocked at how sexy my mother looked when she exited the store. Vanessa informed me this was why she didn't put on the bra she bought that went with the panties. The top of the romper was straining to contain my mother's massive and very sexy titty flesh. If she wasn't turning heads before now she surely was now and she took notice of the attention she was garnering.



It was fun watching Whirlwind Vanessa run about each store finding the best and sexiest clothes she could for the two of them. My mother was only occasionally reluctant to try on some of the items in question but she always did. Unless Van didn't like the way the outfit looked on mom they bought the items in question. While not throwing her clothes away (she was going to donate them) this time, my mother felt very sexy, almost liberated. Once we stowed her clothes in the back of the SUV that we had recently rented for the trip, Van and I escorted my mother out to lunch.

~ Saturday, July 1st, 2006 ~

The following morning the three of us got up and in a rented Lincoln Navigator, we drove several hours to a nice countryside local. The area resided on a lake and was a popular tourist attraction for this time of the year thanks to the massive fireworks festival and fair that the area put on to celebrate independence day. I had rented us a nice cabin that had four bedrooms (even though we were only using two) a full kitchen and a living room. We were just off the lake and only twenty minutes away from the festival. Mom took up residence in the back room on the left side of the house while Van and I took up residence in the back room on the right side. Mom didn't say anything when Vanessa followed me into my room as she obviously knew by now that we were intimate.

As it was just after noon and we had brunch on the way up we all changed into swimwear so that we could all go down to the lake. Vanessa had chosen a white string bikini top and matching side tie bottoms to wear today while mom came out wearing a Black and Yellow paint splatter Graffiti style bikini. We took our beach blankets and umbrellas and made our way to the lake. We were not the first to get this idea but it wasn't as crowded as it could have been. My ladies drew the attention of quite a few men but as they weren't sure what the dynamic between us was they didn't approach. To further throw onlookers off I referred to both of my gals by their first names as I put suntan lotion on my hands, warmed it up, and untying their ties began lovingly applying said lotion to their bodies.

My mother gasp slightly when I did this to her but she manages to stifle it with her arm and Vanessa distracts her by making small talk. Still, several men try and catch a glimpse of the side of mom and Van's tits while the bikinis are untied. That is until the women they are with catch on and smack the living heck out of them. The inadequate ones cast evil glares in our direction but I just stare them down in return. We have enough privacy at our cabin that the girls can do a little nude sunbathing (supervised) later to give them that perfect no-tan-lined suntan. For now, they will have to remain covered on their fronts. An hour later Van is ready to get in the water. I

offer to go with her but she insists that I stay with Sofia and keep her company.

"Do you ever plan to start dating again mom?" I ask her catching her off guard.

"I don't know David. After your father... I... I just don't know."

"You need to get out there again mom. You're too beautiful to be holed up alone in the house. You need to get out, have some fun and find that special someone."

"The problem is most men my age are already attached. The older men like your father are looking for women Vanessa's age or younger." She states.

"Well... then why not find yourself a younger man."

"Be serious David," Mom says looking me in the eye. "What young man would want a woman like me?" She asks sincerely.

"Some of my buddies, Charlie, Darryl, Kenny... to name a few. Seriously mom... every straight guy on this lake has looked you over at least once." I tell her. "They want you... bad!"

My mom ties her suit up, sits up, and puts on her sunglasses. She appears to be looking at the lake toward Vanessa but is really looking at her surroundings. Just as I stated, many of the guys are looking squarely at her. Several groups of young men, while not being overly loud, are clearly excited by what they see as they have hard-ons.

"I'm going to go join Vanessa. Why don't you put on some more lotion in as sexy a way as you can and see how many guys you attract in my absence?"

Mom takes the lotion and I do just as I say. I dive into the water and head toward Vanessa. As we begin having our aquatic playtime we are watching as in the short time I am gone, several young men make their way over and make various overtures toward her. It is only when some can't seem to take the hint that Vanessa and I return to her side. The guys scramble when they see my hulking six-foot frame heading toward the sexy woman. Once I dry off I plop down behind my mom and take her in my arms. I kiss her shoulder her pepper butterfly-like kisses up her cheek. Mom shivers as my skin is cold in contrast to her warm womanly body.

Whispering in her ear I say, "Told yah so."

"I... I forgot how... aggressive young men can really be." Mom replies.

"Yeah... some really have a hard time understanding what No means."

"Yeah..." Mom pants in response. "Thank you... for coming back. Sorry to interrupt your playtime."

"It's no problem Sofia. We made our point so it was time to come out of the water and dry off." Vanessa declares as she rings out her long hair.

With the first part of our plan complete we adjourned to our cabin. I had set out the chairs in the clearing surrounded by the woods before we went to the lake so I had Vanessa and mom layout on them and continue the tanning session. In the privacy of our private cabin mom relaxed knowing that Vanessa and I were watching over her naked body so she drifted off to sleep for a bit. Having burned off a lot of energy swimming Vanessa

took a nap as well while I sat out behind the pair making sure no one came around to peek at my two naked ladies.

~ Tuesday, July 4th, 2006 ~

It was our last night at the cabin and the weekend had been a dream. Vanessa was now firmly mom's second daughter the two women having bonded as closely as Krysta and mom were. Vanessa and Sofia spent many hours sunning, talking, walking, swimming, and generally being as close as any mother and daughter could be. Likewise, I was the dutiful son and (husband) lover who was by their side and invisible when I needed to be. Mom began to relax and was soon teasing young men that would try and come chat her up. She simply informed them that while their overtures were appreciated she didn't think her lover (me) would appreciate them trying to steal her away. Whenever she pointed at me I would make my way from the water and menacingly make my way back to her. Much like the first time, I would possessively wrap myself around her and we started to kiss one another on the mouth to sell the appearance of me being her younger lover.

On this day Vanessa excused herself after breakfast and ran to collect a bag from her luggage. She then darted across the cabin and closed the door to moms room. When the door opened up again out Strolled the two most beautiful women I have ever

seen. My mother's insecurities about being seen wearing sexy clothing have evaporated in short order. In all honesty, I credit Van for helping bring my mother out of her overly conservative shell. I have always known that my mother was a gorgeous woman and while married to my father she might not wear the clothes she now has in her wardrobe, after dad left she gave almost all of her nicer clothes away, bought frumpy, non-flattering clothes, and locked herself away from the world.

The woman standing beside my wife is not that person. Mom is wearing a Sherrylo-style string bikini and I would soon learn that it was a thong-style bikini at that. Of course, in honor of independence day, Van bought Patriotic bikinis. The bottoms are solid blue with white stars while the bikini top on the left tit is red and white stripes and the right is the blue and white starfield. My mom's breasts are almost spilling out of the top and as she and Van do a 360 to show off their forms (which is how I learned it was a thong) I saw that her ass cheeks are on full display. Vanessa's suit is very similar to moms design wise but she tells me that hers is called a Halter Thong Bikini. In all honesty, I think Vanessa has more material on her suit than mom does.

As expected all eyes are on my mother and Vanessa. There are many beautiful women of various ages in attendance but none are as show-stopping as the woman that created me nor the

exotic beauty that married me. I didn't let either of my ladies out of my sight for fear that someone might try and abscond with one of them. I'm sure many of the people around them were wondering what the nature of our relationship was and some were probably envisioning what I wanted that relationship to be.

As it was a festival there was no need for us to bring food, only money. We sampled a bit of everything that was here and it was all delicious. I know when we returned home we would be working our butts off in the exercise room for quite some time. As the sun went down and the stars filled the sky I, unfortunately, had to say good buy to my lovely lady's bikinis as they were shivering. I bought the lady's hoodies and a pair of sweat shorts that a vendor had wisely brought that commemorate the local and the year. We sat on our large blanket on the exhibition field. I had my mother on my left and Vanessa on my right. My arms were around them both as I held them close to me.

During the fireworks, with everyone distracted, Vanessa slips her hand down the front of my now dry swim trunks and begins massaging my cock. As much as I wish she would fish it out so my mom could see it there are just too many people around to do that. I do see out of the corner of my eye that mom has taken notice of what Vanessa is doing. It is exciting for my mother to know that her handsome son, whose large cock has



been pressing against her quite a bit recently, is in full form and ready to go should the right woman wish to take advantage of it.

After the fireworks, we returned to our isolated cabin, and Van and I started a fire in the fireplace. We let mom go to her room and settle in and waited until just before midnight before we began the next phase of her seduction. Stripping out of our clothes we set up the bear skin rug close to the fireplace. I took up position in the center, facing mom's hallway. Van then went to work giving me one of her expert blowjobs. We started me just a little bit more noise than necessary just in case mom was in a deep sleep. We need not have bothered as a few moments later I heard the subtle creak of her door opening. Mom was much stealthier than a drunken Katrina and soon she was peering around the corner and watching as my wife went to work on the thing that had been prodding her for weeks.

Not wanting to waste my cum, I tapped my lover signaling it was time for the next position. Just like with Kat, Vanessa made a show of withdrawing from my cock. In the light of the fire, you could see the saliva trail from Vanessa's mouth (something you can't fake) and my exotic wife turned around just right so that we could give my mother a clear look at what would one day be in store for her. Vanessa lowered her head so it was resting in her arms, proudly propped her ass up, and spread her legs just right. I stood up behind my lovely wife, lined up

my cock, and carefully watched my mother's expression as I made love to Vanessa.

Mom watched us intently. I could see her silhouette in the night her body was heaving, her breasts jiggling and I imagine she was quite wet. Vanessa surprised me at how well she controlled her moans and groans of pleasure. Normally by now, she was waking the dead with her cries of passion. At home, we always had to have another sound source to help drown out her wails of passion so mom could actually sleep.

After a while, my mother's eyes closed, and her left hand drifted down to the panties she was wearing and she began massaging her clit and pussy. Only when Vanessa eventually gets loud does mom realize that my lover is on the verge of orgasm. Mom has either not cum yet or has had several small orgasms as her pace picks up and soon Vanessa is screaming at the top of her lungs. My mother falls back against the wall and I can tell she is having a hard time maintaining her stance. As I flood Vanessa's womb with her I catch my mother trying her best to slink back to her room from where she was "hiding".

Once we have our privacy again and we recover I collect Vanessa in my arms and carry her back to our room. I can feel the dried cum that managed to escape Van's pussy. My wife is kissing and sucking on my neck until we are back in bed.

Climbing under the covers we settle in and make ourselves comfy.

"Do you think we got to her?" Vanessa asks me running her finger up and down my chest.

"With your academy award-winning performance? How could we not have?"

"You know Hunny... if I didn't know you loved me as much as you do, I'd probably feel as inadequate as your mother did before we got her out of her shell."

"Alana Vanessa Taylor... I love you. I love you above all others. Tell me now that I can't go through with the seduction and impregnation part of my plan and I won't."

Vanessa looks into my eyes and I see tears welling in them. "I... I really mean that much to you?"

"I wouldn't have said it if I didn't mean it."

She kisses me deeply and then adds, "No. Your mom wants you. She didn't say it but I can see it. She's fighting the feelings that you've awakened in her but she can't hold out forever. Seeing the lust in her eyes, I can't deny her the love that you can give her." Vanessa states. I watch her mind work as she ponders something and then continues, "I'd like us all to stay here another two days."

"What about your job?" I ask her.

"I'll call in. Say our car broke down while we were out of town. I'm tight with the boss." Vanessa states.

"Oh really?" I ask giving her a look.

"Really. But I'm tighter with the boss's son."

To emphasize her point she climbs up and mounts me. We don't make love anymore tonight but the feeling of her warm wet pussy sheathing my cock has me on edge all night long until I finally drift off to sleep. Life is really good and the future looks even brighter.

~ Wednesday, July 5th, 2006 ~

The next day found us out at the lake again bright and early. Van called into work and informed them that we were stuck in the middle of nowhere for two more days. While Vanessa's supervisor wasn't happy with this news they knew there was nothing to be done as she was the boss's new favorite eye candy. As it was now the fifth almost everyone that had been present the previous day was gone. There were a few people still around but none were even close to being as eye-catching as my ladies.

Not wanting to soak three more clean swimsuits Vanessa put all three suits near the fire so that they could dry out overnight. We spent mid-day swimming and once we started to turn into prunes we made our way to the shore where we dried off and then began the tanning session. As the only other people around were well out of clear visual range Vanessa coaxed my mother into sunbathing in the nude. I moved so that should someone come toward us I would be the first thing they saw (and I was in my swim trunks). After the girls got a full over tan (the girls took turns applying lotion to one another despite my offer).

We watched as the other people at the lake left (probably heading home now) it was time for the next part of mom's seduction. Vanessa of course broached the idea of taking

photos to commemorate our holiday. I had a very nice Nikon camera that mom had given me as a gift. Vanessa began modeling for me and mom watched and even she had to admit that Vanessa should be a model. Vanessa pondered the notion of becoming a model briefly but decided against it as those careers can be fleeting and very cutthroat for jobs.

After two rolls of film were used Vanessa pulls my mother up and has her take her spot. Mom is hesitant but Van talks her up and tells her to relax. With soft music playing in the background my mother begins to dance and my camera clicks away as I take shot after shot. I get very alluring, heck... sexy photos of the two in various poses. With my fifth roll of film, I take photos of the pair together. Vanessa positions my mother and then takes a matching pose herself.

My cock was throbbing as I loaded my last roll of film. Mom insisted that they take some photos of me. I posed like the guys in those beef hunk calendars that girls (and some guys) buy. As we were running out of film I set up the camera on automatic and took three photos of the three of us. Once those were done I took two photos of Vanessa and myself.

We had five shots left so Vanessa has me sit on one of the vacant picnic benches. Once I'm seated she tells my mother to sit beside me. I hold my mother, my left hand resting on her

abdomen but pushing up on her large breast. For the next photo, still in the same pose mom leans her head on my shoulder. After the click, Van tells mom to sit on my lap. When she questions this she says it will be a good photo for her dating profile that we plan to set up for her (but not really). Mom is a bit reluctant but eventually does as she's told.

My mother feels amazing against my body and my cock reacts to the close contact. Mom gasps when for the fourth photo I pull her so she is pressed firmly against my raging member. My right hand is on her hip and just before Van snaps the photo I shift it so that I am cupping her sexy ass. Mom gasps but Van manages to snap the photo after her reaction.

"One more photo, let's make this the scene stealer."

Before mom can ask what she means I adjust my mother so that she is now straddling my lap. I pull her to me and my almost protruding cock presses firmly against her pussy. We looked like we were in a lover's embrace.

"Close your eyes mom," I whisper to her.

If there were any conflicting emotions in her they didn't rear their head at that moment. With one hand on her ass holding her in place I use my free hand to pull her to me. Mom lets out a little squeal as our lips make contact like this for the first time. Sure I've kissed my mother many times but not like this, not with raw passion. Time seems to fly by and only when my mom's lips part slightly do I turn her head just slightly so that Vanessa can get a good shot of the two of us like this. This one moment was what this entire weekend was about. Everything else, while amazing, was almost inconsequential. Mom was falling for me. Vanessa knew it, I knew it, and very soon, so would my mother.

~ Friday, July 14th, 2006 ~

"Hey Kat, do you want to go out?" David asks Katrina. His stepmother is sitting alone in the living room going over some forms in preparation for opening her practice. She looks up and sees her young handsome stepson dressed in a pair of cargo pants, and a white dress shirt with the top three buttons undone so that she can see he doesn't have a t-shirt on. He has a black leather riders jacket on to complete his dashing appeal.

Looking over at the clock, she didn't realize how late it actually was. "David... It's already 10 PM!" Katrina answered.



"Weren't you the lady that said being out at 3 AM was still early?" David asks. Kat's normally pale cheeks are flush with embarrassment realizing that she had uttered those words.

"Yeah... but I don't think..." she started before I interrupted her.

"Come on. It will just be the two of us so I can protect you from all the unwanted attention you're bound to attract." I state reminding her how attractive everyone found her the last time she went out.

"I... I don't have anything to wear." She feebly said once again trying to get herself out of the situation. I'm sure she felt relieved that Vanessa wasn't around.

However, I dashed that immediately by saying, "Nice try. You know where Van keeps her clothes and that you fit in them. I'm giving you 10 minutes to go put on a dress and dance shoes and get down here. Otherwise..."

"Otherwise?" She says seeing how stern an expression I am giving her.

"Otherwise I will carry you up to my room, strip you out of your clothes, and put a dress on you myself!"

Kat looks me square in the eyes. She sees that from the way I am looking at her and talking to her that not only am I serious but that I plan to carry out my threat should she try and back out again. Kat doesn't say another word, she simply gets up and makes her way to my room. Before she is even up the stairs she hears me set a timer.

"Better hurry," I say. Kat quickly makes her way up the stairs and I hear my door fly open and her rummaging through my closet. I grinned wickedly as Kat went through and hid all but one of her dresses so Kat only had one choice to make. My alarm went off at the ten-minute mark and Kat yelled down that she was almost ready, she was just finishing putting on some makeup. I yelled that was fine but she better hurry up.

Five minutes later Kat came down the steps blushing like a virgin bride of old. The dress in question that Van had left her was the dress that Vanessa had worn the last time we all went out. As such, I knew for a fact that Katrina was naked under the dress as it was so transparent that you would be able to see the bra and panty straps through the material. Something I'm sure Kat was now very aware of as she carefully made her way down the steps.

I wolf whistle in appreciation as I take my stepmother's hand. "Spin around," I instruct her. There is a slight hesitation at my command but looking down, Kat does as I ask. "You are a sight to behold... truly."

Katrina mumbles a thank you as I took her hand and then led her out the door to my waiting motorcycle.

"Let's take the BMW," she offered, clearly uneasy at the thought of riding on the back of my bike.

"Not tonight," I answered as I straddled my bike. "C'mon, get on."

It was a real show as Katrina did her best to mount the bike without showing me her "special place". After a few minutes, she managed to get on. There was a chill in the air which made me smile as my dear stepmother left the house sans coat. She was about to make the request to go back for one when I revved my bike drowning out her words. I yelled hold on tight, which she did just before we rocket down the drive and through the gate. I could feel her fear as we rode but also her excitement. Her left arm was at my abdomen while her right hand was clutched just under my chest. Her head and body were pressed

firmly into my back as she sought out my body heat to stave off the cool night air. We were as close as two people not making love could be.

After taking the scenic route to the club Kat and I made our way to the doorman. While we didn't have Vanessa with us this time she gave me a special VIP card from the club owner that served the same purpose. Once again we made our way past a line of angry would-be patrons and after finding a secluded spot put our things down and danced for a good hour and a half. By the time we sat back down my stepmother was a flushed mess. We danced every dance non-stop and she was spent as she was no longer used to the nightlife. I ordered us some drinks and we rehydrated and caught our breath. Kat moved her chair so that I could show her some of the photos I had taken during the 4th of July holiday.

My cock started to throb when I closed in on the super sexy photos of Vanessa, mom, and I at the lake. I told Kat how Van and I had taken her shopping before our trip. How we got her a full makeover and new wardrobe. Of course, I got the reaction I wanted when she saw the last photo I had.

"Oh my gawd!" she gasped as she stared at the photo of my mother straddling my lap. She was in her sexy patriotic string bikini. We looked like lovers as we were kissing passionately

for the camera. Of course, it was all for Kat's benefit but she didn't know.

"It was sort of a crazy trip," I state nonchalantly.

"How could you?"

"Easy Kat... she's gorgeous. And it's not like I was cheating on Van. Who do you think took the picture?" I asked my shocked stepmother.

"My mom was sitting in my lap, her mound was wet... and pressed firmly against my cock," I whispered right into Kat's ear, "her massive breasts were pressed into my chest... I was hard... she must have noticed but she didn't say anything... oh shit Kat, I really wanted to... to fuck her... right there," I admitted.

"You would have done that... in front of Vanessa?"

"I would have done them both. I was so hot I would have fucked any willing woman in the area as long as I could have my mother first." I tell her.

"I... I can't believe she let you take these pictures."

"Why not? Look at her, she has repressed her passion since the divorce and now a handsome, virile young man is showing her the kind of attention that she deserves. A woman like her should be immortalized on film for all to see. Besides, it should be a crime for a woman that beautiful not to have a lover." I inform my stepmother.

"But nothing happened?"

"No. After the photos were taken we all went to our cabin, showered in our respective bathrooms, showered, changed, and then had a nice dinner."

I could see Kat sigh in relief at that statement. "However, we did talk about her love life over dinner."

"What did she tell you?" Kat asks quite intrigued.

"She told us that she misses it." I lied.

"She misses what?" Kat demanded.

"Sex. She said she missed sex. Despite his age, she missed what she had with dad. However, while she misses his cock she said that even thru my swimsuit that she could tell that my cock was bigger than his."

"Oh, David... " Katrina moans as her hand falls into my lap "accidentally" and she feels how big and hard my member is at this moment.

"I could tell that she wanted to continue touching it... maybe even feel it inside her. I could see in her eyes that she wanted it... but, she was not yet willing to give in to me."

"You can't honey... she's your mom."

"So what. Sometimes the heart wants what the heart wants. My heart and body tell me that it wants her Kat... it also tells me that it wants you!" I say pulling her closer to me. My hands are on her waist and hip. My left hand trails down along her hip and to her thigh. I can see goosebumps forming on her arms.

Kat is lost in my gaze. Every time we are together this supposedly educated woman falls deeper and deeper under my spell. I've never been a man whore but when I want something or someone, I don't hold back. I want to destroy my father's marriage for what he did to my mother and I plan to take everything that has ever been important to him. It's just a bonus that my plan includes stealing his wife and knocking her up.

"Mmmm... I... I'm kinda tired." Kat says trying to find her glass while she is unable to break eye contact with me. "Let's finish our drinks,"

We left the club twenty minutes later. However, I did not drive us home as she expected. Unable to speak over the roar of my engine, she had to wait until I stopped at a stoplight. "Where are we going?"

"It's a surprise," I state.

Before she could ask a follow-up question the light changed to green and I felt her arms tighten around me as we rocketed toward our destination. As the temperature had dropped quite a bit since we went out I felt Kat shiver as the cold air washed over her body and as she pressed herself against me I could feel



her pointed nipples pushing into my back. Five minutes later I pull up into the parking lot of the last place Katrina ever thought she would find herself.

"NO!...no, no, no," she protested when lead her to the door of the number one Gentleman's Club in our fair city.

"Oh come on. Vanessa's working here tonight. She sent me a text and told me to bring you by."

"I won't go in! I'm a married woman with an image to protect."

"It's not that big a deal. Most of the guys inside have images that they guard as well. That's why they come to a private club like this." I inform her. My statement is very true. This club is very exclusive and you have to be in a certain tax bracket to gain entrance. The only reason I can get in is that I was gifted a membership by a dear friend. It's also where I first saw my wife up close.

"C'mon... we'll just go in for ten minutes, say hello to Van and have a drink. It'll be good for me, it'll help me get my mind off mom," I cajoled as I led her toward the front door. "Also, it'll be good research for you."

"Fine!" Kat relented. "But just for ten minutes, I won't stay any longer," she warned as her feet followed mine through the doors once I showed the doorman my card to gain entrance.

The club was dimly lit but Kat had to admit, the atmosphere was subdued (compared to what she expected) and the music was good. I knew from her message that Van's shift was almost over and she was going on right before it ended. As I move to the table at the back of the room we see that Vanessa was on stage, nude. Kat gasps at the sight of my wife but I don't let her freeze up and I pull her to the vacant circular booth that Van reserved for us.

Of course, as we made our way to the booth a few gentlemen took notice of Katrina in her transparent dress and they whistle their appreciation of Katrina's beauty. Kat glared in the direction of the whistle before pressing herself against me. We take our seats and watch as Van moves sensuously on the stage before all the well-dressed gentlemen of various ages. Van shifts her body, her hips arched upward as her hands caressed her full breasts. The attention that she drew from Van returns and we watch as the men sit in silence for the most part until Van sits up on her knees and gives them the full frontal. Cheers and wolf whistles from these normally subdued men fill the room.

"God, this is revolting." Katrina hissed as she settled herself in.

"You didn't say that when they thought you were a dancer." Kat recoils at my accusation. "Just accept that these men think that you're hot. You know you are. You're so beautiful that you could dance here," I teased.

"Never! These girls are all sluts and whores."

With everyone's attention on stage and the music just loud enough to mask stray noises my right hand quickly flies and smacks my stepmother across her mouth. Not so hard that I bruised her pale skin, just enough to redden her cheek and deliver a sharp sting.

"Vanessa is neither a slut nor a whore. Refer to her as such again and next time you might have to have your jaw sewn shut." I sternly inform Katrina.

Kat's right hand comes up and rubs her cheek. I can see tears in her eyes before she wipes them. "I'm sorry David. That was very rude of me. It won't happen again."

"It better not. Need I remind you that Vanessa was the only person, besides me, at the dinner party that was on your side. Call her a foul name again and you can just suffer from here on out."

We sit in silence for several minutes. The ten minutes Kat wanted to stay passed but she doesn't feel brave enough to bring this to my attention after her comment. After finishing her act and collecting the many dollars that the appreciative audience had stuffed in her garter belt, Vanessa steps down from the stage and made her way through said fans quickly arrived at their table.

"Did you like my act?" the effervescent Vanessa asked Katrina.

"You are beautiful and you dance divinely. However your audience is a mass of pigs and perverts," Kat answered, scowling out at the crowd.

"C'mon, they're harmless," she states. In her hands, Vanessa is holding up the thick wad of bills. "Plus they tip amazingly!"

"But they look at you like you're a piece of meat," Kat protested.

"It excites me. Just think Kat," she laughed, "all those hard cocks wanting little ole me, paying to get close to me but knowing that they can never have me."

"You're crazy," my stepmom says but still broke into a grin. Looking at it from Vanessa's point of view, it could be very thrilling to have so many men lusting after you.

"Says the woman wearing my special dress to go clubbing." My girlfriend proclaims as she inspected Kat in her dress. "You're not trying to steal my man are you?"

"Don't be silly... he made me come out and this was the only dress in the closet." Kat nervously tells my wife. Her pale face, even in the dim light is bright red.

"You are so damn hot girl. That dress is like a second skin on you with the stone concealing your... special treasures. I think I'm going to dance for you," she said suddenly, then slid the dancing stool between Kat's legs.

"No... please Vanessa," she pleaded, then turned to me for support. I just shrugged my shoulders as the music started and

as a nearly naked Vanessa stood in front of her and started to dance.

Katrina quickly discovers that Vanessa was an expert lap dancer. Even though the woman on stage was stunning, and other girls were giving personal dances around the room, all eyes were on Vanessa and Katrina. Other than the music no one said or did anything save the occasional groan as Van moved against the sexy blonde. Soon Van had Kat so hot that she was sweating. Kat's breasts, which were modest in comparison to Van's were heaving as Vanessa's body moves against hers. I watched as my wife turns around, planted herself in Kat's lap, and grinds her ass into the woman's crotch, and pressed against her barely concealed breasts. Kat is panting when Van pulls away briefly before she then straddles the older woman's waist. Vanessa takes Kat's head in her hands and she brought it toward her the two kiss gingerly to the cat calls and wolf whistles of the men in attendance.

Breaking the kiss, Van move's the blonde's head to one of her erect nipples.

"Kiss it," Vanessa commanded softly.

I watched as a spellbound Kat's long, pointed tongue reluctantly darted out and then flicked over the first one, then a second nipple before she kissed them both. Van grinned and moved her head to Kat's exposed neck and peppered it in kisses before she began sucking on it.

"Puh... Please," she whimpered as Van slowly slid down her body and slipped her hands under Kat's short skirt. I could tell she was very pleased when she found Kat was completely bare. Van began working over Kat who was on the edge of an orgasm after all the stimulation. However, Van stops shortly after starting earning her a look of displeasure from Kat. She doesn't bring her off for two reasons though. One, it is part of the seduction, and two... this is Van's favorite club dress.

"Mmmm... she's so bad baby!" Vanessa said seconds later as she pulls out several glistening digits. She presents her hand to me and I take her fingers into my mouth and suck off my stepmother's cream. This is my first taste of her girl cum and I am pleased that she tastes so good.

"No... don't," Kat protested as she watched me suck Van's fingers clean...

"Your stepmom's so hot," she said as she slowly ran the fingers on her other hand through the blonde strands of hair on Katrina's mound. Once I have cleaned her fingers of every last drop I release it from my mouth. She moves said hand down and rubs my throbbing cock. "I think it's time to go home." Van states.

Kat and I patiently waited in our booth watching the other girls dance for money while Vanessa changed into her regular clothes. When she came out and we stood up to leave we earned thunderous applause and several guys held out bills just to get a close-up look at the pair as they made their way out. Vanessa drove her car to my father's house with Kat and I following behind her on my bike. We didn't talk as I drove but I did capture one of her hands that was wrapped around my stomach and forced it down to my cock. It was a tight fit so Kat undoes the button and unzips me so that she can pull out my cock. She moans as she is rubbing it up and down but I stop her signaling the light is about to change. She didn't do anything while we were driving but whenever we had to stop at a red light she slid her hand up and down my shaft. Saying nothing she slowly explored with her fingers. We raced through the deserted streets until we pulled up into our driveway. When we got home Van was waiting and seeing my raging hard-on was on me in an instant.



She was so hot after dancing for Kat and I could feel her drenched pussy as she pressed against me. "Go open the house," I order Kat in between kisses.

Kat does so and lifting up my (wife) lover, I carry her in and through the doorway. Van breaks the kiss long enough to tell my stepmother, "Hang up that dress, I might want to wear it tomorrow."

Despite how horny she must be, we didn't ask Kat to join us. Instead, we let her go to bed alone listening to us as our moans of passion filled the house.

~ July 17th, 2006 ~

"How was your week?" mom asked when I arrived back from dad's house on Saturday morning around ten.

"It was great," I answered with a big smile as I encircled mom in my arms and gave her a quick kiss on the lips. "And have I got a story for you?"

"About Katrina?" she asked, her eyes gleaming with interest. "Tell me." She says excitedly.

I did and mom interrupted every few seconds with a screeched question. "She let Vanessa touch her? She let Vanessa touch her pussy in public? You let her caress your penis? On your motorcycle? God, you could have had an accident." she said with scorn.

"It's all part of the plan mom. Besides, we were careful and I obviously made it back in one piece."

Mom huffed and crossing her arms in front of her tits said, "I don't know why your father married that gold-digging hussy,"

We had made plans to spend the day at the beach. We had a simple breakfast before making our way to our destination. Mom was surprised when she realized I had selected a clothing-optional beach. I told her it was so she could work on her all-over tan. As we lay out on our beach blankets we were chatting about this and that before I steered the conversation to the topic I needed.

"Mom, did you ever want another baby?" I asked as we lay tanning under the sun. Mom was wearing one of the bikini Van I had given her. The black and yellow one from our trip clung to her sexy curves and drew the attention of many guys and

gals around us. Yes, my mom was the sexiest MILF on the beach.

I could see her pondering her response as I grabbed the tube of sun tan lotion and squeezed a big drop into my palm. "I'll do your back," I offered, then without waiting for an answer started to caress the cream into her firm, soft skin. She didn't protest when I undid the string of her top as she was lost in the moment as I lovingly applied the sunscreen to her body.

"We wanted to... we were hoping to have at least one more," she finally admitted.

"Why didn't you?" I ask as I rub another glob of lotion into my hands and then onto her skin.

"We tried, for a while. It didn't work. I don't know why," she said as she remembered. "The doctor wasn't sure... maybe I wasn't able to anymore."

"I doubt it. I think dad is too old and is shooting blanks," I stated.

She lifted herself on her elbow and turned to look at me, unselfconsciously displaying one of her breasts when she answered, "Oh no. Your father is virile... very virile David. He was always ready to go when we used to do it..." then mom quickly stopped and blushed when she realized what she was saying and to who.

"What about now? If you find the right man... would you have another baby?" I can feel my mom's heart pounding as my hand slips from the center of her back down to the valley of her ass cheeks. I untie the side strings and with a new glob of lotion, begin sensuously massaging the cream into her cheeks.

"I... I don't know... even... even if I met the right guy... I... I don't know if I can have children." she demurely tells me.

"Sofia," I say so anyone listening doesn't know our real relationship, "you are too beautiful to be alone any longer. We'll find someone for you, and you will be blessed with that third child... one way or another." I promised.

"Do you... do you really think so?"

"Have I ever lied to you?" I ask her sincerely.

"No. You're the only man I have ever trusted implicitly besides my father." Mom says.

"Then you can rest assured, I will find the right man for you, and the two of you can fall madly in love and have a third child. You'll see."

As we lay on our stomachs talking we watched the nubile, topless girls that continually passed us on a typical Saturday afternoon. Still, I was surprised when mom turned over without doing up her top.

"You don't mind?" she asked, almost in a flirting tone, watching my eyes as they hungrily devoured her.

"Why would I mind? They're beautiful," I said reverentially. "He's going to be one lucky guy."

"Who is?"

"The guy that wins your heart," I said as I squeezed the tube of lotion into my hand. Mom simply watched and made no

protest as my hands began applying lotion over her gorgeous breasts.

"Mmmm... the best I can hope for is a man half as nice as you. Vanessa is so lucky. I'll never find someone like you," she whispered as her nipples twitched under my hands.

"You never know," I say with wicked thoughts running through my head.

~ Wednesday, July 26th, 2006 ~

"I told her about you," I mention off the cuff to Katrina as I help her finish setting up her office.

Kat has finally become certified in California to practice Psychology, her practice is furnished and she is now ready to take patients. She has a few lined up from her tenure working with another psychologist that had an overflow and she would begin sessions very soon.

"Who?" Katrina asks looking up from her desk.

"Mom."

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her I wanted to have sex with you. That I wanted to put my baby inside you." This was all true except for the time frame.

"You didn't..." Kat asks. She's not disturbed by my statement, more embarrassed that I would be so open with my mother about such a topic.

"Sure I did. I don't keep things from my mom." A half-truth but what I keep is more for my safety. "My mom would like to have another baby," I said deflecting the conversation from Kat.

"How do you know?" she asked, her eyes alive with interest.

"She told me."

"What did she say?"

"She wishes I wasn't her son. I am her dream guy, one of a kind. She wishes she could make love with me... live with me... marry me."

"Did she really say that?" Kat asks almost breathlessly.

She gets up and walks around and then snaps her fingers as if she just realized something profound. Turning back to me she smiles and says, "Oh David... don't you see?"

"See what?" I ask straight-faced. I'm enjoying watching her work. She really is good, it's just too bad she's working off false information.

"David, your mother isn't infatuated with you... she's still infatuated with your father. You are a younger version of him and in her mind, she's replacing him with you. That's all."

"Maybe... maybe not. On the subject of kids though, did dad ever tell you that they wanted another baby?" I ask my stepmom.

"What are you talking about?"



"Years ago... after they had me. Mom said they tried for quite some time but they couldn't conceive," I inform the older blonde woman. "There was a problem... dad's sperm."

"That's impossible."

"Are you and dad going to have children?"

"What?"

"Children... babies."

"We just got married," Kat protested.

"Have you been using protection while having sex with my father?" I flatly ask her.

"That's none of your business," Kat says turning from me trying to deflect the conversation.

"We're family Kat. I know about the birds and the bees. It's a simple question. Do you guys use protection?"

"No..." Kat says in a low voice.

"Good luck with that then," I say. "Don't be surprised if he tells you that you are the problem." As Kat looks out the window I decide now is the time to vacate the premises. She needs time to absorb the things I've told her and I have other matters to attend to.

~ Sunday, July 30th ~

For as long as I can remember, my family has been going up to the Fratelli family cabin, which had been in my mom's family for a few generations now. When mom's family became successful entrepreneurs they splurged on a large luxurious cabin in Big Bear, California. It is located several hours from both of my parent's homes. The family takes turns using it and during this time of the year, it is very active which is why I haven't used it in any of my plans to this point. I have to admit that while I'm glad it is just the two of us it's also strange as this is the first time Krysta hadn't been with us for our yearly sojourn.

Unbeknownst to mom, I arranged for several delays to keep us from leaving when she wanted as this was all part of my grand scheme which was about to come to fruition. We got a fairly late start and as such, we hit traffic I took a detour around the congestion which added an hour to our travel time. Despite the long drive both mom and I were excited to be returning to this place with so many fond memories. Normally we could look forward to a week for our immediate family as mom had always insisted to our relatives that they give her a week's privacy before the whole extended clan descended on the property for a family get-together. What mom didn't know was that our relatives had already come and gone this year as they were going on an extended vacation overseas. Mom and I would have the cabin all to ourselves for two whole weeks!

Mom yawned as the sun was starting to set and I told her we should get a room for the night and continue on early in the morning. I could tell my mother was tired as she normally would want to power on to the cabin but she conceded quite quickly to my suggestion. Stopping at the first motel we came to (per my plan). As it was dark and she was tired I left her in the SUV until I checked us in and got our room key. I returned to the SUV, unlocked the door on her side and carefully lifted her out of the vehicle. Once I had her I carried her to the door like she was my bride.

As I was trying to unlock the door mom roused from her sleep. She was so cute looking at me through glazed eyes. "What are you doing Hunny?" mom asked half yawning, half giggling.

"I thought you were asleep so I carried you from the Navigator to the room. I was hoping to put you to bed without waking you up. Here, unlock the door please." I say holding out the key in my right hand.

Mom took the key and unlocked the door despite the fact that I was not putting her down. I carried her into our room and the door closed behind us. Not losing the effect, I carried her across the room and gently put her on the end of the bed in a sitting position.

"Thank you, sweetie." Mom said and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

"You're welcome, mom," I say kissing her in return.

Mom said she was feeling grimy so I told her to go take a shower and while she was there I would go get our overnight bags. Once she was in the bathroom ran out to collect two bags. One was a garment bag and the other was her small luggage

bag. I went through the small bag and found the long t-shirt that she wore on nights like this. When the shower ended I knocked on the door and handed it to her. Mom was so tired she took it, put it on, and once the door opened she made her way to the bed and crawled right in. I turned off the lights and proceeded to strip out of all of my clothes. Once naked I slid in under the cover. Mom, in her delirious state, just snuggled up against me and we fell asleep like the lovers we soon would be.

~ Monday, July 31st, 2006 ~

The next morning I woke up early and fully energized as I was a man on a mission. I woke mom up and told her to shower and put on the special outfit Vanessa had bought for her to wear today. Everything except the shoes would be in the bag and she was to wear it all. Once my mother was under the water and shampooing her hair I quickly collected every article of clothing that she had brought in with her and tossed it in a laundry bag.

Thirty minutes later my mother exited the bathroom, her hair and makeup were done and she was garbed in a lovely white dress. While not officially a wedding dress it would do for what I had planned. Mom was surprised to find me in a rather nice suit.

"Why are you dressed like that? And why did Vanessa want me to wear this to the cabin?" My mother asks.

"It's a surprise," I say. I hold out my hand and she takes it. I lead her back to the Navigator. Opening the door for her, I watch her nervously slide into the seat, carefully tucking the train of her dress under her. She suspects something but not what I have planned. I go check us out having already put our bags in while she was showering.

I drove us two counties west finally stopping outside of a Justice of the Peace's office in a town we'd never visited before. I'd called them the week before from home to arrange the ceremony that was about to take place. Mom looks at the sign in front of the building in bewilderment.

"Why are we here David?"

"We're here because I found the perfect man for you."

"You... you did?" She says flabbergasted by my statement.

"Yes. He has been in love with you for his entire life," I say taking her hand and holding it to my pounding heart, "and

now he wants to make you his wife." I say staring into her deep blue eyes.

Mom absorbs what I just said, blinks several times, and realizes what I mean. She must have looked back on the events of the past few weeks and finally put all of the pieces of the puzzle that has been staring her in the face for so long. She tries to be strong and says, "David we can't..."

"Yes... we can. Nobody knows us. I have everything we need and as far as anyone here is concerned, we are just another young man and an older woman who are here to get married. I'm sure they've seen weirder."

My mother tries to argue but I have an ace up my sleeve, my undying love for her. I lean in and kiss her. Not like our familial kisses, but a real, passionate, soul-searing kiss. She struggles a bit at first. As my lips are locked firmly against hers I feel resistance, and reluctance. Breaking that kiss I trail my lips from hers and move along her cheek to her neck. My mother shudders under my loving assault and her hands are pressed into my chest, feebly trying to push me away. I raise my hands and claim her breasts. She gasps as this is the first truly overt intimate contact we have shared. So the pressure against my chest subsides and her arms start to go slack. Her hands slowly slid from my chest and move around my neck.

"David... ohhh gawd..." Sofia groans as I continue my assault on her pleasure spots. As my lips latch onto her neck I gingerly begin to suck on it. She is panting hard and as much as I would like to leave a hickey, marking her as mine I don't as I want to take some photos once our ceremony is over and it wouldn't do to have a mark like that showing (this time).

My hands begin roaming her body but nothing so rough that I wrinkle the dress. My mother moves from her seat and straddles my lap. She is soon grinding against my raging cock while my hands trace the curves of her sexy body, a body that will be mine shortly. I break the kiss (reluctantly) and press my forehead to hers. My mother is gasping for air our kisses have been that long and passionate. Her eyes flutter open and meet mine that have been staring at her since ending the kiss. Our matching blue eyes lock and I can see she feels for me what I do for her. Without breaking eye contact I reach into my pocket and pull out a ring, a brand-new wedding ring. My mother holds up her left hand out and I put the engagement part of the ring on her finger.

"Sofia Rosa Fratelli... will you do me the honor, of being my wife?"

Tears fall down my mother's face. Unable to speak at this moment, my mother, despite traditional conceptions about this



situation, nods her assent. We kiss passionately one last time as simple mother and son. My soon-to-be wife's arms come around my neck and she is returning my affection. My mother and I were pronounced man and wife at 10:25 on the morning of Monday, July 31st, 2006. The people in attendance thought we looked beautiful and the smile on my mother's face was one for the record books. I haven't seen her this happy since long before my father left and I was determined that she never lose that expression ever again. The local photographer that I hired prior to arriving took the photographs and after giving him the deposit and our home information informed us the first prints would be ready and waiting for us in two weeks' time.

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Three hours later Mr. and Mrs. David Taylor's rented SUV pulls up at the Fratelli family cabin. Sofia is snuggled against her husband's arm and David pulls her over and kisses her briefly before the young man gets out, runs around the vehicle, and after opening the door, lifts his wife from the vehicle, into his arms and carried her to and then through the front door of the cabin.

"You're crazy... put me down," Sofia ordered, but with a smile on her face. "Why'd you do that," she asks as I slowly put her back on her feet.

"Just fulfilling part of my husbandly duties" I answered, my arms still around her. Our lips crashed hungrily together. "You're mine now Sofia Taylor. You are my wife and I'm going to treat you as you deserve to be treated," I inform her.

"Ohhh Daviiid," she moaned as our bodies melted together.

I carried my mother-wife to the living room and put her on the couch. I had arranged for the custodian to have the fire ready to go before we arrived. I tossed several large logs onto the fire before turning to my bride. She watched intently as I strip out of my clothes and toss them onto the chair opposite where she is sitting. My mother swallows hard as I am the first man she has seen naked since my father left her. I'm sure she is comparing my young fit body, a body sculpted by hours of activities and exercise, to my father's.

My mother stands and not breaking eye contact with me, reaches behind her back and pulls the zipper down. I watch as my mother-wife, almost in a trance, slides her dress from her body and stands before me in her wedding lingerie. Vanessa had picked out a set of barely-there panties and bra set for Sofia. The bra looked like it was straining to hold my wife's tits but my lovely bride saves the feeble garment as she reaches between her breasts and unfastens the clasp. Shedding the bra

she is adorned in her panties and white stockings. I divest her of her panties but tell her to leave the stockings.

I feel her tremble as I take her in my arms and press our naked bodies together. "Ohhh Babbby," she murmured as I fall to my knees in front of her and she spreads her legs as I move forward and my tongue slowly slid up her slit. She moans loudly as my tongue begins to strike at her pussy. Her hand rest atop my head and her eyes go closed. Meanwhile, my hands come around her body and take hold of her large and sexy ass as I feast on the channel that had borne me, hungrily licking in her essence. She groaned once, almost a wail when my tongue curled around her clitoric erection.

"Oh gawd... you... your dad never did this to me." My mother-wife informs me. I actually stop at that information.

"Never?" I ask for verification.

"No... never."

"The fool. You are a goddess, your body is a temple and I will be worshipping at the shrine of Sofia Taylor for the rest of my days." I tell my Sofi.

Standing upright but still with a firm hold on Sofi's ass, I lift her up and her body wraps around mine. I take her to the bedroom as I want to take her in the bed that has been in her family for some time. Mom is kissing my neck and marking me as hers. Laying her on the bed, she looks at me with lust. Some men might be worried that their technique could be inadequate compared to their previous lover. Having listened to my father and Kat I know for a fact that my stamina is considerably more than my father is capable of. He isn't a 2-minute man but he is no longer the man that my new bride describes.

My wife runs her hand up and down my shaft which twitches in her hand. "Oh, gawd... you are so big. Even bigger than your father. Please... I want you in me... I want to feel my husband's cock in me!" mom growled as she strokes my shaft.

Precum leaks from the head and she coats my cock with it as I can see her bare glistening pussy. Ever since Van helped her with her "grooming" my mother has kept her mound either neatly trimmed or completely bare. I slowly enter the passage that I once exited 18 years ago and my mother feels as tight as Vanessa when we first started having sex. My mother has been deprived of proper loving for too long but as much as I want to have her screaming in sexual bliss, I want our first time to be extra special. Soon enough her vaginal passage will conform to

the shape of my cock. As it is mom is gasping as I slowly feed her my rock-solid member, stretching out her pussy. She is moaning and groaning as we slowly and methodically make love. I savor the feeling of her moist cave. Despite my best efforts, her mature pussy is squeezing me the moment I enter and it isn't long before I was spurting a tidal wave of creamy cum into her waiting, orgasming center.

Mom is already gasping but I know she didn't cum yet. However, I'm not concerned about my early ejaculation. As my mother is quickly discovering, even after cumming my staying power is second to none. My cock does not shrink and it stays as firm and rigid as when I first entered her.

"I'm sorry that one was quick..." I inform her. "I... I was too excited... and you... you were so tight... I couldn't stop," I said as I lay gasping atop her, my thick lance still hard and thick inside her.

"You were perfect... perfect," she hushed, then somehow tightened her vagina around me and thrust her hips upward. "I... I can't believe you're still hard though." She tells me. "Your dad never could, even in his youth."

"Mmmm..." I say growling before kissing my wife. "I'm more man than he ever could be. Something that you will quickly discover." We kiss for a good few minutes before I end it and claim her tits for the first time. Years ago I nursed from these magnificent orbs and one day soon, I would do so again when they were filled with my mother's milk.

"Ohhh my gawd baby... I... I've never felt like this before. Fuck me please... fuck me, baby."

"Mmmm... who are you again?" I ask her holding her left hand up by her face. "Ohhhh... your wife. Fuck your mommy-wife!" Sofia Taylor begs. I smiled as my mother was now mine. Sure, it wasn't legal but as far as I was concerned it was.

Refocusing my full attention on my new bride, I began delivering hard powerful forceful thrusts that pinned her writhing body to the mattress beneath her. Her legs were split as wide as she could manage and my engorged cock was penetrating down her vaginal passage, all the way to her gaping womb. My cock head pounded her cervix over and over. Mom's hands were clutching my back and her fingernails were digging into my back. I could feel ten sharp points in my back but I could care less. I could be bleeding out and it would be a grand finale.

"Ohhh gawd..." She moaned. Her pussy was like a vice on my cock, squeezing it, trying to milk my seed from my body. I felt my balls preparing to unleash another tidal wave of semen into her.

"This is for you mom... all for you!"

"I... I'M COMING... I'M CUMMMMMINGGG!" Sofia Rosa Fratelli-Taylor, 36 years young, dug her nails and heels into my body as she convulsed in orgasmic bliss. It has been over a year since the last time my father had sex with her and despite the dry spell, she would easily trade all the years of sex with him for this one encounter with me. However, she wouldn't have to as I planned to make love to her as often as I could.

When I finally pulled out of my mother I felt a trickle of cum escape her stuffed pussy. "Put your hips up," I instruct my mother. My mother did as I asked without question. Her legs went up into the air and she lifted her hips so that every last drop of my precious cum flowed down her passage and into her receptive womb. After a while, my mother put her legs down and wrapped her body around mine. I loved the feel of my bride's naked skin against mine. Her massive breasts would more than likely grow larger once they were filled with milk. I pressed into my chest and I took hold of her right tit and kissed her lips.

Once we were settled we dozed off for a short nap. When we woke up fully energized Sofi and I climbed out of the bed and padded to the living room. Once we were in front of the fireplace my bride gave me a saucy wink and blew me a kiss. I watch as Sofi got on her hand and knees on the bear skin rug and looking over her shoulder she winks at me and says, "Again?" she had gone so long without sex, she was bound and determined to makeup for the lost time. Sofi shakes her sexy, bubbly ass in front of my face and that is all that I need to know what she wants. However, I make her ask for it.

"What does my Sofi want?"

"Please David..."

"Please David what?"

"Please... make love to me like you did Vanessa on the 4th of July."

"So you were watching us," I say to her. I knew she was of course but I have to tease her.



"Oh, my gawd... I was so hot watching the two of you making love in the light of the fireplace. I actually brought myself to orgasm both nights you two made love in the living room!"

"Suck it Sofi... suck my cock and make it as wet as you are."

I watch as my sexy mature wife turns around on all fours and creeps over to my cock which is standing tall and proud. Grasping my cock which has a bit of dried cum from the both of us, Sofi slips her lips around the head of my dick. She is soon tasting us, her dried pussy juice and my dried sperm. I listen as she moans her approval as she does deeper and deeper until she has taken as much of my massive member into her mouth.

I make love to Sofi's mouth until I am content that I will be slick enough for her. My bride is actually disappointed when I force her from my cock but I tell her we will have the rest of our lives for oral play. This is about her, and for her. I watch as she takes the hint, turns around, and crawls forward two steps. Once she is where she wants to be she lowers herself, arches her back, and rests her head on her arms. She braces herself and I slip my man meat back inside her.

"Uuuuuuhhhhhh!" Sofi moans as I once again bottom out inside her. While her vaginal passage stretches again to accept my size and girth, the give is far easier this time.

"Oh gawd... your... your dad never managed to go so deep in me before... Oh gawd... oh GAWD... OH MY GAWDDDDD... I'M CUMMING!" I make love to Sofi bringing her to three orgasms in this position and her vagina milks my shaft for every drop of semen, sucking millions of swimming sperm toward her waiting egg. We slept on the rug before the fire.

The next morning I awoke to my naked Sofi sucking on my cock so that she could ride me to another orgasm when I got up. I had awakened the slut in my mother and wouldn't have had it any other way. We made love nonstop for the next four days before things came to a head... as I intended.

## Chapter 4

~ Friday, August 4th, 2006 ~

It was almost the end of the first week of Sofia and my marriage. Even though we brought clothes with us we haven't worn any since we divested ourselves of our wedding garb. The only item of clothing that Sofi has worn since arriving has been an apron while she was cooking. The first time I saw her in the apron she was bending over and putting dinner in the oven to cook.

As soon as the oven was closed I was behind Sofi. Lifting her several inches into the air my wife squeaks and squeals when I put her down in front of the table. Her arms stop her descent (not like I dropped her, she was far too precious and I am far too strong). I spit in my hand as neither of us is properly lubricated and before my lover can say anything other than my name I am spearing her with my weapon of love.

Sofi moans and groans her approval of my passion and technique as the sound of my hips colliding with her ample ass cheeks fills the room. Sofi's tits, which I have since learned are 40DD, shake forward every time I collide with her and swing back when I pull away from my wife. Soon I capture these

fabulous globes in my hands and massage them as I have several times over the past few days since I became Sofia Taylor's husband and will continue to do so as often as possible for the rest of our lives.

A wicked idea comes to me as I am feeling a little drained of sperm wise having drained my balls constantly with only the occasional break for sleep but having given my lovely wife three loads thus far today I am still recharging. I pull my cock out of Sofi and she wines, asking me why I stopped.

"I have to claim your last hole Hunny."

I watch as a look of almost terror comes over my lover's face.  
"I... I've never..."

Looking at her in utter shock I ask, "Really? He didn't do that either?"

Sofia just shakes her head no. "Your father was never very adventurous. He was a missionary and occasionally doggie style. He loved getting blowjobs but that was the extent of our sex life."

"I am going to destroy your concept of sex my dearest Sofi. By the time this weekend is over the last twenty years of your love life will be a distant memory. I'm going to show you how a real man loves his woman, starting by taking your anal virginity."

I kiss Sofi's exposed back and releasing my mother-wife, go to our bedroom and collect my bottle of lube that I brought with me for later. Slathering three fingers with lube, I dip my fingers into her orifice and she groans as I begin prepping her for what is about to happen. With my free hand coated in lube, I begin applying it to my shaft, and once properly coated I remove my fingers and lodge the head of my cock in her brown rosebud.

"Uuuuhhhh... ohhhh gawd David..." My lover moans. It's uncomfortable. My girth is stretching her virgin hole and I'm sure it hurts, but I am being as tender a lover as I can be. I love this woman so much that I would never do anything to hurt her. I want her to learn to enjoy this, and the only way that will happen is if I am a tender, sensitive lover.

I take my time and Sofi soon takes every inch of my large cock in her deflowered ass. Pinned to the dining room table I take hold of her apron and use it to wipe the residual lube from my hand. Once clean I place my hands on her hips and begin slowly making love to the ass of the woman that bore me. My mother's groans excite me and soon the pain she once felt has

turned to moans of pleasure. I further surprise my sexy new wife when I take hold of her by the wrists and pull her upright, never stopping my thrusts into her ass.

Sofi shrieks when I magically grasp her by the thighs and heft her up into the air. "Ahhhhhh..." she moans as her full weight comes down on my cock. Holding her up by her thighs I begin pummeling her ass. As my cock fucks her asshole and I hold her in place I wish I had two more arms as I want more than anything to be holding my wife's 40DD tits and tweaking her nipples at this moment. Sofi doesn't last long after all the overstimulation and she experiences the first anal orgasm of her life.

I thought my mother had experienced the most earth-shattering orgasm the first time we made love... I was wrong. We will have to do this again, and next time... next time we will be facing one another so I can feel her tits pressed into my chest, and kiss her succulent lips as I take her ass. I carry Sofi back to the bedroom and tuck her in bed so that she can rest and recuperate for tonight's nocturnal events.

I took a shower during my mother's nap and once dry I slip on my boxers so that I can somewhat safely attend to dinner. I get a tray and after putting the finishing touches on all of the side dishes (mom made the entree after all) I carry dinner to our

bedroom. Rousing my mother with the magnificent odor of her meal, she sits up in bed, her ass very sore (but in a good way) and I serve her in bed. We have an excellent meal and after I clear the dishes and put everything that we didn't eat away I return to our honeymoon suite. Mom is on all fours waiting for me. She helps me out of my boxers and moves back so that I can join her in bed.

"Are you ready to fill my womb with more of your seed?" Sofi inquires.

"Oh yes. I have a very nice load ready for you now." I tell her.

We make love, in bed again. I am on my back and Soifi is riding me. When I hear a creak at the door I know what or should I say, who it is. I pull mom down to me and claim her lips. She is so lost in the heat of the moment that she doesn't know that we are no longer alone. I wrap my arms around Sofie just right so that I can hold her in place while holding her meaty ass cheeks. She moans some when she feels me pulling her cheeks apart.

"Mmmmmm..." Sofi moans in pleasure only to suddenly do so again in a higher register as her ass is once again invaded. The cock in question feels different, yet similar. My lover breaks the

kiss that we were sharing. I had her so distracted she didn't realize we were no longer alone.

"Hello, Sofia." A very naked Vanessa says before giving her mother-in-law/sister-wife a big kiss on the lips. Sofia quickly sees that the only thing Vanessa had on was a harness with a very sizable strap-on cock. "Welcome to our family."

Vanessa slowly feeds the phallus into Sofi's ass. She is doing so very slowly, and very gingerly as she knows from experience what it's like to take my cock up her ass. Vanessa was an anal virgin as well before me. She has to control herself as the dick, modeled after my actual cock, slips into Sofi much easier this time. I think Van must have used an excessive amount of lube to ensure it went in easier, but that also makes it harder to control just how quickly you enter someone.

Mom is in sensory overload having her first threesome and her first double penetration. I remain still as I allow Vanessa the honor of making love to her mother-in-law/sister-wife's ass. With my dick in her pussy I relish the feel of the faux cock pushing against the membrane separating our two members. I can feel Sofi building to another orgasm so I reluctantly signal Van to stop. As our lover gasps for air Vanessa pulls her back and off my cock. Sofi is still impaled on the strap-on and she



watches through glassy eyes as I get up on my knees, close the distance between us and re-impale her with my cock.

My conservative mother vanishes at that moment. With Van's help, she moves up and down our dual cocks, and with every downward thrust, I feel her pussy clamp down tighter and tighter on my cock as her orgasm builds until the dam breaks and mom lets us know how she is feeling.

"Ohhhh gawd..." Sofi moans. "Oh gawddd... oh yes... yes, ooooooh, oh fuck, oh shit... ohhh fuck... oh Gawd, YES, oh gawd... oh gawd... oh my gawd... OOOHHHMYGAWD... YESSSSSS!" Sofia screams as her orgasm overtakes her body. When her vice of a pussy clamps down one last time I groan and flood her receptive womb with another geyser-like blast of semen.

We lower Sofi down onto her side and as she is trying to catch her breath Vanessa slowly withdraws the cock from mom's ass. There is a pop when this occurs and kissing Sofi on the cheek Vanessa excuses herself for the moment. I stay put, acting as a sperm trap to keep all my seed sealed within my mother. Only when Vanessa returns do I slowly remove myself from her body. Sofi moans however when Van puts another cock, this one with a shield covering the front of her pussy. Van helps

mom into a panty-style harness that holds the cock and shield in place.

"We don't want you to lose any of that precious seed," Van tells Sofi.

Mom is so far gone she just nods her head and then snuggles against me. Vanessa comes around and melds herself into my side and we kiss passionately having not seen one another for the better part of the week. We all fall asleep (Van is tired from her long drive) as tomorrow is an important day for the future of our family.

~ Saturday, August 5th, 2006 ~

Sofia woke up feeling very tired and very sore. Her ass had been thoroughly fucked by two people the day before. That made three firsts for her. The first time she had ever had anal sex, the first time she had ever had sex with a woman, and the first time she had ever been double penetrated in a threesome. Her body told her that she had to go to the bathroom and as she stood up she quickly remembered the phallus still lodged in her sex being held by the harness she wore.

Slipping out of the bed, she padded her way to the bathroom, removed the panties, and then carefully removed the cock from within her. Placing the faux dick in the sink, Sofi sat down and relived herself all while thinking about the events of the past week. She looked at her left hand and marveled at the wedding ring that adorned her ring finger. It was brand new, having been commissioned by her son specifically for her. It has very pretty ornate patterns etched into the gold band and in addition to a teardrop diamond had her birthstones embedded around the diamond. It was truly one of a kind, just like the man that had given it to her.

Sofie decided to get cleaned up, something that she and David only did every so often as they were making love so much, there was no point as they would just get sweaty all over again. When she was done cleaning up she went back to the bedroom to find that it was vacated. On the bed, she found one of her new rompers that she had gotten while out with Vanessa and David before the 4th of July holiday. It felt very odd as Sofi slipped on the garment as she had gone so long without clothes recently that the material felt almost alien to her.

Making her way to the main area of the cabin she found Vanessa sitting on the couch in front of the large picture window drinking a cup of coffee. She smiles at Sofia and pats the cushion beside her. As Sofia takes a seat she blushes a bit remembering how the younger woman helped fuck her last

night. Truth be told she felt like she was about to go into a sexual coma when the orgasm overtook her. Vanessa hands Sofi a fresh cup of coffee made just how she likes it. In the kitchen David is grilling up steaks for breakfast, he has eggs cooking Sunnyside up and the bacon is almost ready.

Neither woman says anything. Sofi is not sure what to say about what occurred and Vanessa not saying anything as David wants to be the one to reveal everything to his bride. Breakfast is a quiet affair. Vanessa is smiling and Sofia looks uncertain as we eat. Vanessa volunteers to clean up and taking my new wife's hand I lead her back to the couch. I give Vanessa the time she needs to clean up because this is a family matter and we are all family now.

Mom is in the middle of the couch, I am on her right and Vanessa is on her left. We each take one of her hands and start off by telling her that we love her. Vanessa informs her that even though she made love to her last night, that doesn't change the fact that she also loves her as a mother. She tells her how she loves the bond that they have and would never do anything to ruin it. She hopes she can understand that. I then start my story back at the beginning. I begin to fill in the gaps in the story that I have been keeping to myself.

"So the story you told me about saving Vanessa is true, but the part about it being an act of fate is false?" Mom asks for clarification.

"Yes." Van and I say in unison.

"I grew up Vanessa Coleman," Van interjects, "But my birth name is Alana Vanessa Taylor."

Mom looks at Van not immediately registering what the name means other than that she shares our surname. Then, for the first time, she looks into Van's eyes and sees something she doesn't know how she missed. Her eyes... they're Kenneth's eyes.

"Oh my god... Alana... you, you're Kenneth's daughter!" Mom says in shock.

"Yes, she is," I say.

I let this sink in for a moment before continuing. I tell her how I found a file in dad's desk and I tracked her down. During the time I spent trying to figure out how to approach and introduce myself I became enamored by her. Eventually, that crush

turned into lust, and then love. Van and I then told her the story of our courtship, how on a weekend very similar to this I had made love to her and then spilled the beans about the nature of our relationship and my plan moving forward. Mom can't say anything about the fact that Van and I are half-siblings as she and I are full-blood relatives.

"Is there anything else?"

"Yes," I say.

Vanessa takes the lead showing my mother the ring on her left hand. Mom recognizes it as the ring dad gave me when my grandfather passed away. "We're sister-wives," Vanessa informs her mother-in-law.

"How... how long have you been married?" Mom asks us.

"We got married at 12:01 AM following dad's ceremony to Kat."

"Is there anything else?" Sofi asks not sure she could handle anything else.

"Just one more thing, well... two," Vanessa adds.

I look at her with a bewildered expression as this is news to me.  
"First, I can stay with you until the end of your honeymoon because I am on administrative leave."

Van then quickly sums up how her supervisor made it look like she wasn't doing her job and even with dad's favor, the matter needed to be investigated and thus she was on unpaid leave for two weeks. I would be dealing with that when I returned home.

"And the second?" Mom asks. Vanessa takes her mother-in-law's hands and places them on her abdomen.

"Congratulation on your wedding... Grandma." Vanessa announces to both of us.

~ Sunday, August 13th, 2006 ~

I left my wives the day before they were to make the trip back to our home to put the second to last phase of my plan in order.

thanks to Vanessa, I knew Kat was at her most fertile time (women talk). As such, I had to be there for the beginning of her cycle hoping fate would deliver. I parked in the drive, knowing she would see Van's car first thing and she could come to check on me once dad was gone (if he were even home). Right on time, Kat came knocking on my door. I wasn't asleep but played it off as I had been as I lie in wait for her next move.

After she knocked on my bedroom door again and I didn't immediately answer her, Kat opened the door and sticks her head in. "David? Are you up?" I lay on my back (feigning sleep) and mumbled a response.

She entered the room as anticipated and found me turning to face her. My bedsheet was the only thing draped over my (unknownst to her) naked body. "Good morning Kat." I greet her stretching out. Her eyes glance over my naked form and not seeing a waistband around my midsection she quickly surmises that I am naked under my bedsheet.

"Oh... I'm sorry... I didn't know you were still in bed" she said, but not retreating just standing past the doorway watching me.



"It's okay Kat. C'mon in," I say sitting up against my headboard. I pat the empty spot on my full-sized bed.

"But..." She hesitantly states.

"C'mon. I've missed you. Sit," I stated in a calm but more commanding tone. The room smells a bit musky from the last time Van was here as no one had bothered to air out the room.

"So, how was your vacation?" Katrina asked as she tentatively sat. "What?" she demanded as I grinned back at her.

"It was amazing! I had the best time and it was a truly life changing trip."

"Really?" Kat asks intrigued by my description. "What made it so special?"

"I got married," I proudly announce to my stepmother.

"Riiight..." Kat replies not believing me. "Sure you did David," Kat replies thinking I'm playing with her.

"I did."

"David, I saw Vanessa before she went to join you and she didn't mention anything about the two of you getting married. If the two of you were going to elope I imagine you shared the news with your mother and she was present but I would think Van would have called to tell me."

"True... but I was already married before Vanessa joined us on the second half of our vacation," I state. The sentence was true on both counts. She didn't need to know that I was already married to my truest love before marrying mom.

"You... you married someone else?" She asks in shock.

"Oh yeah," I say with a grin. I show her my wedding band and then reach over for the polaroids that were taken by the staff at the Justice of the Peace.

"Who... who is she?" Kat asks. Her skin has gone pale as she is afraid of my answer. I find it kind of cute that she is both worried and angry that I might have betrayed my love for Van. The two have gotten quite close over the course of her seduction. I hand Kat the photos and while the two haven't

met, she has spent enough time in my room and seen the family photos I have beside my bed to know who the woman is.

I flatly answer Kat as she looks at the polaroids, "I married my mom, just like I told you I would."

Kat looks at us dressed in our simplistic wedding clothes surrounded by the Justice and our witnesses. My mother was smiling in the wedding dress Vanessa had selected for the occasion and I was in my nice suit. She drops the photos onto the bed and looks me squarely in the face. "You... you slept with your mom?"

"No Kat. I seduced her. I then proposed to her. She accepted my proposal and we got married." Kat's mind was awlirl at this news.

"Oh god..." Kat murmurs as I continue. In her shock, Kat fails to notice me closing the gap in her personal bubble.

"After the ceremony, we drove to our family cabin at which point I carried my bride across the threshold and into our honeymoon cabin. We spent the better part of two weeks in the wilderness making love. The best part is that it was her fertile

time. Right now she is probably on her way back from our honeymoon holding her hand over her stomach in anticipation of us conceiving the child she has long since been denied." I decided to finish my story by telling my stepmother. "I'm hoping it's a girl. If it is I'll bet she is even more stunning than Krysta as the baby would be two-thirds her genes, and one-third mine."

Kat is in utter shock. She doesn't move from the bed but she turns away from me as she tries to process everything that I am telling her. So lost in her thoughts, probably trying to figure out where she went wrong during our private sessions, that she doesn't register as I slip out from under the sheet and bared myself completely to her. Only when she turns back and sees my naked form does everything I've ever told her come back and hit her like a freight train.

"Noooooooo," she says as my hand comes up and cupped her face. I place my free hand on her right hip and gently pulled her to me.

"Oh yes. A promise is a promise. I married and bred my birth mother, now it's your turn to be bred!" I say as I lean in and claim her trembling lips. She whimpers at the contact, much like that first night in the club. However, she doesn't try and break the kiss. I'm pleased that I've made enough headway that her resistance to my advances is almost nil.

Finally breaking the kiss, she turns her head and feebly says, "We... we shouldn't... I'm your stepmother."

"Shouldn't... not cant? If you were really opposed to this you would say you can't do this."

Kat is torn. I can feel how flush her body already is but that little angel on her shoulder is feebly trying to convince her to stay true to my father. Time to help stoke the devil's argument to go for it.

Scooting back, I let her see me in all my naked glory. Since her arrival, my cock has gone from semi-rigid to full hard-on. I watch her swallow her anxiety. With my best Pokerface, I say, "I know you want this Kat." I say. "If you don't want this you are free to get up and leave," I tell her.

I watch as she registers my statement but her body does not move from its spot. Several moments of silence go by and I prod her again. Gently taking hold of her left hand I bring it to my crotch and place it firmly on my cock. "You know you want this. If you didn't you would have run out of my room screaming ages ago." I say helping her stock my cock. It is very

hot, very hard, and she is almost salivating as her hand travels the length from head to ball sack.

"I... I..." Kat says barely above a whisper. Her eyes are closed as she shivers at my touch.

"Your nipples and pussy say otherwise," I tell her looking at what her body is saying. Her nipples are rock hard and pushing against the material of her simple summer dress. Having chosen to wear a yellow dress and having tucked it between her legs when she sat down I can see the wet spot that has formed over the last few moments. Taking hold of her I pull her over my body and toss her onto her back. I move my body over her and part her legs, pressing my rigid cock against the wet spot of her dress.

"Nooooo," she moans, "No... please... your... your father..."

I stop my seduction and Kat breaths a sigh of relief. However, I didn't stop because I "came to my senses". No, I stopped because I had an epiphany. I stand up, collect my panting stepmother and toss her over my right shoulder. Before she can question what I am doing I carry her from my room, down the hallway, and into the master bedroom. Within a step of the bed,

I unceremoniously toss her onto the bed and stand above her like the alpha male I am.

"My father doesn't appreciate you, Kat. He's already around so infrequently that he's probably found his next Mrs. Kenneth Taylor, or is closing in on her." I declare. I see the wheels turning in her head over my statement. "Dad can show up any time now ready to serve you with annulment papers."

My words hit Kat like a sledgehammer. While I don't have any concrete evidence for these claims I wouldn't exactly be surprised by them. This was dad's MO when he was getting ready to divorce mom. While Kat wasn't the reason for the divorce there were plenty of able and willing young women hoping to warm my dad's bed.

"You are a true beauty and deserve better than you are getting. You are so beautiful and any child you conceive will be just as precious. " I say before kissing her exposed neck.

"Ahhhhh... Kat moans aloud as her body begins to surrender to my assault.

With her resistance all but gone I take hold of the front of Katrina's dress and with all my strength and rip the garment in half from top to bottom. Kat looks at me, looks at my large engorged cock, and while she can stop this from happening, she does nothing to stop it.

"We were originally going to have sex in my bed but then I realized that this is where we need to consummate our relationship. We're going to consummate our relationship in your marriage bed!" I stop talking but keep my eyes locked on hers. I gently move my hips back and forth, sawing my cock against her panty-clad pussy. Kat is having a hard time focusing on me and not the sensations I am giving her.

"David..."

Not wanting her to think I was going to "rape" her, I kiss her knees and taking hold of the sides of the panties, slowly pull them off her. The submissive side I've cultivated in her rears its head and she assists me despite her mouth protesting the action. I suck on her panties, tasting the fluid soaking the lace material.

"You protest too much," I inform Kat. "You want this. Your body is being more honest than your mouth. It's time to give in



and accept what it is you really want... me. Since dad is incapable of giving you what you desire... what you deserve... I will do it for you!"

Now that she is naked, I slip between Katrina's splayed legs. I rub the head of my hot, hard cock against her lips. The fluid seeping from her folds has her so slick that I almost bottom out without trying. Kat shudders as my larger, thicker cock pushes its way inside of her.

"Just so you know, if we do this I'm going to pummel your pussy with my cock until no other man will be able to satisfy you! I'm going to hold my orgasm in until you have come no less than three times. Only after you are begging me for release will I finally grant you your fondest wish! By the end of our time together you will be properly bred, and by the end of the month..."

"What..." Katrina squeaks out even though she knows the answer.

"By the end of the month, you will be carrying my baby in your womb!" I assure her. With her legs spread just far enough I mount my blonde stepmother.

"OOOOOH, MY GAAAAWD!" Kat moans as I slip my cock into her just a few inches. Those few inches already fill Kat as no other man has. With her already writhing out of her mind I know this was the moment that I was waiting for. Just as Kat tries to wrap herself around me I pull back and break all contact with her.

"Wha..." she cries out in protest of my departure from her sex.

Scooting back I look her squarely in the eyes. She looks at me like she did the night I smacked her for calling Vanessa a whore. Now out of arms reach, I let her see me, a stern look on my face and a raging cock ready to breed her.

"David... why...?" she asks dumbfounded. She is in heat and I am holding out on her.

"Is this what you want? I don't want to do this and you turn around and tell someone that I raped you." I tell Katrina.

This sinks in and Kat replies, "I... I'd never..."

"You say that now... but what bout after the deed. If we do this, I want you ready, willing, and able. But..."

"But?" She asks panting, listening to my every word.

"You have to tell me that you want this. If you really want this I need to hear you tell me what you want. I need to hear you tell me exactly what you want me to do to you," I asked almost cruelly, enjoying her sexual need.

This was it, the point of no return. She could tell me, no and I would leave and this part of my plan would be a bust. I have brought her to the brink and while I was almost 99% sure I had her but there was always that 1 percent chance of failure.

I could see lust but also indecision in her eyes as she mulls over the choices. My heart pounds three times before I hear Kat's whispered answer.

"What did you say, Kat?" I ask her not sure of her answer.

"I want you, David." She says again. Kat lays back against her pillows. Once positioned she willingly spreads her legs and lifts them up. "I want you to make love to me."

"Sorry... I couldn't hear you."

Katrina is so hot and horny that she can't wait any longer. Scooting to the center of the bed, Kat lays flat on her back, she reaches under her legs pulls them back and spread herself, and presents herself before her stepson. "PLEASE DAVID... I NEED YOU." Kat practically screams at the top of her lungs. "I need to feel that magnificent cock of yours filling me up." She tells me. "I want you to take me over and over again until your seed floods my womb and gives me a baby."

That was what I wanted to hear. Moving back I place my hands behind Kat's knees. I push her legs so far back that her knees touch her head. She screams my name in pure bliss as my cock spears her pussy and the tip touches her womb.

"Yes... yes... oh gawd yes! Fuck me... fuck me... please baby."

"Fuck who?" I asked, teasingly slipping my cock in and out of her engorged pussy lips.

"Fuck mommy... fuck your mommy... fuck your dad's twenty-six-year-old wife," she cried, knowing instinctively the words I wanted to hear. "Fuck me in your father's bed, David!"

With those words, I went to work pummeling her pussy. Over and over I pound her. My rod saws in and out, back and forth. Kat is a screamer, just like Van. Just like my wife, I fuck her relentlessly over and over.

"Please David..." Kat moans.

"Please what?" I ask her.

"Please... put your baby in mommy Katrina's belly. I want your baby!" she screamed as I smashed deep into her. Katrina's long, lean legs come around me and wrap just above my ass. Her arms are like a vice squeezing me as her pussy clamps down on me. She screams so loud that I think I hear glass shattering as I explode within her. Jet after jet of my cum floods her womb and even after my last spurt leaves the head of my cock my dick stays lodged within her to keep my seed from escaping. I give Katrina time to recover, the entire time we never separate.

For the next few hours, we fucked. There would be plenty of time for tender loving later. We were on a mission and that mission was procreation. Not only that but much like with Vanessa, I wanted us to leave our mark in every room in the house. During one of our breaks, I called the staff and gave

them their second paid vacation. Dad was going to be gone for the week and I wanted to use every free moment breeding his trophy wife.

For the next five days, Kat and I would go about our workdays as if nothing had changed between us. I started keeping my messenger bike at her office but I would give Kat a ride to work on my motorcycle. She started keeping her work clothes in her office and while riding into the office she always wore sexy clothes and my helmet to keep her identity concealed. We would arrive an hour before work, have sex in the shower, and then she would dress all prim and proper for her clients. For five days that was our routine and none of her clients were the wiser as to their shrinks affairs. At the end of the day, I would return, hot and sweaty after her last client was gone. I would return to use her shower and change out of my messenger outfit and she would shed her professional attire and reveal the true Katrina, my personal slutty stepmother. Unlike the morning we only showered and playfully washed one another.

Depending on our mood we would either go out for dinner, go dancing, and then return home or just return home, eat and then procreate. Either way, our evening would end with me eventually carrying Kat back to the master bedroom and showing her exactly who the master of this house truly was. The entire time we were having relations I was recording every intimate moment for posterity. By the time I had to return to

my two wives Katrina was physically and mentally mine and if all went well, by the end of the month she would be carrying my baby. Later, once I was sure I owned her mentally, I would tell her the truth about everything. For now, the only concern was creating a baby and cuckolding my father.

~ September 2006 ~

August passed in a blur of sex for me. The first week was spent with my mommy-wife. Week two was spent pleasuring both my wives in the wilderness. Week three was all Katrina and the final week I returned home to recover and prepare for September. Upon my return, I was welcomed with generous affection and I had to give my ladies a blow-by-blow of what happened. Neither was surprised that Katrina submitted to me. Vanessa laughed when I told her exactly how quickly she gave in. My mother took pride in the fact that she managed to hold out as long as she did being in such intimate contact with me over the past few weeks. Both women were exceptionally pleased to learn that Katrina was not spared from my tradition of taking my women up the ass. Katrina was exceptionally tight and screamed exceptionally loud as long as I deflowered her. Despite the fact I was as gentle and loving as I could be, her ass was so small and tight it took a large amount of lube and quite a bit of patience. From the moment I returned home, Van and I spent our nights in mom's bed. I suspect they started

this tradition during my absence but I have no issues with that. I actually encourage it.

"Which of us is better in bed?" Sofi inquires. She is of course referring to Kat as she knows that I am equally enamored by both Vanessa and herself.

"There is no comparison between the two of you mom," I truthfully inform her. As much as I enjoyed fucking Kat and breaking her in she couldn't compete with my mother. Sofi was one in a million and much like Krysta stated upon seeing Kat, she was one in a long line of similar-bodied women.

"But you still want her."

"Yes. I've grown fond of her. She's a unique individual and very energetic in bed. I can't wait to see what her figure becomes while she is pregnant and after she's had her first baby."

Vanessa did not come with me the following weekend (as planned) when I went to see Katrina. We made up an excuse but none was needed as that meant that Kat had sole access to my cock. Of course, while I made love to her, my blonde



stepmother asked me who was better. Not wanting to ruin what I had going I tell her that I preferred her. I don't know if she actually believed me but she let it go as I continued to pummel her pussy and fill her womb with my seed.

## Chapter 5

~ Friday, September 8th, 2006 ~

It was only a few days before my darling older sister was due to return that mom informed me of Krysta's plans for the year. I didn't know Krysta had called our mother at some point in time and informed her that she was taking the year off from school for personal reasons. I asked Sofi if she had any more information but she didn't. Sofi was concerned but in the end, it was Krysta's life and her decision to make.

Sofi knew that her son/husband was plotting her daughter's seduction, and since Krys was taking time off she decided to help things along and planned a family trip to Cancun, Mexico. The only person she informed of this was Vanessa who grinned wickedly at her sister-wife/mother-in-law's sneakiness. Vanessa covertly began packing bags for herself and her husband. Sofi didn't need help but she did ask for the younger

woman's opinion on what she thought she should take to the exotic local. Contacting Krysta, Sofi informs her of her desire to have some family time together before she goes off and does whatever it is she plans to do in her time off from school.

So it was the second Friday in September that Krys flew to Cancun from Paris with a short layover in Miami. The Taylors had flown in the day before to get settled and check out the sights before their wayward family member joined them. The three Taylors were waiting patiently for Krysta at the arrival gate with David holding up a Welcome to Cancun sign. The second she saw her mother and brother after walking through the gate she ran shrieking into their arms. "Oh god I missed you guys," she cried as she hugged her family.

I have to admit I almost missed her as my sister looked like a new woman.

"You've cut your hair..." Sofia says looking at the hair in question. When she left her hair was down to just below her shoulder blades. Now, it was barely touching her shoulders. In addition, she has red streaks in her dark hair reminded me of Courtney Cox's *Scream 2* hairstyle. In addition to her new hairstyle, it is obvious during her trip to Europe that Krys spent quite a bit of time on the beaches. While Krys has always had

more of a tan complexion like her mother she now had a golden tan complexion exactly like our mother.

"And you're very tan," I add.

"I think it's a good look for you," Vanesa chimes in making Krysta aware of her presence for the first time since her arrival. "you look very sexy," Vanessa continues. Vanessa hugs her younger (sister) and kisses her on her cheek.

"Oui monsieur David... I didn't know you were going to bring your girlfriend."

"It was my idea." Mom chimed in. "Vanessa and I have gotten very close over the summer while you were away." I watch as a slight scowl appears on Krys' face at that particular bit of news. While Vanessa made a good impression on Krysta at the wedding I suspect she just lost a lot of points with that remark from my mother. Mom notices this as well and just continues. "Vanessa really helped me out of the funk I have been in since your father left me and now I have a whole new outlook on life."

"Well... I have to admit you look amazing mom. You look as beautiful and energetic as you did before dad left us for Kat."

"Exactly. You and your brother helped me emotionally, and Vanessa helped me mentally. Given how well she and your brother are getting along it only felt right to include her in our family outing."

Mom's statement about how close Vanessa and I are obviously upset Krysta some as well so it was time to move things along. Vanessa decides to defuse any animosity that Kry's might generate by taking her bag and asking her about her trip. Focusing on her life was exactly the distraction Kry's needed to take her mind off Vanessa's presence. We escorted my dear sister to luggage where I will collect her bags and carried them to our rented SUV.

As I drove us to the resort we would be spending our time here at, Sofia requests a girl's day out. Not privy to whatever it is exactly my mother has in mind (at least for the moment), I reluctantly agree. We stop at the resort and once the bag boys collect Krysta's belongings, they hastily follow the girls to the room. My mother/wife booked two rooms but so far only one has been used. I imagine that Kry's will be set up in the second room but whether or not Sofia will be with her tonight remains to be seen.

As I now have the day to myself I go change into my swim trunks and hit the beach. I decide to hit the water first and spend quite a bit of time swimming. Once I've relaxed in the cool clear blue water for as long as I wanted I make my way out and notice that several ladies of various ages are eying me like a lioness eyes its next meal. Of the women looking me over, only one of them appears to be alone. I decide to approach the woman and see if she would like some company. The woman is wearing a large sunhat concealing most of her brown hair. She had on dark Rayban sunglasses and a very sexy almost non-existent yellow string bikini. From the look of her complexion, she hasn't been in the sun very long as her alabaster skin is still pale. I walk over to talk to her and it is only when she lowers her sunglasses that I realize I know her.

"Surprise!" Kat announces putting the end of her sunglasses in her mouth and giving me a sultry look.

"Wha... what are you doing here?" I ask in surprise.

"You didn't really think that I was going to let you leave me behind, did you?" She asks. I watch as she gets onto her legs.

"Go get your things and set up beside me." Kat insists.

Not needing to be told twice I go collect my belongings and bring them over to the sexy older woman. Once I have my towel laid out I park myself beside her.

"I didn't originally intend to make the trip but the more I thought about it the more I decided Sofia, Vanessa, and Krysta didn't deserve to have you all to themselves for the weekend." A grinning Katrina informs me as she hands me a bottle of sunscreen. "Rub my back please." Kat requests.

Applying the lotion to my hands, I rub the lotion into my hands, warming it up in the process. Kat unties the strings behind her neck and holds the cups in place with her arms as I slowly, and erotically, rub the lotion into her neck, shoulders, and back. Kat moans appreciatively as I start with her neck and shoulders. When I'm ready to move down her body she carefully lays down on her front and allows her bikini top to fall forward so that I can apply lotion to the sides of her breasts.

"How did you manage to come here without your husband?" I ask, whispering my question into her ear.

"Mmmmm... I told your father that I was attending a conference for new psychologists. I'm sure he won't lose any sleep over my absence. He probably called his mistress the

moment my ride left the driveway. Can you do my ass please?" Kat asks me lowering her sunglasses and looking at me intently.

Saying nothing, I undo the strings at Kat's hips and remove her yellow bikini bottoms. Once she is exposed I go to work carefully applying the lotion to my stepmother's generous alabaster ass. Once it is properly coated in sunscreen I lean over and whisper, "It is my pleasure to do this ass." Kat shivers at the double entendre, remembering the sensation of my large cock fucking her virgin ass.

As my hand moves over her backside Kat gasps as my right thumb slips inside her backdoor with ease and she whimpers at my penetration of her ass. I still vividly remember the night I broke in her ass. I was gentle and loving, and I relished her squeals as I stretched out my stepmother and claimed her most forbidden hole as my own. I took great pride in breaking in her formally virgin ass. Since that night Kat has become quite the little butt slut and if there weren't so many people on the beach I'd peel myself out of my trunks and take her ass right now. Slipping my thumb from her asshole, I plant myself on her ass, my engorged cock presses into her asscrack and she groans as my suit is all that separates our flesh from one another.

"You are being horrible to me," Kat whispers.

"No, I'm being naughty dear stepmother," I reply in the same hushed tone of voice. "Of course, I can always be naughtier."

Kat doesn't even have a chance to inquire about what I was going to do. With lotion still on my hands, I slip my hands down and under her chest. She gasps loudly as my hands grasp and begin kneading her melon-sized breasts. "Ohhh Gawd... my tits feel soo sensitive... more so than usual."

"Take off your hat and soak up that sun sweet Kat. When the beach clears up some I'll let you know when you can turn over."

Kat does as I suggested, removing her hat so the shade doesn't shield her skin. I adjust her blonde locks so that her neck is exposed and she makes herself comfortable and takes a nap. While she is sleeping (and she is out) I make sure to keep her skin properly shielded with sunscreen so she tans safely. Ninety minutes later I am coaxing her out of her deep sleep and helping her roll over. As the sun is starting to go down a lot of the teens are heading out to the clubs to drink the night away while families are vacating the beaches to go get dinner. When only a handful of guests remain I have Kat roll over and resume her nap. When I am sure it is safe (and I am standing watch over her) I remove her bikini so that she can get an all-over tan.



Kat wakes up from her extended nap before I can rouse her but her timing is excellent as her body is completely tan after almost four hours in the sun. I watch as she removes her tanning goggles (she thought of everything to bring) and looks over her body.

"Wow... I never knew I could get this golden naturally. Your dad never let me stay out in the sun when we were on our honeymoon."

"Kept you in the hotel did he?"

"Sometimes. We spent quite a bit of time talking with other couples site seeing. Not how I hoped to spend my honeymoon honestly."

"Well... let me make it up to you." Before she can ask what I mean she sees that I have already packed up all of our things. Rolling up her beach blanket I pull her toward the showers and tell her to go rinse off while I throw our things in my rental. I watch which stall she enters and quickly run our things to it, toss them nonchalantly into the back, and race back to join her.

I slip into the shower with her and quietly close the door behind me. Kat is already under the spray of the shower water. There are several stalls like this one and Kat and I are the only ones in this area. Her eyes are closed and she is soaping up her hair for a quick rinse. Taking the soap from the tray, I lather up my hands, and Kat gasps when my arms come around her and begin fondling her tits.

"David!" She squeals as I press my cock into the crevice of her ass.

"As promised, we're alone, and your ass is mine." As it is the only thing present I coat my cock in soap and pressing Kat firmly against the wall, I slip my soapy cock up her sexy ass. Kat bites down on her right arm to muffle her cry as the head of my dick slips into her sacred hole that only I have ever been in. Despite the fact that I have taken this hole at least once every three days after planting my seed in her womb, her ass is still incredibly tight. She loses herself, lets go of her arm, and begins moaning. As much as I can see myself flooding her bowels with glob after glob of my cum when I reach that point I won't do it. Until she pops positive my seed is reserved solely for her womb. Kat is panting as I feed her my cock, I can tell my sexy stepmom is loving what I am doing to her. Her ass is squeezing my cock and I wonder if she can feel the veins in my dick as it moves in and out of her anal passage.

We stay in the shower until Kat reaches her climax, by which point I have gone from slow and gentle to outright pounding hard into her ass. I don't know how Kat manages to muffle her scream when she finally reaches her peak but she does and soon I am pulling her limp body against mine. I clean her up and once I put her swimsuit back on her I pull my shorts on and carry my lover to the rental.

As we drive away from the beach trying to decide what we are going to do next I receive a text from Sofia telling me that she and the girls have dinner plans so I am on my own tonight. She tells me not to stay up too late as Krysta wants to go out with me first thing in the morning. So I take Kat out to dinner (Kat has a pullover dress in her bag and simple sandals) and we have a simple night out, just the two of us. Once dinner is over we journey to her hotel room which happens to be in the same hotel as my other lovers, just on a different floor. So once back in her room (with all her things) I strip her out of all of her clothes, divest myself of mine, and go back to breeding the sexy blonde. Having ingested a large helping of oysters, chocolate cover strawberries, and watermelon my energy level and libido are in full form and Kat lets our neighbors know it into the early morning hours.

~ Saturday, September 9th ~

Despite the fact that I was up into the early morning hours ensuring that my stepmother would be bringing another Taylor into the world, a cold shower, and two Red Bull energy drinks had me wide awake and ready to spend the day with my dear sister. Krysta surprises me in the dining room with some of my favorite breakfast foods. What surprises me is that my older sister is bright-eyed and bushy-tailed already. We kiss one another on the corner of our mouths before sitting and having breakfast.

"I know mom said that you wanted to start first thing but I didn't think you would actually beat me downstairs," I say as I adjust my seat.

"My internal clock is still wonky so I went to bed shortly after dinner and got up a few hours ago. For that matter, where were you? Van gave me the key to your room to make sure you were awake but the bed was already empty?"

"I got up early to take care of a few things as I didn't know what you had planned for today," I say lying to her with a straight face. I didn't want her to know that Kat was here and that I spent the night with her. "Sooo, what are our plans?"

"I chartered us a boat. Yesterday was girl's day, today is our day."

So, after we finished eating breakfast Krys and I are shuttled to the boat that my dear sister chartered. To my surprise, it is an uncrewed charter boat. It has a lower deck, full of amenities for a day out at sea, and my dear sister has apparently become well versed in boats during her time in Europe as she begins barking at me in nautical terms (that I am equally versed in having spent many trips like this with our father). The weather is beautiful and Krys and I take the boat away from the main tourist destinations. Krys states she talked to a few locals and was given the location of an out-of-the-way little aisle. Once we are near the island we drop anchor and I sit at the back of the boat. Krys runs down to the little galley and pulls out two wine coolers.

I can't help but notice my sister has shed her shorts and t-shirt and is strutting around in a sexy bikini. It is a Bohemian-style two-piece black bikini with all-over yellow leaf prints on the cups and bikini bottoms. When she hands me my drink she places hers in a cup holder to my left before she adjusts the triangle cups of her 32C breasts.

"Do you need something before I join you?"

"Yeah, can you please hand me my sunglasses? I left them in the passenger's chair."

Krys smiles and turns about to go get my glasses and I stare at my sister's shapely bottom as it moves from side to side. Her bikini bottoms are what is known as a Cheeky style. If you're wondering how I know all this I was given a crash course in women's lingerie and swimwear by Vanessa once we began our journey together. She thought it would help me to know should one of my ladies ask my opinion or if I should want to buy one of them a gift.

Krys returns carrying my glasses and two more wine coolers. She sits beside me and snuggles into my warm embrace and puts our next round in cup holders. We clink our bottles together and say cheers before we begin working on our drinks. As we drink we talk about her trip to Europe and she tells me how fun and exciting it was. She tells me how all of her friends had one or more romantic adventures while they were abroad.

"And what about you dear sister? How many men did you bed while you were away?" I ask her playfully.

Krysta mumbles her answer so low that I can't hear it.

"What? I didn't hear that." I say.

"None." She answers.

I look at her dumbfounded. Not because I don't believe her answer... on the contrary, I do. I just don't understand why she didn't. Finally, I just say, "Why not?"

"Because I was saving myself."

I gulp hard. I am hesitant to ask her the question but know that I must. "Saving yourself? For who?"

Krysta takes her last drink of wine. With the bottle now empty she deposits it in the bin beside our seat. Krysta doesn't say anything. She simply reaches over and takes my almost empty bottle from me and places it in the holder to my right. Once the bottle is gone she stands up, takes my left hand, and pulls me from the back seat. Krys walks backward until she is almost to the steps leading below decks. She turns about, still holding my hand, and draws me downstairs.

Once we are both down the stairs Kryz turns back to me and leads me backward until she sees something out of the corner of her left eye. I thought I was an expert planner but apparently, my darling older sister memorized the floor plans of this rental, and the moment she saw a "landmark" knew that it was time to push her plan forward. Releasing my hand, she reaches behind her neck and unties her bikini followed by the tie at her lower back. I watch as her bikini top falls away and I see my sister's naked tits for the first time in several months. Next, she unties the knots at her hips and her bikini bottoms fall away from her shapely hips. I am now staring at my naked sister for the first time since we were very little. Kryz finally reaches the bed, sits back, and scoots to the center. I have been in this situation enough times to know what my sexy sister wants and I have been aching to give it to her.

"Is this what you want David?" My sexy sister asks parting her legs and lewdly showing me her pussy. It is a sexy shade of pink and her clit looks extra sexy to my eyes which hadn't left that treasure since she showed it to me.

I move in, stalking her like a lion about to pounce on its prey. Kryz is taken aback at the hungry, an almost animalistic glint in my eye. She swallows hard, nervous at my intent. "I have wanted you for as long as I can remember," I tell her not breaking eye contact with her. "What I want to know... Is this



what you want? Do you want me to make love and consummate our love?"

We are inches apart, my sexy older sister is panting, and her 32-inch breasts are heaving as she reaches with her right arm behind my head. her hand is soft and pulls my face toward hers and our lips meet and give me the answer to my question. Her eyes are closed as we kiss passionately. Krysta suddenly sequels as I pull her pussy against my cock. I run the underside of my rigid member between her lips and I can tell she is ready for this. When I pull back I change the angle and I thrust in and instantly shatter my sister's innocence. Never in a million years would I have ever suspected that she was still a virgin. Sure, she told me as much but it wasn't until this moment that I knew for a fact that it was true.

"Krysta... your cherry?" I say in utter disbelief.

"It was for you... I saved it... just for you." She tells me between gasps.

I can feel the blood from her innocence that I just shattered seeping down from her gash, downer her thighs, and along mine. I am hard-pressed to believe that this goddess saved herself for her younger brother. We make love in the bed with the water rocking the boat from time to time. Krysta is by far my most vocal lover and she sings my praises as she prays to a

deity as well. I refrain from coming in my sister until she has climaxed two times. We made love missionary style, to begin with until she hit her orgasm. I let her rest for a while, cuddling her and allowing myself to wind down so I didn't ejaculate prematurely during round two. Krysta's pussy is so tight I had a hard time lasting as long as I did during round 1.

For round 2 I had her ride me in the cowgirl position. The entire time she rode me I was sitting up so we could kiss and thus allow me to fondle her succulent tits. As she neared her second climax I had her stop her gyrations. I quickly had her turn around and ride me reverse cowgirl. Krysta began groaning at this but those groans turned into shrieks of pleasure when my mouth landed on the left side of her neck and I began licking and nibbling along her shoulder and neck. To further drive her over the edge I molested her right tit with my right hand and tortured her clit with my left. Krysta and I discovered that she was a squirter when she ejaculated during her second big O.

We took another break before round 3, which entailed us napping in one another's arms. Squirting after her second orgasm took a lot out of my lover and the recovery time was nice as I was on the verge of my own orgasm when she let loose. I'm sure Krysta wouldn't have minded but I really wanted to make this extra special for her and not hurt her feelings when she eventually compared notes with the others. It was coming on sunset when Krysta and I resumed our sexy

time. Neither of us cared at this point that the sheets wear soaked with blood, sweat, and cum. I was on a mission, well two. I wanted to give my sister the best first-time experience and I hoped to give her my baby. Moving the pillows into position, I place one at Krysta's head and the rest at her waist. She props herself up on her legs, ass thrust up into the air. She leans down and rests her head on the one pillow and steadies herself for what is to come. It's times like this, as I stare at her bubbly ass in position and her asshole puckered and ready to be plowed, that I am tempted to take her virgin ass. However, that is a deflowering for another time. This is only our first mating and I have saved my load for just this moment.

Krysta once again is scream at the top of her lungs as this position allows my cock to all but penetrate her cervix. As I thrust in and out of my older sister she shrieks when my mushroom-like head pushes against the opening to her womb. Over and over I batter it like a medical battering ram trying to penetrate the castle's entrance. On my last monster thrust the head of my cock all but breaks through and Krysta lets anyone around know that she is climaxing as I flood her womb with my baby batter. I am moaning aloud but my moans are drowned out as Krysta empties her lungs of air.

I collapse on my sister's sweaty back and not wanting to crush her, I roll onto my side and stare helplessly at the ceiling of the boat. Krysta manages to slide over and melds her body into

mine. We lay like that gasping for air for who knows how long before we finally come down from our mating. Krysta scoots up so our faces are at the same level and she kisses me soundly.

"Marry me," I say abruptly.

Krystall looks at me oddly and says, "You're crazy," she giggled.

"I love you."

"You goof... we can't get married."

"Yes, we can. Use mom's maiden name and who's to know?"

"Mom will know... your girlfriend will know." Krysta reminds me.

Feeling renewed strength, I climb out of the bed and pull Krysta with me. I carried my sister up the stairs and to the back of the boat. The air was cool as the sun was now set and I could feel goosebumps forming on my sister's arms. She shivers as she is cold. Sitting on the back seat I lift Krysta and deposit her

on my rehardened cock. "We're not returning to the resort until you say yes."

I slowly guided my cock back inside her pussy. I can feel my cum trying to escape but soon I will have given her another load. Not as large as the first but another regardless. Krysta holds onto my shoulders as I lift her ass up and then let her body fall back down. My cock impaled her each time a wave broke against the boat.

Time has no meaning in the dark of night and soon Krysta is rubbing her naked body against mine. "You're sooo big... and I... I'm so full!" she groans.

"Will you marry me?"

"No..." She answers, but I can hear a bit of playfulness in that answer.

So to drive my point harder, I lift her body almost halfway off my cock and drop her. This time she says, "M... maybe..."

So with a smirk on my face, I lift her until she is almost off the crown of my cock. She begs me not to break contact and using

all of my strength hold her like this. She can feel my cock head slipping from her pussy lips so she finally relents. "Yeah... yes... yes... YES!" Krysta declares when her body falls back onto my cock, our hips colliding as I released her body. Krysta shudders as my sperm again spurted up my cock and bathed her womb and the egg residing in it in sperm.

"I want your baby," Krysta informs me as her vagina shuddered around my cock.

"I wouldn't have it any other way!"

## Chapter 6

~ Epilogue: July 4th, 2008 ~

The sound of two vehicles pulling off of the gravel path that led to a lavishly large cabin in the middle of this serene woods shatters the sounds of nature. It was time again for the big 4th of July festival and now that all the kids were old enough to make the trip David and Sofia wanted everyone to experience the lights, sounds, and atmosphere of this amazing local. As his family was considerably larger than when he came up here two years prior, David had to rent an even bigger cabin to house his wives and children. For the drive up he had considered renting a shuttle bus to make the trip but his mother insisted that they save money and just drive up in two vehicles. As such, David drove with Monica and Vanessa in Monica's new Honda Pilot. The second vehicle was a Nissan NV3500 passenger van that the family had jointly purchased.

Everyone could have made the trip in this van but space for adult luggage, baby items, and toys would have been an issue, hence the two vehicles. Sofia drove the last part of the journey (having made one stop so the kids could go stretch their legs) with Katrina and Krysta in the row behind her while the four children were in the second to last row before all of our belongings. Monica was currently sitting beside David in the

front passenger seat of her Pilot while Vanessa rode in the back with the two girls. Sonia was the oldest of David's children as she was the first conceived, and thus firstborn. Monica's baby girl was the oldest of the most recent newborns. In the second SUV, sitting peacefully with their siblings were the twins. Nicolas whom the family called Nico and the beautiful Alessa. Beside them were their sister Karen and brother Vincent. Sofia had calm classical music playing so we were all happy and the adults weren't going nuts listening to the same kiddie music we hear day in and day out. Both vehicles pull up one after another and once the motors are shut down when Sofia pulls alongside her husband/son.

David leans over and kisses Monica first (as she is the closest) then looking back blows kisses to her other ladies (for the moment) so that he can climb out and begin the unloading process. Vanessa is the second one out and upon closing her door moves into her husband's space. The two kiss passionately before Vanessa snakes the key from his back pocket. Shaking it playfully at David, then at the kids, she makes her way to the cabin to unlock the door and check to see if everything is set up as it is supposed to be.

Sofia, Krysta, and Katrina climb out of the large passenger van and stretch out before my two younger wives open up the back of their van and begin unloading. Sofia comes over and gives David some much-needed affection before she begins



unloading the kids. Everything looks so majestic here, it's hard for me to believe that it has been two years since the last time Sofia, Vanessa, and I were here. Kat, Krys, and Monica have had to listen to us go on and on about how beautiful and how much fun this place is. While we could have come up last year it would have been arduous with the babies ranging from 5 months to 2 weeks old. Then there was the fact that while his daughter was now here Kat was not yet officially part of the family. As David looks upon the family he has made he flashes back to September after seducing his sister.

~ Sunday, September 10th, 2006 ~

The day after Krysta and I consummated our incestuous love, and my darling sister accepted my proposal we returned to the resort the following afternoon. Of course, Sofia and Vanessa knew what had occurred. Krysta was practically walking bowlegged and after a soak in the Jacuzzi to help ease the pain she was in she slept the afternoon away as I spent the night stuffing her pussy with my spunk. Someone had the good fortune of putting lots of aphrodisiacs and natural performance-enhancing foods in our galley so I recuperated quite quickly and my balls were fully loaded for Krysta. I think I broke her mentally with all the orgasms I gave her throughout the night (but not really). What Krysta didn't know was this was all planned by the three of us. Her girl's out day was spent getting her current measurements so that Van could plant the

idea of finding the perfect wedding dress. I would never want to play cards with my first wife because she is a real shark. She played Krysta to the point that before they went out to dinner she knew exactly what dress she wanted, my sister's sizes, and where she wanted to get married if she were to do so here. So it was that after brunch (we came back before 9 AM) the girls escorted my sister from my side and took her back to the room for some girl time.

I received a message from my darling stepmother asking me to join her in her suite. When I arrived her bags were packed as she had to catch a flight in two hours to fly home. She was wearing a sexy sundress, was currently barefoot, and on her bed were her sunhat and sunglasses. "Hello, beautiful." I greet the woman who looks pleased to see me.

"You were gone long enough to fuck an entire family into my dear sweet stepdaughter," Kat says barely able to keep a straight face. I had informed her how I was going to be spending my Saturday and since we didn't return until the following morning she knew how long and how well-bred Krysta was by that point in time.

"I take pride in pleasing my women."

"I was hoping you would say that," Kat states as she leans over the end of the bed and hikes up her sundress to present her bare pussy and ass to me.

"How do you want it?" I ask her as I unfasten my shorts and let them fall to the floor. My sexy stepmom smiles and while I sense that she wants it up the ass, she spreads her pussy lips presenting her sexy pink pussy to me.

"I want you to bury your magnificent cock right here. Let's make sure I'm pregnant. I wouldn't want your sister to be able to say she had your baby before I did."

David sheds his shirt and now naked he pushes Kat onto the bed and she assumes the position. David mounts his stepmother and the two fuck like dogs. Kat is panting like a bitch in heat as her stepson pounds her pussy like the alpha male he is. It is only after he unloads his seed into the woman. Using what little time she has remaining Kat sheds her sundress so that she can lay naked on the bed and hold her hips up so that she can try and ensure every single drop of David's essence fills her womb. A short time later David helps his lover to the lobby so that she can catch her ride to the airport. The two kiss one last time as Kat enters her cab and makes her way back to her home and her husband.

~ Wednesday, September 13, 2006 ~

Wednesday was the day that my family had been planning since we set this trip up. I went out to lunch alone as I was told by Sofia that she and Vanessa needed to ease Krysta into what would happen later that evening. This was fine as I knew what would be occurring afterward. So upon finishing lunch I walked off my meal and then returned to my room to get ready. I showered, shaved, and styled my hair for the special moment that was to occur. A short while later I departed my room in the suit that I had rented for this special occasion.

It was sunset on a quiet part of the beach as two hotel staff members, a minister, Sofia, Vanessa, Krysta, and myself were the sole occupants. My beautiful sister looked a tad pale as she made her way down the makeshift aisle. I'm sure the notion that her mother and her brother's girlfriend were dressing her up so that she could marry her younger brother was surreal in itself. I'm sure at first she thought it was a practical joke until she was ushered to this exotic and romantic local to find me standing beside a minister. I was dressed in a white tuxedo with Vanessa standing beside me in a white tuxedo dress.

Krysta was driven to the beach in a limo, with our mother and Vanessa. Upon arriving at the spot where this event was to take place the door to the limo is opened by two of the resort staff

that had been lent to us by the resort concierge. Sofia is dressed in a beautiful bridesmaid dress and carrying a bouquet of flowers. She helps her daughter out of the car, closes the door to the limo, and escorts her daughter to the spot a minister is standing while music plays from several speakers. Krysta is almost in tears at the sheer beauty of the moment. Two of the hotel staff are currently off to the side and they are assisting in this ceremony as needed.

The priest carries out the wedding ceremony and in short order, David Michael Taylor and Krysta Marie Fratelli are reciting their wedding vows and exchange rings. With tears in Krysta's eyes, the priest declares the two siblings man and wife. Before they make their way to the limo Sofia kisses her daughter on the cheek and then her son (husband). Krysta doesn't know what to say but Vanessa gives her a chaste kiss on the lips before doing so to her husband (brother).

"Enjoy your wedding night. Answers will come in due time." Vanessa informs her sister-wife.

David leads his new bride to the car which awaits them and returns them to the resort. Krysta is surprised when the concierge greets the newlyweds and leads them to the elevator and presses the button for the top floor and soon the Taylors were at the honeymoon suite. After tipping the man the

newlyweds were left alone. Krysta looks at the ring adorning her finger. The ring was her maternal great-grandmother's, resized to her finger and engraved to say Forever Loved.

David moves in and having refrained from sex since Katrina's departure, went about consummating his wedding from the moment he strips his wife (sister) out of her wedding dress until the following morning when room service brings the pair their morning breakfast. My new wife was adorned in only a sexy white garter and matching white stockings. I love the feel of her legs in the stockings as she wraps her legs around me. The benefit of a hotel room is that I could set up the room so that after I unloaded my massive load into my sister's receptive womb I took advantage of her weakened state and broke in her virgin ass. I was as gentle as could be at first but by the end of her first ass fucking she was screaming at the top of her lungs as my cock pounded her ass into the shape of my dick. Her climax was so intense she actually passed out from cuming and slept all night with my dick in her ass.

~ Thursday September 14th, 2006 ~

Krysta was physically exhausted after our night of passion and I was the first to wake up when the first rays of the sun pierced our honeymoon suite. I lay wide awake looking at my stunning new bride and running my fingers over her naked body. She,

like all of my other brides, is exquisite in her own right. When Krysta finally awoke I lifted her from our honeymoon bed and carried my new bride into the jacuzzi in our room to help soothe away her aches and pains. Of course, we made soft passionate love again to commemorate our marriage. Once we were sated I helped her out of the jacuzzi and we dried one another off. After dressing we ventured downstairs to join our family. Krysta was absolutely glowing as she held my hand. Sofia and Vanessa looked radiant as well, holding one another hands as they waited for us.

"Don't they look cute," Krysta whispers into my ear while we are still far enough away that my wives can't hear her.

"They are stunning, just like you," I reply.

When Sofia came up with this plan to use Cancun as the place for me to induct my beloved sister into our incestuous family she told me how the events needed to unfold and the timeframe it needed to occur in. So far my darling mother was the only woman I married before I bred her. In Vanessa's case, we used protection before we were married at her request. She only stopped caring about protection after she changed her vocation. After all, only a select group of people are enchanted by a pregnant exotic dancer (I was looking forward to seeing her in that state personally). Kat obviously couldn't as she is

still legally married to my father. Mom knew I would never get Krysta to marry me before she tasted the goods, she might be in love with me but her desire trumped her potential fantasy.

The kicker was that she insisted that I come clean with Krysta about everything after the wedding. I countered that I would tell her everything except about Kat until just before the endgame. Krys might have been cordial at the wedding, but until she was pregnant until they were both pregnant... the situation would only be volatile. Sofia thought about it and saw my logic conceded.

We had brunch in a little Taqueria off the beaten path. "Do you love me?" I ask Krysta after we were done eating.

"I said yes didn't I?" Krysta counters.

"Krysta..."

Krysta leaned in and our mouths found each other. She felt my need as she pushed herself against me, showing off to Sofia and Vanessa.

"I have to tell you something...it's important."



"Later," she insisted not wanting to break our kiss.

"It's about mom... and Vanessa," I finally managed to say.

"Mom?" The surprise in her voice was replaced with concern when she asked, "Is something wrong, mom?" Krysta releases me and turns her eyes toward our mother. She was completely overlooking the Vanessa part but apparently, my first wife was letting that slide. She couldn't fault Krys after all, Sofia was one of the most important people in her life.

"I'm pregnant," Sofia tells her daughter with tears of joy in her eyes.

Incredulity was evident on her face when she said, "That's impossible." Getting no immediate response from me she rushed on, "You... you're not married... I mean you don't even have a boyfriend... you weren't dating anyone when I left for Europe. Ha... who... who's the father?" Krys asks.

Mom scoots closer to me and leans her head against my shoulder. I kiss the top of her head as mom puts her left hand over mine. Krysta notices mom's ring and sees for the first time

during this trip that the ring has changed. The ring is the same style as hers except that the gems surrounding the diamond are her birthstone. I saw comprehension slowly coalesce somewhere at the back of her eyes, then recoiled away from me groaning, "nooo,"

We knew this was going to be a shock to her, that's why we wanted to do this all together, and out of the way of witnesses and prying ears. I felt her fists rain down on my chest as I saw the sadness in her eyes. She turned and tried to flee but I caught her wrist and kept her in place.

"You... you... bastard!" Krysta screamed. I held her close to me as she squirmed in my arms. No one moved, and no one said anything as Krysta's sobs and tears fell.

"I hate you," she yelled as she struggled to escape me. "HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME!"

"I love you, Krysta." Tightening my hold on her waist I take hold of one of her tits and lovingly grope her as I kiss her neck.

"Liar... you can't," she protested, tears now streaming down her cheeks. "Why? You knew I wanted you... that I wanted you to..."

I released my sister who was now an emotional wreck and was leaning back against my chest. We could all see that Krys was on the verge of an emotional collapse. Turning her head to face me, I take her face in my hands and draw her to me, and kissed my new bride. She fought the kiss a bit, refusing me access to her mouth. I probed and prodded until she finally relented. Her sobs turned to moans. I could taste the salt from her tears as is kissed away the streaks.

"But... but you married me!"

"And me," Sofia informs her daughter showing off her wedding ring.

"And me." Vanessa chimes in showing Krysta her own wedding ring.

"You... you married both of them?"

"We have a lot to talk about... but the fact of the matter is that I married all of you, I love all of you, and you all have to share me," I said as my hand slipped into hers. Vanessa moved into Krysta's personal space for the first time. She molds her body into her younger half-sisters (something we have yet to tell her) and takes her hand as I have. Sofia moves behind Krysta and hugs her.

Krysta sat quietly as I started my story from the very beginning. As my wife, she was entitled to know what has been going on (with two exceptions). Where Kat was concerned I had to wait but I did promise Krysta that I was dealing with her (just not how). I told her about Vanessa, or should I say, Alana. Krysta was in utter shock that the woman beside her was her older half-sister. Krysta remained quiet as Vanessa told her part of the story. How I had tricked her into falling in love before he came clean about our familial bond. We then told her how we married after she departed after the wedding and consummated our wedding night in dad's bed (and house) during his honeymoon.

We let all of that sink in, with a round of margaritas. Once we had ingested our drinks we began the tale of mom's transformation and seduction. Mom would chime in from time to time until it was time to tell Krysta about the trip where I married her. Sofia took over the story and told Krysta everything from her perspective and emotions. Of course, she

was flabbergasted when mom told her that after our honeymoon week, Van joined us in every way.

"Do you expect me to do that?" Krysta almost yells.

"No," Vanessa states almost abruptly. "I realized during our seduction of Sofia that I was falling in love with her as well."

"She asked me for the right to make love to Sofia and I promised her one time. If mom didn't want to after that she would abide by that."

"And?"

Sofia answer's her daughter/sister-wife's question by placing her hand behind Vanessa's neck and drawing the younger woman's face to her own. The kiss she planted on Van was so hot it made me hard just watching it.

"The three of us have been making love ever since. Sometimes in pairs, sometimes in threesomes."

"Do... do you not want me in your group?"

"We want you to join us, Krysta," Sofia tells her sister-wife. "We just don't want to force you. If you're not comfortable then we understand."

"I... I would like to see you three. If... IF I like what I see, I will join in."

That night, in the honeymoon suite, David made love to Vanessa as a naked Sofia sat on the loveseat holding her nearly naked daughter. Krysta watched as her brother/husband made love to her sister-wife. She thought it would be hard to watch him with another woman, particularly her newly discovered half-sister. David makes love to the woman with such love and intensity Krysta can't help but rub her pussy. Krysta is surprised when David stops making love to his wife and rolls onto his back. Van mounts his face, looks Krysta squarely at her and then at her mother, and motions with her finger for someone to come here. Krysta is unsure but Sofia rises to her feet and climbs onto the bed. Sofia works over her husband's cock with her superior oral skills before she mounts his cock.

Krysta, despite having lived sexual nirvana with her brother over the better part of this week, is amazed at her brother's skill at pleasing his lovers without coming. It is only after her

mother/sister-wife collapses after orgasming that Krysta decides to join in. She climbs up onto the bed and mounts David's still rigid man meat. As she rides her husband Vanessa leans forward and places her hand on her sister's 32C breast and begins to lovingly massage it. Krysta has kissed a few of her girl pals at parties but she has never "made out" with a girl. So when she finds herself sharing her first real girl-girl kiss with her sister she is taken aback at how sexy, how right this feels. Maybe it's the whole forbidden taboo of kissing a woman who is her blood relative.

She doesn't even realize as her brother pounds her pussy and her sister is kissing her lips and molesting a tit when her mother regains consciousness and slips behind her. Sofia melds her body into Krysta's. Her right-hand slips under the younger woman's arm and takes hold of her free tit. her left hand comes around Krysta's waist and slithers down to her sister-wife's clit and begins teasing it with her fingertips. David can feel his wife's vaginal passage clamping down on his cock and knows his newest bride is on the verge of coming. Sofia begins sucking on Krysta's right neck as her sister-wives reach the climax. Vanessa from her husband's oral ministrations and Krysta from her husband and wives.

The remainder of their trip to Cancun was filled with many days of sun, surf, and many nights of sex. Life was grand!

~ Friday, November 3rd, 2006 ~

Kenneth Oswald Taylor was sitting at his desk, his fingers pinching the bridge of his nose, his eyes were closed and he was wondering what the hell was going on. None of his old business associates were returning his phone calls, and several of his highest-profile clients have not renewed their contracts despite years of excellent service. These clients have even gone so far as sway the opinions of several very lucrative potential clients from signing on with Kenneth's firm. The past four weeks have been one blind-siding bit of bad news after another. Kenneth has not spent as much time with his wife due to his spending so much time at work trying to put out all of the fires.

Thankfully, Kenneth is not as stressed as he would be if not for his ability to vent his frustration on his mistress. Kenneth's newest lover, young Monica Velasquez turned 19 this past May and he has enjoyed every moment spent with her. The young Latina was one of Kenneth's paid interns over the summer but when she caught Kenneth's eye he had her department head immediately offer her a full-time position with his firm. Monica was about to start her sophomore year in college and had earned this paid summer internship by beating out a room full of applicants. When she received the offer she did the math and with the raise, she would be getting going from intern pay to full-time pay, she decided to put off college for now and milk



this job for as long as she can. Monica stands 5 feet tall in flats and augments her height with heels during the work day. The sexy young woman of Mexican descent is a curvy little package. She is not overly endowed up top or on her backside but her small stature was actually an asset in Kenneth's opinion.

Kenneth normally didn't approach women while he was married but he was not as young as he once was and didn't have the time. As much as he enjoyed his sex life with Kat he regretted the fact that they were on the eve of their wedding when he became aware of Monica Velasquez. Kenneth took an immediate liking to the young woman and had her promoted so that she was always near his office. It was child's play to convince her to leave school and take a full-time job with his firm as her pay was doubled the moment she went from intern to full-time. While Kenneth had a personal assistant it was ridiculously easy to get her to start working late with the promise of overtime pay. Immediately after returning home from his honeymoon Kenneth started his seduction of Monica.

It took only two weeks for Kenneth to make Monica comfortable with him to the point that she didn't think anything about the two of them being alone when he asked her to stay late and help with a new project. As it was Friday and summer Monica had chosen to wear something more casual but still appropriate for work. It was a black above-the-knee

pencil skirt to go with her white button-up short-sleeve blouse. Kenneth was watching the clock when he received a call from security informing him that the building was clear. With no need to worry about someone stumbling upon them, Kenneth set the scene up perfectly. Placing a folder on the opposite side of his desk, he made his way over to the door and locked them in while having Monica look for a paper in the file. With her focus solely on the task of finding the file, she failed to see her boss approaching her from behind.

Monica shrieked loudly when Kenneth Taylor forcefully shoves her forward and pins her small frame against the desk. Monica tries to struggle but Kenneth was almost a foot taller and seventy pounds heavier. With the sexy girl immobile Kenneth held her in place using his left hand and with his right lifted her skirt over her hips. Monica, realizing his intent tried to dissuade him from going any further with promises of keeping this between them. The next thing she heard however was Kenneth's zipper going down and his pants striking the floor with a thud. The young Latina pleaded with Kenneth not to continue as she was seeing someone and didn't want this. All her begging was for not as Kenneth lined up his cock and with one thrust shoved his member into her tight pussy. For the next half hour, Monica couldn't move her body as Kenneth held her hands behind her back. The weight of the older man on top of her made her immobile; all she could do was whimper as tears fell down her cheeks. With both hands

trapped behind her back Kenneth managed to collect his belt from his pants and tied her wrists together. Pulling her shoulder straps down Kenneth freed her tits (ripping her bra in the process) and mauled her tits as he fucked his conquest.

Kenneth never returned home that weekend. He called Kat and told her that he was going out of town to sweet-talk some potential clients. In actuality, he spent the weekend in his office raping the young woman that had come to trust him. Monica was trapped in the office for the whole weekend with no way to flee as the door had an electronic lock and only Kenneth could disable it. He had his private washroom in the office so they didn't have to venture out for that and when it was time to eat he used his keycard to make his way to the lobby and back up. Monica tried breaking free but found the glass was shatter resistant and the doors were too thick to break through.

Sunday morning Kenneth laid everything out for Monica. She could claim that he raped her, no one in the office would support her and she would eventually be forced from her job. As she sat on the couch using her tattered clothes to cover her body Monica knew that she has no real choice. The moment Monica realized how much she would be making she signed her contract, dropped out of college and moved out of her parent's house into a very lavish apartment. The job was guaranteed for four years and so she felt safe when she locked herself into a two-year lease. If she fought now and lost she

could lose everything she had worked for. Of course, the alternative was that she becomes his mistress.

In the back of her mind, Monica knew that she could quit. Right after she could go to the police and file a report and then file a lawsuit. However, she was smart enough to know how that would end. The case would be drawn out to the point her finances would be diminished. During the process, Mr. Taylor's lawyers would drag her name through the mud saying that she was crying rape because she wanted his money. She suspected somehow the DNA sample would either get lost, become tainted, or something like that. She simply didn't have the means to win this fight. So, Monica reluctantly became Kenneth's mistress. On the off chance that she becomes pregnant, he will set up a trust fund for her and the child.

Monica was due to join Kenneth any moment now so the older man took a drink of his favorite whiskey and sighs again. Kenneth hears the door open and closes his eyes, the 62-year-old man grins. "Hello dear... my friend is ready and has been waiting all day for you."

"Somehow I doubt that." Katrina Taylor informs her husband walking out of the shadows and into his line of sight.

Kenneth's eyes lock onto his wife and he can actually feel his heart stop beating for a moment. He can feel his face pale and he was breaking out into a cold sweat. Katrina was supposed to be out of town visiting her family. He had booked her a private plane flight, arranged her ride, and even verified that she had made her flight. "Katrina... wha... what are you doing here?"

"It's the strangest thing. I haven't been feeling well this week so I went to see my doctor and she ran the standard test. I hadn't heard from her so I just assumed that I was ok. Then, as I was getting on the plane but suddenly felt extremely ill..." Katrina begins. "I canceled the flight but told the pilot to call it in as if we left... I didn't want you to worry when I didn't leave."

Kenneth's heart started beating again but his breathing was very tight. "Wha... what was wrong?"

"Well, as it turns out my doctor called and told me what she found."

"And that is?"

"Oh, honey... I had to come right home and tell you..."

"WHAT! Tell me... what?"

"I'm pregnant dear," Katrina tells her husband placing her hands on her abdomen. Kat turns to the side and while she is only in her first trimester, she shows off her belly as if she has already popped.

"Pregnant... but... but that's not possible!" Kenneth states.

"Why's that, dear husband?" Katrina asks trying to maintain her poker face.

"Because I'm sterile you whore. If you're pregnant it's because you slept with another man!"

"Well... I guess the easiest way to settle this is to have a DNA test. Oh, wait... I've already taken the test as I already had your DNA." Katrina informs the older man.

"What are you talking about? We haven't had sex in a month."

"You're right of course... fortunately, I am three months along, which puts me at the last time we had sex." Katrina had made sure that after her initial encounter with David that she and Kenneth had to have sex at least once to make her conception feasible. "As for your DNA, I got the sample directly from the source."

Kenneth was about to ask what she was talking about when Monica stepped beside his wife.

"It's quite simple Kenneth, I provided the sample after our most recent encounter." The smug Latina informs her rapist. Kenneth felt his face go even paler and his heart stops again.

"Monica here is one of my patients, honey. She came to me a month after our honeymoon needing to talk to someone as she had just suffered a traumatic experience." Katrina states.

"I told her what you did to me. I didn't tell her who you were at first, that came out later. I didn't know why my friend told me to go see Katrina but once I revealed your identity... the truth came out." Monica states proudly. This was the most power the young Mexican girl has had since the night Kenneth forcefully raped her in his office.

Kenneth clutches his chest as he realizes that his world is crumbling down. He had gambled when he forced himself on Monica. Despite his strong-arm tactics, Monica could still have gone to the police and the press. She might have found that one person outside his sphere of influence who could make trouble for him. The situation he found himself in now was infinitely worse.

"Oh... and I'm pregnant as well," Monica tells her boss. Both women plant DNA tests down in front of Kenneth. Looking at the DNA sequences he can see that they are identical and that there is virtually no doubt that the sample taken from Monica (as stated in the test) was identical to the one that impregnated Katrina.

"Oh, and here is your sequence honey... for the record," Kat informs her husband putting his medical file down in front of her very pale-looking husband. Kenneth is clutching his left arm as he gasps and slips from his executive-style leather chair and lands on his knees.

"This... this can't be happening," Kenneth states.



"Ohhh... but it is." A new female voice informs the 62-year-old man. Joining Katrina and Monica is another of Kenneth's employees, Vanessa.

"Van... Vanessa... wha..."

Vanessa pulls out a folder from the bag she is carrying. She drops the folder in front of the ailing man and it falls open. Inside the folder are several photos. The photos are of Alana Taylor age three. Besides them are Vanessa Coleman, age 18 and 23. "Ah... Alana..."

"Vanessa... Alana... Taylor!" Vanessa states showing her father her wedding ring. The ring that once belonged to his mother.

"Noooooo..." Kenneth cries. His chest is on fire and he feels a sharp pain in his left arm.

"Oh yes. David and I got married right after you married Kat. We returned to your home and spent the entirety of your honeymoon having sex in every room of this house." Van takes great pride in driving some of the last nails in her father's proverbial coffin. "I found out before August that I was pregnant. Our baby is almost 5 months along." Vanessa tells

her biological father. She shows him her abdomen which is surprisingly quite flat. However, she takes his hand and places it on her stomach. Kenneth swears he can feel his grandchild, the incestuous spawn of his offspring, moving inside his daughter's body.

"It's a girl... we're going to name her Sonia," Vanessa states matter-of-factly.

Kenneth is gasping for air by this point. The three women in the room know what is happening but that is because this moment was methodically planned. Monica has wanted this since Kenneth raped her. Katrina since she learned that her husband was a rapist. And Vanessa has hated Kenneth since he walked out on her twenty years ago.

Kenneth hears another set of footsteps. Looking up he sees David. His only son has a very smug expression on his face. "It's kind of sad dad... you spent so many years focusing on your business and occasionally on getting laid."

David wraps his arms around Vanessa, kisses her neck, and then they make out in front of the old man, driving another nail into his coffin. "Vanessa contacted all of your largest clients and informed them that it would be in their best interest to sign

with your chief competitor. She then arranged to be at Katrina's office when Mrs. Warren, the biggest gossip in town, was there and let several scandalous tidbits out that circulated amongst your other clients, causing them to abandon your firm. Before your firm became absolutely worthless I floated an offer to Gamble & Associates to sell the firm. I expect that to be finalized any day now."

"Ca... can't... sign..."

Vanessa reaches back into her bag, pulls out another folder, and shows Kenneth a paper. "Oh yes, I can. You gave me Power of Attorney back in May. I had this drawn up and slipped it in with all the prenuptial agreement papers. You were so preoccupied with preparing for your honeymoon I probably could have slipped anything in there and you never would have noticed. It's all ours now dad. You have nothing and you have no one. Krysta told me to tell you goodbye, she didn't want to see you like this."

That was the last straw. His life was over, his business was gone, his women and children turned against him and his heart was giving out. He wished he had breath left to curse his son and daughter but all that came out was one final breath and then his eyes stared off into nothingness.

David collected his father's body and took him to the master bedroom. It was all up to Monica now to sell the events. Using her feminine wiles she made herself look sexy and as soon as the others were gone she called 911 and informed them that her lover was non-responsive. The ambulance arrived within 10 minutes but as expected, Kenneth Taylor was dead. It was a scandal that he died in bed with a woman younger than his daughter. Most of his closest friends avoided the funeral not wanting to be connected to the man. Only those that didn't care about such things, his wife, mistress, and children were in attendance. Some were surprised that Monica was even allowed to be present.

Katrina, well aware of the truth, paid her no mind. In fact, the two sat together in the pew beside David's two children. Several of the wives approached the widow and had to know why she was being so cordial. Kat just replied that she had seen a video of the original encounter and the poor girl had been raped, then blackmailed. She was a victim of circumstance and as such, she didn't blame her for what eventually happened. As a psychologist, she encouraged the girl to see her tormentor off to the next world as a form of therapy. Seeing Katrina's point of view they lessened their hostility toward Monica and let her be. David sat between Monica and Katrina while Krysta sat beside Monica and Vanessa next to Kat. In the back of the room, unnoticed by the society women stood Sofia who was present only to pay final respects to her former husband.

~ July 2007 ~

Once everything was legally settled with Kenneth's estate the great housing situation began. David was married to four beautiful women and engaged to a fifth. David and Katrina's wedding was planned for August, the 1st anniversary of Katrina's seduction. Currently, David and three of his first three brides live in Sofia's home and they played musical bedrooms. The master suite was currently David's and depending on the schedule depended on who shared his bed. David would live in this house from Sunday afternoon to Thursday morning.

The second half of the week David spent with his newest bride, Monica Taylor, and his fiancée, Katrina Taylor in his father's home. Katrina discovered what a bastard her former husband truly was as the man never changed his will after they were married to provide her with anything should he die unexpectedly. Everything was left to David and Vanessa. David was willed the house and half of his material assets while Vanessa was given the other half of the monetary assets and his family's jewelry handed down from one generation to the next. It was the second scandal that the society circle had to gossip about but David improved his family name by allowing his stepmother to remain in the home.

Like Sofia's house, David claimed the master bedroom when he lived with them from Thursday afternoon to Sunday morning. Kat and Monica moved into the rooms that Krys and David once occupied and they would take turns sleeping with David. Saturday was the one night of the week that the trio would both be in the master suite with their lover. Sometimes they would have a threesome, other times they would just sleep together. Monica had previously been locked into a 2-year lease, but David solved that issue for her. He had a friend that was looking for a new apartment and took over her lease.

Krysta was not made aware of the true nature of David's relationship with Kat until Krysta announced she was pregnant. While Krys was aware that David had impregnated Kat she believed that this was solely to spite their father. She had assumed that David was planning to leave Katrina upon the completion of his vendetta against their father. It wasn't until November, before the women were to confront Kenneth, that she learned of Monica or that David had no intention of abandoning Kat. To say the latter upset her was an understatement, but one she was forced to live with.

2007 was the year of the great Taylor baby boom. Vanessa of course was the first to give birth. Her baby girl, Sonia Taylor, arrived in February. Sofia's twins arrived next at the beginning

of April. She gave birth to a boy and a girl. Monica's baby girl was next, born a few weeks after her twin half-siblings. David had "secretly" impregnated her. Their relationship was kept on the down-low to all save Vanessa. Kat became pregnant sometime between August and September and her little girl arrived at the end of May. This left Krysta who was the last bred by David and her son, one of only two boys, was born in the middle of June.

When Kat went into labor toward the end of May it was because David, her dutiful stepson, was with her. The exact reason for her water breaking when it did was that David had spent the night with Monica and the following morning woke up his stepmother with a good morning ass fucking. Kat's orgasm caused her to go into labor. Monica helped her soon-to-be sister-wife to the car (David had to collect the car). David kissed Monica goodbye but knew she was in good hands with the nanny they had hired to assist the new and expectant mother. David drove Kat to the hospital to usher in their baby. Kat allowed David to pick the girl's (his daughter's) name. David decided on Kelly as her mother reminded him of the WWE wrestler Kelly Kelly and if their daughter's genes got the best from her mother and her paternal grandmother and aunt, she would be just as gorgeous.

While Krysta was now privy to everything that had gone on in her absence, she still didn't care for her former stepmother. Everything came to a head on the 4th of July weekend at the

Taylor family home while David and his four ladies were out by the pool.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?" Krysta's loud demand of the older woman. David was currently in the pool playing with Vanessa and their daughter but Krysta's scream alerted everyone to Kat's presence. Sonia was the oldest at 5 months old. Sofia was in a lounger while the twins were laying in the playpen looking up at the white clouds above. To Sofia's right was Monica holding her 3-month-old baby girl.

"You have no right," Krysta added as she stared ferociously at the sexy older woman. Kat, much like the others present, was working out, but not strenuously, so that after her baby was born she didn't have that hard to get rid of baby weight. She also used lotions so she didn't have unsightly stretch marks on her belly (also like the others). The only excess weight that Kat was carrying these days was in her ass, a little in her hips (which were more womanly after giving birth), and her tits as they were full of milk. Kelly was the newest Taylor baby girl to join the family at just over a month old. Vincent, Krysta's baby boy was the most recent and was two weeks younger than his half-sister.

Before David could get out of the pool to try and defuse the situation Sofia stood up and put herself between the pair.



"Krysta, I invited Katrina and Kelly to join us today."

"You did what?" Krys cries out. Of all the people who might have done so, Krys never would have thought her mother would be the one.

"I thought it was time for Katrina and Kelly to formally join our family. I didn't think it was the time before little Kelly arrived but now that she is here, and since Kat is going to be marrying your brother, now is the right time." Sofia informs her daughter/sister-wife. "Besides, it was time that she and I met and long past time for you to bury the hatchet with her. Your father is gone, she is no longer your stepmother and the two of you can now get to know one another without those stigmas getting in the way."

"And all of David's children should grow up together, after all... we're one big family" Kat added as she handed Sofia her granddaughter for the first time.

"Ahhh, she's so beautiful!" Sofia proudly declares much to Kat's relief. "What's her full name?" Sofia asks. David hasn't said anything other than the baby had arrived wanting to wait for a moment just like this.

"Kelly Angela Taylor," Kat informs the older woman.

"We don't want you here Kat," Krysta insisted. She looked around but found no one was joining her in this opinion.

"Ok... enough is enough." Vanessa declares. The former stripper hands Sonia to her father and exiting the pool shakes off the water, grabs a towel, and dries herself off.

"We're going to end this... right now." Vanessa takes Vincent from her mother and places him in the playpen beside the twins. As grandma had Kelly she takes hold of Katrina's left wrist and grabs Krysta by her right wrist and drags the pair into the house.

"Where are you going?" David calls out before they enter the house.

"Therapy," Van replies.

Krys and Kat find themselves pushed down the hallway to the bedroom and then shoved one after another into Krysta's

room. "I'm going to be blocking the door. The two of you will not be allowed out until you've worked out your issues."

That was the last of the yelling that anyone outside of the house heard from the pair after Vanessa slammed the door on the pair. Even though Kry's room was right above the pool, there wasn't a peep to be heard. Three hours later David and Monica were getting ready to start cooking. David had the coals on the grill all set on one side and was laying out the steaks. Monica was to his right laying out the side dishes when the glass door slid open and out walked Krysta, followed by a very alive Katrina, and finally Vanessa. All three women were still alive and were (surprisingly) smiling at us as they walked out the back door.

Krysta came over to her husband/brother, gave him a hug and a kiss, and then went to collect her son from the playpen. Katrina gives David a big hug and kiss and then after collecting Kelly. Once she had her daughter the tall blonde sat beside Krysta so the two babies could get to know one another while their mothers talked. Sofia and Vanessa walk over to David and after hugging and kissing the head of the family (David would get his loving from Monica in a bit). "OK... what happened?" David asks his first wife.

"That is a story for another time," Vanessa says smiling. What had happened was something she had long suspected from talks with Kat and the talks she had with Krysta after Cancun. She would enjoy telling everyone late.

~ Finale ~

After the entire Taylor family was all settled into their vacation spot the first order of business was to change the kids into their patriotic apparel. The boys wore red shorts (and had a pair of patriotic swim shorts) and a blue shirt with the American flag on it. The little girls' had blue dresses with stars and stripes on them as well and 1 piece girls' swimsuits in red white and blue. After the kids were changed all the women change into their patriotic swimwear while David puts on his dark blue swim shorts and his patriotic t-shirt.

The celebration is as lively as expected and the food was just as amazing as the last time Vanessa, Sofia, and David were here. The little ones loved the fireworks and by the end of the show, the children were all exhausted. Vanessa and Sofia opted to take all six of the little ones into the master bedroom and put them to sleep as it was at the far end of the cabin. All of the mothers tucked the kids in one by one and kissed each of the kids before departing for the night. David kissed his children, then his wives, before he went to the living room. Much like

the cabin he had rented two years ago, this one had a large picture window in front of the fireplace. While the moms were kissing and putting the kids to bed David started a fire.

Monica was the first to appear asking her husband why he wanted to see her. Monica covers her mouth before she yawns. She is feeling a bit tired having gotten up very early for the trip today. When she opens her eyes again her husband is no longer in front of her. She gasps when David, who had moved behind her, takes hold of her hips and draws her against his warm body. He grinds his stiff cock into the crack of her ass as the young Latina gasps in surprise at the gesture. Her husband turns her head to face him and plants his mouth upon hers. Monica squeals as his tongue invades her mouth and his left hand begins fondling her right breast (she still has her bikini top on) and his left-hand slips into her shorts (which she put on before the sun went down, as did her sister-wives) and begins gently caressing her sex. Monica actually groans in disappointment when his hands leave her but stops when she feels her husband undoing the strings of her patriotic bikini top and then slides her shorts finally pulling the strings at her hips making her as naked as the day she was born.

Before the birth of their baby girl, Monica was a respectable 30B cup girl. On her small frame, her breasts were very nice but after her milk came in, her breasts swelled to 32D. She has caught many a man (and several women) ogling her new

curves. She always thought she looked nice but now she had to believe her husband and sister-wives when they told her she was drop-dead gorgeous. Monica's doctor was quite surprised that she lactated so much and as she was generating more than her daughter was ingesting. As such, Monica needed to pump off the excess milk but fortunately, there were other babies in the house to gift this excess milk to should the need arise.

As her husband's hands return to their previous spots and begin teasing her pleasure centers, David's mouth moves first to her ear where he nibbles on her ear which has her squealing in moments. Her ears are very sensitive, something her love discovered quite early during their courtship. Her squeals turn to low moans when David begins tweaking her nipple and rubbing her clit. Monica somehow manages to slide her husband out of his shorts which make a soft thud when they land on the ground. David releases his hold on her once again and quickly divests himself of his shirt. The two are now naked but Monica is shivering as she is standing all alone. David has moved away with her and made his way over to the couch where he quickly tosses the cushions aside and pulls out the fold-out bed.

Monica is surprised to see that it has linen already in place. With a grin on her face, she climbs onto the bed on all fours and eagerly awaits her lover. She need not wait long as David moves around to the foot of the bed and climbs onto the bed

behind her. David was her first lover, despite having many boyfriends in high school, but despite their rather quick meeting something about the young man made her believe that his feelings were truly sincere and that he wasn't just trying to get her into bed. The biggest hurdle in their relationship came as a result of her rape by her boss, who Monica would later learn was her boyfriend's father. After numerous therapy sessions, she finally found the courage to talk with David with whom she had been keeping her distance intimately. David had long since suspected what had happened but gave Monica (and Kat) the time she needed to open up to him. Only after she had broken down in his arms and told him everything did David open up to his girlfriend and tell her everything about his life, his personal life, and his intentions. Monica was upset but David had a way of talking his way back into her good graces, particularly when he told her that he loved her and wanted her to be a part of his family. As the only non-blood relative (so far) their marriage is the only legal one and the one that there is a real record of.

Monica was scared the day she discovered she was pregnant as she took the test in Kat's office having been sick for the past two weeks. She actually took three tests, she was that nervous, and all three came back positive. By this point in them she had learned of Vanessa's role in all of this and while initially hurt that she was in on the big secret, she forgave the woman that had become her best friend and confidant. Vanessa urged her

to tell David and upon doing so was swept off her feet and showered with affection. David, who had kept her a secret from the others, immediately brought her to his mother/wife and introduced the pair. Monica was hesitant but Sofia made her feel welcome and loved, but not like the love she was about to experience again.

Monica is sopping wet from David's ministrations to her body and he easily slips his unlubricated cock into her body. Monica hisses at feeling her pussy being filled by her husband's man meat. Despite the oddity of being one of five wives, she is not lacking affection and David's incredible stamina is such that she and her sister-wives are not sexually starved.

"Ohhhhh..." Monica moans as her husband saws his cock in and out of her pussy.

To think she was prepared to give up sex after being raped by that horrible old man. It took time, and love like this for her to become comfortable around men once again. Vanessa and Katrina were very instrumental in helping her become comfortable with David (though Kat was unaware of how comfortable until much later).



As they were not pressed for time David made sure his wife was thoroughly enjoying herself as he slowly, and methodically moved back and forth, in and out of her gaping sex. His hands ran along her small frame and he loved the contrast in their skin tones. His creamy white skin was pressed against her sun-kissed tan skin. Only when she begged him to give it to her did David do so. Over and over he pounded the sexy Latina until finally her body could take no more and she hit her climax.

"Thank you for showing me what love is supposed to be." A very spent Monica whispers to David.

"You're welcome," David replies.

"Now it's our turn." A voice from behind the lovers states.

David turns to see his sister and stepmother standing in the hallway. The two women were as naked as David and Monica. Krysta was the closer of the two while Kat stood behind her, arms holding the younger woman against her naked body. Krysta was pressed intimately close to the woman who she once hated more than life itself but now the two loved one another with a passion that rivaled the one David had for all of his wives.

"What should I do love?" David whispers to Monica.

"Mmmmm... share and share alike." Monica rolls to her left and David sits up. His cock is still hard as he, unlike his bride, has not yet climaxed.

"You heard her ladies."

Kat kisses Krysta deeply before releasing her. "You first luv... after all, you've known him longer."

Krysta returns Kat's kiss and makes her way over to David. Kat in the interim moves around the bed and slips into a warm cuddle with Monica. Kat kisses the younger woman, not as passionately as she did Krysta but with love. The two watch as Krysta sits on her brother/husband's cock, the two facing one another. Krysta moans right away as she begins bouncing up and down on his thick cock.

"I want a baby before we leave here," Krysta whispers into David's ear.

"Mmmm... already?" David inquires.

"I love Vincent... but I want a girl this time."

"No promises... but I will do my best." David playfully replies as they make love in the light of the fireplace.

That night David would indeed breed his sister, and as fate would have it he grants her wish for a baby girl. David would likewise give Monica and Katrina another child. Kat would give birth to a boy and Monica had another girl. The following year it was Sofia and Vanessa's turn to give David a child. Sofia would have one more girl and Vanessa would give birth to twins, one of each. David's family was well off as they took over the vineyard from his grandparents who wished to retire and travel. With the money, they acquired from the sale of Kenneth's firm and his insurance policies they expanded the vineyard and the children would grow up to have a variety of interests. Some would go to school and make their way in the world, some stayed to work in the family business. David and his wives supported the kids in all of their ventures and lived a very happy life together as one family.

**THE END**

**Author's Note:** This is the end of the primary story. I have two side stories planned thus far but for another time. The first will tell the story of David and Monica's relationship prior to her rape and his coming clean with her later about the plan. The second story is about Krysta and Kat's therapy session.

While I could have added to this story, I didn't want to drag this story out any further.

If I come up with anything else I will let you know. Thank you to my dedicated readers for your comments! You helped fuel my creativity, sorry the last 2 parts of this story took so long.