

Index

A Simple Twist of Fate	5
After the Accident.....	34
Along Came a Spider	89
Ample Anna	120
Chapter 1	120
Chapter 2	128
Chapter 3	150
Chapter 4	167
Chapter 5	168
An Unconventional Relationship	178
Chapter 1	178
Chapter 2	181
Chapter 3	188
Chapter 4	189
Chapter 5	208
Chapter 6	220
Chapter 7	230
Chapter 8	232
Chapter 9	244
Bethel Island	323
Blame it on the Mistletoe	386
Cleanliness Is Next to Sexiness	445
Courting Loneliness	503
Crystal Lake	536
Chapter 1	536



Chapter 2	549
Chapter 3	564
Chapter 4	569
Chapter 5	587
Chapter 6	588
Chapter 7	620
Dad's Private Collection.....	630
Flash Your Tits	671
Helping Sara Paint.....	699
Homeland Insecurity.....	732
How Does Your Garden Grow?	750
How I Spent My Summer Vacation	787
Hunting the Skinwalker.....	805
I Kissed A Girl	858
Chapter 1	858
Chapter 2	871
Chapter 3	885
I Know Who You Are.....	913
Chapter 1	913
Chapter 2	917
Chapter 3	924
Chapter 4	926
Chapter 5	936
Chapter 6	941
Chapter 7	949
Chapter 8	950

Chapter 9	960
Chapter 10	965
I Love You, Steve	973
Juggling Wolves	994
Chapter 1	994
Karen Returns Home to Visit	1012
Kim's Wedding.....	1038
Chapter 1	1038
Chapter 2	1048
Chapter 3	1050
Chapter 4	1069
Chapter 5	1078
Chapter 6	1096
Kristin Takes A Lover	1114
Love on the Tracks.....	1209
Love Sneaks Up.....	1252
Lunatic Princess	1285
More Than Just Lovers	1337
Chapter 1	1337
Chapter 2	1394
My Summer in Exile	1448
Naughty Nicole Part 1.....	1522
Naughty Nicole Part 2.....	1579
Naughty Nicole Part 3.....	1637
No Expectations	1699
No Hard Feelings.....	1745

NSFW	1773
Phonecest.....	1808
Pinky	1867
Pleasing Andrea	1895
Relatively Good.....	1926
Renaissance of the Heart.....	1973
Restless Souls.....	2045
School Daze.....	2092
Snowblind	2122
Stacey's Vacation Photos.....	2169
Survival of the Fittest	2233
T.L.C.....	2262
That Which We Don't Speak Of.....	2312
The Birthday Present	2370
The Carnal Cottage	2424
The Legend of The Pit	2447
The Lost Weekend	2479
The New Guy	2532
The Passion of Angie.....	2578
The Seahorse Inn.....	2619
The Son Also Rises.....	2660
The Summer My Life Began.....	2711
Uncle Kevin Visits.....	2768
World's Greatest Mom	2818

A Simple Twist of Fate

Glen Thomkins smiled to himself as he stared at the screen of his computer monitor. The spell check function of his word processing program had just finished scanning his latest short story for the second time. This time it showed no errors. Glen double-checked the options on the Literotica Submit Page that he had selected. He clicked the Preview button, then after giving his story another quick read-through he submitted it for approval.

For just over a year Glen had been trying his hand at writing erotic short stories that were published online. He had read enough of them to be familiar with the tropes and machinations that many of his favourite authors used. And after reading enough of what he considered very poor attempts at writing he felt confident that he could do just as well -- if not better than some. The story that Glen had just submitted was his eighth submission, and so far, he was pleased that many of them had been well-liked by readers, judging by the positive feedback he had received. This was all the encouragement that he needed to keep writing. Besides, it filled a yearning or emptiness inside him that he could not quite intellectualize, but felt nonetheless.

Glen pushed himself away from his computer desk and went out to his kitchen. It was a Tuesday night and he had nothing to do now that he had submitted his latest story. He opened the fridge and ran his eyes over the contents of the shelves. After passing over a bottle of peach juice and one of Pepsi, he reached for a can of beer. It was nearly eleven-thirty and Glen thought that some beer might help him to sleep.

Returning to the living room, Glen tilted his head to the left and scanned the titles on the spines of his compact disc cases. A bittersweet smile appeared on his face when he saw Time Out of Mind. He pulled the jewel case out and placed the disc in the tray, then started it. He sat down on the couch and pulled at the tab of the beer can he was holding. It opened with a hiss and he took a gulp as he listened to Bob Dylan sing about being sick of love, yet in the thick of it.

"Amen, Zimmy," Glen mumbled to himself as he brought the can back up to his snarling lips. He closed his damp eyes and began singing along to the music as his mind wandered back four years into the past.

###

Glen knew from experience that it took about four days for a story he submitted to Literotica to be approved. As the fourth day approached he always grew impatient to see his newest piece of writing appear on the web page. Then came the anticipation of feedback from readers. Often it was terse, but encouraging, although some of it had helpful criticism. Glen read them all and replied to all readers who provided an email address for him to contact them. To Glen, this was an integral part of contributing to the website. He had even made a few online friends as a result of it.

That Friday when he arrived home from work at Weaver's Hardware Store Glen immediately went to his computer. He booted it up and smiled proudly when he saw that his story was listed amongst the new ones on Literotica. He quickly scanned it, then clicked one of the gold stars to rate it -- giving it a 5 like he always did, and hoped others

would. Next, he checked his Hotmail account to see if he had received any feedback.

When Glen saw that he had received three pieces of feedback on his story he smiled. The first reader chose to remain anonymous, so Glen couldn't reply. The second person had given his name and email address. Glen saved that correspondence so he could reply later. Glen read the third piece of feedback, then checked the email address and name of the sender. His jaw went slack and his heart began to race. In disbelief, he read it again:

Great story. Lots of emotion for the reader to relate to, and hot, hot sex. Thanks for yet another top quality submission. Please keep writing.
Stephanie

"Holy crap... Steph...?" Glen muttered to himself, his eyes riveted to his computer monitor.

After staring at the return email address to make sure his eyes weren't deceiving him, Glen gave his head a shake. He knew that address as well as he knew his own. He had sent dozens and dozens of emails to it years ago. It belonged to Stephanie Calvi, an ex-girlfriend of his, and the one great love of his life. She was a junior high school teacher in Guilford, or at least she was when Glen last knew her. That was four years ago.

Glen pushed his chair away from his computer desk. He folded his arms across his chest and began tapping his upper lip with his forefinger as he thought. He wasn't surprised that Stephanie was able



to relate to the story he had written, or especially to the female character in it. The fact was that the female protagonist, Keri, was based entirely on Stephanie -- from her physical appearance, to her taste in music. Writing that short story for Literotica had been a cathartic process for Glen. It was a way for him to hopefully exorcise some of his inner demons regarding Stephanie. In writing his story he was able to have the male character say things that he knew he would never get the opportunity to say to his ex-girlfriend. But now as he re-read Stephanie's email he began to reconsider this long-held assumption.

A groan escaped Glen's mouth as he weighed his options. His initial reaction was to reply to Stephanie and tell her it was he who wrote that story. But he wondered what, if anything, he had to gain by doing this. Then he asked himself what he had to lose. His relationship with Stephanie had ended amid much acrimony, and since then he'd had no contact whatsoever with her. He had thought of her countless times since then, and even allowed himself to dream about a reconciliation between them. But those dreams and longings had always vanished like smoke when he told himself that she was undoubtedly no longer single -- perhaps even married. Even if she wasn't, he could not imagine her wanting anything to do with him ever again.

Glen got up and went over to his stereo. Reaching towards the shelf of compact discs on the wall he pulled out Oh Mercy and placed the disc in the tray. The room instantly became filled with the sound of Dylan's raspy voice. Glen paced the floor for close to fifteen minutes, thinking about Stephanie and trying to decide how to respond to her feedback, if at all. Once he grew tired he sat down on the edge of his couch.

Tears welled in Glen's eyes as he listened to "Most of the Time". He wiped them away with the heel of his hand, then got up and returned to his computer. He stared at the feedback email that Stephanie had sent, then began typing:

Hi Steph... This is probably going to come as a shock to you, but it's me, Glen... Glen Thomkins. I've been writing these stories for a while now. Thanks for the feedback. I'm glad that you liked my story and hope that all is well with you. Take care.

Glen/epiphora79

Glen read and re-read what he had written several times before sending the email. Once he had sent it a feeling of near dread washed over him. He imagined Stephanie replying to tell him to go to fuck-off, or worse. For a while he thought that maybe the kindest thing she could do was to not reply at all. He went to the fridge and brought out a can of beer, then sank into the couch once more as he gulped it down. His mind was in turmoil as thoughts of the past and the possible future swirled inside his head. Dylan's voice was still coming from the stereo speakers. Now he was singing about seeing a shooting star and a fire truck leaving hell. Glen felt as though he was in hell too, but one of his own design.

###

When Glen returned home from work the next day he was half-way to his computer desk even before the door closed behind him.



Nervousness and apprehension filled him as he waited for his

computer to boot and for his Hotmail Inbox to appear on the screen. His heart leapt when he saw that Stephanie had replied to his email. The subject was simply "HI!". Even that much seemed friendly and promising to Glen. He clicked on the link and read her email:

Hi Glen... Yes, I was shocked when I found out that it was you who'd written those stories. I've read them all. You're a very good writer. I never knew you had this talent, but I hope you continue to pursue it. You could probably make a career out of it. I'm doing fine and hope that you are as well. I'd like to see you sometime, if you want. How does getting together at Joe's Java for coffee sound? Let me know, okay?
Steph

Glen smiled as he read Stephanie's email for the third time. His heart was racing as he quickly typed a reply, thanking her for the email and saying that he did want to meet her for coffee sometime. He tried not to sound too eager or hopeful, but found it difficult because he was. Once he had sent his reply to Stephanie he made himself supper, although he did not feel much like eating.

That evening Glen watched TV, or at least stared expressionless at the screen for a few hours. He checked his email three times, hoping that Stephanie had replied. Each time he returned to the couch, disappointed. By the time eleven o'clock had passed he decided to go to bed and face yet another sleepless night, haunted by ghosts of his past. But first, he wanted to check his email one last time.

Glen's face broke into a wide smile when he saw that Stephanie had replied to him. Her email was brief, simply asking if he could meet her the next evening at seven at the coffee shop where they had spent many

weekend afternoons together. Still beaming, Glen quickly typed, telling Stephanie that he would meet her tomorrow night and was looking forward to seeing her. Then he went to bed, feeling happier and more hopeful than he had in years.

###

The smell of coffee filled Glen's nostrils as he stepped inside Joe's Java the next evening at fifteen minutes before seven. The room was crowded and filled with the sounds of conversation and the hiss of the espresso machine. Glen's eyes scanned the patrons as his pulse quickened. After five or more seconds he saw Stephanie sitting towards the back of the cafe. She was wearing bluejeans and a white blouse with a tiny floral pattern. Her curly brown hair was longer than when Glen had seen her last. When her hazel eyes locked on him a smile instantly appeared on her pretty face and she waved at him.

Glen quickly walked towards the table where Stephanie was sitting. His smile widened and his heart accelerated with each step. For a few moments he stood beside her, speechless, as his eyes moved over her. She looked even more lovely and captivating than she did four years ago. Glen felt a lump in his throat.

"Hey. I'm glad you came," Stephanie said, looking up at him.

"Me too," he replied with a nervous laugh, then looked back towards the barista. "I'm going to get a coffee and I'll be right back," he told her.

As he stood at the counter waiting for his coffee Glen turned back towards Stephanie three times. Each time he saw that her dazzling eyes were still on him and her face was adorned with a smile. Glen held his mug of coffee tightly as he returned to her table and sat down opposite her.

"You're looking good," she said.

Glen shrugged self-consciously. "Thanks," he said. "You look great, as always."

Stephanie blushed and took a drink of coffee. "Thanks. It's amazing what a little makeup and a curling iron can do," she said with a laugh.

Glen felt his nervousness begin to wane as he listened to her voice and admired her beauty from across the table. "Your hair is longer," he said as he ran his eyes over her curly brown tresses.

"Your's is thinning," she teased.

"Thanks, Steph," he droned. "You're a peach."

Stephanie grinned and her hazel eyes flickered. "You used to say that I tasted like one -- like the girl in that Dire Straits song about espresso," she said.

Glen shifted uncomfortably in his chair at her mention of their intimate past. His blue eyes left hers and he stared at the coffee mug he was clutching.

"Oh, c'mon, Glen," she said. "There's no point in trying to pretend that stuff never happened, because it did -- it was great too. At least it was for me."

A smile slowly returned to his face. "Yeah, it was," he said as his mind became flooded with memories.

Stephanie peered into her old lover's blue eyes. She had forgotten how bright they were, but seeing them shine for her after many years stirred emotions in her that she had suppressed for a long time. "Are you still a big Bob Dylan and Tom Waits fan?" she asked.

Glen chuckled. "As long as I have a heart beating in my chest," he said.

Stephanie smiled, reassured by the familiarity of him. "I bought Closing Time about six months after... after we broke up," she confessed with a bashful smile. "Just because 'Martha' reminds me of us, or at least gave me some hope."

"I haven't listened to that album in years," he said with a heavy sigh.

"Because you don't like it, or..."

"No... because I can't stand the pain," he told her, his eyes darting away again. "If I never hear "Lonely" ever again, it'll be too soon."

"Didn't you learn to turn the pain off, like Bob Dylan?" she asked, only half-jokingly.

"If Bob really learned to turn it off, like he claims, he wouldn't have written those songs about Sara that he did," he scoffed. "Songs are like my stories -- they're fantasy."

Stephanie reached across the table and gave her former lover's hand a soft squeeze. Her brown eyes met his and she flashed him a feeble smile. "But your stories have more than a kernel of truth to them," she reminded him. "You turned me into one of your characters, remember? I re-read them all after I found out you wrote them. I can see so much of you in them, Glen. I'm surprised I never suspected you'd written them long ago."

"Well, like they say: write about what you know," Glen said. He cleared his throat and straightened his back. "Did you like them?" he asked.

"Of course I liked them. But I guess you already know that," she said. "And I liked them even more after I knew you'd written them."

"That surprises me," Glen replied with a nervous laugh.

"Probably about as much as I was surprised when I found out that you wrote them," she replied. "Some of them are kind of... kinky. That one about breast bondage was really hot though. I never knew those sorts of things interested you. I feel like there's a part of you I never got to know."

"Well, it's not the type of thing you always admit to, right?"

"Yeah, you're right," she agreed with a nod.

"It's too bad we couldn't have been more open about this stuff when we were together," Stephanie mused aloud. "Things with us could have gotten a lot more... interesting." She shot him a foxy grin as she brought the coffee mug up to her moist lips.

"It's too bad that we couldn't have been more open about a lot of things," he said, then felt guilty. "No -- I take that back. It's too bad that I couldn't have been more open about a lot of things. But I was so scared that if I was too honest regarding some of the reasons why I wanted to end it that it would only hurt you even more." He frowned and avoided her eyes. "But that doesn't matter anymore," he muttered.

"It's okay, Glen," she said reassuringly. "And it does matter -- you matter to me. You always have. I can't imagine you not mattering to me, even if we're not in touch with each other."

"Thanks, and I hope you know I feel the same. I think of you so much, Steph. You wouldn't believe some of the stupid things that remind me

of you," he said, then fell silent for a bit. "I'm glad you're not bitter about it all either," he added in a solemn voice.

"How could I be? We had some great times. That's what I choose to remember," she told him.

"Yeah, me too," he breathed. "But, if I had to do it all over again..."

"I hope you'd do it all over me," she interjected and let out a brassy laugh.

"You haven't changed a bit, Steph," he said, giving his head a shake.

"I feel like I have," she said. "It's been four years, Glen. You can't tell me you haven't changed at all. We'll both be thirty soon. I'm beginning to feel old."

"You don't look it," he told her.

"Oh... how do I look then?" she asked as she leaned back in her chair.

Glen thought for a moment as he ran his eyes over her. He felt the beginning of an erection and said "You look the same... great -- lovely as ever."

"Now I know you've changed -- or at least your eyesight has," she said. "I'm getting crow's feet and my boobs are starting to sag."

Glen let out a sharp laugh. "That's 'cause they weigh a ton, Steph. I think I sprained my wrist holding them up one night," he said, feeling his cock throb harder.

"You always did like my tits, didn't you?" She giggled as she straightened her back. Her clit jumped and she could feel her cheeks getting warm.

"Yeah..." he said as his eyes moved towards her chest.

Many seconds of silence fell between the couple until Stephanie said "It's so good to see you again. I've thought about you so many times, and wanted to call, but... I guess I was scared you'd hang up on me, or that a woman would answer the phone. I don't know which would have hurt more."

"I know what you mean. I've thought about you too. I even picked up the phone a few times and punched in a few numbers, but always chickened-out for the same reasons," he said. "Even when I emailed you I was scared you'd reply and tell me to go to hell, or just not reply at all."

"I was shocked when I read that email, but in a good way," she said. "Thank god for Literotica."

"Yeah, here's to writing smut," Glen said as he raised his coffee mug to her.

Stephanie laughed as she knocked her mug against the rim of his, then took another drink of coffee. "Can I ask you something?" she said.

Glen grew nervous and apprehensive when he heard her request, but was not going to deny it. He knew that he couldn't deny her anything. "Of course," he told her.

"Didn't it feel weird writing a story about a character who was essentially me?" Stephanie gave him a puzzled look as she posed her question.

"No," Glen said immediately, then became quiet as he thought for a moment. "This may sound weird, but it made me feel connected to you -- like I was getting my one opportunity to say things I knew I'd never get a chance to say face to face."

"Like you were writing from your soul to me from you -- to paraphrase Bob," she said with a dim smile.

"Exactly," he said. "I'm glad you sent me that feedback, and included your email address too."

"So am I," she said with a grateful sigh. "I'd read your stories before, but this one really touched a nerve and I had to write to tell you how much I liked it."

"Thanks," he said.

"Don't thank me," Stephanie said. "I ended up doing myself a favour." She glanced at her watch, then up to him again. "I should get going in a while. I've got test papers to correct and hand back for English class tomorrow."

"Okay," he said. "It was great to see you again, Steph. Can we, ah, get together again sometime for coffee?"

"Of course. You're not going to get rid of me so easily now that I've found you again. Are you still living at the place on Montague St.?" she asked.

"Yeah," he said with a quick nod.

"Alone?" she said with a sly smile.

"Yeah... I've been alone for four years," he said.

"I'm single too," she said flatly.

Silence fell as Glen and Stephanie's minds began to race and fill with possibilities. He took a drink of coffee, gazing at her from over the rim of his mug. She gave him a shy smile and pushed her hair back over her shoulders.

"I'd like to stop in some night," Stephanie said nervously.

Glen's mouth tightened. "Steph, I... ah... are you sure that's a good idea?" he said.

"I think it's a great idea," she said and grinned.

"I'd love that -- really, but..." His voice died and his eyes left hers again.

But what?" she asked.

Glen's lips grew tight. "Steph, we can't relive the past," he said.

"No, and I don't want to; that's over. But who knows... the future is still unwritten," she told him.

"Yeah, you're right," he agreed. "I'm just so scared of screwing up again. We could have a great friendship, you know?"

"True, but you know that both of us would still want more than just that," she countered. "We can't be just friends. There's too much of a spark there."

Glen smiled. "Yeah... more like a flame, I'd say," he said wistfully.

"So, how does tomorrow night around seven sound?" she asked.

"Like something I've dreamed of for years," he said.

"Me too," she said.

Stephanie slung her purse over her shoulder and stood up. She reached out for Glen as he got to his feet and hugged him. A shiver rippled through her as his arms went around her. She kissed his cheek and nuzzled into his neck.

"I'll see you tomorrow night at seven," she breathed into his ear.

"I can't wait," he said and kissed her pink cheek.

###

The next evening Glen had just finished washing his supper dishes and was wiping the kitchen table when he heard the knock at the door. His

heart leapt and he turned around and saw Stephanie standing there. He hurried to the door to let her in.

"Hey," she said as she stepped inside.

Glen's eyes moved down her body. She was wearing a long purple skirt with ruffles at the hem and a light pink blouse. "Hey, it's great to see you again," he said.

Stephanie walked over to the kitchen table and sat her purse on it, then turned to smile at him. "Tidying-up before I got here, I see," she teased.

"Yeah, something like that," he said.

"How tidy is the living room?" she asked.

"Ah, not bad," he said, a little confused by her question.

"Show me." Stephanie took his hand in hers and guided him into the living room. When they were in front of the couch she pulled him to her and pressed her lips to his. Her hand glided up his back as their tongues danced. She could feel his hard shaft pressing against her stomach, but that wasn't where she wanted it to be.

"Mmmm... I'd forgotten what a great kisser you are," he said as he looked into her eyes, licking his lips.

"You too," she purred, running her hand along his side and stealing a glance at the bulge in his jeans.

Stephanie turned towards his stereo, then back to him. "Mind if I put something on?" she asked.

"Go ahead," he said, "As long as..."

"I know -- not Closing Time," she interjected with a grin.

"Or Blue Valentine," he added.

Stephanie could feel the pulsing of her clit as her eyes roamed the rows of compact discs. But her heart was also racing and felt lighter than it had in years. "How about Slow Train Coming then?" she asked, turning back to him.

"That sounds great," Glen replied.

After Stephanie had started the CD she took Glen by the hand and pulled him down on the couch beside her. She held him to her and settled into his strong arms. She closed her eyes and gave a soft moan as his hand stroked her back. Already she was quite wet, but she knew that soon she would be dripping and craving him, like years ago.

Glen slid his fingers along Stephanie's delicate jawline and cupped her chin in his hand. He tilted her head up as his lips met hers, sucking and tugging at them. He could feel her firm breasts pressed to his chest as they kissed and her hand sliding down to his right hip. When he curled his fingers around her left breast and squeezed it she moaned and writhed slightly.

"Mmmm... play with my tits, Glen," she moaned. "They missed you... your hands... your mouth."

Glen's fingers trembled as he began unbuttoning Stephanie's blouse. Once he had it open to her navel he tugged it apart so he could cup her heavy mounds through her bra. Her thick nipples poked out at the white lace and he rubbed her left one as he kneaded her other breast.

"God, you're beautiful, Steph," he said as he caressed her.

"Me, or my tits?" she joked.

"You -- all of you," he said as he looked into her eyes. "I love your tits, but don't ever think that's all I love about you; there's so much."

"Thanks. I feel the same. You're so easy to love, Glen," Stephanie said as her hand glided up his thigh. She cupped his package, giving his shaft a slow rub through his jeans.

Stephanie moaned and rubbed his shaft harder. "How about you unload it on me... all over my tits and my face," she purred.

Glen tugged at her bra and uncovered her left nipple. He wrapped his lips around her coppery nub and began sucking and pulling at it with his lips. When she arched her back he began squeezing her right breast harder and pinching her thick nipple between his fingers. His cock was throbbing as she rubbed it through his jeans. It was so hard now that it was becoming uncomfortable. He wanted to take it out, but he wanted it to be in her even more.

"You know what I find ironic?" she said as she looked down at him teasing her nipple.

"What?" he asked in a ragged voice.

"Even though we were apart, you still made me cum -- with your stories," she admitted.

Glen laughed. "I'd rather do it the old-fashioned way though," he said as he looked up at her.

"Or maybe we could invent a few new ways," she said. "Your stories have given me ideas... really naughty ones."

"How about we move this party upstairs?" she suggested as she leaned away slightly.

Glen's smile drained from his face and his eyes shifted as he sat up. "I, ah, don't have any condoms, Steph," he mumbled.

"So?" she said dismissively. "We've done it plenty of times before without condoms; it'll be okay, Glen."

When Glen didn't reply, Stephanie bristled. Her mouth tightened as she studied the compunctious expression on his face. "I know you don't want to hear about this, but we might as well face it now," she began. "Since you, I've only been with one guy, and I always played safe. I don't want to get AIDS any more than you do. I'm not stupid, Glen." She paused for a few moments, then added "That's what you were worried about, isn't it?"

"Well, it did cross my mind," he said, feeling like a cad.

"Well, you can put it out of your mind. I'm not dying to have sex," she assured him.

"I'm sorry, Steph. It's just that..."

"You don't have to explain," she said, masking her hurt. "I understand; I can't blame you. It's been four years, and you don't know what I've been doing."

"Just so you know, there hasn't been anyone for me since you," he said.

"No one?" she blurted out as her eyes widened.

"I went on a couple of dates, but my heart just wasn't in it," he told her. "I kept comparing them to you and they couldn't measure-up. They just made me miss you even more."

Stephanie smiled and laid back against him. She held him tight as she wiggled closer, looking down at the outline of his hard cock through the denim.

"Come on," Glen said. He leaned back a ways and looked into her sultry eyes, then to her round cleavage as he stood up.

"Where?" she asked.

"Upstairs. I want to show you something."

Stephanie giggled as she stood up and reached for his hand. Together, they ascended the stairs and entered his bedroom. After she took a few steps beyond the threshold Stephanie stopped. A peculiar expression came over her face as she stared at the bed.

"What is it?" he asked with concern as his hand ran up her back to her right shoulder.

Stephanie turned to him, smiling again. "I was just thinking of all the times you made me cum on that bed," she told him.

Glen began unbuttoning her blouse the rest of the way and pulled it from inside her skirt. "How about we add a few more times to the tally," he said. He tugged her to him by her blouse and kissed her wet lips.

"Mmmm... please," she purred. "My fingers have been no substitute for your cock."

Glen kicked his shoes off and started unbuttoning his shirt. He watched Stephanie as she began undressing beside the bed. Her pendulous breasts swayed and her dusky nipples pointed towards him. Once he tossed his boxers aside and was naked he placed his hands on the curve of her smooth hips and eased her against his body. His hard shaft rubbed over her wet petals and she rocked her hips as they kissed.

Breaking their kiss, Stephanie tugged at his hand as she backed up towards the bed. She laid down on it, running her hands up his back as he settled between her open thighs. She wrapped her legs around his and drug her nails up his spine, making him let out a deep moan.

Glen looked down at her and smiled. He kissed her as he lowered himself on her, stroking her left thigh. He let out another moan as the head of his shaft slipped between her wet lips.

"Welcome home, Glen," Stephanie said as she felt him push into her. She lifted her ass from the bed and gave his shaft a squeeze deep within her walls.

"God, you feel wonderful," he groaned as he began pumping. "You're so beautiful, Steph." He bent down and pinched her right nipple between his lips and began sucking hard as he worked his cock in and out of her faster. He felt her grip him deep within her tight pussy and began thrusting harder as his heavy balls slapped against her. Her breasts had begun to move with their rhythm and he gripped her left one hard as he met her with each hard stab his shaft made into her.

"Oh god, Glen... fuck me hard," she cried out. "I used to think of us doing this when I played with myself... now I want it for real."

Stephanie's legs were wrapped tightly around him and Glen raised up on his knees. He grabbed her hips tight, his fingertips pressing into her, and continued to piston his cock in and out. He watched her heavy round breasts jiggle and listened to her moans grow louder. His right hand moved down her stomach and he pressed his thumb to her clit. She cried out as he began rubbing her button and pressed down harder on it.

"Oh shit, Glen... I'm going to..."

Stephanie never finished her sentence before her first orgasm rushed through her. She arched her back and twisted on the bed as she cried out in ecstasy. Glen held her tighter, still pumping his thick shaft and rubbing her pink pearl with his thumb. He looked down, watching his shiny cock move in and out of her, then observed the look of pleasure on her face. Her eyes were closed and she was smiling as he took her, just as they had both longed for over the past four years.

"I'm so close, Steph," he moaned a while later.

"Cum on me, Glen" she begged. "Shoot it all over my tits... my face... I want it everywhere."

Glen slipped from inside her and moved up her body. He groped at her right breast, tugging and pinching her swollen nipple while he stroked his meat. Stephanie watched, running her hands over his thighs. He came with a throaty moan as the first stream of his thick cum erupted from his slit. It splashed over her left breast, running across the firm nipple.

"Oh god, Glen... cum all over me," she moaned.

Seconds later Stephanie felt more of his cum shoot over her skin. It landed over her lips and cheek, then began to run down her face. She licked her lips and brushed her fingers over her cheek, smearing his jism over her soft, hot skin. A third, final burst landed on her upper lip.

She felt it run into her mouth and she swallowed it eagerly, craving more.

Panting hard and still holding his cock in his hand, Glen lowered himself on her. He squeezed the base of his shaft and moved his tight fingers down towards the head. One last big drop of his thick cum ran from the gaping slit and he wiped it off on her tongue as she stuck it out to receive it. Stephanie moaned and sucked at the head of his cock, hoping to get every bit of his seed that she could.

Glen rolled over on his left side, facing Stephanie. He smiled at her as his hand glided down her side to her hip. Her skin felt hot and silky smooth. He pulled her closer and kissed her wet lips, tasting himself on them. "I'd almost forgotten what an amazing lover you are," he said.

"Thanks, so are you. None of my fantasies about you even begin to compare to this," Stephanie said, her voice still thick with arousal. "How about I remind you every day from now on how great we are together, just in case you forget."

Stephanie giggled as she looked into his eyes. Then when she saw his expression change she understood how he felt at that moment. "What are you scared of, Glen?" she asked.

Glen let out a heavy sigh as his eyes darted about. "I'm scared of it not working out -- like last time -- scared of getting hurt again. But maybe more than anything, I'm scared of hurting you all over again, Steph," he told her. "I know what you went through four years ago, and I'd hate myself if it happened again."

Stephanie looked into his eyes and moved closer. She rested her arm over him and met his gaze. "Glen, I'm a big girl now, remember?" she said. "I know what I want and I can take care of myself."

"I know, but..."

"No buts," she interjected. "If you don't want me anymore, then please tell me, but don't act like a martyr and say you're rejecting me for my own good."

Glen sighed. "Okay," he relented. "I do still want you, Steph. I never stopped wanting you. You must have known that as soon as you knew I'd written that story."

Stephanie nodded. "Yes, but they're just fantasy, right?" she countered with a sly grin.

"Sometimes fantasy can become reality," he said. "And there was already a good amount of reality in that story anyway."

Stephanie thought for a while, then began speaking. "Look. Glen, I'm not asking you to promise me forever like before. I don't believe in forever anymore because now I know that nothing lasts forever. Life never turns out as you planned it. There's no script," she said. "All I ask is that you promise that you'll be with me tomorrow. And if tomorrow comes, I'll ask you the same thing again. And the next day... and the next... Can you do that?"

Glen smiled lovingly at Stephanie and kissed her lips again tenderly. "Yes, absolutely," he said. "I'll be with you tomorrow, Steph."

"Thank-you. That's all I want," she said as she rested her head on his chest.

Feelings of peace and unspoken love filled Glen and Stephanie as they lay in each other's arms. Neither of them feared the future or dwelled on the past anymore. They knew they had tomorrow together, and that was much more than they'd had in years. Each of them felt confident that the rest would happen naturally.

After the Accident

Rachel Comeau turned the shower off and stepped out of the tub. Water dripped from her auburn hair and ran down her tanned body in tiny, diamond-like beads. She wiggled her toes and wiped her feet on the blue shag bath mat. Rachel sighed. It had been humid and overcast for a few days. Having a shower did not seem to cool her off like she had hoped. What she wanted was for it to rain hard. Steam hung in the air and coated the bathroom mirror. Turning to her left, Rachel opened a small window beside the toilet. The pink lace curtains moved slightly as a faint breeze entered the bathroom, drawing the steam out. The fresh air teased Rachel's nipples. They began to tingle and stiffen. She smiled, enjoying the sensation of the air caressing her naked body. She found it arousing and a welcome change from the oppressive heat of recently.

From the bathroom window Rachel looked across her narrow yard to her neighbours' small two-story green house, separated from her property by a waist-high hedge. Rachel considered wrapping herself in one of the terrycloth bath sheets that hung over the shower rod, then decided against it. It was too hot. Besides, she enjoyed the air on her bare, wet skin. She knew that anyone looking up at her bathroom window would easily be able to see her breasts, but she did not care. Actually, it was more than just not caring. The thought of someone seeing her topless, with her copper-colored nipples hard and thick, made her clit begin to swell. Her pussy began to moisten.

Rachel reached down and pressed her index finger to her pink pearl, then stroked her wet lips. She looked over to the house next to hers. There was a picture window and another small one beside that

downstairs facing her house. Upstairs, there were two windows covered by curtains, probably bedrooms. Anyone watching from them would be able to see her. Rachel smiled and brushed her fingers over her left nipple, searching for signs of life next door.

Rachel knew her neighbours fairly well. Kevin and Sara McNevin had lived next to her for just over seven years. Their son, Dean, was best friends with her own son, Eric. Both of them were about to celebrate their nineteenth birthdays soon within a month of each other. She wondered what Kevin or Dean would think if they could see her at that moment. Then she recalled the times she had caught their eyes roaming over her. It was usually when she wore shorts while gardening, or a top that revealed her cleavage when she leaned over. Neither of them had ever said or done anything that was inappropriate or disrespectful, but she could tell they wanted to. The hungry look in their blue eyes and the bulges in their trousers belied their polite exteriors.

A rush of wantonness grew within Rachel as she thought about Kevin and Dean leering at her. She remembered an incident a week previous when she was crouched over her flower garden wearing a tank top and shorts. Dean had come over to see if Eric was home. Rachel could feel her breasts sway inside her bra as she tilled the soil and pulled weeds. She knew that Dean would be able to see down the front of her tank top as he stood over her, less than a yard away. It thrilled her and made her wet. When she looked up she immediately noticed the bulge in Dean's tight jeans. Lewd thoughts of tugging his zipper down and taking his hard cock deep in her mouth flooded her mind.

Rachel smiled as she continued to stroke her slick pussy and rub her hard clit, still looking out the bathroom window. Her musky juice

coated her fingers. They slipped inside her tight hole with ease. First one, then another -- filling and stretching her. A series of moans escaped her mouth. She felt an orgasm building within her. She had been masturbating a lot recently. Finally, her libido had returned to normal for the first time since The Accident, she thought.

The Accident. Just the thought of it made Rachel as dry as a desert. She sighed and pulled her fingers away from her pussy. She wiped them off on a towel hanging above the toilet. It had been seventeen months and twenty-three days since The Accident, which had claimed the life of her husband, Brad. Friends had told her that within a year her life would take on a new normalcy, but it was taking longer. Rachel knew that were it not for the love and support of her son she might never recover from losing Brad. In fact, she may have done something in order to join him -- wherever he was now.

Brad was an electrical engineer. He had gone to inspect an office building under construction that afternoon seventeen months ago. Whoever assembled the scaffolding used to reach the wiring for the ceiling fixtures had done a piss-poor job. Brad and the foreman overseeing the work site, Charlie Peterkin, were looking at blueprints spread out on a sheet of plywood lying on sawhorses beside the scaffolding. No one heard it creak and groan at first, until it began to collapse with a sound like a train wreck. Steel, plywood, tools and bales of wire rained down on Brad and Charlie. Charlie was fortunate; he escaped with a broken leg and fractured ribs. Brad was dead before anyone called 911.

Without her husband, Rachel was lost. Adrift. She was not yet forty and already a widow with a teenage son to raise. This was not supposed to

have happened; not to someone so young. She had known Brad all her life, or at least it seemed so. They had met when she was sixteen and soon began dating. Within a year she was pregnant. Before she was twenty she was married. Rachel had never known another man or another kind of life. She did not know how to rebuild her life at first. If there was any bit of hope for her to cling to it was that Brad had a sizable life insurance policy and the company constructing the building reached an out-of-court settlement with her before she filed a wrongful death lawsuit. She would never have to worry about money and Eric's college expenses would never be a concern. Still, nothing could replace the loving husband and father they had lost.

Rachel's morose thoughts were interrupted by the sudden din of music coming from her son's room next to the bathroom. She had not heard Eric come home. He must have returned from his afternoon classes while she was masturbating, she concluded. She felt somewhat embarrassed at the thought of him perhaps hearing her soft cries of pleasure through the adjoining wall earlier, then the corners of her rosy lips curled up. Her clit jumped once more and her juice began to flow. She felt bold and shameless, thinking about her teenage son hearing her moan as she buried her fingers in her tight, juicy pussy.

She resisted the urge to touch herself. Instead, she reached for one of the towels hanging over the tub. She wrapped it tight around her damp body. The soft terrycloth felt good rubbing over her sensitive nipples and soft skin. The sensations made her clit throb even more and her pussy become wetter. Rachel opened the bathroom door went towards her son's room. His door was open.

Eric looked up from his computer monitor with a puzzled look. He turned his CD player off. "What?" he asked.

"The music... it sounded like Studio 54 in here," his mother said.

"Studio what?" he asked.

"Never mind. You're too young." Rachel chuckled as she shook her head, feeling ancient.

"Are you done in the bathroom?" he asked.

"Yes, it's all yours," she told him.

Eric got up from his computer desk. He walked past his mother on his way to the bathroom. Rachel was leaning against the door frame, arms crossed at her waist. Her son had only pushed the bathroom door ajar and she could hear the steady stream hitting the water in the bowl. She imagined him standing there, holding his cock in his hand. She wondered if he was as thick as his father was. Eric was certainly as handsome as Brad was. He resembled Brad in many ways: black hair, blue eyes and a muscular frame that reached nearly six feet, so it was likely that he was hung like him as well. He was circumcised, she knew that much. But he was an adult now -- fully grown. She squeezed her left breast through the towel, rubbing the soft material over her engorged nipple as she thought about Eric's shaft in her rather than her fingers. Above the towel she could see a few inches of deep cleavage

and a hint of her firm breasts. She tugged the towel tighter around her, securing it, but did not pull it higher.

"How were your classes?" she asked Eric when he returned.

"Good. I had math and chemistry. I'm good in those, so it was an easy afternoon."

"You're too modest. You're good in everything," she replied with a proud smile.

Eric smiled at his mother as he sat back down at his computer desk. "Thanks, Mom."

What Rachel had said was not just flattery from a parent; it was the truth. Her son had inherited Brad's intelligence too. Eric had maintained good grades throughout high school and was continuing to do so in college. He was considering majoring in engineering, like his father. It would be one more thing they shared.

Rachel smiled at her son, then noticed the familiar look in his eyes. She had seen that look many times before when his father looked at her. It indicated a growing desire within him and almost always preceded them having sex. Lately Eric had been giving her that look more often and she was becoming more affected by it each time. Her clit pulsed again as Eric's sapphire eyes moved down over her cleavage and the curves of her breasts filling out the front of her towel.

She knew that she was beginning to succumb to a forbidden desire that was growing within her. It was fed by her son's looks of yearning. This had begun over a month previous when she realized that Eric was beginning to take notice of her more frequently. It began with quick glances at her chest or backside, then eventually grew into lingering stares at times -- especially when he thought she didn't notice. At first Rachel considered it harmless curiosity that was typical of teenage males. But it soon became routine for his eyes to be riveted to her. It reminded Rachel of Brad's lustful admiration of her and it began to arouse her. She loved Eric deeply and he resembled his late father so much that she found herself excited by the attention, although she knew it was improper at best. If her friends or family knew that she was turned-on by her teenage son's leering they would be more than shocked. She would instantly become a pariah.

"Well, I'm going to go get dressed, then start supper," Rachel said, feeling anxious and guilty.

Rachel closed her bedroom door behind her. She unwrapped her damp towel from herself and tossed it on her unmade bed. As she padded across the hardwood floor towards her closet Rachel felt her breasts bounce. She stopped and cupped them in her hands, tilting her head down to appraise them. She had never been especially proud of her looks, although she knew that men often took notice of her. She was surprised that they seemed to frequently notice her chest because she had always considered herself of just average size up there. Although she had considerably more than she could hold in her palms, that still did not compare to some women she saw around town.

She pushed clothes on hangers aside in her closet, searching for something to wear. Eventually she decided on a white short-sleeved blouse with a square hem and a denim mini skirt. In a bureau drawer she found a pair of red bikini panties. She knew that no one would see them, but she wanted to feel sexy. She pulled them on, then cupped her mound through the sheer material. She could feel the heat and moisture of her lips through the red fabric and knew it would be damp in a while. Rachel pulled the skirt up, then looked down, examining how much of her thighs remained bare. Quite a bit of them, but she reasoned that she could get away with wearing an outfit like this in this oppressive humidity. The blouse felt cool on her skin when she pulled it on. As she buttoned it the fabric grazed her over-stimulated nipples. Rachel heard herself give a soft moan, then tightened her lips, worried that Eric would hear.

Rachel turned to look at herself in a mirror that hung on the inside of her closet door. She flipped her still-damp hair back over her shoulders. Her nipples stood straight out from the front of her blouse. She arched her back so her breasts strained the white cotton. Now she could see the dark outline of her areolas through the blouse. She drew her fingertip around her left one, wondering if Eric would notice, then hoped he would.

When Eric joined her later in the kitchen Rachel was at the table preparing a salad for their supper. Her son leaned over her right shoulder, reaching around her for a piece of tomato in the salad bowl. He placed a hand on her lower back, just above her left hip. It almost made Rachel quiver.

"Don't eat it all before I've finished getting it ready." Rachel turned and smiled up at her son.

"Just a couple of more pieces," he said.

Rachel was slicing fresh mushrooms. She felt Eric's left thigh rub over her ass. His hand was still on her, but he had slid it down to her left hip. Rachel bit the corner of her bottom lip, trying to ignore the sensations of her clit and wet pussy. When she reached across the table for a green pepper to her right she felt her son pressing against her ass once more, but something felt different. It took her a moment before she realized that Eric's hard cock was pressing against her. She froze for a moment, feeling a wave of arousal wash over her. Never before had her son been so bold. It surprised her, but it made every nerve in her body tingle. She recalled how his father had bent her over that same table one morning and fucked her. Brad had pulled her skirt up around her waist and her panties down past her knees. He gripped her hips and rammed his cock in her, thrusting and groaning until he filled her with his cum. An image of Eric doing the same thing flashed in her mind. She had to get him away from her before he realized how horny she was, or before she did something stupid.

"If you wanted to help, you could get some bowls and forks out," Rachel said. "Oh, and the salad dressing is in the fridge."

Eric felt his cock throb as he went to the fridge. His senses reeled with the feeling of his mother's body still fresh in his mind. Rubbing himself over her ass had not been intentional, but that bit of serendipity was one of the most exciting moments of his life. He was surprised that she had not reacted or said anything, although relieved. He was sure she

must have felt his hard-on against her. For a moment he allowed himself to believe her silence was not from embarrassment or wanting to avoid an uncomfortable situation, but because she enjoyed it.

Rachel finished preparing the salad, then got out a plate of cold-cuts and some garlic bread. Eric sat down at the table to her right and they began eating. The combination of the heat and her libido had weakened Rachel's appetite, but she ate anyway. When she crossed her legs under the table she felt her wet lips slide over each other. The pressure on her clit was pleasant, but somewhat distracting. She inhaled deeply and continued eating.

Once Rachel and Eric finished eating she put the leftovers away and placed the dirty dishes in the dishwasher. She was wiping the table when she noticed rain splattering across the kitchen window. Eric was still sitting at the table.

"Oh, shit," she said.

"What?" her son asked.

"It's started to rain and I left my car windows open."

Without any prompting, Eric jumped up. "I'll go put them up."

By the time Eric was walking to his mother's car the rain had picked up considerably. Rachel watched from the door as her son quickly rolled

the two front windows up. She had never seen a rainstorm begin so suddenly. As Eric ran back towards the house it was pouring. His hair was soaked and drops of water ran down his face.

"It turned really nasty all-of-a-sudden," Rachel said, looking at her son's soaked hair and t-shirt.

"Yeah... I've never seen it like that before."

Eric pulled the hem of his soggy t-shirt up and wiped his face. Rachel's brown eyes moved to his tanned, muscled abdomen. Her pulse quickened as she took in his well-toned form. She smiled, wondering if this was how men felt as they stole glances at her body.

"You look like a wet dog," Rachel teased.

Eric laughed and leaned over her. He gave his head a vigorous shake, splashing her with rainwater as his wet hair whipped about.

"Hey... watch out! I already had a shower today," she squealed, then giggled.

Eric was laughing now too.

"Seriously, thanks for going out for me," she said, meeting his eyes and smiling. "You've been such a help since... since The Accident, Eric."

Eric nodded, noticing a mixture of love and sadness in his mother's pretty brown eyes. "No problem. I'm glad I can help. I love you, Mom."

"I love you too, Honey," she said.

Rachel felt tears welling in her eyes. She took a step forward and wrapped her arms around her son's waist. She rested her head on his broad chest, clutching him. She felt his hands slip around her waist as he held her. His muscular arms felt strong as he pulled her to him. It had been longer than she could remember when she felt so safe -- so loved and cared for. She needed that and missed it immensely. The feeling wasn't sexual, although those emotions were still there. It was something she had no words for and had not experienced since The Accident. She sighed and melted into her son's embrace.

Eric held his mother in his arms. He pulled her tighter to him when he heard her sigh. His cock was hard, so he was careful to keep some distance between them. He was still nervous after the incident at the table before supper. After several seconds Rachel craned her neck up and kissed his cheek. When she pulled away Eric noticed that her blouse had gotten wet as she pressed herself to his rain-soaked t-shirt. His eyes were drawn to her dusky areolas and hard nipples showing through her damp, white blouse. He smiled without even realizing it.

"What?" she asked, curious about the look on his face.

"You look like you're about to enter a wet t-shirt contest," he said, then laughed.

Rachel looked down to her chest and inhaled sharply in surprise. She blushed when she saw what he was referring to. Her son was observing her, still smiling. His hands were still on her hips, holding her so she could not move away. She felt herself blush and regretted being bold enough to wear the blouse without a bra. The damp cotton was a second skin on her. It felt cold now and made her nipples react. She could feel them tingle as they rubbed over the wet material.

"I should go change," she said, but didn't move. The excited look in her son's eyes held her there.

"Don't bother. It will dry off in a little while. Besides, it's too late now."

Rachel gave her son a bashful smile. She tugged the clinging blouse away from her and ran her fingers through her hair.

"You're cute when you're shy," he said.

"I'm normally a modest person," she said, her voice soft and nervous. "I don't wear things like this when I go out somewhere."

"It's okay, Mom. There's just you and me here. No one else can see." Eric's eyes darted between her face and chest.

"But, you're the last person who should see me like this; I'm your mother," she told him, looking shy.

"Has anyone seen them since Dad died?

Rachel was caught off-guard by her son's blunt question. Her eyes widened and she felt her jaw grow tense. "No! Of course not," she exclaimed, almost indignant.

"Well, now that Dad's gone, I'm just carrying on the family tradition -- picking up where he left off." Eric smiled and gave a brash laugh.

Rachel wanted to laugh at Eric's remark. To her, it sounded like a rationalization for sliding into an inappropriate relationship; one that she was not prepared for and almost feared. Then she reconsidered. After she thought about it, her son's line of reasoning made sense to her in a twisted way. Now she wondered if she was beginning to rationalize her emotions even more than her son.

"Family traditions still have boundaries though, Eric." Her voice was steady as she met his eyes.

"I know, Mom." Eric pulled his mother against his body once more. His arms went around her waist and his right hand glided up and down her smooth back. "Do you like this though?" he asked.

"Yes," she admitted, almost breathing the word. She settled against him once more, easing her arms around him.

"Good. So do I. Don't you miss it sometimes?"

"Miss what?" she asked, nervous about what he was referring to.

"This -- being held," he elaborated.

"Yes... sometimes," she admitted, knowing it was an understatement.

"What about other things?" he asked.

Rachel looked up at her son, giving him an apprehensive look. "What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean, Mom."

"Oh... that..." she said, blushing. "I can live without that. Being held like this is enough; sometimes even better."

Eric nodded and pulled his mother tighter to him. "Is this okay then -- me holding you?"

Rachel paused. Her throbbing clit made it difficult for her to think clearly. She had not been so aroused in a long time. The last man who had made her this horny was Brad; now it was his son doing it. On the surface she saw no harm in Eric holding her like he was, but she knew that both of their intentions were less than pure. She knew where this could lead if she allowed it to happen and the consequences.

"Yes, this is fine, as long as you behave yourself." She gave him a gentle shake and chuckled.

"I'll try." Eric laughed and kissed his mother's forehead.

Rachel rolled her eyes as she rested her head on her son's shoulder. He was incorrigible at times, just like his father. When Brad wanted something, especially sex, he could be relentless. Now Rachel was beginning to wish that Eric was not so much like Brad in some ways.

"Okay... let me go. I want to go watch TV for a while and relax. You must have homework to do." Rachel wiggled away from her son and smiled up at him.

Eric frowned. Not only because his mother had broken their embrace, but because she was right about him having homework to do. He went up to his room. He would have much rather spent his time jerking off than doing homework, but he had a math test coming up that he had to study for.

Rachel went in to the living room. She turned the television on and sat down on the couch. She tucked her legs up underneath her and smiled. The pressure of her thighs on her clit felt nice. Her panties had been damp for some time and she wondered if she could make herself cum in the position she was in.

A knock on the door fifteen minutes later startled Rachel and interrupted her fantasy about her son. She got up and went to the door, worried that whoever was there would notice that she looked as horny as she was. When she opened the door she found Dean McNevin standing there. She opened the door to let him in.

"Hi, Mrs. Comeau. Is Eric home?" Dean asked.

"Yes. He's in his room. Go on up, Dean."

Dean brushed past Rachel, taking a quick glance at her chest. Rachel smiled as she listened to him climbing the stairs. Dean had always been a polite young man, but she knew that like any teenage male, his mind was probably consumed with lewd thoughts most of the time. He often seemed hesitant around her, never referring to her by her first name and smiling a lot. She felt her nipples brush over the inside of her blouse and knew that was where Dean's eyes had been seconds ago. She would have never let him touch her and was careful to not do or say anything that might be misconstrued as flirting, but his sly glances at her breasts and ass always made her pulse quicken.

needed some time alone to calm down and sort out her emotions. But she knew that this was only temporary. Eric would have many other opportunities to be alone with her.

By the time eleven o'clock approached Rachel decided to go to bed. She turned the television off and went upstairs, stopping at her son's door. She rapped lightly on it and opened it when he answered. Eric and Dean were sitting at his computer. They both looked up at her as she stuck her head in the doorway.

"I'm going to bed. Make sure you turn all the lights off and lock the door before you go to bed," she told her son.

"Okay. Good night, Mom," he said with a smile.

Rachel got undressed and put one of Brad's shirts on. It was what she always wore to bed because it helped her to feel close to him. The material brushed over her skin as she slid her arms into the sleeves. She pulled the shirt closed around her, feeling it caress her body like Brad used to. She squeezed her left breast through the shirt, brushing her thumb over her nipple. She buttoned it half-way up from the bottom like she always did, then got into bed.

Lying in bed, Rachel could hear the muffled conversation between her son and Dean in the next room. She slid her hand down her quivering stomach to her clit. It was hard and wet with her juice. She pressed down and began rubbing it. She bent her left leg and parted her thighs. Her fingers slid down over her soft lips, slipping between them. She pushed a finger in deep, moving it around inside her, then slid it back

up to her swollen clit. She rubbed it harder, lifting her ass up from the bed. She could feel her juices beginning to run down her. When she came the first time she let out a quiet moan, then clenched her jaw, afraid that the boys next door would hear. Then she wondered what her son would do if he were alone and heard her soft moans. Rachel pushed two fingers on her left hand deep inside her tight pussy, still rubbing her clit, faster now. She came harder the second time, panting and writhing her hips. Her third orgasm left her limp on the bed, still imagining Eric's cock inside her rather than her fingers. She sighed and rolled over, her hand still cupping her tender, juicy mound. She soon fell asleep like that.

###

Rachel woke before her son the next day. She always did. She sat up in bed and stretched. The musky scent of her pussy filled the air. For a while she contemplated opening a window to let fresh air in so Eric would not notice, then changed her mind. The thought of him entering her room and being able to smell the aroma of her pussy excited her. She wondered if it would make him horny and what he would do if he smelled it.

After a quick shower Rachel dried herself off and put a robe on. It was made of thin, white cotton and had flowers embroidered down the lapels. Brad had bought it for her thirty-second birthday. Wearing it reminded her of him and made her feel pretty. She tied it tight around her waist, then appraised herself in the mirror. Her damp hair hung down over her shoulders. She looked refreshed. She felt it too. Rachel noticed how the thin robe did little to conceal the size and shape of her breasts. Without a bra holding them in place they appeared larger than

they were. Her hard nipples strained the cotton, as though it were painted on her. She liked the effect and wished that her bust always looked so appealing. Today she would wear a tank top without a bra.

Rachel listened for signs of activity coming from her son's room, but heard nothing. She would have to wake him so he did not miss his first class. This was not an uncommon occurrence. She went to his bedroom door and gave three light raps. From inside she heard Eric respond in a groggy voice for her to come in.

"You better get up if you're going to make it to your first class." Rachel was standing in the doorway, watching Eric sit up in bed. He was naked from the waist up, maybe even below that too, she wondered. He ran his hand through his black hair and squinted, looking over at her.

"What time is it?" he groaned.

"Eight-thirty, almost."

Eric swung his legs over the side of the bed. He tugged the blanket and sheet up over his lap. Rachel ran her eyes down her son's muscled legs. They were tanned, with wisps of dark hair -- just like his father's. She recalled the feeling of Brad's legs rubbing over the insides of her soft, parted thighs when they made love. She began getting wet, thinking about Eric kneeling between her bent legs, pressing on her knees and spreading them apart as he looked down at her waiting pussy. She folded her arms around her waist. Eric was observing her, but silent. It

made her nervous, but in the same way she felt when she was dating his father and still inexperienced.

"I'm going to go make breakfast," she said.

"Okay. Thanks, Mom. I'll be down in a while."

Rachel did not hear her son descending the steps a half hour later. She had the radio on and was standing at the stove frying bacon and eggs. When she noticed him from the corner of her eye it startled her. He dropped his knapsack full of textbooks and other school items beside a chair at the table and sat down. Rachel could feel his eyes on her as she stood with her back to him.

Once breakfast was cooked Rachel brought the frypan over to the table. She scooped out a heap of eggs and bacon into her son's plate. As she stood beside him she noticed him looking up at her. She knew he was focused on her breasts, pushing out at the front of her robe. She pretended not to notice and filled her plate next, then sat down.

Rachel began eating, keenly aware of Eric's eyes shifting in her direction occasionally. She suppressed a grin. It reminded her of how Brad would ogle her some mornings while they ate when Eric was still an infant. It became a game they played. She would act coy until Brad became more obvious, often reaching out to feel her breast or stroke her thigh. It was on such a morning that they ended up having sex on the kitchen table. Now it occurred to Rachel that she was replacing Brad with their son. Only in her thoughts and reminiscence, but she knew it was a slippery slope that she was on.

"Thanks, Mom. That was great! Eric wiped his mouth with a napkin and pushed himself away from the table and stood up.

Rachel looked up, surprised by how quickly her son had devoured his breakfast. "Want some more?" she asked.

Eric shook his head. "No, thanks. I can always grab a slice of pizza or something at school later. I gotta run."

He placed a hand on his mother's right shoulder and bent down. He gave her cheek a soft kiss, sliding his hand along her shoulder blades. He hugged her, pulling her shoulder against his thigh. Rachel smiled, then noticed the bulge in his jeans, inches from her face. She stared, imagining his hard shaft beneath the faded denim. It would have been so easy for her to pull the button open and unzip his jeans. After a swift downward tug of his jeans his cock would be free -- so close it would almost brush across her moist lips.

"I have to get groceries later, so I might be out when you get back this afternoon." Rachel cleared her throat, thinking that it had taken on a thicker, sultry tone.

"Okay, my last class gets out at three-thirty, so I'll be back a while after that. I have my key though."

and slipped her hand inside her robe. Her fingers found her wet lips and she rubbed them, spreading her juice up to her clit. She parted her legs and leaned back in her chair. She knew she should go back up to her bedroom, or at least the living room, to make herself cum, but either place seemed too far away. She squeezed her left breast through her robe and felt her first orgasm of the day building.

###

The grocery store had been crowded. It always was on Fridays. Rachel checked the time on the clock of her car's dashboard as she drove home with her groceries. It was three o'clock. Eric would be home soon. She smiled, trying to imagine the look on his face when he saw what she was wearing. After she had finished making herself cum at the kitchen table, Rachel had gone upstairs to get dressed. She picked out a white skirt that had a slit running up the right side. It hugged her hips and ass and came down to her knees. Under the skirt it she wore sheer white bikini panties.

When she choose a top, Rachel decided to be a little daring. She put on a grey V-neck sleeveless crop top, but no bra. After seeing herself in the mirror she almost changed into a blouse, but decided to challenge herself to be more uninhibited than usual. The top's hem hung a few inches above the waistband of her skirt. When she raised her arms it climbed up to expose a good portion of her stomach. Through the material her nipples were two thick nubs. With her arms fully raised the hem of the top slid up past her nipples. Walking through the grocery store had excited Rachel. She could feel the side of her skirt open as she walked, revealing most of her thigh, and her breasts shook

with each step. She pretended not to notice the glances of the men she encountered while shopping, although she enjoyed the attention.

After she put her groceries away, Rachel poured herself a large glass of ice tea and went outside. She sat down on the top step of the porch. She slipped her sandals off and stretched her legs out. She took a sip of her drink and leaned back, feeling her crop top slide up to uncover her stomach. Rachel closed her eyes and relaxed in the afternoon sun, feeling content and more than a little horny. Already her panties were damp. She wanted to reach beneath her skirt to touch herself, but she feared that her neighbours might see her. The thought of Kevin or Dean watching from a window while she played with herself made her clit twitch and her pussy grow wetter.

When Rachel heard her son's car enter the yard she opened her eyes. It took a few moments for them to adjust to the bright sunlight. She squinted, watching Eric walk from his car towards her. Soon after Rachel received the payment from Brad's life insurance company she had bought Eric a used Honda Civic. He would need it to get to school each day and it would mean he would not have to borrow hers. She was glad that she had made the decision.

"How was school?" she asked.

"Okay. I had a math test." Eric dropped his knapsack on the porch and sat down beside his mother.

"And?" she prodded, turning her head towards him.

"I haven't gotten the results back yet." Eric gave his mother a grin.

"You know what I mean, smart-ass." Rachel jabbed her elbow into her son's side, smiling at him.

"I think I did okay," he told her with a shrug.

"You always say that and you always ace them," she remarked.

Eric gave his mother a modest smile, then ran his eyes down her body, feeling his cock begin to swell. She observed him, saying nothing, but enjoying him looking.

"Cute top," he finally said, not lifting his eyes to her face.

"Thanks. Since it's still so hot out I thought I'd wear it. I might even get a little tan."

"Just your tummy though." Eric reached out and poked his finger into his mother's bare stomach.

Rachel giggled and flinched. "Cut that out -- I'm ticklish!"

A devious grin crept over Eric's face. He reached out again and began to work his fingertips into his mother's left side, tickling her.

Rachel laughed and squirmed. She reached for her Eric's hand. "Hey... stop that!" she cried out, trying to push her son's hand away as she giggled.

Eric watched his mother's breasts shake beneath her top as she squirmed. Her skin was soft and he pressed harder against her ribs, making her writhe and laugh even more. She sat up and grabbed his forearm, trying to push his hand away. Her nipples were stiff and her left breast rubbed over his wrist. Eric's cock was as hard as a railroad spike now. He reached around his mother with his left hand and began to tickle her right side. Her soft skin felt wonderful and he wanted to run his hand all over her beautiful body. Rachel was struggling to push him away as he tickled her, but he was much stronger than her. Eric's left hand was under her top now. He felt the side of his hand brush over her right breast. It spurred him on and stoked his arousal. If his mother had felt him touch her breast, she didn't react. Eric continued to work his fingers into his mother's sides, feeling her breast graze his left hand intermittently as it shook.

Rachel did not feel her top being pushed up as her son's left hand slid higher under it. She was laughing and wrestling with Eric as his fingers kneaded her ribcage. It was when she reached up to push on his shoulders that the hem of her top slid up another few inches, exposing her nipples.

than any he had ever seen before. Although they weren't especially large, they were still plenty big for his taste and had a nice shape. Her thick, brownish nipples looked enticing, standing out from their halos, contrasting with her paler skin. He licked his lips as he imagined sucking on them and pinching them between his fingers.

Rachel was about to ask her son why he had stopped tormenting her when she followed his eyes down. She gasped when she saw her partially exposed breasts. She lurched back and quickly crossed her arms over herself. Her eyes met his. She felt a mixture of abashment and wickedness. For an instant she considered lowering her arms, then thought of the neighbours.

"Oops..." she murmured, giving him a demure look.

Eric smiled at his mother. He was almost dizzy with lust. Her arms were still crossed over her chest, but he noticed that the left side of her top was not covering her completely. Beneath her arm he saw part of her breast. It looked firm. He reached out, intending to tug her top down to cover her, but she recoiled, twisting her body to her right.

"No, Eric," she snapped.

"Mom... your boob is still uncovered." Eric pointed with his finger, still staring at it.

Rachel looked down. She shifted her left arm and saw the hem of her top creep up her breast as she moved her elbow. The edge of her areola

appeared from beneath her top. She tilted her eyes up to her son's, noticing the look of excitement on his face. He looked so much like Brad did at that age. She moved her arm some more, then felt the air on her bare nipple. Now satisfied, she grew still

"Was that what you were hoping to see again?" Rachel's voice was quiet, but thick from being horny.

Eric gave a slow nod, then looked up to his mother's face and smiled. Her dark eyes shimmered. She looked nervous, but her expression also revealed an inner desire that he shared.

"We better go inside before Kevin and Dean see my tits too." When Rachel stood up her top slid down, covering her chest completely once more. She went in to the kitchen.

Eric followed his mother inside. She was sitting on a chair by the table, still looking nervous. She smiled, but it seemed forced. Eric looked down and noticed how her skirt had separated to reveal her right thigh. It looked soft and smooth.

"Are you okay, Mom?" Eric asked, now worried.

Rachel gave him a nod. "Yes... just feeling guilty for being so bad. What would your father think if he saw me?"

"Don't feel that way, Mom. Don't you think that Dad would want you to be happy?"

Rachel nodded. Her mouth was tight, as though she might cry. Her bottom lip quivered.

"Besides, what do you think he'd say if he saw what I just did?"

Rachel grinned. "I know exactly what he'd say -- and do."

"Yeah... your top would probably be off by now." Eric looked down at his mother's chest as he grinned.

Rachel gave her son a nervous smile and a slow nod. Her eyes met his, noting how he was ogling her, then she looked down to the bulge in his jeans. Dozens of perverted thoughts filled her mind.

"Yeah... he probably wouldn't have even waited to get me inside." Rachel gave her son a shy smile.

"It sounds like Dad was quite the horn dog," Eric remarked.

Rachel gave her son a shrewd grin. "Like father, like son."

Eric blushed and smirked, then avoided her eyes.

"It's okay... all teenage guys are like that, Eric; don't be embarrassed," she said. "When your father was your age he would get turned-on if the wind blew," she said.

Eric laughed, then grew silent. His smile faded. "I miss Dad so much," he sighed.

"I know... me too."

Silence filled the kitchen while Eric observed his mother. He heard her heave and sigh, then saw tears running down her rosy cheeks. He stepped over to her and brushed them away with his thumb then kissed her damp cheek. She smiled up at him.

"I love you, Mom, and more than anything, I want you to be happy."

"I know. I am, or at least as much as I can be without your father. You make me happy. I don't know what I'd do without you, Eric. If I ever lost you I'd..." Rachel was unable to finish the sentence.

Rachel got up from her chair. She slid her arms around her son's waist. She held onto him, looking up at his face. She could feel her breasts pressed to him and knew he would enjoy that. She felt his hands on her waist, then sliding up under her top. Her clit responded. He had touched her back many times when he hugged her, but never her bare back. Somehow it made a difference. Perhaps it was feeling his hands on her skin that excited her and made their embrace seem illicit

Eric held his mother tighter. She reached up and wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed his cheek. As Rachel raised her arms she felt her top ride up. Her nipples brushed over her son's t-shirt. She knew that they were showing, and perhaps even more was.

"Oops..." she said.

"What?" Eric gave her a puzzled look.

"This top just doesn't want to stay down," she said with a nervous titter.

"Oh... I didn't know. I can't see anything when you hug me anyway," he reassured her.

"Disappointed?" Rachel let out a mischievous giggle.

Eric did not reply.

"Eric, Honey -- I know that things with us probably aren't like it is between most mothers and sons; it's not easy for either of us with your father gone. But I hope that you don't think badly of me if I seem a little more wild or unorthodox than Dean's mother, or your other friends' mothers. I guess I'm just not normal. Plus, I rely on you a lot more than most mothers probably rely on their sons, so that makes a difference too."

"Normal is subjective, Mom. And I want you to rely on me. I just hope I don't let you down," he told her. "I know that no one can ever replace Dad, but I want to be there for you like he was."

"Thanks. I love you, Eric."

"I love you too."

Rachel felt relieved. She smiled as she held her son. She could feel her breasts move over his t-shirt. "If anyone walks in now we're going to have a lot of explaining to do," she laughed.

"I don't care. Besides, we'll hear them walking up the steps," he said.

"I hope so, or they're going to get a good look at my tits." She giggled nervously, both at the notion and for being so blunt with her son.

"I'll let you go then," he said, although he did not want to.

"No. Don't," she blurted out.

"We could go in to the living room," he suggested.

"Okay." Rachel lowered her arms and tugged her top down, giving Eric a shy smile. "Come on," she said."

Eric followed his mother into the living room. He sat down to her left on the couch. She tucked her legs under her and leaned on her left hip, facing him. She looked nervous.

"Will you hold me, Eric, like you were?" she asked after several seconds.

"Sure... ah... if you want me to," he stammered.

"I do," she said. "No one has held me like that since your father."

Eric moved closer to his mother and pulled her against him. She slid her arms around him and rested her head on his right shoulder. Eric's hands wandered around to her lower back. Her top had come up a few inches, just enough for him to slide his hands over her bare flesh. When he looked down he saw how her slit skirt had fallen away from her right thigh. It was uncovered a little more than half way up and looked silky smooth. Beneath her skirt the curves of her hip and ass looked nice. He wanted to run his hands over them.

"Mmmm... this is so nice," Rachel said, almost moaning. She wiggled closer, holding her son tighter.

"And you won't have to worry about your top coming up since you're sitting down," Eric added with a nervous chuckle.

"I was mainly worried about Dean or somebody else walking in when we were in the kitchen. You already saw them earlier on the porch, so I don't care."

His mother's comment startled Eric, but increased his desire. "That was an accident, Mom -- when you raised your arms," he contended.

Rachel leaned back slightly and looked up at her son. She grinned. "What about before that -- when you were tickling me... I felt your hand under my top getting a few feels ... was that an accident too?"

Eric blushed. His mother had a smug look on her face, but didn't appear angry, which surprised him. Then it occurred to Eric that she had not protested earlier on the porch when his hand touched her breast. He wondered if she enjoyed him touching her as much as he had.

"I didn't mean to, Mom. They're big, so they kind of got in the way when I was tickling you," he claimed.

Rachel gave her son a skeptical look. "They're not that big, Eric," she said with a soft chuckle.

Eric eased his mother away from him and peered down, surveying her chest. Rachel watched her son's eyes scanning her. It was the first time that he had been so blatant about it and the first time that she had acquiesced. She straightened her back, feeling her stiff nipples push against the soft material of her top. She felt like an exhibitionist and it being her son who was looking made it much more exciting.

"They're big enough, Mom," he said, smiling as he looked down.

Rachel felt her heart beating faster, pumping blood to her cit. It swelled and began to throb. Her pussy began getting even wetter, as though it wanted Eric's hard cock as much as she did at that moment. She blushed, as much from shyness as desire.

"You like them, don't you?" Rachel's voice was getting hoarse as her libido increased.

Eric nodded and gave his mother a faint smile, too nervous to say anything.

"I've known that for a while. I've noticed how you look at me sometimes. It reminds me of your father. You get the same look in your eyes. It's unnerving."

"Sorry," he mumbled.

"No... I meant it gives me a rush and... you know..." Rachel's cheeks flushed as her eyes met his.

"Makes you excited?" he asked, sounding hopeful.

Eric grew silent, pondering the implications of his mother's revelation.
"Wow..." he breathed.

"Wow what?"

"I'm just surprised, that's all."

"Did you think I never got... excited?" she asked, content to keep using the euphemism.

"No... I'm just surprised that you do when I look at you though," he explained.

"I can't help it. You remind me of Brad so much and you get that look.... God, I can't believe I'm telling you this, Eric!" Rachel giggled and buried her face in her son's chest.

"It's okay, Mom." Eric ran his hand up and down his mother's back beneath her top, stroking her and savoring the feeling of her soft skin.

"Hey... watch where your hand's going, buddy," she warned, then chuckled.

"It's just your back," he said.

"I know... I was just teasing. No one has rubbed my back since your father."

"Is it ok? Do you want me to stop?"

"No... it feels nice," she murmured.

Rachel shifted her hips. She sighed as Eric glided his hand up and down her back. She pressed her thighs together and clenched her jaw as her clit throbbed. Her panties were soaked and she wondered if there was a wet spot on her skirt. She could feel her top inching up as her son's hand moved higher up her back, but she did not care. The way she was laying on his chest meant that only the right side of her top could slide up anyway.

Eric continued caressing his mother's back. He ran his left hand slowly up and down her right side from her hip towards her breast, still covered by her top. Each time his hand moved up he inched her top higher.

"Don't tickle me again, please," she said.

"I'll be good. I promise," he replied.

"I didn't say you had to be good; just don't tickle me." Rachel tilted her head up and smiled at her son.

Eric grinned and pinched the hem of his mother's top between his fingers. Slowly he tugged it higher up on her right side. She lowered her eyes, watching as more of her midriff was bared. The soft material brushed over Rachel's stiff nipple until it was uncovered. Eric stared at it. He licked his lips, watching as he exposed more of her firm, round breast. The room was silent except for the sounds of Eric and his mother breathing, heavier than normal now. He continued to stroke her back as he pulled at her top. Once her breast was completely uncovered he slid his hand down her side, stopping just above her skirt, then back up again.

"Touch it..." she said, urging him to fondle her.

"Do you want me to?"

Rachel met her son's eyes and nodded. "Yes," she whispered.

Eric cupped his mother's breast in his hand. Her hard nipple poked into his palm. He took it between his fingers and pinched it, then gave it a tug, stretching it. Rachel moaned and arched her back to meet her son's hand. He bent down and flicked his tongue over her thick nipple. She moaned, louder this time. He wrapped his lips around her dark nipple and began to suck on it hard, clutching her breast. Rachel's breathing was laboured. She cradled the back of her son's head in her hand, holding him to her swollen nub. She clenched her jaw and moaned a few more times, watching Eric suck. She shifted on to her hip, giving him easier access.

When his mother moved, Eric noticed her right thigh showing through the slit in her skirt. He let go of her breast and placed his hand on her knee. He ran it up her thigh. His mother's smooth skin was soft and warm. His fingers disappeared under her skirt, moving towards her ass. He stopped when the material became too tight against her to get his fingers under it. Eric ran his hand back down. He slipped his fingers around to the inside of her thigh. Seconds later he felt his mother's hand clutching his forearm. She looked nervous.

"No... I'm sorry, Eric, but... we shouldn't... get carried away," she said, her voice low and thick.

Eric nodded, moving his hand from her thigh. He reached out and tugged her top down over her breast, then kissed her flushed cheek. "I love you, Mom," he breathed into her ear.

Rachel sat up and put her arms around her son's neck, pulling him to her. "I love you so much, Eric," she gushed. "I... know we shouldn't be carrying-on like this, but I need to feel as close to you as I can. I hope you don't think I'm horrible."

"No, of course not, Mom. I like it too. Haven't you seen how I've been looking at you lately?"

"Yeah... I've been trying not to give in, but I finally decided that if you feel the same, then it's nobody's business besides our own. But let's take things slow, okay?"

Eric nodded and gave his mother a smile. His hands were on her waist, but his eyes were everywhere.

"Okay, I should get something ready for supper," she said, sitting up on the couch.

"How about we order out for Chinese?" he suggested.

"That sounds good and I won't have to cook."

Eric got up and found a flier from the Chinese restaurant they ordered from occasionally. After deciding what they wanted Eric called in their order.

The air was still charged with sexual energy, but their encounter in the living room had actually made Rachel and Eric more at ease with one another. Now their unspoken desires were revealed. They could be more honest with one another, without worrying what the other would think. After their food arrived Eric and his mother sat at the kitchen table eating. Both were hungry, but they also had a need that was yet to be satisfied. They spoke little as they ate, letting their smiles and glances express themselves.

Once they had finished eating Eric went back to the living room. He turned the television on and slumped down on the couch. His mother was finishing her food. He listened while she cleared off the kitchen table and put the garbage away. When she walked in to the living room Eric looked up from the television and smiled at her. He reached out

for her wrist and drew her down on the couch beside him. He wrapped his left arm around her shoulders and pulled her towards him so she was resting against his chest. He kissed her cheek. She smiled up at him, then pressed her dewy lips to his cheek.

"I love you, Eric," she said, bathing his cheek and neck in her hot breath.

Rachel curled up on the couch, resting on her hip and nuzzled closer to her son. She slipped her arms around him and let out a contented sigh.

The television continued to pump out a constant stream of reality shows and commercials throughout the evening, but Eric and his mother ignored them all. He aimed the remote and lowered the volume until it was barely audible. He twisted his body about to face his mother and put his arms around her waist. He kissed her forehead and pulled her tighter to him. She let out a soft moan. For the first time Eric and Rachel felt more like lovers than mother and son. It was what both had wanted for some time.

Eric wanted to run his hands over her body, to touch every inch of her, but he knew that she was not ready for that yet. This closeness was something he had never dared for. He was more than content with it and did not want to rush his mother.

The living room grew dark as the sun set. Eric did not get up to turn a light on. The bluish glow of the television provided enough light for him to see his beautiful mother resting in his arms. Her eyes were closed. If she wasn't asleep, she was close to it. Eric did not want to

disturb her so he continued to hold her, enjoying the feeling of her soft, curvy body against him. By the time she stirred it was past ten o'clock.

"What time is it?" she asked, yawning.

"A quarter past ten."

"Wow... I'm sorry. I never meant to fall asleep on you like that."

"It's okay. I still got to hold you, so I was happy," her son said.

Rachel smiled at him. "That was the most peaceful sleep I've had in ages. I feel so safe when you're holding me."

"Good... thanks, Mom -- I'm glad you do. I'll hold you whenever you want."

"I'm going to go to bed. Have a good night." Rachel leaned over and kissed her son.

"You too, Mom." Eric kissed his mother's soft cheek, then watched her walk away.

###

Eric was awoken the next morning by the sound of water running in the bathroom. He rolled over in bed and groaned when he saw that it was not quite seven o'clock yet. The water stopped running and he heard his mother returning to her bedroom. Now he had to use the bathroom after listening to the sound of the water. He trudged to the bathroom wearing only his boxers and a t-shirt, still half-asleep, to empty his bladder. As he was leaving the bathroom he heard his mother call out to him.

"Don't tell me you're getting up already, Eric," she said, sounding sleepy.

Rachel's bedroom door was ajar by almost a foot. Eric pushed it open and looked inside. On the floor beside the bed he noticed her white panties. His mother was lying on her back, looking towards the door. Her auburn hair framed her face. She brushed it aside and raised up, resting on her left elbow. She was wearing a light blue shirt that Eric recognized as being one of his father's. It was unbuttoned mid-way down her chest. As she leaned over it fell away from her, revealing her upper chest and part of her pendulous left breast. If he were closer, standing over her, he would be able to see her nipple. He wondered if it was hard. Eric could feel his cock beginning to tent his boxers, but he didn't care. He hoped his erection would entice his mother.

"No, I just had to use the bathroom. It's too early to get up," he said.

"Well, it sure looks like something is up," she quipped, looking down to his cock.

Eric felt his erection push out at his boxers. He walked over to his mother's bed and pulled the covers aside. He slid in beside her. He felt his leg brush against hers. As he wiggled closer his erection rubbed over her thigh through his underwear. The sensation was electric. He felt his cock twitch and thicken.

"Are you always this chipper in the mornings?" his mother asked, feeling his erection rub over her thigh.

"Only when I'm around you."

Rachel giggled, feeling her clit begin to throb and her pussy moisten.

Eric leaned over his mother. He looked inside her shirt, then pulled it away from her, exposing her left breast. He licked his lips as he stared at her nipple. He bent down and ran his tongue around her areola, then licked her nipple. It stiffened and began to swell, rising to meet his mouth. He pinched it between his lips and began to suck. When he heard his mother moan and felt her hand on his back he began to suck harder, tugging at it with his lips. His slid his left hand down her side to her right hip. He stroked it, still teasing her thick nipple with his lips and tongue.

Rachel ran her hand over her son's muscled back. Her pussy was dripping wet and she had begun to breathe faster. She looked down, watching her son's mouth on her nipple. It was too late to tell him to stop, but she did not want to anyway. His stiff cock was poking at her stomach now. It felt thick and she imagined what it might feel like in her mouth or pussy, filling her. The more she imagined it, the more she

convinced herself that if it happened it would only strengthen their bond. She moved her hand around to Eric's stomach. It quivered beneath her fingers as she slid them down. When she felt the elastic waistband of his boxers Rachel paused a moment, second-guessing herself, then she ran her fingers along her son's shaft through his underwear. It was as thick as she had guessed, although slightly longer than his father's. She felt it pulse when she gave it a soft squeeze.

When Eric felt his mother's hand on his cock he flinched and jerked his head away from her swollen nipple. He looked down, then smiled at her and thrust his hips towards her, shoving his cock deeper into her fist.

"Do you like that?" she asked with a coy smile.

"Yeah..." he moaned.

"Pull them down," she said.

Eric lifted his hips up and quickly tugged his underwear down past his knees. He could hardly believe that his mother had asked him to do that but wanted to comply quickly in case she changed her mind. His hard shaft rose beneath the covers. He turned and felt the head rub over her hip through her shirt. He noticed her look down and smile. Eric had never been so excited in his life. He drew in a deep breath, trying to calm himself. When he felt his mother's soft hand wrap around his throbbing cock he closed his eyes as a deep moan escaped his throat.

"Does that feel good?" Rachel's voice was as soft and teasing, like her fingers. She smiled, watching the look of pleasure on his face.

"Yeah..." he sighed, then opened his eyes and smiled.

"Roll over."

Eric turned on his back, feeling his cock tent the sheet and blanket. He watched his mother sit up on the bed beside him. She slid the covers down off of them. When his rigid cock was uncovered he heard his mother give a faint moan of delight. She wasted no time, as if she instinctively knew that he would not last long. Her fingers curled around the base of his cock. She gave it a squeeze, then began to glide her hand along it, pumping it with her fist. He looked up at her leaning over him. Her breasts hung from her open shirt and swayed in rhythm to the movement of her hand and shoulders. He reached up to her right breast, kneading it while she stroked him. Eric's breathing was faster now and he felt sweat forming on his forehead. He wanted to hold off, to make this last as long as possible, but a few minutes later he knew he couldn't. He gave a deep moan and thrust his cock into his mother's hand as he came. His cum shot from it, splashing over her hand and arm. The second and third steams left her fingers drenched in his seed. He sighed and collapsed on the bed, spent.

"Oh, god... my baby came so hard," she cooed. His mother was still stroking him, rubbing his sticky cum over his shaft and balls until he began to soften a minute or so later.

Eric looked up at his mother and smiled. He was still panting and his face felt hot. He watched as her tongue ran over her fingers and the back of her hand, lapping up every drop of his cum. It was the most exciting thing he had ever seen in his life. She dropped her hand to her lap and smiled.

"Mmmmm... that was a great breakfast," she said, almost moaning, then grinned.

"I can give you some more if you wait a while," he said.

Rachel ran her finger over her son's thigh, wiping his cum from it, then licked it from her finger. She looked perfectly wanton. She looked down to his cock resting on his thigh and ran her fingertip along the slit, wiping up one last drop running from it. She swallowed sucked on her fingertip.

"You rest. I'm going to have a shower." Rachel bent down and kissed his cheek, then slid out of bed.

Eric listened to the sound of the shower. He imagined his mother's naked body, wet and glistening as she washed herself. He pulled his underwear off the rest of the way and got out of bed. The bathroom door was closed. He slowly turned the knob and slipped inside, closing the door behind him.

Rachel turned and gave a quick cry of surprise when she saw her son pull the shower curtain aside and step in the tub. She smiled and ran

her eyes down his naked body. His thick cock swayed as he moved. She licked her lips, impatient for him to become hard again.

"I thought I could wash your back for you," her son said.

"You're so thoughtful." She turned away from him and handed him the soap.

Rachel's fingers went to her clit when she felt her son's hands gliding over her soapy back. She rubbed her button, then pushed a finger in her pussy as she moved her hips. When she felt his cock pressed to her ass she moaned and pushed back, feeling it between her cheeks. She leaned forward slightly and ground herself against his manhood.

"You feel good even when you're soft," she said.

Eric slid his soapy hands around his mother's wet body. He ran them up her flat stomach to her breasts. Holding them tight, he pulled her back so she was pressed to his broad chest. He brushed her wet hair over her shoulder and kissed her neck, then nibbled at it. She giggled and squirmed, then moaned and rocked her hips as he pinched and tugged at her nipples.

"You're driving me crazy, Eric," she said.

He ran his right hand back down her soft body to her pussy. He cupped her mound, grinding the ball of his hand into her clit. She let out a loud

moan and pushed back. When his finger slipped into her she cried out and reached down to steady herself with his muscular thighs. She squeezed his finger, holding it deep in her. Eric began working it in and out slowly, groping her left breast with her other hand.

"You're making me so fucking horny," she said through clenched teeth.

"I want to make you cum, Mom," he said, breathing in her ear.

"Keep this up and you will."

Eric continued to finger his mother and rub his thumb over her hard clit. Her heavy breathing almost drowned out the sound of the hot water washing over them. When she came for the first time he felt her grip him. He pulled at her nipple and pressed down harder on her clit, making her moan louder.

"Oh god... Eric... yes... please..."

His mother's cried filled the bathroom and made him as happy as much it excited him. He continued to rub her sensitive clit until her body went rigid, then she fell back into his arms. She was breathing hard and holding his thighs.

"You... oh god... you made me cum so hard. I'd forgotten I could cum like that," she said in a series of breaths.

Eric kissed his mother's flushed cheek. "I love you, Mom. I told you I wanted to take care of you," he said.

Rachel turned around and slid her arms around her son. She pulled him to her still trembling body and leaned her head on his shoulder. She could still feel waves of passion course through her. They said nothing. They were content to just enjoy the moment and the sensuous feelings of their bodies against one another. When Rachel felt her son's cock begin to swell and rise she looked down in surprise. It rubbed over her lips and pressed against her over-sensitive clit.

"Wow -- ready for more so soon?" She lifted her eyes to his and smiled.

"Yeah... well, I mean I'm always ready for it around you, but..."

"But what?" she asked, confused by his sudden silence.

"I wasn't sure how you felt, or what you wanted."

"I feel horny," she said with a shameless laugh. "And I want you. I want you to take care of me and be there for me, Eric -- just like your father was -- in every way."

Eric gave his mother a wide smile. He cupped her chin in his hand then bent down and kissed her full, moist lips. She gave a soft cry of surprise, but responded, opening her mouth to receive his kiss. He sucked on

her bottom lip, then darted his tongue over it before easing away. He smiled, pleased by the look of happiness on her face.

"Let's get out of here," she said.

Rachel turned the water off and stepped out of the tub. She and her son each pulled a towel from the shower rod and began drying themselves off. Once they had finished Rachel looked down at her son's growing erection, surprised that he was getting hard again so soon, but happy. She tugged at his wrist, giving him an enticing smile.

Eric followed his mother back in to her bedroom. She sat down on the edge of the bed and tugged at his hips, bringing him closer. His cock twitched and rose as she ran her hands up and down his bare thighs. When she took his erection in her hand and ran her tongue along the underside Eric moaned. He placed his hands on her shoulders, watching her lick his shaft and balls. He was fully hard now and thick.

"I bet you never imagined your mom could be so naughty." Rachel titled her eyes up to her son's face, still holding his cock in her hand. She ran her tongue over the swollen head and looked back up to him.

"No... but I tried a few times," he said, then smiled.

Rachel sucked on the mushroom-shaped head of his cock, then slid her wet lips down. She took as much as she could into her mouth, then sucked harder as she drew her lips back up. She squeezed the base, watching as his veins bulged and it thickened, then she engulfed his

meat with her lips again. She drew it into her warm, wet mouth. Rachel moaned and reached down to stroke her pink lips. Her clit was alive with sensations again and her pussy was more than ready for him.

"Mmmm... I could suck your cock all day, but there's somewhere else I want it."

She slid back on the bed, looking up at her son. Stroking her thighs, she parted them so he could see her wet, pink lips. She spread them open and smiled when she saw the eager look on his face. She felt embarrassed that she had not trimmed her bush, but she had not been expecting this to happen. But her hair was still rather sparse down there so she hoped he would not care.

"I need you, Eric," she said in a slightly hoarse voice. "Come take care of your mother."

Eric crawled across the bed towards his waiting mother. He knelt between her open thighs and ran his hands up and down them. Her lips glistened with her juice and were parted slightly in anticipation. He lowered himself on her, feeling her arms and legs wrap around him. Now they were wrapped in a taboo embrace; about to complete their forbidden union.

When Rachel felt Eric's cock penetrate her she moaned. For over a year she had only felt her own fingers in her. It took her a few seconds to become accustomed to feeling so full. She began breathing faster as she clutched his shoulders. As her son's cock sank deep in her she clenched her jaw and pushed up with her hips to meet him. She could feel his

hot breath on her neck as he settled between her soft thighs and pressed down on her.

"God... fuck me, Eric... we've wanted this for so long... don't hold back, Honey," she moaned.

His mother's bawdy encouragement spurred Eric on. He began pumping his hips. Her pussy was tight and wet. He could feel her gripping his cock deep within her, just as she had done with his finger earlier in the shower. Her breasts shook as he thrust hard and deep into her, slapping his balls against her as his shaft sank into her warm interior. He placed his hand on her left breast and began to knead it as he pumped faster. When he pinched her nipple she moaned louder and sank her fingernails into his shoulders.

"Mmmm... your cock feels so good, Honey... that's it... harder, Eric... please."

Eric straightened his back and grabbed his mother's hips. His cock slipped from her momentarily but he pushed the head back in, then tugged hard, pulling her onto his thick shaft. She cried out and arched her back. Eric slid his left arm around the small of her back, supporting her while he started pumping his cock hard once more. He ran his right hand down to her clit, rubbing it with his thumb as he watched his slick cock move in and out of her.

When his mother came Eric stopped moving his hips. His cock was buried in her. She was squeezing it hard and he loved the feeling. He

continued to rub her clit up and down. As she came for the third time he slipped out of her and straddled her stomach.

"Cum on me... I want your cum all over my tits, Eric." she said as she began to fondle them.

Eric pumped his cock in his fist. It was coated with her juice and he loved the sensation. When he came the first time he leaned over her, shooting a stream of cum across her left breast. The second and third ropes splashed over her breasts and between them. He squeezed the base of his cock and slid his fist down it, milking the last few drops from it. He wiped the slit over her hard nipples.

Rachel was massaged her breasts, painting them with her son's hot, thick cum. He laid down beside her, catching his breath. He rolled over on his right side towards her and kissed her reddened cheek. She smiled and turned her head towards him.

"I love how you take care of me," she said.

"Good. I hope you'll continue to let me," Eric told her.

Rachel rolled over. She rested her arm across her son's chest and laid her head on his shoulder. He brushed her hair aside and kissed her cheek.

Rachel smiled. She pressed her moist lips to her son's mouth, wondering how long it would be before he was hard again.

Along Came a Spider

When I heard my mother's high-pitched shriek, I nearly shot straight up from the living room couch. It was a Saturday afternoon and Mom (whose name is Tara) had spent the afternoon in her flower garden. After coming in and gulping down a glass of water she said that she was going to have a long, hot bath. She lamented that she was grimy and her back ached and her legs were sore. That had been almost an hour ago. When I heard the shriek coming from her bedroom I ran up the stairs. Mom's bedroom door was ajar a few inches.

"Mom, what's wrong?" I called out, standing outside her bedroom.

"Come in... there's a spider in here, Luke," she said in a shaky voice.

I pushed my mother's bedroom door open and stepped inside. Mom was standing beside the bed. She had a mauve terry cloth bath sheet wrapped around her and was clutching the top part of it to her chest with her right hand. The soft towel hugged Mom's slender frame and hung down to her mid-thigh. Her damp black hair shimmered as it brushed over her bare shoulders. Her trembling left hand was extended and she was pointing to the floor, about a yard in front of me.

"I saw it run out from under the bed and go over there," she said, pointing.

encounter a spider in the garage or basement or while gardening. Her resulting scream of terror could practically be heard throughout the neighbourhood. That was a cue to come to her rescue and kill the creepy crawly.

Lying on the floor about a foot from my feet were a pair of green shorts and a t-shirt that Mom had worn gardening. I kicked them aside, searching for the spider. Beneath her t-shirt I discovered a pair of panties and bra. I tried to seem indifferent as I surveyed my mother's red panties and pink bra, taking note of the size of the cups which had held her firm breasts barely an hour earlier. From the corner of my eye I saw the spider scurry across the floor, running out from under a small wicker table beside the closet. It was black, perhaps two inches in size. I stepped on it and heard a faint crunch from under my sneaker. I lifted my foot and saw a small gooey wet spot on the hardwood floor.

"I got him," I said, turning towards my mother.

Mom gave a relieved sigh, still holding a fistful of the towel and pressing it to her damp chest. I looked at her bare skin, just above her unsteady hand. Beads of water were running down her shoulders and upper chest. Below that, I noticed the swell of her breasts pushing out at her tight towel and a few inches of deep, tanned cleavage above the towel. Mom's not built like some of the women I often see on websites, but she's got a nice figure. Her breasts are plenty big for my tastes -- definitely more than my hands could hold. Although that was just my assumption and unfortunately not something I knew from experience, or firsthand, so-to-speak. What really makes Mom stand out from other women are her sparkling green eyes and alluring smile. She has a natural beauty that she doesn't have to work at. She's slender, slightly

over a hundred pounds, and a few inches above five feet. There's a lot of sex appeal packed into her petite body.

"Oh, thank god you killed the thing..." Mom sighed, then smiled. "Thanks, Honey."

Mom stepped over to me and draped her left arm around my shoulders. I felt her fist press against my chest as she hugged me, still clutching her towel with her right hand. I put my right arm around her bare shoulders and embraced her. Her damp skin was soft and I glided my hand down over her arm. Touching her made my cock even harder than it already was. I lowered my eyes to her chest, looking at her cleavage again and how her breasts were now pushed up slightly as she leaned on my chest. I could see almost half of them rising from the top edge of her towel. They were smooth, tanned and looked very firm. Girls half her age would have wished that theirs looked as nice as hers did. My eyes locked on them as I felt her left hip rub across my erection briefly -- probably just long enough for her to realize I was hard, I feared.

"I could have never slept tonight if you hadn't have killed that damn spider. I would have worried that he'd crawled into my bed." Mom let out a soft titter, seeming embarrassed by her anxiety.

As Mom laughed I felt her rub against my erection again. She froze for a moment, then slid her arm from around me and turned. She sat down on her bed and crossed her left leg over her right. I watched as her towel parted and slid off of her left knee, exposing most of her silky thigh. She looked up at me and for an moment I was sure I noticed a change

in her expression as her eyes locked on the bulge in my jeans. I pushed my hands deep in the pockets, hoping to conceal my erection.

"Yeah, but you know, now his family and friends will come looking for him," I said. "When they find out that he's dead, they're going to be pissed at you. I'd sleep with one eye open if I were you." I let out a devilish chuckle as I waited for my mother's reaction.

Mom had taken a bottle of moisturizer from her night stand and was rubbing some over her bare leg. She looked up, giving me a worried look, then laughed. "Don't put things like that in my head, Luke. You know how terrified I am of spiders."

I smiled, watching Mom's hand glide up and down her smooth leg, spreading the milky lotion over her soft, smooth skin. It reminded me of semen and filled my mind with a myriad of lewd thoughts, all concerning her.

"Okay, now let me get dressed so I can go down and get something to eat," Mom said, looking up at me. She was smiling, but her expression changed slightly when she noticed me giving her leg a blatant stare.

I went back down to the kitchen and made myself a sandwich and some fries. I was eating when Mom joined me a while later. She had put on another pair of shorts and a t-shirt. I pretended not to notice her as she made herself a salad and a sandwich. The sight and sensations of her with only that towel around her sexy body as she hugged me earlier were still vivid in my mind though.

I spent part of the evening surfing the Internet in my room, then joined Mom in the living room to watch television for a while. She was sitting on a chair in the corner, legs crossed, flipping through a gardening magazine.

"What's on?" I asked as I sat down on the couch.

Mom looked up from the magazine on her lap and shrugged. "I haven't really been watching it. I've been looking at this." She held the magazine up for me to see the cover.

I sat on the couch and began flipping through channels until I found something interesting. Mom was engrossed in reading and looking at pictures of flowers as she sat silently across from me. It was pleasing to see her so contented. It had been a rough year for her. My father had run off with a younger woman he had met on the Internet close to ten months previous. Neither Mom nor I had any idea about his online activity until he announced his affair to Mom, then asked for a divorce. Mom was devastated. So was I. She blamed herself at first, rather than just accepting the fact that my father was a no-good, deceitful asshole. Eventually Mom came to realize that as much as it hurt, she was better off without a man whom she could not trust. My father moved to Michigan soon after that to be with his mistress and I seldom hear from him -- which is how I prefer it.

My father's absence was something that took a while to get used to. I had mixed feelings; I think that Mom did too. I love my father, but I hated him for betraying Mom. I felt torn in two. I'm sure it must have

taken Mom a while to deal with her emotions too. For weeks she was despondent, then a promotion at the marketing firm she works for did a lot to boost her self-confidence and overall emotional well-being. She was busy settling-in to her new job and had little time to dwell on her divorce proceedings. Once spring came she could begin gardening (her favourite pass-time). It was as though she had emerged from a cocoon as a new person. I welcomed the metamorphosis.

Without my father around it meant that Mom and I spent a lot more time together and relied on one another more than ever for emotional support. As a result we became even closer than before. I began to consider it a blessing that my father had abandoned us. There were nights where Mom and I commiserated about what a prick my father was and others where she sobbed against my chest while I held her as we sat on the couch. Mom also began to rely on me in ways that she had not previously. Whether it was mundane tasks like changing light bulbs and taking the trash out, or asking my advice on household matters and car repairs, Mom began to depend on me more. This made me happy. I would be nineteen soon and gladly accepted any responsibility she saw fit to entrust me with.

Now that there was just me and Mom we became as much like friends as mother and son. This sea change resulted in me ultimately beginning to feel for her differently and notice her in ways I had not previously. After much inner turmoil and reflection I admitted to myself that my feelings for Mom had become sexual. I tried to assuage my guilt by convincing myself that anyone else in my shoes would feel exactly the same. Mom is a very lovely women and it's perfectly normal for any straight male to be sexually attracted to beautiful women like her. The twist of fate that made me her son did not exclude her from whatever part of my brain that decides who turns me on. I continued to ogle and

fantasize about my mother without any guilt, telling myself that thoughts aren't illegal yet.

For the rest of that evening I watched television while Mom read her magazine. My eyes wandered over towards her occasionally, running up her shapely legs to her slightly conical breasts pushing out at her t-shirt. At one point she glanced up as I was looking at her. She smiled, then gave me a puzzled look.

"What?" she asked, probably wondering why I was looking her over.

"I was just thinking how good it is to see you happy for a change," I said.

"I lose all track of time when I'm gardening, or even reading about it," she said. "I want to get back out there tomorrow to plant some tulip bulbs and a few other things."

"Just watch out for spiders," I said, enjoying tormenting her. "They hide under warm rocks in the soil, you know."

Mom shuddered and gave me a worried look. "Oh, don't tell me that, Luke. My garden is the only place I don't worry about spiders."

I was still grinning, but I felt a pang of guilt for taunting Mom. I returned my attention to the television, although my thoughts remained on my mother. A few hours later she stretched and stood up.

"Time for bed," she announced. "I want to get up early tomorrow, before it's too hot out." Mom tossed her magazine on the coffee table and walked towards me.

"Have a good night," I said, looking up at her.

"You too, Honey," she replied.

Mom leaned down and placed her hand on my shoulder. Her silky hair grazed my neck and ear as she kissed my cheek. I smiled, enjoying the feeling of her soft lips pressed to me. I slid my left arm around her narrow waist, just above her shorts, and held her tight. She straightened her back, resting her hand on my shoulder, and smiled. Her eyes lingered on me and I kept my arm around her. After a few seconds I began to wonder what she was thinking as she looked into my eyes.

"What?" I asked.

"Oh, I was just thinking how lucky I am to have you around," she said.

"I'm sure you could find someone else to kill spiders for you if I wasn't," I joked.

Mom laughed, running her hand down between my shoulder blades. "No, I'm serious, Luke. I don't know how I would have gotten through this past year without you for support."

I shrugged. "It was mutual, Mom. We got through it together," I said.

Mom thought for a moment, then nodded. She sat down on the arm of the sofa and leaned on my shoulder, still resting her hand on my back. "I know I won't have you around forever -- you'll be starting college in the fall -- but when the time comes for you to move out, I'll be lost without you," she said.

"Well, I'll still be living here while I go to college since it's only a twenty minute drive, but by the time I move out you'll have met someone anyway."

"What? What do you mean?" Mom's eyes widened and she leaned back slightly.

"Well, I'm surprised that you haven't been dating already. But I know you'll meet a guy eventually," I explained. "He can kill spiders for you."

Mom giggled, then gave me a serious look. She shook her head. "No. I'm not interested in dating anyone. I think I like being single. Besides, my chances of meeting someone who'd be interested aren't as good as they were years ago," she remarked.

"Don't be silly, Mom. Lots of guys would love to go out with you."

"Oh, and what makes you think that?" Mom's expression was a mixture of amusement and disbelief.

"Well... come on... you're really pretty," I said, perhaps with a little too much enthusiasm.

"Thanks, Honey, but I think you're biased because I'm your mom. Most men probably wouldn't see me the same as you do," she asserted.

My arm was still around Mom's waist as I held her. I could feel her heat radiate on me and smell the fresh scent of her shampoo. Her right breast was at eye-level to me and only inches away. I stared at it, trying to imagine my mother topless. The feeling of her soft body against my shoulder and the curve of her hip pressed to me was exciting. My hand slid down a ways, so my fingers were touching the upper curve of her ass through her shorts. I pressed a little harder against her firm rump, feeling my cock throb.

"If they don't, they'd change their minds if they had have seen you with just that towel on this afternoon." I gave Mom a brazen smile. I knew that my comment was probably inappropriate, but at the moment I was too turned-on to care.

Mom let out a soft gasp of surprise. Her eyes widened as she jerked her head back a bit. "Luke...!" she exclaimed.

"What?" I asked, feigning confusion at her reaction.

"Honey, you shouldn't... I mean, I'm your mother," she blurted out, then relaxed. "Besides, the towel covered everything -- except my legs, and that's no worse than me wearing shorts or a skirt."

"It showed some cleavage too," I added with a grin. I knew I had crossed a line with Mom that I had been careful to avoid for many months, but my horniness had made me speak before thinking.

"Well, there couldn't have been much showing. I don't have a lot to begin with," Mom shot back. Her eyes met mine and she frowned a little.

I gave Mom a faint smile, but kept silent. I thought that disagreeing or trying to assuage her apparent insecurity was probably going too far with my risqué comments.

"What -- no smart-ass comment?" Mom said, giving me a teasing grin.

Mom's goading surprised me. I had thought that she was uncomfortable and wanted to change the subject. But since she posed her rhetorical question I wasn't going to pass up the opportunity to compliment her, even if I shouldn't.

"No, it's not that. I just thought that I shouldn't comment, but since you asked for it -- "

Mom interrupted me with a short burst of laughter, then cocked an eyebrow. She looked down at me, waiting.

"I was going to say you've got enough there." I nodded towards her chest, then raised my eyes to hers, feeling nervous.

"Well, I guess it wasn't enough for your father. Before he moved out, I found photos on his computer of the slut he met on the Internet. I guess he wanted someone with bigger ones." Mom sounded bitter and insecure. Her mouth was twisted into a sneer.

"Don't feel bad because he's an asshole, Mom," I said. "He's just being greedy."

"What do you mean?" Mom asked. She tilted her head to one side, looking curious as she knit her brow.

I sighed and tightened my mouth as I looked up at my mother's pretty face, then down to her bust. "I've probably already said too much -- sorry," I mumbled.

"Well, don't stop now," Mom simpered. "Tell me what you meant about him being greedy," she coaxed.

Mom laughed hard and squeezed my shoulder tighter. I noticed her breasts shake a bit as her body quivered. My eyes automatically gravitated to her chest. She leaned into me more, resting on her hip. When she moved my hand slid down further over her firm ass. I thought about moving it back up, but left it pressed against her pliant cheek. She either didn't notice, didn't care, or enjoyed me touching her there because she never reacted. It was only when she noticed how my eyes were riveted to her chest that she said something.

"Now you're the one who looks greedy," she teased, perhaps trying to cut the tension with humor.

I looked up at my mother and smiled. "No. You're everything I could ever want, Mom."

A faint cry of surprise escaped Mom's mouth as her jaw went slack. I don't know if it was because of my blunt comment or how I said it. Whatever the reason, she was visibly shocked. She took a deep breath and composed herself.

"I... I don't know what to say to that," she said.

"How about 'thanks'?" I suggested, then gave her another grin.

"Thanks. Hopefully some day you'll meet a girl like me then." Mom straightened her back and forced a smile.

I shrugged, then lowered my head.

Mom stood up and ran a hand through her hair. Her cheeks were a little flushed. "I have to get to bed for real this time. The sun's not going to wait for me tomorrow," she said.

"Have a good night, Mom. I love you," I said, as much to hear her reply as it was the truth.

"I love you too, Honey," she said. This time her smile was genuine and loving.

I slumped down on the couch, listening to Mom climb the stairs. Even after I had heard her bedroom door close behind her I remained motionless. My mind was in turmoil. I gave a blank stare at the wall as I replayed the day's events in my mind, trying to figure out how the status quo between us had changed. It had changed; I was certain of that -- even if we had not acknowledged it. Things rarely, if ever, change in an instant; at least for the better. There is always a series of events that bring us to a specific point in our lives, although it's usually only in retrospect that we realize it. Since my father's departure Mom and I had slowly, yet steadily grown closer. Our emotional bond had strengthened now that we were all each-other had to rely on. For me, that grew into a desire for her. What I did not know was whether she felt the same, even to a lesser extent. All I knew for sure was that I loved Mom and wanted her.

I got up from the couch and trudged up the stairs. My emotions had made me physically tired. Hopefully a good night's sleep would help me think more clearly the next day.

###

On my way to the bathroom that Sunday morning I noticed that Mom's bedroom door was open. Usually that only happens throughout the day once she's dressed and gone to work. I poked my head in her room. It was empty. After using the bathroom I went back to my bedroom and looked out my window to the back yard.

Along one wall of the garage was a strip of ground where Mom had started a flower garden last summer. She was crouched over the flowers, digging at the soil with a small trowel, transplanting more flowers she had bought a few days previous. Beside her was a wheelbarrow half-full of peat moss. Mom was wearing the same green shorts and had worn the day before and a pale pink tank top. I stared at her ass, pointed in my direction, and her bare thighs. My cock began to stiffen and tent my boxers. I cupped my heavy balls and gave my shaft a squeeze through my boxers. I watched my mother for a few minutes, imagining kneeling behind her and tugging her shorts and panties down so I could slide my shaft in her tight, wet pussy. I decided I had better move from the window before she noticed me, as much as I would have loved to have stood there until my cum splashed over the window pane. I quickly got dressed so I could join her outside.

Mom seemed happy to see me as I approached. She took a quick look at her watch and smiled. "You're up early," she said.

"Yeah -- when I saw what a nice day it was I decided to get up so I could enjoy it," I said, standing beside her.

Mom wiped her wrist across her forehead and straightened her back, still kneeling less than a yard from me. Lewd thoughts filled my mind as I looked down at her. The left strap of her tank top had slipped aside to uncover her bra strap, stretched tight over her shoulder. It was light blue and thin. I wondered how the rest of her bra looked. Mom's emerald eyes glistened as she looked up at me. The sun shining on her ebony hair made it shimmer. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen and I could not help but smile as I looked at her.

A devious smile crept over my face as I pointed to her right. "Hey, is that a spider?" I asked, sounding calm.

"What? Where?" she blurted out.

Mom dropped her trowel to the ground as she bolted upright. She lunged towards me, letting out a sharp cry of fright that I'm sure the neighbours heard. A second later Mom was pressed to my chest and clutching my arms. I had not expected such an intense reaction from her and was unprepared when she practically threw herself against me, still looking behind, as if the non-existent spider was approaching her to attack. Seconds later my hand was planted on Mom's left hip, almost grabbing her firm ass. As Mom wiggled closer to me my right hand slid up her slide so it was pressed to her left breast, pushing it up slightly.

104 My fingers involuntarily curled around her mound and squeezed. It was firm, but too large to fit my palm. A moment later I felt her stiff

nipple push into my palm. Those few seconds of accidentally groping my mother were the most glorious moments of my life up until that moment. When she leaned away and looked down to her chest I snatched my hand from her breast and moved it to just above her hip.

"You shouldn't be touching me there, Luke." Mom spoke in a monotone, as though she was too shocked or bewildered to raise any emotion.

"It was an accident, Mom," I spat out. "I never expected you to freak out like that when you thought there was a spider there."

"You know how terrified I am of spiders," she said, then paused. "I never expected you to grab my boob -- that's what I never expected." Mom gave me a dim smile.

"Sorry," I said once more.

"It's okay," she said, then sighed. "Just my luck -- the first man to feel me up in ages and it's my own son, so I'm not even allowed to enjoy it."

My mother's remark, however flippant it may have been, stunned me. She was smiling, but I knew there was a strong undercurrent of truth to her statement. I was still holding onto her waist, while her hands were just below my chest.

"You can enjoy it if you want, Mom. I'll never tell anyone," I said, trying to sound calm.

Mom's eyes widened when she heard my comment. She opened her mouth to say something, then slowly closed it and lowered her eyes.

"What were you going to say?" I asked.

"Nothing." Mom's voice was barely audible. It was as though she was scared of saying what she was thinking.

"Come on, Mom..." I encouraged her, trying to sound comforting to soothe her fears. I gently pulled her tighter against me so she could feel my hard-on against her soft stomach.

"I... I was going to say it happened too fast to really enjoy anyway," she muttered, avoiding my eyes, then smiled.

"Should I do it for longer then?" I was trying to sound facetious, but she must have known that I really meant it.

Mom was about to say something, but stopped herself for a moment when I pressed my erection harder into the curve of her lower stomach. I noticed her eyes widen as she looked down at the bulge in my jeans. Her mouth opened and she raised her head to look at me in astonishment.

"You're hard..." she said, almost sounding as though she was asking, rather than commenting on it.

I nodded, giving her a feeble smile.

"Because of me?" she asked in disbelief.

I nodded again, this time giving her a brazen grin. I looked down towards her left nipple. It was hard and poking out from her tank top. Even her areola seemed swollen.

"Yesterday, in my room... I thought I noticed it then too," she said with a questioning look.

"Yeah... I told you that you looked good with just that towel wrapped around you and your hair all wet." I gave Mom a nervous look, knowing I was being far too honest.

I waited for Mom to reply. She wasn't even looking at me. Her head was tilted down. After a little while I couldn't stand the silence anymore.

"Are you mad?" I asked.

"No. It just confuses me... if I'm mad at anyone, it's myself," she said, sounding bashful.

"Because you like it?" I asked, hoping I was right in my assumption.

Mom never answered. All she did was give me a slow nod, then lowered her eyes.

I slid my right hand up her side until it was pressed to her breast again. I gave it a gentle squeeze and rubbed my thumb over her hard nipple. I heard Mom let out a faint cry, but I couldn't tell if it was from surprise or pleasure, or both. I gave her reddish cheek a soft kiss as I continued to fondle her breast.

"I love you, Mom," I breathed into her ear.

"I love you too," she replied as she let herself relax and slid her hands around to my back.

When I slipped my hand under her tank top and began moving it upwards I felt her body stiffen. She looked up at me, almost seeming frightened.

"Luke... no. Not here in the yard." Mom's pleading voice was almost a whisper.

"Where then?" I asked.

"Nowhere," Mom asserted, finally able to meet my gaze.

My hand was still beneath her tank top, on her waist. I could feel her stomach quiver. I ran my hand over it, caressing her velvety skin. Her breathing had quickened and her eyes were narrower than before. The look of arousal on her face made my desire for her even stronger.

"Tell me you don't feel it too, Mom."

"We can't give in to every emotion we have, Honey," she replied in a husky voice. Her warm breath teased my neck as she spoke.

"Does that mean you have the same feelings as I do?" I asked.

"I never meant for it to happen. I swear. After your father left I was so lost and lonely. You were the only one who cared and understood me," she gushed. "I'm so scared of losing you too, Luke. You don't know how much I need you."

"You'll never lose me, Mom," I promised.

I wrapped my arms around my mother. My right hand was still beneath her tank top. As I slid my hand around to her back, then up her spine, I saw her tank top rise up to expose her stomach. I looked down at her soft skin and wanted to see more. I pinched the hem of her top between my fingers and slowly raised it up, waiting for her to stop

me. She didn't. When her lacy blue bra came into view I felt my cock throb harder.

"I like your bra. It's sexy," I said.

"I bought a few sexy ones hoping your father would like them. I guess he cared more about how much was inside them than how they looked," she said, then chuckled.

"What's inside it look perfect." I stared at Mom's dusky nipples and small areolas showing through the lace. When I ran my fingertips over her left one she moaned.

"Tell me honestly, Mom. What do you want?"

"You," she said in a soft, yet confident voice.

"How though?" I asked, wanting to be perfectly sure I fully understood her intent.

Mom nibbled on the corner of her mouth for a moment, looking shy. "On top..." she said with a smirk.

I bent down and kissed her moist lips. It surprised her and she gasped, then responded by opening her mouth wider. I pinched her bottom lip between mine and tugged at it before releasing it.

"Wow..." she gasped.

I smiled and ran my fingers down her flushed cheek, then kissed her again. My hard cock was pressed to her stomach. As she moved her hips she rubbed over it, making me even harder. Mom moaned. I began caressing her breast again and pushing the bulge in my jeans harder against her.

"You feel so hard," she said, sounding surprised.

"Yeah... I am," I groaned.

"Yesterday... in my room, when I hugged you I was shocked when I felt it against me."

"What did you think?" I asked.

Mom giggled. "That you were a lot bigger than your father."

I took Mom's hand and pressed it to the bulge in my jeans, then began moving it over my hard-on. "Am I?" I asked.

Mom inhaled sharply as I moved her hand over the outline of my shaft and balls through my jeans. "Luke... wow," she hissed, then let out a girlish laugh. She raised her eyes to mine and smiled. A few seconds



later she removed her hand from my crotch. "I better stop before someone sees us," she said.

"Come here," I said. I took hold of Mom's hand and began pulling her towards the house.

"Where are we going?" she asked, tugging at me to stop.

"Inside." I gave her a sly smile.

Mom had stopped, as though her feet were anchored to the ground. "No... Luke, Honey..." she implored.

I stepped closer to her, until our bodies were almost touching, still holding her soft hand. "What?" I asked.

"You know what," Mom shot back.

"No," I said.

"Luke, I am your mother," she said. "This... us... it's crazy.

"Are we in love or insane then?" I asked.

"And I love you too, Mom. Nothing can ever diminish that; only make it stronger," I assured her.

I could tell by the tortured look on Mom's face that she was having a crisis of conscience. I wrapped my arms around her and kissed her cheek, then kissed down to her neck. She tilted her head to one side and moaned, holding onto me.

"You make it hard for a girl to say 'no'," she sighed.

I pulled my mouth from her tender neck and looked into her eyes. "You can if you want, you know," I said.

"I know. But I don't want to," Mom said, then sighed once more. She clutched me tighter and buried her face in my neck. "Let's go inside," she murmured.

As soon as Mom and I were in the kitchen I backed her against the counter. I ran my hands up her smooth thighs, sliding my fingers as far under her shorts as I could to feel her firm ass. She was holding on to my shoulders, her hips swaying gently while I stroked her legs and ass.

"Lock the door in case someone comes over," she said, darting her eyes towards the door.

I locked the door as quickly as I could, then took Mom by the hand. Neither of us said a word as we walked up the stairs. I was excited, but also nervous. I wondered if she felt the same. Once we were standing beside her bed I kicked my sneakers off and pulled my t-shirt over my head. I dropped it to the floor. Mom smiled and ran her hand up my chest, then down the trail of hair in the centre leading to my jeans.

"Your turn," I said.

I tugged at Mom's tank top, pulling it up towards her chin. After she raised her arms I pulled it off completely and tossed it aside. I slid my hands over her soft skin and around back. I unhooked her bra and slid it down her arms. Her breasts were even nicer looking than I had imagined. Her dark nipples were thick and hard, rising from her firm breasts, swaying slightly as she moved.

"You're beautiful, Mom," I said in a thick voice.

Mom blushed, giving me a modest smile. I pulled her to me and wrapped my lips around her left nipple. I sucked on it and ran my tongue around her areola as I squeezed her breasts in my hands. She moaned and glided her hand up the back of my neck to hold my head tight against her bosom, moaning into my ear.

When I began unbuttoning her shorts and tugged at the zipper Mom watched, seeming nervous. I slid them and her white panties down over her hips. I smiled as I saw her thin bush come into view. Mom's shorts and panties fell around her feet. She stepped out of them and kicked them aside.

"Your body's perfect," I said, not taking my eyes off of her moist lips, peeking through her dark hair. I ran my hands up her thighs and over her ass, giving it a hard squeeze.

While I was exploring Mom's exquisite body with my hands she began unfastening my jeans. Once the fly was down she tugged at them, easing the waistband of my underwear over my rigid shaft. It swelled and rose once my underwear was around my knees. I tugged my jeans the rest of the way off and pushed them aside.

Mom cupped my heavy balls in her palm and fondled them with her fingers. She ran her hand along the underside of my stiff cock, then squeezed it, feeling it throb. The tip of her tongue was running over her bottom lip as she stared at my shaft in her hand and gave it several slow strokes.

"Your cock is so nice," she said, sounding mesmerized. "Yesterday when I felt it poking into me I wished I could play with it."

Mom sat down in the edge of the bed and pulled at my hips, bringing me closer. When she gripped the base of my cock and ran her tongue over the reddish head I moaned. I held onto Mom's shoulders and gripped them tighter when she wrapped her warm, wet lips around my cock and began sucking. She slid her mouth down, engulfing my rod and sucking harder as she moaned. After a little while Mom removed her mouth from my cock, seeming reluctant. She smiled up at me.

"I could do that all day, but I bet there's somewhere else you want to put it," she said.

Mom slid back towards the middle of the bed. She bent her legs and parted them, running her hands up the insides of her soft thighs as she looked up at me. The soft folds of her wet pussy parted. They were shiny wet with her musky juice. Mom ran her fingers over them and pressed down on her swollen clit. She moaned and dipped a finger inside.

"Come here, Honey," Mom said, reaching her hands out towards me.

I crawled between my mother's open thighs, running my hands up them as she tugged me by my hips. Her skin was soft against mine as she wrapped her legs around mine, urging me closer. She stroked my cock and rubbed the head of it over her clit. I pushed, pressing it harder against her swollen button and she moaned. I could feel her juice on my cock now, making it slide over her wet pussy.

"How long have you wanted me?" she asked.

"Almost since right after Dad left," I confessed.

"Want to take his place, do you?" Mom asked with a smirk.

"Yeah..." I said with a sigh.

"Then claim me, Honey. I'm all yours from now on," she said.

My throaty moan drowned out Mom's as I pushed my cock in her. She was tight and it took a few seconds for her to adjust to me inside her. She gave my cock a squeeze as I sank it deeper inside her. Her pussy was hot and very wet. I gripped her shoulder and started pumping my hips. Mom began to moan louder and breath faster. She writhed beneath me and pushed back with her hips. Her breasts began to shake as I pushed harder and faster, feeling my balls slap against her.

"Oh god... Luke, your cock feels wonderful... fill me up, Honey... fuck my pussy... I've needed this for so long," Mom said in a series of gasps.

The look of pleasure on my mother's face made her more beautiful than she ever had before. I kissed her as I kept thrusting deep in her.

"You're beautiful, Mom. I love you so much," I said.

Mom wrapped her arms around my neck and her legs around my lower back, letting me get in her deeper. Her pussy was dripping wet now. I could hear the sounds of my shaft pumping in and out of her tight walls. I could feel myself getting closer, but I did not want our love making to stop. When Mom cried out and squeezed my cock I knew she had come. All it seemed to do was make her even more horny.

Mom reached down and began rubbing her clit. I was too excited to speak. I could have never imagined that having sex with her could feel so wonderful. When she came for the second time, harder than the first, I pulled out from her. I stroked my slick cock, watching her play with her dripping pussy.

"Cum on me, Honey." Mom ran her hand over my thigh, watching me jerk off as she rubbed her clit.

"Oh god, Mom... I love you," I cried out as I shot a stream of cum over her quivering stomach.

Mom began spreading my thick cum over her soft skin. While she did that I sprayed more over her. It landed on her stomach and hand. She licked it from her fingers, moaning as she sucked them into her mouth to clean my cum from them.

Mom was still playing with my sticky cum when I laid down beside her. I rolled over on my left side and pressed the length of my body against hers. She was soft and warm. I draped my thigh over hers and kissed her watery lips. She smiled.

"You were marvelous," she said, running her hand down my flushed cheek.

"Have you tried imagining it?" she asked with a grin.

"Hundreds of times." I gave Mom a shy smile and chuckled.

"What else have you imagined doing with me?" she asked.

"Give me a little while to rest and I'll show you," I said.

Mom rolled over to face me. She kissed my mouth and smiled.

"Take your time," she said. "We've got the rest of our lives."

Ample Anna

Chapter 1

My parents' divorce came as no surprise to me. For months I had watched as their fights had escalated and became more frequent. Eventually it came to the point that I actually hoped they would get divorced, rather than fearing it like I once had. The night my mother came in my bedroom to give me the news I knew what she was going to say even before she spoke.

"Chris, I have something to tell you." she said. Her hands trembled and I could tell that she had been crying.

"I know," I interjected "you and dad are splitting up.

Mom nodded, then began sobbing.

That was over four years ago and seems like another lifetime to me. A few months after my eighteenth birthday my mother re-married. She began dating a guy named Robert -- whom everyone called Bob. They had been dating for almost two years when he asked her to marry him, on Valentine's Day no less. Mom could barely contain her excitement that night when she came home to tell me the news. I was very happy for her and had been expecting this for months. Bob was a nice guy and treated me well, but most importantly he treated my mother well. I couldn't remember her ever seeming so happy when she was with dad.

Bob was also good to me, so I never went through the usual "you're not my dad -- you can't tell me what to do" phase with him. We got along well and he welcomed me as part of the family.

Bob had a twenty-one year-old daughter, Anna, who lived with him. She had been living with her mother, but I guess that never worked out. I never knew why and didn't ask; it was none of my business. I felt like an interloper once mom and I moved in with them so I did my best to stay under Anna's radar.

I could not help but notice how pretty and sexy Anna was though. She was shorter than me, about 5'5 I guessed, with short thick black hair, hazel eyes, full lips that always seemed moist and a lush hourglass figure. To some, Anna might have seemed somewhat overweight, but I loved her cushiony ass and thighs. I imagined sliding between them as I lay atop her, grabbing handfuls of her pendulous breasts.

Anna had a job as a waitress at a nice restaurant in town. That, and her social life, kept her busy so she and I had little interaction at first. But most nights after going to bed images of her filled my mind as I tugged at my swollen cock. I was sure to see her during breakfast and supper, and that time around her was enough for me to be able to store up enough mental images to replay in my mind later at night.

One Saturday evening a few weeks after mom and Bob had gotten married they went out to dinner at the restaurant where Anna worked. I went up to my room to search for porn online. I nearly shot straight out of my chair when I saw Anna leaning against the doorway to my room a half hour later, arms folded under her breasts as she watched me. She laughed at my reaction, then walked in and sat down on my

bed to my left. I quickly loaded another webpage before she could discover what I had been looking at.

"Looking at porn, huh?" she surmised with a snicker.

Fear must have showed on my face because she gave me a gentle smile, her eyes sparkling.

"Don't worry, I won't tell your mom or dad." She sounded sincere and I was grateful.

I gave her a guilty stare, but never admitted that she was right.

Anna was wearing a knee-length red paisley skirt and a blue tanktop. My eyes moved up her voluptuous thighs, then to her heavy breasts filling out the front of her top. My cock stiffened and I slid closer to my computer. Anna got up and walked over to a shelf to the left of my computer, her head tilting to the right as she read the titles on the spines of my CD cases.

"Would it be okay if I borrowed some of your CDs sometime?" she asked, glancing towards me.

"Sure." I told her, eager to do whatever it took for us to become closer.

Anna picked out a few CDs and tossed them behind her on the bed, then sat down to look them over. After a few minutes she looked up at me, seeming puzzled.

"So you're my brother now, huh?"

"Yeah... step-brother." I corrected, expecting her to lament the fact.

Anna frowned, resting her hands on her lap, still holding one of my CDs. "So I guess that makes me some kind of pervert then." she concluded as the corners of her full lips turned down.

"What?" I blurted out, confused by her comment.

Anna tossed the CD aside and leaned towards me, her elbows resting on her thighs. Her breasts shifted and I could see her cleavage down the front of her tank top.

"You're cute, Chris." she said, almost whispering.

I felt my face grow warm and my jaw go slack. "Oh... ahhh... thanks." I mumbled.

123 "But, now that you're my brother I'm not allowed to think that," she continued, then paused "that would be incest."

I cocked my head to one side, thinking, then gave it a quick shake. "No. Not just thinking that I'm cute -- that doesn't count, I don't think."

"What counts then?" she prodded, seeming perplexed.

My cock throbbed in my jeans as my mind filled with all sorts of lewd acts that would qualify as incest. "Lots of other things, I guess, but not just thinking that I'm cute." I assured her.

Anna was silent for a moment as she thought it over, then she gave me a flirtatious smile. "Would letting you feel me up count then?" she asked with a foxy grin.

My face felt like a furnace and my cock was pulsing in rhythm to my heart. "Ah... yeah, I think so."

"Oh... okay." she replied, seeming satisfied with my answer. She leaned back on my bed, resting on her elbows. Now her tank top was pulled over her chest tighter and my eyes were glued to it. She crossed her legs, swinging her foot as her shimmering eyes met mine.

"Having a little brother is going to be fun." she remarked in a soft, sexy voice.

"No, silly -- not at all," she laughed, shaking her head "I was just sort of shy at first because I found you cute and well... look at me..." She lowered her head as a dismal expression crept over her pretty face.

"I have," I blurted out before I could rein my words in.

"Have what?" Anna asked.

"Looked at you," I clarified "what's wrong with you?"

Anna shot me a look of surprise, then took in a deep breath. "Let's just say I'm not supermodel material, Chris." she snapped.

"I think you're pretty." I spat out, worried that I was being too honest.

"You don't have to say it just because I said it to you." she scoffed, her eyes narrowing.

"But I mean it. Besides, I probably shouldn't even think it, let alone say it."

Anna's eyes widened as she raised her head, smiling. "It's okay. Someone told me that doesn't count as incest."

Anna stood up and took two steps towards me. She took my hand from my lap and pressed it to her heavy right breast, hanging down inches before my face. I felt it move up as my fingers sank into her flesh through her top. It was soft and my hand suddenly seemed small as I cupped it. Her nipple swelled and I rubbed it with my fingertips.

"I think this does." she grinned.

I gave Anna's hefty breast a long, slow squeeze. Seconds later she eased away, then sat back down on the bed. She crossed her legs and leaned back once more, looking pleased. Her nipples were now two thick bumps, rising from her top.

I was speechless, and for a while I was scared that I was going to cum in my jeans. Finally I calmed down some and was able to speak.

"I don't think that counts either." I smirked.

Anna let out a loud laugh, giving her head a shake. "You're as naughty as me," she observed "maybe we're related for real."

I heard the sound of two car doors closing in the yard and spun my chair around. Anna lept up and went to look out the window.

Maybe it was just guilt, or nervousness, but I assumed that Anna would leave my room before mom or her father could discover her there. Instead, she sat back down on my bed. This time sitting upright with her knees pressed together.

"We're back." my mother announced, sticking her head in my room.

I looked up and nodded.

"Did you guys have a good time, Laura?" Anna asked.

"Wonderful," mom said "we took your advice and ate at The Alcove."

"Did they give you the family discount?" Anna asked.

"No."

"Next time tell them who you are; they'll give you ten percent off." Anna reminded her.

"Great, thanks, Anna," mom told her "we'll be going to bed in a while. You guys have a good night."

"You too." Anna and I called out in unison.

While we listened to the sounds in the bathroom, waiting for my mother and Bob to go to bed Anna, and I talked about our mutual interests: music and movies. I was surprised to learn that our tastes were quite alike. I was also happy to discover that we had things in-common to discuss.

Close to an hour later Anna stood up, stretching her arms and arching her back. I looked up and down her writhing body. She smiled as she relaxed her arms, noticing my eyes on her.

"Time for bed." she announced.

Anna stepped over to me and placed her hand on my right shoulder. She bent over and kissed my left cheek. I could feel her breasts on my back. They felt firm and moved a bit.

"Sweet dreams, little brother." she whispered in my ear.

"You too, sis." I grinned.

Chapter 2

One thing I learned soon after mom and Bob got married was that he was an early riser. He was always the first one up every morning -- even on Saturdays and Sundays when he didn't have to work. That Saturday was no exception.

By the time I finished my shower and got dressed Bob and mom had already been up for over an hour. He had finished breakfast and was reading the paper. Sitting across the table from Bob Mom was sipping her tea and chewing on a bagel.

"Morning, honey." mom said.

"Morning." I mumbled as I sauntered into the kitchen.

Bob said something from behind his paper but I wasn't sure what. I pulled a bagel from the bag on the table and began buttering it.

"So, what are you doing today?" mom asked.

I shrugged, tearing at my bagel with my teeth. "Hanging out, I guess."

"Bob and I are going to Hantsburg. There's a sale on plants and shrubs at a nursery there. Would you like to come?"

I would have rather had my balls stapled to a chair than spend my Saturday looking at flowers. I shook my head. "No, that's okay." I told her, thinking I might have time alone to continue my porn search online.

the night before. My cock twitched and I wondered if it would be a one time occurrence, or the start of something -- hoping for the latter, of course.

About fifteen minutes later Anna joined us. As she walked to the fridge I followed her from the corner of my eye. She was wearing a knee-length pink cotton robe, decorated with tiny yellow flowers. It was tied tightly around her, hugging her body. I stared at the contours of her breasts as she reached over my left shoulder for a bagel. Glancing to my left I noticed Bob peering over his paper at her as she leaned over the table. Her breasts swayed beneath her robe and I could see her upper chest in her slightly open top.

"Ready to go?" mom asked, prompting Bob to fold his paper and place it beside his coffee mug.

"Oh... yeah... sure." he said, seeming flustered.

Anna was behind me, leaning against the counter as she ate her bagel. I waved to my mom and Bob as they left, then drank the rest of my milk. I could hear Anna's bare feet padding across the kitchen floor as she came over to the table. She pulled a chair out and sat down to my right, crossing her legs. Her robe fell open and I could see almost all of her bare right leg. Her skin was smooth and dusky, making me wonder what the rest of her body looked like. She swung her bare right foot around as she observed me.

"Nothing. Just finishing breakfast." I told her.

"I have to be at work at three." she said with a frown.

"Till when?"

"Probably close to midnight, if it's busy."

"That sucks." I commented.

"At least I make good tips on the weekends," she said "it's always busy then."

Anna went to the fridge and poured a glass of orange juice. She gulped it down, then went to look out the back door into the yard. She stepped out on to the porch.

"Come on out. It's beautiful out here." she called to me.

I didn't especially want to go outside, but was willing to go wherever Anna was.

robe open some at the top. As I approached her I ran my eyes down the V-shaped opening in her robe to the tops of her breasts, now visible. They were round and smooth. I stared at them until her voice distracted me.

"Like my robe?" she smirked.

"Yeah... it looks good on you." I told her, hoping she would not notice my arousal.

"Dad says I shouldn't wear it around the house," she began, then darted her eyes upwards as she smiled "but I know that he really doesn't mind that much." She gave me a cryptic grin.

"What do you mean?" I asked, confused.

Anna's eyes narrowed as they met mine. "Promise you'll never tell anyone? Especially your mom."

Now I was really intrigued. "Yeah, I promise." I told her, trying to sound as sincere as possible.

"Well, dad says I shouldn't wear this robe around the house, but he always seems to like it whenever I do." she said, almost whispering, as if someone might overhear her.

"What do you mean?" I asked, quite sure that I knew what she was insinuating, but unable to believe it. Then I recalled how Bob had looked at her as she reached for a bagel earlier.

"You know what I mean, Chris," she insisted "dad likes to check me out when I wear this, or other clothes too sometimes."

"Wow... has he ever done anything?" I asked.

"You mean like try to feel me up?"

I nodded, growing even more aroused.

"No," she replied, then paused as she shrugged "well, maybe a few times."

"Really? What did he do?" My cock was swollen and throbbed.

Anna let her arms fall to her sides. She fumbled with the belt of her robe, seeming nervous. Now the front of her robe was looser around her, revealing more of her upper chest. Her skin was dark and silky looking. I wanted to touch her. I was surprised that she wasn't wearing anything under her robe, or at least not a top. I wondered if she even had panties on beneath her robe. Her nipples had reacted to the morning breeze, swelling so they stood out from the cotton.

"I mean it, Chris. You can never breathe a word of this to anyone. Dad would be in so much shit." Now she looked worried.

"Don't worry. I don't want him to get in trouble. I like your dad. Plus he makes mom happy."

"Okay, good," she said, sounding relieved "I guess it doesn't matter anymore now that he's married. He'll probably never look at me or anyone else ever again because your mom's got really nice boobs."

I felt myself blush, but never replied.

"Well..." she prodded, saying the word slowly as her eyebrows darted up.

"Well what?"

"Don't you think her boobs are nice? They're almost as big as mine."

"I don't know," I said, my voice raising as I grew defensive "she's my mom."

"So?" Anna countered.

"So I don't notice things like that about her." I asserted with a glare.

Anna let out a sharp laugh of disbelief. "Yeah, right." She rolled her eyes.

Anna's skepticism was well-founded. There had been many times that both my eyes and thoughts had wandered while I was around my mother. There were also times that I found myself snatching furtive glances down the front of her blouse or dress when she was bending over. Occasionally when she hugged me my fingertips would wander down the side of her breast as we embraced. If my mother noticed, or objected, she certainly never indicated that.

I pushed my hands deep into the pockets of my jeans and leaned against the side of the house, avoiding Anna's accusatory eyes. She pushed herself away from the railing. She moved over and stood beside me. Her shoulder brushed against mine.

"You can be honest with me, Chris." I just told you my deepest secret -
- about dad.

I nodded, still not feeling compelled to do the same.

Anna turned so she was leaning against the outer wall on her left shoulder, her eyes locked on my face, trying to read my expression.

"Have you ever felt her up?" she asked, sounding gentle as she tried to coax the truth from me.

"No." I exclaimed, looking at her in shock.

"I bet you sneak peeks down her tops like dad does with me." Her voice was self-assured.

Before I could fight it, a smile was manifesting on my face, although I don't know if it was at the thought of my mother's breasts or Bob leering at Anna's.

"I knew it!" she exclaimed, sounding triumphant.

I gave Anna an ashamed look as I raised my head.

"Don't feel bad about it, Chris. You're a normal guy -- and your mom's pretty hot."

I let out a nervous laugh.

"Have you ever seen her naked?" she continued.

"No. No way," I told her with an emphatic shake of my head, then thought for a second "has your dad ever seen you naked?"

"No, just, like, in my bra and jeans, or a skirt once in a while -- that's the closest. Plus the times he's looked down my tops."

"I've seen mom like that plenty too." I finally admitted with a smile.

Anna turned, resting her back against the wall as she peered out at the yard. "You really are bad as me," she marveled "maybe we were related in another life."

"You don't really believe in that reincarnation stuff, do you?" I scoffed.

"Sure. Tibetan Buddhists proved it hundreds of years ago." she asserted.

"So, I could have been, like, your brother in another life?" I questioned as my brow furrowed.

"Sure, or my son." Anna shot me a suggestive look.

"I don't know," I drawled "it all seems pretty weird to me."

"I'll loan you a book sometime." she offered.

I wasn't really planning on delving into Buddhism, but any more common ground that I could find with Anna would be beneficial I told myself.

"I'm going to take a shower and get dressed. I'll be back down in a while." Anna told me.

"Okay." I said, watching her turn to go back inside.

While Anna was upstairs I kept myself occupied by watching television. I thought that she would be about a half hour, but it was twice that time before she joined me in the livingroom. When she walked in I was surprised to see that she was wearing a black skirt and white blouse that she wore to work.

"I thought that you didn't have to be at work till three."

"I don't," she confirmed "but I decided I may as well get dressed for it instead of changing again later." She dropped her purse on the coffee table in front of us.

Her plan made sense. I nodded, my eyebrows darting up.

Anna slid down on the sofa beside me, crossing her legs. She was wearing black stockings and I found they made her legs look very sexy. My cock twitched as I shifted about, trying to not to be too obvious about ogling her. Anna's arms were folded on her lap as she stared at the television and I noticed that she had applied nail gloss. The notion struck even me as odd, but Anna had nice hands I thought. Her fingers were long and her skin was smooth and looked soft, like she had never

done a day of work in her life. Suddenly I pictured her fingers curling around my hard cock, stroking it as she gripped me.

"So you're just going to hang out here all day?" she asked as she turned her head towards me.

"Yeah." I breathed.

"What about tomorrow?" she asked.

"Probably the same."

"How about we go to a movie?" she suggested "I don't have to work till seven."

I frowned. "I can't afford it."

"That's okay. I'll pay." she offered, waving her slim hand.

"Gee, thanks, Anna, but that's okay."

"Seriously, Chris," she insisted as she turned on the couch towards me "I'll me making good tips tonight and tomorrow night so I can afford it."

"Are you sure?" I asked, not wanting her to spend her money on me.

"I'm sure. I haven't been to a movie in ages. It'll be fun. What do you say?"

"Thanks." I replied as I looked into her beaming face, feeling somewhat humbled.

Anna slid closer until her right knee pushed into my left thigh. "Don't thank me. It's fun having a little brother to hang out with."

I smiled, then my eyes moved down Anna's body. It seemed that she looked sexy no matter what she wore, and that was all-the-more true with her tight black skirt and blouse. She caught me looking and straightened her back, thrusting her chest out. Her blouse grew taught over her breasts.

"So, with me around, does that mean you'll be checking out your mom less?" she teased.

"I have a mother?" I quipped.

Anna burst out laughing. She slumped towards me, her head resting on my left shoulder. I looked down at her, filling my nostrils with the scent of her shampoo. It smelled like flowers -- maybe lavender, I guessed.

"So, you think this blouse will get me more tips?" she asked, arching her back once more.

I stared as her breasts strained the thin, white cotton. My cock throbbed. "Unless you wait on blind people."

"Or maybe this would be better." she suggested with a lewd giggle.

Anna tugged at the buttons of her blouse. She undid the top two, then pulled her blouse open. Now I could see the upper half of her firm, rounded breasts, held firmly in a thin white bra. Between them was a deep cleft that I imagined my cock pushing into.

"You should apply for a job at Hooters." I suggested, emboldened by her brash display.

"I'm definitely equipped for it." she bragged.

Anna cupped her breasts in her hands through her blouse, forcing them upwards so they rose from her bra. I felt almost dizzy with arousal as my cock throbbed in my jeans as I stared at Anna's large globes. I hoped that she would not look down to my lap. Her nipples swelled and pushed out from her blouse. She brushed her thumbs over them, then looked up to me.

"I'm not complaining." I assured her as my eyes widened.

Anna reached up and kissed my cheek, then wiped her lip gloss from it. She leaned on my arm, wiggling down on the couch and folded her arms on her waist. I looked down into her open blouse.

"We're going to have to behave ourselves when dad and your mom are around though." she reminded me, looking up with a serious expression.

"I bet your dad would love to see you now though." I suggested.

Anna giggled. "Yeah... I know he would," she replied "but he's seen this much before anyway."

"More than this?" I pressed.

"Like, me completely topless?"

I nodded. Anna thought for a few seconds. "No, but there have been times that I've bent over in front of him with some tops on that I may as well have been topless."

"Which tops?" I asked, eager to hear more details.

"Be patient, little brother, you'll see them eventually." she said, giving my hand a squeeze.

I drew in several deep breaths slowly as I wondered if Anna was referring to her clothes or her breasts. I could not remember ever being so horny in all my life.

Anna took my hand in hers and pulled my arm around her shoulder. She squeezed my hand as it hung down, inches above her open blouse.

"I haven't cuddled with a guy in so long." she remarked, sounding regretful as she wiggled closer to me.

"Really? I thought that all the guys you know would want to."

"Why? Because I've got big tits?" she snapped, her fiery eyes locking on mine.

I gave her a chastened frown.

"You're a guy, so you don't know what it's like, Chris" she spat out "but it's hard when all people notice about you are these." She cupped her breasts briefly for emphasis. "They don't care about what kind of person I am, or if I have feelings, as long as they can get their hands on my tits."

Anna paused, then sighed. Once she had regained her composure she forced a smile in my direction.

"I'm sorry. It's not your fault; you've been nice to me. I just get frustrated and fed-up sometimes with being disappointed and used."

I gave Anna a quizzical look.

"You know what the girls, and some of the guys, around here call me?" she asked.

I shook my head. "No."

"Ample Anna."

I fought back a smile, then hated myself for it. Before I allowed myself to speak I collected my thoughts and took a deep breath.

"Maybe you're looking at it the wrong way." I suggested.

"How so?" she asked, turning to face me again, eyes narrow.

I sighed. "Well, let's be honest -- you're stacked." I told her, then let out a nervous laugh.

Anna found my candor amusing, much to my relief. She even blushed slightly, which I thought she was incapable of.

"Maybe the girls call you that because they're secretly jealous -- who could blame them -- and the guys, although it's demeaning, mean it as a compliment."

Anna leaned back, allowing my words to sink in.

"So I should take it as something positive?" she asked, looking confused.

"Yes," I told her "even if they intend it to be insulting, hold your head up and remind yourself that you've got what they all want."

Anna inhaled sharply and smiled. She threw her arms around my neck, pulling me tight to her.

"Thank-you, Chris," she said, pressing her nose into my neck "no one has bothered to try to make me feel better about this. It always made me feel ugly." She pressed her full, moist lips to my cheek and kissed me hard.

I placed my hands on Anna's shoulders and eased her away, looking into her damp eyes. "Anna, you are anything but ugly. You're Ample

Anna and I wouldn't want you to be anyone else." I said in a slow deliberate tone.

A tear rolled down Anna's left cheek and I feared that I had said something wrong. She heaved, biting her lower lip to stop it from trembling.

"What's wrong?" I asked, thinking I had made the situation worse.

Anna gave her head a brisk shake. "Nothing. Nothing's wrong, Chris," she said between sobs "you're wonderful." She collapsed into my arms once more.

My hands were on Anna's arms, just above her elbows, as she sobbed. I felt her body quake as tears rolled down her rosy cheeks. She sniffled and looked up to me, wiping the back of her hand over her cheeks. I reached down and buttoned up her blouse.

"Anna, I like you -- no matter how much skin you're showing." I told her, looking at her face.

Anna wiped her wet eyes one more time, then brushed her hair aside. She licked her lips, then leaned into me. Her lips met mine as her hand slid around to the back of my head, urging me closer. I felt her tongue dart over my lips as I opened my mouth. Her full lips were supple and wet as they tugged at mine. My hand slid over her back, pulling her to me as we kissed. Her breathing had increased and I began darting my

tongue out. Eventually we pulled away, staring at each other, breathing hard.

"Wow..." she gasped, wide-eyed.

I laughed, then nodded, licking my lips.

"So, does that count as incest?" she asked, breaking the awkward silence.

"It's getting closer." I answered.

Anna slumped back on the sofa, looking up at me. "Let me know when I'm there." she whispered.

I reached out and held Anna's left hand, rubbing my thumb over her knuckles. She brought my hand up to her mouth and placed a kiss on the back of it, then pressed my palm to her chest, just above her left breast.

"Feel my heart? You've got me excited, Chris." Her arm went limp at her side as I felt her heart pulse against my palm.

"You're not the only one." I assured her.

My hand slipped down towards Anna's left breast. She did not resist as my fingers glided down over the swell of her firm mound. She looked down, watching as I cupped her fleshy mass, then smiled.

"Has your dad ever done this to you?" I asked as I gave her breast a squeeze.

Anna shook her head. "No. Never."

Anna's breast felt wonderful in my hand. It overflowed from my palm as I held it. Then her earlier comments echoed in my mind. I pulled my hand away, feeling guilty.

"Anna, you don't have to let me feel you to make you like you. I already do -- a lot." I told her.

Anna leaned away from me, looking up with wide eyes.

"I know. That's why I want you to." she said.

Anna reached down to my hand and brought it up, holding it to her left breast again. She smiled into my eyes as she pushed it against her.

"I like it when you touch me, Chris. It makes me feel sexy."

"I like touching you because you're sexy." I countered.

Anna giggled, making her breast move over my palm. "I wish I had met you years ago. Maybe you would have prevented me from making some mistakes." Her eyes fell towards the floor and she looked sad.

"I would have been too young then," I reminded her "maybe I am now."

Anna shrugged. "Young is good. Teenage guys are always horny; I bet you're no different."

I blushed.

Anna wiggled closer to me, wrapping her hands around my waist as she leaned on my chest.

"Don't worry about our ages, or anything else," she whispered "just hold me."

I did as Anna asked. We sat together on the couch, not talking, until it was close to when she had to go to work.

"Crap, I should be going to work." she said, looking at her watch.

Reluctantly, I pulled my arms from around her as she sat up, reaching for her purse.

"Movie tomorrow?" she asked, standing above me as she tugged her purse strap over her shoulder.

"You bet." I said.

Anna gave me a relieved smile. "Cool -- then it's a date!"

Before I could reply she leaned over, bracing her hand on my right shoulder, and kissed my cheek. She dashed out of the room even before I was able to close my gaping mouth.

Anna had barely left the driveway as she walked towards the bus stop when I began missing her.

Chapter 3

That Sunday I woke earlier than usual -- although not before Bob or my mother. I was filled with anticipation and arousal at the thought of going to a movie with Anna. Any time with her at this point, regardless of what we were doing, was welcome. As I stood in the shower, running a soapy hand over my hard cock I realized that I was falling in love with Anna. I froze, reflecting on my epiphany, as dread washed over me.

Bob and my mother were already almost finished breakfast by the time I joined them in the kitchen. I poured a glass of milk and buttered a bagel while I spoke with them.

When I heard the sound of the shower upstairs less than a half hour later I was surprised. I didn't expect Anna to make an appearance for a while yet. When she joined us she was not wearing her pink robe, but a knee-length pleated blue floral skirt and a purple tank top. She looked great, but she would have regardless of what she wore.

"Morning, folks." she called out in an uncharacteristically cheery voice.

"Morning." Bob and my mom replied.

"Hey." I grunted, barely looking up from my bagel.

I felt Anna's hand on my right shoulder as she reached over me for the bag of bagels. Her touch was soft, almost a caress, and her breast stroked the back of my head. I felt my body tense at her contact.

"You're in a chipper mood." my mother remarked, looking up at Anna.

"Yeah... I made a lot of tips last night." she explained.

"So what are you going to do with your unexpected winfall?" Bob asked, lowering his paper.

"Chris and I are going to a movie this afternoon." she explained as she closed the fridge door.

Bob gave Anna a somewhat surprised glance, but never replied.

Anna pulled a stool over towards the table. She sat down to my left, eating her bagel and drinking her juice. I forced myself to not look her way. Once she had finished her bagel she refilled her glass, then went to sit on the porch. I wanted to follow her, but decided otherwise.

"Well, I've got flowers and shrubs to transplant." my mother said, as if thinking aloud.

Bob shifted his paper, as if hiding from my mother. She stood up and reached across the table, tugging Bob's paper from his face.

"Yes, that means you have to help me." she giggled.

Bob sighed as he folded his paper, then dropped it to the table.

I smiled to myself as I raised my glass to my mouth.

By the time I was finishing my second glass of milk mom and Bob were going out to the garage to where she had left the bedding plants and shrubs. I followed them to the door, looking at Anna sitting on the top step.

"Planting stuff." I said.

Anna got up and came inside. She stood beside me as we watched Bob push a wheelbarrow behind mom towards the front of the house. Anna reached behind me and gave my ass a hard squeeze. I jumped and let out a surprised squeal. She giggled.

"I've wanted to do that for weeks." she confessed.

"Then why did you wait so long?" I asked, turning to her.

Anna shrugged. "I wasn't sure you'd let me."

"I'll let you do just about whatever you want."

Anna gave me a devious smile. "You may live to regret saying that." she warned me.

I reached down and grabbed a handful of her ass and gave it a hard squeeze. She jumped, then smiled.

"There's a lot there to feel." she said.

"It's nice." I told her as I ran my hand over her round ass.

"Don't you mean ample?" she corrected with a laugh.

I clutched her ass, pulling her to me until I felt my hard cock grinding against her left thigh. The feeling was wonderful as I moved my hips. Anna looked down between us, grinning.

"Am I making my little brother horny?" she murmured.

"Maybe a little." I admitted.

"I doesn't feel so little." Anna was looking down between us while I rubbed my erection over her firm thigh. Now her hips were swaying.

"We better be good." I told her as I pulled away.

"They can't see us. I think they're out front."

Anna took my hand and tugged at it, bringing me into the livingroom. She knelt on a green suede wingback chair, peering out the window at my mother and Bob as they dug a hole at the entrance to the driveway to plant a shrub.

I stood behind Anna as she leaned over the back of the chair. Her round ass was pointed towards me, the shape of it and her hips were clearly visible, covered by her tight skirt. I took another step and placed my

hands on her round hips, gripping them hard. Anna turned her head back towards me and smiled. Holding her by her wide hips I pressed myself against her cushiony ass, rotating my hips to rub my hard cock against it. I could feel the bulge in my jeans sink into her soft flesh as I pushed against her.

"Mmmm... that feels so good." she moaned as she began to move her hips in a slow circle.

My fingertips sank into her hips as I gripped her, humping her ass. Anna reached behind her and tugged at her skirt, pulling it up over her hips until she revealed a pair of red panties. I stopped moving and stared down at her exposed skin, then ran my hands over her bare hips. Her skin was hot and smooth, even better than I had imagined.

"You feel so good." I told her.

"Thanks." she breathed, her head lowered as she leaned over the chair.

I could see the shape of her full lips, covered by her thin panties as she leaned over. I wanted to brush my fingers over them, to push into her, but was afraid she would not let me. I looked over her shoulder, out the window to Bob and my mother. I grew nervous, despite my arousal.

"They could see us." I reminded her.

"Daddy would be jealous if he saw you humping his little girl." Her voice was soft and filled with arousal.

I wanted to haul Anna's panties down and shove my throbbing shaft in her waiting pussy. But I knew if my mother or Bob looked our way they would see us. I backed away from Anna.

"We better stop, Anna. This is just too risky."

Anna frowned, still looking back at me. She slid from the chair, causing her skirt to fall down, then turned towards me. She pulled me closer until my erection was pushing into the curve of her stomach. She looked down towards it.

"But what about that? Don't you want some relief?" she asked, maybe offering.

"Probably about as much as you."

Anna moaned, clutching my hips and swaying hers. "Yes... I do. But I can only be good for so long, Chris."

"We have to when they're around." I asserted, nodding towards the window.

Anna twisted her body around to look out the window. Bob and my mother had moved up the driveway, planting flowers in a strip of soil they had turned up.

"We don't have to be good -- we just have to make sure we don't get caught." Anna corrected.

As I thought about what she had said Anna reached up under her skirt. She pulled her panties down her legs and stepped out of them. I stared down the front of her top to her breasts as she bent over to pick up her panties. She stopped, then looked up at me with a smile.

"Getting a good look, Chris?"

I gulped, nodding.

Anna picked her panties up from the floor then stood up. She tucked them into the front pocket of my jeans.

"Hang onto these for me." she whispered.

"Aren't you going to wear any to the movie?" I asked.

"Should I?" she retorted, flashing me a bold look.

Anna's question sent a surge of arousal through me as I thought about her doing her shift at the restaurant without panties beneath her skirt.

"Have you ever gone without panties before?" I asked.

Anna thought for a moment, then grinned. "Just around the house when I felt like teasing dad." she revealed.

"Did he know?"

Anna shrugged. "If he did, he never let on."

"He doesn't know what he's missing."

"Well, it's too late now." she sighed.

"It's never too late." I corrected.

Anna shook her head. "No, not now that he's married. I like your mom a lot and dad's really happy. I wouldn't mess with that -- even if I could."

I smiled at my step-sister -- having gained even more respect for her.

Anna glanced down at her watch. "We should probably be heading out for the movie soon."

"Okay."

Anna went out to tell her father and my mom that we were leaving. I waited in the yard until she returned, then followed her to her car -- keeping a safe distance in case mom or Bob were watching.

As Anna drove I looked down to her parted knees. She looked over at me, smiling, then tugged her skirt up.

"Better?" she asked, looking hopeful.

"Getting there." I told her, hoping she would pull her skirt higher.

"I'm afraid that will have to do for now." she told me

"That's okay," I said "I love your legs."

Anna grew shy and insecure looking. She blushed. "It's just that, well... I haven't shaved there in a while because no one ever sees it, so there's no point."

"But I do."

I decided to not argue with Anna. For the rest of the trip to the mall I sat quietly, staring out the window. After she found a spot in the underground garage I unfastened my seatbelt and looked over to her. I reached over and ran my hand up the inside of her silky right thigh. She shuddered and slid down in the seat as she opened her legs wider. When my fingertips disappeared under her skirt she grabbed my hand, gripping it hard.

"No, Chris. I want to shave before I let you see me there." she pleaded, sounding sexy.

"Just a peek." I insisted, pinching the hem of her skirt between my fingers.

Anna looked out the car window. "Not here. We'll get arrested."

"There's no one here. I told her, inching her skirt higher.

Anna surveyed the garage once more through the window, then sighed. "Just a quick peek, okay?"

"Okay." agreed.

My heart raced and my cock throbbed as I pulled Anna's skirt up over her wide hips until I saw a thick patch of curly black hair between her open thighs. My hand was resting just below her navel as I stared wide-eyed, trying to make out her lips. Seconds later Anna's hand was on top of mine, pulling her skirt down. As she pressed down I felt my fingers being pushed towards her bush through her skirt. I curled my fingers under the hem until my middle one brushed over her wet lips. Anna gasped and her eyes grew wide.

"You touched it." she exclaimed in a breathy voice.

I ran my fingers over her wet lips again, feeling them separate. She felt softer and more tender there than I could have imagined.

"It feels so soft." My voice was deep with arousal.

Anna let out a soft moan as she pushed her hips forward to meet my exploring fingers.

"Has your dad ever touched you here?" I asked her, pushing harder.

Anna shook her head. "No." she said, but I could barely hear her.

I felt the tip of my middle finger slip in her and I pushed deeper. Anna gasped, opening her mouth wide.

"I don't know -- maybe." Anna confessed, biting her lower lip.

"Pull your skirt up. I ordered.

Anna turned towards me, looking shy and tentative.

"Show me, Anna." I insisted.

Looking down, Anna drug her skirt up her thighs until it was gathered around her waist. We watched as my finger moved in and out of her. She was hot and tight and I could feel her give my finger a firm squeeze as it slid deep in her. I wanted it to be my cock.

"Okay... stop, Chris. Please." she urged me a while later between heavy breaths.

I pulled my finger from her, resting my palm on her rounded thigh as she tugged her skirt down, then looked out the window.

Anna got out of the car and I followed behind her to the elevator.

Despite there being other people around I was bold enough to let my hand creep over towards Anna during the movie. I rested it on her bare right leg, just above her knee, then slowly slipped it higher. She pressed her knee to mine as my fingertips grazed the soft tender inside of her

thigh. I wanted to touch her pussy again, but decided that was too risky. Instead, I caressed her thigh while we stared at the flickering screen.

Walking back to the car I trailed close behind. As she slid her key in the door lock to open it I grabbed her hips, pressing myself to her ass. Anna froze, then turned around. She was smiling. I ran my hand up her left thigh until it slipped under her skirt. I grabbed her bare ass, pulling her towards the bulge in my jeans.

From the corner of my eye I saw a middle-aged couple walk by. They gave us a disapproving glare. Anna turned towards them, then pushed me away, giggling.

"You're bad, Chris." she scolded with a grin as she drove us home.

"Would you still like me if I wasn't?" I asked.

"Yes, but you wouldn't be as much fun."

As Anna drove I reached over and tugged her skirt up, brushing my fingers over the inside of her right thigh. She pretended not to notice, keeping her eyes on the oncoming road.

"Did you guys have fun?" mom asked once we got home.

Mom was sitting on the couch beside Bob, reading while he watched a basketball game on television.

Before I realized it Anna had disappeared upstairs. I went out to the kitchen to pour a glass of soda. A few minutes later Anna joined me. She pulled the glass from my hand and took a drink. I ran my hand up her left leg towards her thigh as she stifled a giggle. She gave a silent nod with her head towards the livingroom, reminding me to behave. I nodded, running my fingers up the inside of her right thigh. She spread her feet further apart. Seconds later over Anna's left shoulder I saw my mother enter the kitchen. She stopped for a moment when she saw me and Anna. I snatched my hand away. Noticing the look on my face, Anna wheeled around towards my mother.

"I... I thought I'd make a cup of tea." mom stammered, seeming flustered.

Anna cleared her throat and backed away from me. She sat down at the table, still holding my glass of soda.

Mom attempted to ask me questions about the movie while she made her tea but she seemed as nervous as I was. Once she had finished she retreated back to the livingroom.

Anna shot me a wide-eyed look of shock.

"Porn?" she asked in a near whisper, sniggering.

That evening when it was time for supper I told my mother that I was not hungry because I had filled up on popcorn and candy at the movie. All I wanted to do was hide in my room.

Later mom appeared at my door. I instantly grew uncomfortable when she walked in.

Never one to beat around the bush, mom got to the heart of the matter.

"Chris, I don't know what I interrupted earlier in the kitchen between you and Anna, but you have to remember that she's your sister now and it's important that you two avoid even the perception of anything inappropriate."

"I know mom," I blurted out "we were just talking and..."

"It doesn't matter what you were doing. I'm not here to ask -- all I wanted to make clear was that..."

Over mom's shoulder I saw Anna step towards my door. When she saw mom she stopped, looking afraid. She was about to turn and leave when mom turned towards her.

"No, don't go, Anna. You should probably hear this too." she said, beckoning her in with her hand.

Anna approached us, looking like someone being lead to the gallows.

"I was just explaining to Chris that now that you and he are brother and sister and it's important that you two behave properly." she told my step-sister, sounding unusually stern.

"We do. We have been." Anna asserted, her eyes narrowing.

"Yes. Well, after walking in on you this afternoon in the kitchen I just wanted to make sure that both of you understood that." mom said, her voice fast and clipped.

"Okay." Anna replied, trying to appear unfazed.

There was a tense silence as my mother and Anna glared at one another.

"Was there anything else, Laura?" Anna asked, sounding indignant.

"No. That was it." mom said.

"Okay, fine then." Anna retorted. She turned on her heel and marched out of my room.

Chapter 4

Although we never discussed it, it seemed that for the next week or more Anna and I both made a silent vow to avoid one another, except when impossible, such as meals. It was imperative that we not get caught in another intimate moment again.

One night I discovered a book under my pillow after I got into bed. The title mentioned something about Buddhism and there was a photo on the cover of someone whom I later learned was The Dalai Lama. As I flipped through the book a folded sheet of paper fell out, landing on my chest. I could smell perfume on it. It was a note from Anna:

Dear Chris,

Dad and your mom think that I have to work next Tuesday night, but I don't. Meet me in the parking lot of The Alcove at seven.

love, Ample Anna

Below her signature was the imprint of her lips in red lipstick. My heart raced as I read the note a second, then a third time. I pressed it to my nose, inhaling the smell of the perfume. Then I looked around my room, as if someone could possibly have seen me reading Anna's secret message. I folded the paper again and slipped it between the pages of the book, then slid the book under my mattress.

Chapter 5

That Tuesday night my heart raced as I stood in the parking lot behind The Alcove, shuffling back and forth on my feet, half-expecting a police car to pull up and the officer to ask what I was doing loitering there.

About fifteen minutes later I saw Anna's car enter the parking lot. She rolled down her window and waved to me. I hurried over and got in.

It was growing dark, but I noticed that Anna was wearing the usual black skirt and white blouse that she wore to work. She sped out of the parking lot and turned left.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"I'm kidnapping you." she laughed, running an amber light.

If I was in-fact being kidnapped, there was no one I'd rather do it to me than Anna. I leaned back in the seat, curious, as I took occasional glances at her legs, illuminated by the streetlights shining through the windscreen.

Eventually we were driving along Jackson Cove and I realized we were outside the city limits. I looked around, wondering where she was taking me and what she had planned.

"Where are we going, Anna?"

"I thought you liked me." she said, her head darting towards me.

"I do." I insisted, quite confused.

"Then it shouldn't matter where we're going as long as you're with me." she countered, grinning as she sped on.

Now I was even more intrigued.

About fifteen minutes later Anna pulled into a parking lot. I looked up at the red neon sign that read 'Sunrise Motel'. Anna shut her car off.

"Wait here." she said, then jumped out.

I watched her body move, bathed by the artificial light as she walked inside. About ten minutes later Anna emerged and gestured with her head for me to follow her. I got out of her car and dashed over to her. She was holding a key on a plastic fob in her left hand.

Anna briskly walked ahead of me, observing the doors as we passed them. She stopped at number twenty-three and unlocked it. I followed her inside and she locked the door behind us. She flipped the light switch, then tossed her purse on the bed.

I turned and looked around the sparsely decorated room to the bed, covered by a pale yellow bedspread. On either side of it were two small stands. One held a phone and a clock radio. On each of them were lamps. To my left was a television and a door leading to the bathroom.

When I turned around I discovered that Anna had unbuttoned her blouse. It hung down over her skirt. I could see a narrow strip of skin and a hint of her white bra in the opening. She stepped towards me, smiling.

"I think I'm going to like being kidnapped." I told her.

Anna draped her arms over my shoulders, looking into my eyes. She leaned closer and her lips met mine. They were pliant and moist. I felt her tongue dart out, teasing mine as she held me to her. I placed my hands on her hips, then slid them up her back under her shirt. Her skin was hot and soft. I paused at her bra strap, then drug my fingertips down her spine. Anna shuddered, clutching my shoulders. She tugged her blouse off and let it fall to the floor. She stood still for a moment to allow me to look her over, then she reached behind her to unhook her bra. It slid down her arms, joining her blouse on the floor.

"God, you're beautiful." I whispered as I looked at her half naked body.

Her round breasts, capped with light brown nipples and large areolas, hung down and swayed a bit as she shifted from side to side. She looked nervous. I pinched her fingers and pulled her closer until her breasts brushed over my chest. Her nipples swelled and rose. I ran my hand up her sides and cupped her large breasts in my hands, leaning

down to wrap my lips around her left nipple. Anna moaned and cradled my head in her hand as I sucked at her nipples, feeling them thicken between my lips.

Anna backed away and tugged my sweatshirt over my head, dropping it to the floor. She ran her palms over my bare chest, then drug her nails back down it. The sensation made me quiver and my cock throbbed. She looked down to the bulge in my jeans and unfastened them, then pulled the zipper down.

"Got something for me in there, little brother?" she asked in a soft voice.

I nodded, swallowing hard.

Anna held my hand and walked me over to the bed. She kicked her shoes off then undid her skirt. It slid down her legs as she wiggled her hips. With one swift movement she pulled her pantyhose and underwear down. Her breasts swayed as she bent over.

I stepped out of my running shoes, staring at Anna as she slid back on the bed, completely naked. Her curvy body looked better than I had imagined and her smooth thighs looked inviting. I ran my eyes up them until they encountered a thin strip of dark hair between them.

"You shaved." I squeaked out.

"You always do." I assured her.

Anna smiled, running her fingers up the insides of her thighs. She spread them wide, then parted her wet folds for me to see.

"I'm all ready for you, Chris. See..."

I tugged my jeans and underwear off as quickly as possible, kicking them aside. My hard cock bounced and swayed as I moved and Anna watched it, looking amused. She rolled over on her left side, reaching for her purse. She pulled a condom from it and tore the wrapper open with her teeth, then slid towards the foot of the bed.

"Come here." she whispered.

I stood at the foot of the bed, looking down while Anna's soft hand moved up my hard shaft, slipping the condom over it. She leaned back, looking at it.

"Remember that day -- me leaning over the chair?" she asked, cupping my heavy balls in her fingertips.

"Yeah..." I answered.

Anna turned over, kneeling on the bed so her wide hips and round ass pointed towards me. I ran my eyes over it, down to her wet lips.

"Want me like this?" she asked, turning her head back towards me.

I took another step and placed my hands on Anna's curved hips. She pushed back and I felt my twitching cock rub against her. I slid my hands over her ass, feeling how soft her skin was. When my fingers ran over her wet pussy she let out a loud moan and lowered her head towards the mattress. I rubbed her until I was able to push a finger in. She swayed her hips and met my thrusts.

"I want your cock, Chris." she groaned.

"Turn over." I said.

Anna rolled over onto her back, moving towards the centre of the mattress. I crawled between her waiting thighs. My cock swayed and bounced as I moved and she watched it, seeming amused.

As I knelt between Anna's soft, fleshy thighs she reached up for me, tugging me down by my shoulders. I felt her fingers glide down my back as she wrapped her legs around me, pulling me closer. Her breasts against my chest felt soft and yielding.

"Oh god, Chris..." she gasped as the head of my cock entered her.

Anna pushed her hips off of the bed to meet my shaft, forcing me deeper. She gripped me inside her, massaging my cock.

"Fuck me hard, Chris." she moaned in my ear as her nails dug into my shoulders.

I began to pump my hips, working my cock in and out of her dripping, tight pussy. Being in her felt better than anything I could have imagined. I sank into her soft thighs, overwhelmed by the sensations of her squeezing my cock deep in her and her soft, supple body beneath me. Her heavy breasts shook with each thrust and I bent down to take a nipple in my mouth. I sucked hard, tugging at it with my teeth until she cried out, grabbing a fistful of my hair.

"Fuck your big sister." Anna moaned as her heels dug into my lower back.

My breathing had increased; so had Anna's. Her moans had grown louder and I could hardly discern what she was saying from between clenched teeth. I looked down at her breasts shaking harder now as I felt an orgasm building.

With a few final thrusts I shoved my cock deep in my step-sister and felt my body grow rigid. I lay atop her, waiting for the waves to subside, then eased my spent cock from her wet pussy. I rolled over on my side, facing her.

Anna took a while to catch her breath as she rolled over, running her hand down my chest. She kissed me.

"So, does this count as incest?" she asked, looking into my eyes.

"I'm not sure," I panted "maybe we better do it again to be sure."

Anna raised up on her elbow, laughing. Her breast hung down towards my face and I flicked my tongue over her thick dark nipple. She ran her hand through my hair and cupped her breast in her hand, offering it to me.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Early yet -- we have time." she said, looking over my shoulder at the clock.

I tossed the condom away, then went to the bathroom. When I returned Anna was under the covers. I joined her, pulling her to me and kissing her wet lips. Next I worked my mouth down her neck and chest to her left breast. I held it firmly and sucked hard at her nipple, swirling my tongue around it.

"I love your body." I told her.

"Yes." I breathed, looking into her eyes.

Anna and I lay in bed, exploring each-other's bodies. I found her soft skin and curves intoxicating. Later I felt my cock twitch to life once more. It began to rise and rubbed along the inside of her left thigh. Anna looked down in surprise.

"Ready for some more?" she asked.

I nodded, grinning.

Anna rolled over and picked her purse up from the floor. She took a condom from it but I reached out for her hands.

"No -- wait." I told her.

Anna gave me a quizzical look.

I crawled over to her side of the bed and stood before her. Taking my shaft in my hand I ran the head over her chin, up to her bottom lip. Anna's tongue flicked over it and she smiled up at me.

"Want to fuck my mouth, little brother?"

I bent down and kissed her mouth. "Tonight, I want to fuck you everywhere, Anna." I told her.

An Unconventional Relationship

Chapter 1

I will never forget the evening that my parents called me into the living room to tell me something that destroyed just about everything I thought was true, but also forged new bonds. It happened about four months after my nineteenth birthday.

"Sit down, Nick." my father said.

I could tell by the worried expressions on his and my mother's faces that they were about to deliver bad news. In those few seconds of silence all sorts of dreadful possibilities raced through my mind: they were getting divorced... someone had died... someone was dying of cancer... President Bush would have a third term. My heart sped up as my palms grew damp.

"What is it?" I asked, looking left and right at my parents sitting on the couch.

My normally shy mother could not meet my eyes. Her head was tilted towards her lap and she was fumbling with her wedding ring, twisting it around on her finger.

"Your mother and I have something to tell you." my father said. His voice was calm, but faltering.

"What is it, dad?" I blurted out, wanting to shorten the suspense.

"Well... I guess there's no easy way to say it, so I may as well just come out with it," he said, then paused for another agonizing few seconds "you're adopted, Nick."

I could feel the blood drain from my face. There was a tingling sensation in my chest that spread throughout my entire torso. My eyes narrowed. I had heard the words and understood what they meant, but could not believe them. For nineteen years Richard and Elaine Cooper were my parents. I was more sure of that than anything else I knew or believed. Now I was being told that the one thing I had been lead to believe was an undeniable fact was actually a lie. I felt numb.

"What? No! Mom, how can this be?" I demanded. My mother raised her wet eyes for a moment, then lowered them again, sobbing.

"I know we should have told you this long ago. I'm sorry. Your mother and I struggled with it for years -- when to tell you, what to say. Eventually as you grew older we decided it was just easier to never tell you. We love you unconditionally, with all our hearts, Nick, and we didn't want to have to hurt you by giving you this news after all these years."

Once my numbness passed it was replaced by anger. I felt betrayed. Now everything I held sacred was called into question. I felt my hands form into fists as my jaw clenched.

"Then why are you telling me now, Richard?" I seethed.

I saw my father wince at the sound of his first name coldly coming from my mouth. Never before had I referred to him as anything but 'dad'. He leaned back on the couch, either to think of what to tell me, or to fight his own anger; I couldn't tell.

"We're telling you this now because circumstances have changed and it's necessary to." My father's voice was firm and each word came from his mouth with authority.

I didn't understand what he meant. He sounded cryptic. "What the hell does that mean?" I demanded.

"Because your birth mother has decided that she wants to be a part of your life." he elaborated.

"Well, she's nineteen years too late." I replied with a glare.

"Nick, I can understand how you feel. This news must be..."

"No! No you don't understand, Richard. Were you adopted? Did your parents lie to you for nineteen years?"

"I can see that you're upset, Nick. Maybe we should finish this discussion later, after you've had some time to digest it all." my father suggested.

"Yeah... how about in another nineteen years?" I retorted.

I was mad with anger and confusion. I recall jumping from my chair and storming out of the house. The sound of the door slamming shut behind me echoed down the street. I ran down the driveway, fighting tears. I had no plan. I didn't know where I was going. I just needed to get away; as far as I could. I walked for hours. Thinking. Questioning. Wondering. Eventually it grew cold and I decided to call a friend, Dave, to ask him if I could crash at his place. I explained that I'd had a fight with my parents, but never disclosed the details. Thankfully Dave agreed and I hurried across town. I stayed there for two days, smoking dope and listening to music -- trying to forget everything.

Chapter 2

On the evening of my second day at Dave's place I realized that I had to make a decision. I could not stay there forever, and the longer I did, the harder it would be to return home. After thanking Dave and his parents for their hospitality I slunk back home, fearful of what sort of reception I would receive.

When my mother heard the door close she dashed out to the kitchen. I had never seen her smile at me like she did at that moment when she saw me standing there.

"There's some lasagna in the fridge if you're hungry." she told me in a shaky voice. Her lower lip was trembling.

"Thanks." I replied.

My mother watched me for a while as I looked in the fridge. She seemed in awe, as if I had been brought back from the dead. After watching me for a while she returned to the living room where my father was, watching tv.

I put a square of lasagna on a plate, not bothering to heat it in the microwave, and poured a glass of Pepsi. I brought the food up to my room, hoping to avoid my parents.

For the rest of the evening I lay on my bed, staring at the ceiling. I expected my bedroom door to open and my parents to walk in, wanting to continue the aborted discussion from a few nights previous. That never happened. I guess it was enough for them that I was home and safe and they did not want to raise the issue until I was ready.

The next night after I got home from school I joined my parents for supper. The tension was palpable. We all stared at our plates, afraid to speak. Finally my mother reached out and squeezed my hand. She smiled at me like only a mother can.

"Thanks, mom," I said "it's great to be back."

Even my normally stoic father seemed moved. He reached over and gave my shoulder a firm squeeze as he smiled. "We love you, Nick. I hope you know that."

"I know," I replied "I love you too, dad; you too, mom."

It seemed that as quickly as our family had been torn apart, it was back together once more -- although we all knew that things had forever changed.

"So, I guess we have more to talk about." I ventured, giving my father a nervous glance.

"Whenever you're ready." he told me.

"How about after dessert?" I suggested with a grin, hoping to add some levity to the situation.

"Fine." he agreed, seeming happy.

I was not looking forward to continuing the adoption conversation any more than my parents probably were, but I knew it had to happen. Putting it off any longer would not make it any easier.

Once supper was finished we all went into the living room, looking dour and walking single file. My parents sat on the couch like bookends. I planted myself in a chair across from them. For a while we just stared at one-another, each of us waiting for the other to speak. Finally my father spoke up.

"I don't exactly know where to begin," he said "do you have any questions, Nick?"

I had many questions, but one was overwhelming. "Who are my real parents? I mean, my biological parents..."

I was afraid my original phrasing might have offended my parents because that's what they were: my parents. They were the ones who had raised and nurtured me and that's what being a parent really is. It's more than simply depositing sperm or releasing an egg.

I think that my father had not expected such a pointed question from me to begin the conversation. He flinched. "Shall I just come out and tell you?" he asked.

"Yes. Please." I insisted.

My father sighed. "Well, your biological mother is your Aunt Jenny. You'll have to ask her about your father."

I had thought that after the initial news that I was adopted that there could be nothing else to shock or render me momentarily numb again. I was wrong.

My Aunt Jenny was my father's youngest sister. I had not seen her in almost a year. After she got married she moved to New Jersey with her husband, Robert. Before that, she lived closer and visited often. She and I always got along great. When I was a child she spent hours playing with me and watching cartoons, then as I got older she gave me advice when needed and was my confidant at times. We had a good relationship and I often thought of her as my second mother. Once Jenny moved to Jersey infrequent phone calls were the only contact my parents and I had with her. But she always wanted to talk with me when she called, and would sometimes call back if I was not home. Every Christmas and birthday that I had a parcel arrived in the mail from her containing a gift for me. Now it made sense to me. It was almost like I subconsciously suspected something all those years.

"Aunt Jenny?" I asked in disbelief.

"Yes," my father confirmed "she had you when she was sixteen. She was just too young and immature to raise a child on her own, so after we all discussed it with your grandparents it was decided that Elaine and I would adopt you. We were getting married that summer, so it was perfect. That way, you were being raised by family members and Jenny could be a part of your life."

parents, let alone any other family members. I still had questions though and I guess my father could tell that from the pensive look on my face.

"You're probably wondering why we've decided to tell you now, after avoiding it for so many years." he said, anticipating my next question.

"I was about to ask that."

"Jenny is divorcing Robert and she's moving back here in two weeks," he began "she's hoping that you two can get to know one-another on a different level. She's tired of the lies and deceit and we agree with her. We should have told you years ago, Nick. I hope you can forgive us. But, Jenny realizes that this may not be something that you want -- not right now, or not ever. She's prepared for you to be angry, or to hate her, or whatever. She realizes that you might not want anything to do with her because of this. But the choice is entirely yours, Nick. Take all the time you need to think it over. Whatever you want, or don't want; it's entirely up to you."

Once again my father had dumped a lot of information in my lap, but there was one thing that I instantly knew: I could not hate my aunt, or whatever she was to me now. Nor could I blame her for how things turned out. She did what she had to, and what she felt was best for me. It had worked out wonderfully in the end, so there was no way I could be angry with her. She had given me to loving parents who had done an exemplary job of raising me.

"No what?" my father interrupted before I could continue. He looked anxious.

"No, I could never hate Aunt Jenny," I explained "I can't imagine having a kid at my age, let alone sixteen. She did the right thing. Probably the only thing she could do."

I could tell my the expressions on my parents' faces that they were relieved. I realized that although they did not want to pressure me into my decision, I had made the one that they had hoped for.

"It's such a relief to hear you say that." my father said.

"We prayed that you'd feel this way, honey." my mother added.

My parents said nothing more, letting me assimilate what they had already told me.

"So, now what?" I asked, then thought my question was too blunt.

"Jenny will be here on the twenty-first and she'll be staying with us for a while until she finds an apartment. You two will have a lot to discuss, so we'll make sure you have time alone to talk. But she said to tell you if you want to talk about it before then to call her anytime."

"Okay," I said, pausing "I think I'll wait till she gets here. It will be easier in-person than on the phone."

"Okay, whatever you want."

My decision was also based on me wanting the next two weeks to sort out my feelings. I had to get used to the notion that the woman whom I had always thought was my aunt was in fact my mother -- although I never told my parents that.

Chapter 3

In the days preceding Jenny's visit I spent a lot of time thinking. Probably too much. I tried to imagine how my relationship with her would be now that I knew she was my mother. Ultimately decided it was best to not have any preconceived ideas, but to just let things fall into place.

I recalled the last time Jenny had visited us and the fun we all had. It seemed like she was always laughing and full of energy. I did not know anyone who was always so full of life as her. Something else I noticed was how pretty Jenny was. She had long sandy blond hair and brown eyes, like me. She was shorter than dad and me -- about 5'5, I suppose. But what I noticed most was how she filled out whatever clothes she wore. She was slim, but still had plenty of curves rounding out her svelte body. During her visit I spent a good amount of time with my eyes glued to her chest, watching her breasts jiggle beneath her top, or staring at her firm ass and curvy hips as she walked. Most nights I

ended up stroking my cock as images of how Jenny had looked that day flashed through my perverted mind.

One particular incident that stoked my libido for many months to come (so to speak) was standing over her one evening as she helped my mother clear the dining room table. She was wearing a olive-colored blouse and as she bent over I caught sight of her right breast inside her blouse. It hung down and swayed, barely contained in a white bra. When I finally managed to move my eyes from her round breast I discovered that she was looking me square in the face. She had an impish smile, which matched her personality. I froze, terrified that I was in trouble, but all she did was wink, then walk away.

As I reminisced about Jenny's last visit and the lusty thoughts that being around her had stirred up in me I felt weird. Guilty, I guess, or ashamed. It was ironic because I knew I should have felt that way back then for being turned-on by my aunt and masturbating to thoughts of her, but now that I knew that she was actually my mother that somehow changed things. It was at that moment that I began wrestling with my feelings. I already had enough to reconcile, but somehow this now took precedent. Maybe because I feared it could destroy what I felt was an already tenuous relationship. What made it more vexing was that my cock and my conscience were in opposition. Once I stopped thinking for a moment the image of Jenny's breast appeared in my mind. My cock twitched and began to rise.

Chapter 4

nervous, but I reckoned that she probably was as well. Although she had visited other times, this time was especially important. I wanted to make sure that everything went well, if not perfect. I had decided to skip school that day. My father had to work, but he promised us that if he could sneak out early he would. After I showered and shaved I spent an unusual amount of time picking out a shirt to wear with my jeans, then went down to have breakfast. It was not long before I was joined by my parents.

"Nervous?" my mother asked.

"Yes." I admitted as I munched on a mouthful of cereal.

"So am I. But try not to feel that way, honey. Jenny's not a stranger."

My mother's advice helped to calm me some.

"I should be going to the office, but tell Jenny that I'll try to take off early." my father told us.

For the rest of the morning my mother kept busy by making sure the house was tidy, then rested on the couch, reading. I went up to my room to do some homework for school. It was close to two o'clock when I heard a car in the yard. When I looked out of my bedroom window to the yard I saw Jenny's black Jetta towing a U-Haul trailer. I ran down the stairs.

"It's so good to see you again." I heard my mother exclaim as she hugged Jenny.

I kept my distance for a little while. I felt awkward and nervous. When Jenny turned towards me and smiled I sensed that she felt the same.

"How are you, Nick?" Jenny's voice was strained and her smile forced.

"Good, and you?"

"I'm doing okay," she replied "it's good to see you again."

"It's good to see you too; it's been a long time." I told her.

"Too long." she remarked.

I looked over to my mother. She seemed uncomfortable as she listened to our stilted exchange.

"Nick, could you go get Jenny's bags from the car?" my mother asked, seeming to want a diversion.

"Sure." I too was glad for a diversion and went out to the yard immediately.

In the back seat of the Jetta were two suitcases, which I brought inside.

"Jenny went up to use the bathroom," my mother told me "just bring the bags up and put them by the bed."

After I dropped the heavy suitcases beside the bed in the guest room I heard the toilet flush. I turned to see Jenny enter the room. It was the first time since she arrived that I had been able to take a good look at her. Immediately I was forced to fight off lewd thoughts.

Jenny was wearing a knee-length tan-colored pleated skirt and a white blouse with buttons down the front that just barely covered her stomach. I guessed that if she were to raise her arms a good portion of her midriff would be exposed. She stood a few feet inside the room, looking as nervous as I was.

"So, I guess your folks broke the news to you... finally." she said in a weak voice.

"Yeah. About a few weeks ago."

"I'm sorry we waited so long, Nick."

"Better late than never." I reasoned, trying to cut the tension.

"Some, but not a lot really. They told me most of the details." I told her.

"Thank-you, Nick. Thank-you for still wanting me in your life. This is the greatest gift that anyone could ever give me." Jenny lowered her head, as if she was afraid to look at me.

"You don't have to thank me, Aunt Jenny."

Jenny looked up and I noticed tears running from her oak-colored eyes, down her soft cheeks. She brushed them away. "I guess it's silly for you to call me 'Aunt Jenny' anymore; 'Jenny' will do. It's not like I deserve to be called 'mom'. I've never been a mother to you, or anyone."

Jenny wrapped her arms tightly around her waist, as if she was trying to hold in her tears and anguish. She slumped back against the bedroom wall. Her body shook as she cried, gasping for air between sobs. Suddenly whatever angst I had felt regarding this whole situation seemed trivial.

I wondered what to do or say as I watched Jenny. Her cheeks were wet with her tears and her body quaked as she cried. I knew that perhaps there was really nothing I could do to alleviate the guilt and torment she must have felt for nineteen years. All I could do to try to comfort her was hold her, so that's what I did. I put my hands on her slender shoulders and eased her towards me. Her limp body rested against mine. I slipped my arms around her, holding her as she trembled, trying to quell her sobs. Eventually she unwrapped her arms from her

waist and put them around me. Her tears were beginning to wet my shirt as she leaned her head on my chest.

"I'm so sorry, Nick. I don't know why you don't hate me," she sputtered "I just wish there was something I could do to make everything alright."

"You already have," I told her "you made the right decision when I was born; never question it."

Jenny slowly raised her head to look at me. Her bottom lip trembled and her cheeks were covered with rivers of tears. She smiled at me in a way she never had before. I had only ever seen my mother smile at me like that.

Jenny's blouse had ridden up when she raised her arms to embrace me. My hands were now on her bare back. Skin on skin. Now I knew for sure that she was not wearing a bra. Her skin was soft and warm. It made me hard. Before I could push the thoughts from my mind I wondered if the rest of her body felt as good, although I was certain that it must.

"I guess we have some catching-up to do." she remarked.

"Yes, but we have plenty of time. There's no rush." I reminded her.

Jenny tugged at my neck and reached up to kiss my cheek. Her full lips were supple and it was only then that I noticed her perfume. It was

musky, intoxicating. She pulled away, staring at my face, then brushed my cheek with her thumb.

"I got my lipstick on you. Sorry."

"That's okay." I told her.

"I bet you're used to it," she said, clutching my waist "a cute guy like you must get kissed a lot."

"Not really." I told her, feeling bashful.

"Handsome and modest too..." she teased.

I laughed.

"Now that I've ruined my makeup by crying I have to fix it. Tell Elaine I'll be down in a while."

"Okay." I told her.

Jenny let go of my waist and leaned back on the wall. She was smiling now as she stared at me. I wondered what she was thinking.

"Oh, nothing," she said, sounding dismissive "I'm going to repair my face, then I'll be right down."

Walking back to the kitchen I wondered what might explain the look on Jenny's face, and what was going on behind those pretty brown eyes.

My father was able to leave work early as he had hoped. Jenny gave an excited squeal when she heard him enter the house and dashed out to the kitchen to greet him. Her arm was still around his shoulder as she escorted him in to the living room to join me and my mother. Immediately I noticed how her blouse had slid up as she draped her right arm around my father's shoulder. I could see at least six inches of her bare stomach. It was flat and tanned.

Our first meal together that evening was lighthearted and relaxed. I had worried that there would be an undercurrent of tension for some time, but it was non-existent. In the backs of our minds each of us knew that things between me and Jenny were yet to be resolved, but that would happen over time.

Later, when we all settled in the living room, my mother turned the television on, although none of us were really paying attention to it. It seemed as though she wanted some background noise to fill any tense silence. Thankfully that was unnecessary. It had been a long time since we had all been together and my parents had many questions for Jenny about how her life had been. She too wanted to hear about what was new with them and how school was going for me.

Sometime after ten o'clock my parents announced that they were going to bed. I found it odd because it was nearly an hour before they normally went to bed during the week, then I concluded that they wanted to give me and Jenny some time alone to talk.

"You guys have a good night." Jenny told my parents as they began making their way towards the stairs.

"You too," my mother said "sleep in as long as you want, Jenny. We don't have any plans for tomorrow."

"Me too?" I asked with a sheepish grin.

"You have school tomorrow, young man," my father said, amused by my chutzpah "stay up as late as you want, but get your butt out of bed tomorrow in time for your first class."

Jenny giggled as she listened to our banter.

Once there was just me and Jenny in the living room I was glad that the television was on. Conversation was easy with my parents present, but now I grew nervous. I think she felt the same.

"This must be really weird for you." she remarked after a minute or more of silence.

I looked over at Jenny curled up on the couch, leaning against the arm on her right hip.

"Yeah... a little." I admitted.

"Me too. But I'm still the same person I always was, Nick. All that's changed is that you know the truth now."

I cocked my head to one side while I thought it over. Jenny had really put things into perspective, which made me feel more comfortable.

"Come over here so we can talk." Jenny patted the cushion to her left.

I joined Jenny on the couch, noticing the shape of her left thigh and hip through her skirt.

"Hold on." she said.

Jenny got up from the couch and turned the sound down on the television. When she sat back she leaned on her left hip to face me, then slid closer. Once again I caught the scent of her perfume. It reminded me of sex.

"I've been wanting to turn that damn thing down all night," she said "I don't watch much tv. Most of it is garbage."

"I'm with you there." I replied.

"So, Nick, you must have a lot of questions, or things you want to say. Go ahead. Don't hold back."

"I guess the main thing is: who is my real father?"

"I knew you'd want to know that, and you deserve to," she said "but, to tell you the truth, I don't know where he is now. I heard from his sister a few years ago that he was in jail for selling drugs."

"Oh..." I grunted, disappointed.

"I'm not going to tell you what to do, Nick, but he's really not the type of guy you'd want to meet. But if you do, I can give you an address for his sister; maybe she can help you."

"Okay, but you're probably right. It might be best if I don't."

"I'm sorry, Nick. I was young and in love, or thought I was. He said that he loved me too. I pictured us getting married -- all that stupid shit that teenage girls dream about. When he found out that I was pregnant he said he'd marry me. Then he robbed a convenience store to try to get money to buy me a ring. That was his first trip to jail. After that, I never spoke to him again."

"Maybe my only good one," she said with a frown "I was so stupid back then."

"No," I corrected "you were trusting, and in love. No one can criticize you for that. Letting mom and dad raise me was a good decision -- probably the best you ever made."

Jenny's eyes grew wide and she leaned back. A smile reappeared on her face. "How did you get so wise?"

"I don't know. I must have gotten it from you." I said, half-jokingly

"Thanks, but all you got from me were your brown eyes and your hair color. Anything good you picked up along the way must be from Rich and Elaine."

"I don't believe it. I must have gotten more from you than my eyes and hair." I insisted.

"I doubt it. I don't have anything else that's worth having -- unless you want big boobs." Jenny arched her back, pushing her chest out with a mischievous grin.

Jenny's comment shocked me, then it caused a flash of excitement that went straight to my cock. It began to swell. I let my eyes fall to her chest

for an instant. The look on my face must have let her know how surprised I was by her brassiness.

"I'm sorry. I never know when to bite my tongue," she said "I didn't mean to offend you."

"Offend me? It takes a lot more than that!" I spat out.

"Okay. I wasn't sure. The last time I was here Elaine told me to stop swearing around you. She was afraid you'd pick up my bad habits."

"Ha! I was swearing long before that," I told her "don't worry about me picking up bad habits."

"This is all so new to me, Nick. I don't know what's okay and what isn't." Jenny said, seeming overwhelmed.

"Same here." I replied.

"I guess we'll have to just figure it out together as we go." she concluded.

"Yeah... I don't think there's a handbook." I remarked.

adjusted her feet on the cushion. When I looked down I noticed what I at first thought was a bruise above her right ankle, then I realized it was a tattoo.

"You have a tattoo?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes. Two, in fact. I got the butterfly when I turned thirty," she said, pointing towards her right calf "and another a month ago, after I left Robert. Want to see?"

"Ahh..." I mumbled, imagining all the places where her tattoo could be.

"Don't worry, it's just on my back," she interrupted "wanna see?"

"Sure." I exclaimed.

Jenny turned around so her back was to me. I noticed her arms moving, then she slid her blouse off of her shoulders, midway down her back. Her skin was tanned, with the absence of any tan lines. My cock throbbed as I moved my eyes towards a tattoo on her left shoulder blade of a red heart, dripping blood, surrounded by barbed wire. I pushed her hair over her right shoulder to get a better look.

"Like it?" she asked, turning her head around a ways to look at me.

"It symbolizes how I feel," she explained "no one else I meet from now on will ever get my heart."

"Don't say that. You could meet a great guy." I told her.

"I'm not willing to risk getting hurt again. It's happened too many times."

I never replied. I was preoccupied with looking at Jenny's bare shoulders and back. She was holding her partially unbuttoned blouse against her, but had lowered it enough to uncover her upper chest. Just above her hands I could see the round tops of her breasts.

"I want to get another one." she said.

"Oh... what?" I asked.

Jenny turned around a bit on the couch, looking into my eyes. She was still holding her blouse tight to her, pulling the fabric taught over her breasts. "I want to get a heart with your name written inside -- no dripping blood or barbed wire though."

"Wow... really?" I gasped.

"Yeah. I've wanted to for years now, but I didn't want to raise any questions in case you saw it, since you didn't know the truth about me. Now I can finally get it." she explained.

"I can understand that." I told her.

"So, where should I get it?" she asked.

"I don't know," I said with a shrug "there must be a tattoo parlor around here somewhere, but I'm not sure where."

"No," she giggled "where on me?"

"Oh...," I breathed as my mind wandered over her body "I don't know. I guess it's up to you."

"I was thinking of getting it right here, over my heart. What do you think?" She pulled her blouse aside to uncover the upper left side of her chest. She pointed with her finger, then looked up at me as I stared.

I could see half of Jenny's left breast now. It was tanned and rounded, hanging down slightly. It rose and fell as she breathed. I licked my lips as I thought about holding it, although I could tell it was too large to entirely fit in my hand. I must have taken too long to reply because Jenny interrupted my lustful thoughts.

"When you're finished staring at my boob, tell me if you think that's a good spot for the tattoo." she taunted.

I snapped my head upwards to her face.

"I wasn't staring. I mean, your blouse is open so I could see it, but all I was doing was thinking about the tattoo."

"Hey... it's okay, Nick," she breathed "I was only teasing you. Relax. Besides, it's not the first time you've gotten a look at them anyway."

"What?" I spat out, hoping to convince her that she was mistaken.

"The last time I was here -- when I was bending over the dining room table. Remember?"

I shrunk away from Jenny, feeling ashamed of myself and scared that she would be angry.

Jenny slid her blouse up over her shoulders then pulled it closed, but not buttoned. She moved closer to me, resting her hand on mine.

"Do I seem upset?" she asked. Her voice was soothing.

"No." I murmured with a shake of my head.

"Well, then..."

"Okay." I replied.

"So, what do you think about me getting a tattoo there?"

"Sure, if you want to. It's over your heart so I guess it's appropriate." I told her.

The look on Jenny's face changed as I spoke. Now she looked bothered by something. "Speaking of appropriate -- I suppose it's not appropriate for me to behave like I have been around you sometimes, is it?"

"I guess not.... I don't know."

"If it makes you uncomfortable -- if you want me to stop -- tell me. Be honest, Nick. Please."

Once more I was being pulled in opposite directions. Of course I loved Jenny's illicit teasing and flirting, but I knew it was wrong. Wrong for her to do it and wrong for me to enjoy it as much as I did.

"It doesn't make me uncomfortable." I told her.

"Okay. We're in uncharted territory here. Everything has changed, I guess. But our relationship has always been unconventional in one way or another."

"An unconventional relationship." I echoed, then laughed.

Jenny paused a moment, thinking.

"I love you, Nick. I always have and always will."

"I love you too, Jenny. Knowing you're really my mom hasn't changed how I feel, unless it's made those feelings stronger." I told her.

Jenny fell against me. She threw her arms around my shoulders, holding on to me. "You're going to make me cry again." she warned me.

"No. Don't cry." I begged.

As I slid my hands up Jenny's back I could feel her blouse move with them. My right hand found her bare skin and I stroked her lower back. She held me tighter and nuzzled her nose into my neck. My cock throbbed as her breasts pressed into my chest.

"Will you do me a favor sometime in the next week?" she asked.

"Help me find an apartment. I don't want to take advantage of your folks' generosity any longer than I have to and I'm anxious to get into my own place anyway."

"Sure. That'll be no problem." I told her.

"Thanks. And while you're at it, could you find out where I can get a tattoo, please?" Jenny said.

"Okay, anything else?" I joked.

"Never let me go."

Chapter 5

The next day I felt like a zombie. Jenny and I had stayed up till close to two in the morning the night before. I held her while we talked and enjoyed the silence of the night until we each grew sleepy. It was wonderful, but I paid for it the next day as I struggled to concentrate during my classes.

When I arrived home at mid-afternoon after my last class I noticed that my mother's car wasn't in the yard. When I entered the kitchen I found Jenny at the table, reading the newspaper.

"Where's mom?" I asked, dropping my knapsack to the floor.

"She went out a little while ago to get groceries." Jenny told me.

Jenny must have gotten plenty of sleep because she looked as pretty as always. Her hair was pulled back on either side and she was wearing a blue t-shirt and jeans. Immediately I began getting hard.

"I've been looking at apartment listings. Take a look at these and tell me what you think." she said.

I stood beside Jenny, reading the paper over her shoulder. She leaned back and her shoulder rubbed over my left hip. Now she was eye-level to the front of my jeans and I knew that she would notice the bulge in them if she turned her head.

"This one looks good. Camdon Street isn't too far from here either." I remarked, pointing towards the ad.

Jenny looked up to me as I spoke. She just looked at me, not speaking for a while. I wondered what was on her mind.

"I can't believe how handsome you've become," she marveled "you certainly don't get your good looks from me."

"You missed-out on the boobs though." she retorted. She giggled and her breasts shook beneath her tight t-shirt.

"That's probably a good thing though." I concluded.

"Why? Don't they look okay?" She gave me an exaggerated frown as she cupped her breasts in her hands.

"Uhhh... on you, sure. But not on me."

Jenny let out a loud laugh.

"Oh, I almost forgot," I blurted out, glad to be able to change the subject "I found out that there's a tattoo place down on King Street."

"Good. Thanks. Do I need to make an appointment?" Jenny inquired.

"No, just walk in. They'll take you if they're not busy."

"So when's a good time for you to go with me?" she asked.

"Oh, you want me to go with you?"

"No, of course not. I just never thought about it. I don't have classes tomorrow afternoon. How about then?"

"Perfect. Thanks, Nick."

I was about to reply when I heard my mother's car enter the yard.

"She's back." Jenny observed.

"I should go out and see if she needs any help with the groceries." I said.

After supper I once again played the waiting game -- eager for my parents to go to bed so Jenny and I could have time alone. Once they had gone upstairs and the house was quiet I joined Jenny on the couch. She slid over towards me and leaned on my right shoulder.

"So, you still want to get that tattoo tomorrow?" I asked her.

"Absolutely."

"I should be home around one-thirty, so we can go after that, if it's okay with you."

Jenny was silent for a while and I wondered what she was thinking about, then she told me.

"Could you do me a favor though? Don't tell your folks about me getting the tattoo."

"Okay, I won't." I promised, although I could not see why they shouldn't know.

"It's no big deal if they find out," she said, "it's just that it's a very personal thing for me -- like the one on my back -- and I want to decide who knows, or who I show it to."

"I won't say anything. But it's not like they'll see it anyway -- unless you take off your top." I gave her a mischievous grin.

"Or unless Rich peeks down it when I bend over." she added.

Jenny's retort surprised me. The thought of my father leering at his little sister excited me, but I thought it unlikely, to say the least.

"You don't think he would, do you?" My eyes narrowed as I asked the question, trying to hide the excitement I felt.

"What is that look for?" I asked, now very curious.

"What do you think?" was her enigmatic reply.

"You mean he has?" I was incredulous; almost.

"He's done more than that," she divulged, then her smile faded "but you can never let-on that you know that, Nick. Never."

"I won't, but what has he done?"

Jenny sighed as she looked over my shoulder with a blithe expression. "Remember my first day here, when I went out to the kitchen when he got home?"

"Yeah." I spat out, wanting to hear more.

"Well, when I hugged him he felt my boob."

"You mean like a quick feel? I asked.

"No. He put his hand under my blouse and gave it a good feel. He even pinched my nipple." she elaborated, giggling.

I was stunned by Jenny's disclosure, but it also turned me on even more than I already was.

"What did you do when he did that?

"Let him, of course." she answered with a bold grin.

I stared at Jenny while I tried to picture the scene in my mind. My cock twitched as I imagined my father feeling his sister.

"What else has he done?"

Jenny seemed lost in thought. Her eyes became glassy as she gave me a vacant stare. Finally she spoke. "I'll tell you in a minute. I'll be right back."

Without any explanation Jenny got up and headed up the stairs, slowly, so as to not make any noise. I assumed she must be going to the bathroom.

About ten minutes later Jenny returned. I felt my pulse begin to race when she walked in the living room and I ran my eyes up and down her. She had changed into a pair of pajamas. They were made from an off-white silky material and had small red roses over them. She stood before the couch, then slowly turned, as if she were modeling the pajamas for me, then issued a shy laugh. I noticed her breasts move beneath her top.

"Do you like them?" she asked, although she must have already known the answer.

"They look great on you," I breathed "is that what you wear that to bed every night?"

"Sometimes," she said as she sat down beside me "but a lot of the time I don't wear anything -- maybe panties. But I have to wear something while I'm here."

"I want to have a sleep-over at your place." I told her.

Jenny moved closer to me. She wrapped her arm around mine, pulling my hand onto her left thigh. She gave my hand a soft squeeze. Her left breast rubbed over my arm. "And what do you wear to bed?"

"Usually boxers. Sometimes nothing." I told her.

"I'll have to get you some silk boxers." she suggested.

"I don't know." I told her, thinking that sounded too feminine for me.

"Trust me, Nick. You'll love the feeling of it on your skin. See what it does to me..."

Jenny straightened her back so her breasts pushed out at her pajama top. I had looked at her hard nipples many times before, but this time they seemed thicker and longer than ever. I didn't know if it was because the silk was so thin, or it stimulated them to their full size. Regardless, I loved the effect it had on them.

"I like what it does to them." I told her as I ogled her.

"So to I." she replied in a soft, sexy voice as her eyes met mine.

"So, tell me more about what dad has done." I interjected.

"Not a whole lot really. Once in a while he'll sneak a feel of my boobs or ass, but your mom is always around too so he doesn't get many changes."

"I bet he wishes he did." I guessed.

"I think so," she agreed "I've seen him looking me over a few times this week."

Jenny rested her head on my arm and wiggled closer, still holding my hand in hers on her thigh.

"This is wonderful, Nick," she said, sounding either sleepy or turned-on "I would have never dreamed that things would be like this with us."

"Me either," I added "it's great."

Jenny kissed my cheek, then leaned against me again. I looked down to her, smiling. Her lips were moist as she raised her head once more. Our mouths were inches apart. I licked my lips and with my heart beating faster I leaned closer to her. I felt her lips open as our mouths met, then her tongue darted out, teasing mine. She sucked on my lower lip, moaning. I removed my hand from her thigh and placed it on the back of her head, holding her lips to mine as my tongue sought hers. After a while we eased away, then pressed our foreheads together, breathing hard.

"Wow..." she gasped.

"Yeah..."

"You're a good kisser." she told me.

"Thanks. So are you. I must get it from you."

Jenny let out a shy titter.

I put my arms around Jenny and pulled her to me. I gathered her hair and pushed it aside, then kissed her cheek. She let out a soft moan as I ran my hand down her back.

"Have you ever thought about this?" I asked her.

"You mean us?" she asked.

"Yes."

"A few times." she admitted.

"Only a few?"

Jenny gave a shy laugh. "Okay, maybe more than a few. Have you?"

"Lots." I admitted.

"I could tell," she whispered, "I could tell that you were hard when you hugged me sometimes."

Jenny's revelation embarrassed me and I never replied. She looked at me, waiting for me to speak.

"Oh, come on, don't feel bad about it," she consoled "I was as much to blame. I liked to see if I could do it to you."

"Yeah... it's one of my naughty games. I do the same to Rich. Haven't you ever noticed how I hug him?"

"No. I guess I never paid attention." I responded.

"Good. Then maybe Elaine hasn't either." she concluded, sounding shameless.

"Mom's pretty uptight," I said "she would never suspect that sort of thing."

Silence fell between Jenny and I. We held each-other for close to an hour, talking little, but thinking the same thoughts. Eventually we both decided that we should get some sleep. I was still tired from the night before, and although I would have loved to have stayed up all night holding Jenny I knew I would not be able to function the next day without proper sleep. I got up from the couch and she followed me upstairs.

"Have a good night. I'll see you tomorrow. I'm excited about getting my tattoo." she whispered outside of her bedroom door.

"Night... see you tomorrow afternoon." I whispered, then went to my room.

Chapter 6

The next afternoon I raced home after my last class to meet Jenny so we could go get her tattoo. She and my mother were in the living room watching tv and talking. I greeted them, then brought my knapsack up to my room. Although I made sure that I never stared when I spoke with my mother and Jenny downstairs I noticed that Jenny was wearing a loose fitting blue blouse and a knee-length skirt a shade lighter. As I finished up in the bathroom I wondered what excuse she would use so we could leave for the tattoo parlor, but I reckoned that she had already thought of that.

"How were your classes today?" my mother asked when I returned to the living room.

"Good," I told her "English was boring, as usual."

I heard Jenny laugh. "Do you have any plans for the rest of the afternoon, Nick?" she asked.

"No, why?" I asked, fighting a smile.

"I was thinking of heading down to a mall and looking around. Want to come?"

"Sure."

"Okay, great. Oh -- I'll need your help to unhook the trailer from my car before we go."

"No problem. " I told her."

"You can use my car, Jenny," mom told her "the keys are hanging by the fridge."

"Oh, thanks, Elaine." Jenny said, getting up to follow me out to the kitchen.

I stared straight ahead as Jenny left the driveway; happy to be alone with her again.

"So, where is this place?" Jenny asked later as she drove.

"I've never been there," I told her "but it should be down here about four blocks, to the left."

After a little searching we eventually found the tattoo parlor. Hanging from the building was a sign that read Skin Art. Parked in front was a green Harley Davidson with leather saddle bags. The chrome gleamed in the sun. For a moment I had second thoughts about going in, but if Jenny did she never voiced them. She found a parking spot a ways away and we walked back.

I stepped inside the small room and looked around. The walls were lined with pictures of people, all tattooed, as well as sheets of paper with various designs. Towards the back to my right was a chair that looked like a barber's chair. Next to that was a long narrow padded table that reminded me of one I'd seen in my doctor's office. Sitting in the chair was a burly man with a beard reading a magazine. He was wearing jeans and a denim vest. Both of his arms were almost completely covered with tattoos and I noticed some on his right hand as well.

"Can I help you?" he asked, sounding friendlier than he appeared.

"I'd like to get a tattoo." Jenny told him.

The man tossed his magazine on the table beside him and approached us. His black boots clicked on the wooden floor as he walked.

"Do you know what design you want?" he asked.

"More or less," Jenny told him "I want a heart with a name written inside.

The man nodded. "That's a popular one." he said. He reached for a large book on the counter beside him and flipped through it, then handed it to Jenny. "Take a look through these and see if there's anything you like. There's more on the next page too."

Jenny thanked the man and began running her eyes over the designs. I looked over her shoulder, but never made any suggestions since the choice was entirely hers I thought.

"Hey, look, they do piercings too," Jenny remarked, pointing towards a sign on the wall "should I get my nipples done?" She giggled as she waited for my reaction.

I shuddered at the thought and she laughed loudly before returning to the book of designs.

"Hey, this looks nice!"

I leaned closer to inspect the design that Jenny was pointing to. It was a simple red heart with a space inside for lettering. "I like that," I told her "but take a look at them all before you decide."

Jenny looked over the rest of the designs, but did not find one that she liked better than the one she had already pointed out to me. "I found one I want." she called out.

The tattooed man approached us and looked at the image that she was pointing to. "What size do you want it, and where?"

"About this big." Jenny told him, approximating the size with her fingers "and right here." She pressed her finger to her chest through her blouse.

"Okay. Come have a seat."

It was only once Jenny was sitting in the chair that she seemed nervous. She gave me an uneasy smile, then undid the top two buttons of her blouse. She pulled it and her bra strap aside.

"My name's Mike." the man said as he pulled on a pair of latex gloves.

"Hi, I'm Jenny."

"Have you ever gotten a tattoo before, Jenny?" he asked.

"Yes. Two." she told Mike.

"Good. Then you know what to expect."

Jenny nodded, seeming less nervous.

I leaned against the wall, watching while Mike began Jenny's tattoo. She flinched when the needle first touched her skin, but soon relaxed. The buzzing of the gun filled the room.

you have any problems with the tat come and see me. I'll also give you ten percent off of your next one."

Jenny thanked Mike as she buttoned her blouse. I could tell she was in a hurry to leave. Once she paid him she headed for the door.

"That wasn't so bad." she remarked as we walked back to the car.

"You seemed nervous." I told her.

"I was at first. Plus I think I should have eaten something first. My stomach's a little upset. Want to get some food?"

"Sure." I said, willing to do whatever she wanted.

Jenny found a small cafe that sold soup and sandwiches. Once we had eaten Jenny said that she was feeling much better, which relieved me. She checked the time and decided that we should probably get home because it was getting close to suppertime.

"You didn't buy anything?" were the first words out of my mother's mouth when she saw Jenny return empty-handed.

"No, I saw some clothes I like though. I might go get some another day. Nick and I stopped to get something to eat and talk, so that was nice."

"I'm glad that you two are able to spend some time together." my mother commented.

I looked down to the floor, not daring to move my eyes towards Jenny, for fear she'd laugh.

That night after my parents went to bed I joined Jenny on the couch. When she went upstairs about a half hour later I hoped it was so she could change into the pajamas she had worn the previous night. I was not disappointed, expect that the pajamas she was wearing when she returned were a burgundy color. I smiled as I watched her walk in and sit down beside me.

"Like them?" she asked.

"Of course," I said "how many pairs do you have?"

"Just two." she said.

I never replied as I let my mind wander.

"Want to see my tattoo?" Jenny asked.

"Sure." I told her. I wanted to see how Jenny's new tattoo looked, but I also knew that she would have to open her pajama top in order to show me. I was looking forward to that as much as anything.

My cock throbbed as I watched Jenny unbutton the top two buttons of her pajama top. As she pulled the left half aside I leaned forward to get a better look. She smiled at me, knowing I was enjoying this. My eyes instantly went to her breast, which was half uncovered, almost to the nipple. When my eyes moved up to her tattoo I winced, noticing how scarred it looked.

"It looks sore." I remarked.

"Give it a day or so and it will look better. Do you like it?"

"Yes. I liked it as soon as you pointed to it in the book."

I smiled as I looked at the lettering with my name in the middle of the red heart. "Maybe I'll get one with your name someday." I mused.

Jenny gave me a pleased smile. "Where?" she asked.

"Same place; over my heart." I told her.

"I'd be so flattered if you did that." she told me.

"Can I ask you something?" I blurted out seconds after my curiosity got the best of me.

"Sure. What?"

"It's kind of personal." I warned her.

"Nick, you can ask me anything at all. I never want there to be anymore secrets between us." Jenny pulled her pajama top closed, waiting for my question.

"How come you never had any more kids?"

Instantly the smile drained from Jenny's face. Her eyes moved from mine. She sighed. "I screwed things up so badly with you that I decided that I didn't deserve to be a mother. I got my tubes tied years ago." she told me.

It made me sad to think that Jenny had punished herself for what she perceived was a mistake. I watched her expression change. Now it seemed to match how I felt.

"That's sad," I told her "you would have been a great mom. I can tell by how you were with me when I was younger."

Jenny shrugged. "Who knows? It's too late now." Once more she looked despondent as she slumped back on the couch.

smiled, but still could not face me. I noticed that the left half of her pajama top had slid open as I put my arm around her. I could see a good portion of her breast again. It was firm and round. I noticed the shape of her nipple, barely covered by the silk. Under any other circumstances I would have continued to stare, mesmerized by the view, but given the despondent look on Jenny's face it seemed especially wrong to me. I pulled at the lapel of her pajama top, closing it over her exposed chest. She looked up. She seemed surprised, then smiled.

"Don't tell me you're tired of looking at them." she teased.

"Ah... no," I said, struggling to find words "it's just that you're upset and, I thought that..."

"You're such a gentleman, Nick." Jenny interjected, seeming proud of me. She cupped my face in her hand and kissed my left cheek.

"I guess that's something I definitely didn't get from you." I joked.

Jenny raised an eyebrow, looking puzzled.

"Because you're all woman." I added.

"Thanks," she said, sounding happier.

Jenny and I sat together on the couch for the rest of the evening until she decided she was going to bed. I had lost all track of time until she spoke up. It was only then that I realized how late it was. I followed her up to her bedroom. She hugged me, then kissed my cheek before closing the door behind her.

Chapter 7

Over the next few days Jenny began searching for an apartment in earnest. Several times I found her studying ads in the local paper at the kitchen table. She asked my advice about listings and locations of apartments she had seen listed. I tried my best to give her advice. Some of the apartments listed were quite a ways from our house. I wanted her to live closer, but rather than saying as much I explained to her that they were a long commute from downtown.

Eventually Jenny settled on three apartments nearby that appealed to her. She called the superintendents and made appointments to view them. I readily agreed to go with her to look at them when she asked.

"Thanks so much for going with me, Nick, I really need a second opinion on these places." she said as she drove across town.

"No problem," I told Jenny "I'll tell you what I think, but really, it's up to you."

230 Jenny turned towards me and smiled as she drove. "Well, hopefully you'll be spending a lot of time there, so I want your opinion too."

The first apartment that Jenny and I looked at was nice. It was a two-bedroom place with a balcony. I would have encouraged her to take it if it were not for the fact that she had two other apartments to view still.

"I think you should take the second place we saw." I told Jenny later as we drank coffee downtown in a cafe.

"Why's that?" she asked.

"It's the biggest," I explained "plus the view is better, or I think so anyway. You can see Balfort Park from your balcony."

Jenny nodded, seeming to agree. "So you think I should take it?"

"I would." I told her.

Jenny reached for her cell phone in her purse. She called the superintendent and told him she wanted the apartment. A few minutes later she smiled as she ended the call.

"It got it!" she exclaimed, seeming very happy.

I leaned back in my chair, relieved. That apartment was the nicest of the three, and closest to our house. I wasn't in a hurry for Jenny to move

from our house, but I was certainly eager for her to have her own apartment where I could visit her without my parents' scrutiny.

Chapter 8

That Saturday morning was designated as moving day for Jenny. My father did not have to work and I had no classes, so it was ideal. Dad and I woke up early and followed Jenny to her new apartment.

It did not take long for us to unload the U-Haul trailer. We carried the contents in the apartment and put them where Jenny directed us.

Once we had finished it was quite obvious just how spartan Jenny's new apartment was. She would need to buy more furniture eventually.

"Well, at least you have a bed," dad remarked as he looked around Jenny's apartment.

"That's all I need for now," Jenny said "I can buy more stuff next week. Nick can help me pick it out."

Jenny's remark took me by surprise, but I looked her way and nodded. I would be more than glad to help her with whatever she needed.

"Well, I guess we'll be getting back home," my father said.

Dad had no sooner gotten the words out of his mouth when Jenny spoke up. "Nick's going to spend some time with me. I'll drive him home later." she said.

That was news to me but I was able to keep a poker face so dad didn't suspect anything.

"Okay, if you need anything, or any more help, just let me know." dad told Jenny.

"Hopefully I won't. You guys have been a huge help today. Thank-you very much." Jenny told dad.

Jenny walked dad to the door. She slid her arms around his torso and kissed his cheek. It was a lingering, sensual kiss. Her body was pressed to his and I noticed her shifting her hips, grinding herself against him a bit. I was sure that had I not been there dad's hands would have roamed from Jenny's waist over the curves and mounds of her body. I pretended not to notice as I leaned back on the counter in the kitchenette.

I was grinning to myself after dad had left. Jenny locked the door and moved over beside me. She studied the look on my face, then smiled.

"What's so funny?" she asked.

"I was thinking that dad probably wanted to sneak a feel, but couldn't because I was here."

"I think you're right," Jenny said "he was hard. I could feel it poking into my stomach."

"Well, that's the effect you have on men."

Jenny moved around so she was standing in front of me. She put her hands on my waist and leaned against me, pressing me back against the counter. I could feel her soft, curvy body move against me. I grew hard instantly. The bulge in my jeans rubbed over the soft curve of her stomach, but I was not concerned with hiding my arousal. I loved the sensation and wanted it to last. I could feel her warm body through her thin white blouse as I held her. I glided my hands down her back until they were on the curves of her hips. Her skirt moved beneath my fingers. I wanted to tug at it and pull it up around her waist. It barely covered her thighs so I knew I would not have to raise it too far to reveal her panties.

"I see what you mean." Jenny had a sexy smile on her face as she glanced down to the front of my jeans.

"See or feel?" I joked.

"Feel," she corrected "I can't see it."

My heart was racing and my palms felt damp. Jenny was swaying her hips a bit, making my cock thicken as she rubbed her stomach against it.

"Do you want to see it?" I offered.

Jenny let out a soft gasp of surprise and her wide eyes locked on mine in disbelief. I could tell that she wanted to, or at least that she was giving it serious consideration.

I reached down between us and unbuttoned my jeans. As I slowly tugged at the zipper Jenny looked down, watching my hand. Once my jeans were unzipped completely I stopped. I could see my boxers showing through my open jeans.

"Well..." I said, looking into her eyes.

"I... I don't know." she said in a husky voice "of course I want to, but are you sure about this, Nick?"

"I've been sure for years."

Jenny giggled.

"You know, this is the first time that we've ever been alone and not had to worry about someone else being around."

"You're right. I never thought about that." she said.

"So we can do whatever we want." I reasoned.

"Yeah..." Jenny's breathy voice was sexy.

"What do you want to do?" I asked.

"I feel like being really wicked." She let out an embarrassed giggle.

"So do I." I replied.

"I can tell." Her eyes darted down to my open jeans, then back to mine.

Jenny was holding me by my hips. I took her right hand in mine and pressed her fingertips to my boxers and moved them around. Her fingers on me just inches above my cock felt great. I slid them down lower until I felt them slide along the base of my hard shaft for an inch or so. I pushed on the back of her hand, making sure she could feel how hard I was. Seconds later her fingertips disappeared inside my jeans.

"Oh my...Nick." she moaned.

"I haven't touched a man there in so long." Now her fingers were rubbing a few inches of my cock through my boxers.

"Have you missed it?" I asked.

"Yes. I'm tired of just my fingers."

I gave her a surprised look at her revelation.

"Don't be shocked," she said, seeming shy "sometimes a girl's got to take care of herself, just like guys do."

"Did you do that while you were staying with us?"

Jenny gave me a bashful smile. "Almost every night."

"Now I know where I get my libido from." I laughed.

"I used to think I was a nympho," she said "the wind blows and I get wet sometimes."

"Like now?" I ventured.

Jenny never answered my question, but the look on her face told me what I wanted to know. For someone who could be as brazen as she could be, I was sometimes taken aback by how coy she could also be at times.

I slipped my thigh between hers, then pulled her to me. I could feel the warmth of her body on my leg as I pressed it to her crotch. When I began moving her hips so she rubbed against my thigh she closed her eyes and moaned. She leaned on my chest, holding my shoulders.

"If you keep doing that I might... you know." she breathed in my ear.

"Get off?"

"Yes." she answered with a soft, nervous laugh.

"When was the last time that happened?" I asked.

"Last night, after I went to bed."

"With someone else..."

"In another life," she whispered "one I wish never happened."

her waist. I looked down and saw her white panties. They had lace around the front and I could see wisps of hair through it.

"I never wore sexy panties today," she said, almost apologizing "I wasn't really planning on you seeing them."

"Did you think I might?" I asked.

Jenny shrugged. Her head tilted down for a moment then she looked back up at me with a faint smile.

"Last night when I was in bed, you know, I sort of thought about something like this happening once I was in my own place."

"So did I." I admitted.

I hooked my finger in the top of Jenny's panties and pulled them away from her body. I peeked inside at the sparse patch of dark hair.

"I haven't shaved there in a while since no one would be seeing it, but maybe I should start again." Jenny sounded nervous as she spoke.

"If you want," I told her "there's nothing wrong with how it looks now."

Jenny bit her lower lip. Her eyes shifted left to right. "I guess what I meant was maybe you'll be seeing me there from now on. If you want to"

A wide smile grew on my face. "I'd love that, if it's what you want too."

Jenny gave me a shy smile and a silent nod.

I took another peek inside Jenny's panties, except this time I tugged them down a few inches.

"Maybe I better just take those off." she said, seeming amused by my leering.

Jenny took a step back and slid her panties down her legs. She stepped out of them and tossed them on the counter behind me.

My heart was pounding in my chest as Jenny took my hand and lead me down the narrow hall to her bedroom. She took a sheet from the pile of linen stacked in a corner and spread it out over the mattress, then turned towards me. Her movements were swift and assured as she unbuttoned her blouse. It slid down her arms to the floor. Seconds later her bra followed it.

Jenny looked beautiful as she stood in front of me, letting me admire her body. Her breasts were firm and her thick, dark nipples stood out

towards me. I watched her breasts shake as she reached around to undo her skirt and slide it down her legs.

"Your turn." she said, sensing my nervousness.

I pulled my t-shirt off and tossed it aside. Jenny ran her fingers down my bare chest to my jeans. She helped me tug them and my boxers off. I felt awkward and shy standing there with my cock standing straight out towards Jenny, but she soon reassured me.

"You look amazing, Nick." she said as her eyes moved down my body.

"Thanks, so do you." I said.

Jenny sat down on the bed and pulled me towards her. I knelt beside her and she ran her hand down my cock. I drew in a deep breath to calm myself. Her touch was gentle and sensual.

"Come here." Jenny laid back on the bed. She bent her knees and opened her thighs as she held her hands up towards me.

I moved between Jenny's soft thighs, resting my hands on her knees. Her breasts rose from her chest. My eyes moved down the curves of her body to her wet lips. They parted as she separated her knees wider and I saw her moist, pink folds. Soon my cock would slide between them.

Jenny tugged at my arms, coaxing me down on top of her. I felt her fingertips glide down my spine. It made me quiver with anticipation. She curled her soft fingers around my shaft and gave it a slow, easy tug. I lowered myself onto her soft, warm nakedness.

When I felt the head of my cock slip inside Jenny's tight, wet body I moaned then took a few deep breaths. Jenny was patient and waited. I felt her squeeze me as my cock sank inside her the rest of the way. She wrapped her legs around my lower back and pushed up to meet me. She was breathing faster now and I could feel it run down my neck.

"It feels so good, Nick." she whispered.

I began moving my hips -- slowly at first, then faster as my arousal built. Jenny began to moan and clutched at my back. I gripped her shoulder and bent down to suck her nipple between my lips.

"Yes..." she cried out in a soft voice.

I was pumping my hips harder now, feeling my body meeting hers with each thrust deep into her. Her wetness coated my cock. Being inside Jenny felt better than anything I could have wished for.

"Faster, Nick... that feels so good... oh god." Jenny moaned through her clenched jaw.

I kept up the movements of my hips as I listened to Jenny moan beneath me. Her breasts shook harder as I pumped my cock into her faster. She was gripping my cock tighter, as though she never wanted me to remove it. I could feel her juice on my balls. They slapped against her harder as my cock moved in and out. I thought of slowing my pace or taking several more deep breaths to prolong the overwhelming feeling of pleasure, but I knew it was too late.

"I'm going to cum." I warned her.

Jenny held me tighter with her legs and gave my cock a hard squeeze inside her.

"Cum in me... it's okay." Jenny's voice was throaty and breathy.

My body grew rigid and I let out a deep moan as I filled Jenny's tight pussy with my cum. She moaned and clutched my back, digging her fingernails in me. She reached down between us and began rubbing herself as I shot more cum inside her. I lay atop her for a while, feeling my cock soften.

I was panting as I rolled over on the bed beside Jenny. I watched her rubbing her clit. She slid two fingers inside her, mixing her juices with mine. About a minute later she cried out. Her back arched, then she collapsed on the bed, breathing hard. She rolled over and smiled.

"That was so good. You're amazing, Jenny." I said.

Jenny raised up on her left elbow. I watched her breast sway. She leaned over and kissed my cheek, caressing it with her hand.

"I love you." she said, almost whispering.

I smiled and kissed her wet lips.

"I love you too, mom.", I said.

Chapter 9

This is a sequel to An Unconventional Relationship, which I wrote over a year ago. I hope you like it. Thanks, and love to L. for all her love, encouragement and support. She makes it all worthwhile.

Someone once said that all families are dysfunctional -- that they're all fucked-up in their own special way. I suppose many would say that of my family.

After having lived for nineteen years with kind, loving parents, Richard and Elaine, my world was rocked by the revelation that my father's sister, Jenny, was actually my birth mother. My feelings for Jenny had always been special. Okay... more like impure and lecherous, but I was never plagued by guilt because of that. Then, just as I was coming to terms with the news that Jenny was actually my mother

rather than my aunt, I found out that she too felt the same taboo feelings for me. We both wrestled with those desires until we gave in to them and made love one time.

In the weeks following our encounter Jenny and I were both a little sheepish around one another, each trying to second-guess the other's thoughts and feelings. On top of that, we had to be careful to not betray ourselves around my parents, for fear that they would suspect that something clandestine was happening -- which it most certainly had. Then in the midst of all of this, Jenny made a proposal one July afternoon that both surprised and delighted me.

"How would you like to move in with me, Nick?"

It was a Saturday afternoon and she had been shopping at a mall for things that she still needed for her new apartment. When she posed her question about us living together I looked up from my burger and fries, speechless for a moment. Then I smiled, almost in disbelief.

"Move in... really... you mean it?" I drawled.

Jenny gave an emphatic nod, smiling back at me as her brown eyes shimmered for a moment. "Of course. I thought about it, then talked it over with Rich and Elaine," she said. "They think it would be good for us, since we're still kind of in a transitional phase." She paused a moment, then gave me a dour look. "I know I'll never really be a mother to you, Nick. I foolishly abdicated that responsibility when you were born, but I still want us to be close, and have some sort of mother-son relationship... as best we can anyway."

For a moment I feared that Jenny was going to cry and it pained me. I gave her a reassuring smile and said "But, you are my mother. You gave me life. Nothing or no one can ever take that away from you."

Seeming buoyed by my words, Jenny smiled, although there was still anguish in her eyes.

"Thank-you for saying that, Nick. It means the world to me," she said.

"Well, I mean it," I told her. Then, wanting to change the subject to something happier, I added

"So, you're really serious about me moving in -- Mom and Dad are too?"

"Absolutely!" she said. "But it's up to you, of course. Take all the time you need to think it over."

All the time I needed to think it over was about two seconds. "That would be great! When can I move in?" I asked, feeling my cheeks getting sore from smiling.

Jenny laughed at my eagerness. But when she noticed my eyes stray from hers, down to the front of her cardigan, the smile drained from her face. She sighed and cast a nervous glance left and right before beginning to speak in a hushed tone as she leaned closer.

"Nick, there's something that you and I have to discuss first," she began, then paused to frown. "What happened between us... you know... that was wonderful. I'll always consider it a very special memory we share, but you have to realize that we can't ever do that again -- especially if we're going to be living together."

"Why not?" I asked. "What happened was amazing, and if we're living together..."

Jenny held her hand up, silencing me. "If we're living together, Nick," she began. "It has to be a proper, chaste relationship. I want us to get to know one another all over again in a different context, and I don't want our... desire, to get the best of us."

"But why not?" I repeated, unable to hide my disappointment.

"Because I'm afraid it will ultimately tear us apart." Although her voice was soft, it was filled with resolve.

I sighed and folded my arms as I leaned back in my chair. "It won't tear us apart," I countered, trying to sound confident. "It will make us closer."

"That's not a chance I'm willing to take," Jenny said. She sounded almost frightened. "I love you, Nick. You mean the world to me, and I don't want to lose you after nineteen years of hiding the truth about who you are to me -- not because we let our libidos get the better of us. Do you understand?"

I could see tears pooling in Jenny's brown eyes as she spoke, and I felt guilty and very bad for her. I leaned forward again, resting my elbows on the table between us. "Okay... yeah," I relented.

"I understand, I guess."

Jenny reached across the table and gave my right hand a squeeze. "Thank-you, Nick," she said, her voice a bit shaky. "I know you don't really understand, and that you're disappointed, but I appreciate you respecting what I want. And, to be perfectly honest, I know how you feel. It's just that I think it's best that we focus on a chaste relationship, despite our feelings for each other."

"You mean that you... you still feel like I do?" I felt my eyes widen as my cock twitched and began to stiffen at the thought of her still wanting me.

Jenny gave me a bashful smile as her cheeks grew pink. She tightened her mouth and nodded. "But that doesn't mean we have to give in to those feelings, or let them rule us," she said.

"I guess not," I conceded. "But sometimes it's hard."

Jenny's eyes brightened again and she let out a brassy laugh. "It's hard, huh?" she retorted, darting her eyebrows upwards.

"You know what I meant," I said, then paused to smirk at her. "But, yes -- it is hard sometimes... like right now."

Once again, Jenny grew flustered, but smiled.

"Well, I'm afraid that from now on that will be something that you'll have to deal with on your own," she teased, sounding apologetic.

After we had finished eating I helped Jenny carry her shopping bags out to her car. What we decided, after I offered, was that I would go to her apartment to help her bring everything inside, then she would drive me home.

During the drive to Jenny's apartment my mind was racing with thoughts and ideas -- all of them lewd. Jenny may have wanted for us to live together as a typical mother and son would, but I had other plans and intentions. As she drove, I stared out of the passenger side window of her black Jetta with a devious smile on my face.

It had been weeks since I had been at Jenny's apartment -- that was when we'd had sex. Since then, she had finished unpacking everything and decorated it. On the far left side of the living room, beside the patio doors to the balcony, was a black leather couch. A wooden coffee table separated that from a television in the center of the room. Off to one side was a stereo. Racks of CDs were hung on the wall beside it. I looked around, surprised by how nice the place looked. Not that I questioned Jenny's taste, but I suppose I expected it to look more girly than it did. Looking around, I didn't notice any unused ashtrays or candy dishes resting on lace doilies, or white wicker shelves with silk

flowers or potpourri dishes. Hanging on the wall behind the sofa was a lithograph of Swans Reflecting Elephants.

I didn't know you liked Dali," I said with surprise.

Jenny took a step closer, looking up at the wall.

"Yeah, he's my favourite painter," she said.

I let out a grunt of surprise. "Mine too," I told her. "I must get it from you. That's weird."

I placed the bags in my hands on the living room floor in front of the sofa, then turned towards Jenny. Her eyes met mine and she brushed a length of her brown hair back over her right ear as she smiled.

"Thanks again for going with me today, and helping me carry all this stuff back," Jenny said. She was standing a few feet away, beside the bags she had just sat down at her feet.

"No problem," I said. "I'm glad that I could help." My cock began to throb as my eyes ran down her body. I sat down on the arm of the sofa, folding my arms on my lap.

"So, you think you'd like it here?" Jenny took a quick look around the apartment, seeming a bit insecure, then gave me a worried look.

"Are you kidding? I'd be happy anywhere you are," I told her.

Jenny walked over and stood beside me. She put her arm around my shoulder and looked into my eyes. "You're so sweet. I love you, Nick." She hugged me, and leaned down to kiss my forehead.

I could feel Jenny's silky hair brush the side of my head and face. From the corner of my eye I stared at the contour of her right breast, pushing out at the purple fabric of her cardigan. My arm went around her waist and I returned her embrace, sliding my hand down until it met the curve of her left hip and a bit of her ass. I held her tighter, wishing the moment would never end.

"I love you, too," I said.

My reply was met with a sexy giggle from Jenny and I raised my eyes to hers. She was grinning as she peered down at my lap. "Something tells me it's more like love -- with a good amount of lust mixed in," she teased.

I shrugged, feeling nervous. "Can you blame me?"

I said. "Besides, it's not like I can suddenly switch off those feelings, just because you want me to."

"I know," she muttered, sounding empathetic.

"Do you know because you feel the same?" I turned around on the arm of the sofa to face her and pulled her closer by her waist until she was standing between my legs. My right hand slid down over her left hip to her firm ass. I gave it a squeeze as I smiled up into her eyes. "God, you're so sexy," I breathed.

For a few moments Jenny didn't resist, allowing me to caress her lovely ass, then she eased away, slipping from my grasp. "Nick, you're not making this easy on me," she said, sounding conflicted.

"I'm sorry, but do you think it's easy on me?" I countered, trying not to sound angry. "I love you, Jenny, and I respect you too, so I'll abide by whatever you want; I have no other choice. But you made a decision that affects both of us without discussing it with me first, and I have no say in the matter. You're in control here. I don't know how fair that is. And if you truly love me, at least please try to consider my feelings too. I've had a lot to deal with in the last little while, and I'm more fragile than I might let-on."

Jenny winced, realizing how she had wounded me, and avoided my eyes for a few moments. Then she said "I'm sorry. I just want to do what I think is best for us in the long run -- that's all."

I drew in a deep breath, then let it out as I collected my thoughts. "I didn't mean to sound harsh," I said. "It's just that I'm a little confused right now, and I'm dealing with a lot of mixed emotions."

"I think I know how you feel," Jenny said, then paused. "Do you want to get home now?"

I took that to mean that Jenny wanted some time alone, or at least time away from me so she could sort out her thoughts. "Yeah," I said with a nod.

Jenny turned and started making her way to the door. I followed, then as she was about to reach for the knob she turned towards me. "We'll work this out together, Nick," she said confidently.

"What's most important is that we love each other -- no matter what kind of relationship we have."

With that, she leaned into me and placed a soft kiss on my cheek and gave me a smile. It was then that I knew that whatever happened, things with Jenny and me would be alright.

###

The next day I began to concentrate on getting ready to move, as well as the changing dynamic of my relationship with Jenny. It seemed rather obvious to me that she was conflicted about the boundaries that

she had set between us. I, however, wasn't. I loved Jenny, and desired her as much as ever. If only somehow I could get her to perhaps reach some sort of compromise with me, or change her mind. We had already crossed a definite line, and once that happens, there's no going back. Things could never truly be the same between us now that we had been lovers -- no matter how much she might want to pretend otherwise.

It was decided that I would move in with Jenny the following Saturday, and I spent the week packing. Once Saturday arrived I had a hard time concealing my excitement. I did my best to not appear too happy though, for fear of hurting or offending my parents. It wasn't as though I was necessarily glad to be leaving their house and I didn't want them to think that was the case.

Dad rented a truck, and we got up early that morning and began packing my belongings in to it. He seemed a little surprised by how quickly I worked, bringing boxes and other things down from my room. I don't own a lot of things, and within a few hours the truck was packed and we were ready to drive over to Jenny's -- soon to be mine and Jenny's apartment.

Jenny greeted us at the apartment door and began helping Dad and me unload the truck. She was wearing jeans and a burgundy sweatshirt, but despite having dressed for comfort rather than style, she still looked lovely. Her hair was in a ponytail, and I noticed a hint of lip gloss. It was all I could do to not stare at her, or try to sneak a feel as we carried boxes of my belongings into the apartment. I could not wait for her and I to finally be alone.

"It looks even smaller with all your stuff in here," Jenny remarked. She looked about my new bedroom at her apartment. It was cluttered with boxes that had to be emptied and pieces of furniture. "Are you sure you'll be comfortable here, Nick?" she asked. Her dark eyes shifted about the room and she gave me a concerned look.

"I'm sure," I told her. "I'll only be in here mostly to sleep or surf the Internet. The rest of the time I'll be watching TV in the living room, or whatever." I tried to fight back as smile as I spoke the final word, but felt the corners of my mouth turn up a bit. Jenny's shimmering eyes caught mine and she turned away as she smirked.

"Well, I guess you have a lot of work to do, so I'm going to get back home," Dad said, taking a glance at his watch.

I was glad that he had decided to leave, but tried not to show it. "Thanks a lot, Dad," I told him. "I really appreciate you helping me move."

"Are you kidding? I did it because I'm glad to have you out of the house." Dad laughed and gave me a quick hug around my shoulders.

I followed Dad and Jenny to the door. My heart had sped up and I felt excitement and arousal welling inside of me at the thought of Jenny and me finally being alone. Once Dad had left she closed the door and turned towards me.

"Yeah, but it won't be so bad," I said as a wide smile broke out on my face. I looked into her eyes for a moment, then said "I'm really happy to be here. Thanks again, Jenny."

"You're more than welcome, Nick. Besides, I'm not doing it just for your sake," she reminded me.

"I'm glad to have you here too." She took a tentative step towards me and I was sure she was going to hug me, then she halted, seeming skittish.

Several uneasy seconds passed and I grew nervous.

"Well, I should start unpacking," I said with a sigh.

"Do you need any help with anything?"

I thought for a moment, considering Jenny's offer, then said "I could use some help getting the bed assembled, if you don't mind. I can do the rest on my own."

Jenny followed me down to my room and we got to work. My bed from home lay on the floor in four pieces, next to the mattress and box spring, which were leaning against the wall beside a bookcase and bureau. Jenny held the headboard while I hooked the supports for the

box spring, then I affixed the footboard. Next, we put the box spring in place.

The mattress was rather awkward, and Jenny struggled a bit to take hold of it. As I watched her lean over to grasp the handles I noticed her heavy breasts swaying inside her sweatshirt. I gave a blatant stare at them as my cock throbbed. It was only when she looked up with a sly smile that the spell was broken and I realized that I had been leering.

"Are you going to help me get this on the bed or keep staring at me?" she asked, sounding a little annoyed.

"I have a choice?" I retorted with a brash grin, then helped her hoist the mattress in to the box spring.

Jenny sat down on the bed, catching her breath. She looked up at me, standing in front of her, and her eyes gravitated to the bulge in my jeans. I could feel my cock throbbing, but didn't dare look down to see how noticeable my erection was. I felt my cheeks grow warm, and forced myself to focus on her face. She wore a peculiar smile, which excited me even more.

Jenny planted her palms down on the edge of the mattress and arched her back slightly. Her breasts filled out the front of her sweatshirt even more in that posture. "You... ah... look happy to be here," she teased, glancing at my crotch. There was a bewitching glint in her eyes that fed my arousal.

I sat down on the bed beside Jenny. It was then that I noticed the faint outlines of her nipples standing out from her sweatshirt. I licked my lips, then smiled at her. "You look a little happy yourself," I replied, darting my eyes down to her chest again to emphasize my point.

Jenny followed my gaze, then shot me a bashful smile. "It's not that... I've been moving around and..."

"They woke up," I shot back with a sly grin.

Jenny let out a sexy giggle and pulled the right corner of her mouth up for an instant. "Yeah, you could say that," she said. "Sometimes they seem to have a mind of their own."

Once more my eyes went to Jenny's chest. Her nipples looked thicker now. Harder. Inviting. I recalled how they felt and looked when I had sucked on them weeks earlier. "Well, I like how they think," I quipped, still staring at them.

Jenny laughed. "Well, I think they'll be getting a lot of attention, with you around," she said.

"Oh?" I grunted as my eyes widened, probably sounding and looking encouraged.

know you as well as I think I do, your eyes will be on them whenever you think I'm not looking."

I felt myself blush, and gave her a guilty smile.

Jenny draped her right arm around my shoulder and leaned against me, giving me a sideways glance.

"It's okay, Nick. I'm not mad. I'm realistic. I know that I can't expect you to just shut your feelings off, like you're a machine," she said.

"I just hope you'll respect the boundaries I've set."

"Yeah, definitely. Of course," I said with a nod and feeling guilty.

Jenny tugged at my shoulder, giving me a hug. "Thanks, Honey. Besides, you'll get tired of looking at me after a while, then spend your time looking at porn on the Internet."

Our laughter at Jenny's shrewd remark filled the bedroom and my eyes shifted towards her breasts again. I noticed them jiggle a bit as she laughed. There was little chance that I would choose looking at pictures of plastic women online in favour of Jenny, I thought to myself. A few seconds later, Jenny noticed me staring.

"Say what?" I asked, trying to act confused.

"Whatever you were thinking just now." Jenny slipped her arm from around me and rested it on her lap.

"I could say a lot of things," I retorted.

"Yeah... but it's probably best that you don't." Jenny's voice sounded almost stern as she spoke. She got up from the bed and turned to me, folding her arms self-consciously in front of her. "I'm going to go start supper," she told me. "You'll be hungry from all the unpacking. I'm making roast beef. Elaine says it's your favourite."

I shot Jenny a wide smile. "Yeah, it is. Thanks!" I gushed.

"Good. Let me know if you need any more help with anything. I'll be in the kitchen."

"Thanks, Jenny." I watched her leave my room, feeling happier than I had in quite some time.

I lost all track of time as I began unpacking. I began filling the bookcase that I had brought, then started unpacking my CDs. I was hanging clothes in the closet some time later when I began to smell the roast beef cooking in the kitchen. It was only then that I began to grow hungry and realized that so much time had passed. I had gotten enough

unpacked for the time being and wanted to spend some time with Jenny, so I made my way out to the kitchen.

"That smells so good," I said as I approached Jenny.

She turned from the stove where she was making gravy and smiled, seeming pleased by my remark.

"I was going to call you in a while. It's almost done," she said.

"I'm getting hungry," I told her. "Can I help you with anything?"

Jenny shook her head. "No, thanks. Once the gravy is ready, we can eat," she said. "I set the table a few minutes ago."

I turned towards the table. In the center was a platter with the roast beef on it, already sliced. Beside that was a dish with mixed vegetables. Plates with utensils and napkins beside them had been placed at opposite ends of the table.

It was then that I noticed a small box, wrapped with blue tissue paper, had been placed on the plate where I would be sitting at the table. Atop that was another, smaller box, maybe only a few inches square. I stared at the gift-wrapped boxes for a few moments, then turned back to Jenny.

She was filling a gravy boat on the counter, and once she had finished she brought it over to the table. She set it down, then smiled at me. "I got you a couple of gifts," she explained. "Sort of an apartment-warming gift."

"Thanks, but you didn't have to do that," I told her, then looked down at the boxes again.

"Go on, open them." Jenny sidled over by my left side, seeming more excited about the gifts than I was. Her eyes had widened and brightened as she waited for me to open the gifts.

I picked up the small box and unwrapped it, then opened it. Inside was a brass key on a rectangular red plastic fob bearing my name in white lettering. I smiled up at Jenny, a little puzzled.

"It's an apartment key," she explained. "This place is as much yours as it is mine now, and I want you to have the key, so you can come and go as you please."

I shot her a wide smile, feeling very happy for the key and what it symbolized. "Thanks, Jenny!" I gushed. "That really means a lot to me." I stared down at the key in my hand again, still smiling.

"You're welcome," she said. "It means a lot to me too -- you mean a lot to me, Nick. Now open the other one."

I tucked the key in the front pocket of my jeans. Jenny watched nervously as I picked up the larger box from the table and gave it a shake.

Jenny giggled. "Careful -- don't break it," she joked.

I tore the paper off of the box, then opened it. Inside was a pair of blue silk boxer shorts -- a shade brighter than the wrapping paper. I smiled as I took them from the box and held them up to examine them.

"I told you a while back I was going to get you a pair of these, but never got around to it till now," Jenny said. "I hope you like them." She gave me a nervous-looking stare as she waited for my reaction.

"They're great -- thanks!" I exclaimed as I shot her a wide smile.

"I think you'll like how they feel on you." Jenny said. She stepped closer and rested her hand on my left shoulder, then kissed my cheek. "But I have to confess, I kind of have ulterior motives,"

she added as her eyes flitted up to mine. "I think you'll look really sexy wearing these."

I let out a nervous laugh. "Well, I'm not so sure about that," I said. "But if you think so, that's all that matters. Thanks!"

"My pleasure," she said with a teasing smile.

"Now, let's eat. You must be hungry."

I was hungry. The roast beef, vegetables and mashed potatoes were delicious, and I showed my appreciation for Jenny's cooking by having two large platefuls. Jenny seemed both amused and pleased by my appetite as she watched me from across the table.

Once we had finished eating I dried dishes as Jenny washed. She insisted that she needed no help cleaning-up, but I would have felt guilty if I hadn't -- especially after she'd cooked such a wonderful meal. Besides, the sooner she finished with the dishes, the sooner she and I could spend some time together.

Once we had finished the dishes Jenny turned to me as she dried her hands on a towel and said

"Thanks for helping me with the dishes, Nick. But you didn't have to."

"No problem," I told her. "If I'm going to be living here I want to pull my own weight, and that means helping you with stuff as much as possible."

"Thanks, I really appreciate that. But don't sweat it too much," she said. "I'm not a clean freak." Then she turned and left the kitchen.

I followed the sound of Jenny's giggle in to the living room and sat down on the couch beside her. She began flipping from one channel to another, searching for something to watch. It didn't matter to me what we watched. I was more than content just to be sitting beside her.

"Oh, this looks good," Jenny said, stopping when she reached The Discovery Channel. On the screen two fat emperor penguins were waddling across a windswept, rocky beach, while a narrator droned on about their mating habits.

That evening passed uneventfully. Jenny and I sat like bookends on the couch watching television, making comments occasionally and talking a bit during commercials. Once it approached eleven o'clock she yawned and stretched.

"Time to get my beauty sleep," she announced, covering her mouth as she yawned.

"You don't need a bit," I replied, turning towards her.

Jenny's eyes met mine and she smiled. "Aww, thanks, Nick," she said. "Having you around is going to be so good for my ego."

"Well, I mean it," I assured her. "You're beautiful, Jenny."

"Thanks," she said as she got up from the couch, still smiling. "Have a good night, Nick. I'm so happy to have you here with me. I hope you feel the same."

"I do -- absolutely," I assured her, unable to hide my happiness. I thought for a moment, then said "I should be getting to bed too. I'm kind of tired from all that packing and unpacking."

Jenny's eyes seemed to brighten a bit. "So, are you going to wear your new boxers to bed tonight?" she asked inquisitively.

"Yeah, I am," I said with a nod.

A few seconds passed, then a smile appeared on her pretty face and her eyes danced over me.

"Does that mean I might get to see how they look on you?" Jenny asked. She sounded eager and hopeful as she took a step closer, looking flirtatious, and maybe even a little excited.

I thought for a moment, wrestling with my bashfulness. Finally I said "Ah... okay. Give me a minute to change."

"Sure, give me a shout when you're ready," she replied.

my bedroom. Still feeling a little uneasy, I stripped off my jeans and underwear, then pulled the boxers on. It was then that I knew what Jenny meant when she said that I'd like the feeling of the silk. Almost immediately, I began getting hard as my balls and the head of my cock rubbed over the silk. After taking several deep breaths, and forcing myself to think of other things, I left my room wearing only the silk boxers and a t-shirt and stepped back into the hall.

The lights in the living room and kitchen were out and the apartment was quiet. I turned to my right and noticed that Jenny's bedroom door was ajar a few inches. Her light was on, and as I was about to call out to her I noticed her through the partially open door. Her back was to me and she was pulling on a white silk pajama top that was adorned with tiny roses. I recognized it from her having worn it her second night at my parents' place a month or so previously. For one brief tantalizing moment I could see her bare shoulders and the side of her left breast. It hung down a ways, round and firm. I watched for a few seconds as she began buttoning-up the silk top, oblivious to me watching her from the hall.

I quickly turned to face the bathroom door before she caught me spying on her from the hall. "Ready when you are," I said, my cock beginning to stiffen.

A few seconds later Jenny opened her bedroom door and stepped out. The first button of her pajama top was undone, revealing a wedge of soft, tanned skin above her breasts. I stared, following the opening down towards the swell of her mounds. Her hard nipples pushed out at the silk, and images of how they looked flashed in my mind. My cock began to tent my boxers, and Jenny's eyes soon moved down towards

it. She smiled as she looked me over, her eyes lingering on my growing erection for a few moments.

"I told you that you'd like how they felt on you." The glint in Jenny's eyes and was unmistakable as she eyed my hard-on for a few more seconds.

"Ah... yeah... they feel... silky," I stammered, then let out an embarrassed simper.

Jenny giggled, seeming amused by my bashfulness, and took a step closer. "It feels good, doesn't it?" she remarked.

Jenny's lilting voice was as silky as the boxers she had given me, and it made my cock throb once more. I swallowed hard and nodded, feeling my mouth getting dry. "Yeah... it does," I said.

"Thanks again for getting them for me."

Jenny's smile grew wider and her voice softer.

"You're welcome," she said. "Believe me, it was worth it, just to see you wearing them right now."

I felt myself blush and looked away for a moment. Then my eyes moved back up to the outline of her hard, thick nipples pushing out

from her silk top. "I like the effect that the silk has on you too," I said with a brash grin as I leered at her breasts.

Jenny tilted her head down, then her eyes met mine again. "It has a way of making things hard, doesn't it?" she said with a coquettish giggle.

I gave her a bashful nod and a wan smile. "Yeah," I sighed.

"I'll have to get you a few more pairs. Maybe one for every way of the week," Jenny suggested with a grin.

"Oh, that's okay," I told her. "You don't have to do that."

"But if I do, will you wear them?"

"Yeah, sure," I said with a nod.

"Okay. Good then," she said, sounding happy. "I'm going to bed. Sweet dreams, Nick."

"You too. Have a good night," I told her.

I was about to turn and return to my room when Jenny placed her hands on my shoulders and leaned in to me. Her pliant, moist lips met my left cheek and she gave me a lingering kiss. I felt her breasts stroke my chest and her stomach rub over my cock. She lingered for a

moment, pushing harder against my shaft. The sensations of her body and the silk on my cock made me shudder slightly. My hands slid up her sides as I returned her kiss, pressing my mouth to her left cheek. Her skin felt soft and warm on my lips, and I wanted to kiss my way down her neck and chest, to her thick, hard nipples.

"I'm glad you like my gift. You look so sexy in those boxers. Think of me when you wear them," she whispered into my ear. "I'll be thinking of you as I fall asleep." Her hips shifted again and her stomach caressed my cock.

I gave Jenny a surprised look, but before I could summon any words she had turned and gone back in to her room. I stood alone in the hall for a few moments, bewildered and horny, then went to my room.

Normally I have trouble sleeping in a strange place. But from the moment that I got into bed that first night I felt at home. As I lay in bed that night -- that first night in my and Jenny's apartment -- my mind filled with all sorts of images and scenarios as I stroked my cock. I tried to imagine what she was doing on the other side of the bedroom wall that separated us. I wanted her. Craved her. But I didn't just want her physically; I wanted her emotionally as well. That night I became even more determined than ever to make it happen.

###

That Sunday morning when I awoke I was surprised to see that it was almost eight. I had thought that I would sleep later than I had. But not

feeling tired, or wanting to waste the day in bed, I decided to get up. My first plan was to use the bathroom.

When I went out in to the hall I noticed that Jenny's bedroom door was still closed. I assumed that she must be still asleep. My cum from the night before clung to my stomach and left thigh, coating not only me, but the insides of my t-shirt and boxers as well.

Once I finished in the bathroom I decided to have a shower, but my bath towel as still in my room -- either still in a box somewhere, or stuffed in a drawer in my bureau. As I left the bathroom I met Jenny leaving her room. As she pulled her door ajar she turned, seeming surprised to encounter me.

"Oh... good morning," she said, sounding a little startled and sleepy. "Did you have a good sleep?"

"Yeah, I slept great? You?" I replied.

Jenny nodded. Yeah, I did," she said.

I could feel my cock twitch and swell. I grew nervous as a few moments of tense silence followed as I waited for Jenny to enter the bathroom. Then her eyes shifted down to my growing erection pushing out at my boxers and a faint smile formed on her face.

"You're... ah...up early," she quipped. She crossed her arms under her breasts, bringing the silk top she was wearing taut over her firm mounds, accentuating their size and roundness.

"Uh, yeah," I grunted. "I didn't want to waste my time sleeping, so I figured I'd get up and have a shower. But if you need the bathroom, go ahead."

Jenny nodded. "I was just going there, then I'll get dressed and make some breakfast."

I ran my eyes over her once more, smiling.

"There's nothing wrong with what you're wearing now," I told her. "No need to change."

"Oh, Nick, you're incorrigible," she said with a playful shake of her head. "I should have known you'd say something like that."

By now my cock was beginning to throb and push out at my boxers even more. There was no way that Jenny could not notice that I was hard.

"What am I going to do with you" she added, smirking.

Jenny gave me an almost anguished look. "Oh, honey, you know we can't," she droned. The tense silence returned, and she stared over my shoulder for a while, then said "I won't be long in there, then it's all yours."

Jenny brushed by me and closed the bathroom door. I returned to my room and sat on the edge of my bed, clutching my bath towel. I could hear the sound of the shower from the bathroom, then Jenny returning to her room. I couldn't tell if she was really upset with me or not, but it seemed as though she was. I felt very nervous about facing her again. Once I thought I could leave my room without running into her, I crept to the bathroom and had a shower.

By the time I'd finished my shower and got dressed I could smell bacon frying in the kitchen. It made me hungry. I went out to the kitchen and found Jenny sitting at the table having breakfast. She looked up and gave me a smile. She was wearing a thin pink bathrobe, tied tightly around her. I forced my eyes from her chest and turned towards a cupboard and brought out a bowl.

"There's more bacon and eggs if you want some," she said.

"Thanks, but I'll probably just have some cereal," I told her.

I half-filled a bowl with Rice Crispies, sugar and milk and sat down opposite Jenny. I began eating, but the tension was obvious, or at least

it seemed that way to me. After choking down a few spoonfuls of cereal I looked over at her.

"Are you mad at me?" I asked.

She looked up from her plate. "No," she said with surprise. "What makes you think that?"

I sighed. "It's just that earlier... in the hall... I thought maybe I'd crossed some line and offended you, or whatever." I could barely meet her gaze, but I had to clear the air. The last thing I wanted was to have Jenny mad at me.

Jenny got up and went to the sink with her plate and tumbler. She poured hot water over them, then turned towards me, hands braced on the counter in front of the sink. "I'm not mad, Honey," she began. "But you know how I feel. I screwed-up when you were born. Then I did it again once I had the nerve to tell you the truth about who I am to you. I don't want to make that mistake again."

I listened to Jenny's soft voice begin to tremble as she spoke. Once she finished, her lower lip began to quiver. She wiped the heel of her right hand over her eyes and gave me a compunctious look.

"Oh, geez, Jenny... don't cry," I said, almost begging. "And don't ever think that I think you screwed up. You did the best you could in a rotten situation when you were younger. And what's happened since -- that's

as much my fault too -- but it's not like I'll ever regret it, or consider it a mistake."

I got up from my chair and went over to her. She reached out for me as I stepped closer, then held onto my shoulders. She rested her chin on my left shoulder, and ran her hand up my back. As my hand moved over her back, feeling her soft body through her bathrobe, I could feel my cock stiffen. My initial reaction was to shrink away, but Jenny held me tighter, shifting her hips so I could feel my hard shaft pushing against her.

"Doesn't that thing of yours ever relax?" she said with a faint laugh."

"Sorry," I muttered as I eased away from her.

"No, it's okay," she said haltingly, pulling me back to her. "I... I guess you can't always help it."

"Not when I'm around you, I can't." I heard myself let out a nervous laugh and I slid my right hand over Jenny's back.

Jenny giggled and pressed herself tighter against me. After about ten seconds she sighed and said "What are we going to do, Nick?"

I leaned away, looking into her watery eyes. I ran my hand down her back and stopped when I met the curve of her left hip and I held onto it. My cock was as hard as a fence post now, and firmly pressed to her

stomach. She hadn't recoiled, which surprised me. I shifted my hips slightly, rubbing myself against her.

"What do you mean? We're doing it," I said.

"Things are great between us."

Jenny let out a ragged sigh, still clutching me.

"But I feel like we're in limbo. We can't go back to what we were a few weeks ago, and I'm not sure what's going to happen," she said. "I want to try to make up for all those years of lies and not being there for you, as much as I can anyway. But there's all those other feelings -- ones that a mother shouldn't have for her son -- that I struggle with."

I thought about what she had said for a little bit and noticed the pained expression on her face. Now I was beginning to feel responsible for how she felt, but didn't think there was any reason for her to feel so tortured in the first place.

"Maybe we should just accept that what we have is different... special," I concluded. "Rather than fighting it and feeling bad about it."

Jenny gave me a suspicious stare, then smirked as her narrowed eyes locked on mine. "You'll say anything to get me into bed again, won't you?" she taunted.

I winced. Not because she saw through my guile, but because I was being sincere, and genuinely cared about her feelings too. I have her a lop-sided smile and said "Well, not exactly anything. But you know I'm right, Jenny. Maybe us fighting what we feel will be worse on us in the long run, rather than finding a way to deal with it and being honest about it -- not only with ourselves, but each other."

Jenny's eyes darted about and she wiggled her lips as she thought about what I'd said. "I guess I need to be a little more realistic, huh?" she concluded.

"Well, there is this undeniable attraction between us," I told her.

Her smile widened and her eyes shifted down to my erection, then back up. "The only thing I feel between us right now is something besides attraction," she shot back with an impish grin.

I became nervous, but the mischievous look in Jenny's brown eyes thrilled me. My cock throbbed and I pressed it harder against her. "Do you like it?" I asked, somewhat tentatively.

"I guess I don't mind a little... ummm... naughtiness, once in a while. As long as it doesn't go too far."

I tugged at her waist, pulling her tighter against my hard shaft. "How much naughtiness?" I prodded, excited and encouraged by her remark.

"I knew that would be the next question," she said with a laugh.

"Well, it's a fair question," I said.

Jenny shrugged, looking pensive for several seconds. "I don't know," she finally said. "But I'll let you know if you go too far. But don't worry, I won't get mad at you."

I was relieved and encouraged by her words, and gave her a wide smile. "Thanks," I said.

After a few moments Jenny looked over my shoulder at the wall clock behind me. "Okay, now let go," she said. "I have to get dressed and run down to the store for a few things."

Thinking this was a good opportunity for me to be helpful, and show my gratitude for all that Jenny had done for me, I said "What do you need? I'll go for you."

"Just a couple of things," she replied. "I'm almost out of cream for coffee and I wouldn't mind having some Oreos to snack on later."

"No, problem," I said. "I'm glad I can be of some use."

Jenny chuckled and turned to get some money from her purse on the counter. She handed me some money and said "There's a convenience

store on the corner at Montague Street. You can get the stuff there. If you see anything you want, get that too. Thanks, Nick!"

"No problem," I said as I headed for the door.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning and I enjoyed the walk in the sun and fresh air. It also gave me time to think and quell my libido. After reflecting on it while I walked, I realized that I was comfortable and very happy with the new status quo between Jenny and me. I picked up the things at the store that she wanted and bought a bottle of Pepsi for myself. When I returned to the apartment I didn't see Jenny in the kitchen or living room.

"Hey, I'm back," I called out as I put the pop and cream in the fridge, thinking that Jenny must be in her room.

I walked down the hall, and when I came to the bathroom I froze. The door was open and Jenny was kneeling beside the bathtub, scrubbing it. Her iPod was on the edge of the tub and the earbuds in her ears, which is why she wouldn't have heard me when I called to her. She was wearing a white shirt that looked like a man's dress shirt and a pair of denim cutoffs. My cock hardened within seconds as I ran my eyes up her smooth, tanned legs to her curvy ass, barely covered by the denim. Lewd images of kneeling behind her and tugging her shorts down flooded my mind. That's when she turned and saw me standing there. She smiled and pulled the earbuds from her ears.

"Oh, I didn't hear you come in," she said. "I'm listening to James McMurtry. You should check him out. He's a lot better than that Waits guy you listen to."

"I doubt it," I scoffed as I stepped closer to her.

It was then, as Jenny swiveled herself around on the mauve bathmat to face me, that I realized that the top three buttons of her shirt were undone. I stood over her, peering into the open front of her shirt. It was obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra, and I stared at her pendulous mounds, most of which I could see. Now new thoughts and images filled my mind as I looked down at Jenny. She was kneeling less than a yard from me, and I wanted to grab a fistful of her hair and pull her mouth closer as I took my hard cock out of my jeans. My erection began to tent my jeans and I noticed her eyes on it. Her moist lips formed a smile as she stared at my crotch.

"Can I gave you a hand?" I asked, hoping to break the awkward silence.

"No, thanks," Jenny said. "I'm almost done." She raised her eyes, looking up at me as she braced her palms on her bare thighs. "How about you?"

"Huh?" I grunted, cocking my head to one side in puzzlement.

Jenny smiled up at me. "Are you done staring at my tits?" she elaborated with a brassy laugh.

"No," I said. "I could do that all day."

"Well, show's over," Jenny giggled as she stood up. "Sorry, Nick."

As Jenny leaned over and got to her feet her shirt fell away from her and I noticed the heart-shaped tattoo bearing my name that she'd gotten on her left breast. My eyes were drawn to it and I smiled, feeling pleased all over again at the symbol of her love for me that she'd gotten permanently inked on her.

"Your tattoo looks good," I said. "And it means a lot to me that you got it."

Jenny smiled and brushed strands of her hair out of her eyes. She tilted her head down and pulled her shirt aside a ways to uncover her tattoo. She smiled down at it, then back up at me. "Thanks," she said. "Do you really think it looks good?"

Now I could see more of the round mass of her left breast, and noticed that her nipple had stiffened a bit. It pushed out at the white cotton, just a few inches from the row of button holes. I really wanted to slip my hand inside her shirt and feel her, but clenched my fist and took a deep breath instead.

"Yeah, it looks good," I droned, still ogling her partially bare breast.

"Ummm... both," I said with a chuckle.

"More like both tits, you mean," she shot back.

As Jenny laughed I watched her breasts jiggle a bit inside her shirt. Now the outlines of her nipples had become more obvious against the front of the shirt. I fixed my eyes on them as she as she pulled her shirt closed so the cotton grew taut over them.

"I guess it's not only silk that makes some things hard," I commented.

Jenny shot me a twisted smile and took another glance down to the front of my jeans. "I'd say so -- from the looks of you," she teased.

I felt myself blush a bit, but managed a smile. I placed my hands on Jenny's waist and pulled her to me. She giggled a bit as our bodies met, but didn't resist as she braced herself on my hips.

"God, you're beautiful," I breathed as I began to stroke her back, still leering down into her partially open shirt.

"Thank-you," she said, sounding shy.

My cock was still pressed to her stomach and throbbing as I ran my eyes over her. Jenny's cheeks had become flushed and I was about to cop a feel when the buzzer to her apartment sounded.

Jenny lurched away from me as though she'd touched an electric fence and yanked her shirt closed. Her wide eyes met mine for an instant, then she turned towards the hall.

"Shit," she spat out.

"I'll be out in a minute," I said as Jenny left the bathroom to answer the door.

My cock was diamond-hard and I did not want to face whoever was visiting us in that condition. I also had to pee. It took a while for my erection to wither before I could use the bathroom. After washing my hands I took a deep breath and reached for the doorknob, ready to greet whoever had stopped by.

As I turned right and went down the hall I could still feel my heart pounding, then when I took a look to my right in to the living room my pulse sped up even faster. I froze in place as my jaw went slack.

Standing in the living room was my father. He was clutching Jenny tight around her waist and his right hand was inside her shirt, groping her left breast. My cock grew rock-hard again as I watched the scene, then I became filled with all sorts of unhealthy thoughts. Jenny's hands were on his sides and she was softly giggling, apparently not bothered

by her brother fondling her. Then from the corner of her eye she noticed me. She pushed him away and began buttoning her shirt.

I stepped back and waited a few more seconds before entering the living room. "Hey, Dad," I said, trying to sound cheerful. "How's it going?" I noticed Jenny shrink back towards the couch. She pulled her shirt tight around her and folded her arms over her waist, staring at the floor.

"Uh, not bad," Dad stammered, seeming flustered. His cheeks were rosy and his eyes were narrow slits, like a snake's. They shifted about as he spoke. "Your mother found some clothes of yours in a basket in the laundry room, so I decided to come over to drop them off."

Dad gestured with his chin towards the coffee table. I turned and saw a plastic shopping bag sitting there beside the remote control. I picked it up and looked in it. There were a few t-shirts, underwear and a pair of jeans inside.

"Thanks, Dad," I said and dropped the bag down again where it had been.

"You're welcome." Dad abruptly looked down at his watch and shifted about as though he had to pee, then said "I should be getting back. I just wanted to drop those things off. I think your mother wants the car to go to some yard sales later."

Jenny and I followed Dad to the door. She seemed dour and sheepish as she saw him off. I also noticed that only the very top button of her shirt was undone now. Then she closed the door and turned to me with a guilty look on her face. She leaned back against the door, arms folded behind her.

"I didn't encourage him, or lead him on, if that's what you're thinking," she said defensively.

"I never said that," I replied, trying to hide my true feelings.

"You didn't have to," she shot back. "The look in your eyes says it."

"Did you like getting felt-up by dad?" I asked, waiting for her reaction, yet dreading it.

"No," she said without hesitation. "I was scared that you were going to walk in on us. That would have been so embarrassing and uncomfortable -- for all of us."

"But -- if it weren't for you being afraid of me catching you guys..." I began.

"Stop it, Nick," she snapped as she cut off my words. Anger flared in her eyes as they met mine.

Jenny seemed nervous -- maybe even conflicted. And although I couldn't admit it outright, catching Dad feeling her up, and her not seeming to mind it a whole hell of a lot, made me quite jealous and more than a little pissed-off.

I slid my hand down her left hip, over her cut-offs, until I was stroking the side of her bare thigh. Jenny was holding me by my waist now, seeming more relaxed. Her skin was soft and smooth, but I wasn't content to just feel her upper thigh.

Pressing myself against her chest, I kissed Jenny's right cheek. "I love you," I whispered into her ear. I could feel my cock harden and I pushed it against her and began to move my hips. Her hair smelled like flowers and I closed my eyes, drawing in a deep breath.

Jenny sighed as she slid her hands up my back to hold me to her. "You're not making this easy on me, Nick," she said, bathing my neck with her hot breath.

"It's not easy on me either," I said, trying not to sound angry or too hurt. "I love you, Jenny." I stared at the door behind her as my mind filled with all sorts of thoughts and worries.

"I love you too," she replied. Then, as though Jenny sensed my mental turmoil, she looked into my eyes and gave me a dim smile. "You're jealous of Rich, aren't you?" she asked in almost a whisper, sounding fearful of my answer.

"No," I said, although I knew I sounded unconvincing.

Jenny slipped from my embrace and took me by my left hand. "Come here," she said. "Let's talk."

She lead me over to the couch and guided me down beside her, still holding my hand. Her eyes never left mine, and when she spoke her voice was reassuring and loving. "I love you, Nick," she began. "I'm sorry if what you saw upset you, but I hope you know that I never wanted it to happen. No more than you did."

"You sure didn't seem to mind it though, judging from what I saw," I said as I shot her a accusatory glare.

Jenny sighed and tightened her mouth. "He's my brother, Nick. It's not like some guy on the street just walked up to me and grabbed me. And that wasn't the first time that Rich has done that either -- you know that. No, I didn't get mad at him, but that was mostly because I didn't want an ugly scene between you and him. Look at how you're reacting to this. Imagine if you had've confronted him about it..."

I avoided Jenny's pleading eyes while I thought it over. Logic and reason told me that she was right, but I was still wrestling with feelings I wasn't proud of. When I felt her give my hand another squeeze I looked up again. She had tucked her bottom lip in and seemed apprehensive.

"I'm not. I love you," I replied, trying to mask all the other emotions I was feeling.

"Oh, Nick, I love you too," she gushed.

Jenny practically threw her arms around my neck and fell against me, clutching me to her. I felt her hands run over my back and her chin resting on my shoulder. I held her, feeling her soft, warm body pressed to me. Her breasts felt firm and round on my chest, and it wasn't long before my erection returned.

"You know, I don't think Rich's real reason for coming over was to drop off those clothes for you," Jenny surmised. "I think he was just hoping to catch me alone, so he could steal some cheap thrills." She giggled and squirmed a bit, rubbing herself against me and holding me tighter.

"I know. I was thinking the same thing," I agreed.

A comfortable silence soon enveloped us. My cock was throbbing and I wondered if Jenny had glanced down at the bulge in my jeans. I slid my hand around and up her side. I cupped her left breast, pushing it up and giving it a hard squeeze. It was firm, and I gave up trying to hold all of it in my palm after a few moments. Soon her nipple stiffened, growing thick and hard as it poked against my fingers. I rubbed my thumb around it in a circle, then pinched it through her shirt. I felt her shudder a bit and let out a sigh. Then she leaned back and looked into

my eyes. Hers were half-closed and looked serene, but she was frowning.

"Nick... you know you're not allowed to do that anymore," she said. Her tone was soft, almost sympathetic as she spoke. She took my hand in hers and eased it off of her breast, still holding it once it lay at my side.

"If Dad can, why can't I?" I demanded.

"He's not allowed to either," she said. "He just does it without asking, 'cause he knows what my answer will be."

"You've got perfect breasts," I said, not taking my eyes from them.

Despite her misgivings, Jenny let out a modest chuckle at my compliment. "Thanks," she said in almost a hush as she lowered her eyes briefly. Then she looked up and said "Nick... can you hold me, please. I mean... just hold me, without us messing around...?"

Jenny's request made me feel a little guilty, but it also pleased me very much to know that she wanted an emotional attachment between us, and craved tenderness as much as I did. "Of course," I said as I wrapped my arms around her.

back, then ran the backs of my fingernails down her spine. She shuddered, then looked up at me with a grin.

"Do you have an instruction book for what turns me on, or something?" she joked.

"No... I guess it's a sixth sense," I said. "But I'm glad you like it."

Jenny let out a soft moan, shifting her hips. Within a half hour she had dozed off. I didn't notice at first as I stared out the patio doors on to the balcony and buildings in the distance, rising up against the blue sky. Then when I heard the change in her breathing I looked down and saw that she was asleep. Not wanting to wake her, I remained still, just holding her and feeling the persistent throbbing of my cock as I stared at her cleavage. A little while later she moved against me, sliding to my right, and opened her eyes. She gave me a bleary-eyed look and smiled.

"I guess I nodded-off," she said, sounding sleepy.

"Yeah, for a while," I told her. I hugged her tighter and kissed her cheek.

"Okay, now let me go, Nick. I have to go pee," she said after a little while.

I watched as Jenny stood up, then went down the hall to the bathroom. She returned a little while later and stood beside the couch. "Are you getting hungry?" she asked.

I thought for a moment. "Now that you mention it -- yeah," I said.

"Good. So am I. What do you feel like having?" she asked.

A smile crept over my face and she rolled her eyes. "Stop it," she said with a laugh. "I'm not on the menu. Pick something else."

"Then in that case, it doesn't matter," I told her.

Jenny and I made spaghetti for supper that night. It was delicious, and once we had finished the dishes we returned to the living room to watch television until bedtime. It was another wonderful evening spent with her, and it left me happy and horny.

###

As we were having breakfast Monday morning Jenny asked if I wanted to go to the mall with her. I think she already knew that I would accept, and her question was perfunctory.

"I don't really need anything," she said. "But I thought that since it's such a nice day it would be fun to get out for a while. I'd like to wander through a book store, and maybe shop for some CDs."

"That sounds like fun," I said, although anything involving Jenny was fun.

Jenny was wearing a knee-length jade-coloured skirt and a white blouse with a green floral pattern. Neither was especially tight on her, or revealing, but she still looked incredibly sexy walking about the mall. Her hair flowed over her shoulders and her breasts gave a slight, yet noticeable bounce as she strode about. Several times she caught my eyes on her and gave me a sultry smile as we walked.

By the time we returned to the apartment it was late afternoon. I was surprised that Jenny spent as much time as she did at the mall, considering how few things she bought. But she seemed to enjoy browsing through stores and looking at things. We got sandwiches at the food court for lunch, but I was hungry again by the time we got back.

"I'm sorry, but I don't really feel like cooking supper tonight," Jenny said with a sigh as she slumped down on the couch. "Let's order pizza. I'm buying."

"That sounds great. Thanks!" I said.

Jenny searched the phone book for a pizza place. It didn't take long for her to find one and she ordered a large with everything on it. While we waited for the pizza to be delivered we sat on the couch, watching TV.

"They said it would be a half hour for the pizza to get here," she told me.

"They always say that," I replied. "But it's always more like forty-five minutes."

Jenny nodded, staring at the TV. After a few minutes she kicked her sandals off and tucked her feet under her, then leaned against me, resting on her left hip, facing the TV. I draped my right arm over her, and kissed the top of her head.

"I love you," I told her.

"I love you too," she said.

My right hand was resting lightly on Jenny's midriff, just a few inches below her right breast. A devious smile creep over my face as I eased my fingers higher over Jenny's body. I pressed my fingertips very lightly to the underside of her firm breast and began to slowly stroke it through her blouse. I watched her, waiting for a reaction. Surprised at getting none, I continued to run my fingers over her round orb ever-so-lightly until I noticed her nipple pushing out at the cotton covering it. I eased my fingers up, tracing a tight circle around her hard nub, noticing it grow thicker and longer. After almost thirty seconds I heard Jenny let out a faint moan.

"But..." I replied, still caressing her nipple.

"But I know you'd only try it again in a little while." Jenny giggled and shifted her hips slightly, as though she was beginning to relax and enjoy what I was doing.

"And besides, it feels good, doesn't it?" I added.

"I refuse to confirm or deny that," she said and laughed.

Jenny and I remained like that for the next half hour or so. Neither of us spoke as I continued to lightly stroke her breast. I suppose that saying anything would have been openly acknowledging that our relationship was slowly drifting back towards the forbidden. It seemed obvious to me that Jenny was comfortable with it, even if she was uncomfortable discussing it, so I was happy with things as they were.

When the buzzer to the door sounded Jenny groaned and sat up. She stretched her back and brushed her hair back, then twisted around to face me.

"That must be the pizza guy," she said. "How do I look?"

I ran my eyes up and down her, smiling as I looked her over. Her eyes looked murky and her cheeks were pink with arousal. "Wanton," I said, as I focused on her hard nipples pushing out at her blouse. I wanted to

forget about the pizza and push her down on the couch and make love to her.

Jenny frowned as she looked down and pushed her hair aside again. "Can you go pay him?" she asked, sounding anxious. "There's money in my purse on the counter."

I got up and paid for the pizza, then kicked the door closed behind me with my heel. "Where do you want to eat?" I called out from the kitchen.

"Bring it in here," Jenny said.

I went in and placed the pizza on the coffee table, then returned to the kitchen to get the bottle of Pepsi I'd bought and two tumblers for us. Jenny had already opened the pizza box and was munching on a slice as I sat down and filled our tumblers with pop.

"Thanks for the pizza. I haven't had it in ages," I said as I pulled at a slice.

"You're welcome," she replied.

We ate in near silence, and quickly. It seemed as though Jenny was as hungry as I was. I glanced at her occasionally, sitting beside me on the edge of the couch, and she gave me sideways smiles. It was as though we now had an unspoken understanding, and she was enjoying the sexual tension between us now, rather than being uneasy about it. Still,

I reminded myself to not be greedy. If I pushed things too far too soon Jenny would probably balk and redefine her boundaries.

Once we had finished eating there was still enough pizza left for us to each have a snack later. I brought it and the Pepsi back to the kitchen and put them in the fridge. When I returned to the living room Jenny was sitting back on the couch. My eyes moved up to her smiling face as she turned her head towards me.

"That was so good -- thanks again!" I said as I sat down beside her.

"You're more than welcome," Jenny said.

She picked up the remote and began searching the channels. After close to a minute she sighed, leaving the TV on CNN. She tossed the remote down between us, frowning. "There's nothing but crap on," she lamented.

"Yeah," I groaned in agreement.

After a few minutes Jenny lept to her feet. "Oh -- I forgot!" she exclaimed as she dashed to the kitchen.

"What?" I asked, surprised by her sudden outburst and curious.

She returned to the couch a few minutes later with a glass of Pepsi and the cookies and sat down. "Want some?" she asked, tilting the box towards me.

"No, thanks," I said with a shake of my head.

"I'm still full from that pizza."

Jenny crossed her legs and sat there to my right, munching cookies and watching television. My eyes darted towards her a few minutes later. It was then that I noticed that another button on her blouse was unbuttoned. My cock reacted instantly when I saw the gap in her shirt that went down between her cleavage.

I turned to her and said "Did you... ah, loose a button while you were getting your cookies?"

Jenny giggled as she looked over at me. "I was wondering when you'd notice," she said, watching me ogle her.

I met her curious eyes again and gave her a look of surprise. "You were?" I said.

Jenny leaned forward and placed the cookies and her tumbler of pop on the coffee table. She paused, then turned around on the couch to face me, tucking her left leg under her right.

My eyes never left her as she moved. Once she was facing me I had a better view of the opening in her blouse. I could see a bit of her round cleavage and I stared at it for a few seconds before my eyes moved up again.

Jenny stared at her lap for a few moments, seeming nervous, then she slowly lifted her eyes. "If I tell you something, do you promise to not get mad at me," she said in a meek voice.

"Ah... okay," said, growing curious.

Jenny drew in a deep breath, seeming to steel herself. "Well... ah, what I wanted to tell you was that sometimes I... kind of like teasing you a little, Nick," Jenny said in a halting voice. Once she finished she tightened her mouth and her eyes shifted about, seeming to avoid mine.

I let out a sharp, curt laugh. Jenny's admission excited me a lot, and made me realize that she and I weren't so far apart emotionally after all. It didn't surprise me too much, but signaled a turning point in our relationship, if she was willing to admit something like this openly.

I sat up straighter and slid a little closer to her on the couch. "Tease me... how?" I asked as I searched-out her eyes, eager for her to elaborate.

walked in. But I guess that's no surprise. I feel like being a little bad sometimes, and showing off to you a bit. It makes me feel sexy." Her eyes met mine and she gave me a faint smile as her eyes brightened.

"You minx!" I exclaimed with a short burst of laughter, unable to appear blasé.

"So, you're not mad?" she asked tentatively.

I shook my head. "No, of course not," I told her. "Hell, you teasing me at least means I get to see you."

Jenny gave me a relieved smile, then softly laughed. "Thanks, Nick. I know this has been a really rough time for you," she said, sounding more confident. "And I feel that it's only fair that I'm honest with you - especially since I made these rules for you before you moved in. Maybe that wasn't so realistic of me after all. I realized that if we're going to have any chance of a relationship of some kind, I'm going to be perfectly honest about it all, with you and myself too. The truth is that I do enjoy being a little naughty with you. I just hope you're not mad at me for being a tease. It makes me feel sexy and naughty." Once she had finished she gave me a hopeful smile, waiting for me to reply.

"No -- I'm not mad at all. I like it too," I said. "But I guess you already know that."

299 Jenny's candor had bolstered my hopes for us being lovers once more and stoked my libido. I could feel my cock twitch and begin to harden.

My eyes returned to her upper chest and cleavage, then down to the curves of her breasts pushing out at it.

Jenny slid closer to me and took my right hand in hers. She gave it a squeeze as she smiled into my eyes. "Yeah, well... that's not all," she began. "Remember the other night when you were going to show me how your new boxers looked on you..."

"Yeah," I interjected, still a little curious.

"Well... I kind of knew you were in the hall, watching, when I was putting my top on." She paused and gave me a sly smile. "I felt like letting you have a little look."

"Thanks," I said with a laugh.

Jenny smiled, seeming relieved. "I'm glad you understand, and that you're okay with it," she said.

"I'm more than okay with it," I assured her. "I love you. You can tease me all you want, as long as I get to leer at you."

She didn't say anything for several seconds as she grew pensive. "It's just that I realized that you're going to do it anyway," she said, then the right corner of her mouth turned up. "So I may as well have some fun with it too." She shrugged and rolled her eyes self-consciously. "But, to tell you the truth, I guess I find this safe... this teasing and flirting."

"Have all the fun you want," I told her.

"Thanks, Nick! I was so scared that you were going to be mad at me and think that I was just jerking you around, or trying to manipulate you."

Jenny raised up on her knees and wrapped her arms around my neck. I returned her embrace, pressing my left hand to the small of her back as my right one ran up her spine. I heard her let out a soft moan as her hand slid down my back. I held her tighter, pressing my hard cock to her.

"I'm just kind of scared though." Jenny's voice turned soft and dour as she spoke.

"Scared -- of what?" I asked, jerking my head back a bit in surprise.

Jenny sighed. "Of what happens when you're not satisfied with this... with us just flirting and teasing -- and you want more," she said,

I thought about what she had said for a moment, then said "Well, what happens when you're not satisfied with it?"

Jenny laughed, then let out a sigh. She clutched me tighter to her, resting her chin on my right shoulder. "I don't know," she whispered into my ear, sounding worried.

I kissed her cheek and caressed her back, trying to comfort and reassure her. "Don't worry, we'll figure it out as we go," I assured her. "Till then, let's just enjoy it."

"How'd you get to be so wise?" she asked.

"I'm not," I said. "I'm just pragmatic."

"And horny," she retorted as she shifted her hips, rubbing herself against my erection.

I gave a nervous laugh. "Well, I hope I'm not the only one who is," I said.

Jenny leaned back slightly and gave me an enticing look, then she gave my cheek a kiss as her fingers ran through my hair. "You never will be, as long as I'm around you," she said as her hot breath caressed my neck.

After a little while Jenny slipped her arms from around me and sank back into the couch. She ran her fingertips along my right arm, smiling up at me. I put my arm around her shoulders and pulled her to me. She settled against my chest, running her hand over my stomach, staring down at my crotch. We remained there on the couch for well over an hour, holding one another, perfectly content with the silence and love we shared.

Jenny didn't say anything more about what happened that day or our conversation, but I later looked back on it as a turning point in our relationship. Although it occurred to me that she had neglected to state the obvious: that our relationship was slowly, yet definitely, drifting back to the sort that was strictly taboo. I welcomed this, and it seemed as though she did as well. Even if she couldn't openly admit it.

###

My first week living with Jenny took very little getting used to. Perhaps the only drawback (if I could even call it that) was that I was horny nearly all of the time. Being around Jenny and watching her move around the apartment, even doing the most mundane of things, was such a turn-on. Every night I stroked my cock, while lewd thoughts of her filled my mind.

After our frank discussion on Monday, I noticed that she seemed a little more bold with her flirtatiousness and teasing. There were a couple of days that it was obvious that she was not wearing a bra, judging by the way her unfettered breasts moved freely beneath her blouse, or how they looked when she wore a tight tank top. With the exception of a few sly sideways glances and smirks exchanged between us, nothing was said of this. It was as though openly acknowledging it would have broken the spell, or somehow diminished the magic that our relationship had.

It wasn't long before Jenny and I had already gotten into a comfortable routine, even though I had not been even living with her for a full week yet. We would have breakfast together, and a light lunch later on. When supertime arrived I would help her prepare our meal, then we would

spend the evening together on the couch watching television and talking. By Thursday it seemed, to me at least, that we almost began to take on the characteristics of a couple, and our emotional bond became stronger.

I slept-in late again that Saturday morning, after having watched TV for a few hours after Jenny went to bed. Once I'd showered and gotten dressed I went out in to the kitchen. Jenny smiled at me as I walked in. She was standing at the table, upon which was a white plastic laundry basket, filled with clothes and sheets.

"Good morning," she said as she folded a tank top. "Have a good sleep?"

"Yeah, I did, but I got too much," I told her.

"Well, you must have needed it," she said. "I was up early and went downstairs to the laundry room to wash some stuff."

"I see." My eyes wandered back to the laundry basket on the table and locked on a pair of black lace boy shorts. My cock twitched and began to harden as I imagined how Jenny would look wearing them. "Mmmm... these are sexy," I said in a monotone as I pulled them from the basket to examine them.

Jenny glanced up from the pullover she was folding and smiled, either amused by my interest in her underwear, or pleased that I found them sexy. "I have a bra that matches them," she said, obviously trying to provoke me. It worked.

I dropped her underwear back in the basket atop a white sheet and smiled at her. "I'd love to see you wearing that," I told her.

"Well, you have," she said, goading me. "But you just didn't see it -- if you know what I mean."

Jenny was wearing navy blue shorts and a charcoal tank top with a scoop neck. It was definitely the tightest top I'd seen her wear since I'd moved in, perhaps ever. I sidled closer to her, looking down the front of her tank top at her cleavage. I was rock hard and tempted to reach down and rub my cock through my jeans.

"Well, it sure looks like you're wearing a bra today," I said.

When Jenny didn't reply I hooked my finger in the neckline of her top, between her breasts, and tugged it away from her body. I looked inside and felt my pulse quicken when I saw the silky white bra she was wearing. It seemed to barely contain her full, round breasts. I noticed the faint outline of her left nipple, making a lump in the material covering it. Jenny's arms went limp, and her hands fell to the table, still holding a tank top. She made no attempt to stop me as I peered down the front of her top, which surprised me.

"Mmmm... sexy bra," I said, almost moaning. "Do your panties match?" I raised my eyes to hers, still holding the front of her tank top.

Jenny gave me a sly grin and her eyes brightened. "Can't a girl have a few secrets?" she taunted. "And that's enough peeking. I have to put these things away." Jenny pushed my hand away and began placing the folded laundry in the basket. She hoisted it from the table and walked towards her room.

Although I was very horny by then, I was also hungry. I made toast and spread some strawberry jam on it, then sat at the table to have that with some peach juice for breakfast. Jenny returned a little while later and poured herself another mug of coffee. She leaned against the kitchen counter, watching me devour my fourth slice of toast.

"I'll be out on the balcony if you want to join me after you've finished," she said.

"Okay, I'll be out in a minute," I told her.

I ate quickly, eager to join Jenny. When I stepped out on to the balcony she was leaning back in a chair and turned her head towards me when she heard me approach. "It's beautiful out here today," she said.

"Yeah," I said.

Jenny took a sip from the mug in her hand and turned back towards the skyline. I stepped up behind her and looked down. From my vantage point I had a near perfect view down at her cleavage. My cock stiffened as I admired the tops of her round breasts with the sunlight shining on them. Jenny's left shoulder was inches from my hard shaft

and I was tempted to rub it against her, but didn't want to do anything to interrupt my leering. After several seconds she craned her head up and looked at me.

"Aren't you going to sit down" she asked.

"I...ah... kinda like the view I'm getting here," I said with a bold grin.

Jenny chuckled, then her eyes ran down my body, stopping when she met the front of my jeans. Her mouth was less than a foot away and it took every bit of resolve I had to remain calm.

"It looks like you're taking in the view too," I said with a foxy smile.

Jenny licked her lips suggestively as she stared blatantly at the bulge in my jeans. Then she smiled up at me. "I... I don't know if I could take it all in," she said, her voice suddenly thick with desire.

I ran the fingertips of my right hand along her smooth jaw and around to the nape of her neck. I pressed on it gently, stroking and trying to coax her forward. I felt her body relax as she licked her lips again, staring down towards my hard shaft.

After several tense seconds she raised her eyes to mine and said "I'm sorry, Honey... no."

I nodded and bent down to kiss her left cheek. Jenny held on to my left shoulder and pressed her moist lips to my right cheek as we embraced. "I love you, Honey," she said. "I guess I'm just still sorting out my feelings."

I straightened my back and looked down at her. "I know... I understand," I told her. "I love you too."

Still smiling up at me, she said "Now have a seat and keep me company."

Jenny and I stayed out on the balcony till late afternoon, except for a quick trip inside to make some grilled cheese sandwiches for lunch. The weather was beautiful, and we eventually fell into a conversation about movies, then music. It was relaxed and carefree, and totally devoid of innuendo or sexual tension. I enjoyed it very much, and she seemed to as well. After an hour or so it dawned on me that she and I had actually become friends, in addition to whatever else we might be to one another. This realization filled me with happiness and the smile never left my face for quite some time as we talked.

Around four-thirty Jenny looked at her watch, then me. "Are you getting hungry?" she asked.

"Yeah, a little," I said.

"Sounds great," I said as I got up from my chair.

I followed Jenny to the kitchen. From the cupboard beneath the sink she brought out some potatoes and onions. She handed me a pot and a plate and asked me to peel and dice them up while she prepared the pork chops. It wasn't long before the food was ready and we were sitting at opposite ends of the table, eating. By then I was more hungry than horny and I ate quickly.

By the time that Jenny was done eating I was just finishing the last few bites. I picked up my plate and utensils and joined her by the sink, placing the plate on the counter to her left.

"I'll dry the dishes if you wash," I said.

"Thanks," Jenny said, turning briefly towards me with a grateful smile.

I stepped behind Jenny on my way to the other side of the sink, then stopped. She was running water and not paying attention to me, so I gently pressed the tips of two fingers to the back of her neck and began to gently caress her there. She froze, bracing her hands on the edge of the counter. I heard her give a faint gasp.

"I thought you were going to dry for me," she said peevishly.

"I will," I told her. "But I thought I'd see if I can make you wet first."

Jenny chuckled, probably despite wanting to encourage me further in any way, then took a deep breath. "Nick, come on, let's get these dishes done," she snapped.

I pressed my crotch to her ass, grinding my hard shaft against her. "Isn't this more fun than doing dishes?" I asked, my mouth inches from her left ear.

"I've got to get these done. So either help me, or leave me alone, Nick." Her voice took on a harshness that I'd never heard before as she looked over her shoulder, glaring at me.

Feeling shamed, I went to the other side of the sink and began drying the dishes that were in the rack. Neither of us spoke while we did the dishes. I wanted to apologize, and knew I should have, but I didn't dare say anything for fear of setting Jenny off again. Once the dishes were finished I was relieved. Jenny had not said a word and the tension between us was almost unbearable.

"I'm going to go watch some TV." Jenny was drying her hands on a towel as the water drained from the sink. Once she was finished she tossed the towel on the counter and left the kitchen.

I stood there for a few moments, feeling dumbfounded and searching for something to say. Finally I said "Okay. I'll be in my room, checking my email and surfing the 'net."

I stayed in my room for the rest of the evening, listening to the sound of the television in the living room and hoping in vain that Jenny would walk in my room and say something to smooth things over. Then shortly before eleven I heard the apartment go silent. A few minutes later Jenny stuck her head in the door way to my room. I was both happy and nervous as I looked up at her.

"I'm going to bed," she said, her voice clipped. "I already turned everything out in the living room. Have a good night."

Yeah... you too," I muttered, but she'd already gone.

###

I woke up on Sunday just before eight to the sound of the shower coming from the bathroom across the hall. My first thought was of Jenny, naked and wet, running her soapy hands over her curves and valleys. Then I grew disheartened as I recalled how tense things had been between us the previous night. I stared at the ceiling while I waited for her to finish in the bathroom and return to her room.

Once the shower stopped running and I heard Jenny's bedroom door close I got up and went to have a shower. I stayed in there longer than usual because the thought of joining her in the kitchen for breakfast filled me with dread. Once the water began to grow tepid I shut it off and dried myself off, ready to slink back to my room. I wrapped a towel around my waist and left the bathroom.

When I stepped in to the hall I noticed that Jenny's bedroom door was open a ways. I kept my head down and walked towards my room. Then I heard her call my name. I froze, feeling hopeful, yet quite apprehensive.

"Nick, can you come in here, please?" she said.

I stepped in to the doorway of her room. Jenny was sitting on the edge of the bed, wearing the same pink bathrobe she'd worn the previous mornings during breakfast. It gaped slightly at the top, revealing a bit of her upper chest, and indicating that she was naked beneath it. Her hair was still damp and hung down over her shoulders. She was sitting with her hands folded on her lap and fumbling with a ring on her right hand. She looked up at me, expressionless and dour.

"Nick... I'm sorry for losing my temper with you last night," she said in a meek tone, looking sheepish.

"It's okay," I said with an awkward smile.

Jenny smiled a bit, seeming relieved. "It's just that I guess I got kind of frightened," she said. "But I suppose I can't get mad at you for always being horny. You get it from me afterall, and I know I encourage it." Jenny gave a self-conscious shrug and a twisted grin.

I forced a smile, then suddenly felt quite nervous, standing there with just a towel around me. I tugged at it, drawing it tighter about my stomach as Jenny's eyes ran down my half-naked body. "Yeah... I guess.

But I'm the one who should apologize. I took things too far. I'm sorry, Jenny," I said. "I know you still have a line that you're not willing for us to cross."

Jenny hunched her shoulders dismissively and gave me an enigmatic grin. "Well, I did some thinking about that after I went to bed... actually, I've been doing a lot of thinking about it the past few days."

"Oh...?" I said, now curious and excited.

Jenny got up from the bed, smiling as she approached me. My heart sped up slightly with each step she took, and I forced my eyes to remain on hers. She stopped when our bodies were almost touching and took a quick look down at the towel around me. Then she placed her hands on my hips, pulling me to her. I could feel my hard cock brush over her and my muscles tensed as a wave of pleasure coursed through me.

"I feel bad," she said, sounding genuinely sad.

I knit my brow, confused by her remark. "Why? About what?" I asked.

"Because I've made rules for us out of fear of the consequences, and now I can see the torment you're in because of it." Jenny's mournful eyes met mine as her hand slid up my bare back.

Instead of replying at first, Jenny enveloped me in her tender embrace. I felt her firm breasts against my chest, then her stomach pressing against my hard shaft. It twitched as our bodies met and I felt her push harder to meet it and bring it to it's full size. Her fingertips stroked my back as her hips began to gently sway, causing her stomach to grind against my hard cock. I wrapped my arms around her, hugging her tight as my cock throbbed against her soft, undulating body.

"Just relax, Honey. Enjoy it," she breathed into my ear. "Does that feel good?"

"Yeah... wonderful," I groaned as I leaned into her more, feeling her damp hair rub over my right cheek.

I heard Jenny let out a low moan. She ran her hand down to the small of my back and pressed on it, urging me to push myself harder against her. I ran my right hand down to her ass and stroked it, then grabbed it hard. Holding her tighter, I began to hump against her with more force, feeling my cock move about and poke into her stomach as I thrust my hips.

"I love you, Honey," she said looking into my eyes lovingly. Her cheeks had the blush of arousal and her voice was thick with desire.

"I love you too, Mom," I breathed as I kissed her rosy cheek.

"Maybe I'm not like other mothers," she said, then gave a throaty laugh. "Hell, maybe I'm not like any other mother out there at all. But I do love you, Honey. And... I guess I have to stop worrying about what other people will think, or whether us becoming closer again will tear us apart."

I gave Jenny a pleased smile, even though her decision surprised me. "You're right," I told her. "I love you more than anyone. Can you ever imagine a time when you would not want me in your life?"

Jenny seemed taken aback by my question, but immediately said "No - of course not!"

"Well, then you know how I feel about you," I said. "Sure, we may argue sometimes, or have misunderstandings, but we'll work it out, because we love one another. Even if our relationship is unconventional."

I ran my hand up Jenny's side and cupped her left breast. When I gave it a hard squeeze, then pinched her swollen nipple through her robe, she moaned. I wrapped my left arm tighter around her and continued to grind my cock over her as I kneaded her firm breast.

Jenny leaned away from me a ways and quickly tugged at the left side of her robe, uncovering her breast. It shook a bit as the material rubbed over it, and I stared down at her hard, thick nipple protruding from her heavy mound.

"Come here, Baby," Jenny said as she cupped the back of my head, guiding me down to her breast. "Is that what you want?"

My only reply was a deep moan as I grabbed her mound again and wrapped my wet lips around the nipple. I teased it to it's full thickness, sucking hard and tugging at it with my lips, making her moan louder as she stroked the back of my head.

After close to a minute Jenny pulled away from me. I looked up at her, disappointed that she seemed to have brought our fun to an end. Then she took me by the hand, and walking backwards, guided me to her bed.

Jenny sat down on the edge of the bed and pulled me closer, until I was standing between her open thighs. I looked down at her left breast, still bare, then pulled at the right side of her robe to uncover her other one.

"There, that's better," I said as I reached out and began pinching her coppery nipples and tugging at them.

Jenny moaned softly and began tugging at the belt to her robe. She untied it, then pulled her robe open wide. "Yesterday, on the balcony... you nearly had me," she said, almost in a murmur as she looked up at me.

I ran my eyes up and down Jenny's beautiful body, from her heavy, pendulous breasts to the dark strip of hair running down to her pouty, glistening lips. "What?" I asked, looking into her sultry eyes again.

"When you were standing beside my chair on the balcony... like you are now," she said. "I was so tempted to just let it happen."

"Oh," I grunted, feeling my cock twitch at the thought.

"What did you want me to do to you?" Jenny asked as she looked up at me, rubbing the sides of my legs.

"I think you know..." I said, suddenly too shy to say it aloud.

Jenny slid her hand under my towel and caressed the inside of my right thigh. My cock throbbed harder and I felt a patina of sweat on my palms. "Say it, Nick," she said, almost begging.

"Suck me," I told her.

"Again," she repeated as the back of her hand grazed the head of my cock inside my towel.

"Suck me, Mom," I said, only louder and with more force.

Jenny eagerly tugged at my towel until it unwrapped from my waist and fell to my feet. The air on my bare cock felt good. It twitched and swelled a bit more and rose until it was pointing towards her wide eyes.

"Mmmm... you have suck a beautiful cock," Jenny sighed. She held my balls in her fingers for a moment, then glided her palm up along the underside of my shaft. Her fingers curled around it and she ran her fist down to the base where she gripped it firmly.

I felt a little light-headed as I watched Jenny fondle me and rested my hands on her shoulders as she leaned closer.

Jenny opened her mouth wide and sank down on my cock, making a faint gulping sound as she did. Once my shaft was nearly all the way inside her mouth she wrapped her wet lips around it tight and took the last inch or so, until her nose was buried in the hair at the base. Her throat tightened around the head and she held me there for a few moments, then slid her lips back up my shaft. She pulled off of me with a loud smack, then gasped for air.

"Wow," I said, "Where did you learn to do that?"

Jenny gave me a smug grin. "I've had a little practice," she said. "Did it feel good?"

"Yeah, I've never felt anything like that before," I moaned.

"Want to feel it again?" she asked with a tempting smile.

hips. My hands went to her head and my fingers raked through her hair. I held onto her and began thrusting my hips, pumping my cock in and out of her warm, wet mouth. Jenny grew still, just holding my hips lightly and letting me slide in and out of her mouth. After a minute or so she took the base of my cock in her hand and pulled her mouth away. She looked up at me and wiped her chin as she smiled.

"Mmmm...I could let you fuck my mouth all day, but I know where we really want that nice cock of yours to be," she said.

Jenny slid back on the bed till she was sitting in the middle of it. She shrugged her robe off, letting it slide down her arms and fall to the bed around her. Then she held her hands out, reaching for me. "Come here, Honey," she said.

I climbed up on to the bed and knelt between Jenny's open, bent thighs. I ran my eyes up them to her mound and glistening lips. My cock twitched in anticipation as I placed my hands on her knees and moved closer. I slid my hand up her left thigh and took the base of my shaft in my other hand. Holding it, I ran the head up her wet lips to her clit. I pressed down on her button and thrust my hips.

"Oh fuck," Jenny gasped as I pressed my cock to her. "Oh god, Nick...yeah... rub your thick cock over my clit. That feels so good, Honey," she moaned, clutching the bedspread beneath her.

When I gave her pink pearl a slap with the head of my cock she jumped and let out a louder moan through clenched teeth, then arched her

back, thrusting her breasts upwards. "Oh god... don't tease me, Baby," she begged.

I lowered myself on her, pressing the length of my cock along her wet pussy. I looked into her half-closed eyes and said "What do you want me to do, Mom?"

"God... fuck me, Honey," she said. "Fuck my juicy pussy."

When I slid into Jenny I felt her grip me tight as she let out another moan. She dug her heels into the backs of my legs and clutched my arms. I began moving my hips, shoving my cock deeper in her and making her rock beneath me. Her breasts shook and I grabbed her left one, pressing down and squeezing it as I worked my glistening shaft in and out of her tight pussy. I looked down, watching my meat piston in and out of her and feeling my balls knock against her.

"Fuck, Nick... fuck me hard," she moaned. "Your cock feels so good. I wanted this so bad yesterday. You made me so horny."

Jenny slid her right hand down between us and began strumming her clit. She arched her back again to meet my shaft pounding away at her, and began to moan and cry out in pleasure louder. A few minutes later I felt her squeeze me harder inside her. I continued stabbing at her deep inside.

I felt a small gush of juice bathe my shaft and run down my balls. It's musky scent wafted up to my nostrils, fueling my arousal. I knew I couldn't last too much longer, even though we both wanted me to. I slid my hands to the backs of Jenny's knees and pushed hard until her knees almost touched her chest and she was firmly pinned to the bed.

Jenny's arms were limp at her sides as she lay there -- letting me pound my shaft into her as hard as I could. Her eyes were closed and she had a look of bliss on her face. "Harder, Nick," she urged. "Fuck my cunt... slam your thick meat into me. Give me your sticky cum, Honey... shoot it in me."

About a minute later I felt an orgasm building and knew I couldn't hold out any longer. I began pumping my hips harder, fucking Jenny's pussy deep as she moaned and writhed beneath me. When I came I felt my body tense and I grew still. I let out a loud moan of ecstasy as I filled her with my cum.

Once Jenny felt me begin to soften she smiled up at me as I rolled off of her. She relaxed her legs and looked down at the bedspread under her where my cum had already begun to seep from her onto it.

I lay on my right hip facing her and running my hand over her quivering stomach. I leaned closer and kissed her rosy cheek. It was soft and very hot.

Jenny turned towards me, still smiling, and returned my kiss. "That was definitely worth all the frustration I went through when I was teasing you," she said, draping her arm over me.

"Does this mean you're not going to tease me anymore?" I asked. almost disappointed.

Jenny thought for a moment as her eyes darted about, then gave me an enigmatic smile. "I might," she drawled. "If it makes you horny enough to want to keep fucking me like you just did."

"In that case, bring it on, Mom," I said as I pulled her to me.

Bethel Island

Andrew Elsmore sat in the rear seat his father's green Dodge minivan looking out of the tinted side window. On the seat to his right was a small, glossy brochure. He picked up the brochure and looked at it. Andrew was just months shy of his nineteenth birthday, and already regretting having agreed to his parents' request to join them and his sister in this vacation.

Bethel Island: The Adventure of a Lifetime! the brochure promised in bright yellow letters. Andrew rolled his blue eyes skeptically. Adventure, my ass, he thought to himself. The Donner Party probably thought they were on an adventure too. The brochure featured small glossy photos of right whales breaking from the Atlantic Ocean as seagulls flew overhead. There were two other photos, both of fat seals lying on mossy rocks.

Andrew flipped the brochure open and looked at the photos of the picturesque, yet somewhat barren, island. He turned his head back to the right and looked out at the roiling water. They were on a small ferry off the coast of Massachusetts which was bringing them and six other vehicles to Bethel Island. It was a five mile long windswept island in St. George's Bay that was home to a few dozen families who eked out an existence either fishing or catering to tourists in the summer and early fall.

Sitting beside him was his older sister, Wendy. She was twenty-two, nearly four years older than Andrew. Andrew observed his sister for a moment. She was resting her head beside the window, eyes closed as

she dozed. He envied her. On the seat between them was another brochure for the so-called adventure they were on -- at least that's how their father had described it. It was July seventh, the last day of their vacation. Tomorrow they would be starting their drive back home to Beechview. Andrew could not be happier that their vacation was almost over.

"We're almost there," Raymond Elsmore said excitedly, looking back at his son and daughter.

Andrew gave his father a half-hearted smile. The ferry rolled and dipped with the movement of the turbulent water. He felt his stomach lurch and feared he might vomit.

"How much further do we have to go, Dad?" Wendy asked, stretching her back. "I think I'm going to puke." Her face wore a contorted look of discomfort.

"Not much more," her father promised.

Andrew and his sister heard the sound of the ferry being thrust into reverse. It shimmied and slowed with a groan. They felt a sense of relief and their stomachs settled as the ferry began slowly coasting towards the landing dock, a short cement incline which vehicles used to drive on or off of the ferry. A loud whine was heard as the vehicle ramp began to lower as the ferry berthed.

The siblings smiled once their father's minivan finally drove off of the ferry and onto the only road on Bethel Island. Ray Elsmore began navigating the narrow paved trail around the perimeter of the island. For the next two hours he consulted his brochure with its minuscule map, pointing out to his family where harp seals and right whales basked and bred. He stopped several times to take pictures and watch seals with his binoculars. He was obviously much more excited than his children or his wife, Claudia. They paid little or no attention to his animated ramblings, all of which were gleaned from what he had read in the brochures that he had picked up at the tourist centre before they boarded the ferry.

By the time Raymond had circumnavigated Bethel Island and arrived back at the ferry landing the sun was low in the west. The sky and ocean had taken on a golden hue that everyone found very pretty, yet somehow disconcerting. Claudia Elsmore consulted her watch and read the sign at the wharf displaying the ferry schedule. She sighed.

"The last ferry to the mainland left over fifteen minutes ago," she said, sounding worried. She turned to her husband, waiting for him to say something, hopefully comforting.

"Way to go, Dad," Wendy spat out. "Now you've gotten us stuck here on Gilligan's Island." She folded her arms and slumped down in the seat with a petulant sigh. "I can't believe we drove all the way from Illinois for this."

Her father reached in the glove compartment and began quickly shuffling through the stack of brochures he had picked up on the mainland. "There's an inn on the island," he said. "I saw an ad for it back

in Dartmouth." After a little while his eyes widened and he smiled. "Yes, here it is," he said, sounding relieved. "Bayview Bed and Breakfast."

Andrew and his sister exchanged dubious glances as their father put the minivan into gear and drove on. About a mile from the ferry landing they arrived at The Bayview Bed and Breakfast. The inn was actually a large three story pale yellow house that had been converted into a place for hapless tourists who found themselves stranded on Bethel Island for the night. Andrew and Wendy followed their parents inside, carrying their suitcases. The downstairs was surprisingly neat and cozy. It had a hardwood floor, jade green wallpaper and a pressed tin ceiling. There was a large antique sofa covered with gold velor and a table with dried flowers displaying tourist brochures to the left. It boded well for the rest of the building, they thought.

"Hi, we'd like three rooms for the night," Mr. Elsmore said as they approached the woman behind the check-in counter.

The clerk at the desk was a matronly lady with thick red hair who introduced herself as Mrs. Goodwin. She explained that this was their busy season and all they had available were two bedrooms, both with single beds. Down the hall from these was a bathroom with a shower, Mrs. Goodwin told them.

Andrew frowned as he handed his credit card to the woman behind the counter. "We'll take them," he said.

Andrew and Wendy trudged behind their parents, up the narrow stairs covered with brown carpet to the second story of the old house. The upstairs hallway was narrow and the plaster walls were painted a bright white. It looked rustic, but at least it was clean, Wendy thought to herself. Andrew gripped the green plastic key fob in his hand, looking at the numbers on the doors. When he found the door with a number eight fashioned out of wrought iron he stopped and pushed the key in the lock. The door opened with a click and a slight creak.

"Okay, we'll be across the hall if you need anything," Raymond said, unlocking the door to his and Claudia's room.

"We'll be fine," his son assured him. "Thanks, Dad." He gave him a forced smile.

Andrew walked in to the small bedroom, followed by his sister. It too was clean and tidy, like the rest of the inn, and had beige carpet. To his left Andrew saw two small beds covered with blue bedspreads. Between them was a pine night stand that was stained a dark oak colour. The night stand had a clock radio and a small lamp on it and a single drawer. To his right was a bureau with four drawers that looked like it was purchased at the same store as the night stand. It had a large mirror affixed to the back. On top of it were neatly folded white terrycloth towels and face cloths. Facing him was a window with white lace curtains that looked out on the bay. The golden rays of the setting sun beamed through the window. Andrew sighed and tossed his suitcase on the bed closest to the window.

"Well, this sucks royally," Wendy hissed. She laid her suitcase on the bed and sat down at the foot, looking glum.

"At least it's only for one night," her brother said, trying to sound optimistic.

"Yeah. I suppose it could be a lot worse," she conceded as she pulled a corner of her mouth up in a distorted smile.

Andrew surveyed the bedroom. It had no telephone and no television. Not even a small one with rabbit ears. He looked out of the window, frowning, watching waves roll in and break on the rocks at the water's edge.

"So I guess this is what Mennonites do for fun," Wendy remarked with a thin smile.

Andrew turned around to his sister and laughed. She was lying back on the bed, staring at the ceiling with her hands folded over her flat stomach, feet dangling towards the floor. Her sandy blond hair was spread out beneath her on the blue bedspread. The hem of her light pink mini skirt lay against her tanned upper thighs, sagging slightly between them so Andrew could see their shape and size.

Between his sister's slightly parted thighs Andrew could see the vague shape of her mound, covered by the thin cotton of her skirt. Further up, he noticed how her firm breasts rose upward and pushed out at her navy blue tank top. His sister's breasts weren't especially large, but definitely more than decent handfuls. This Andrew had concluded long ago, having scanned his sister's bust the many times he had stolen

glances at it, or caught sight of her cleavage as she bent over. Her chest rose and fell with her breathing.

Andrew felt his cock harden as he looked at her, fighting off mental images of kneeling between her legs and running his hands up her soft thighs as his mouth inched closer to her delicate petals.

"What time is it?" she asked.

Andrew checked his watch. "Almost eight," he told her.

Wendy raised up on her elbows and shifted her hazel eyes over her brother. She smiled, sensing his nervousness. It sent a rush of excitement through her. Spending the night here might be fun after all, she thought to herself as her clit jumped.

"Want to go out for a walk and look around?" she suggested. She sat up and pushed her thick hair back over her shoulders, but neglected to tug the hem of her skirt down.

"Like there's anything to see," he scoffed. "Just rocks and seagulls."

"It beats staying in here and staring at the walls," his sister said.

Andrew nodded in agreement. "Yeah, you're right."

Wendy got up from the bed and her brother followed her. He locked the door and they went down to the lobby. After being informed by Mrs. Goodwin that the front door would be unlocked until eleven, and after that they could use the doorbell to be let in, the siblings followed the cement walkway down to the road. A strong breeze was coming in from St. George's Bay. They could smell the salty air as it blew their hair about.

"Man, it gets chilly around here at night," Wendy lamented. She wrapped her arms around herself as they walked along. Her nipples had stiffened almost as soon as they had stepped outside, but she was glad. Her brother was sure to notice them eventually, if he hadn't already. She smiled at the thought of it. Her clit jumped and she began getting wet.

"Winters here must be brutal," Andrew added. He turned his head towards his sister, noticing how stiff her nipples had become. His eyes lingered on them. He pushed his hands in the pockets of his jeans, feeling his cock harden and kept walking.

About a half mile down the road they came to a wooden bench facing the bay. "Let's sit down for a while," Wendy suggested. She strode over to the bench and sat down, staring out at the setting sun. She leaned back and crossed her legs.

Andrew joined his sister. He kept his eyes focused out on the horizon, although he really wanted to steal another glance at her thick nipples, poking out at her tank top. When he felt her hip press against his right thigh he turned to look at her.

"Keep me warm, so I don't freeze to death." Her voice was soft and frail sounding. She took hold of his right hand and drew his arm around her, snuggling closer to him. "I should have brought a sweater," she said.

Andrew looked down at the top of his sister's head, resting on his shoulder. He could feel her shiver against him. His eyes ran down her bare arm and saw that chill bumps had appeared on her soft skin.

"We can go back if you want," he said. He had mixed feelings about this. He was enjoying holding Wendy, but it made him uneasy. They seldom embraced, and only for brief moments. And as much as he enjoyed it when they did, he always feared she would realize how much it turned him on. He often wondered if she did know, but said nothing to spare his feelings.

"I'm okay for a while, as long as you hold me," she said, then paused. "It's really pretty out here, isn't it?" She lifted her head and looked up at him.

"I guess," he grunted, looking down at the front of her tank top.

Wendy laughed. "I meant the sunset," she said. "But you seem more interested in my tits."

"Uh-huh... sure, little brother," Wendy scoffed. Her eyes were still on his but she was smiling, rather than seeming shocked or disgusted. She tilted her head down to take a look at her chest. "That wind really woke my nipples up, huh?" She chuckled and her eyes met his once more. They had turned impish, like her expression. The wind blew her hair about and her cheeks had grown pink.

"I... uh... I guess," Andrew said with a non-committal shrug. He gave her a tentative look from the corner of his eye.

"Oh, cut the crap, Andrew," she said, sounding annoyed now. "Quit acting innocent."

Her brother let out a nervous laugh.

"I know my boobs are small, but they're not invisible," she spat out.

Andrew couldn't help but smile at his sister's comment. He relaxed somewhat and turned to look at her, making sure his eyes remained above her shoulders. When he saw her amused expression his mood brightened. His arm was still around her, his hand resting on her right shoulder. Her body felt warmer now, and soft. Very soft. He slid his hand down until it was touching her bare arm so he could feel her skin on his. It felt wonderful and he wanted to feel more of her.

he was glad. "Let's go back," she said. "I'm freezing." She stood up, waiting for her brother.

The siblings walked back to Bayview Bed and Breakfast, more briskly than they had when they set out. They were mostly silent, each mulling over the new status quo between them. Mrs. Goodwin looked up from a Dean Koontz novel in her hands as they entered. She greeted them with a smile, then returned to her reading.

"I'm going to have a shower. Maybe that will warm me up," Wendy said as they entered their room. She began riffling through her suitcase and brought out an oversized maroon t-shirt. This was what she slept in most nights. She took one of the towels from the bureau and left the room.

Wendy walked down the hall to the bathroom, carrying her towel and t-shirt. She locked the bathroom door behind her and got undressed. Her hard nipples tingled and she ran her fingertips over them. She shuddered slightly, feeling her clit swell and pulse. She thought about her brother and wondered if he was as horny as she was, then concluded he probably was. At least she hoped so. Their conversation had made her want to get back so she would have the privacy of the shower to masturbate. Her panties had been damp for some time and she was glad to have them off. She ran her fingers through the thin strip of hair above her lips and pressed down on her clit. She clenched her jaw, fighting a loud moan as she spread her wetness over her lips.

The hot water cascading down Wendy's back as she shampooed her hair felt good. It warmed her and relaxed her tense muscles. She slid her soapy hand down her flat stomach and found her hard clit. She

pressed her fingers between her folds and began to rub her pink button up and down. She closed her eyes and imagined Andrew watching her as she played with herself. When the first small orgasm coursed through her she clutched her left breast, tugging at the hard nipple roughly. She slipped two fingers in her tight, wet pussy, then spread her musky juice over her pulsing clit. She rubbed it faster, up and down. The image of her brother was still vivid in her mind and she wished he was there with her. Not just watching anymore, but helping her to cum. As the water splashed over her trembling body, Wendy brought herself to two more orgasms as she whispered her brother's name.

When Wendy returned to their room Andrew was lying on his stomach on the bed, listening to his iPod and flipping through a tourist magazine. He looked up at her and pulled the earbuds out, following her with his blue eyes.

Wendy noticed her brother's subtle stare and fought back a smile. If he kept that up, she would be wet again before long. She dropped her clothes beside the bed and sat down on it, facing Andrew. She began rubbing her wet hair with the towel. She could feel her breasts shake and her hard nipples rub over the inside of her maroon t-shirt. With the towel covering her head she couldn't see Andrew, but was certain that he was watching her.

Once she was finished drying her hair, Wendy tossed the damp towel over on the bureau. She looked at her brother. "Whatcha reading?" she asked.

Andrew held the cover of the magazine up for her to see. "Tourist crap," he said, looking over at her.

"Looks boring," she said, studying the photo of lobsters on the cover and wondering what he was thinking.

"It is. But it's either that, or the Bible that's in the nightstand." He placed the magazine back on the bed and flipped a page, then took another look over at his sister.

Wendy laughed. "I can't imagine being that bored," she said. She could practically feel his eyes on her nipples and wished it was his hands, or better yet, his lips instead. But with their parents right across the hall, nothing like that could happen tonight.

Wendy tugged the bedspread and covers down a ways. She propped the two pillows vertically against the headboard and leaned back on them. She crossed her legs at her ankles and ran her eyes up her thighs. She smiled to herself. Wendy had always considered her legs quite nice. They made up for her breasts not being as large as she'd like, or so she convinced herself. From the corner of her eye she could see her brother. His head was still buried in the magazine. She pinched a bit of her t-shirt between her fingers and slowly tugged at it, inching the hem higher over her soft thighs. She had not put panties back on after showering and could already feel herself getting a little wet again. She pressed her thighs together. The pressure on her clit felt good and she suppressed a shudder. Soon she would be wet enough for him to easily slide inside her. The thought of it made her want to slip her hand up under her t-shirt.

When Wendy heard someone knock on the door she jumped nervously. She got up and walked to the door, tugging the hem of her t-shirt down. "Who is it?" she asked nervously.

"It's me," her mother replied.

Andrew looked up from his magazine, moving his eyes over his sister's body. His erection pushed into the mattress. He couldn't hear what Wendy and their mother were talking about, but he thought that their mother looked slightly annoyed. Her mouth was tight and her blue eyes narrow.

"What did she want?" Andrew asked his sister after she'd closed and locked the door.

"She wanted to let us know that Dad wants to catch the ferry tomorrow morning at nine, so we better be up early and ready to go," his sister told him. She sat on the edge of her bed facing him and smirked. "Then she told me that I should be wearing something besides this t-shirt around you." She giggled and rolled her pretty eyes.

Andrew grew worried about what his mother might think or suspect. But this was mostly brought on by guilt over how horny he was from being around his sister. "What did you tell her?" he asked.

"I told her that I wear this to bed almost every night, and if they could have found a room for me, then you wouldn't be seeing me in it." Once she finished, Wendy gave him a smug grin.

Andrew laughed at his sister's defiance.

"She'd have a fit if she knew I wasn't wearing panties," Wendy added, pointedly. "As it was, she suggested I put a bra on. I think that was her real point."

Andrew felt his heart begin to race when he sister mentioned not wearing panties. But he knew she had said it intentionally to provoke him. His cock throbbed and he rolled over on his stomach again. But the intrigued expression on his face was unmistakable. "So what if you don't have a bra on?" he said. "You don't wear one around the house a lot of the time."

A twisted smile slowly crept over Wendy's face. She crossed her legs, feeling her t-shirt slide up her left thigh. "I knew you noticed," she said, sounding pleased about his remark. Her eyes brightened as she smiled. "Thanks," she said in a soft voice.

"Huh?" he grunted.

A curious look formed on Wendy's face and she grew excited. She felt a bead of juice run down her moist lips towards her ass. "Thanks for noticing," she said, still smiling at her brother.

"I probably shouldn't though," he mumbled. Andrew was more than a little puzzled by his sister's reaction and the look on her face. But he also felt nervous and a little ashamed knowing she realized he leered at her.

Wendy looked into her brother's eyes, hoping to soothe him. She could tell he was very nervous. "To tell you the truth, it doesn't bother me at all," she said. "I'm glad you notice them; at least someone does." She frowned a bit and hunched her shoulders.

Andrew gave his sister an incredulous stare, feeling his jaw relax. "You really mean it -- you don't mind?" he asked.

Wendy gave her head a brusque shake. "I never did," she said. "I suppose I should, since you're my little brother. But it was kind of like a game to me -- trying to see if I could get you to look at me, and wondering how bold you'd get."

"You tease," her brother blurted out, then laughed.

Wendy shrugged, acting coy. "I never heard you complain," she countered.

Andrew winced slightly, knowing she had him figured out.

how wanton she must look and the enthralled look on her brother's face told her that she had his attention.

"We should probably be getting to bed," she said. "If we're not up when Dad's ready to go, he's liable to leave without us." She tilted her head to one side, rolling her eyes.

"Yeah. You're probably right," her brother agreed hesitantly.

Wendy swung her legs around and slid from the bed. She could feel her t-shirt slide up towards her ass as she drug herself over the bedspread. She stood up and tugged at the hem, looking over her shoulder at her brother with a brassy grin. He was staring at her firm cheeks peeking out beneath her t-shirt. She turned on the lamp on the nightstand between their beds, then switched off the ceiling light. She stopped at her bed and pulled the covers down and rumbled the bottom sheet.

Andrew watched his sister from his bed. Her lithe movements captivated him and his eyes never left her for an instant. Her t-shirt clung to her and he could make out the curves of her breasts and the valley between them. They turned up gracefully, leading to her thick nipples and seemed to point slightly towards the insides of her arms. Their size and shape were ideal to him and he wished he could see them, even just once.

"I'm going to use the bathroom," she said.

Andrew watched his sister leave, then rubbed his cock through his jeans once she had left the room. Once she returned he too made a quick trip down the hall to the bathroom. She was in bed when he returned, watching him as he walked towards his bed. As quickly as possible, Andrew stripped off his jeans and pulled the covers over him as he got into bed.

"G'night," Wendy said as she switched off the light on the nightstand.

"Night," he replied as he rolled over.

As the siblings lay in their beds in the darkened room each was trying to surmise what the other was thinking and feeling. Both were very horny and frustrated at not being able to satisfy themselves. They also wondered if their frank discussion heralded a turning point in their relationship. They each secretly hoped so, and wished that it would lead to them becoming intimate in a way they knew was forbidden.

###

When Andrew and Wendy arrived in the lobby the next morning a little past eight their parents were sitting on the sofa, waiting for them. Their father looked impatient. He stood up, taking the van keys from his jeans pocket.

"Let's get going," Raymond said, obviously eager to leave. His feelings were shared by his wife and children.

Andrew and Wendy followed their parents out to the van, carrying their suitcases. They were glad to be leaving Bethel Island. They also felt apprehensive about being around their parents after what they had done the night before. Wendy climbed into the back of the van, followed by their brother. They sat like stoic bookends, staring out opposite windows in silence as their father drove.

When they arrived at the dock to wait for the ferry Wendy was surprised that there were no other vehicles there. But it was still early. "Looks like we're the first ones here," she said, looking out the window.

As the minutes passed the family grew restless. They all peered out across the choppy water, looking for the ferry. By the time it was ten past nine Raymond saw a young man approaching who was walking a dog. He rolled down his window.

"Excuse me," he called out to the man. "The ferry's late. It's supposed to be here at nine, isn't it?"

"Yup. Supposed to be," the man said. "But she won't be today. Blew a piston this morning on the first run when they set out from Evansport on the way over here."

"Sonofabitch," Raymond spat out. He slammed his palm down on the steering wheel. "When will it be running again?" he asked.

341 The man pushed his Red Sox ball cap back on his head, scratching his forehead as he thought. "Well, the company that made it is in

Michigan," he began. "So they'll have to ship a part here. I figure it could be a few days till they get 'er fixed."

"Christ, don't they keep spare parts on hand?" Raymond asked, unable to hide his frustration.

"That was the spare part." The man gave Raymond a wide, nicotine-stained grin.

"Okay, well... thanks," Raymond said. He sighed and hung his head for a few moments before turning the van around.

Raymond drove back to Bayview Bed and Breakfast, grinding his teeth as he drove. He explained the situation to Mrs. Goodwin and said they would need their rooms for another night, probably more. Then he asked her if there was a restaurant on the island.

"There's Cindy's Cafe down the road," Mrs. Goodwin said, pointing to her left. "The food's not fancy, but it's good. And the fish is always fresh. Cindy bakes the pies herself every morning, too -- they're delicious."

Mrs. Goodwin was right; the food at Cindy's was good. After looking over the breakfast items the family decided to have fish and chips instead, although Claudia opted for mashed potatoes rather than fries. Once they had all finished eating they were full to the point of being stuffed, but their waitress, Darlene, enticed them each into having a piece of coconut cream pie.

The Elsmore family left the cafe feeling sated. Wendy was the first to notice the small store selling trinkets and souvenirs. She pointed excitedly across the road. "Hey, let's check that place out," she said, gesturing with her finger. Before anyone could reply, she was hurrying towards Beth's Souvenir Shop.

The tiny store was filled with t-shirts, postcards and clam shells with BETHEL ISLAND crudely scrawled on them in blue paint. Everyone looked around, picking up the kitschy items, then placing them back on the shelves after seeing the price. When Wendy found a Bethel Island t-shirt, emblazoned with a lighthouse, a whale and circling gulls she decided to get it.

"Hey, Andrew, check this out!" She held the t-shirt up to show it to her brother.

Andrew and Wendy both decided to buy a t-shirt. Although neither voiced it openly, both wanted a memento from the place where their relationship changed and began to grow. They held the t-shirts in their hands as they wandered the aisles, strolling towards the back of the store. It was there where Wendy spied something she thought might be a cure for their monotony until they could leave the island.

"Hey, Andrew," she called out, scanning the store for him.

Andrew followed the sound of his sister's voice and found her crouched in front of a shelf displaying board games. He gave her a slightly confused look. "What is it?" he asked.

"This!" she exclaimed, holding up a Scrabble game.

"Scrabble?" he asked, furrowing his brow.

"Yeah. I thought we could play it at night to kill time," she said, sounding enthusiastic.

"Why -- have you already finished reading The Bible?"

Wendy smiled. "No," she said and stood up. She turned her head left and right, looking about cautiously. "We can play Dirty Word Scrabble," she whispered.

Andrew laughed. "That sounds like more fun than regular Scrabble," he concluded.

His sister nodded. "If you're good, for every naughty word you can come up with for 'breasts', I'll flash you," she said in a hush.

"Tease," her brother spat out.

His sister chortled, but she was cut off by the sound of their father calling to them. "Hurry up, you guys," he said. "I want to get back to the inn."

Wendy rolled her eyes. "What's he planning on doing -- reading The Bible?" she whispered to her brother. He laughed, then Wendy said "Go on ahead, Dad. Andrew and I will walk back later. Just bring our suitcases up to your room."

"Okay, suit yourselves," Raymond said. "We'll see you later."

Andrew was surprised by his sister's request, but it was a beautiful day and maybe she really did want to walk along the shore for a while. Then it occurred to him that perhaps she wanted more time alone with him. He said nothing. Either way, it was fine with him.

Wendy and Andrew paid for their purchases and left the store. The sky was a cloudless blue and only a slight breeze was blowing. They looked out on the bay and saw that the water was as calm as a bathtub.

"You know, I could get to like it here," Wendy said, looking out at the water.

"You say that now," her brother said. "Wait till it's January and you're freezing your ass off."

Wendy laughed. "No, I wouldn't want that," she said. "I want to keep my ass."

"Yeah, you've got a nice ass," her brother intoned, as if lost in thought.

Wendy stopped and whipped her head around towards her brother. "You think my ass is nice?" she asked in surprise.

"Uh... well, yeah," he grunted, afraid he had overstepped his bounds.

"You never told me that before," she said.

"I've never told you lots of things before," he retorted.

Wendy thought about his comment, then smiled. "It's just that I've never noticed you looking at it," she said.

"That's because you don't have eyes in the back of your head," he shot back.

His sister laughed and walked on, then looked back over her shoulder. She grinned, knowing he was staring at her backside.

About five minutes later they came to a small convenience store. It was barn red with white trim. It's garish colour was the first thing that Andrew and Wendy noticed. A metal pole stuck out below the peak of the roof from which hung a sign that said QUIK FOODS.

"Let's go in there." Wendy suggested. "We could probably get some sandwiches or something to eat later tonight."

Thinking his sister's suggestion was a good one, Andrew followed her inside. A brass bell tinkled as they pushed the door open. They stepped inside and looked around. Behind the counter was a woman sitting on a stool who appeared to be in her early thirties, but could have been twenty-five. She was wearing a blue plaid shirt and jeans. Her oak-coloured hair was in a braid trailing down the nape of her neck. She looked up from a newspaper, eying the siblings with suspicion.

"Hi," Andrew said, trying to sound friendly.

"Hi," the woman replied curtly. She sat up and put her newspaper aside.

Wendy had gone over to a tall cooler with a Pepsi logo on top and a sliding door. Inside were shelves of sandwiches, pepperoni, juice and bottles of pop. She had taken a submarine sandwich and a large bottle of Pepsi from the shelves. Andrew reached past her and got two sandwiches for himself. He turned to look at a rack of potato chips behind them and picked up a large bag of roast chicken.

"I guess you won't stave to death," his sister teased when she saw how much food he was getting.

"Hey, I'm a growing boy," he said.

Wendy snickered and walked to the counter with her sandwich and pop.

Andy followed his sister and pulled out his wallet.

"You guys from away?" the woman behind the counter asked him as she rung in his items.

"Yeah... Illinois," Andrew told her. He noticed a wedding ring on her finger, then his eyes moved up to the swell of her breasts pushing out at her shirt. Her eyes were on his when he looked at her face. She blushed and smiled.

"Looks like you might be here a while," she said. "Till the ferry's fixed anyway."

"How long should that take?" he asked.

The woman thought for a few seconds. "Could be a while. It broke down last fall and it was almost a week before they got it running again," she said. "You and your girlfriend better get used to it around here." She smiled at Andrew and faint lines appeared at the corners of her eyes and mouth.

Andrew glanced back over his shoulder at Wendy. She was standing close to the door, holding a small white plastic bag containing her pop and sandwich, and another from the souvenir shop. "Ah... she's my sister," Andrew said nervously, looking back over the counter towards the woman.

The brown-eyed clerk gave him a wily smile and leaned closer. She began speaking in a hushed voice. "Then you're going to find it pretty boring, unless you're as wicked as me and my brothers were when we were around your age." She winked and handed him his change. "Have fun, sweetie," she whispered.

Andrew stuffed his change in his pocket and left the store with his sister. They continued walking north in the direction of the inn. After a few minutes she turned her head towards her brother.

"What was all that about?" she asked, narrowing her eyes suspiciously. "What was she saying to you?"

"I was just asking her how long it would be before the ferry is fixed," he said.

"What did she say?" his sister asked, turning her head towards him.

"That we probably should get our mail forwarded here," he said with a rueful laugh. "It could take a week."

Wendy laughed, then said "She was pretty, wasn't she?" Her shimmering eyes focused on his for a few seconds.

"Yeah, I guess," her brother said.

His sister smiled and took hold of his hand. She interlocked her fingers in his and pressed herself closer, so the lengths of their arms were touching. Her hip brushed over his. "You know, I'm not going to be jealous if you find other women pretty," she said, giving him a brief sideways glance. "Even if they do have bigger tits than me." She laughed and gave him a shove with her hip.

"I know," Andrew replied curtly. The truth was that he had found the convenience store clerk pretty, but for some reason admitting that to his sister made him uncomfortable in a way it wouldn't have before. He thought about how the woman had thought that Wendy was his girlfriend, not his sister. Could she ever be both? He began to hope so.

When they arrived back at the inn Andrew and Wendy found their parents sitting on a bench on the front lawn, looking out at the bay. Their father's arm was around their mother. "I left your suitcases in the van. Here's the keys," Raymond said. He dug in his jeans pocket and handed the keys to his son. "We're going back to that restaurant around six," he said. "So meet us in the lobby, or out by the van around then."

"Okay. Thanks, Dad," Andrew said. He turned towards the van, but when he heard his father speak his name he stopped and turned around.

"Andrew... Wendy, I know this isn't what you had in mind for a vacation," Raymond said regretfully. "I'm sorry." He frowned and lowered his eyes.

"No, but it's my fault we missed that ferry yesterday," he said.

Andrew shrugged. "It's not that bad. I'm getting used to it around here," he told his father.

"I actually kind of like this place," Wendy chimed-in with a smile.

"Thanks for making the best of all this," their father said. "I'll try to make it up to you when we get back home."

"There's no need for that, Dad," Wendy said. "Yeah, I was pissed at first, but this place is actually pretty cool. And a year from now we'll have good memories of this vacation." She smiled to herself, knowing she spoke the truth.

Raymond beamed a relieved smile at his children and let out a deep breath. He had been afraid that they were angry and blamed him for their unexpected stay on Bethel Island. "Thanks," was all he could say to express himself.

The siblings got their suitcases from the van and returned the keys to their father. They silently ascended the stairs to their room. Andrew locked the door and dropped his suitcase on his bed.

because it meant more time alone with her brother. Hopefully that would lead to them growing even closer, like she hoped for.

Andrew was looking out the window. He turned towards his sister, noticing the glint in her eye. He found it exciting and wondered what was on her mind. "Yeah," he replied

Wendy reached in the bag and pulled out the t-shirt she had bought. She gave it a shake and held it up to herself, looking down. "Turn around while I put this on," she told her brother.

Andrew pulled his t-shirt from the bag and turned around on his bed. He hauled the t-shirt he was wearing off and put his new one on. He tugged it down and waited for Wendy to tell him to turn around again. The thought of her topless just a few feet behind him excited Andrew and he could feel his stiff cock throb.

"So, how's it look?" she asked.

Andrew turned around, noticing how his sister's new t-shirt clung to her breasts. "Better than mine does on me," he said with a laugh.

"That's 'cause I've got girl parts." Wendy stuck her chest out, causing her firm nipples to poke out even more at the material.

"I like your girl parts," he said, focusing on Wendy's firm breasts pushing out at her tight t-shirt.

Wendy giggled, looking down at herself. "Thanks, but I wish they were bigger."

Andrew paused for a moment as he thought. The conversation he and his sister had the night before, coupled with his unrelenting libido, gave him courage that he previously had not had. "Can I tell you something, Wendy?" he said tentatively.

"Of course," his sister answered with a reassuring smile. "Well, as long as it's not something mean that's going to hurt my feelings."

"No, it's nothing like that," he assured her with a shake of his head. "It's kind of a compliment, I guess." His eyes fell to the bed for a few seconds.

Now Wendy was intrigued. "Then I really want to hear it," she said as her smile widened.

"Remember back on the bench, when you caught me looking at you, and you said they're small, but not invisible," her brother said hesitantly.

"Yeah," she simpered.

fretful look, concerned that she might find his comment was beyond what she had intended by them being honest.

Wendy placed her hands palms down on the bed on either side of her hips. Her eyes brightened. She smiled at her brother. Her simmering libido was fueled by his remark. She felt her pulse quicken and her clit jump. She straightened her back, feeling her t-shirt grow taut over her chest. It teased her nipples, distracting her for a moment. Andrew's comment had stoked her arousal, but more importantly, it pleased her very much knowing he found her attractive, despite what she perceived as shortcomings.

"Really?" she asked, almost gushing as her smile grew.

"Yeah," he said. "I hope it's okay for me to say that though." He frowned, adding "I know I shouldn't, since you're my sister. But since you said last night that it didn't bother you that I noticed them I just thought, well... that I could be completely honest." Andrew clenched his jaw and gave Wendy a nervous look, waiting for her reaction. His heart was pounding, but now it was mostly from nervousness.

Wendy got up and stepped over to her brother's bed. She knelt beside him on the bed, sitting back on her heels. Her hands were on her bare thighs, knees parted slightly. She looked into his eyes. "It's more than okay," she said softly, trying to sound comforting and sexy. "Actually, I'm flattered." She hesitated for a few moments, then asked "Does that mean you like them?" She gave him a hopeful look as she arched her back slightly.

Andrew nodded hesitantly. His eyes drifted down to her smooth thighs. He admired them for a few seconds, then looked back up at her shimmering eyes. "Yeah," he murmured with a weak smile.

Wendy slowly inhaled, calming herself. "Would you like to feel them?" she asked. Now she was as nervous as her brother, but she was sure that he wanted to feel her. She had sensed this for a very long time but never dared act on it. She noticed that her voice was heavy with arousal and wondered if he had heard it too as she spoke. Her eyes never left his as she waited for his reply.

"Geez, Wendy, I wasn't thinking about us doing anything when I said I liked them. I just wanted to reassure you," he said. His voice was full of hesitation though, as he considered her offer. It was something he had longed to do for years. "I mean, me looking at them is one thing, but we probably shouldn't."

Wendy gave her brother a foxy grin. "I didn't ask if you thought we should," she countered. "I asked if you wanted to."

Andrew swallowed hard. "Ah... yeah. I mean, what guy wouldn't want to?" he stammered and forced a smile.

That was the answer that Wendy was waiting for. She took her brother's hands in hers and brought them up to her chest. She arched her back as she pressed his palms to her breasts, pushing them down hard on her firm mounds. She smiled into his eyes as she ran her fingers along his, prompting him to squeeze her breasts. His touch was tentative and gentle at first, and she was excited by his shyness. Soon

he began rubbing and kneading. His thumbs rubbed over her nipples, making them harden and swell even more. A soft moan left her mouth as he fondled her.

"How do they feel?" she asked, sounding breathless.

"Great," her brother said, staring wide-eyed as he pushed her breasts up into firm peaks. He gripped them harder, watching how her thick nipples stood out from the material covering them.

Wendy's hand had come to rest on her brother's right thigh. She slowly caressed it, wishing she could cup his package in her hand. It looked as though he had a sizable cock hiding in his jeans, she thought. But she knew that was going too far. Besides, he might cum right there if she did that.

She ran her hands up to his waist, holding on to him as he continued to fondle her and rub her tingling nipples. A shiver ran through her body and it felt as though an electric current had gone directly to her clit. It throbbed harder. She was breathing faster now and looking down at her chest. Seeing her brother's hands on her breasts was almost surreal to her, but it was the most thrilling thing she had ever done in her life. She felt wicked and trashy, and she loved it. She was also somewhat surprised and pleased to see that he was unable to fully hold her breasts in his hands.

"Mmmm... Andrew, that feels so good," Wendy said with a moan.

Andrew raised his eyes from his sister's chest, still gripping her breasts firmly in his hands. He could feel them push into his palms as she breathed and he squeezed them harder. His sister's face had taken on the flush of arousal and he was happy to see that he had been able to turn her on -- maybe even as much as he was. He pinched her left nipple and smiled when she responded with another throaty moan. He squeezed harder, pushing his sister's breasts upwards and together, imagining his hard cock sliding between them until he gave her a pearl necklace. When she leaned away about fifteen seconds later with an apologetic glance into his eyes he knew that their forbidden playtime had come to an end. He slid his hands down to her waist, resting them just above her hips.

"We better stop," she said. But she looked as regretful as he felt. "I'm sorry. I'm just scared that Mom might show up."

"Yeah... okay," he agreed.

Wendy's cheeks felt warm and her mouth was dry. She looked down and was surprised and even a little embarrassed by how her thick nipples were poking out from her t-shirt. She gave it a tug, pulling it away from her chest as she smiled at her brother.

"If Mom saw me now, she'd know for sure just how horny I am," she said with a brazen laugh.

Andrew's eyes widened a bit at his sister's comment. "You... you are?" he said.

His sister laughed. "Well, what do you expect, after what you just did to my tits?" she joked. Her eyes moved down to her brother's lap and she surveyed the bulge in his jeans, unconsciously licking her lips as she imagined tugging at his zipper. "And it looks like I'm not the only one who is either," she added, her eyes not leaving his erection.

Andrew gave his sister a shy smile. "Yeah," he said in a hoarse voice. "I mean, you're not the only one."

Wendy's eyes locked on her brother's and she leaned closer. In a thick, sultry voice she said "You know what I really want to do with you now, Andrew?"

Andrew felt his heart lurch and his cock throb. "No... what?" he asked, filled with nervousness and excitement.

"Play Scrabble!"

Wendy let out a sharp laugh as she turned and pulled the game box closer. Then she gave her brother a sympathetic smile when she saw the look of disappointment on his face. "Well, it's not like we can really do what we both want to..." Her voice faded out and her eyes were filled with longing.

"No... yeah... you're right," he mumbled.

"Yeah, Mom or Dad might catch us." Wendy looked up as she brought the game board from the box and flashed her brother a teasing grin.

The siblings sat together on the bed, separated by the Scrabble board, and united by their yearning for one another. When their mother knocked on the door just before six o'clock to tell them they would be going back to Cindy's Cafe for supper they both jumped and turned in the direction of the knocking.

"That must be The Spanish Inquisition," Wendy joked as she made her way to the door.

"I didn't expect the Spanish Inquisition," her brother shot back and began laughing.

Wendy and Andrew felt nervous and apprehensive around their parents now that they had a dirty secret to conceal. But that also excited them. As their father drove to Cindy's Cafe they took sideways glances at each other in the back seat of the van, each smirking. They made an effort to make conversation with their parents throughout supper, fearing that either of them might notice something different in their behavior, but it was forced. They just wanted to be back at the inn and be alone with each other again.

By the time the siblings returned to Bayview Bed and Breakfast after supper they were relieved. Not only were they glad to be alone in their room again, but they were just as glad to be away from their parents' watchful eyes. It was getting close to eight and each wondered how they were going to pass the time till they went to bed.

Wendy sat down on the bed beside her brother. Her eyes met his and she smiled. "Another game of Scrabble?" she asked.

"Maybe later," he said.

"Oh... is there something you'd rather do?" Wendy gave her brother a teasing grin as she turned towards him, sliding closer on the bed.

Andrew frowned and mentally conceded to himself that playing Scrabble was perhaps their only option to pass the time, despite the thoughts that his libido was filling his mind with. "Okay... Scrabble it is," he sighed, sounding weary.

Despite Andrew's initial reluctance over playing Scrabble with his sister he soon began to enjoy himself and lost track of time. It was just over two hours later when he noticed Wendy glance over at the clock that he realized that so much time had passed.

"Getting sleepy?" she asked.

"Not really." Andrew frowned.

"Well, I'm going to have a shower so I'll be ready for bed," his sister announced.

Andrew grunted, watching as Wendy gathered up a towel and other toiletries, then left the room. His horniness had not waned, and he soon grew impatient for her to return from the shower. He wanted to shower before bed too, but more importantly, he felt a desperate urge to masturbate. When his sister returned a half hour later he smiled.

"My turn," he said as he got up from the bed.

Wendy was wearing a long red t-shirt and her damp hair hung down over her shoulders. Andrew took a quick glance at her, struck by how pretty she was, and how her thick nipples stood out from her t-shirt. That image stayed with him as he stood under the hot spray of the shower, stroking his hard cock.

When Andrew returned to their room almost a half hour later he halted abruptly, surprised to see his sister lying in his bed. He closed the door behind him and approached her, puzzled and nervous. He had put his clothes back on after his shower and now began to wonder how he was going to get changed for bed. The room was dark, save for a light on the nightstand nearest to him.

"I thought that was my bed," he said, trying to sound jovial.

"It is," his sister replied, shooting him an enticing smile. She turned on her right side, facing him, and looked up. "I thought that now that we're... closer, we only needed one bed."

Andrew looked at his sister lying on the bed. "What if Mom comes over again?" he asked.

"Then I'll get out of your bed," she said. "I already pulled the blankets down so it looks like I slept in my bed." She reached out and tugged at his fingers. "Come on, Andrew," she implored. "It will be okay. We don't have to do anything... just cuddle."

His sister's lilting voice was too much for Andrew to resist. Still, the bed was quite small and he grew apprehensive at the thought of her feeling his erection if she pressed against him throughout the night.

"I... uh, don't know. The bed looks kind of small," he stammered.

His sister chuckled. "That's what makes it all-the-more fun," she asserted.

Andrew nodded in agreement, still concerned.

"Oh, quit being so uptight and get in," she ordered. She pulled the covers aside for him to join her.

"I have to get undressed first," he said. "Turn around."

His sister let out a frustrated sigh and rolled over to face the wall. "There - you happy now?" she spat out.

Andrew never answered. He hurriedly slipped his sneakers off and hauled his jeans down. Once he kicked his jeans aside he quickly slid under the covers beside his sister. He lay there, looking up at the ceiling. His hands were folded on his chest and his heart felt like a jackhammer under them. When Wendy turned over to face him he felt beads of sweat forming on his upper lip.

"You look as frightened as a little bunny," his sister teased, then giggled.

Andrew shot her an irritated look from the corners of his eyes. She was leaning on her right elbow. Her hair dangled down over her left shoulder and her breasts strained her t-shirt. He forced his eyes from her nipples, but said nothing. Then she leaned closer and softly pressed her lips to his cheek and kissed him.

"Sweet dreams," she whispered, then turned over.

Once he had turned off the lamp on the night stand, and his eyes adjusted to the darkened room, Andrew was soon able to see his sister lying beside him, aided by the moonlight streaming through the window. Forcing thoughts of her from his mind, he rolled over with his back to her. It wasn't long before he fell asleep.

###

cock was pressing against his sister's back. He lay beside her, frozen in terror, wondering what to do. He feared that if he moved too quickly she would wake up and feel his shaft against her. Seconds passed, although they seemed like minutes to Andrew as he tried to remain calm. Then she spoke.

"Andrew... are you awake?"

"Yeah... he groaned.

"And hard," she whispered, then let out a soft chuckle.

He moved away from her, as though she was a hot stove.

"It's okay if you are," she added, her voice still muted. "I could tell that you were earlier, when you were feeling me. I mean, it's only natural, right? It's just that I was thinking it must be uncomfortable for you, and if you want to, you know... take care of it... it's alright."

Andrew winced as he stared at the ceiling. "I'm fine, Wendy," he snapped.

Wendy sighed and rolled over to face her brother, propping herself up on an elbow. Her hand glided feather-light over his chest as she leaned over him, her right breast rubbed over his arm. "I was bad earlier, in the shower," she said, breathing on his neck. "And I just thought that it might help you to sleep if you... did it too."

Andrew looked at his sister lying beside him, her warm body radiating on his. Her veiled remark about the shower had caused his resistance to fade. Now it was replaced by lusty hunger. "What do you mean... bad?" he asked, turning his head towards her, eager to hear more.

Wendy smiled, knowing she had piqued his interest. "I was feeling a naughty, so I played a little."

"Played?" he prodded, although he knew what she was insinuating.

Wendy giggled, knowing her brother wanted to hear salacious details and the thought of describing to him what she had done excited her even more. "Well, first I rubbed my pussy," she said, breathing on his ear. "I was still so wet from you holding me earlier on the bench. My clit was hard, throbbing, and I rubbed it hard while I played with my nipples. You should have seen me. I must have looked like such a horny slut." Another nervous giggle left her mouth.

"I bet you looked hot," he said, feeling his heart pound.

"You think so?" she asked softly. Her eyes widened as she looked down at her brother. "Would you have liked to have watched?"

"I... ah... sure," he muttered.

Wendy traced her fingertips over her brother's stomach through his t-shirt, inching them lower with each stroke. "Would you like to watch me do it now?" she purred. Her question was answered with a wide-eyed stare, so she added "You could do it too -- it would be fun."

Andrew felt his heart hammering and he noticed that his breathing had grown rapid. His cock was beginning to make a tent in the covers and he was almost certain that his sister would notice it, if she hadn't already. "I don't know," he stuttered. "Wouldn't that be kind of... weird?" His narrowed eyes met his sister's

"Think of it as a little kinky... or naughty," she grinned.

His sister's proposal was enticing, but considering how horny Andrew was, anything she suggested would have been enticing. He gave her a dubious look. The look on her face was wanton and and he could tell that she was as horny as he was.

"I'll make a deal with you," she offered, interrupting his thoughts.

"What?"

"We're on vacation, and we're stuck on this godforsaken island. Let's agree that whatever happens while we're here doesn't count. Once we get back home, things will go back to normal, and we'll have some great memories." Once she finished, Wendy gave her brother a hopeful look.

Andrew considered his sister's suggestion, wondering how things could ever go back to normal if they were that intimate while on Bethel Island. But he could feel his apprehension wane as his libido over-ruled his judgment. "I just don't know how things could ever be normal again," he said. "I mean, I could never look at you the same again."

His sister let out a giggle. "You've already been looking at me for years, and I don't mean in an innocent way," she said. "It will just be... different. Besides, we don't share a room back home, and Mom and Dad are always around; think of them as chaperones. Nothing will happen 'cause nothing can happen."

Wendy's logic made sense to Andrew. He nodded. "So... what did you have in mind?" he asked hesitantly. The truth was that whatever his sister had in mind was alright with Andrew at this point. He just wanted it to be her idea though, so he didn't suggest they do something beyond what she was comfortable with.

"That we play... you know?" she said. "No touching -- just lie here and watch each other do it."

Andrew's smile grew wide, and Wendy knew he liked her suggestion. Without waiting for him to say or do anything, she tugged at the covers, pulling them down to her hips. Next, she pulled her t-shirt up towards her shoulders, exposing her breasts. The room air on her hard, pink nipples felt good and they tingled. She watched her brother from the corner of her eye as her hand glided down her flat stomach towards her wet pussy. Her finger slid over the thin strip of hair to her wet lips. She pressed down on her swollen clit and began moving her finger up

and down over it. A moan escaped her parted lips and she lifted her ass from the bed slightly.

"God, I'm so horny, Andrew," she moaned. "Stroke your cock while you watch me cum."

Upon hearing that, and seeing the look of pleasure on his sister's face, Andrew yanked his underwear down to his knees. His cock rose, rubbing against the sheet covering them and he wrapped his fist around it. He gave his shaft a hard squeeze and began stroking it slowly, watching his sister. Even lying on her back, he was taken by how her firm breasts stood up like two cones. She was rubbing and tugging at her left nipple, making it thicker and longer.

"You look so sexy," Andrew moaned, watching Wendy play with herself.

Wendy turned her head towards him, smiling through half-closed eyes. "Thanks. I feel really nasty though," she said. She slid two fingers in her tight pussy. They made a lewd wet sound as she buried them deep inside her walls, then began working them in and out.

A soft moan left Wendy's mouth, then she turned her head back towards her brother and shot him a devilish grin. Slowly she slipped her wet fingers from inside her sopping pussy and pressed them to her brother's lips. Raising up on her elbow again she smeared her musky juice over his lower lip. When his lips parted and he began sucking on her fingers she slid them deeper into his mouth, running her fingertips

over his tongue. Moments later she pulled them out, making a smacking sound as she broke the suction.

"God, you taste so good," Andrew moaned.

"Really? Do I?" she asked nervously.

Andrew gave his sister an eager nod as his eyes roamed down her body to where her fingers had just been. He stared at her damp hair and lips, glistening in the moonlight. Then, moving like a cat, he crouched between her slightly parted thighs, pushing on the insides of her knees to spread her legs wider. His eyes widened and his tongue flicked out as he stared at what he craved.

"Andrew, what the..." Wendy gasped. But before she could finish her thought she felt her brother's tongue slide up her lips to her pulsing clit. She moaned and lifted her ass up from the bed to meet his licking and probing. Her hands went to his head and her fingers raked through his hair as her moans grew louder. "Jesus, that feels so good..." she groaned.

Andrew barely heard his sister. All of his attention was focused on how she tasted and felt on his tongue as he lapped and probed at her soft folds. Parting her wet lips wide with his thumb he pushed a finger inside her. He began to wiggle it, pressing up on her G-spot as he pinched her pulsing clit between his lips. He sucked hard on her pink pearl as he worked his finger faster in and out of her tight pussy. When she arched her back, grinding her wet petals against his mouth he grew

more forceful -- fingering her harder and deeper as he pinched and sucked on her swollen clit with his lips.

When his sister came for the first time Andrew did not relent. This may be the only opportunity for him to have his sister and he wanted to make sure it was an experience that neither of them forgot. He drove his tongue deeper inside her, feeling his nose rub against her clit as her musky nectar ran down towards his chin. He lapped it up, coaxing more from within her tight pussy. When he felt her tighten around his tongue as she came for the second time he rose up on his knees.

Andrew wrapped his fist around his twitching cock and began pumping it as he reached down, still fingering his sister's dripping pussy. Through half-closed eyes he saw her reach out for him and push his hand away from his shaft. He leaned forward, resting his hands on her waist and moaned louder.

Wendy's soft hand curled around her brother's throbbing shaft and she began stroking it, slowly at first, then faster. "Cum for me, Andrew," she urged. "Shoot it all over me..."

Seconds later Andrew did just that -- shooting his hot, thick cum over his sister's quivering stomach. It sprayed over her in strips and a small pool just below her navel. As she released his spent cock he looked down, watching her paint her soft skin with his sticky jism. He rolled over on his side, staring at Wendy as she coated her left breast with his cum, then licked her sticky fingers clean.

"God... that was the hottest thing I've ever done," she said, sounding breathless.

Andrew gave his sister a wide grin and nodded. "Yeah... that was pretty amazing," he panted, still looking at her sexy body, shiny with his semen.

Wendy turned towards her brother and slid closer, resting her head on his shoulder. "Now get some sleep, Little Brother," she whispered. "You're going to need your energy for tomorrow." She kissed his flushed cheek and closed her eyes, still smiling.

###

The knocking on their door woke Wendy the next morning. She glanced quickly at the clock on the night stand and noticed that it wasn't quite seven yet. "Andrew, wake up!" she hissed, then bolted from the bed.

When Wendy saw her father standing in the hallway she wasn't too surprised, yet still nervous. Then she noticed that he was still wearing his plaid flannel housecoat and was unshaven.

"I just wanted to let you guys know that I just went down to the lobby to ask about the ferry," Raymond told his daughter. "They said it's not fixed yet. Your mother and I are planning on going for breakfast around eight-thirty, so you and your bother meet us in the lobby then."

"Okay, Dad," Wendy said with a nod. She held the door ajar, hoping her father could not see inside the room, or smell the scent of sex that she knew must be hanging in the air. Then she gave him a wary glance as he returned to his and his wife's room.

"What did he want?" Andrew asked his sister as he sat up on the side of the bed.

"To tell us to meet them in the lobby at eight-thirty." Without waiting for a reply, Wendy hurriedly pulled her housecoat on, grabbed a towel, and went down the hall to have a shower.

Throughout breakfast Wendy's and her brother's libidos were tempered by paranoia and anxiety that their parents might grow suspicious, or perceive any change in the interaction between them. Each ate quickly, making little conversation with their parents or each other. When it was time to return to Bayview Bed and Breakfast they were relieved.

"We'll walk back," Wendy told her father. "It's a nice day and Andrew and I want to stop in the store and pick up some snacks."

"Okay, suit yourself," Raymond said. He got up from the table at Cindy's Cafe and fished his keys from his pocket. "Meet us back in the lobby around noon for lunch though."

"Ah... I think we'll skip lunch, Dad," Andrew said. "I don't think I'll be hungry after this big breakfast. I'll get a sandwich or something for later."

"Yeah, me too," his sister chimed-in, relieved by her brother's quick thinking.

The siblings followed their parents out to where the van was parked, then each sighed as they watched their parents drive away. Andrew gave his sister a worried look. "Do you think they suspected anything?" he asked.

"No, I doubt it," she said with a shake of her head. "I worried about it too, but I think it's just paranoia."

Andrew let out a nervous laugh as he began following his sister back towards where they had come from. After a few minutes of silence he smiled at Wendy. "Last night was so hot though," he said.

"Yeah... it was," she agreed with a sigh. "Maybe we should tell Mom and Dad to just leave us here once the ferry's fixed."

Andrew laughed. For the first time that morning he felt brave enough to take a lingering look at his sister. Her hair was in a ponytail and she was wearing white a short-sleeved blouse and a denim skirt that barely covered her knees. She looked so enticing, and although he wanted to pull her to him and run his hands over her didn't dare to. Not only was

he worried that someone would see them, but he doubted she would let him.

Wendy gave her brother a knowing glance and a smile. Her hazel eyes seemed murky that morning as they moved over his body. "You're thinking something naughty, aren't you?" she surmised, now grinning.

"Well, can you blame me -- after last night?" he replied.

"No... I am too," his sister said with a sigh. She wrapped her arm around Andrew and gave his ass a hard squeeze. When he flinched and let out a surprised yelp she laughed and grabbed him harder. "What -- don't you like that?" she teased.

"It just surprised me, that's all." Despite his surprise and nervousness, Andrew could feel his cock begin to stiffen. He reached out and gave his sister's ass a hard squeeze through her skirt. Her rump felt firm, and when she didn't protest, he left his hand on her. "Your ass feels so good," he said.

Wendy smiled, pleased by his compliment. "Thanks, so does yours," she said. "But not as good as your cock did last night." She stopped abruptly and turned towards her brother, pulling him to her by his hips. When she felt his hard shaft pressing against her stomach she smiled. "Mmmm... ready to have some more fun?" she purred.

"Uh... yeah, but we can't -- not here," Andrew replied. His eyes darted about, looking up and down the road for anyone who might see them in their illicit embrace.

"No, but tonight -- after Mom and Dad go to bed, we can." Wendy ran her tongue over her lower lip as she tugged her brother closer, feeling the full length of his hard shaft pressing into her stomach. She glanced down at the bulge in his jeans, smiling.

Andrew looked over his sister's shoulder and noticed a car approaching. He quickly broke contact with her and began walking. "Someone's coming," he cautioned.

"Tonight, we're both going to be cumming," she retorted, quickening her pace to catch up with her brother.

By the time Andrew and Wendy arrived at Quik Foods for sandwiches and snack food they had regained their composure. They felt confident that no one would be suspicious of anything taboo between them, but were careful to not exchange any glances that might be considered odd or suspicious. Andrew noticed the same brunette woman behind the counter who was there during their previous visit. He smiled at her as he passed.

"Still here, I see," the woman behind the counter remarked.

"Yeah -- ferry's not running yet." Andrew opened a tall refrigerated case and brought out a sandwich and a bottle of Coke. He took a bag of roast chicken chips from a chrome shelf, then turned towards the counter.

"Well, I hear they got the part this morning," the woman replied. "She should be running first thing tomorrow morning."

Andrew paused when he heard this news. From the corner of his eye he noticed his sister glance at him as she reached for a bag of chips on the shelf to his left. She said nothing. Andrew had mixed emotions about the ferry being repaired because although he wanted to return home, he also wanted to be able to spend more time with his sister on Bethel Island. "That's good," he said, hoping to sound happy with the news.

"You guys have fun here?" the clerk asked. Her eyes narrowed and a faint grin washed over her face.

"Yeah, we did. I got to like it a lot." Andrew approached the counter to pay for his items and smiled.

As she rang in the items that Andrew had placed on the counter the woman with the oak-coloured hair peered over at Wendy. She smiled as she reached for a white plastic bag. Then after depositing Andrew's bottle of Coke, sandwich and bag of chips she leaned closer. "Make the most of your last night here," she whispered with a wink.

Andrew noticed his sister standing beside him from the corner of his eye. He gave the woman behind the counter a wan smile and said "Uh... okay.". He lowered his head and took the bag from the counter, then stood beside the door, waiting for his sister.

"Do you think she suspected something?"

Andrew and Wendy were within eyesight of the bed and breakfast when she posed her question. Andrew shrugged. "I don't know," he said. "It doesn't matter. We'll be leaving tomorrow and never see her again."

Wendy stopped and turned towards her brother, then shot him a grin. "Well, I'm pretty sure she suspects that something's going on between us," she said as she reached into the bag she was holding. "When you turned to go to the door she dropped this in my bag."

Andrew's eyes grew wide and his jaw slackened as he stared at the box on condoms in his sister's hand. "What the hell?!" he exclaimed.

"She probably figured better safe than sorry," Wendy replied as she closed the bag. "I guess there was just something about how I was looking at you back there that made her put two and two together. When she handed me the bag she said to have fun tonight."

Andrew gave his head a bemused shake as he and his sister continued walking towards Bayview Bed and Breakfast. When they arrived the

found their parents sitting on a bench on the front lawn, basking in the sun.

"I've got some good news," their father announced, beaming a smile.

"What's that?" Andrew asked, trying to sound curious.

"Mrs. Goodwin said the ferry will be running again tomorrow morning," he announced. "So you guys make sure you're up early. I want to be on the eight o'clock run."

"Okay, sure thing, Dad," Andrew told his father. "That's great news. I've had enough of this place."

Andrew and his sister trudged up the stairs in silence, wearing dour expressions. Once they were inside their room Andrew turned towards his sister and let out a sigh.

"You're going to miss this place, aren't you?" she surmised.

"Yeah... in a way," he replied with a nod.

Wendy sidled over to her brother and draped her arms over his shoulders, returning his smile. "Well, at least we'll have some great memories of our best vacation ever," she said.

Andrew gave a nod as his eyes wandered down to the front of his sister's blouse. When he noticed her hard nipples jutting out from the material the smile returned to his face. "Yeah," he said with a nod, staring vacantly at her chest. "I can't wait till tonight."

Wendy laughed as her eyes moved down to the front of her blouse, then back to her brother's. She slipped her arms from his shoulders and quickly undid two buttons of her blouse. "How about a sneak peek then?" she teased.

Andrew nodded enthusiastically as he watched his sister pull her blouse open wide. He let out a faint gasp when he discovered that she wasn't wearing a bra. His eyes lingered on her hard nipples. They were almost the same hue as her lips and clit, and he felt a nearly overwhelming urge to suck on them.

"God, you're so sexy," he said as he exhaled.

"Thanks... you ain't so bad yourself."

Wendy giggled and took a step closer to her brother, and drew his hands up to her bare breasts. Once he began kneading at them and tugging at her nipples she placed her hands on his hips and pulled him closer so she could feel his hard cock pushing against her. She sighed and slowly moved her hips, rubbing herself against him.

"Uh... okay." Andrew looked into his sister's eyes, unable to hide his surprise and grinned. "Are you sure though?" he asked.

Wendy nodded, still swaying her hips. "No sense in letting those condoms go to waste," she giggled.

Minutes passed, although they seemed like seconds to Andrew, before his sister took a step back and buttoned her blouse again. "Sorry... we better be careful," she told him.

"Yeah, I suppose." Andrew sighed, unable to hide his disappointment.

"Oh, come on -- cheer up," she implored. "It'll be night before you know it. How about a game of Scrabble to pass the time?"

"Sure," her brother replied, sighing once more.

During supper that evening Wendy and Andrew were not hungry as they sat opposite their parents at Cindy's Cafe. They were craving each other rather than food, and wished that time would propel itself faster so they could be alone in their room. During the drive back from Cindy's Cafe they sat in silence in the back seat of their father's van, each staring out the window, sharing the same thoughts.

Andrew and Wendy were standing in the lobby of the Bayview Bed and Breakfast, listening to their father admonish them. They tried not to flash him impish grins as he spoke, although both were quite certain that they would be getting little sleep that night. They could sleep in the van.

Once they were back inside their room Andrew closed the door behind him and laughed. "Don't you guys stay up late," he intoned, mimicking their father, as he gave a Clintonesque jab at the air with his forefinger.

Wendy laughed at her brother's antics as she sat down on the bed. Beside her was an uncompleted game of Scrabble. "Want to finish this?" she asked. "We've got a couple of hours to kill."

That evening did pass more quickly than either Andrew or Wendy imagined it would. The air was thick with sexual tension, and although the siblings wanted to satisfy their craving for one another, they knew it would be foolish of them to do so before their parents were asleep. Once eleven o'clock approached Wendy stood up.

"I'll be right back," she announced before leaving the room.

Andrew waited for his sister to return from the bathroom. His cock had been throbbing for most of the evening and he was growing wild with lust. Once Wendy returned he made a quick visit to the bathroom, then hurried back to their room.

When Andrew opened the door to their room he was not entirely surprised to see that it was lit with only the lamp on the night stand, and to find his sister waiting for him in his bed. She raised up on her elbow, smiling at him. The sheet was covering her, but he could tell from her bare shoulders that she was naked beneath it.

"I've got a present for you," she said, raising her hand and grinning.

Andrew took the wrapped condom from his sister's hand and placed it on his pillow. Next, he quickly tugged his t-shirt off and dropped it to the floor. As he unzipped his jeans and pulled them down he smiled, feeling his cock rise and push out at his underwear. Feeling nervous and awkward with his sister staring intently, he unwrapped the condom and slipped it on.

The sheet felt cool on Andrew's naked body, but soon that sensation was replaced by Wendy's soft, warm hand sliding down his chest and stomach. When he felt her cup his full balls and give them a gentle squeeze he moaned.

"I've been waiting for this all day." Wendy's hand moved up to her brother's right hip and she tugged at him, guiding him towards her. Just one thing though: whatever you do -- don't be gentle."

A groan left Andrew's clenched teeth as he climbed between his sister's open thighs. As her fingernails ran down his back and she wrapped her legs around him he moaned again, only louder. These wonderful sensations did nothing to prepare him for what happened next. As his hard shaft entered his sister's tight, wet pussy he cried out in pleasure.

She tugged at the back of his neck, drawing his mouth down to her left breast.

"Careful, or someone will hear," she breathed in his ear.

Andrew began pumping his hips and breathing harder as he worked his shaft in and out of the body he had craved for so long. His wildest fantasies of Wendy didn't even begin to compare to how wonderful it felt to finally be inside her. She gripped him tighter with her hands, legs, and finally within her tight walls as she began to meet his thrusts.

"Fuck me hard, Andrew," she moaned, then bit down on his left shoulder to stifle another moan.

As his hard meat thrust harder and deeper inside his sister, Andrew looked down at her beneath him, watching her breasts quiver. He captured her left nipple between his lips again and tugged, first with his lips, then his teeth. Wendy moaned louder into his neck and gave his shaft another hard squeeze deep within her.

"Faster... god, Andrew... fuck me, please," she said in a throaty voice. Her back was arched slightly and she was grinding her hips, meeting him as his cock sank deep in her with his increasing rhythm.

"Fuck... you feel so good," he moaned, looking down at his cock pistoning in and out of his sister.

Judging from her breathing and moans, Andrew could tell that his sister was probably as close to an orgasm as he was. She had snaked her right hand down between them and was rubbing her clit hard. He could feel the back of her hand on him each time he pushed into her, pressing her into the mattress and making wet sounds as his cock hammered at her dripping pussy.

When Wendy cried out with one last moan and squeezed his cock hard Andrew could not hold back any longer. Gripping her hips, he raised up to give her several more hard thrusts, before burying his shaft inside her one final time. He came with a loud groan, then buried his face in her neck, kissing her.

"I love you, Wendy," he whispered as he felt himself growing soft.

"I love you too, Little Brother."

Wendy's lips were soft and moist on his cheek, and Andrew smiled at her as he rolled over. He observed his sister through half-closed eyes. The look of pleasure and love on her face thrilled him, and he wanted to make her feel that way every day and night from then on.

"That was so wonderful," Wendy said as she wiggled closer to her brother. She laid an arm over his chest and kissed his cheek.

Andrew returned his sister's kiss as he stroked her back. "Yeah... that was the best experience of my life," he replied, still catching his breath.

Wendy raised her head and smiled into her brother's eyes. "Mine too. Well, so far anyway," she grinned. "But we've got all night and a box of condoms."

Blame it on the Mistletoe

Merry Christmas or Happy Hannukah to all of you! I hope that your holidays are merry and spent with the ones you love. All the best in 2009 -- may it be a wonderful year for you. To all you Scrooges (like me) out there: here's a little something that I hope puts you in a festive mood. Best wishes!

Epiphany "Bah, Humbug" 65

I was never especially close with my Aunt Julia. She married a man named Stephen when I was fourteen and they soon left Seymour Heights, New Hampshire for New Jersey, leaving us and everything behind. After that, communication from her was sporadic. She would call my mother (her older sister) occasionally and send cards on birthdays and Christmas, but that was about it. Once the information superhighway expanded into Seymour Heights we began receiving emails and the occasional photo from my aunt quite often. But, like I said, Aunt Julia and I still weren't particularly close. All that changed last Christmas.

My aunt's marriage to Stephen lasted almost five years, then they divorced. With no children and few assets to argue over, the process was as fast and simple as one could hope for in that sort of situation. Aunt Julia got the small two-story house they owned and remained in Jersey City, eventually going to work for a legal firm there. From what I gathered from my mother's recounts of her emails, my aunt seemed happy being single once more and was making a comfortable living. Mom's frequent pleas for her younger sister to visit were always ignored -- until a few weeks before Christmas last year.

"Julia's coming to visit us!" Mom twirled around on the chair at her computer desk, beaming. She hadn't sounded so happy in a long time. "She's flying in on the twentieth and staying till the New Year," she elaborated.

I looked up from the couch where I had been sitting, watching television and smiled. I think I was more happy for Mom than I was at the prospect of seeing my aunt after several years. "That's great," I said, still not quite as happy as my mother. "It will be good to see her again. It's been ages."

"It sure will be. I can't wait to see her," Mom replied, then turned her attention back to the computer to reply to her sister's email.

There were almost two weeks to get through before my aunt's arrival and Mom grew more excited as each day passed. No child awaiting the arrival of Santa could have been as eager and impatient as she was during that time. I was far from indifferent, but nowhere near as overjoyed as her. Had I been able to peer into the future, or known my aunt better than I did then, I would have been elated.

I was at home the day that Aunt Julia arrived. Seymour Heights Community College was on winter break until early January and I was enjoying the respite from my classes. Dad was at work that afternoon. He owns a small pharmacy downtown and business is brisk this time of year, so he could not afford to take any time off unless it was absolutely necessary.

Mom and I heard Aunt Julia's excited yelp in the yard even before we saw her, or realized the cab had dropped her off from the airport. "Merry Christmas!" she bellowed, dashing up the back steps. There was a light dusting of snow from the flurries that morning and it's a wonder she didn't slip as she raced up to the door, carrying two large suitcases and one shoulder bag.

"Merry Christmas, Jules! It's so good to see you!" Mom's blue eyes glistened with happy tears as she embraced her younger sister.

"Likewise, Michie," Aunt Julia replied, dropping her luggage and clutching my mother tight. My aunt is the only person alive who could get away with calling Mom 'Michie' instead of 'Michelle'; even Dad is forbidden to. It was a pet name she had given her during childhood and decades later it still stuck.

Aunt Julia took a step back from Mom, holding her by her waist and smiled. She ran her eyes up and down my mother and gave her an approving nod. "You're looking good, big sister. Not bad for -- what is it -- fifty?" She grinned, anticipating Mom's reply.

"Shut up. That's a few years away," Mom chided, giving her sister's arm a playful swat.

"Well, forty-five or fifty, I'll always be younger than you," my aunt boasted. "Thankfully fifty is over ten years away for me."

I was leaning against the kitchen counter, smiling, as I watched and listened to the interaction between my mother and aunt. Minutes earlier, up until Aunt Julia's boisterous arrival anyway, I had been filled with pleasant anticipation over her visit. Now, as my eyes moved over her, this was replaced by another, stronger emotion: arousal.

Occasionally when Mom received an email from my aunt I would glance over her shoulder to read it at her encouragement. This was especially so when the email contained a recent photo of Aunt Julia, or one of her cats or dog. Although the photos were simple snapshots and sometimes poorly framed, I could tell from those digitized images that Mom's sister was a very attractive woman. Her angular jaw and high cheekbones were framed by curly auburn hair. Sometimes it seemed to shimmer, just like her hazel eyes, which seemed to have a playful glint to them.

I especially remember one photo in particular that my aunt had included in an email. It was from a trip to Bermuda she had taken soon after her divorce. She was sitting in a metal folding chair on a beach, a colourful drink in her slender hand, and she was wearing a yellow bikini which barely hid her charms. As I stood behind my mother, peering over her shoulder at her computer monitor, I felt my cock begin to stiffen to a full erection. I was thankful that I was standing behind Mom so she could not see the evidence of my growing arousal in the front of my jeans.

That photo, especially my aunt's firm, round breasts overflowing from the small, yellow triangles barely covering them, remained burned in my mind from that moment on. It returned to my mind's eye night after

night as I lay in bed, stroking my hard cock. I would imagine myself running my hands up my aunt's tanned legs and flat stomach to cup those sizable mounds in my hands and tease her stiff nipples. This illicit fantasy fueled my libido during many lonely nights. Sometimes when my parents were out I would sit at the computer in the living room, masturbating as I stared at the image of my aunt wearing her skimpy lemon-coloured bikini. Now that she was standing less than two yards away from me in our kitchen I could hardly believe it, or how much more sexy she actually was in person.

"My god, Colin. Look at you -- you're all grown up!" Aunt Julia's voice was soft and full of amazement. Her full lips curled into a smile and the red lipstick on them glistened. She folded her arms, causing her breasts to form into noticeable orbs. They filled out her purple knit cardigan so well I thought that the buttons might pop open. "The last time I saw you seems like a lifetime ago. You certainly don't look nineteen," she said, still looking me over.

"That's because I'm twenty," I corrected with a faint smile. My cock was beginning to throb and I wanted to move my eyes from the swell of my aunt's bosom, down over the tight black skirt covering her round hips, then back up again. Somehow I managed to restrain myself and remain focused on her lovely face.

Aunt Julia stepped over to me. She had kicked off her snow-covered boots at the door and her stockinged feet padded across the floor as she reached out towards me. "Well, I hope you're not too old to let your aunt give her favourite nephew a hug," she said.

I smiled, considering that I was her only nephew. Before I could reply I felt her arms around me, her soft hands gliding up my back. My muscles tensed. Then those perfect breasts, those firm mounds, were pressed to my chest. My heart was pounding so fiercely that I thought she might feel it as she pressed herself to me. I could feel a patina of sweat on my palms and my cock thickened some more. Somewhat tentatively, I slipped my arms around my aunt's narrow waist and moved my hands up her svelte back. Her sweater was soft and fuzzy. It moved upwards a bit as my hand roamed her back. Beneath it, I felt the straps of her bra. I pulled her tighter to me, nearly overwhelmed by the sensations of her luscious body on mine. The mingled scents of her perfume and hair conditioner filled my nostrils, feeding my libido. When she pressed her lips to my right cheek to plant a kiss I shuddered somewhat and felt light-headed.

"It's good to see you, Aunt Julia," I croaked, my throat dry from lust.

"You too," she said, her hot breath caressing my neck.

My aunt stepped back, still clutching my forearms as she smiled. Her shimmering eyes were two slits as they danced down my torso. When they met the front of my jeans her expression seemed to turn into a sneer, then I realized it was an approving grin. It lasted an instant, then was gone.

"So, where's Richard?" Aunt Julia turned her head back towards Mom at the sink and ran her hands down my arms, briefly stroking the backs of my hands.

"Still at the drug store," Mom said.

"Doesn't that man ever take a day off? Will he at least be having turkey with us on Christmas Day?" My aunt moved away from me and turned completely to face my mother. She crossed her arms beneath the curves of her breasts once more, pushing them up into firm hills.

Mom laughed. "Yes, Jules, he will. But he can't afford to take time off during the holidays," she explained.

Aunt Julia nodded and the warm smile returned to her face. She gave a chuckle that was rather sexy. "Are you putting me in the spare room next to Colin's?" she asked.

Mom nodded. "Yes. I hope that will be fine," she said.

"More than fine," Aunt Julia assured her.

While Mom lead her sister upstairs to the room where she would be staying I took advantage of the solitude to try to get my runaway libido under control. My cheeks were aflame and my erection was straining the zipper of my jeans. I went to the back door and opened it. I drew in deep breaths of the chilly December air as it cooled my face. I stood there for a few minutes, recalling the sensual feel of my aunt's body on mine and how her hands stroked my back as we embraced. I knew that I was going to be in a near constant state of arousal while she was visiting us. That seemed like a bittersweet prospect to me.

During supper that evening I did not have to make much effort at conversation; Mom and my aunt took care of that. I silently ate, taking the occasional sideways glance at my aunt and noticing how her eyes moved my way several times. It was both exhilarating and unnerving. The image of Aunt Julia on the beach, her magnificent body covered by three tiny triangles of cloth, was now replaced by the lingering sensations of her pressed to me earlier in the kitchen. My rigid cock demanded attention and my boiling lust craved release. It was very distracting and I did not feel much like eating. Mom has always been a wonderful cook, but each bite of food seemed like cardboard in my dry mouth that evening.

The remainder of that night was spent in the living room talking and watching television -- me doing more of the latter. I was lost in lewd thoughts about my aunt. She had sat down beside me on the sofa after she and Mom returned from loading the dishwasher and chatting a bit. Although she was nearly a full yard to my left it still seemed like her body heat radiated on me. Or maybe it was the combination of her seductiveness and charm. Either way, I was in torment. A few hours later, when my father yawned and stretched, then announced that he was tired and going to bed, I was glad. Mom would follow him and I could do the same soon after. When my aunt spoke up I felt uneasy.

"Well, I'm not tired like you old folks," she said. "I'm good for another few hours. You'll keep me company, won't you, Colin?" Aunt Julia turned to me, her pretty, oak-coloured eyes almost pleading.

"Ah... yeah, sure," I grunted, not wanting to be rude or seem flustered.

Mom got up from the beige loveseat where she and Dad were sitting and approached the sofa. When she leaned down to give my aunt a hug she stood up and put her arms around Mom's waist. She kissed her cheek, then looked into her eyes as they exchanged smiles.

"Nighty night, baby sis," Mom said, sounding like a teenager once again.

"Nighty night, big sis," my aunt replied. Then a wide, devilish grin crept over her face. She reached up and gave my mother's left breast a firm squeeze through her blouse. The mass of her breast nearly eclipsed Aunt Julia's slim palm as she pushed it upwards into a large mound.

Mom squealed and lurched away from her sister's grasp, then her laughter rang out. When her eyes met mine, which were now locked on the contours of her chest filling out her jade-coloured blouse, she began to blush. Her nipple had reacted to Aunt Julia's touch and now jutted out noticeably from the cotton covering it.

"Richard, did Michie ever tell you the real reason why I always call her 'big sister' isn't because she's older, but because she's always had bigger tits than me?" my aunt asked. She turned towards my father, who was sitting in near astonishment on the loveseat.

"Ah... no. She didn't," Dad answered, seeming both intrigued and uncomfortable. His eyes shifted from Mom to my aunt, then down over her cardigan.

"Well, that's why," she said, shooting Mom a grin. "Since Michie was born first, I was robbed. She got all the good boobie genes." Now her laugh filled the room as she surveyed my mother's chest.

I watched from the couch, smiling and shifting my attention between my Mom and aunt, comparing the relative sizes of their bustlines. Although I would have never in a million years said it, but despite my aunt's comment about being robbed, she certainly had not been left-out when it came to being well-endowed up top. Far from it.

"Oh, quit playing the victim," Mom snapped, unable to stifle a laugh. "It's not like you were exactly deprived, Jules." She nodded her head, gesturing down towards her sister's chest. "Don't you remember how Tony Gibson was always trying to sneak a peek down your top back in school?"

Aunt Julia's face became contorted into a grimace and she gave an exaggerated shudder. "He was such a creep," she hissed, her voice full of contempt.

"Yes, but still..." Mom replied. "And he wasn't the only one, so quit complaining. Besides, the only reason I'm built like I am is because I had Colin." Her eyes darted over her sister's shoulder to me and she gave me a shy smile.

I shifted on the sofa and forced a smile Mom's way. My eyes left hers as I admired her figure, especially how she filled out her blouse, which seemed a size too small for her. It wasn't the first time that I had committed that illicit act -- ogling my own mother. But it was certainly

the first time I had done it in such a charged situation. The air in the room now seemed to have come alive with sexual energy, brought on by my aunt's initial remark and groping of Mom. Even Dad seemed to notice it, judging from his vacant smile and pink cheeks. Images of him closing their bedroom door and dragging Mom towards their bed in a few minutes appeared in my mind.

"Maybe I should have a baby then," Aunt Julia mused aloud. "It would be cheaper than implants."

Mom laughed once more as she turned towards my father. He had gotten up and was standing behind her, his hands resting on her shoulders as his fingers teased her neck.

"Give it a lot of thought, Jules. In the meantime, I'm going to get my beauty sleep." Mom gave her another quick kiss on the cheek before taking hold of Dad's hand and leading him towards the steps.

Aunt Julia turned towards me, still smiling. I could hear the sounds of footsteps coming from upstairs and water running in the bathroom.

"It's so good to see you guys again. I shouldn't have put off visiting for so long," Aunt Julia said, sounding regretful. She sat down beside me once more, leaning on her right hip and tucking her right foot under her. "I still can't get over what a handsome young man you've become, Colin," she said, brushing her hair away from her left eye.

My aunt leaned back a bit, looking me over as if to consider the comment, then nodded. "Yes, you do," she concluded after a few moments. "But you've got your mother's eyes. They're as blue as sapphires, just like hers. Mine are a muddy brown. That's something else I always envied about Michie."

I felt myself blush once more, thinking about the other thing, or things, she envied about Mom. I felt my eyes drifting down towards her chest and forced them back up, but not before she noticed. She laughed. Not a loud laugh like earlier though. It was more like a teasing laugh, or like when old friends share an in-joke that is many years old.

"Don't let Michie catch you looking at me like that or she'll chew me a new one," Aunt Julia cautioned, still sounding amused.

"Like what? I wasn't - "

My aunt interrupted me with a soft hissing sound from her pursed lips, then she smiled. Through my nervousness I felt the urge to kiss her soft, moist lips, but easily fought it.

"It's okay, Colin," she said, her voice soft and reassuring. "I didn't say I was mad. It's flattering for a guy your age to be checking out an old chick like me." The corner of her mouth turned up as she stared at me.

I laughed, but only at the notion of her being old. Had someone not known her actual age they would have easily guessed her to be in her late twenties, but no more. "You're not old, Aunt Julia," I assured her.

"You're sweet, honey." My aunt leaned closer and pressed her velvety lips to my cheek, leaving traces of lipstick on my rosy skin. Then she leaned back on the sofa, still looking into my face.

"What?" I asked after a few moments, growing uncomfortable with the awkward silence and the look on my aunt's face.

"Oh... just thinking," she said, sounding sleepy and still gazing at me.

"About what?" I asked, although I almost feared her answer.

"About something very naughty." She gave her head a gentle shake as though she was silently reprimanding herself, then sat up.

"Oh..." I grunted. Now I was even more horny and very curious. My mind reeled, filling with possibilities -- all of them ribald and taboo. The heat returned to my cheeks and she immediately noticed.

"You're blushing," she teased, her gentle eyes meeting mine.

I gave her a silent nod, knowing it was futile to deny it.

Aunt Julia slid closer towards me, so her right hip was almost pressing against me. Her arm brushed mine, then I felt the side of her firm breast pressed on my bicep. I didn't dare look down. For a moment I think my racing heart came to a halt. I swallowed, but my throat felt dry, like that beach in the photo of her wearing the yellow bikini.

"Do you like me -- even though I'm the... little sister?" My aunt's hot breath washed over my cheek and neck. She paused before speaking the last two words, then slowly breathed them out for emphasis.

"I... yeah, of course I like you," I managed to say in an unnaturally thick voice.

"You know how I meant it," she taunted, clearly unconvinced by the tone of my reply.

I tried to speak, but the words caught in my throat. I licked my lips. "I like you. But you're my aunt, so... so I can't like you like you think." I laughed self-consciously at the jumble of words that had come out of my mouth, but hoped she'd understand. She did.

My aunt inched closer and hooked her arm around mine. She held my hand in hers, which both surprised and excited me. Her hand was soft and warm, much like rest rest of her probably was, I assumed. Our shoulders were touching now, but what I was concentrating on now was how her breast was pressing against my side. It was firm and felt bigger than it had appeared earlier as it rose from her slender body to strain the fabric of her cardigan. For a moment I allowed by eyes to wander down and noticed that the top three buttons of my aunt's

cardigan were open. Now I could see her upper chest in the V-shaped opening. I followed the line of her slender collar bone down to the deep cleavage between her round breasts. Her skin looked look as smooth as crystal and as soft as angel hair. I licked my lips once more and tore my eyes away.

"You're going to get put on Santa's Naughty List, but I bet you don't care," she said in a hushed voice.

"I don't believe in Santa," I spat out, then smiled.

"You ol' Grinch," she joked, giving my arm a gentle shake.

I laughed and it helped to ease some of the tension I felt.

"That's okay, Colin. I like naughty boys. If Santa skips you this Christmas, maybe I can make up for it. As long as you don't mind it that I'm your mom's... little sister."

I listened to my aunt's teasing lilt and how she once again breathed those two words. My erection twitched and I rested my right arm on my lap. "You're not exactly little, Aunt Julia," I said, feeling bold.

"But I'm only a few inches over five feet," she replied, sounding coy and sexy.

My eyes met hers. "You know how I meant it," I said, echoing her words from earlier.

Aunt Julia laughed and I felt her breast shift and rub against me. "So, you don't think I'm little then?" she asked, her voice still soft and haunting.

"No, not at all," I scoffed.

"When we were in the kitchen loading the dishwasher, Michie said that this sweater looked too small for me and that I was going to drive you and your dad crazy."

"Mom said that?" I asked in disbelief.

My aunt tightened her lips into a thin slit and nodded. "She's not naive, you know," she said.

"I know. I'm just surprised that she'd make a comment like that."

Aunt Julia shrugged. "If you knew her as well as I do she might surprise you even more," she remarked, sounding enigmatic.

"Like how?" I prodded.

My aunt shook her head. "Sisters have their secrets, you know," was all she said.

I nodded, reflecting on her reply. My mind, prodded on by my libido, began to race. My obscene thoughts were interrupted by my aunt's voice a few moments later.

"What are your plans for tomorrow?" she asked.

"None. Why?"

"I was thinking we could decorate the house and put up the tree. It's time this place looked like Christmas," she said, glancing around the living room.

"Sounds good to me," I told her.

"Good. It will be fun. I've missed celebrating Christmas with Michie." Aunt Julia got up from the couch and stretched, following my eyes on her, then smiled. "But now, I have a date with The Sandman. The flight today tired me out. Sweet dreams, Colin."

"You too," I said, watching her leave the room.

The next morning I was up early -- much earlier than I normally would have been during Christmas break. I did not want to waste a minute sleeping when I could be spending time with my aunt. After showering and getting dressed, I hurried down to the kitchen. Mom and Aunt Julia were sitting at the kitchen table, drinking coffee and eating toast. Mom was still in her housecoat, but my aunt was dressed for the day.

"My, you're up early," Mom remarked, looking up at the clock as I walked in. Her wide eyes met mine.

"I promised Aunt Julia I'd help her decorate," I explained, as I made my way to the fridge for some juice.

"Geez, Jules, I always thought your forte was getting men into bed, not out of it," Mom quipped.

Aunt Julia laughed and a bit of orange juice dribbled from her lips. She wiped her chin and darted her eyes towards me. "Sometimes they're just as useful out of bed, big sister," she shot back. "Haven't you realized that by now?"

I sat at the table between the two sisters, sipping my juice and listening to their banter. Although I did my best to not be obvious about it, I could not help but notice how good my aunt looked that morning. Perhaps a good night's sleep had helped, but what she was wearing certainly caught my eye. She had on a navy blue skirt that, when sitting at least, left several inches of her soft thighs bare. Along with that, she wore a white scoop-necked blouse. As I brought my glass of juice up to my lips I tried to imagine the view down the front of her blouse I would

be afforded if she were to bend over in front of me. I had to fight off a shudder of arousal at the thought.

"So, where do you keep the decorations?" Aunt Julia asked once she had finished her coffee.

"They're up in the attic," I said.

I got up from my chair, my aunt following close behind, and lead her upstairs to the attic door. Silently we climbed the narrow steps into the musty top floor of our house. Pushed to one side in a corner were three large cardboard boxes containing Christmas decorations.

Soon after I became a teenager my parents decided to buy an artificial tree. They reasoned that it was cheaper, cleaner and less of a fire hazard than a real one. That tree was resting inside the box which I now stood in front of.

"There's just these three," I told my aunt. "This one has the tree and the others have decorations and stuff."

Aunt Julia nodded, looking around the attic. Her arms were wrapped tightly around her waist and she seemed fidgety. "Damn! It's chilly up here," she lamented, shifting from one bare foot to another.

taught over her and the outline of her hard nipples were clearly visible. They poked out at the thin cotton like two bullets. My eyes fixed on them, until I heard her soft laugh.

"Not that you mind, huh, Colin?" My aunt gave me a knowing smile and arched her back slightly so her blouse now looked like a second skin covering her. She followed my eyes with hers, seeming amused, or maybe even pleased, by my reaction.

"I'm not going to complain. But let's get these boxes downstairs before you get frostbite," I joked, hoping that some humour would ease the tension.

I picked up the largest box, the one containing the tree, and waited for her to take ahold of one too. Instead, she let her arms go limp at her sides and moved around to my left side so the cumbersome box in my hands was no longer between us.

"You wouldn't let me get frostbite, would you, Colin?" she asked, sounding helpless.

I gave my head a shake, looking at the teasing expression on her face. "No, of course not," I said.

Without another word my aunt wrapped her arms around me and nuzzled herself closer to me. Her breasts flattened against me, rubbing over my side as she shifted her body. I looked down into the front of her blouse and saw the tops of her breasts rising from the white bra she

was wearing. It was thin and was trimmed with lace around the tops of the cups. I could have stared all day, but I knew that Mom would be expecting us back down soon.

"We better get back down," I suggested.

Reluctantly, my aunt eased away from me. She gathered a box in her hands and followed me down the stairs. After that, I hurried back up for the remaining box so I could bring it down with the others.

###

"Do you guys have a stepladder somewhere?"

I was busy assembling the artificial tree in the middle of the living room, preoccupied with that and lewd thoughts about my aunt, when her question jolted me back to the present.

"Ah... yeah. It's in the cellar," I said, looking up at her. "I'll go get it."

When I returned from the cellar with the aluminum ladder Aunt Julia was busy pulling green and red garland from the box that she had brought down from the attic. She looked up at me with a confused expression. "Where does this stuff go?" she asked.

I observed my aunt dragging the ladder towards the fireplace. Her tight skirt clung to her ass and the curves of her hips. When I heard my mother's voice behind me I jumped and turned around.

"I'm going to have a shower and get dressed. I'll be back down in a while," Mom said.

"Alright," I replied, still concentrating on my aunt.

"Hey, hold this thing for me, will you?" Aunt Julia asked.

"Huh?" I grunted.

"The ladder," she explained. "I'm afraid of it tipping over."

A woman is her strongest when she's her weakest, I thought to myself. Despite knowing her fear was unfounded, and suspecting that she realized it too, I walked over to the ladder and gripped it in my hands, bracing my foot on the bottom rung. Now I was staring directly at my aunt's firm, round ass, only inches from my face and slightly above me. It wiggled slightly as she strung the garland along the top edge of the mirror. I wasn't sure if this tantalizing show was deliberate or not, but I enjoyed it regardless. It was all I could do to remain holding the ladder and not reach out to give it a squeeze, or even a hard slap. My knuckles turned white as I gripped the ladder and stared at Aunt Julia's backside and the flare of her hips.

"All done," she announced a few minutes later.

I stepped back a bit to allow my aunt to descend the ladder, still holding it tight. As her foot reached the bottom rung I suddenly felt her luscious ass rub over my crotch. She paused, then pressed against me, grinding herself against the bulge in my jeans. She turned her head to one side, smiling down at me.

"Okay, what's next?" she asked.

"Ah... the mirror in the hall," I told her, then cleared my throat.

I carried the stepladder into the hall, my aunt following me with a length of garland in her hand. Once more I steadied the ladder for her while she hung the garland around the wooden frame of the oval mirror. And once again as she climbed back down she paused to grind her firm ass against my throbbing cock. Only this time she did it for a few seconds longer, just enough to make sure I knew it was intentional -- as if there was any doubt -- and long enough for her to feel how hard she had made me. The sensation was wonderful and I knew that if she were to keep doing it she would eventually make me cum. After a few moments I eased away before allowing myself to get too aroused.

"There's some other stuff in the box. Where does that go?" she asked.

It took me a moment to collect my thoughts. "The rest are just things like a Nativity scene, Santas and Christmas trees that go on tables and the mantel," I said. "Plus there's mistletoe."

"Oh, mistletoe -- my favourite!" she exclaimed, sounding delighted and giving me another teasing smile.

I returned her smile and looked up towards the stucco ceiling. "We usually hang some mistletoe from this light fixture and some from the one in the living room," I explained. I drug the ladder so it was positioned under the light and waited.

"That's a big climb. Make sure you hold the ladder really tight, okay?" she said, sounding genuinely nervous this time.

I nodded, gripping one side of the ladder. From upstairs I could hear the sound of the shower. My thoughts were momentarily diverted by the mental image of my mother -- standing naked under the spray of the hot water and her wet body glistening. I recalled how full and firm her breast had looked the night before when Aunt Julia had squeezed it. Now I imagined both of them, unrestrained by a bra, with soap running down them and over her hard, thick nipples. When my aunt began ascending the ladder my eyes and thoughts went back to her.

It took her slightly less time to hang the mistletoe and when my aunt stepped down the ladder she once again paused, pressing herself against my hard cock, which now threatened to burst from my jeans. But this time she also rested her back on my chest, then turned to her left, smiling, eyes half-closed.

"Mmmm... I know what I want for Christmas," she said with a soft moan, pressing her ass harder against my shaft.

"I... I don't know if that's a good idea," I said, reluctantly.

"Oh... don't you want to give it to me, Colin?" Her voice sounded both sexy and disappointed.

"It's not that. It's just -- "

"Have you promised to give it to someone else?" she interjected, still looking at me from the corner of her eye.

"No," I told her.

"Then I guess it's all mine," she replied in an almost defiant tone.

Before I could reply, the sound of the shower stopped. I knew that Mom would be back down soon and the last thing I wanted was for her to catch me and her sister in a compromising situation. I backed away from the ladder, watching my aunt step down to the carpet.

"Okay, one more. The light in the living room," I said, dragging the step ladder into place and hoping to change the subject before Mom heard us.

If Aunt Julia was concerned with my mother catching us in an intimate moment, one that was strictly forbidden by polite society, she never showed it. Once more I was treated to a perfect view of her ass, plus a good portion of her smooth, well-toned thighs as she affixed the last piece of mistletoe to the light fixture in the living room. As she eased herself back down the ladder I was both relieved and disappointed that our naughty game had come to an end.

As I held the ladder, staring at her ass getting closer to me and waiting to feel it pressed to my hard cock one last time, I discovered that my aunt had one final trick in her bag. As she was about to make the final step onto the floor she stumbled and let out a gasp. An instant later I felt her back collide with my chest. My hands shot from the sides of the ladder to her waist in an effort to steady her. What happened next still seems almost a blur to me. Her body felt slightly limp, or maybe it was just that she was so slender. But as she fell into my arms my right hand slid up until it was cupping her right breast, or as much of it that would fit in my palm. It felt heavy and firm. Even now I can still recall the feeling of it as I fondled her, along with the sensation of her firm ass rubbing against my hard cock.

Aunt Julia relaxed her body, still resting on my back. I felt her hand on my left thigh, just above my knee and her wispy hair tickling my face. Her nipple had stiffed and was poking into the palm of my right hand. It was thick and diamond hard. Her lips were closed tight as she looked down at my hand cupping her, then she slowly turned her head to glance at me from the corner of her eye.

"You caught me. I guess that means you get to keep me." Her voice was barely audible, although I was sure she could hear my heart, pounding like jackhammer. When I drew my hand away she pressed on the back of it, pushing it back down on her breast.

"Mom will be down any minute," I whispered in her ear.

"I almost don't care," was her soft reply.

Aunt Julia sighed, either from pleasure or disappointment -- perhaps a mixture of both, and slipped from my arms. She pushed her hair back over her shoulders, then cleared her throat.

"So, what's next?" she asked, her voice returning to normal.

I stood there, dumbfounded for a moment, mesmerized by the look of arousal on my aunt's face and her hard nipples pointing towards me. She smiled, but it almost seemed like an embarrassed smile. "Well, we just sort of put the rest of the decorations on tables and shelves -- wherever there's space," I explained.

Aunt Julia went to one of the cardboard boxes and began rifling through it. I watched her bending over, running my eyes up and down her body. Moments later she brought out several plastic figurines and a brown cardboard manger belonging to our Nativity set. She fumbled with one of the figurines, turning it over in her hand to examine it, then giggled.

"Hey, don't you think that Joseph kind of looks like Osama bin Laden?" she asked, holding the plastic figure up for me to see, still chuckling.

I rolled my eyes. "If Dad hears you saying that you'll be spending Christmas back in Jersey -- if you're lucky," I warned her.

"Bah, humbug!" she spat out as she arranged the items on the coffee table.

A few minutes later Mom came down the stairs and joined us. She watched her sister decorating for a while before she spoke. "Jules, I'm going out to get some groceries. Feel like coming?" she asked.

My aunt turned from an end table where she had just placed a plastic Santa holding a candle. She frowned. "No, sorry, Michie. But I've had enough of shopping till Easter. Do you mind if I stay here? We're going to start decorating the tree in a while," she said.

Mom shook her head, trying to not look disappointed, or so it seemed. "That's okay. I just thought you might want to get out for a while," she said. "I'll be back in about an hour, if the store's not too crowded."

Not a word was spoken between us until we heard Mom close the door as she left. A few seconds later my aunt turned from a bookshelf where she had placed two ceramic angels. "So, what's next? she asked.

I grew nervous, contemplating the subtext of her question. "I guess we can start decorating the tree," I said, then began pulling a strand of lights from a box so I could check for burned out bulbs.

Aunt Julia was standing beside me as I knelt on the floor, untangling lights and checking for loose bulbs. When she knelt down to my right I paused and turned my head. Her breasts swayed gently inside her blouse as she leaned over and her skirt had slid up her thighs a ways. I moved my eyes up and down her body, then finally locked my eyes on hers. She looked up towards the ceiling and smiled, then looked back down at me.

"We're under the mistletoe," she said, sounding slightly nervous.

I looked up, although I believed her. "Yeah, I guess we are," I replied.

"I suppose we'd better see if it still works after being boxed-up all year." Her voice was sweet and tender, as soft as her skin.

Before I could reply Aunt Julia was leaning towards me. I felt her brace her left hand on my right thigh as her hot breath stroked my mouth for a second. Then she softly pressed her mouth to mine, parting her lips and sucking on my lower one. She gripped my thigh harder and inched her fingers closer to my hard shaft as her tongue darted past my lips, searching for mine. Soon my hand was moving up her left thigh towards her hip. I clutched it, urging her closer. She moaned as we kissed and slipped her right hand around to the back of my neck, holding me to her so she could suck on my tongue. When she eventually pulled away I heard a soft sucking sound as her soft, pliant

lips released me. It was then I realized that my hand was cupping her left breast. I looked down, almost in disbelief, as my fingers kneaded her through her blouse and bra. Reluctantly, I slid my hand away from her heavy breast. It fell with a slight bounce.

"You're a good kisser," she said, wiping the corner of her mouth with the tip of her index finger, then giving me an awkward smile.

"Thanks. So are you," I replied, unsure of what else to say.

There was a silence of almost a minute before she said "So, I guess the mistletoe works."

"Yeah... this bunch anyway," I said.

"What?" she asked, then followed my eyes towards the hall.

"Colin... you really are naughty," she sighed, her eyes flickering with arousal.

"What? I never said anything," I protested, then laughed.

Aunt Julia got to her feet, then reached down to tug at my hand. "Hurry up, before Michie gets home," she urged.

My aunt pulled me in to the hall so we were standing beneath the second sprig of mistletoe hanging from the light fixture. She placed her hands on my waist, just above my hips, and pulled me to her. Our movements were less tentative this time as our eager mouths met. Her breathing was heavy as her hand roamed up to the back of my neck. She pulled me tighter to me, our tongues dancing.

At that moment I wanted desperately to tear my aunt's clothes off and make love to her right there on the floor. I did not care if Mom were to walk in on us; I would have dealt with the consequences later without the slightest regret. Instead, I was more than happy to hold my aunt to me and continue kissing her warm, watery lips.

I felt Aunt Julia's left hand leave my waist and slide down to my ass. She gave it a hard squeeze, pulling me closer so I could feel my throbbing shaft rubbing over her stomach through my jeans. She felt it too because I heard her moan.

"You're so hard," she said, sounding amazed.

A moan escaped from my throat and I pressed my mouth back to hers. I moved my right hand up to her breast, waiting for her to resist. She didn't. Through her blouse and bra I found her nipple, hard and thick. I pinched it lightly, then a little harder as I gave it a tug. She moaned louder this time and snaked her tongue deeper into my mouth. I grabbed one handful after another of Aunt Julia's breast, pushing it up and trying in vain to fit it all into my hand.

"I love having my tits played with," she said, almost panting.

"I love playing with them," I replied, then gave her lower lip a tug between mine.

Aunt Julia broke our embrace. I was disappointed until I saw her quickly unbuttoning her blouse, almost to her navel. She pulled it open to reveal her breasts, barely contained by a white lace bra. Above the lace two firm mounds rose from her chest, rising and falling as she breathed heavily. Through the lace covering her left breast, just above where it met the thicker white silky material, I could see a hint of her areola. It was wide and slightly lighter than her hair. Beneath it her thick nipple stood out against the white silk.

"God, you're beautiful," I sighed as I stared at her.

"Thanks. I think you're pretty hot yourself." Aunt Julia embraced me once more, covering my neck with soft, teasing kisses, then nibbling at it.

The soft silk and lace of her bra felt sensual, but it did not compare to the feeling of her breasts in my hands as I fondled them. I squeezed and molded them into orbs until they nearly rose from their confines. Then I bent down and licked one nipple, then the other, through the silk. My aunt giggled and squirmed in my arms.

"Mmmm... yeah... I love that, Colin," she moaned, swaying gently.

I could see snow gently falling outside through the window over my aunt's shoulder. It's softness and gentleness reminded me of the woman I was loving. I continued toying with her breasts, feeling her lips and teeth on my neck. When I heard a car door slam shut in the yard I lurched back as though I had touched an electric fence.

"Shit, Mom's home!" I gasped.

Aunt Julia began quickly buttoning her blouse as she hurried into the living room behind me. I began stringing lights on the tree. She joined me a minute later, after adjusting her blouse and pushing back her hair.

"Damn, it's getting nasty out there," Mom called out from the kitchen.

My aunt and I exchanged nervous glances, but continued working on the tree. Seconds later Mom appeared in the room, shaking snow from her hair. She watched us for a moment before she spoke.

"Colin, would you mind getting the groceries out of the car?" she asked.

Not only would I not mind, I was glad for the opportunity to avoid my mother for a while and let the crisp air soothe my hot face and stiff cock. I took my time bringing the groceries in and when I was finished I found Mom sitting on the sofa, watching her sister hang ornaments on the tree.

Until supper was ready my aunt and I kept busy by decorating the tree. I think it went faster than usual due to the abundance of nervous energy that I had. By the time Dad was home and we began eating I was starving. I quickly cleaned my plate, then placed another pork chop and scoop of mashed potato on my plate.

"It looks like all that decorating made you hungry, Colin," Mom remarked as I reached for the butter.

I gave her a wary look and nodded. "Yeah, I was really hungry," I said.

Mom nodded without replying, but from the corner of her eye I noticed a peculiar look come over her face. Perhaps it was just my paranoid imagination, but I could not help wonder if she had somehow discovered what Aunt Julia and I had been doing while she was out. I quickly dismissed the notion. We were back in the living room and had gotten ourselves together by the time Mom had joined us after all.

That evening played itself out much like the previous one. Mom and my aunt cleared the table and loaded the dishwasher while Dad and I sat in the living room. The television was on once more and although I was looking at it I still don't recall a single show that was on that night.

Like clockwork, Dad decided it was time for him to go to bed soon after ten-thirty and Mom followed suit. Somewhere in the back of my mind I feared that she might decide to stay up late and chat some more with her sister, so I was relieved when she got up to follow Dad.

My aunt was sitting beside me on the sofa, but the room was silent, save the television. A minute or so after the upstairs fell quiet she spoke, but it was barely more than a whisper.

"Are we wicked?" She had a pained look on her face as she turned towards me. It seemed as though she needed to be reassured. Thankfully I did not have to lie to her.

"I think you're wicked," I retorted, grinning.

"You know how I meant it, Colin," she snapped, her eyes briefly narrowing, then she sighed. "I'm sorry. I guess I'm just feeling guilty and nervous."

"It's okay. I am too. Well, nervous anyway," I said.

"Not guilty?" She cocked her head to one side, looking confused and somewhat surprised.

I shrugged. I had wrestled with my demons regarding this long ago and conquered them. Despite the sea change in our relationship, I felt no compunction. In fact, quite the opposite. My only concern was to soothe her pangs.

Aunt Julia turned on the couch until her knees were pointing towards me. She reached out and began fumbling with the fingers of my left hand. After a few moments she raised her eyes to meet mine.

"I never planned on any of this, you know," she said. There was a weary, regretful sound to her voice. "I never thought about you before, you know -- that way. I guess I just sort of got carried away, and to tell you the truth, really excited by it all. Since it's so... wicked." She gave me a foxy smile.

I gave her an understanding nod. "I know. I never thought that anything like this would ever happen between us," I said. "I mean, you're really pretty -- no, beautiful -- but I never for an instant thought you'd be interested in me. I always thought that it would just be..." My voice faded out and I lowered my head, staring at my aunt's fingers entwined with mine.

"Just be what?" she coaxed, clutching my hand. Now there was excitement in her voice.

"I don't know. A fantasy, I guess," I murmured, then looked up at her.

She leaned back a bit, obviously surprised by my admission. I felt her grip on my hand ease. "You mean you've thought about me... like that?" she asked with amazement.

I gave her a guilty nod.

"Since when?" she asked, squeezing my hand once more.

"Since you emailed Mom that photo of you on the beach in Bermuda."

Aunt Julia let out a soft laugh, then clamped her lips tight, probably afraid that my parents would hear. "That bikini got me a lot of attention. I had just gotten divorced and was feeling a little bold, I guess. I don't think I'd dare wear it now," she said, then gave me a shy look.

"That's good, because it's too cold out," I teased.

My aunt laughed again. "I thought you liked how I looked when I was cold," she said,

"I do." My eyes drifted down towards her breasts and images from that afternoon flashed in my mind.

"I have more photos from that trip of me in that bikini," she told me. "But I didn't dare send them to Michie. Make sure I get your email address before I go and I'll send them to you. As long as no one else sees them."

I raised a palm to her and in a solemn voice said "I swear."

Aunt Julia stared at me, or over my shoulder, for a little while, then a delicious smile crept over her lovely face. She parted her lips, as though to speak, but it was a few moments before she found the words.

"I suppose I should have seen this coming," she concluded.

"Really? Why?" I blurted out as my eyes widened in surprise.

"Yesterday, in the kitchen -- when I hugged you... you were hard, weren't you?" Her voice was an odd mixture of shock and curiosity.

I nodded, too shy and nervous to admit it aloud.

"I knew it," she replied. "I mean, I've been around enough to know when a guy's excited, but I still couldn't believe it."

"Why? Because I'm your nephew?"

"That, and because, well, I'm me," she answered, then gave a nervous titter.

"What's that mean? You're beautiful, Aunt Julia," I said, raising my voice with emphasis.

She gave a skeptical shrug and rolled her dreamy eyes. "I'm okay, I guess. But that's not really all of it." She paused once more, thinking. "After I went to bed I couldn't get it... you, I mean... you know -- hard... out of my mind. I guess it awoke something in me -- something... wicked," she continued, then flashed me an impish grin. "Let's just say I couldn't get to sleep until after I... took care of myself." She gave me a bashful smile, then lowered her eyes.

My heart began to race, sending blood to my thickening cock. The image of my gorgeous aunt lying in bed masturbating on the other side of my bedroom wall, perhaps while I was doing the same thing, made me want to push her down on the sofa and take her that instant. Instead, I shifted on the cushion and leaned into her. With the edge of my finger I pushed up on her chin, gently raising her head. I placed a soft kiss on her forehead, lingering long enough to feel the warmth and softness of her skin on mine.

"I love you," I whispered.

My aunt smiled, but never said anything at first. She wiggled closer and cuddled up next to me, resting her head on my shoulder. "So, what's next?" she asked after a minute or more..

For a moment my mind reverted to us decorating the house that afternoon when I heard her question. "Well, that's it for decorations," I told her.

She lifted her head and smiled at me. "No. I meant for us."

I thought for a moment, then sighed. "This afternoon was a really close call -- too close. We can't afford to be careless, no matter how we feel," I concluded.

I didn't reply. Instead I slipped my arm around her soft, warm body and pulled her tighter to me. She shifted a bit and placed her hand on my right thigh. As she stared at the growing bulge in my jeans she drug her fingertips up and down the inside of my thigh, inching closer to my erection with each pass.

"It's not fair," she protested. Her voice was meek and forlorn. "We're adults and we're not hurting anyone else."

"I know," I said. "It's just that... shit, it sucks, I know."

A soft, long moan issued from my aunt's dewy lips. "How did you know I was thinking about sucking?" she asked, tilting her head up to give me a sexy smile.

I bent down and kissed her cheek. Her tender skin felt hot and I wanted to continue kissing her, everywhere, but knew we would not be able to rein ourselves in next time. I sat up again and ran my hand down her back, then back up. I continued to slowly caress her for close to an hour as we silently lay in one another's arms.

The lights on the Christmas tree seemed to twinkle and through the window I could see snow falling through the amber haze of the streetlights. I pulled my aunt closer to me and closed my eyes, wishing that night could never end.

Mom had no errands to do the next day. That was a mixed blessing. It meant that Aunt Julia and I would not get any time alone, but I reasoned that it was probably better that way. I shoveled the steps and the walk, then spent the remainder of the afternoon playing video games in my room. Mom and my aunt sat in the living room, talking and listening to Christmas carols.

After supper that evening when Mom joined us in the living room she asked a question that both surprised and gladdened me. Dad and I were watching television. Aunt Julia had gone upstairs to the bathroom after helping Mom in the kitchen. I was at my usual place on the couch, trying to feign interest in television when my mother's voice cut through my angst.

"Richard, what time does the party start tomorrow night?"

Dad turned from the television, pausing a moment. "Around seven," he said.

I perked up and turned towards Mom. "What party?" I asked.

"Your father's annual employee Christmas party. Don't you remember?" Mom answered with a slightly peevish tone.

No, I hadn't remembered, but I should have. Every year before Christmas my father rented a dining room at a local hotel to hold a party for his half-dozen or so employees and their spouses. I had

completely forgotten about it due to the recent events and mental turmoil I was having. Suddenly my spirits were lifted at the thought of me and my Aunt Julia getting several hours alone the next evening. My mind was a whirlwind with the possibilities and lewd acts which that amount of privacy would allow us to commit. Then just as quickly my mind came to a halt at the realization that she was feeling guilty and scared. Time alone did not necessarily mean that our illicit affair would be rekindled. I frowned and folded my arms.

When Aunt Julia joined us a few minutes later there was no more discussion of tomorrow night's staff party. I didn't broach the subject for fear that her reaction might arouse suspicion with my parents. I decided to wait until they had gone to bed to deliver the news. Once the sounds of them getting ready for bed upstairs faded out I turned towards my aunt sitting beside me on the couch and smiled. She returned my smile, but seemed perplexed by my expression.

"I've got good news," I said, trying to create some suspense.

Aunt Julia drew her knees up on the couch and twisted around to face me. "What?" she asked, sounding excited.

"Tomorrow night is Dad's staff party for his employees. He and Mom will be out all night -- till late anyway."

A broad smile grew on her face. "Starting when?" she asked.

"Till...?"

I shrugged. "I don't know. Last year it was midnight or later before they got back," I said.

Aunt Julia sucked on the corner of her lower lip, thinking, then she spoke. "What if they want us to go?"

"They've never asked me before. But if they ask you, just tell them you're tired, or have menstrual cramps, or whatever."

My aunt laughed. Her body quaked and I noticed her breasts jiggle inside her blouse. Slowly, almost cautiously, I reached out for her left one. Her eyes widened and her mouth opened to speak, then she smiled. She arched her back, offering herself to me and ran her tongue over her lips slowly. Gently, I cupped one of her breasts, then the other, in my hands. Never before or since have I felt such a beautiful body.

Her hand was running up the inside of my left thigh. I looked down to it, then her questioning face. I nodded, then continued caressing her through her blouse. When I felt her give my aching balls a gentle squeeze I gasped. She stopped, but when I moaned she began rubbing my stiff cock through the constraining denim.

"You have perfect breasts," I told her.

"Tomorrow night they'll be all yours... I'll be all yours," she whispered.

I leaned closer and placed a soft kiss on her glistening lips. She parted them to receive my tongue briefly, then drew back.

"We better be careful. Remember?" she suggested in a reluctant tone.

I removed my hands from her and sat back on the couch. "You're right, unfortunately," I sighed.

Leaning into me, she ran her fingers through my hair and kissed my cheek. "Tomorrow night... less than twenty-four hours," she whispered into my ear. "Then you can do what you've wanted to ever since you saw that photo of me in my bikini."

I smiled at her, almost in disbelief, but mostly out of love and gratitude. "I love you," I said.

Aunt Julia pressed her lips to my cheek, then my ear. "I love you too, Colin," she whispered.

There we remained for the next two hours, holding one another on the sofa. More like lovers than kin.

The next day it was my turn to be as impatient as a child awaiting a visit from Santa. I think Aunt Julia felt the same, but she was careful not to betray her emotions. For the most part we avoided one another and kept any conversation to a minimum. I sequestered myself in my room with my video games and she spent time with Mom. They sat in the living room, drinking egg nog and listening to Christmas music.

It was my aunt's suggestion that my mother not bother making supper that night. She assured Mom that she and I could fend for ourselves by eating leftovers and that Mom's time would be better spent getting ready for the staff party. It was a marvelous idea and I had to resist the urge to kiss her when she posed it, shortly after breakfast. This meant that my parents could leave earlier to be there to greet guests as they arrived at the hotel dining room.

Despite this, that day seemed interminable. It was made worse by the fact that Aunt Julia seemed to have intentionally chosen clothes that she knew would torment and arouse me. She was wearing a light blue dress with a pleated waist that came down to just below her knees. It had a row of buttons running down the middle -- although she had left the top few buttons undone.

Around mid-afternoon I came down from my room for another glass of Pepsi. I stopped at the archway to the living room and looked in. Mom and my aunt were on the sofa looking at a photo album. I could hear Perry Como, or maybe it was Nat King Cole, wishing us a Merry Christmas. They both looked up and smiled at me, although Aunt Julia seemed a little sheepish. She was leaning over the photo album on her lap and I noticed a hint of cleavage showing in the opening of her dress.

Instantly my cock reacted, pushing out at the front of my jeans. Her eyes went to it and I noticed a vague smile appear.

"Care for some egg nog?" Mom asked.

I shook my head and scowled. "No, thanks. Pepsi is just fine."

Mom laughed. She was wearing a white blouse that had tiny holly leaves on it; she wore it every Christmas. Only this year it seemed tight on her. Maybe it was just her posture, or my inflamed libido, but I couldn't help but notice how round and full breasts looked right then. I fought a smile as I recalled my aunt's explanation of why she always referred to Mom as her 'big sister'. She was certainly worthy of the epithet, I thought to myself. Now keenly aware of my throbbing erection, I turned for the kitchen before she could notice my arousal, assuming she hadn't already.

While I was standing at the fridge my aunt entered the kitchen. She gave me a sultry smile. The bodice of her dress hugged her, emphasizing her bust and narrow waist that lead to the curves of her hips. I noticed the subtle bounce her breasts beneath her dress gave as she moved.

"I just came out to get some more eggnog," she said, seemingly loud enough for my mother to hear.

431 I never replied as she sidled up beside me at the fridge. "I've been wet all day," she whispered into my ear. As she spoke she pressed her hip

against the front of my jeans. Once she realized that I was hard she wiggled her hips a little. A faint moan reverberated in her throat, almost like the purring of a cat.

I smiled with a nod as I stood there holding the glass in my hand, watching her refill hers. When I reached out to feel her right breast she slipped away, then shot me a tantalizing smile. As she left the kitchen she turned and blew me a kiss.

Back in my bedroom I turned on a Kings of Leon CD, loud enough to drown-out the Christmas music coming from downstairs. About a half hour later I saw Mom pass by my door on the way to her room. A few minutes later she walked towards the bathroom wearing her housecoat. I turned the music down, listening to the sound of the running shower and imagining my mother standing naked just on the other side of the wall facing me. I reached down and rubbed my cock through my jeans. When the sound of the water running ceased my pulse quickened.

A few minutes later I heard the bathroom door open and Mom walked out. She stopped at the doorway to my room and looked in, then smiled at me. Her glistening wet hair hung down over her shoulders. Her pink bathrobe was tied loosely around her waist. Below the belt I noticed the curves of her hips. Above it her heavy breasts filled out the thin fleece. They hung down slightly, more than they had earlier when I had taken furtive glances at them in the living room. Now her erect nipples also stood out from her fleshy cones, making noticeable protrusions in the soft robe. I gulped and forced my eyes back up to her damp face. As she moved towards me I felt nervous excitement envelop me.

"I'm getting ready for the party now so I won't have to fight with your father for the bathroom," she said.

I nodded, forcing my eyes past her chest, now less than two feet from my face. "That's probably a good idea," I said, forcing a chuckle.

"We won't be home till late, but you make sure you don't give Julia a hard time," she admonished in a teasing voice.

I heard another nervous chuckle escape my throat, then felt my heart seemed to miss a beat. It was the way she had spoken those last two words. The emphasis on them was unmistakable. Or was it? Perhaps it was just my dirty mind, bombarded by constant lewd thoughts for the past two days.

"I'm not a kid anymore, Mom. It's not like I need a babysitter," I said.

"I know, Honey. I was only teasing," she said, giving me a loving smile. "Sometimes I have to remind myself though. Then it reminds me that I'm not getting any younger either. I wish I was Julia's age again."

I looked into her blue eyes. They looked sad and I wanted to comfort her. Not only because I loved her, but because there was no reason for her to feel insecure -- especially when compared to her sister. "Oh, stop it. You two could pass for twins," I assured her.

The smile returned to Mom's face. When she placed a hand on my shoulder and leaned down to kiss my cheek a rush of exhilaration coursed through me. Then I realized that I was now eye level with the opening in her robe. Inside it I could see the swaying mound of her right breast. Droplets of water clung to it, like diamonds on her soft skin. It took every ounce of willpower I had to not reach inside her gaping robe to pull her pendulous breast out and bring the swollen nipple to my mouth.

"The girls must love your flattery, Honey," she told me.

Mom had straightened her back once more but was still resting her hand on my shoulder. I looked up and shrugged, then grinned. When she had leaned over to kiss me apparently the weight of her breasts had forced her robe open wider. Now I could see more of her upper chest, but more importantly there was a good portion of deep, wet cleavage now visible between the lapels of her robe. I stared at it, admiring how round and firm her breasts were. Big sister, indeed. I was unable to tear my eyes away from her partially exposed chest until my gawking was interrupted by her abruptly tugging her robe closed.

"Oops... didn't mean to flash you" she said, giving me a nervous look. She was blushing now and it made her look even more desirable. "Jules would never let me live this down if she were here right down." Her nervous tone seemed to be appealing for my silence about the incident.

"Well, she's not -- so she'll never know. Not from me anyway," assured her. Now I made damn sure my eyes were on hers.

My mother gave me a relieved smile. Then her expression grew mischievous. "Good. She loves to have something to torment me about. Sometimes I think it's because she's jealous."

"Sure, because you're her big sister," I replied, giving the words emphasis.

Mom understood my innuendo and blushed once again. She gave her robe a nervous tug, tightening it around herself some more. "Well, she needn't be jealous. I can't help how I look. I'd trade places with her if I could."

"Geez, millions of women would give their right arm to trade places with you, Mom." I said with a laugh, although I meant it.

"Maybe, but who'd want them then, with only one arm?" she retorted, then chuckled.

"Who'd notice?" I shot back with a grin.

Mom laughed, then seemed to force herself to stop. "Okay, that's enough of this talk," she said. "I can't believe I'm even having this conversation with my son."

Beneath the keyboard tray of my computer desk I could feel my hard cock pushing out at my jeans. I wanted to rub it and felt my fists clench

on my lap. "Aunt Julia will never know," I vowed, wondering if that concerned her. "Besides, you know what?"

"What?" she asked as her eyes grew wide.

"In ten years she won't look as good as you do now," I told her.

A wide smile formed on my mother's face and she draped an arm around my shoulder and kissed my cheek once more. I slid my arm around her waist. Beneath my fingers I felt the belt of her robe. As I hugged her I eased my hand down until my fingertips came to rest on the upper curve of her left butt cheek. If she felt it, or even cared, she didn't react.

"I shouldn't give in to flattery so easily, but coming from you I'll take it," she said as she clutched my shoulders tighter.

Her arm was still around me. Now her left breast, covered by the pink fleece, was inches from my mouth. I stared at it, noticing how it gently sloped downwards to where her thick nipple rose from it. I licked my lips. Beneath my palm I could feel her right cheek. I wanted to squeeze it, but realized I was already being too bold. I settled for hugging her tighter.

"Okay, time for me to get dressed," she said a few seconds later. "And get your hand off my ass."

When Mom slipped from my embrace I looked up, giving her a mortified look. Instead of being angry, she let out a soft laugh. "Sometimes I think you've got too many hormones for your own good," she teased.

"Is that your fault or Dad's?" I retorted.

Mom laughed. "Maybe a little of both," she admitted. "Just don't forget that I'm your mother." Despite the words of reproach, her tone remained friendly.

I nodded, feeling relieved that she maintained her good humour. Before I could muster a reply she was gone. I sighed when I heard her close the bedroom door behind her.

Dad closed the store early that afternoon to allow his employees to go home and get ready for the party that night. When he arrived home I began in earnest counting down the time until he and Mom would be leaving. I tried to not let my impatience show, but it was difficult. Once my parents had finally left I turned towards Aunt Julia, who was sitting at the kitchen table.

"When the cat's away, the mice will play," said as I approached her.

My aunt stood up and I pulled her towards me until our bodies were pressed together. I slid my hands down her back, pushing the hard bulge in my jeans into her soft tummy.

"I thought it went: 'Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse'," she said, then looked down between us. "Mmmm... it feels like something's stirring alright," she cooed.

"It has been all day," I told her.

I reached up and tugged at the top button of my aunt's dress. She looked down, watching, but never resisted. One by one I undid the buttons until her dress was open to her waist. Then I pulled it open to uncover her bra. It was another white one, but not as revealing as the lacy one. Still, she looked wonderful. I held her breasts in my hands and toyed with them until I felt her hard nipples through the bra. When I began teasing them she moaned and gripped my hips tighter.

"So... do you want to stay in here, or..."

Aunt Julia's soft voice was inviting and I needed no more encouragement. I took her by the hand and lead her upstairs. I never let go of her hand as I pushed my bedroom door open and drew her over to my bed. We stood beside it, facing one another. I slipped my hands inside her dress and up her bare back. Her skin was soft and sensual. When our lips met she moaned once more. Her tongue flitted over mine while I stroked her back under her dress. Our mouths never parted as I pulled it down her arms until it was gathered around her waist. After a little fumbling with the hook I managed to slide her bra down as well. I stepped back and slowly ran my eyes over her half-naked body.

My aunt gave me a shy smile. "Thank-you," she whispered.

Pulling her to me again I held her left breast in my hand and bent down to take the dusky nipple in my mouth. I sucked hard, then swirled my tongue around it. When she moaned and cupped the back of my head I moved to her other breast, licking and sucking while I held them.

"I've been wanting to do this all day," I said as I caught my breath.

"I could tell," she said, then there was a giggle.

I looked up, nonplussed. "What do you mean?"

"Promise you won't tell Michie?"

I laughed. "Of course not. She'll never know anything about this week."

Aunt Julia gave me a nod. "Well, after you had gone back up to your room this afternoon -- after you came down to get more pop. Michie sort of laughed and said that you looked like you were in the Christmas spirit."

"What did that mean?" I asked.

"That's what I asked. Then she smiled and asked if I'd noticed that you looked like you had a hard-on," she explained, seeming shocked by her sister's brash remark.

Waves of embarrassment, then arousal washed over me at the thought of Mom noticing my erection. Then I recalled our encounter and conversation in my room after her shower. "And?" I prodded.

"I played dumb, but she said I must be blind."

"What did you say to that?" I asked.

"I called her a pervert for noticing her son's boner," she said with a brusk laugh.

"Being perverts runs in the family," I remarked.

"Has she ever said anything or done anything... wicked?" my aunt asked. She sounded eager to hear of any taboo activity between me and Mom.

"No. Never," I said, then began tugging her dress down over her hips.

My aunt's dress fell around her bare feet. She looked breathtaking, standing there in just her panties. I surveyed the mound in them made by her lips. My cock throbbed in anticipation of entering her there.

Before I could do anything my aunt was tugging at my t-shirt. She drew it over my head and tossed it aside. It had barely hit the floor before she was unzipping my jeans. My engorged cock tented my underwear, but soon she had them down past my knees. I kicked them aside, feeling my heavy balls sway and my shaft move.

"Mmmmm... you're built like Richard," she moaned as she surveyed my cock.

"How do you know?" I blurted out. Now I was both curious and concerned.

"Well, I don't -- not for sure. But Michie has told me a few things after a couple of glasses of wine. She said he has a nice thick one and I've been wondering if you did too. Like father, like son, I guess." She reached out and held my balls in her palm, then ran her fingers down along the underside of my shaft.

I shuddered when she stroked me and pulled her to me. Again, I held her breasts in my hands, lifting them into mounds and teasing one nipple, then the other.

The sheet and blanket on my bed were pulled down and I moved my aunt down on it beside me. We kissed and fondled one another, then she rolled onto her back and looked up at me. Her hair was fanned out around her radiant face and her eyes were half-closed. She reached up to me.

"Don't tease me anymore, Colin," she said.

My aunt's skin was soft and smooth as I ran my hands up her parted thighs and settled between them. My eyes moved down the thin strip of dark hair to her lips. They were parted slightly and glistened with her juice. I ran my finger up them, stopping to press on her clit. She clenched her jaw and moaned, then arched her back. I pressed harder, then slipped a finger inside her. She gave it a squeeze, then a harder one when I rubbed my thumb on her swollen clit.

"You're so wet," I said as I watched my shiny finger move in and out of her tight pussy.

"I have been all day," she said as she exhaled.

As I was slowly lowering myself down on my aunt's inviting body I felt her tense and push up on my hips slightly. I froze and gave her an anxious look. She smiled to reassure me.

"Just so you know, I had my tubes tied a couple of years after Stephen and I got married. He didn't want kids and talked me into it; now I regret it. So... ah... fire away." She laughed at her lewd command, then pulled me lower by my shoulders.

When I felt the head of my cock slide between her tender folds I moaned. She did too and hooked her calves around my thighs. I held her shoulders and began a slow, steady rhythm, working my cock in

and out of her. She had closed her eyes, but mine remained open. I wanted to see the look of ecstasy on her flushed face as we made love. Her breasts shook as I began to piston harder, working my cock deeper and harder into her.

"Oh god, Colin... that feels so good," she said in one breath. "Fuck your wicked aunt."

My full balls slapped against her with each thrust and I grabbed her shoulders harder, until my fingertips dug into them. Her chestnut nipples were long and thick, pointing up towards me. I bent down and pinched her left one between my teeth and gave it a gentle tug. She moaned louder and dug her fingernails into my back as she lifted up to meet my shaft.

"Harder, Colin... pound that thick cock in me," she cried out. "Jesus, I'm gonna..."

My aunt never finished her sentence before I felt her hot, wet pussy grip me tighter. I could feel a slight gush of juice coat my balls as she came. My turn was soon, but I kept thrusting -- harder and deeper until I could not hold back any longer. As my cum filled her dripping pussy I let out a throaty moan. I felt my whole body tense and I remained buried deep inside her until I was spent. After a minute I eased out of her and collapsed on the bed, breathing hard.

"I would have visited long ago if I had have known what a great lover you were," she said a few moments later.

I laughed, still breathing hard. "Thanks. I would have walked to Jersey for this," I told her.

Aunt Julia smiled and rolled over to lay across my chest. Her hair hung down, brushing over me and I could feel her hard nipples poking into my side. I kissed her and stroked her smooth back. My cock lay limp on my thigh, still wet with our juices. She reached down to give it a gentle stroke, then held my balls in her soft hand.

"So, when did you say your folks would be home?" she asked.

"Hours from now," I told her.

"Then let's make this a Christmas to remember," she replied.

It already was. But by the time I fell asleep that night I knew that it was probably just the first of several holidays that I would never forget, thanks to my loving Aunt Julia.

Cleanliness Is Next to Sexiness

Dedicated to Michelle's cousin. Thanks for the title!

"I always knew that men were slob, but you get the blue ribbon, Mike."

I looked over at my Aunt Diane as she surveyed my living room. Beside her, my Uncle Frank was quietly laughing. He rolled his eyes and turned away from his wife as she lectured me.

"I'm not a slob. My place just has that lived-in look," I countered.

"Yeah, lived-in by a pig," she retorted.

I laughed. I also begrudgingly admitted to myself that my aunt was right, but I did not care. I lived alone, like I had done since graduating from university, and saw no reason to change in order to meet someone else's standards. Besides, the adage about not being able to teach an old dog new tricks applied to me. At thirty-seven I was not going to change, nor did I want to.

My aunt walked the perimeter of the room, like a drill sergeant inspecting a soldiers' barracks. Her mouth was twisted in a distasteful sneer as she looked at an empty pizza box on the coffee table and several empty beer cans beside it.

"Don't even get me started on your bathroom, Mike. When I went up to use it earlier I had to hover over the seat. And don't you ever scrub your tub?"

My uncle had folded his arms and stepped back from his wife, obviously not wanting to get involved with her critique of my house. But there was still a smirk on his face.

Uncle Frank was my dad's younger brother. He and my aunt had been married going on twenty-five years. They had two daughters: Jennifer, who was just past twenty-two, and Michelle, who would be turning nineteen in three months. Both daughters still lived at home with their parents. Michelle had just completed her first year of college and had returned home just a couple of weeks previously.

"You need a maid, Mike," my aunt suggested.

"I'm doing just fine without one," I told her.

My aunt let out a frustrated sigh. She seemed almost angry at me for not being a good housekeeper. After several seconds of silence, while I waited for her to begin her criticism again, her green eyes widened and she smiled.

"I have an idea," she said. "How about you get Michelle to come in once a week to clean and --"

"No, I don't need that, Aunt Diane," I interrupted.

"Hear me out," she snapped, holding up a hand "You can get Michelle to come in once a week to clean and tidy the place up for you. It will benefit both of you because she hasn't found a summer job yet and could use some spending money. She won't want much for cleaning up and you won't have to lift a finger -- not that you do anyway, but at least your house will be clean. If you ever brought a women back here, she'd turn and run as soon as she got as far as the kitchen."

I sighed, knowing my aunt was right. It had been a while since I had dated, but I was well aware of women's standards for cleanliness. Having a clean house to bring someone back to would be good. Plus having someone else do the cleaning would be an added bonus.

"Okay. Tell her the job is her's if she's interested, but don't force her into it, okay?"

"I won't have to," my aunt assured me. "She'll be glad for the work."

My aunt disappeared into my kitchen. I heard her opening and closing cupboards. A few minutes later she returned and handed me a slip of paper.

"Here's a list of cleaning supplies you'll need. You can find them at the grocery store."

"I know where to find them," I said, sounding indignant.

"You'd never know it by the looks of this place," she retorted.

My uncle's laughed, then tightened his jaw.

"When do you want me to tell Michelle to come over?" she asked.

I thought for a moment. "Saturday would be great, if she's not busy. I'll be at work the rest of the week."

"Fine. I'll tell her."

###

That Friday evening after I ate I went to the grocery store, my aunt's shopping list in hand. I had not realized that my supply of cleaning products was so low, but judging from the list I needed everything from a new mop to disposable towels for wiping counters. One by one I tossed the items in my shopping cart, then added a six-pack of beer for myself.

Once I had accepted it, the thought of my cousin coming over to clean my house seemed like a good idea. Michelle and I were not especially close due to our age differences -- we only saw one another at weddings and the occasional family barbeque during the summer -- but I liked

her and we always got along well. The arrangement seemed mutually beneficial and I was glad that I had taken my aunt up on her offer.

That Saturday I slept late, like I did every weekend. I was just finishing my breakfast when I heard a knock at the door. It was not quite ten-thirty. I looked up and saw Michelle peering through the window of the door. I jumped up to let her in.

"Hi, I hope I'm not too early," Michelle said. "Mom told me you'd probably be sleeping-in since it's the weekend."

I nodded, giving my cousin a grin. "Yeah, I only got up less than an hour ago," I said.

"Well, I won't get in your way. Just show me where the cleaning stuff is. Mom said she gave you a list." She laughed, as though she understood how thorough her mother could be.

"It's over here. I hope I got everything." I gestured towards the counter where I had placed the things I had purchased. In a corner was a brand new mop and pail.

"Geez, did she make you get enough stuff, or what?" My cousin shook her head and laughed.

hung down over her shoulder blades and chest. It looked shiny, as though she had just washed it. I was sure I could even detect the faint scent of hair conditioner. In the deep V of her open sweatshirt I noticed a bright blue t-shirt. It matched her piercing sapphire eyes. It had a scoop neck, leaving the edges of her collar bones and upper chest bare. I followed her golden tresses down from her shoulders to the hint of cleavage showing just above the neckline of her t-shirt. Beneath that, her conical breasts pushed out at the fabric. They were pert, maybe slightly more than good handfuls, and looked firm enough to crack an egg on. She looked so pretty even how she carried her five-foot seven body was graceful and seductive.

My cock began to stiffen, so I turned away from my cousin and sat back down. It had been the better part of a year since I had been around Michelle and did not recall her looking so pretty, or having such a nice body the last time I saw her when her parents hosted a barbeque. Perhaps she had filled-out while at college, or maybe I had just not taken notice of how sexy she was until that morning. Whatever the reason, I certainly found myself attracted to her then.

"So, where do you want me to start?" Her azure eyes sparkled as they met mine.

"Uh... it doesn't matter. Wherever you want to," I said.

"Okay. I'll start upstairs and work my way down."

sleeves of the sweatshirt, making them seem slightly larger than I had surmised earlier. I watched her from the corner of my eye. When she turned to hang her sweatshirt up on a coat tree by the door my eyes moved over her firm ass and slender hips. The blue denim of her jeans hugged the subtle curves of her firm body. I felt lecherous as I leered at my cousin, but she was the most lovely young woman I had seen in many months. Despite not dating, I certainly observed women, but had seen few who were as stunning as Michelle.

My cousin disappeared upstairs and I finished my breakfast, mentally scolding myself for lusting for someone who was not only half my age, but a family member. I opened the morning paper and began reading it, trying to push lewd thoughts about Michelle from my mind. Upstairs, I could hear water running and the sounds of my cousin cleaning. I made coffee and stood by the back door, looking out at the yard. A breeze was blowing and it was already hot. It was going to be a beautiful day.

I was drinking my second mug of coffee and reading the sports page of the paper when Michelle returned. I never heard her when she entered the kitchen and jumped when I heard her drop the pail on the floor. I turned around in my chair towards her. She was laughing.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to startle you," she said, still smiling.

"It's okay. I guess my hearing is going," I said. "Wait till you get to be my age -- you'll see."

"How old are you, Mike?" she asked, knitting her brow, as if she was trying to remember.

"Thirty-seven," I told her.

"That's not old... geez. Old is when you get to be my grandparents' age."

My cousin's remark surprised me somewhat because when I was a teenager anyone who was over thirty was considered old and not to be trusted -- or so said Jerry Rubin. I smiled at her, forcing myself to hold my gaze on her shimmering eyes and pouty lips, rather than the firm mounds filling out her t-shirt.

"I'm going to start in on the living room next. Oh -- I tidied-up your room some. I wasn't sure if that was okay or not. I hope you don't mind."

I winced a bit at the thought of my cousin seeing the state of my bedroom. Generally the house was messy enough, but my bedroom floor was littered with clothes I was planning to wash that afternoon, including my underwear. My computer was also in there, but it was turned off and I trusted her to respect my privacy and not turn it on and stumble upon my cache of porn and private Bookmarks on my browser.

"Ah... you can skip the bedroom, Michelle. That's okay. Thanks anyway," I said, trying not to sound ungrateful or displeased.

Michelle gave me a shrewd look, then smirked. "Why -- because you left your underwear on the floor? Don't be embarrassed, Mike. You should see my room; it's a mess too. I leave my bras and panties on the floor, so don't feel bad. I'm a slob too; it must run in the family. I put the clothes that were on the floor in the hamper in the bathroom -- that's all. But if you don't want me in there, I won't go in from now on."

A mixture of emotions flooded through me. I was definitely uncomfortable about my cousin finding my underwear on the floor and made a mental note to remember to pick them up before she came over next time. But what was like a bolt of electricity that went straight to my cock was her unreserved mention of her bras and panties.

"No... it's okay. I'll just pick up a few clothes next Friday night," I told her.

Michelle giggled. "Okay, I'm going to go tackle the living room next."

I watched, captivated by the movements of her hips and firm, round ass as my cousin walked away. My cock swelled and hardened once more as I imagined giving her backside a squeeze and a quick smack. I sighed as I folded the newspaper and placed it on the counter. I poured myself another mug of coffee and looked out at the yard again, lost in thought. I wanted to go in to the living room to talk to Michelle and spend some time with her, but I did not want to bother her while she was working. Also, I did not trust myself not to leer, and I especially did not want her to even suspect that I was harbouring indecent thoughts about her.

I soon realized that having Michelle around on a weekly basis was going to be a mixed blessing. I would have a clean and tidy house, but her presence was going to be a source of constant torment. I would have to do my utmost to not allow myself to let my eyes wander over her. Let alone do or say anything inappropriate. I genuinely liked Michelle, in addition to my new-found lust for her, and did not want us to become estranged due to my goatish behaviour. What's more, my Uncle Frank would beat me within an inch of my life if he ever found out that I harboured incestuous thoughts for his daughter. There was too much at stake here for me to not restrain my libido.

About fifteen minutes later Michelle returned to the kitchen with a partially full garbage bag and placed it on the porch. She filled the pail with hot water and poured some cleanser in it then began mopping the floor.

"I'll get out of your way," I said, although I was quite happy where I was.

"No, you don't have to go. You're not in my way." My cousin looked up at me and smiled.

I stood in a corner of the kitchen, watching Michelle. Her silky, golden hair dangled and swayed as she worked the mop over the floor. As I was noticing how her hair shimmered as the sunlight streaming through the window hit it I discovered that I could see down her t-shirt as she leaned over. Her firm breasts shook noticeably within the pale blue bra she wore. They were firm and separated by deep cleavage, emphasized by her snug bra. I tore my eyes away, fearing she might look up at any moment.

"Thanks for giving me some work, Mike. I haven't been able to find a job yet since I got home." Michelle leaned on the mop and smiled at me. Her nipples had stiffened, probably from rubbing against her bra as she mopped.

"No problem. You're welcome," I said. "I really needed some help keeping this place clean, so it works out well for both of us."

"Yeah... just make sure you keep messing it up so I have a job," she joked.

"Well, I'm good at that."

By the time Michelle finished cleaning she looked tired. Her face was flushed and I noticed a faint sheen of sweat on her forehead. She sat down at the kitchen table, leaning back in a chair.

"Would you like something to drink? I've got juice and pop in the fridge," I told her.

"Water is fine," she said.

Michelle got up and poured herself a glass of water, then went to the fridge to get some ice cubes. She stood beside the sink, gulping it down.

"That was good," she gasped after she emptied the glass.

I took my wallet out and paid Michelle. She stared at the money, almost in disbelief.

"No... Mike, this is too much," she said, her wide, blue eyes meeting mine.

"No, it's not. The place was filthy and you worked your butt off. Next time take your time; you don't have to work so fast," I told her.

"I don't mind working my butt off. I could stand to lose some of it." She turned and thrust her rear-end towards me, emphasizing her point, then giggled.

I stared at my cousin's round ass, running my eyes over it's curves, thinking it looked perfect just as it was. Seconds later, when she turned around, I was still looking down with a slack-jaw. Michelle was watching me. I felt my cheeks flush and she laughed, seeming amused by the stupefied look on my face.

"Is there anything else you want done before I go?" she asked.

A dozen lewd answers crossed my mind but I shook my head. "No, thanks. What you've done was perfect. Next time won't be so bad since you've caught upon the mess. This was the hardest it will be." I assured her.

Michelle was zipping up her sweatshirt. She turned towards me and smiled. "Yeah... the first time is always the hardest, isn't it?"

Before I could restrain myself I let out a faint laugh at her double entendre. I nodded. "Do you need a ride somewhere?" I asked.

"No, thanks," she said with a shake of her head. "A friend of mine lives a couple of blocks away, so I'm going to her place. I haven't seen her since I got back from school."

Michelle took her cell phone from the pocket of her sweatshirt and called her friend. I tried to pretend I wasn't listening to the conversation.

"Traci is home, so I'm going over there. Bye for now, Mike," she said.

"Okay. Well, thanks again, Michelle."

"Thank-you. I'll see you next Saturday."

After Michelle left I wandered through the house. Not to inspect her work, but to marvel at how clean it was. It had not looked like that since the week I moved in. I ended up in my bedroom, still very horny. I slid my jeans and underwear down and laid on my bed. My cock rose towards the ceiling and I began to stroke it, thinking about my beautiful cousin.

###

Throughout the next week my thoughts were often preoccupied by Michelle. I could not get her out of my head. It seemed as though my yearning for her grew, if that was possible. Fantasies of her filled my mind nightly as I lay in bed masturbating. I could not wait for Saturday to arrive.

That Saturday morning I woke earlier than usual for a weekend morning. I was on the same schedule as I was during the week when I had to get up for work at the computer store. It was not as though I had to force myself to get up either. Anticipation of Michelle coming over would not let me sleep. I was like a kid on Christmas morning. After having a quick shower I made breakfast.

I was still reading the morning paper when I heard a rapping at the door. I looked up and saw Michelle's smiling face. The door was unlocked so she let herself in.

"Hi, Mike. How was your week?" she asked in a cheery voice.

"Okay, same 'ol same 'ol," I said.

"I've got good news: I found a job!" she said in an excited voice.

My cousin's news filled me with mixed emotions. I was happy for her, but feared that it meant that she could no longer clean my house. I smiled, trying to appear happier than I was. "That's great. Congratulations! So I guess I'll have to start looking for someone else to clean for me."

"Oh, no," she said with a shake of her head. "It's only a part-time job -- just twenty hours a week. Remember me mentioning my friend who lives around here? Well, her mom owns a flower shop and she needs someone to come in on mornings, so they hired me. But I'll still be coming over here on Saturdays. I'm not going to miss out on spending time with my favourite cousin."

I was relieved by her news and very pleased by her remark about me. "Well, I'm glad to hear that. This place would look like a sty again in no time if it weren't for you."

Michelle laughed as she unzipped her sweatshirt. From the corner of my eye I watched as she pulled it from her slender frame. Her hair was in a ponytail, which emphasized her pretty face. I noticed that she was wearing a hint of black eye liner and what seemed to be lip gloss. She had not worn any makeup the previous week; I would have surely noticed. She looked even prettier than the last time I saw her.

"So, do you want me to do basically the same as I did last week?" she asked.

Michelle laughed. She was wearing a red tank top and denim shorts. Her top was much looser than the t-shirt she had on the week before, but it still did not completely conceal the outline of her breasts. I gave them a quick glance as she hung up her sweatshirt

"Okay, I'm going to start upstairs like I did last time. Do you want me to skip your room?"

I gave my cousin a nervous glance. "I think you can. I already picked up a few things in there this morning," I said.

"Like your underwear on the floor?" She gave me a sly grin.

I nodded and smirked, running my eyes over her bare legs.

"Well, I'll still sweep the floor, if that's okay with you."

"That would be great. Thanks."

As my cousin turned and walked away I followed her with my eyes. The denim of her shorts hugged her firm ass, accentuating it's curves. Her lean legs were well-toned and smooth as glass. Already I was fighting-off an erection.

It took Michelle less time to clean the upstairs than it had the week before. When she returned to the kitchen I was on my second mug of coffee and half-way through reading the paper. This time I heard her descending the stairs and was not startled when she joined me in the kitchen.

"I've finished upstairs. It hardly took any time. Did you clean the bathroom before I came?"

"No," I spat out. "I don't know how to clean -- but you already know that."

Michelle laughed. "Okay, I'll vacuum the hall and the living room next," she said.

"There's no rush, unless there's some place you have to be," I told her.

"No, I don't have any plans for today. Traci's away for the weekend at some sort of Bible camp." Michelle rolled her blue eyes and shook her head.

"Have a seat and take a rest if you want. Do you want something to drink? Help yourself to whatever's in the fridge when you're here," I told her.

"Thanks. A glass of water would be nice. I never drink pop or juice; there's too much sugar in them. It will make me fat."

I laughed at my cousin's comment. She looked like she was barely a hundred pounds. I could not imagine her ever being fat.

"What's so funny?" Michelle was standing at the fridge, dropping ice cubes in her tumbler of water.

"The thought of you ever being fat," I told her.

Michelle sat down on a chair to my right. She crossed her well-toned legs and took a sip of water, then looked up at me. She frowned.

"Don't laugh. I put on fifteen pounds at college because I was eating too much junk food." She took a gulp of water.

"It looks like you took it off." As soon as the words left my mouth I regretted making the comment. I worried that my cousin might take offense to my compliment and find me noticing her physique inappropriate. I blushed.

Michelle smiled and straightened-up in her chair. She rested the glass of water on the table, still holding it in her hand. "I lost most of it, but some went to my boobs, so I don't mind that." She smirked, watching for my reaction.

"Yeah... Traci wanted to know if I'd gotten implants," she said, then giggled. "It's weird, a few years ago I was a skinny kid. I've gone up a full cup size in the past year. I guess I'm going to be built like mom. She's big up top."

I said nothing, but felt a smile creeping across my face. I tightened my mouth.

"What?" she exclaimed with a wide smile.

"Nothing." I spat out.

"That look on your face doesn't mean nothing. What were you going to say, Mike?" Michelle leaned forward, resting her right elbow on the table.

"I... I don't know... I never noticed how your mom looks, not like that," I stammered.

"Yeah... right -- bullshit. You're not blind." The corner of her mouth turned up into a wily grin that was very sexy.

"But she's my aunt," I protested.

"So? She's only your aunt by marriage, not blood. But even if she was, what's the harm in thinking she's good looking?" she countered.

My cousin's argument surprised me. It also encouraged me. Perhaps she would not be so adverse to me finding her attractive, I thought. Or at least that was my fervent hope.

"None, I guess," I mumbled.

"Does that mean you've checked her out then?" she prodded, locking her eyes on mine.

"A few times..." I admitted in a shy voice.

Michelle let out a chuckle of delight at having gotten me to admit to noticing her mother's bustline. I was blushing though. Still, the conversation excited me and fueled my arousal. I smiled.

"Don't worry -- it's our secret, Mike." Michelle winked at me, then took another drink of water. "Nothing you say to me will ever get back to mom or dad -- I promise."

I gave my cousin a relieved smile. "Thanks," I said.

"Okay... time for me to get back to work. That living room isn't going to clean itself."

My conversation with my cousin left me nearly stunned -- and very horny. My cock was tenting my jeans and I knew I had to calm down before she noticed. I poured another coffee. It was a beautiful day with a light breeze blowing so I went out on the back porch. I could hear the sound of the vacuum from inside as Michelle cleaned the hall and living room

About a half hour later I heard the sound of the aluminum screen door behind me opening. I turned and saw my cousin step out on to the porch. She sat down on the landing beside me. Her closeness thrilled me, but it also made me uneasy. I rested my arms over my lap, trying to cover an impending erection.

"All done?" I asked.

Michelle nodded with a satisfied smile. "Yeah. It didn't take me nearly as long this time. You know, I could probably start coming in every two weeks from now on."

My cousin's suggestion made sense to me, but it naturally meant that I would see her less often. I shook my head. "No, once a week is good. That way the mess won't accumulate too much -- unless you're busy Saturdays."

"No, it's not that. I'm glad for the work and... I like hanging out with you." Michele's eyes sparkled in the morning sun as they met mine. She seemed nervous and shy.

"Thanks. It's nice to have some company. I work all week, so not many people stop in and you're fun to be around," I told her, couching my words carefully.

"Thanks, Cuz," she said, flashing me a smile. "I always got the idea that you thought I was a brat or a pain in the ass."

"No. What makes you think that?" I asked, surprised by her assumption.

"I don't know... you never spent much time around me," she said and shrugged.

"I guess that was because of our age differences. Now that you're older we can talk about more things than when you were younger. But, to tell you the truth, I sometimes thought you felt I was a jerk. You seemed to avoid me sometimes."

Michelle tilted her head to one side, thinking. "Back then I was shy -- more than I am now, and I didn't like boys yet either, so I didn't realize how handsome you were. But I never thought you were a jerk, Mike. I always liked you. You were kind of like the big brother I never had."

When Michelle looked back up to my face she was blushing. I think I was too. I would have never dared even dream that she would find me handsome. I smiled, overjoyed by her compliment.

"Really? Me -- handsome?"

Michelle tightened her moist lips and gave an emphatic nod. "Don't seem so surprised. Mom said you were too. It really pissed Dad off." She laughed and shook her head, making her ponytail sway back and forth.

"Well, thanks. I would have never dared admit this before, but I think you've grown into a very pretty young woman." Michelle's honesty made me lower my guard and feel as though I could divulge as much as she had to me. It also stoked my libido.

My cousin's face seemed to light up when she heard my compliment. Her full lips curled into a smile and her eyes widened and sparkled. "Thanks, Mike. I guess the implants help," she joked, taking a quick glance down to her chest.

"No... it's more than that. You're really pretty, Michelle. I love your eyes and your smile. I've never seen eyes so blue. Plus... you've got really great legs." A nervous laugh escaped my mouth. I had surprised myself with my candor. "I hope you don't mind me saying that though," I added in a timid voice.

"No, of course not. Why would I mind? Girls love compliments," she said.

"I know. It's just that since you're my cousin and only eighteen..."

Michelle's smile faded. "I'll be nineteen soon. I'm not a kid anymore, Mike. You can say whatever you want to me."

"Okay. I just wasn't sure about some things," I explained.

"Like?" she prodded.

"Like me saying you have nice legs."

Michelle stretched her legs out over the steps and looked them over, as if appraising them. "I don't mind that at all; it's flattering. But I've never thought they were nice. They're just legs. But I'm glad you like them. Thanks."

I gave my cousin a smile, feeling relieved that she was not bothered by my comment. Now I was hopeful that in time our relationship would become even more open in regards to me being frank about my feelings for her.

"I'm taller than Jennifer by about six inches, so what I didn't get in boobs I guess I got in legs," she remarked.

I nodded, too nervous to agree in words. I stole a quick look down at my cousin's chest. She noticed my eyes dart down and smiled, then arched her back. Her eyes locked on mine. She was sucking on the

corner of her bottom lip. I think it was from nervousness, but it looked very sexy. I wanted to kiss her and taste her pouty, glistening lips.

"When I was younger I was so envious of Mom and Jennifer because they had big tits. I still sort of am. I bet you like Jennifer's too." Michelle's eyes narrowed momentarily as she gave me an almost accusatory look.

"Jennifer's really pretty too," I said. "But no more than you. You look great."

"Nice try, Mike, but that's not what I asked," she said.

I laughed at my cousin's tenacity. There was no way she was going to let me duck her question. "Yeah... Jennifer's got nice ones too," I said, finally admitting to my forbidden thoughts.

"I've seen her topless a few times. If I was a guy, or a lesbian, I'd be turned-on by her too."

I smiled, wishing I could see through Michelle's eyes. "Lucky you," I joked.

"It didn't do anything for me, but I know plenty of guys who would have liked to have seen what I did," she said.

Michelle looked at her watch, then stood up. "I should get going. Is there anything else before I go?"

I shook my head, reaching for my wallet. "No, thanks."

I paid her, looking up at her chest. Her nipples were hard, poking out at her top. I wondered if our conversation might have been the cause. It certainly had made me hard.

"Thanks a lot, Mike." Michelle pushed the bills in the front pocket of her jeans, then leaned down and wrapped her arms around my neck. She pressed her full lips to my cheek and kissed me.

As my cousin leaned over me, clutching my shoulders, I found myself staring directly down the front of her tank top. She was wearing a white bra that pushed her breasts up into firm orbs. They swayed a bit as she moved and I could see the outlines of her nipples pushing out at the thin cotton.

"Have a good week. I'll see you next Saturday," I said after she let go of me.

I watched Michelle walk down my driveway. Her hips had a slight wiggle and I noticed her breasts give a slight bounce with each step. Once she was out of eyesight I went up to my bedroom to take care of my erection.

###

After only two weeks I had really begun to look forward to my cousin's weekly visits. I no longer cared about getting the house cleaned (not that I ever did), but spending time with Michelle had become my main priority. I felt like she and I were becoming closer than we had ever been and considering that our last conversation had been rather risqué I was hopeful that we might continue that trend. That Friday night I filled a pitcher of water and put it in the fridge for Michelle, knowing she would want some the next day.

I got up early again that Saturday and made breakfast after having a long, hot shower. Michelle arrived around ten-thirty. I was at the table as usual, checking the numbers of my lottery tickets in the paper when she arrived. She greeted me in her usual cheery voice. Her hair was loose, flowing around her shoulders in the front and back. I also noticed that she was wearing a hint of makeup once more. Her eyeliner drew me into her bright eyes. My cock twitched and I pushed myself closer to the table.

As my cousin pulled her sweatshirt off my eyes moved up from the newspaper spread out in front of me. Michelle was wearing tight jeans again. My eyes lingered on her ass. I imagined clutching it and sliding my hand down it, then between her thighs to cup her mound covered by the clinging denim. But it was when she pulled her sweatshirt off that my heart really began to pound and my cock swelled even more.

Michelle was wearing a cropped short-sleeved grey blouse. As she raised her arms to hang up her sweatshirt the blouse slid up to expose her lower back. I was curious about how the effect would be if she were facing me. When she turned around I noticed that the top two buttons of her blouse were undone. I took a quick glance at her exposed upper chest.

"How are you doing today?" I asked.

"Good," she said as she approached.

"How's the new job going?"

"Really good. I like it a lot."

"Plus it's a lot cleaner than working here," I joked.

"No, I'm up to my elbows in potting soil most of the day, but I don't mind. Except that I can forget about having nice nails for the rest of the summer."

Michelle leaned over me, looking down at the newspaper. She rested her hand on my right shoulder. Her touch was gentle and I could feel the heat of her palm through my t-shirt. It was exciting and I wished she would run it over my entire body.

"Did you win?" she asked, noticing the lotto tickets on the table.

I laughed. "No. I never do. You would have heard me let out a shout of joy from down the street if I had have won anything."

"Would you mind flipping to the horoscopes if you're done?" she asked.

I searched the pages until I found the section containing the horoscopes. Michelle leaned down lower to read the fine newsprint. Her silken hair brushed over the side of my cheek and ear. It tickled and the scent reminded me of flowers. I inhaled deeply, filling my senses with it. Her hand slid along my shoulder blades towards my left shoulder. It was more of a caress than just rubbing over me. I wanted to moan, but held it back. She had never touched me like that before. It almost felt intimate, although her hand was only on my back. When I felt Michelle's left breast pressing against my shoulder I clenched my jaw. It was firm and felt quite large. I could feel it shift beneath her blouse as it rubbed over my shoulder.

"I never believe what horoscopes say, but they're fun to read." Michelle stood up and pushed her hair back over her shoulders.

"Yeah... I keep hoping that mine will tell me the winning lottery numbers, but it never does."

I turned my head towards my cousin as she stood beside me. The outline of her left nipple was obvious against the grey cloth of her blouse. I forced my eyes up to her face. She looked a little flushed and I wondered if it was from the heat walking to my place or from leaning

over. For a moment I even wondered if the cause was arousal, then discounted the notion, convincing myself I was hoping for too much.

"Okay, I'm going to get started on the upstairs," Michelle said.

I watched as my cousin gathered up cleaning supplies from the cupboard beneath the sink. Her breasts swayed as she leaned over and her hard nipples made noticeable bulges in the front of her blouse. As I stared I had a sudden realization: Michelle was not wearing a bra.

As Michelle walked out of the kitchen my eyes focused on her chest with an even greater intensity than ever before. After noticing the way her breasts reacted to her every move I was certain that they were not confined within a bra, like the other times she had been to my house. I wondered if she had decided not to wear one out of comfort or because of the heat. Then I wondered if she was trying to tease me. Of course, I hoped that her decision had been made with me in mind.

I kept busy while Michelle worked, not wanting to get in her way or run the chance of her catching me ogling her. I decided to go into the living room and turn the television on. Once my cousin was ready to clean in there I could return to the kitchen.

Saturday morning television was not much more entertaining than the newspaper, but at least it passed the time and gave me something else to concentrate on besides Michelle -- not that it was easy. I slumped down on the couch in the living room and gave a vacant stare at the screen.

When I heard Michelle coming down the stairs I smiled to myself. I sat up so the bulge in my jeans would not be so noticeable She walked over to the couch, standing to my left beside it.

"Upstairs is all done," she said.

"I put some water in the fridge for you last night so it would be cold," I told her.

"Oh, thanks, Mike. I'm fine though. But I'll probably want some later."

Michelle sat down on the arm of the couch, looking at the tv. She was less than a foot from me. I shifted my eyes to the left, running them up and down her firm thigh and ass. My cock throbbed, straining my jeans.

"Do you want me to wait till that's over before I vacuum?" she asked, nodding towards the television.

"That?" I asked. "No. I'm not really watching it; go ahead. I'll get out of your way."

"No. Stay there. You're not in my way at all." Michelle placed her hand on my shoulder, as if to keep me seated and looked down, smiling.

When Michelle came back to the living room to vacuum the rug there I found that watching her was far more interesting than anything on television. My attention was divided between staring at her nice ass and how her breasts moved under her blouse as she pulled the vacuum nozzle back and forth over the rug. Soon I noticed her hard nipples pushing out at the fabric. They looked thick and tempting. I imagined wrapping my lips around them and sucking hard, then running my tongue around her areolas. I attempted to cover my hard-on with my right arm as I gave her sly glances. At one point she caught my eye and smiled, then looked back down to the floor. It both excited me and made me anxious. After that I kept my focus on the television.

"Okay -- done. I bet you're glad I'm done making all that noise. Just the kitchen left to do," Michelle said with a faint sigh. She put the vacuum away, then went to the kitchen.

I knew that the kitchen needed very little cleaning, so Michelle would not be long there. I was impatient for her to return to the living room with me. When she did she was carrying a tumbler of water. She sat down on the arm of the couch again.

"All done?" I asked, looking up at her.

She nodded as she drank some water.

Michelle and I never spoke for a little while. She was drinking her water and I was using the quiet to let my libido quell. Once she finished her water she placed the empty glass on the coffee table, then sat back

down beside me on the arm of the sofa. I was very aware of her every move, but made a point of not staring.

"I'll pay you so you can get going." I took my wallet out and handed Michelle her money.

"Thanks, Mike, but are you trying to get rid of me?" She laughed as she posed the question, tucking her money in the pocket of her jeans.

"No -- of course not. I just thought you might have plans or something," I explained, feeling nervous.

"Nope. None." Michelle gave her head a shake. "Is it okay if I stay a while?"

I wanted to hide just how pleased I was by her question, but I smiled and nodded. "Of course," I said.

"Good. Push over. My butt is getting sore sitting here," she said, giving my shoulder a nudge with her elbow.

I slid over towards the middle of the couch to let Michelle sit down. Rather than sitting on the cushion beside me, she turned and practically fell back into my lap, laughing hard. Her left leg dangled over the arm of the sofa and her right one hung down towards the floor. I ran my eyes up her open legs to her head resting on my left thigh and her hair was fanned out around her shoulders. She tilted her eyes to to me,

smirking. She seemed amused, but I felt a wave of arousal wash over me as my cousin laid against me. I looked down at her chest and noticed her stiff nipples pointing towards the ceiling. My cock was rock hard and her head was only inches from it as it tented my jeans.

"Mmmm... this is better. Your leg makes a good pillow," she said, sounding relaxed and sexy. She wiggled a bit, pushing her shoulders against my thigh.

I laughed, noticing that I sounded nervous. The silence that ensued did not help either. When my cousin interrupted the quiet with a question it fed my unease.

"Can I ask you something?" she said.

Michelle was staring up at the ceiling. Her hands were folded over her stomach. They had pulled the material of her blouse taut over her chest so I could easily make out the outline of her hard nipples and the contours of her breasts. They were rounded, like two firm mounds rising from her thin frame. In that position and without a bra they looked like they belonged on a larger woman, not someone as slender as my cousin.

"Sure. What?" I asked, apprehensive about what she might want to know.

"Yesterday, when you said I was pretty, did you really mean it or were you just being nice? Be honest, Mike, please. I want to know," she sighed, as if preparing herself for bad news.

"Of course I meant it, silly!" I said, then gave another nervous chuckle.

Michelle smiled. "Thanks. I'm so used to standing in Jennifer's shadow and feeling like the ugly duckling."

"Just remember that the ugly duckling grew into a beautiful, graceful swan," I reminded her.

"Yeah... I forgot about that part. But it seems like Jen got all the looks in the family. There's always been this kind of rivalry between us. Maybe it's all just in my head because I'm jealous, but she's such a stuck-up bitch sometimes that it makes it hard for us to be really close."

I laughed at my cousin's description of her sister, but was not about to admit that I agreed with her.

"You shouldn't ever be jealous of her, Michelle. She didn't get all the looks. There were plenty left over for you."

My cousin twisted her head around so her eyes met mine. She beamed a smile at me, obviously pleased by my compliment, although it was much more than mere flattery. Her deep blue eyes shimmered like jewels. I stared into them, captivated by her beauty. It was at that

moment that I realized that I was smitten with my cousin. Something akin to dread filled me at the thought of pining over a forbidden relationship.

"Thanks, Mike. That really means a lot to me. When I gained that weight at college it made things worse. I felt twice as ugly." Michelle's voice was quiet with a tinge of sadness.

"But you took it off," I added.

"Everywhere except my boobs," she reminded me, then smiled.

"Well, if you're going to keep it, I guess that's the place you want it." I looked down at her chest again, feeling bold, knowing her eyes were fixed on the ceiling.

"Yeah... I still wish they were as big as Jennifer's though. What a waste -- she never wears anything that shows hers off either. I like to wear tops sometimes that, you know, show a little cleavage. I haven't when I've come here because I know that Mom wouldn't approve; since we're cousins, I mean."

My hard-on was straining my jeans as I listened to my cousin. I knew that I had to choose my words carefully though. "Yeah... that's probably a good idea," I said, too nervous to show disappointment.

"Why? Wouldn't you like it?" Michelle craned her head around to look at me again.

"It's not that. You already know I find you pretty, but you're my cousin and a lot younger than me," I explained.

"So? I'm old enough to know what I want and can legally decide for myself."

I knew that Michelle was right. It was hard to argue with her logic. But despite my lust for her I still feared that us delving into some sort of relationship would have unintended dire consequences.

"I know... I guess I just feel guilty," I said.

"Oh, Mike... don't. You've got nothing to feel guilty for. It's not like you're manipulating me or anything. Yesterday, on the porch, when I kissed you. I knew you could see down my top."

"You minx!" I exclaimed, then laughed.

Michelle let out a delightful giggle. "Well, I felt like being a little naughty and I didn't think you'd mind. And that talk we had about my tits sort of made me feel like being bad. You seemed interested when I told you that they'd gotten bigger."

"Well, I thought I'd give you a little peek."

"That was more than a little peek," I said.

"Really? How much could you see?" she asked, sounding very curious.

"Ah... pretty much everything -- except what your bra covered," I said.

"I'm not wearing one today."

"I can tell." I decided that there was no need for pretense and hoped that my honesty would feed the already arousing conversation

"I wondered if you'd notice. Do you like the effect?"

"Of course. You look great. How could I not notice?"

Michelle laughed and her breasts quaked beneath her blouse. "I rarely go without one outside of the house anymore, but I wanted to see if I could get you to notice. Is that bad of me?"

My cousin turned over so she was laying on her right hip. Her eyes met mine. She seemed nervous, as though I might scold her for being flirtatious and teasing. Her hair hung down over her left shoulder and

cheek. When she pushed it back over her shoulder my eyes moved to the front of her blouse, watching her breasts shift.

"No. It's not bad. Maybe just a little naughty," I said with a smile.

Michelle was leaning on her left elbow. Her left hand was brushing the side of my thigh. Her right one was on it, palm down. I could feel it's warmth through my jeans and it fed my erection. I was looking into my cousin's eyes. They had a serene, dreamy quality now, which I recognized as arousal. When they shifted down and widened I grew tense. Before I could ease my arm back over my lap she let out a soft gasp of surprise.

"You're hard..." she breathed, staring at the obvious bulge in my jeans.

I gave her a guilty look and tightened my mouth. When I moved my forearm over my erection she tugged at my wrist, pulling it back towards my stomach.

"No, Mike... let me see," she said, sounding excited.

I felt awkward and nervous with my cousin leaning over me, staring at the bulge that my hard shaft made in my jeans. She was clearly enjoying herself and not put-off by the situation, as I would have expected just days before. She ran her delicate fingers up and down my thigh, then looked up at me.

"How about you let me take care of that for you?" Michelle's voice was soft, like her touch on my thigh.

"No... thanks, but we shouldn't, Michelle." It took every bit of strength I had to decline her offer, but I feared that her father would somehow find out and kill me, or it would spoil what was becoming a wonderful relationship.

"Why -- because I'm your cousin, or younger than you?" Michelle had a disappointed look on her face.

"Both. Your dad would kick the crap out of me if he ever found out," I said.

"Dad will never know, Mike. Come on, I want to play with it."

Michelle began working at the button of my jeans with her fingers. I put my hand on hers and stopped her. She froze and smiled, looking at the expression on my face. When I eased my hold on her hand she slid it down, rubbing my cock through my tight jeans. My arms went limp at my side while my cousin continued to run her fingers over my erection. She gave my balls a gentle squeeze, making me moan a little. I lifted my hips up, pushing against her palm.

"You'd be more comfortable if you took it out, wouldn't you?" she said in a breathy voice.

I nodded, too excited to speak.

When my cousin unfastened my jeans and pulled the zipper down I had lost all resistance or concern for the repercussions of what we were about to do. She began to tug at my jeans and underwear and I lifted up from the couch. Once my cock was freed from its confines it swelled and rose until the reddish head was pointed up towards her parted lips. When I felt her slender fingers wrap around the base of my cock I gasped and closed my eyes.

"Mmmm... you've got a nice one, Mike." My cousin began to slowly move her soft hand over my cock, staring intently as she stroked it.

"It's okay, I guess. You've probably seen nicer," I said.

Michelle looked up at me, still squeezing my cock in her hand. "No. I've only seen a few. I've only done this to a few guys and only gone all the way once; what a mistake."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to imply that you were a tramp or anything. I just thought that every guy you knew would want you."

"Maybe. That doesn't mean they can have me though."

My cousin's hair brushed over the head of my cock. It was soft and added to the pleasure I was already feeling. She gripped my shaft

harder and began to pump faster. Her breasts shook a bit as she moved her arm. I watched them move, wishing I could feel them.

I was breathing faster now. My hands were clenched into fists at my sides as Michelle worked her hand up and down, bringing me closer to orgasm. When I let out a deep moan and shot a stream of cum in the air she let out an excited sound of surprise and delight. My cum splashed over her hair a bit, leaving a thick streak running down it. Michelle kept working her hand over my throbbing cock as I shot two more blasts of cum. It landed over us, coating my thigh and stomach, as well as the back of her hand and fingers. She kept pumping my cock, using my thick cum as lube. It was only when I began to soften that she removed her hand.

I looked up at my cousin and gave her a sheepish smile. Her hands were on my bare thigh beside a puddle of my cum. I was still breathing hard and my cheeks felt like they were on fire.

"How was that?" she asked, still smiling.

"Wonderful... thanks," I said in gasps.

Michelle wiped her hand off on the inside of her blouse, still looking down at my cock lying against my thigh. She ran her fingers along it one last time and fondled my balls.

I looked up at my cousin and smiled. "We shouldn't get too carried away, you know. This can't become a habit, Michelle. It's too risky."

"Too late, Cuz. I'm already addicted." Michelle leaned back on the couch beside me, pressing herself against me. She ran her fingertip over a rope of my cum just above my navel, then sucked her finger into her mouth. "Mmmm... I've never tasted this stuff before."

"It doesn't taste so great," I replied.

"I like it."

My cousin bent down and ran her tongue over my stomach, licking my cum from it. The feeling of her licking me was wonderful. I moaned and arched my back. She lifted her eyes to my face and smiled.

"I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to be going soon. I told Mom I'd help her do some gardening," she said.

I nodded and watched her get up from the couch. I tugged my jeans and underwear back up, then followed her to the back door. She stopped and wrapped her arms around me, pulling me tight to her.

"Today was wonderful, Mike. I can't believe it. I wish tomorrow was Saturday again." Michelle craned her neck up and gave me a soft, lingering kiss on my cheek.

"I just hope you don't regret it later," I said.

My cousin gave her head a shake. "No. Never," she assured me.

I kissed her cheek. It was soft and warm.

"Oh... here." Michelle reached into her pocket and fished out the money I had given her for cleaning. "Keep this; it's okay."

"No, you earned that," I protested.

Michelle's mouth curled up in a pained expression. "No. I'd feel weird about taking money from you now, after what we just did. I still want to come over to clean, and do other things too, but you don't have to pay me, Mike. I hope you understand."

I nodded, although I felt guilty about the arrangement. "I do, but I don't think it's fair."

"It's fair and it's what I want."

"Okay."

My cousin and I hugged and exchanged kisses on the cheek once more, then she left.

###

Throughout the next week I felt nervous and anxious. What had happened with Michelle was wonderful and I wanted it to happen again, but I feared that she would have regrets and tell her father, or her parents would somehow become suspicious. Whenever the phone rang I dreaded answering it. By the time Friday night arrived and nothing bad had happened I felt relieved, but in the back of my mind I still wondered if I would see Michelle the next day.

When Michelle showed up that Saturday morning it eased my mind. She did not seem to behave any differently towards me when she entered the kitchen. In fact, she seemed happier to see me than on previous visits.

When she hung up her sweatshirt my heart accelerated, feeding my erection. She was wearing a jade-green tank top and a pair of black cotton shorts. They hugged her hips and ass. I ran my eyes down her body to her bare legs.

"Did you miss me?" she asked.

"More than you'd believe," I told her.

Michelle had a flirtatious expression as she walked over to me. Her arms went about my waist and she pressed herself to me. She kissed my cheek, then rested her head on my shoulder. I ran my hands over her back. I felt no bra strap beneath her top. I hugged her tighter, feeling her breasts pressing to my chest and shifting under her top. Her hair brushed over the side of my face. I pushed it aside and kissed her cheek. She gave a soft moan and clutched me tighter.

"I could stay like this all day, but I should get to work," she said with a sigh.

"The house isn't really that dirty," I said.

Michelle leaned away and looked up at me. "Oh...? Maybe I should go back home then," she teased.

"No way," I said. "You stay right where you are." I pulled her tight against me again.

"So, no underwear on your bedroom floor this time?" Michelle cocked her eyebrow and smiled.

"Nope," I said, pleased with myself.

"Well, maybe there will be one pair on the floor by the time I leave..."

Michelle broke our embrace and began gathering-up things from the cupboard under the sink. I watched her as she bent over. Her ass was round and firm, pointed towards me. Her shorts rode up as she bent over, exposing some of her firm cheeks. I wanted to get behind her and pull her by her hips against my hard cock. She seemed to enjoy the show she was putting on because she took her time taking the bottle of cleaner and cloths out and placing them in the pail. Her breasts swayed and quivered with her every move and her hips wiggled a bit. It wasn't long before her nipples had stiffened and poked out at the front of her tank top

"Okay, I'll be upstairs," she said in a sing-song voice.

My cousin gave me a teasing smile and pranced out of the kitchen. I wanted to follow her and surprise her as she bent over cleaning the tub. But she was enjoying her cat and mouse game so much that I did not want to spoil her fun. There would be time for that later. I went in to the living room and turned the television on, waiting for Michelle as my cock throbbed.

When I heard Michelle coming down the stairs I was happy. It had taken her less time than usual to get her work done upstairs. I wondered if she was in a hurry to rejoin me and perhaps tease me some more.

"I'm finished upstairs -- now I have to use that noisy vacuum," she said.

When my cousin finished vacuuming the hall and drug it in to the living room I watched her, not pretending to be interested in the television this time. She looked up at me several time and smiled. She was obviously enjoying teasing me. Her breasts moved as she pushed and pulled the vacuum nozzle. Her ass looked tempting, covered by the taut cotton of her shorts. Once she had finished and put the vacuum away I was glad.

"There... just the kitchen left to do," she sighed.

I nodded, watching from the corner of my eye as she left the room. I listened to the sound of water running in the kitchen as she filled the pail. Once there was silence again I knew she had begun wiping the counters and table.

Michelle never heard me when I snuck into the kitchen. She had her back to me and was busy mopping the floor by the sink. She was bent over slightly. My cock pointed the way towards her firm, round cheeks, peeking out slightly from her shorts. When I placed my hands on her hips and tugged at them she squealed and lurched around with a gasp, then smiled.

"Coming to make sure I'm doing a good job?" she asked, still smiling.

"I think you've done enough work for one day." I wrapped my right arm around her waist, pulling her tight to my erection.

My cousin giggled. When she felt my erection pressing into her ass she looked down and grinned.

"I just found something else that needs to be taken care of more than the cleaning," She wiggled her hips, grinding her firm, round cheeks against my thick shaft.

I pushed back, humping my cousin's ass. She leaned the mop on the counter and bent over, bracing her hands to the left of it. I ran my hands up her back, pushing her tank top up about a foot to expose her smooth skin. Her breasts swayed as she leaned over and her nipples looked harder than I had ever noticed them before. I slipped my hand under her tank top, feeling her smooth back. Now her stomach was exposed and the material of her top was gathered just below her pendulous breasts. My left hand was on her hip as she continued to massage the bulge in my jeans with her ass. I was pushing back at her, grinding my hard cock into her cushiony flesh. When I heard her let out a soft moan I turned her around. Her hair was spread out over the side of her face and shoulders. she looked at me through half-closed eyes, sucking on the corner of her bottom lip. I never imagined she could look so desirable as she did at that moment. I wanted to put her on the kitchen table and have her there, but feared that someone would arrive unannounced.

When Michelle began working at the button of my jeans I grew nervous.

"Do you want to go into the living room or somewhere?" I asked.

Michelle nodded. "Your room is clean now. I just made your bed, but I can make it again later," she said.

My cousin's boldness surprised me somewhat, but it made me want her even more. It also reassured me that she wanted this as much as I did.

"Come on," she said, tugging at my hand.

Michelle lead me upstairs. I watched her hips and ass move as she climbed the steps ahead of me, still holding my hand. She brought me into my bedroom and turned to face me. She looked nervous, but I was too. Her moves were tentative as she tugged at the hem of my t-shirt. Her eyes locked on mine as she inched it up my stomach, as though she was waiting for me to stop her. I raised my arms and she pulled it off then dropped it to the floor.

My cousin ran her hands up my chest, then back down -- running her fingertips along the trail of hair leading down towards my cock . She smiled and moved my hands to the bottom of her tank top covering the tops her hips.

"Your turn," she whispered.

I slid my cousin's top up, slowly revealing her flat stomach. It quivered with her every breath. I was becoming increasingly horny with every bit of Michelle's beautiful body that I exposed. When I pulled her top up over her breasts they gave a bounce. I paused a moment to admire them. I had never seen such lovely breasts before. They were larger

than I had anticipated, with a gentle downward slope and a graceful upturn that lead to her thick chestnut-coloured nipples, surrounded by areolas of barely two inches. Her nipples stiffened and swelled. I pulled her top off the rest of the way and let it fall to the floor. My hands moved to the soft skin of her waist. She held me by my hips.

"You're beautiful," I said in a hoarse whisper, staring at her bare breasts.

"Thanks," was her meek reply. "Wanna suck on them?" she whispered, lifting her dreamy eyes to mine.

I nodded, barely able to believe that I was about to do what I had longed to for weeks. I cupped her firm breasts in my hands, squeezing one handful after another and rubbing my thumbs over her hard nipples. My cousin's soft hands ran up and down my back as she let out a soft moan, stroking my spine and caressing me. I sighed.

When I bent down to take her right nipple between my lips and suck she let out another soft cry of pleasure. I sucked harder and ran my tongue around her areola. Michelle began to unfasten the button of my jeans and tug at my zipper. We kicked our shoes off and continued touching one another as I teased her nipples with my mouth.

"Let's sit down," she said.

Michelle guided me over to my bed, pulling me down beside her. She moved her hands over my chest and back while I fondled and kneaded

her breasts. She looked down at the bulge in my underwear, peeking out from my unzipped jeans.

"Time to take those off, Mike," she said, giving the waistband a tug.

I gave her a nervous look, wanting to be sure that she was certain about what was about to happen. When she stood up and began unbuttoning her shorts it both reassured and excited me. I stood beside her, tugging at my jeans and underwear. Our clothes fell in a pile together on the floor.

Michelle looked down at my stiff cock as it swayed, pointing up towards her. She smiled and reached out for it. Her soft fingertips brushed over my heavy balls and along the underside of my shaft. It twitched and I quivered at her touch. She wrapped her fingers around my erection and gave it long, slow strokes, watching intently. I looked down to the thin patch of dark hair leading towards the spot where our bodies would soon be joined.

"Come here."

Michelle sat down on the edge of the bed, pulling me towards her by my hips so I was standing less than a foot from her. When I felt her hot breath on the head of my cock, then her tongue, I moaned. She looked up and smiled.

I nodded and placed my hands on her shoulders. Michelle's hair brushed over my thighs as she bent down and wrapped her wet lips around the head of my cock again. She sucked, gently at first, then harder as she lowered her mouth, engulfing as much of my shaft as she could. As she slid her warm, wet lips back up she sucked harder. They made a smacking noise as she pulled them off my wet cock.

"You're the first guy I've done this to," she said.

"Really?" I asked, trying not to sound as surprised as I was.

She nodded. "They all wanted me to but... I wanted to save something for someone I really loved. I watched some videos online last week to get tips." My cousin let out a nervous giggle.

Without another word my cousin slid her warm, wet mouth down onto my cock again, bobbing her head faster and stroking the base with her hand. I cupped the back of her head, nearly overcome with arousal. I began to worry that if she kept that up I would cum within minutes and there was a lot more I wanted to do with her. When I eased my hips back, pulling my cock from her eager mouth she looked up at me, seeming disappointed.

"Can we try something else?" I asked.

"Didn't you like it?" Michelle looked sad.

"No... it was wonderful.. I liked it too much... I want us to take your time, okay?"

My cousin smiled and gave me an understanding nod.

"Come here," I said.

I moved towards the middle of the bed. Michelle twisted around, swinging her lean legs up beside me. I looked down to her dewy lips and smiled. She seemed nervous as she parted her knees, displaying her delicate pink folds for me. When I ran my hands up her calves to her knees she spread them apart, wiggling her hips to get comfortable.

"I'm... I'm not on anything, you know... The Pill... so we'll have to be careful," she said, sounding worried.

I nodded. "I'll be careful... it's okay, Michelle," I assured her

I crouched over my cousin, lowering myself onto her. When she felt my tongue slide up her wet lips to her clit she let out a gasp and raised up from the bed, pushing her lips against my mouth. I pierced them with my tongue, wiggling it around inside her as I grabbed handfuls of her ass, keeping her against my face. Michelle moaned as I flicked my tongue over her hard, pink clit -- lapping at it and prodding it with the hard tip of my tongue, then swirling around it as I breathed down hard over it.

"God... Mike... I've never... that feels so good... don't stop," she moaned.

I gently spread my cousin's juicy lips apart and breathed hard on her sensitive clit once more, making her moan again. I sucked it between my lips, tugging at it as I hummed so she could feel the vibrations of my lips. She gripped fistfuls of the bedspread and writhed under me. When I slipped a finger in her I was surprised by how tight she was. Her juice was beginning to run down towards her ass. I licked it up, bringing my tongue back up to her pink pearl as I fingered her tight pussy.

"Oh god... hold on, Mike... I... I just came a little when you did that..." she moaned, still moving her hips.

My cousin's face was flushed and her hair was spread out on the bed. She looked perfectly wanton. I loved it. Michelle opened her eyes and smiled, then looked down to my hard cock. She reached up and ran her hand down the underside.

"I'm ready for that now... more than ready," she said.

I moved between my cousin's open thighs. They felt soft on my legs as she wrapped them around me. She reached up towards my shoulders, coaxing me down on her. Her breasts shook a bit as she moved and I bent down and sucked on her nipple.

When I slid the head of my cock in Michelle she moaned. I could feel her gripping me as my shaft sank deeper. She moved her hips, pushing up to meet me. I held her shoulder and began to move my hips, thrusting in and out of her tight pussy. She was biting the corner of her lip, watching me enter her.

"I've never felt so full before," she said, almost whimpering.

"It it okay?" I asked.

"Yes... fuck me, Cuz," she moaned.

I began working my hips faster. My cock pistoned in and out of my cousin beneath me. I worked it in as deep as I could, grinding against her clit with each thrust. She was moaning louder and writing on the bed. My cock was coated with her musky juice and some had gotten on my balls. When she cried out and said something I couldn't understand I knew that she was cumming. I kept working my cock in her tight pussy until I was dangerously close too, then pulled out.

Michelle looked up at my cock, wet and shiny with her juice.

"I want to taste it," she said.

I slid up her stomach towards her waiting mouth. She craned her neck up to meet the head of my cock. She had barely wrapped her wet lips around it when the first stream of cum shot out. She sucked hard,

swallowing as much as she could before two more blasts of cum splashed over her tongue and lips, running down her chin. She licked it up, smiling, then slid her mouth down my shaft. Her lips were wet with her spit and my cum as she sucked me. When I felt myself softening I rolled over beside her, staring at the ceiling.

Michelle was breathing hard beside me. She reached out and held my hand, drawing it to her right breast and holding it there.

"I love you, Cuz," she said.

I rolled over and smiled at her. "I love you too," I said.

I gave her a soft kiss, tasting my cum on her lips. She smiled and tugged me down to her by my neck.

"You took my oral virginity, Cuz," she said with a smile.

"Was it okay? It was for me, but how did it feel?"

"Wonderful," I said.

"Not only that, but you're the first guy who's ever gone down on me," she revealed.

"I thought plenty of guys would want to," I said, unable to hide my surprise.

My cousin shrugged. "I guess not."

"Well, I'll do that as much as you'll let me."

"I'm going to be begging you to from now on," she said, grinning and giggling.

I kissed my cousin's rosy cheek. "You won't have to beg, believe me."

"You know, you were right about this place not needing much cleaning," she said.

"Does that mean you're not going to come next week?" I asked.

My cousin rolled over, laying across my chest. Her bare skin on mine felt wonderful. She kissed me.

"I'm going to cum alright, because you're going to make me," Michelle said.

Courting Loneliness

Dylan Allen smiled when he walked in to The Smoking Dog and saw that his favourite seat was unoccupied. He hurried over to the table beside the open window and claimed it by placing the morning paper and a copy of *Love is A Dog from Hell* on it. Then he went to the counter to order a coffee.

It was almost eleven o'clock on a Saturday morning. Dylan thought that most of the regular patrons of The Smoking Dog were probably just waking up, which accounted for there still being several empty tables.

Dylan was twenty-seven and had been coming to the cafe since he was sixteen. It was the sort of place that pretentious art college students with multiple body piercings and aging hippies frequented. Dylan was neither, and sometimes felt as welcome there as a fart in church, but he liked the coffee shop nonetheless. He enjoyed the atmosphere, the music they played and it was an ideal spot for people-watching. Besides, it was one of the few establishments in Weyburn that still not only allowed smoking, but almost encouraged it.

Dylan returned to the table beside the window and took a seat. He smiled as his blue eyes shifted to his right and he gazed out the window. He sipped his coffee watching couples stroll by, and the occasional person walking a dog. A breeze entered through the window and he pushed his black hair back out of his eyes and picked up his book of Bukowski poems. He opened it to where he'd inserted a bookmark the night before and began reading.

Dylan had almost finished his first cup of coffee and was having his fourth cigarette as he read the poetry when he heard someone speak his name. He looked up from his book and saw Andrea Taylor standing beside the table and smiling at him.

"Hey," he said, returning her warm smile. He slipped his bookmark back between the pages and put his book down.

Andrea pulled a chair out and sat down across from Dylan. She crossed her legs, resting her hands on her lap as her brown eyes focused on him. "I called your place a while ago, but got answer," she said. "So I figured you were here."

"It's my second home," he joked, then grew silent as he looked Andrea over. "What did you do to your hair?" he asked.

"What's wrong with it?" Andrea blurted out, suddenly sounding very insecure.

"Nothing," he chuckled. "It looks really nice."

"I bought one of those home perm kits the other day. I thought I'd try it like this for a while," she explained.

Dylan's eyes lingered on his friend's curly auburn hair as he smiled. "I like it a lot," he said.

"Thanks," she said, blushing. "I was wondering what you'd think." Andrea's eyes darted about, then she turned her head back towards the front counter. "I'm going to get a coffee. I'll be right back," she said.

As Andrea walked to the counter Dylan followed her with his eyes. She was wearing a camel-coloured blouse with a tight black skirt and sandals. She wore no make-up, except for some lip gloss and a hint of eye liner that framed her dark eyes. Dylan's eyes lingered on her tanned, muscled calves before moving up her body. She was lithe, with slightly rounded hips and firm breasts that reminded Dylan of martini glasses. Her copper hair cascaded over her shoulders in corkscrews. For a moment he could see himself running his fingers through it as they kissed, or giving it a tug from behind as he nipped at her neck with his teeth.

Dylan forced his eyes from Andrea as he mentally chastised himself for what he had been thinking. He and Andrea had been friends for the better part of ten years, and their friendship had always been perfectly platonic. Their conversations were sometimes brutally frank and often very bawdy, but the only physical intimacy they had shared was an occasional hug.

Andrea returned to their table and sat down. She took a sip of coffee as her eyes wandered out the window. "She's cute," Andrea said, nodding towards a blonde woman across the street.

Dylan looked out of the window, then back to his friend. "Then go introduce yourself to her," he teased.

"Nah, I'm not into other girls," she said. "I was thinking you might be interested in her."

"I've never really liked blondes much," he replied.

Andrea surveyed the woman again. "You really should start dating again," she told him. How long has it been since you and Sara split up... three years?"

"Four," he corrected.

"Where is she now?" she asked.

Dylan let out a heavy sigh. "She got married and moved to Ohio. I found her profile on Facebook a few months ago," he said.

"Well, leave her where God flung her," his friend said, then gave him a worried look. "I hope you're not going to try to get in touch with her again."

Dylan shook his head as he put his mug of coffee down. "No. That ship has sailed. She was finished with me long ago -- there's no point. What cuts though is that she thought that I was good enough to marry, but not good enough to be friends with afterwards."

"I know, it's a kick in the teeth, but it's for the best, Dylan," Andrea told him. She began reaching for his hand to give it a comforting squeeze, then drew hers back.

Dylan pulled another cigarette from the pack on the table and lit it. "You never did like Sara, did you?" he said as a cloud of smoke left his mouth. "She could have walked on water and you'd have criticized her for not being able to swim."

Andrea hesitated, looking out of the window at a teenage boy going by on a skateboard. "It's not that I didn't like her," she said, turning back to him. "It's just that I didn't think she was right for you

"Why?" he retorted. "Was it that she was too pretty? Too funny?"

"No -- too shallow and vain," she said. "I think the only things I ever heard her talk about were the brand names of her clothes or this month's quiz in Cosmo. You need to meet a woman who can actually read a book, rather than try to chew the cover off one. And no offense, but you weren't exactly her type either. Sara's the type of woman who'd rather have a dead lion than a live dog."

Dylan laughed. "Yeah, well... I'm not exactly a barrel of monkeys to have as a boyfriend either," he droned. "I've got a lot of baggage. Sara said that I was high maintenance when we broke up."

to you, Dylan," she began. "But, I think she's right. You've got to stop sabotaging your relationships. I see you keep repeating the same patterns. Your problem is that you have a madonna-whore complex. You expect women to conform to your unreasonable expectations. When they don't, you're threatened by it and run away and wall yourself off. Stop looking for quiet, clean girls in gingham dresses, like Bukowski wrote about." She gestured to the book of poems on the table beside the half-full ashtray.

Dylan frowned, but didn't reply for a few moments. Andrea knew him better than many of his other friends did and he had to admit to himself that she was painfully accurate in her appraisal of him. "Should I look for a Scarlet Woman then, like Crowley had as his muse?" he asked.

"No," she said with a shake of her head. "Both are extremes -- archetypes that only exist in the minds of insecure men like you. You've got to stop feeling threatened by women's sexuality, Dylan, or it's going to be a lonely life for you."

"And you've got to stop psychoanalyzing me," Dylan said, trying to hide his irritation and growing melancholia.

Undaunted by his increasingly harsh tone, Andrea said "Instead of dating women, you're courting loneliness, Dylan."

"Okay, Andrea, I think you've played ten-cent psychologist enough for today," he snapped and took another haul on his cigarette.

"It was my minor in college, remember? I needed it to get my degree in social work," Andrea said. "Besides, tell me I'm wrong," she retorted.

"It's not that you're wrong," Dylan said. "It's just that you're cutting a little close to the bone here, Andrea."

"Okay... today's session is over. Come back and see me next week. We need to discuss your oral fixation," she teased.

"Thanks, Sigmund," he said as a smile returned to his face.

"Avoid Freud," Andrea said. "Jung was a lot more accurate on many things, in my opinion anyway."

Dylan crushed out his cigarette in the ashtray and gulped down the rest of his coffee. He stared out the window expressionless as he reflected on what Andrea had told him. The truth is not always kind, and he had accepted long ago that she wasn't always either. But he also knew that she genuinely cared for him, as he did her, and she had his best interests at heart.

"What are your plans for the rest of the day?" Andrea asked, hoping to change the subject.

"Nothing -- now that you've finished emasculating me," he told her.

Andrea rolled her eyes. "I was planning on doing some shopping," she said. "Feel like joining me?"

"Sure," Dylan said. He picked up his book and stood up, leaving the newspaper for the next person who came along.

"I can put that in my purse so you don't have to carry it around." Andrea reached out for the poetry book in his hand and gave the cover a quick look. "You've got to stop reading the ramblings of mad alcoholics," she advised. "They only feed your fragile ego and make you afraid of relationships even more."

Dylan said nothing, knowing that if he did, it would only result on another onslaught of Andrea probing the dark corners of his mind. Instead, he followed her out of the cafe and down the sidewalk.

As they walked, Dylan stole glances at Andrea from the corner of his eye, noticing how her firm breasts bounced as she moved. He surmised that she was braless, but knew that was a fairly safe bet with Andrea anyway, since she seldom wore one when not at work. This was something about her that Dylan always got a thrill out of. He also found distracting at times and tried to pretend to be oblivious to.

As they passed a store displaying dresses and blouses in the window Andrea's pace slowed. She gave a tug at Dylan's arm. "Let's go in here," she said.

Dylan followed Andrea inside the store and ran his eyes over the clothes on display. He saw no men's clothing and began to feel out of place. Andrea had taken a jade green blouse from a rack and was holding it up to herself as she stood in front of a mirror.

"How does this look?" she asked, turning around to face him.

"Nice," he said as he ran his eyes over her.

"Just nice?" she said with a frown.

"Well, it's just a blouse," he said with a shrug.

Andrea gave her head a shake as she rifled through more clothes. When she found a black knit skirt she let out an excited gasp. "I'm going to go try this stuff on," she said.

Dylan watched Andrea wander off towards a changing room in a corner of the store. He stood in place, hoping that she wouldn't take too long. A little while later he heard her call out to him from inside the changing room and walked over towards the closed door.

"What is it?" he asked.

Andrea opened the door. She was wearing the blouse and skirt that she had picked out and looking nervous. "So, how do they look on me?" she asked.

Dylan smiled as he noticed how the tight blouse accentuated her firm breasts and the skirt hugged her ass and hips. "Really good," he said.

Andrea twisted herself around to look in the mirror. "The skirt doesn't make my butt look big?" she asked, laughing at the cliché that had just come out of her mouth.

Dylan could feel his cock beginning to harden and was worried that Andrea would notice. "No, it looks... fine," he drawled, staring at his friend's very nice backside.

"I probably shouldn't be asking you anyway," she giggled. "I know it's tits you go for."

"Yeah," he agreed self-consciously.

Andrea frowned, peering down at her chest for a few seconds. "Hmmm... maybe I can find one of those miracle bras that pushes the girls up so they look bigger," she said with a giggle.

Dylan laughed and took another look at her breasts pushing out at the blouse. Her nipples had stiffened and he was tempted to tell her that she already looked incredibly sexy without a bra, but said nothing.

"Ah... okay," he said as he stepped away from the changing room.

Once Andrea had changed she lead Dylan, albeit reluctantly, to the other side of the store. She began sifting through undergarments while he stood a few yards away. After a few minutes she held up a black lace bra on a white plastic hanger and turned to him.

"What do you think about this?" she asked.

"It looks really sexy," he grinned, imagining her wearing it.

"Good," Andrea said with a satisfied smile.

While Andrea returned to the changing room Dylan strolled towards the front of the shop, thinking lewd things about her as he gazed at people passing by. A little while later when he heard her voice he wheeled around and saw her at the counter paying for her purchases. Once she was finished she joined him beside the exit.

"Let's go," she said, sounding cheery.

Dylan followed Andrea out of the store. They turned left and continued up the sidewalk. After a few minutes she turned to him. "Feel like coming over for a while?" she asked.

"Sure," he said.

"Cool. You can give me your opinion about my new clothes." She smirked at him as they walked along.

"I've already seen them on you," Dylan replied. "They look good."

"But you haven't seen me with my new bra on."

Andrea had a nervous, yet flirtatious look on her face. Dylan found her expression out of place within the context of their friendship, but it made his cock twitch and begin to stiffen. He quickened his pace, now eager to get to Andrea's apartment on Oxford Street.

When they arrived at her apartment Andrea dropped her purse on the kitchen table. "I'm going to go put these things on," she said. "Help yourself to whatever, if you want something to eat or drink."

"Thanks," Dylan called out as he watched Andrea stride down the hall towards her bedroom.

After searching the fridge and pouring himself half a glass of milk, Dylan found some cheese scones in a cupboard. He sliced and buttered one, then leaned against the counter to eat it. When he heard Andrea's bedroom door open he looked up.

"Okay, Dylan, I need your expert opinion here," Andrea said as she entered the kitchen. "Tell me how I look with my new bra on."

Dylan could feel his eyes widen and his mouth break into a smile as he looked Andrea over. Her blouse hugged her waist and chest, but he knew it was her new bra that was pushing her breasts up into firm peaks. He loved how they looked. His cock was rock hard and throbbing within seconds.

"Does that smile mean you approve?" she asked as she stepped closer.

"Yeah," he said with a nod, forcing his eyes to meet hers.

"Look, I've even got cleavage," she announced happily.

Andrea pulled at the top button of her blouse and undid it, then opened her blouse to reveal the tops of her rounded breasts rising from the black bra. Dylan stared at them for a few moments, stricken with lust. When he raised his eyes she was smiling at him and her cheeks had grown pink.

"Do they look okay?" she asked.

"Yeah, they look really nice," he said looking down again.

"Thanks," she gushed, then regained her composure. "You know what's funny... you've known me all these years, and that's the first time you've seen my boobs -- or at least that much of them anyway."

"Well, you never wear tops that show them off," he remarked.

Andrea frowned, taking a quick look down at her chest. "I don't have much to show off," she lamented.

"You can't make that claim anymore," he said. "Because now I know better."

Dylan brought the last bit of his cheese scone to his mouth then took a bite. As he finished eating it he noticed Andrea observing him. He looked at her, puzzled by her expression. "What?" he asked.

"I like watching you eat," she said after several seconds of tense silence. She had taken another step closer and was still staring at him.

"What?" he asked, giving her a bewildered stare.

"Watching you eat makes me wet," Andrea told him. "The way your lips and tongue move. I just know you're good at eating pussy."

Dylan was pleased by Andrea's comment, but it also made him feel a little shocked and uneasy. "Ah... thanks," he stammered.

"Does me telling you that bother you?" she asked.

"No," he said. "I'm surprised, and a little shocked. But... you can say whatever you want to me, Andrea. You should know that by now."

Andrea's eyes darted about and the right corner of her mouth wiggled as she thought for a moment. "It's just that we're friends, and there's always seemed to be this unspoken line between us," she said. "We can talk about sex and stuff, but I always got the feeling that you didn't want it to go further than that -- just talking about it."

"I don't know, Andrea. It would be kind of weird, don't you think?" Dylan said. "We've been friends for almost ten years -- ever since we were seventeen. You're like a sister to me."

Andrea's full lips curled into a twisted smile. "So? There's nothing wrong with a little consensual incest now and again," she shot back.

"You're sick," he said, unable to hide his laughter.

Andrea let out a husky laugh, then gave him an almost pleading look with her eyes. "Seriously, Dylan, haven't you ever thought about us getting together? We've already got a great friendship to build on. No one knows me better than you do."

Dylan sighed and his gaze left hers. "Yeah, maybe too well," he said apprehensively and frowned.

The smile drained from Andrea's face and her expression grew dismal. "So that's it... you're punishing me because of the guys I've been with."

"I'm not punishing you, Andrea," he said forcefully, then took in a slow, deep breath. "Have I ever been disrespectful to you, or called you names?"

"No, never," she said, her voice faltering. "And that means a lot to me."

"Then judge how I feel by that," he said.

"But, beyond that, there's this wall you've built that I can't climb over or knock down," she said. "And I want to, more than anything. But it's like your heart is surrounded by barbed wire."

"Andrea, let's not get into this, okay?" Dylan's mouth turned into a tight slit as his eyes locked on hers. He turned and emptied the rest of his milk in the sink and rinsed out the glass.

"See -- you're doing it again," she spat out, her voice thick with frustration.

"Running away. Pushing away someone who really cares about you out of self-protection. Avoiding things rather than trying to resolve your issues and grow as a person. Let me help you, Dylan. Please," she said.

Dylan squirmed, giving her a anguished look as he felt himself being torn in two. "I'm fine, Andrea. Thanks anyway," he told her.

Andrea let out a sigh. "Well, I can't help you if you don't want it. I can only change the light bulb if it wants to change," she said defensively. "It's just that I've seen the way you look at me sometimes. I like it; a lot. It makes me wonder what's going on behind those cute blue eyes of yours, and if I might stand a chance with you."

"I can't believe you'd even care, considering how well you know me and how fucked-up I am," he scoffed.

"Well, I do care, a lot -- so there," she joked, hoping to diffuse the tension. "Part of your problem is that you're so insecure that you can't believe that anyone could love you or find you sexy, so you look for reasons to try to convince yourself that she's just jerking you around or it wouldn't work out anyway. You sabotage the relationship as soon as it begins, rather than just taking it as it comes at face value."

Dylan pushed his hands deep in the pockets of his jeans and stared at the floor.

"So, are you going to leave now?" she asked, concerned by the look on his face.

"Not unless you want me to," he muttered.

"No. Of course I don't want you to leave," Andrea said. "How about watching a movie?"

Dylan nodded and followed her in to the living room. He sat on the far side of the couch, watching her as she sorted through her DVD collection. His eyes were drawn to her curvy ass and hips, then he recalled how her breasts looked and wished that he could see all of them, without the bra on.

"How about 'When Harry Met Sally'?", she suggested, holding up the DVD case. "That movie reminds me of us."

Dylan groaned. "How about some escapism?" he suggested.

Andrea turned back to the stack of DVDs. "How about 'Dead Man' then?"

"Yeah. I haven't seen that in a couple of years," Dylan said.

Andrea started the movie, then sat down to his left on the couch. She kicked her sandals off and tucked her feet under her. She fought a smile and felt her clit begin to jump when she caught Dylan glance at her

from the corner of his eye. Her heart began to race and her mind filled with the possibilities.

Once the movie ended Andrea got up and turned the television off. She sat back down on the couch, closer to Dylan than before and turned to face him. She could feel the tension between them and almost hear her heart beating. A vague smile appeared on her face as she leaned into him.

When Andrea's moist lips met Dylan's she heard him let out a throaty moan, partially out of surprise, but also arousal. She cupped the nape of his neck, kissing him harder and parting her lips wider to receive his probing tongue. His hands moved up and down her back as they kissed, tongue's darting about and lips sucking. After a few moments she eased away with a moan and smiled at him.

"Wow... you're a really good kisser," she said. "I always suspected you'd be, but that was great."

Dylan was beaming as he stared into her eyes and his tongue ran over his lower lip.

"Tell me something... honestly," she said.

"What?" His voice was heavy with arousal now and his breathing a little rapid.

"What were you thinking about when we kissed?" Andrea asked him.

"You, of course," he said, furrowing his brow, surprised by her question.

Andrea slid closer and rested her hand on his left knee. "Not the other guys I've kissed?" she prodded as her eyes narrowed.

"No, of course not," he said without hesitation. "Just you, and... you know."

"No. What? Tell me," she pleaded. She slid her hand over his waist and along his thighs.

Dylan twisted around on the couch to face her. The smile had not left his face and his cheeks were flushed. "I was thinking how nice it was," he sighed. "How your lips and tongue felt."

"That's all?" she prodded.

"Yeah," he told her, then paused to think for a moment. "You know, what's strange, I guess, is that when I'm around you, when we're talking and hanging out, all I think about is you and the present -- never the past. It's like the past never existed, and even if it did, the future is far more important to me."

"There's hope for you yet," she said half-jokingly.

Dylan beamed a smile at her. "You mean there's hope for us," he corrected. He put his arms around her and pulled her to him, then kissed her cheek.

Andrea looked at him -- astonished, but happy and relieved. She slipped her arms round him and rested her head on his shoulder. When he embraced her she sighed and pressed herself tighter to his chest. "How does this feel?" she asked.

"Great... kind of weird, but not in a bad way," he said as he stroked her back.

"Now imagine it being like this all the time," Andrea said.

"I do -- a lot," he admitted. "Sometimes my mind starts running away from me and I imagine how wonderful it would be, then... I'm confronted by the same old fears and insecurities."

"What fears?" she asked. "Tell me, Dylan, please. Open up to me for once."

Dylan sighed heavily. "That I could never satisfy you in the long run," he said. "That you'd be happy with me for a while, but that you'd always compare me to the other guys you've known and I just wouldn't measure up and you'd grow bored of me eventually."

"Look, Dylan, I've given it a lot of thought... given us a lot of thought. If the past -- my past -- mattered to me even a fraction in the way it does to you, we wouldn't be having this conversation. It haunts me, but I don't ever want to relive it. I'm beyond that now. Do you really think that if I thought that way -- that you don't measure up to anyone I've known, that I'd be pouring my heart out to you like this and risking rejection, not to mention our friendship? If that's how I felt I wouldn't waste my time on you. I'd be looking elsewhere. I like to think I've matured enough to know what I really want -- who I want. Love and sex are two very different things, you know? I've had sex plenty of times, but I want more than just that. Hell, I think I could do without sex if I knew a guy truly loved me and respected me."

Dylan knew that he couldn't argue with her logic. "I know what you mean," he said. "It's just that my heart and my head need to get in sync," he told her with a thin smile.

"What does your heart tell you?" she asked.

"That you're the one," he told her without hesitation.

"Then ignore your head," she advised. "A person's heart will never lie to them, but their head will deceive them."

"So, what now?" Dylan asked.

The room was quiet as Dylan and Andrea remained still on the couch, bodies entwined. Their silent fears vanished as they embraced one another, as well as the present. They thought about nothing or no one except the one they were holding.

"This is a lot better than watching you eat," Andrea said about ten minutes later and chuckled.

"Oh?" he grunted, looking down at her.

"Yeah," she breathed. "Watching you eat has never made me as wet as I am right now."

"Really?" Dylan replied, surprised and excited by her words.

Andrea sat up and ran her hands down his sides to his hips. "Check for yourself," she said, giving him a sultry smile.

Andrea raised up on her knees and took Dylan's hand in hers. Slowly, she guided it under her skirt and up towards her damp panties. Her eyes never left his as she pressed his fingers to her soft, wet petals, urging him to caress her. A moan welled in her throat and left her parted lips as his fingers pushed harder on her folds and her panties slid between her wet lips. She tugged at her skirt, drawing it up to her hips and steadied herself on his shoulders.

"God, you feel so good," Dylan said. His thumb was rubbing her hard clit as his fingers stroked her mound.

"Finger me," she moaned. "Feel how wet you make me, Dylan."

Dylan tugged at the gusset of her panties and uncovered her wet lips. His middle finger slid inside her and he felt her gripping it as she clutched his shoulders harder. She let out a loud moan and began moving her hips in a tight circle. Her musky juice began to trickle down Dylan's hand and he pumped his finger harder and deeper in her.

"Yes... keep doing that," she said. "Shit, that feels so good."

Dylan tugged at Andrea's panties until they were at her knees. He slid from the couch and knelt down, running his hands over her soft thighs and pulling her closer by her hips. Andrea laid down and he slung her legs over his shoulders and ran his hands up to her firm ass. He could smell her musky scent as his mouth moved closer. He moaned as his tongue ran up her dripping pussy. He tugged at her lips with his thumbs, spreading them so he could flick his tongue up and down over her throbbing clit, then in a circle. Her hands ran through his hair as she held him to her wet slit, moaning. When Dylan shoved his tongue deep in her she cried out and arched her back, rubbing herself over his mouth and chin. Dylan's tongue began stabbing at her, pushing deep within her as his nose rubbed her pulsing clit.

"Oh fuck, Dylan," she cried out. "God... that feels wonderful. Shove your tongue in me."

When Dylan's wet lips pinched her clit Andrea let out another throaty moan. He swirled his tongue around her pink button before pinching it between his lips again and tugging at it. She arched her back as she came on his face. Dylan slipped a finger in her and began moving it as he continued sucking and flicking his tongue over her throbbing clit. She was grinding her pussy against him and it made him crave her even more. When she came again he felt her juice run down his chin and he buried his tongue deep in her, feeling her squeeze it as her orgasm consumed her. He loved the feeling and the scent of her and wanted her juice all over his face.

"No... no more," she cried out. "My clit's too sensitive now... shit." Andrea crawled backwards on the couch and collapsed, panting.

Dylan sat down on the couch between her splayed legs and laid down so his head was resting on her stomach. He closed his eyes and filled his nostrils with her wonderful scent. She ran her fingers through his hair as his hand glided up then down her stomach to her left thigh.

"I just knew you'd be a wonderful lover." Andrea's breathing had slowed but her voice was still husky.

"Was I okay?" he asked, looking up at her.

"Okay?" she gasped. "I feel like I've been fucked, and that was just your tongue."

Dylan smiled as he rested on her stomach, feeling it rise and fall with her breathing. His hand moved down and he rubbed her dripping pussy, then gave it a few long, slow strokes with his tongue.

"Give me a chance to recover before you go at me again," she said with a laugh.

Dylan looked up at her and smiled, then slid up her body to lay beside her. He draped his arm over her and kissed her pink cheek. He stared at her chest and began working at the buttons of her blouse. Andrea opened her eyes and smiled.

"Want to see them?" she asked, grinning.

"Yeah, I have for the past ten years," he said.

Dylan spread her unbuttoned blouse open wide and cupped her right breast. It was firm, like he expected, and he began teasing her hard pink nipple through her bra. She watched, running her fingers up and down his forearm. When he slid her bra aside to uncover her left breast and began sucking at her thick nipple she sighed and ran her hand down his back.

"We should have done this long ago," she said.

"I wanted to, but our friendship mattered more," he said. "I didn't want to risk ruining that."

"Yeah... I know how you feel," she said.

Andrea watched as he pulled the right panel of her bra away from her firm breast. He squeezed her mound hard and wrapped his lips around her hard nipple, smearing her juice that coated his mouth and chin over her soft skin. He could still taste her and he imagined that her swollen nipple was her clit and began working his tongue over it harder and faster.

When Dylan began pulling her panties down the rest of the way she said "I was just thinking that I should pull those back up."

Dylan smiled at her as he dropped her panties to the floor. "No... I'm not finished with you," he said and pressed his lips to her mouth.

"Mmmm... I can taste my pussy on you," she said.

"It tastes good, doesn't it?" he said and kissed her again.

"I guess," Andrea said. "But if you like it, that's all that matters."

"I love it," he said and reached down to stroke her wet folds and clit.

if this moment with him was all that she would ever have that at least she had some happy memories of being made love to by him. Questions and worries began to swirl around her head but she banished them, deciding instead to focus on the present so she could remember it clearly for the rest of her life.

After a while Dylan grew still. His hand was resting on her soft, wet pussy. His eyes were locked on hers and he had an odd expression on his face. It worried Andrea and she ran her hand through his hair, thinking for a few moments.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said. "It sort of surprises me."

"Huh?" she grunted.

"I always knew that it would be great if we got together. But I always thought, or maybe worried, that I'd still feel that gnawing in my stomach, like I get when I let my insecurities eat away at me. But it's not there. Nothing. Being with you chased them away."

Andrea turned her head and kissed his cheek. "But what if they come back?" she asked, fearing his answer.

"They won't, as long as you're there to hold me," he said.

"I will be, if it's what you want," she promised. "It's what I've wanted for a very long time."

"I do want it. I want you," he told her.

"Then let's go to my room so you can have me, finally," Andrea said.

Dylan and Andrea got up from the couch and walked down to her bedroom. Each undressed quickly, observing the other, admiring the body that they had longed for and had been curious about for years. They were in a hurry to be joined together, but it was the emotional bond and moving beyond a friendship they yearned for, rather than just the act itself.

"God, you're beautiful," Dylan said. His eyes moved up and down Andrea's body as she stood before him naked for the first time.

"Thanks," she said in a soft voice. "You look even better than I've imagined." She ran her hands down his sides, then traced her fingertips up the underside of his hard shaft. Her fingers curled around it and she kissed him.

Dylan took Andrea by the hand and they sat down on her bed. His hands rested on her shoulders as they kissed and he moved her on to her back. As he moved between her open thighs he felt her hands move down his back to his hips. He slid his hand along the underside of her right thigh to her calf and wrapped her leg around him. As the head of

his shaft pressed against her shiny pink lips and parted them as he pushed in her, he kissed her mouth.

"I've wanted this for so long," he said.

"Me too..." she sighed.

When he began thrusting into her Dylan felt Andrea's nails dig into his arms. She held him tightly deep within her and began rocking her hips. She was tight and hot and Dylan looked down, watching his shaft slide in and out of her. He gripped her left hip and his movements became faster as their passion grew.

"God, Dylan... keep doing that. It feels wonderful," she said and moaned.

Dylan bent down and wrapped his lips around her right nipple. He sucked and tugged at it as his heavy balls slapped against her and his shaft moved deeper. Her breasts began to shake as he pumped harder into her tight pussy and lowered himself down, resting his weight on her.

"Fuck me, Dylan... harder. Fill me with your hard cock," Andrea said. She reached down and began rubbing her clit hard, moving her hand away from it briefly to hold his full balls as his shaft moved inside her, hitting bottom, then almost back out completely before he buried it in her again.

"God, Andrea... this is so perfect," he moaned and kissed her pink cheek.

Andrea pressed down on her throbbing clit and looked up into his narrowed eyes. The passion in them excited her and she tugged at his hair, pulling his mouth to hers. Now they were locked together in two places and neither ever wanted their union to end.

Dylan held Andrea's head gently in his hand as he sucked on her lower lip. The feeling of her squeezing his cock inside her was bringing him closer. His breathing was rapid and his face felt hot.

"Oh god, Andrea..." he cried out when he knew he couldn't hold out any longer.

"Cum on me... mark your new territory, Dylan... claim me," she moaned.

Dylan pulled his cock from her tight pussy and began stroking. Seconds later he watched as he painted her breasts and chin with his thick cum. She moaned and her tongue darted out. Dylan's moans grew louder as another stream of jism shot from his twitching shaft and sprayed across her flushed cheek. It slowly ran down towards her jaw and she wiped it from her and licked it from her finger. Then she reached for his cock and slid her lips over it, tasting their mingled juices until she felt him begin to soften. She licked her lips and smiled at him as he collapsed on the bed to her right.

Andrea turned on to her side to face Dylan. She could feel his thick cum on her face and neck and she loved knowing that a part of him was still on her. She kissed his cheek, running her hand down his chest.

"Thank-you," she said in a hushed voice.

"Don't thank me," he told her. "I've wanted this for so long, Andrea. And it was wonderful." He slid his fingers around to the nape of her neck and kissed her softly.

"I meant thank-you for showing me what it feels like to be made love to," she said.

Dylan smiled. "Well, they don't call it making love for nothing," he said and let out a faint laugh. "It's how I feel, Andrea."

"Me too." She slid closer and rested her head on his shoulder as her fingers traced along the trail of hair leading down to his cock.

"I need to thank you too," he told her.

"For what?" she asked.

"For showing me how to stop courting loneliness," he said. "From now on I hope to be courting you instead -- if it's what you want."

"Dylan, you know it's what I want -- what I've needed for so long," Andrea said.

"Finally, not only are my heart and head in sync, but we are too," he told her.

The sun was getting low in the sky as Dylan and Andrea lay together in bed. Their eyes were focused on each other, but their hearts and minds were fixed on their future together.

Crystal Lake

This is definitely the longest story I've written so far. I'm curious to see if readers find it too long. Please let me know.

Chapter 1

Melissa Saulnier pushed the door to her house closed with her heel as she stepped into the porch. It slammed shut as she dropped the bags of groceries she was carrying to the floor. She sighed as she slid her purse off of her right shoulder. It fell on the table with a soft thud. Melissa tossed her jacket over the back of a kitchen chair. Thank god this day was over she thought to herself.

The sound of the television was coming from the livingroom, indicating that her eighteen year-old son, Tyler, was home from school. When Melissa heard that the evening news were on she realized she was later than she had planned on being. She picked up the two plastic grocery bags and put them down beside her purse then brushed her long auburn hair back over her slim shoulders and walked towards the livingroom.

Tyler looked sullen, slumped down on the sofa as he stared at the television, arms folded about his waist. Melissa thought the cause of his dour look must be because she was late getting home for supper.

"It's okay." Tyler grunted, not looking at his mother standing beside him.

Melissa looked at her son's face and wondered what was bothering him. She sat down on the couch beside him.

"What's the matter, honey?" she asked, her dark brown eyes locking on him.

"That..." Tyler spat out as he unfolded his arms to point at a pile of papers on the coffee table.

Melissa reached for the papers and brought them closer. She saw that it was an English assignment that her son had passed in nearly a week ago. At the top of the title page in red pen was C-. Melissa frowned.

"You'll do better on the next one." she told Tyler, hoping to console him.

Tyler grunted. "I doubt it. English sucks. I hate it. Who gives a shit about T.S. Eliot anyway and that Prufrock guy sounds like an asshole."

Melissa fought back a smile as she tossed her son's assignment back on the coffee table to her right.

"Sorry." Tyler mumbled, his blue eyes darting briefly towards his mother.

"I can help you on the next one, if you want," she offered "I majored in English in college, remember?"

Melissa thought back briefly to that time. She had met Tyler's father in college and by the time she was a little older than Tyler's age she was pregnant with him, which forced her to abandon her plans of becoming a teacher, or perhaps an author.

"Thanks, mom, but I doubt it would help. I just don't get English. I'm better at stuff like math and science. Besides, I'll be taking engineering at college next fall; I'll never need English."

Melissa nodded, knowing that her son was right. "You have a few months left to catch up. I know you can if you really try. You still have to pass this English course though if you want to graduate from high school. "

Tyler folded his arms once more and slid down on the couch. He knew that his mother was right and that worried him. But he was encouraged by how much faith she had in him.

Melissa forced a smile as she looked at her son sitting beside her. She slid closer and kissed his cheek as she ran her left hand over his thick black hair. For close to a week she had noticed a change in his mood

and wondered if it was simply school, or if something else was bothering him.

"What's the matter, honey? Is it more than just school?" Her voice was soft, full of concern.

His mother's brown eyes looked sad as she spoke and Tyler felt guilty for having upset her.

"Is it your father?" she prodded.

"Kind of...", he sighed "sometimes I just wish things could be like they were."

Melissa frowned. They had already this discussion many times over the past three years since she had decided to divorce Tyler's father. She dreaded talking about it again.

"Ty... we've been through this before." Melissa sounded weary, frustrated.

"I know," he agreed "and I know you guys aren't ever getting back together, but sometimes I wish you would."

"That's not going to happen -- you know that. It's not what I want. Besides, your father has a girlfriend anyway."

"Yeah... Cindy," Tyler sneered "dad could do a lot better."

"What's wrong with Cindy?" his mother demanded, recoiling slightly in surprise.

"She's not very pretty, or even nice," Tyler began "and I hate that blue eyeshadow she always wears. She's got small boobs too. I don't know why the hell dad settled for her after you. You look a lot better than her, mom." His gloom seemed to lift as he spoke.

"Why -- because I've got a bigger boobs?" Melissa blurted with a giggle, surprising even herself for speaking so openly with her son. She blushed and mentally scolded herself for not censoring her thoughts before speaking.

Tyler ran his eyes down from his mother's angular face with high cheekbones and sculpted jaw line face to the swell of her breasts rising from the jade green knit cardigan she was wearing. He felt his cock swell as he stared, wishing he could run his hands over her body.

"Well, c'mon mom... you're stacked." he blurted out as his growing arousal emboldened him.

Melissa grew flustered. She darted her eyes down to her lap and rested her hands on her grey skirt. She could feel her Tyler's eyes on her. It made her clit began to twitch. Moments later she began getting wet as she imagined the forbidden thoughts her son might be having.

"Ty, you shouldn't say things like that to me; I'm your mother."

"I'm just being honest," he asserted, sounding chastened "it's not like everyone doesn't notice and I'm no different."

"But I'm your mother. You're not supposed to notice things like that about me." she snapped as she raised her voice, glaring at him through narrow eyes.

Tyler avoided his mother's piercing stare.

Melissa felt like she had maybe been too harsh with her son. He already had enough on his mind with struggling to finish high school without her rebuking him for what any normal eighteen year old male like him would think or feel -- even for his own mother she rationalized. She drew in a deep breath and gave her son's hand a squeeze.

"I'm sorry," she said, her voice softer again "it's just that it's not appropriate for a son to make comments like that about his mother. You know that."

"Even if they're as hot as you?" he retorted, smirking.

Melissa had been trying to portray a serious demeanor and end the conversation, but she found her son's chutzpah disarming. Despite her

misgivings she found herself laughing at his comment. She also realized that her panties were now slightly damp.

"Okay, that's enough flattery from you. I'm going to go start supper." she said as she raised herself from the sofa.

Melissa got up before Tyler could reply. She went into the kitchen -- hoping that concentrating on preparing a meal for them would distract her from her sudden arousal and lewd thoughts about her son.

Tyler watched his mother walk towards the kitchen. He could feel his cock throb as he stared at her firm round ass and curved hips filling her tight skirt, swaying as she walked. He waited a few minutes for his erection to subside until he dared get up to join his mother in the kitchen. He sat at the kitchen table, his eyes on her as she moved about. Her hair moved as she turned from side to side and he could detect the movements of her heavy breasts as they quivered beneath her cardigan.

"It's really good, mom." Tyler exclaimed with a mouthful of food, as he looked across the table at his mother.

Melissa gave her son an appreciative smile. "I'm glad you like it. It's only broiled fish and potatoes -- nothing special."

"But it's good; everything you cook is."

Melissa smiled, feeling pleased as she watched Tyler bring another forkful of food to his mouth. This is what a healthy mother-son relationship should be like she reminded herself as she watched Tyler. She was relieved that the tone of the conversation had not returned to the risqué nature that it had been earlier in the livingroom. Part of the reason was because Melissa knew that it was wrong, but she also had to admit to herself that, like Tyler, she too was guilty of having incestuous thoughts at times.

For almost all of his life Melissa had looked at Tyler as nothing more than her son, but now that he was eighteen she at times could not help but notice what a handsome young man he had become -- probably much like he found her attractive, she thought. Still, she knew it was wrong and fought against the urges she occasionally had when she saw her son walk to the bathroom some mornings wearing only his boxers, or when he would hug her, holding her tight against his broad chest, running his hands over her back. There were times when they embraced, however briefly, that Melissa was sure that she could feel Tyler's hard cock pressing against her stomach or thigh. Those few incidents always aroused Melissa and caused her to give in to her emotions later at night as she ran her fingers over her hard clit and damp lips alone in her bed.

"You go in and watch tv while I load the dishwasher," Melissa told her son after they had finished supper "I'll be in later."

Tyler listened to the sounds of his mother clearing the table and loading the dishwasher as he gave a blank stare at the television. He was more interested in his mother than what he was watching and was eager for

her to join him. His cock twitched in anticipation and he shifted on the cushion, hoping to conceal the bulge in his jeans.

"There -- all done!" Melissa exclaimed as she sat down next to Tyler.

"Good. You should relax a while. How was work?"

"Oh, not bad," Melissa sighed "we got a big shipment of books in this morning, so I had to sort out the invoices and begin shelving them."

"You look tired." Tyler remarked.

"I am." she sighed as she kicked her shoes off and curled her feet up on the sofa.

"I worry about you, mom. You work too hard."

"I have to. I barely make enough to pay the bills as it is." Melissa lamented.

Tyler frowned as he looked over at his mother to his right. "I know. I just wish you could take a vacation sometime. Remember how we all went to Crystal Lake years ago? That was a great time."

Melissa smiled as her thoughts drifted back to the trip her son was referring to. That was nearly four years ago and she had not had a vacation since then.

"We should go there some weekend." Tyler suggested.

Melissa thought for a moment. The idea appealed to her, but she was not sure if she could afford it.

"That would be nice," she agreed "but now's not a good time. Things are really busy at the book store, plus you have to finish school."

"I know. It's just that I worry about you. If you don't take a vacation sooner or later you're going to have a nervous breakdown."

Melissa smiled at her son. She thought that he was over-reacting, still she appreciated his concern. She slid closer to him and draped her left arm around his shoulders, clutching him to her. She ran her hand over his muscular shoulders and rested against his arm. As Tyler slipped his right hand around her waist she felt herself relax. It had been years since Melissa had been with a man and even her own son's touch was welcome now. Moments later her clit began to throb. She felt a wave of guilt. She thought of pulling away from him but did not want to appear flustered or offend him. Besides, this would be her guilty secret that only she knew Melissa told herself.

"What's that?"

"If you pass your English course this year I'll take you to Crystal Lake as a graduation gift."

"Really?" he exclaimed as he leaned away from her, his wide eyes locking on hers.

Melissa nodded, flashing her son a smile.

"Thanks, mom!"

Tyler wrapped his arms around his mother's shoulders and pulled her tight. Her touch excited him as she glided her hands up his broad back. Tyler felt his cock twitch and tent his jeans as he held his mother to him. Her firm, round breasts were pressed to his chest and he could feel them shift as she moved against him. Through her cardigan he could feel her bra and wished she wasn't wearing one. As he ran his fingers down her spine he thought he felt her quiver.

"But you have to pass everything -- including English." she reminded him as she leaned away, giving him a serious look.

Tyler nodded. "I will." he vowed.

from her cardigan. He licked his lips as he stared at them, trying to imagine how they might look.

Melissa gave a chuckle. "Maybe this is what it takes to get you motivated about school," she concluded "I haven't seen you this excited in a long time."

"It looks like I'm not the only one who's excited." Tyler teased, his eyes riveted to his mother's chest.

Melissa's eyes followed her son's. She leaned away and looked down, flushing when she realized what he was referring to. She let out an embarrassed gasp as she pulled away from him, wide-eyed.

"Tyler, you shouldn't make comments like that. I'm your mother!"

Undaunted, Tyler clutched his mother's hips tight as he let out a nervous laugh. "I was only teasing, mom. Besides, it's not like I couldn't notice them."

"Well, you don't have to comment!" she snapped in an angry tone as her dark eyes narrowed.

Tyler gave his mother a chastened look, his eyes meeting hers, then darting away. "I'm sorry," he muttered "I didn't think you'd get so angry about me teasing you about it."

Melissa sighed. She thought she had probably over-reacted because of the stress she had been under recently, as well as the guilt she was wrestling with from being turned-on by her son's embrace. She gave Tyler a dim smile.

"It's okay," she told him "maybe I'm making too big a deal about it."

A smile crept over Tyler's face as his eyes moved towards his mother's bosom once more. "Well, they are big..." he remarked, not making any effort to conceal his leering.

Melissa felt a surge of lust at her son's words, but knew that she must not encourage him. She forced a disapproving glare.

"That's enough, Tyler." Now her voice was harsh.

Tyler removed his hands from his mother's hips and turned to face the television. From the corner of his eye he saw her slide away. She crossed her legs and folded her hands on her lap, silently staring ahead.

For the rest of the evening Tyler and his mother never spoke. His arousal was replaced by concern that he had gone too far with his bawdy remarks and that she was angry. He sensed tension between them, but did not know what to say that might make things better. Two hours later Melissa stood up and told Tyler that she was tired and was going to bed.

"Okay, have a good sleep." he replied, looking at her from the corner of his eye.

"Don't stay up late; you have school in the morning."

Before Tyler could reply his mother had left the room. He sighed to himself as he heard her bedroom door close.

Chapter 2

For the rest of the week Tyler felt uneasy and tentative around his mother. He tried his best to make conversation during supper, telling her how his day at school had been, or what he and his friends had been doing, but he still felt tense and uncomfortable. That, however, did not entirely quell his lustful thoughts for his mother though.

That Friday night Melissa stopped on her way home for a pizza. She was glad that the work week was finally over and wanted a break from cooking. She knew that Tyler would never object to having pizza for supper so did not feel bad about taking a night off from cooking.

"This is great. Thanks, mom." Tyler exclaimed as he placed a third slice of pizza on his plate.

Melissa smiled, happy that her son appreciated her decision.

"I'm glad you like it, and to tell you the truth, it gives me a break from cooking for one night." she told her son with a guilty shrug.

"You could bring home pizza every night and not hear any complaints from me." he replied as he chewed.

"It won't be every night because I can't afford it, but I thought I'd treat both of us for a change."

Melissa was relieved to see her son smiling at her. She too had felt uneasy around him throughout the week and was glad that things between them seemed to be getting back to normal once more.

After they had finished eating Melissa cleared the kitchen table, then joined Tyler in the livingroom. She was looking forward to spending some time with him, especially given how strained their relationship had been the past several days.

Tyler slid over on the sofa to make room for his mother. She stepped out of her shoes and curled up beside him. Not wanting to get caught leering, especially since they were getting along better once more, Tyler gave his mother several furtive glances from the corner of his eye.

Melissa was wearing a white short-sleeved dress, decorated with tiny blue and red flowers. It had buttons running down the middle, three of which below her knees were undone and two at the top. Tyler noticed that he could see her upper chest and a teasing glimpse of her cleavage at the top of her dress as she leaned over next to him. He folded his

arms and stared at the television as his mind wandered, filled with forbidden thoughts as his cock throbbed.

Later that evening it occurred to Tyler that there was leftover pizza in the fridge. He decided to have a slice and some soda before bed. "I'm going to have another slice of pizza. Do you want one?" he asked his mother as he got up from the couch.

"No, thanks," Melissa replied, then paused "but maybe I'll make a cup of camomile tea. It helps me to sleep."

"I'll get it for you." Tyler offered.

"No, that's okay." his mother replied, rising from the couch.

As Tyler brought the pizza box from the fridge he watched his mother padding into the kitchen in her bare feet. His eyes moved down the length of her body. It could not be said that he had ever had anything close to a foot fetish, but at that moment as he looked at his mother Tyler thought that she was the prettiest, sexiest woman he knew -- even her feet were cute.

Tyler placed a slice of pizza on a plate and put it in the microwave. As he watched the digital timer, waiting for the series of beeps. He felt his mother beside him. She placed a mug of water with a teabag in it on the counter, waiting to use the microwave. Her oak-colored eyes met his and she smiled, giving his back a brisk rub between his shoulders.

"I love you, Ty." she told him, almost whispering.

"I love you too." he responded, somewhat surprised by her unexpected display of affection.

Melissa's arm fell to her side as she drew in a deep breath. "I hate it when it's tense between us." she lamented, her eyes darting to the floor, then back up.

Tyler knew exactly what she was referring to, but was hesitant about revisiting the subject. "So do I, mom."

"It's just that, the other night, maybe I was too harsh on you. I'd already had a bad day, and..." her voice faded out a moment as she drew in another breath, wiggling her full lips, "it's not your fault, honey, but it seems like I work so hard and the bills keep coming in. Sometimes it's overwhelming. I want us to go to Crystal Lake, but I don't know if we can. I never mean to take it out on you. I hope you know that. I love you, honey."

Tyler was not sure how to respond, then he noticed that his mother's lower lip was quivering. She bit it. Tyler looked into her eyes. They were watery. She wiped one with the palm of her hand, forcing a smile.

"Oh, mom... don't cry. I love you too." he gushed. Tyler wanted to hold his mother, but was hesitant to, fearing she would misconstrue his intentions. Instead, he ran a hand up and down her bare left arm. Her skin was soft and he felt guilty for getting turned-on again.

As if she read his mind Melissa took a step towards her son and threw her arms around his shoulders. She buried her face in his neck, sobbing quietly. Tyler eased his arms around his mother's slim waist. He slipped his right hand up and down her back, trying to soothe her. His nose was buried in her silky hair and he could feel the length of her soft, curvy body pressed to his. She felt wonderful and Tyler eased his hips back in an effort to keep his erection from rubbing against her as he felt her flat stomach pressed to him. Beneath his fingertips he could feel the straps of her bra through her cotton dress as her firm breasts, suddenly feeling larger than they appeared, were pressed to his chest. They shifted some as she moved and the feeling excited him. Tyler's eyes fell to the front of his mother's dress and he saw her cleavage, round and firm, rising up from a white bra as she breathed. His cock throbbed even more.

"You must think I'm a big baby." Melissa muttered into her son's neck as she clutched him.

"No, mom, it's okay."

Melissa drew in another deep breath in an effort to stifle her sobs. She felt her son's hands caress her back. They felt wonderful, almost as good as the sensation of being held in his firm embrace did. She felt safe. Loved. It had been so long since a man had held her like this -- even longer since she had known those emotions. Now her crying was replaced by the sensation of her clit beginning to swell and throb. She felt herself becoming wet, but did not care. She ran her right hand down her son's back through his t-shirt, taken by how firm and muscled it felt. When she shifted her right thigh to the left a surge of arousal began

in her chest and her nipples stiffened. Tyler's hard cock was now rubbing over her thigh as she moved her leg. There was no mistaking that he was hard -- very hard -- thick too, she surmised. She bit her lower lip as her pussy grew wetter, ready to receive him.

Tyler ignored the beeping of the microwave, wanting to embrace his mother for as long as possible. He wondered if she had noticed his erection, then as she moved her thigh over it again he concluded that it was impossible for her not to have. If she was bothered by it she wasn't reacting, so he remained in place, enjoying the feeling of his mother's body as she clung to him. Her curves and supple flesh felt better than anything he had ever experienced. At that moment he would have given anything for her to have been naked.

Melissa leaned back and looked up into her son's face. Tyler smiled. He noticed that his mother had a dreamy, wistful look in her eyes. He wondered if she was as turned-on as he was, then dismissed the notion. A tear ran down her left cheek. He brushed it away with his thumb, enjoying the softness of her skin. Then he slid his hand around to the back of her head and pulled her closer. He pressed his lips to her forehead, slowly, once again relishing how her skin felt on his. Although it was on her forehead, it was not the sort of kiss that a son would normally give his mother. It was tender and lingering. Melissa tensed her body, fighting off a shudder of lust.

"I love you, mom." he said in a low, hoarse voice.

Melissa nodded, as if to indicate she understood the variety of love he meant. "I love you too, honey."

Tyler slid his hands down his mother's back until they were resting just above her flared hips again, grazing the curve of her firm ass. He could feel her panties through her dress and wondered what they looked like. He moved his eyes down until they stopped at the outline of her nipples protruding through her dress. Hard and thick. Melissa glanced down to her chest, then back up to her son. She smiled, then shrugged, as if in an embarrassed apology for their condition.

Tyler let out a nervous chuckle.

"So, is it my turn to use the microwave?" Melissa interrupted, clearing her throat.

"Ah... yeah... it's all yours." her son stammered, stepping away from the counter.

Tyler's eyes moved up and down his mother's back as she stared at the timer on the microwave. He poured a glass of soda then took a gulp to wet his throat, dry from arousal. Once the microwave finished beeping Melissa retrieved her mug from it and stirred it's contents with a spoon as she tilted her eyes up to meet Tyler's.

"Coming back in?" she asked, gesturing towards the livingroom with her head.

longer very hungry though because arousal had supplanted his appetite.

Melissa curled up on the couch once more, holding the mug in her near-trembling hands. Her thighs were pressed together, causing pressure on her clit that she both enjoyed and found distracting. Already her panties were nearly soaked through. She gulped down her tea, then placed the mug atop her son's empty plate on the coffee table.

"Feeling better?" Tyler asked, turning his head towards his mother at his right.

Melissa gave him a nod. "Yes. Now I just feel silly for crying and dumping all my problems on you."

"Don't feel silly, mom. I know you're under a lot of stress and that it hasn't been easy raising me on your own. You've done a great job though."

"I hope so." she answered, sounding unconvinced.

"Haven't I turned-out okay?" he countered.

Melissa gave her son a warm smile. "Wonderful -- maybe better than I deserve."

"I'm happy with what I've got." she assured him.

"You didn't seem happy a while ago." he reminded her.

Melissa hunched her shoulders and twisted the corner of her mouth up. "I get emotional sometimes. I'm a woman."

Tyler laughed. "Must be that time of the month."

"Tyler...!" she exclaimed as her mouth opened wide. She gave his arm a playful swat with her hand.

"Well..." he prodded.

"Well that's none of your business." she insisted.

"But I'm old enough to know about that sort of stuff." he countered.

"Not when it comes to me, you're not." Her tone was still that of amusement and Tyler was relieved that his mother was not getting angry.

"Cindy complains when she has PMS." Tyler informed his mother.

"Yes, well, I'm not Cindy," she reminded him, then paused as a mischievous smile appeared on her face "but you already made that perfectly clear the other night, didn't you?"

Tyler felt his face grow warm and knew that his cheeks must be blood red. He clenched his jaw, afraid that another rebuke from his mother was brewing.

"Look who's embarrassed now." his mother gloated, clearly reveling in how uncomfortable she had made her son. She knew that she was steering the conversation to a place that was inappropriate, but she did not care. Her arousal had taken over her inhibitions.

"What was the word that you used... stacked?" she added, giving him a smug grin.

"Yeah..." he mumbled, his eyes flitting to his mother's chest before he could stop them.

"You know what?" she said, her voice growing serious.

"What?" Tyler asked, curious and apprehensive about what his mother was about to say.

"Yesterday at work I caught Dave looking down my blouse as I was bending over to stock shelves."

Dave was one of Melissa's co-workers at the bookstore -- married, and a few years younger than her.

Tyler issued a nervous laugh. "Did you say anything to him?"

Melissa shook her head, grinning.

"What did he say?"

"Not a word," she said "but I took my time."

"Mom... you're bad!" Tyler blurted out. He was taken aback by the naughty side his mother had that he never realized, but intrigued.

Melissa let out a girlish titter.

"What did he do today?" Tyler asked, hoping to hear more titillating confessions.

"Oh, nothing." she said with a shrug.

"I'm surprised."

"Why's that?" she asked with wide eyes. Melissa twisted on the sofa towards her son and straightened her back. She was pleased by how the conversation was going and hoping to continue it.

"Well, that dress, I mean..." Tyler elaborated, holding his breath, fearing he had pushed things too far again.

"What's wrong with this dress?" she asked, sounding defensive.

"Nothing," he assured her, stopping to weigh his words "it's just that it's kind of tight on you."

Melissa tilted her head down. A smile moved over her face. "Maybe a little." she conceded, sounding impish.

Tyler and his mother looked at each-other, each trying to read the other's mind. Finally Tyler spoke.

"You're not mad at me, are you, mom?"

"No, why?"

"Well, for the dress comment."

"Oh... no." she said.

"It's just that the other night you told me that I shouldn't make comments like that, or even notice you," he reminded her "I don't ever want you mad at me again, mom."

Melissa gave her head a firm shake as she recalled her statement. Now she was beginning to feel ashamed for her arousal, but not enough to overpower it.

"I'm not mad, honey, and I meant what I said. But I also know that you're a normal, teenage guy. I suppose you can't always help it. I probably should be flattered."

Tyler felt his nervousness fade and he smiled at his mother. "Now you've got Dave checking you out too." he taunted.

Melissa rolled her eyes and cringed. "Dave's creepy," she said, then grinned "but he's fun to tease."

Tyler laughed loud at his mother's devious expression. "Is that why you wore that dress to work today?"

"Maybe..." she cooed with an enigmatic smirk.

"Next time don't wear a bra with it." he suggested. His cheeks were still flushed, but now it was from arousal rather than embarrassment.

Melissa's eyes widened at her son's suggestion. Her heart was beating faster and she feared that her libido would soon completely overpower her better judgement -- if it had not already.

"No way -- especially not at work. I only dare do that around the house."

Tyler gave a knowing smile, taking another look at his mother's chest.

"What's that look for?" she questioned, her voice becoming high-pitched and curious.

"Nothing."

"No... it's not nothing; tell me." she coaxed as her interest piqued.

"It's just that sometimes I can tell when you're not wearing one." Tyler knew that by this point his mother was guilty of encouraging him and had lost any moral high ground if she decided to rebuke him.

Melissa wiggled on the sofa. Her face felt warm and she worried that Tyler would realize how excited she now was. "I guess I better wear one all the time then." she threatened, raising her eyebrows.

"Even to bed?" he joked.

Melissa laughed at her son's retort. Suddenly the idea of being alone in her room to satisfy her arousal appealed to her. It was getting late anyway.

"Speaking of bed, that's where I should be going." she interjected.

"Okay." he said through his disappointment.

Melissa collected her thoughts before getting up from the sofa. She inhaled. "Look, Ty, I know that we've been more honest than usual with each-other tonight -- maybe we've been too honest -- you know?"

Melissa looked at her son beside her on the couch. He nodded and gave her a look of remorse. "Are you mad at me, mom?"

"No, honey." Melissa assured her son, watching the look of relief appear on his face. She waited a moment. "Give me a hug before I go to bed." she said, reaching out to him.

Melissa inched closer to her son and eased her arms around him, pulling him to her. She rested her chin on his right shoulder as his hands roamed up her back, then down again, stopping inches above her ass. She could feel her swollen nipples rub over the inside of her bra and she was eager to be in her room and get undressed. As Melissa leaned back from her son, dragging her hands over his back, she could feel his hand move down her shoulder blades. His fingers slipped around until they ran down the side of her left breast. His touch, especially there, was electric and her clit gave an instant response. He

had never touched her there before -- no one had in years -- but she was moved by it.

"Well, you have a good night." Melissa told Tyler as she eased off of the couch. Bending over, she placed a soft kiss on her son's cheek as she steadied herself on his left shoulder. She felt her breasts sway, and wondered how good a look at them he was having down the front of her dress.

As Melissa climbed the first step she heard Tyler calling out, wishing her a good night, but she was distracted by her throbbing clit. Later, as she lay in bed naked after bringing herself to three orgasms Melissa was once more filled with shame. She rolled over and tried to fall asleep.

Chapter 3

From that day forward Tyler made a vow to himself to work harder so he would pass his high school English course and thereby graduate. He knew it would not be easy, but that he could count on his mother helping him when needed.

Melissa also made a great effort to save as much money as she could in order to be able to afford to take her son to Crystal Lake as a graduation gift. She noticed the increased effort that Tyler was making in school and knew that he was serious about graduating and deserved a reward. Saving that much money would not be easy, but she felt it was more than worth it.

Both Tyler and Melissa also had another important issue on their minds: their relationship -- although neither dared broach the subject it was ever-present. Their interaction had been chaste and completely proper, yet both struggled with temptation and taboo thoughts of the other. Were they to have been completely honest with one-another they would have discovered that they both felt the same, but that did not happen.

One night in early June Tyler returned home from a friend's house. He found his mother at the kitchen table sorting through a stack of papers.

"What are you doing?" Tyler asked as he hung up his jacket.

Melissa slid her chair away from the table and turned towards her son "Looking at bills and expenses -- trying to figure out how to pay for a trip to Crystal Lake." she explained.

"Oh, mom -- no. You can't afford to do that. It's okay; don't worry."

"No. I can afford it," she corrected him "I've been looking at ways to save money. Your dad has offered to help out too since it's your graduation gift."

"Wow, really?" Tyler said, surprised by the turn of events.

Melissa nodded.

"But I haven't graduated it," he reminded her "don't make too many plans until I get my report card."

"Too late." she interjected, grinning.

"What?"

Melissa reached in her purse and pulled out a brochure. She handed it to her son, still smiling as she awaited his reaction.

"What's this?" he asked, flipping it open.

"A brochure for Crystal Lake," she told him "Yesterday I made reservations for the first week in July."

Tyler's arms went limp at his sides as he looked up at his mother, eyes wide with disbelief. "But I haven't graduated it."

"I know. But you've been doing a lot better with your English assignments, so I'm confident you will. If not, you can pay me and your father back." Melissa's laugh rang out in the kitchen.

"Wow... mom, I don't know what to say... thanks!"

Tyler slumped down in a chair beside his mother and began pouring over the brochure, beaming as he looked at the photos and read the information.

Melissa looked over at her son, pleased with herself that she had managed to make him so happy. Maybe she was not such a bad mother afterall, she thought.

"It looks like the place has changed a lot since we were there." Tyler commented, raising his head from the brochure.

Melissa gave him a nod. "The woman I spoke to on the phone said that they've completely renovated the cabins and grounds, plus they have cable tv too now."

"I don't think I'll be watching much tv with all the other stuff they have." Tyler joked.

Melissa gathered up the bills and receipts strewn about the table into one pile next to a calculator. She yawned as she raised her hands towards the ceiling.

"Tired?" her son asked.

"Time for some tv then." Tyler recommended.

"I think you're right."

Tyler sat down on the livingroom sofa, still absorbed by the Crystal Lake brochure. "This is going to be the best vacation ever -- thanks again, mom." he gushed.

"You're welcome, honey." she replied, reaching out to give his hand a squeeze.

That night after going to bed Tyler was too excited to sleep. But he also understood that there was added pressure on him. Now that his mother had already made reservations for them at Crystal Lake he had to pass his English course - *there was no way around it.*

Chapter 4

Exam Week at school was normally stressful for Tyler, but this year of Finals was unlike anything he had experienced. He was certain of passing everything, except English. He was somewhat confident that he would, but still would not have bet on it. That morning when he went in to write the exam, he gave a sigh of relief when he was handed a sheet containing a series of essay questions and multiple choice. As he read them he smiled, assured that he knew exactly what his teacher was looking for as answers.

Once his exams had been written Tyler felt like a burden had been lifted from him, but not quite entirely. Not until he received his report card and knew for certain that he would be graduating would he be able to fully relax. The Thursday morning when he was due to go to school to pick up his report card he awoke early after a restless night. He was anxious and wanted to hurry down to school to hear the verdict, but he also wanted for time to crawl, fearing bad news.

When his teacher handed him the manila envelope containing his report card Tyler tore it open. His eyes ran down the list until he saw his English grade. He let out a shout of joy as he raised a fist in the air upon discovering that he had passed, but just barely. But a pass is a pass he reminded himself. Never again would he be plagued by any of the topics discussed in his English course. More importantly, he had done well in the subjects that really mattered to him: maths and the sciences.

home at the end of the day to tell her the good news. He also knew that she would want to know as soon as possible.

When Tyler marched into the store clutching an envelope with a huge smile on his face Melissa knew that the news was going to be good even before he spoke. She rushed down the aisle to meet him.

"I passed!" he proudly exclaimed, pushing the envelope into his mother's out-stretched hand.

Melissa smiled as she surveyed her son's grades. For a moment she thought of telling him that she had hoped that he would have done better in English, but she could not bring herself to dampen his mood. She also knew that he was right: once in college he would not be taking English. Melissa gave her son a firm hug and kissed his cheek.

"Congratulations, honey!" she said, smiling as she clutched his waist.

"Thanks," he replied "I sort of thought I was going to do a little better in English though."

Melissa moved her head from side to side. "Don't worry about it. You can't be good at everything I sucked at math in school."

Tyler laughed. "I couldn't wait till you got home to give you the good news."

"I'm glad you didn't. I've been wondering all day," she said "and when you get home don't eat too much -- I want to take you out to supper to celebrate."

"No, mom, that's okay. You're already taking me to Crystal Lake -- there's no need for you to spend any more money on me. Thanks anyway."

"Then consider it me giving myself a break from cooking supper." she suggested, still looking overjoyed at the good news.

"Okay, if you're sure." he relented."

"I'm sure," she echoed "and you might want to put on something nicer than that t-shirt; we're not going to McDonalds."

Tyler's elation and relief lasted the rest of the afternoon. He called several friends, then his father at work, to give them the good news. By the time it was a little past four o'clock he decided to shower and change in preparation for going out to supper with his mother. He appreciated her doing that for him, but felt guilty that she was spending the money on him rather than himself.

It was close to six o'clock before Melissa arrived home. Tyler was sitting on the livingroom couch watching television, waiting for her.

"I'm sorry I'm late, honey, it was a madhouse at the store this afternoon." she called out from the kitchen.

As Melissa walked in to the livingroom Tyler got up from the couch to greet her. She stopped and stared in surprise at him. He was wearing a freshly ironed dress shirt, slacks and a pair of shoes that she had forgotten he even owned.

"Well, look at you." she marveled, giving him an approving smile as her eyes moved up and down.

"You said I should change," he reminded her "is this too much?"

"No, you look really handsome."

"I picked out a tie too," he said, reaching towards a necktie on the arm of the sofa "should I put that on too?"

"Of course," his mother advised "I'm going to have a quick shower, then change. I'll be down in a while."

The hot water from the shower cascading over Melissa's body helped to wash away the tension caused by a busy day of work. She stood under the spray as her muscles relaxed. Then as her thoughts wandered from work she thought of her son and how handsome he was. Running a soapy hand over her swelling nipple Melissa closed her eyes and pictured how he looked in his tight slacks. They showed off his tight

ass and the slight bulge in front much better than the jeans he had on earlier at the store. Her clit throbbed and she ran her hand down her stomach towards it, pressing down with her fingertip then moving it up and down over her throbbing button. A soft moan echoed above the sound of the shower and she decided that she had better stop before Tyler heard her masturbating. There would be time for that later in bed. Besides, she had made reservations at a restaurant. She turned the water off, then went to get dressed.

"So, how do I look?" Melissa asked as she entered the livingroom.

Tyler got up from the couch and turned towards his mother. Immediately he felt his cock twitch and begin to stiffen. She was wearing a black knee-length cocktail dress with halter-style straps that left her shoulders and upper back bare and a V-neck that showed off her ample cleavage. In addition to that she wore black suede high-heeled shoes a pearl-drop necklace that hung down just above the curves of her breasts. Her hair was done up, pinned with barrettes decorated with pearls.

"So, how do I look?" Melissa repeated, sounding amused by her son's stunned silence.

Tyler feared it was a trick question. Of course his mother looked stunning and he wanted to tell her so, but did not want to appear as captivated and enticed as he was.

"Thanks," she said, happy for the compliment "so do you. You should dress like this more often. You look very handsome."

Tyler blushed. "I put the tie on." he told her, sounding nervous.

Melissa strode over to her son, smiling as her eyes moved up and down. Tyler noticed her breasts shake beneath her dress and wished she wore a bra less often -- or never. She tugged at his tie, pulling it tighter around his neck, then straightened it.

"There... perfect." she concluded, her hands sliding down his arms.

Tyler could smell his mother's perfume as she stood less than a foot from him. It was musky and reminded him of sex. Her full lips had red lipstick on them, making them look even more inviting.

"Shall we go?" she asked.

"Ah.. yeah... sure." he mumbled, tearing his thoughts away from his mother's body.

As his mother drove to the restaurant Tyler stared straight ahead at the oncoming road. It was a cool, damp evening and they hurried across the street towards the entrance to the restaurant. Tyler noticed how his mother's breasts shook and bounced inside her dress as she dashed towards the restaurant. For a moment he wondered if they might pop

out of the open neckline, then he noticed her holding her left arm over them, attempting to hold them in place.

Once they had been seated Tyler looked across the table at his mother, smiling up at him from her menu, her face glowing from the candlelight between them.

"I've never been here before, but it's nice." she commented, her head turning left and right.

"Yeah... it is." he agreed, peering over his menu at her.

The evening air had stiffened Melissa's nipples, making them stand out noticeably from her dress. Between them, the edges of her breasts appeared in the deep opening. Tyler noticed how their roundness gradually became a curved, sloped shape that reacted to her slightest movements without a bra holding them in place. He had seen his mother braless before, but never in something this revealing. He reminded himself that he must remain focused on her face as they spoke.

"I think I'll have the grilled chicken and a salad." Melissa said, pushing her menu to one side.

"Pork chops for me." her son replied.

"If the waiter shows up, will you order for me? I'll be right back."
Melissa said, clutching her purse as she stood up.

"Sure."

Tyler observed his mother as she got up from the table, his eyes locked on her breasts shifting beneath her dress and the shape of her ass. Thankfully her attention was drawn elsewhere. Later, when she returned, Tyler's heart raced as his eyes moved into the opening of her dress once more. It fell away from her chest and he could see part of her left breast hanging down, swaying as she moved. When he tore his eyes away to meet hers she was staring at him, smiling.

"Did the waiter show up while I was gone?" she asked.

"No, not yet." Tyler told his mother.

During their meal Melissa was very talkative -- complaining about work and discussing Tyler's impending graduation from school and college in the fall. Tyler was glad to not have to put much effort into the conversation since his mind was preoccupied with lewd thoughts about her. He did, however, make sure that his attention was on her face as they spoke, not wanting to get caught leering into her dress again.

It was late by the time Tyler and his Melissa returned home. He was tired from having been filled with stress over school and assumed that his mother must be as well after having worked all day.

Tyler loosened his tie and sat down on the livingroom couch. Once Melissa had locked the door and turned the kitchen lights off she sat down next to her son, crossing her legs. Tyler looked down for a moment at his mother's thighs as her dress slid up them over her thighs. They were soft, firm, with a hint of muscle.

"You looked so handsome tonight, honey." she said, her eyes meeting his, then roaming to his lap.

"Thanks, so did you." he replied, feeling nervous.

"Handsome?" she questioned, giggling.

Tyler became flustered. "Well, no, not handsome... you know what I mean..."

"Sexy?" she asked with a chuckle.

Tyler winced. "I guess... I mean, if you weren't my mom I'd probably think that."

Melissa understood the cause of her son's uneasiness: she was. Whatsmore, she wanted to reassure him. She reached over and gave his hand a squeeze, smiling into his eyes.

"You can tell me if you think I look good, honey," she said, almost whispering "I get so few compliments these days that any are welcome."

Tyler laughed. "I find that hard to believe."

"What?"

"That you don't get any compliments." he explained.

"Well, it's true." she asserted.

"Maybe if more people saw you in that dress..." he suggested.

Melissa looked down at herself, appraising how she looked. Feeling shy as she noticed her cleavage and bare thighs. She tugged the hem down some, then returned her gaze towards her son beside her. "Does it really look okay on me? Not slutty?"

Once more Tyler laughed at his mother's choice of words. "No... it looks great, mom. Really."

"I almost didn't buy it," she informed him "when I tried it on I was scared I would have a hard time keeping the girls from popping out. Actually, one almost did when we were running to the restaurant. Sometimes I wish they were smaller." She turned her eyes from her son's, feeling shy and horny.

When Melissa looked back up at Tyler he had a sheepish grin on his face, but said nothing.

"Well, it's true!" she insisted.

It occurred to Tyler that the two glasses of wine that his mother drank with her meal had probably emboldened her, not that he minded. He squirmed on the sofa beside her, unsure of how to respond. He sighed.

"I guess." he conceded, mumbling.

"You guess? This -- coming from the guy who told me I was stacked." Melissa laughed and her breasts jiggled.

"It's just that I don't always know what's safe to say anymore, mom."

The smile faded from Melissa's face, replaced by a look of compunction. She felt responsible. "I know what you mean," she said, sounding sad "but I'll make a promise to you."

"What?" he asked, curious.

"From now on you can say anything to me, with impunity. Be perfectly honest. Don't walk on eggshells."

"I don't know about that..." he replied, dragging his words out.

"I mean it, honey. Please, trust me." she pleaded.

"Okay." he agreed with a nod and a smile.

Melissa stood up beside the couch and twisted left, then right, as her son looked up at her. He could not help but smile. She looked breathtaking. Her breasts filled out the front of the dress, and the curve of her firm hips and ass was evident in the clingy material. Tyler folded his hands on his lap, trying to hide his swelling cock.

"So, how did I look tonight?" Her eyes flickered with mischief as she spoke.

"Hot!"

"Thanks, honey. I don't think anyone's ever said that about me before."

"Probably because they've never seen you in that dress before." he reasoned.

"I don't know if they will again," she added "it's not like I have many occasions to wear something like this."

"How about grocery shopping?" he suggested, feeling more relaxed and wanting to keep the mood jovial.

"Hmmm... could be a problem," she concluded "I wouldn't be able to bend over and pick up anything from the lower shelves without my boobs falling out." Melissa's dreamy eyes met her son's as she waited for him to glance down at her cleavage. When he did she felt herself getting wetter.

"You know what?" he interrupted.

"What?"

"When the waiter was taking your order I caught him checking you out." he told her.

"What? How?" she asked, shocked at the news.

"Well," he began "he was staring at your boobs."

"Wow," she hissed "I thought he seemed gay."

"Maybe you cured him." Tyler offered, chuckling.

these could cure that?" she asked, clearly amused, or maybe enjoying being brazen.

"Mom, is it okay that we're talking like this?" he asked, rather than responding to her comment.

Melissa relaxed and slumped back on the sofa. "I'm sorry. I guess I got carried away." Now she looked forlorn.

"No, that's not how I meant it," he blurted out, wanting to console her "I guess all I meant was are you going to regret it or get mad at me if I say something sometime that you don't think is, well, appropriate?"

"I told you that you could say anything -- be honest." she reminded him.

"I know, but..." he began, then his voice faded.

Melissa slid closer to her son, so close that her thigh was touching his. She held his hand.

"You're a young man now, honey," she began, pausing to draw in a breath "and although you're my son I know that you're not naive, or blind. I just think that in the long run it's healthier for us to be honest with each-other -- have things out in the open, rather than pretend they don't exist or let them cause tension between us. Don't you? I mean, if you don't, that's okay. But this is how I look at it."

Tyler did not have to reflect on his mother's statement. He nodded immediately, smiling. "Yes, I do too. I just wasn't sure that you looked at it that way too."

"Well, now you know."

Melissa was still clutching Tyler's hand. It was resting on her bare left thigh. He glanced down to their hands, concentrating on the feeling of his mother's smooth firm leg. Next his eyes moved over the creamy smooth skin of her right breast, partially visible in the opening of her dress.

"I felt so self-conscious in this dress tonight, but it made me feel sexy, so that was a bonus. Still, I was glad that I could sit down almost all of the time and not have to walk around. Besides, these shoes are killing my feet. I haven't worn heels in ages."

"Well, you do look great."

"Thanks."

Melissa leaned over and kissed her son on his cheek, still holding his hand. Her left breast grazed his arm and she loved the sensation of her hard nipple brushing against him. She wondered if he liked it as much. Her wet pussy was demanding attention and she worried that there would soon be a damp spot on the back of her dress.

"Time for bed." she told her son in a soft, sleepy voice.

"At least I can sleep in tomorrow for a change." Tyler remarked as he stood up.

Melissa reached her hand out from the couch towards her son. Tyler took hold of it with his right, enjoying how soft her skin was, and pulled her to her feet. She stumbled, unaccustomed to wearing heels, and fell against his chest. A moment later his hand, still clasping hers, was pressed to her right breast. The backs of his hand brushed over her bare skin, pushing the front of her dress aside over her breast. Her skin was soft and pliant as his knuckles pushed into her mound. Melissa's other hand was on his right shoulder, steadying herself. She looked down between them at Tyler's hand, still pressed to her. Her nipple tingled. Slowly she raised her head until her eyes met his. She had a flirtatious smile on her face.

"Well, at least someone copped a feel tonight. I guess I didn't wear this for nothing." she remarked, her voice soft and sexy as she tugged her dress together.

Tyler released his mother's hand and backed away, tearing his eyes away from her as his face flushed.

"No, don't leave me now," she blurted out, still grinning "I need to hold onto you while I take these damn shoes off. If I can't even stand up here I'll definitely never make it up the stairs."

Tyler stepped back towards his mother, feeling his cock twitch in his pants. She placed her left hand on his shoulder, giving it a firm squeeze as she bent down to pull off her left shoe. Tyler looked down and saw her right breast in the plunging neckline of her dress, swaying as she leaned over. It was firm, round -- much bigger than what he could hold in his hand he could tell. Melissa stood up, holding her shoe, and placed her hand on her son's other shoulder.

"Okay, just one more -- I know I can do this." she joked, slightly unsteady.

Once more Tyler's eyes gravitated into the opening of his mother's dress to her large breasts. They swayed back and forth as she leaned over. He caught a brief glimpse of her left nipple. It was thick and dark. He shifted his eyes to her's. She was looking up at him as she held her shoe in her hand.

"I bet right now you're getting a better view than our waiter did." Melissa teased before standing up, giving him a smug grin.

Tyler backed away from his mother, afraid of what else she was about to say. She dropped her shoes to the floor and moved closer, taking his hand in hers, pulling him to her. Their shoulders were touching.

"It's okay, honey. You already had a feel -- you may as well have a look at them to." Her voice was soft, reassuring and it excited Tyler, despite his nervousness. He turned to her and forced a smile. She winked at him.

"Come on..." she coaxed, tugging at his hand.

Melissa lead her son up the stairs without letting go of his hand. She paused at her bedroom door, then turned to face him.

"Thanks for a great night. I had a lot of fun." she said with an enigmatic smile.

"Good, so did I," he croaked "thanks for the meal; it was great."

Melissa reached up to place a soft kiss on Tyler's cheek, then smiled at him for a moment before going in her room and closing the door behind her.

Chapter 5

When Tyler woke the next morning his thoughts immediately turned to his mother and their conversation and events of the night before. Then he worried that she might regret it all and things would once again be tense between them. Standing naked beside his bed he pulled on a clean pair of boxers and ambled towards the bathroom.

As Tyler passed his mother's bedroom he noticed that her door was open almost all the way. He approached it, knowing that she would have gone to work over an hour ago. Tyler immediately detected the musky smell that hung in the air. His cock began to stiffen as he filled his lungs with his mother's scent. He rubbed his swelling cock through his boxers, trying to imagine what she had done the night before as she lay in bed.

Melissa had not bothered to make her bed and Tyler ran his eyes over it, imagining her lying naked in it, knees bent, spread wide apart. Then on the floor he noticed a pair of black lace panties. His cock twitched. Picking them up he examined them, running his fingers over the crotch. It was damp. As he reached into his boxers to his throbbing shaft he brought his mother's panties up to his nose and inhaled deeply. The scent of her pussy was intoxicating. Tyler imagined running his tongue over it, pushing his cock in it, hearing her moan.

As Tyler pumped his cock in his hand inside his boxers he felt his mother's juice wet his nose and lips. His tongue darted out, flicking over her panties as he drew in her scent. Moments later he gasped as a stream of cum sprayed over the inside of his boxers. His hand went limp and the panties fell to the floor.

Once he had finished showering and got dressed Tyler went downstairs. It was the first day of summer vacation and already he was bored. He could not wait until time passed so he and his mother could go to Crystal Lake. Not only was he looking forward to the vacation, but to being alone with his mother for a week even more.

Chapter 6

The next two weeks did seem to pass surprisingly quickly for Tyler. He kept busy with friends and spending evenings with his mother. Their time together was pleasant, but uneventful. Despite his longing, there were no more instances of illicit, bawdy talk or behaviour between them. Yet, despite that, Tyler genuinely enjoyed any time he got to spend with her.

The night before they were due to leave for Crystal Lake Tyler noticed that his mother was in an especially good mood. He surmised that it must be because of their vacation starting the next day, which was a Saturday.

Melissa had been packing a little each evening after work in preparation for their trip, as well as stopping for groceries that they would need. Tyler had more free time than his mother, and less to pack, so it was much easier for him to get ready to go.

That Saturday morning Melissa woke early, before Tyler. She quickly got dressed, then went to her son's room to wake him. She was eager

to get on their way. It would take two hours to drive to Crystal Lake and she wanted to spend as much of the day there as possible.

"Tyler... wake up, honey." Melissa called out as she knocked at his door. She listened, then heard him mumble for her to come in.

Melissa pushed open her son's bedroom door and saw him lying on the bed, covered by only a sheet. He was rubbing his eyes.

"I want to get an early start today," she told him "it's a two-hour drive to Crystal Lake and I don't want to get there too late."

"Okay." he grunted, looking up at her through bleary eyes. She was wearing jeans and a pink blouse. Even in simple clothes she looked pretty he thought as his cock twitched to life. He bent his leg.

Melissa was about to leave, but paused, taking a lingering look at her son. The sheet covering him was down around his waist. On the floor beside his bed were his pants and underwear. Her eyes ran down his bare torso to the outline of his legs under the sheet. Her clit began to throb as she imagined him lying there, naked. She smiled, then pulled the door shut.

By the time that Tyler got downstairs his mother had already loaded her suitcase in the trunk of her car. He threw his in beside it, then helped her bring the groceries out.

"I think that's everything." she announced, locking the door behind her.

"I hope so. It looks like you brought enough groceries." he observed.

"Well, if we don't eat it all we can bring it home with us."

Tyler got into the car, leaning against the passenger door as his mother left the yard.

It was a hot, sunny day and Tyler and his brother both hoped that the weather would remain the same throughout the rest of their vacation.

"It would suck if it rained and we had to stay inside." Tyler groaned.

"I brought Scrabble just in case." his mother informed him.

"Now I really hope it doesn't rain." he retorted, turning towards his mother, laughing.

Melissa glanced at her son, looking indignant. She gave his shoulder a shove, then laughed.

Melissa turned the radio on and pressed down on the gas pedal, wanting to make as much time as she could. Traffic was light, which helped.

When they drove into the parking lot to Crystal Lake Tyler sat up in his seat, his head twisting left and right as he surveyed the grounds. It seemed bigger to him than it did when they were last there, but he thought that might be his perception since he was younger then.

"The place looks different." he commented.

"Yeah," Melissa agreed "the lady on the phone told me that they did a lot of renovations and expanded. I guess this is what she meant."

Melissa parked the car in front of a log cabin style building with a sign hanging from the awning that read "Reception". Tyler followed her inside, looking around and picking up several brochures while his mother spoke to a young man at the counter as she checked in.

"He said it's down this way -- cabin twenty-three." Melissa later said as they stood beside her car, peering down a narrow gravel road.

The road was about a half-mile long, lined with spruce and pine trees, and lead down to Crystal Lake. To their left was a line of small cabins, much like the building where they had checked in. Melissa noticed that the numbers on them began at eighteen.

"These must be the newer cabins." she surmised, looking at the wrought-iron numbers on the sides of the small buildings.

Eventually Melissa reached number twenty-three. It was the third last one in the series. She shut the car off then got out, appraising the cabin for a moment.

"It looks a lot nicer than the one we stayed in last time." she said, thinking aloud.

"Yeah," her son drawled "a lot more expensive too, I bet."

Melissa turned to her son. "Well, when your father said that he'd split the cost I decided to spend a little more."

Tyler laughed. "Thanks, mom."

"You're welcome. It's your graduation gift, but I get to enjoy it too."

"Good," Tyler said "you deserve it more than I do."

Tyler brought the luggage from the car while his mother unlocked the cabin. He followed her inside, looking around as he sat their suitcases down.

The entrance lead into a small kitchen area with a stove, fridge and microwave on the counter. To the right of that was a livingroom. It was decorated with knotty pine walls and hardwood floors. To the right was a television. In front of that was a sofa as well as two chairs and tables.

"Man, this place is nice." Tyler said, staring wide-eyed around the room.

To his left Tyler saw three open doors, leading to bedrooms and a bathroom. His mother had already gone in one, looking around.

"Which room do you want?" Melissa asked.

"It doesn't matter," he told her "they both look the same."

"I'll take this one then. It's closer to the bathroom." she chuckled. "Oh, look, a deck!" she blurted out, pointing over Tyler's shoulder.

Tyler turned around and saw sliding patio doors to the right of the television that lead out to a wooden deck overlooking the lake. On the deck were four chairs, a table and barbeque. At the edge of either side of the deck were wooden privacy fences separating the neighboring cabins.

"I think that's where I'll be spending all my time." Melissa announced, moving towards the sliding glass doors. She stepped outside.

"I'll bring the groceries in." Tyler told his mother.

When Tyler returned from the car he didn't see his mother inside, so assumed she must be out on the deck. He began emptying the grocery bags and putting their contents in the fridge and cupboards.

A few minutes later he heard one of the bedroom doors open and his mother walked out. She was barefoot and had changed into a short, peach-colored sundress. It had thin straps and left her upper chest and back bare. Tyler stared, speechless, as she approached. The dress clung to his mother, highlighting the curves of her hips and breasts. It was obvious she had no bra on, judging from the shape and bounce of her breasts as she walked.

"Like it?" she asked,

Tyler nodded, then cleared his throat. "Yeah... it looks good on you."

"Thanks. I got it the other day to wear while we were here."

As Tyler's eyes danced over his mother he noticed a bottle of red nail polish in her left hand.

"It's such a nice day -- maybe I'll just sit out." she said.

"That sounds like a good idea." he replied, following her towards the patio doors.

Melissa plopped down on the top step of the deck. Tyler sat down beside her, careful to not sit too close. He watched as she vigorously shook the bottle of red nail polish in her hand. Her breasts shook and bounced in response to the movement of her arm. Tyler swallowed hard, mesmerized.

Melissa brought her right foot up on the step. Tyler looked down at her thighs. They looked silky soft, as if she had shaved them that morning. Tyler wondered if she had shaved her bush as well.

With slow deliberate movements Melissa began to apply the red paint to the nail on her big toe. Now Tyler could see down the front of her dress to the tops of her breasts as she leaned over. He recalled how they had looked the night after they'd returned from the restaurant as she took off her shoes.

"Now that summer's here I'll be wearing sandals more often, so it's time to do my nails," she explained, tilting her head up briefly towards her son as she spoke.

Tyler gave a silent nod, his eyes moving up and down his mother's exposed legs. He could see the inside of her right thigh. He imagined running his hand up it, pushing it open wider.

Once Melissa had finished painting the nails on her right foot she extended her leg fully, wiggling her toes and appraising the job she had done.

"Not bad," she concluded "how's it look?"

"Red." Tyler told her with a laugh.

Melissa pouted. "Doesn't it look pretty?" she said, trying to pry a compliment from him.

"I guess," he grunted "I never notice women's feet."

"Just their boobs, huh?" Melissa raised her eyebrows as she shot him a smirk.

Before Tyler could reply his mother had swiveled around, facing him. She brought her left foot up beside him and extended her leg until her sole was pressed to his thigh. He could feel her body heat through his jeans.

"Don't move, or I'll end up painting my toes too." she cautioned.

"Don't want a red toe..." he remarked, not sure what else to say.

"How about a camel toe?" she retorted, her eyes darting up.

Tyler laughed and looked down to his mother's foot braced against his thigh. He followed it up her leg as his cock throbbed.

"Almost done." she announced as she drug the brush over her final toenail.

Once Melissa had finished applying the polish she screwed the cap back on the bottle and sat it down to her right. She lifted her foot, bending it to survey her work.

"Now all I have to do is wait for it to dry." she told her son.

"How long will that take?"

"A while," she said, then her eyes shifted from side to side "unless you help me out by blowing on them."

Before Tyler could speak his mother had carefully straightened her left leg so her toes were inches from his mouth. He gave her a questioning look. She nodded.

With a trembling hand Tyler held his mother's foot between his fingers. He leaned over, pursed his lips and began to blow on her toes. She giggled and wiggled them. Tyler stopped and looked at her. She was leaning back, her palms on the deck behind her, breasts thrust outwards. But what really caught his attention was that with her leg extended Tyler could now see up her dress to her panties. He stared at the outline of her moist lips, covered only by a thin strip of pink material. She reached her right hand out and slowly tucked her dress between her open thighs, giving him a wanton smile.

"It's a good thing I wore panties." she giggled.

"Don't you always?" he asked, tilting his eyes to meet hers.

"Yes, actually," she replied "it's only a bra that I dare go without sometimes."

"Like today..." he added pointedly.

Melissa let out a soft, sexy giggle. "It's such a nice day that I wanted to wear as little as I could get away with. Besides, with this dress I really can't wear one." She tugged at the thin strap over her right shoulder for emphasis.

"No one can see you here. You could wear even less." he reminded her with a devilish grin.

Melissa chuckled. "I think you need to find a girlfriend, Ty."

"I can't find one as pretty as you." he countered.

"Or as stacked?" his mother retorted, sounding brazen.

"That either." he added.

"You're so good for my ego." she gushed, then leaned over and kissed her son's cheek.

Tyler placed his hand on his mother's lower back and ran it up, caressing her. He felt her relax, yielding to his touch. She closed her eyes. His fingers slid up to her exposed shoulder blades and stroked her bare skin. Soon he saw the shape of her thick nipples pushing out from her dress.

"Cold, mom?" he teased.

"Want to know a secret?" she asked, her voice shy, sexy.

"What?" he asked as his fingertips ran over her bare shoulders.

"I don't know why, but my back has always been really sensitive," she revealed "every time you rub it... well, this is what happens." She gave a weak nod down towards her stiff nipples.

"I'll have to remember that."

"I know I shouldn't be telling you that -- you of all people, but..."

"But what?" he prodded.

Melissa turned to face her son, looking serious. "I guess I don't know right from wrong when it comes to you sometimes."

"What's wrong depends on who you ask." he reasoned.

Melissa reflected for a moment, then shrugged. "That's true."

Tyler looked out at the sun shining on the lake. It was hot and he was getting thirsty. "I'm going to get some juice -- want some?" he asked.

"I was just thinking of getting a bite to eat."

Tyler stood up, reaching down towards his mother sitting on the deck. She gave him a tentative smile, recalling what had happened the night he had pulled her from the couch at their home after they went to the restaurant.

"You don't have shoes on, so it should be easier for you to stand up this time." he said, trying to ease the tension.

Reaching out for his mother's out-stretched hand Tyler held it and eased her to her feet. She stood up, stopping less than a foot from him, then looked down at their clasped hands between them. She grinned, then leaned closer until her right breast was pressed firmly against the back of his hand.

Tyler looked down as he felt his mother's firm breast against the back of his hand. Her thick nipple grazed the backs of his fingers. He spread them apart then pinched it between them. It was thick and very hard. Melissa let out a faint gasp.

"Careful -- they're even more sensitive than my back is." she warned him.

Tyler nodded, then gave his mother's hand a gentle tug, guiding her inside as he smiled to himself.

"What do you want to eat?" Tyler asked his mother as he looked through the fridge.

"Just a ham sandwich, with mayo." she replied as she leaned on the counter.

Tyler brought the items from the fridge and put them on the counter beside his mother, then took out a can of Pepsi for himself. He pulled the tab and took several big gulps, watching his mother prepare her sandwich then return the ham and mayonnaise to the fridge. His cock had been straining the front of his jeans for a long time now and he was sure she must have noticed the bulge it was creating. He wondered if she was going to comment. Instead all she did was look over at him as he leaned against the table. Then she sidled up next to him, her hip pressed to his. She took the can from his hands and drank some before handing it back.

"Thanks. she said.

Melissa finished her sandwich, then took another few mouthfuls from Tyler's can of Pepsi.

"Going back out?" she asked him.

"Sure."

Tyler followed his mother back out on to the deck, sitting down at the edge of it beside her. She turned away from him then leaned back until she was resting against his chest. She let out a soft moan as she wiggled, getting comfortable, then reached for his hands. She drew his arms around her waist, pulling them tight as she held his hands in hers.

"I have to keep reminding myself that no one knows us here." she remarked.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Can you imagine us sitting like this on the porch at home?"

Tyler let out a guffaw. "No way!"

"So, here we can." she explained.

"Maybe we should move here." he suggested.

Melissa giggled.

Tyler pulled his mother's hair aside, gathering it over her right shoulder. He leaned down and gently kissed her soft neck. She shuddered and let out a soft moan, squeezing his other hand hard.

"How did you know my neck was sensitive?" she asked.

"As sensitive as your back?" He leaned down and placed another kiss between her shoulder blades.

"More than my back." she said, her voice softer.

Tyler kissed her neck again, this time letting his breath wash over it, then he nibbled at her tender skin.

"mmmm..." she moaned.

"I guess you're right -- we couldn't do this on the porch at home."

Next, Tyler ran his fingers up and down his mother's back. She shuddered and let out another soft moan. He pulled her tighter against his chest, resting his chin on her bare left shoulder. She wiggled closer. Now he felt his hard cock pressed against her ass. She wiggled her hips a bit when she felt it poking into her.

Tyler and his mother cuddled together on the deck until the sun began to set. They watched it disappear under the horizon as the sky began to turn sapphire. A cool breeze was blowing in off of the lake. A while later Melissa shuddered and pulled her son's arms tighter around her waist.

"It's getting chilly." she remarked.

"Want to go in?" Tyler asked his mother.

"Yeah." she said, slowly standing up.

Melissa went inside and stood beside the sofa, rubbing her bare arms while Tyler slid the patio doors closed.

"It really gets cold fast once the sun goes down." she lamented.

Tyler nodded. "How about a cup of tea?" he offered.

"You take such good care of me," she gushed "I'd love one."

Tyler went to the kitchen to make his mother a cup of tea. After finding a mug and some tea bags that she had brought he stood before the microwave while the water heated.

Melissa joined her son in the kitchen, leaning on the counter beside him while he stared into the microwave. Once it finished beeping she took the mug of steaming water from his hand and stirred some sugar in, then gingerly took a sip.

"Oww... hot."

"Is it okay?" he asked, hoping she liked it.

"It's great. It just needs to cool down. Let's go see what we can find on tv."

Tyler followed his mother into the small livingroom. She sat her mug of tea on an end table beside the couch then pointed the remote at the television. It flicked on and she began flipping through the channels until she stopped at a comedy that seemed interesting.

"How about this?" she asked.

Melissa chuckled as she took another sip of tea, then recoiled. She placed it back on the table.

"I'm going to go change while that cools off." she told her son.

Tyler soon found himself engrossed in the television show, but was distracted when he heard his mother's bedroom door open a few minutes later. When Melissa walked around the side of the couch and smiled down at her son his eyes widened and he felt his cock throbbing once again.

Melissa had changed into a pair of light red pajamas that fit her body snugly, emphasising her curves. They clung to her chest and hips, and were thin enough to allow Tyler to discern the outline of her breasts and hips beneath. Already her nipples were standing out towards him, teased by the soft cotton brushing over them. He ran his eyes down her.

"Like them?" she asked.

"Yeah... they look great on you." he replied, not bothering to look up to her face.

"I bought them last week to surprise you." she revealed.

"Me?" he asked, widening his eyes.

"I don't see anyone else here." she remarked with a silly laugh.

"Yeah, but..."

Melissa sat down on the couch beside her son. The couch was smaller than the one at their home, but she would still have sat close to him regardless. She reached out and held his hand, dragging her thumb over his knuckles as she collected her thoughts, her eyes flitting about.

"Honey, we both know that things between us have changed in the past few months." she began, barely able to look him in the eye.

Tyler swallowed hard and cleared his throat. "Ah... yeah... I guess."

"I never planned on it. I never even thought I'd have to deal with it," she continued "it just sort of happened. I fought it -- really, I did. But I think you feel the same, or at least I hope you do." Melissa raised her head and gave her son a tentative smile.

"I know I shouldn't, mom. It's just that sometimes I can't help but think how pretty you are," he blurted out "but from now on..."

Before Tyler could continue Melissa pressed her fingers to his lips, silencing him. She felt the whiskers on his chin and ran her fingers over them, recalling the feeling of his lips on her neck earlier.

"Ssshhh...," she whispered "that's not what I meant. I feel the same, honey. I know I shouldn't, but I do. I've been thinking that this vacation could be a turning point for us."

Tyler gave his mother a puzzled look.

"Remember how you said that what's wrong depends on who you ask?"

"Yeah." he grunted, thinking back.

"Tell me -- honestly -- do you think we have done anything that's wrong so far?" she asked.

Tyler snorted, scoffing at the idea. "No."

"Well, some might think so," she countered "but isn't it up to us to decide."

"Of course." he asserted.

"That's what I'm trying to tell you, honey."

Tyler thought for a while. His mind was in turmoil. He tried to ignore the feeling of his cock throbbing as he digested his mother's words. In his heart he knew that she was right, or maybe it was some place lower

that controlled his conscience now. Right now he did not care. He knew that he loved her, and anything else he might feel was an extension of that love.

"I love you, mom." he blurted out, unsure of how else to express what he was thinking.

Melissa gave her son a relieved smile. She reached out and gave his hand a firm squeeze, smiling into his eyes.

"I love you too, honey. Never think otherwise."

Tyler pulled on his mother's hand, easing her closer. As she leaned towards him he slipped his arms around her back, urging her towards him. Melissa slid towards her son, into his embrace. Her arms went around his broad shoulders and she rested her chin on his right shoulder.

"I love you, honey." she breathed into his ear as she ran her hand up his back.

Tyler caressed his mother's back. He brushed her hair aside and kissed the right side of her neck. Melissa quivered, digging her fingertips into her son's muscular back.

"Let me check." he said, easing her back and peering down to her nipples pushing out from her pajama top.

Melissa gave her son a shy grin.

"Does it feel good?" he asked.

"Mmmm... very." she moaned.

Tyler noticed his hand trembling as he reached out for his mother's right breast. He cupped it in his hand, running his thumb over her swollen nipple.

"Can I see them?" Tyler asked, tugging at the top button of his mother's pajama top.

Melissa opened her mouth to speak, then clamped her jaw shut, fighting the urge to agree to her son's request. By the time she had summoned the strength to reply the top button of her pajama top was undone. She looked down to watch Tyler fumbling with the second button as her heart pounded. Her pussy was wet and her clit throbbed. Before she was fully aware of what her son was doing her top was open as far as her navel. Melissa felt the backs of her son's hands graze over her stiff nipples as he pulled her top open wide to expose her breasts. He stared down at them, still pinching her pajama top between his fingers.

"Wow... they look really nice." he said, his voice heavy with arousal as he stared.

"Do they?" she asked in a mixture of surprise and pride.

Tyler never answered. instead, he cupped his mother's breasts in his hands, or as much of them as he could. He pushed them up until they formed two round globes, her thick mahogany nipples pointing out towards him. Tyler ogled his mother's nipples, rising from her rounded breasts. They were as thick as the tip of his smallest finger and ringed by two-inch circles that were of a slightly lighter hue. He released her left breast from his hand and pinched her nipple between his fingers. He tugged at it, watching it lengthen as he pulled.

"Easy, honey," Melissa urged him as she winched slightly "they're sensitive."

"Sorry." he mumbled as he released his mother's nipple, then bent down to swirl his tongue around it. He pinched it between his lips and began to suck, tugging gently.

"Mmmm...," Melissa moaned as she cradled her son's head in her hand "I thought I weaned you when you were a baby." She issued a playful giggle as she looked down at her son sucking hard on her nipple.

"Oh, no," Melissa told him "I had a hell of a hard time weaning you."

"I guess I haven't changed." Tyler remarked with a faint laugh before wrapping his lips around his mother's shiny wet nipple again.

Melissa's pussy was so wet that she could feel it running down towards her ass. She wanted to reach her hand inside her pajamas and rub her clit, but fought the urge. Her left hand was resting on Tyler's right thigh. She looked down to it, then ran her eyes up to the bulge in his jeans. She could detect the outline of his shaft. It was hard and thick. She squeezed his thigh, trying to stop herself from stroking his hard cock.

Tyler raised up on his knees, pushing against his mother's breasts so she leaned back on the couch. His fingertips sank into her skin as he squeezed and manipulated her breasts in his hands.

Melissa moaned and closed her eyes, holding him by his waist as he fondled her. Part of her reminded her that what was happening was wrong, but she did not care. She had not felt such pleasure in years, perhaps never. When she opened her eyes she discovered that Tyler's crotch was directly in front of her. His thick shaft strained his tight jeans, reaching out towards her. She licked her lips, imagining it pushing between them, or her other pair of lips, further down -- either way, she didn't care.

Tyler quickly unbuttoned the remaining two buttons of his mother's pajama top. He pulled it open wide to expose her body as far as her waist. First he ran his eyes up towards her breasts, then his hands. He squeezed them hard then sucked hard on one nipple, then another. When he pulled away so he could take in the look on her face he noticed where her eyes were riveted. He froze, feeling his cock twitch as he contemplated his next move.

Reluctantly, Tyler removed his hand from his mother's left breast. He took her right hand in his and slowly guided it towards his throbbing cock, slowly so as to not startle her. When her fingertips were inches away he felt her resist, pulling back.

"Touch it, mom." he said with a mixture of pleading and reassurance.

"No, I shouldn't." she said with a shake of her head, sounding frightened.

Undaunted, Tyler eased his mother's soft hand the last few inches towards the front of his jeans. His cock twitched as her fingertips came into contact with it. he pressed harder, pushing her palm against the length of his shaft. He stroked the back of her hand as she began to caress him through his jeans.

"I haven't seen you there since you were a little boy." she remarked, her gaze focused on her hand and the outline of his cock.

Melissa nodded in amazement as her fingertips ran down Tyler's cock through his jeans.

Feeling confident that his mother was not going to pull away Tyler quickly unbuttoned his jeans. He tugged the zipper down then slid his jeans and underwear down over his hips. His thick, hard shaft rose once the elastic waistband of his underwear slid down over it until the swollen reddish head was pointing upwards towards his mother's moist lips. Precum ran from the slit making it glisten. Melissa held on to his bare hips as her eyes moved down the length of it, noticing the protruding veins. She saw the thick patch of curly dark hair then her son's heavy balls hanging loosely beneath his shaft, swaying gently.

"You're so big, Ty. I would have never guessed." she said in a breathy voice as she studied her son's engorged manhood.

"Have you ever wondered?" he asked.

"Yes... maybe a few times." Melissa admitted, then felt herself blush. She giggled when she saw his shaft twitch and wondered if he might be close to cumming.

Tyler could feel his heart race and sweat form on his upper lip as he took his mother's right hand in his. He moved it until her palm was pressed to the underside of his shaft. He held it there until he felt her fingers curl around his cock. She gave it a gentle squeeze before

running her hand up towards the head. Tyler moaned and braced his hands on his mother's shoulders.

"You're so hard..." she said, sounding amazed.

Tyler clutched his mother's shoulders harder as she began to stroke him. Her soft hand moved up and down his cock, making it twitch and thicken.

"That feels so good, mom." Tyler said in a soft moan.

As Tyler held onto his mother's shoulders he pushed his hips forward into her hand as she stroked him. Now he could feel the head of his cock brush over her left breast, just above her nipple. It left a streak of precum. Tyler pushed again, harder this time, noticing how the head of his cock sank into his mother's firm breast. He smiled and began to rub the head of his shaft over her round breast, moving lower towards her thick brown nipple.

Melissa looked down to her left breast, watching as her son's cock pushed into it with each thrust. She cupped his balls in her hands as he rubbed the head of his cock over her nipple, wetting it with his precum. His balls felt heavy and she guessed that it would not be long before they would be empty. releasing Tyler's balls from her hand she cupped her breasts in her hands. She held them up, molding them into two large orbs. She smiled up at him.

Tyler gave his mother a questioning look, but before he could speak she had sandwiched her breasts between his cock. She squeezed them together tightly and began moving them over his cock. Tyler moaned. He dug his fingertips into his mother's shoulders as he thrust his hips, plunging his cock deep between her large, round breasts. The sensation of fucking his mother's breasts felt much better than her hand did. How good would it feel to be in her pussy he wondered.

Melissa watched as the head of her son's cock rose and fell between her cleavage. She wanted to bend down and run her tongue over his slit as he pushed it up towards her mouth, but she resisted the urge, knowing it would make him cum sooner. She wanted this to last as long as possible. As his breathing grew faster and his moans were louder she knew he was very close.

With one last thrust Tyler pushed his cock between Melissa's breasts, just as the first stream of cum shot from it. It flew over her chest, splashing across her chin and lower lip. That was followed by two more spurts that smeared her breasts with thick, hot cum.

Melissa held her breasts tight on her son's spent cock, feeling his weight against her. His cum ran down her chin onto her breasts. Melissa looked down, feeling incredibly horny and slutty. She needed to cum, or better yet, to be fucked, hard. She bent down and licked a drop of cum running from the slit of her son's cock, then gave the head a quick suck. He moaned as he eased away.

"Did you like it?" she asked, sure that he did, but still wanting to hear it.

"That was amazing." her son gasped.

Melissa watched as her son slumped back on the couch. His cock was growing soft and a bit of cum ran from it, staining his jeans. She looked down, thinking to herself that even soft his cock was more than she could resist. Almost. Melissa could feel the cool air on her cum-soaked breasts. Although she thought it ironic to be demure at this point she pulled her pajama top closed over herself. Her pussy was wetter than it had been in longer than she could recall. As she looked down at her son's cock resting against his leg it occurred to her that if he were still hard she would ride him.

"Thanks, mom." Tyler said, although he was unsure of what to say in a situation like this. He pushed his cock inside his underwear and tugged his jeans up, then zipped them

"I love you, honey," she said "no matter what happens between us, always remember that I love you."

Tyler smiled as he sat up. He slid his arms around his mother's shoulders and pulled her to him. he kissed her cheek and ran a hand over her back.

Melissa leaned forward, sliding her arms around her son. She could feel his cum running down her breasts but she was not in a hurry to clean it off. Maybe she would leave it there for the rest of their time at Crystal Lake, she thought to herself -- although she surmised that there would be more there, or elsewhere, before they left.

"Would you mind if I went to bed?" she asked.

"No," he replied, then grew worried "is everything okay? Is something wrong?"

Melissa leaned away from her son so she could meet his eyes. "Yeah... everything's wonderful. I'm just getting tired and I don't want to sleep too late tomorrow and miss out on the nice weather. I want to spend some more time by the lake."

Tyler relaxed and moved his arms from around his mother. "Yeah," he agreed "I should probably get to bed soon too."

Melissa gave her son a soft kiss on his cheek, then stood up. She watched his eyes follow her and it made her even more horny than she already was because she knew what he was thinking. She could feel her pajama top open and her breasts sway she got up from the couch. She paused and turned towards Tyler.

Tyler looked up and saw his mother yank her pajama top open wide as she smirked. her breasts shook and he could see streaks of his cum on them. He wanted to lick it off. Seconds later she pulled her top closed and dashed off towards her bedroom. Her door closed shut, leaving Tyler alone with his thoughts.

Melissa turned off the light in her bedroom. She walked over to the bed in the corner and pulled her pajama bottoms and panties off. She tossed them towards the foot of the bed and slid under the covers. The linen sheet felt cool on her nipples as Melissa pulled her top open. She ran her hands down towards her breasts, spreading her son's cum over them. Arching her back and tugging at her nipples, Melissa sighed. She wished it was Tyler's hands on her instead of her own, but that would happen again she promised herself. Tonight she would have to be content with making herself cum alone.

Chapter 7

Melissa was not sure what time it was when she awoke from a dream. Or maybe it wasn't a dream. She could see light from the living room of the cabin shining through her open door. In the light was the outline of a person. Her heart raced and fear filled her as she sat up in bed. As the figure drew closer, she realized it was Tyler. He was naked except for a pair of boxers. She could see a tent in the front where his cock was pushing out. Melissa pulled her pajama top closed around her.

"Are you awake?" he asked.

"Yeah... I am now," she said "what is it?"

Tyler never replied. He walked over to her bed and pulled the covers aside. He sat on the edge of the bed and slid his boxers off, then lay down beside his mother. Melissa could feel her son's hard cock brush over her bare hip as he slid closer to her.

"I couldn't sleep," he said "I kept thinking of you lying in here on the other side of the wall."

Melissa found her son's sentiment both romantic and tempting. She smiled to herself.

"Honey, we should probably stay in our own rooms." she said, hoping to diffuse the situation before it reached a point where she could no longer control herself.

"But I want to be with you, mom."

Melissa pondered the deeper meaning of her son's comment as she felt his hand slide over her stomach to her hip. His fingers on her bare skin fed her libido, despite having brought herself to, or was it three, orgasms earlier. Melissa felt her clit swell. Moments later she started getting wet, ready for his hard cock that was pushing on her left hip.

"You know what I think?" she asked, trying to sound teasing.

"What?" he asked, raising up on an elbow.

"I think that someone's a little too horny for their own good."

"Me or you?" he taunted.

Melissa couldn't resist laughing at her son's retort, knowing he was right.

"That's part of the reason why I decided to come in here." he added.

"I feel guilty about earlier," he explained "it was great 'n' all, but I feel guilty -- like I was selfish because I was, you know... the only one who enjoyed it."

Melissa smiled, pleased by how thoughtful her son was, despite the irony. "Oh, honey," she gushed "don't worry about that. It's not the first time I've done something for a guy without expecting anything in return."

"But I want it to be the last time," he said "I want to make you... I want to make you feel as good as you made me feel. I love you, mom." Tyler bent down and kissed his mother's cheek, then looked into her half-closed eyes as he smiled.

"I'm okay, honey. I can take care of myself." she assured him.

"Did you?" he asked.

"Did I what?"

"Take care of yourself..."

"Tyler... please." she spat out in surprise and embarrassment.

"It's not the same though, is it? It's not as good as doing it with someone else." he asserted.

Melissa never answered. Her thoughts were on the feelings and sensations she felt earlier on the couch with Tyler compared to her fingers touching her body in bed alone.

When he never received an answer Tyler slid his hand up his mother's side. he cupped her right breast in his hand then teased her nipple. He could feel her back arch as she moaned softly.

"Doesn't it feel better when I do it?"

"Yes." she breathed.

Taking his mother's answer for consent Tyler continued to fondle her. He bent down and traced a circle around her nipple with his tongue, then wrapped his lips around it. He sucked hard at it, tugging it between his lips. Tyler could feel his mother's hands slide down his back towards his hips. They stopped just above his ass and she held him tight.

"You're too good at that," she moaned "it makes it hard to say no."

"Why would you want to say no?" he asked as he raised his head to look into her dreamy eyes.

"I don't know. Right now I don't want to, or can't."

Tyler shifted until he slid between his mother's thighs. She parted them as he moved, welcoming him. Her skin was hot and soft as he eased down on top of her. His stomach pressed to hers. Her breasts brushing over his chest. His cock twitched at the thought of returning to where he had entered this world. It was like going back home. Where he belonged.

"Once we're home things will have to change," she said "we can't keep doing this."

Tyler bent down until his lips met his mother's. Her mouth opened to receive his tongue. He sucked on her lips, tugging at them as he lifted his head.

"We'll face that when we get home. Right now there's just you and me and no one else." he told her.

Melissa wrapped her legs around her son's lower back. She dug her heels in his muscles, coaxing him closer.

"Have you ever thought about this?" he asked.

Melissa nodded, unable to admit to her sins verbally.

Tyler smiled. He could feel the head of his cock brush over his mother's strip of hair, just above her wet lips. He looked down, smiling.

"Do you always shave down there?" he asked.

"No," she said "no one would see it anyway."

"When did you?"

"Last night -- just in case. I wanted to look pretty for you." she revealed.

"You always look pretty, no matter what."

Tyler bent down to kiss his mother once more. This time she raised up to meet his mouth. Her lips were hungry on his and her hands moved down to his ass. She grabbed it, pulling him closer. Tyler groaned as he felt the head of his cock slide between his mother's wet lips. She was tight as his shaft sank deeper into her. She moaned, pulling at his hips.

"Oh god, Ty..." Melissa moaned, digging her nails into his shoulders.

His mother's arousal fed Tyler's. He raised up slightly and began thrusting his hips harder. His thick, hard shaft moved in and out of her tight wet pussy. She was tighter and hotter than he had imagined nights when he stroked his cock thinking of this moment.

"Oh god... Jesus, Ty... slow... please... make it last."

Tyler slowed the pace of his cock as it pushed deep inside his mother. He looked down at her face, filled with pleasure and lust as he lay atop her. Her breasts shook as he pushed into her.

"We've got all week," he reminded her "how do you want it tonight?"

Melissa gave her son a wanton smile. "Hard. I've waited so long for this."

Tyler grabbed his mother's shoulders as he rested his weight on her. Once again he began pushing his hard cock deep into her. Harder now. She moaned and her breasts shook harder. Tyler leaned down and kissed her neck, then nipped at it with his teeth. Melissa moaned.

"Yes..." she moaned into his ear.

Tyler ran his tongue up his mother's tender neck as he shoved his cock in her hard, then bit it, pinching it between his teeth. Melissa moaned louder.

"Fuck, your cock feels so good," she cried out "harder, honey."

Tyler raised up. He grabbed his mother's curved hips in his hands, lifting her up from the bed. Looking down he watched his cock move in and out of her. It was wet and shiny with her juice and his aching

balls slapped against her with each thrust. He could feel an orgasm building and hoped to stave it off for as long as possible.

"I'm close." he moaned.

"Don't come in me." she warned.

"Where?"

"My tits... my face... anywhere... I want your cum on me, Ty."

Tyler slid his cock from his mother's tight pussy. It was wet and slick with her juice and his hand easily glided over it as he leaned over her, stroking it. he let out a loud moan as he shot a thick stream of sticky cum over his mother's face. A split second later two more bursts of his hot seed gushed from his rigid shaft, spraying his mother's breasts.

Melissa moaned as her tongue darted out, licking her son's cum from her lips. She reached down to her pussy and began rubbing her clit as she wiped Tyler's cum from her face. She licked her fingers then began smearing the rest over her breasts, spreading it around her nipples. As she plunged two fingers deep in her dripping pussy she felt her first orgasm wash over her. She moaned, tugging at her nipples and spreading her son's cum over her breasts. As she strummed at her clit another orgasm, then another, enveloped her. She cried out as she arched her back, thrusting her shiny wet breasts, coated with Tyler's hot seed, upwards.

Tyler looked down at his mother, watching her as she came. he had never seen a woman cum so hard and for a moment it concerned him. Eventually she relaxed on the bed. She smiled up at him, her lips and chin wet with his juice.

"Why didn't we do this years ago?" she asked.

Tyler shrugged. "I dunno. I wanted to."

"I did too," she admitted "or at least I thought about it."

In the distance Tyler and his mother heard the sound of thunder. They both looked towards the door.

"I think God's angry with us." she joked.

"Or jealous." he quipped.

Tyler lay down beside his mother. He slid an arm around her shoulder and pulled her close. She rolled over on her side, resting her head on his shoulder. They never spoke for a long time. Nothing needed to be said.

Melissa heard the sound of the rain splattering on her bedroom window. She turned towards it, although there was nothing to see.

"Looks like we won't be spending any time outside tomorrow." she concluded.

"We'll have to think of something else to do." her son told her as he gave her breast a squeeze.

"Good thing I brought Scrabble with me." Melissa teased, then kissed her son's cheek.

Dad's Private Collection

My dad's hobby was woodworking. For most of his adult life he was a school teacher at Inglewood Middle School. When he was forty he was promoted to Principal. Dad seemed happy with the new job, but said it was stressful. I guess that's why he took up the hobby of woodworking.

Attached to our two-car garage was a room about fifteen feet wide and as long as the garage. It was a perfect place for my father to pursue his hobby. A counter about twelve feet long ran along the wall to the right when you walked in. Above that was a shelf. Dad had bolted a small belt sander and a vice to the wooden counter. Fluorescent lights hung above it. He also had a table saw a few feet in front of the door. Pine boards and plywood leaned against the wall in front of the table saw. Every weekend and some evenings my father would go out to his wood shop. There, he turned those pieces of ordinary wood into cute bird houses and bird feeders, or sometimes a bookcase or a table. These he would often give away to family and friends as gifts. Once, for Mom's birthday, he made her a jewellery box out of mahogany. Dad loved his hobby. Sometimes I think he enjoyed the process more than the finished product itself. It was his way of relieving stress. It seemed to help, but not enough. When I was nineteen my father suffered a massive coronary in October. He died before the ambulance arrived at the hospital with him.

As you can imagine, my mother and I were devastated by the loss of my father. He was a great person. A loving father and, according to Mom, near perfect husband. And only forty-five. His death left my mother and me to somehow muddle along. There we were: an orphan

at nineteen and a widow at forty-three. Dad had a good life insurance policy, so we had no financial worries. But all the money in the world would be no substitute for him.

In August, the summer after my father died, Mom decided that it was time to clean out his wood shop "Richard, sometime, when you get a chance, maybe you should tidy the place up," she said. "I was thinking we could sell some of his tools. We don't need the table saw or sander. I think there are a few birdhouses in there that he finished before..." Her voiced began to fade and tears pooled in her blue eyes.

I felt a lump in my throat as I looked over at my mother. She was on the couch in the living room, adjacent to the chair I was in. We had been watching television when she made her suggestion during a commercial. She reached up to wipe her eyes, then ran a hand through her black hair.

"Yeah, I can do it this weekend," I told her. It was a Friday night and I had no plans for the next two days.

Mom's mouth was a tight slit now, lips quivering. A tear ran down her cheek. I had also done my share of crying over my father's death, but always behind my closed bedroom door. Dad had raised me to believe that boys don't cry. We had to be strong. Stoic. But I like to think that if it were me lying in the ground rather than him, he too would cry. I bit the side of my lower lip and walked over to Mom.

face. I sat down beside her and rested a hand on her left shoulder. Her raven hair brushed over the back of my hand and I was surprised by how soft it felt. It tickled my skin. Mom turned her head towards me. She tried to smile, but couldn't. Instead, she crumpled against me and began sobbing into my chest. I put my arms around her and she clutched me like a drowning man holding onto a life preserver. She quaked against me, wetting my t-shirt with her tears.

After a few minutes Mom straightened her back and brushed away strands of hair that were clinging to her wet cheek. Her eyes met mine, blue and shiny with tears. She kissed my cheek, then rubbed it, wiping away her lipstick. A faint laugh escaped her mouth.

"I'd be so lost without you, Richard," she said in a shaky voice. "You're all I've got now."

I nodded, knowing how she felt, or at least as best I could. Losing your husband was not the same as losing your father. The pain is different, although just as real for each person. "You're all I've got too, Mom," I said. I ran my hand up and down her back, trying to comfort her.

Mom heaved and sighed in ragged breaths. She wiped her teary eyes once more, then raised them to meet mine. Her expression had changed now. In her eyes I could see her love for me. I smiled and kissed her rosy cheek, hoping she'd realize how much I loved her too. Her skin felt warm and damp with tears against my lips. Mom rested against my chest once more, sliding her arms around my waist. I could feel her hand running up and down my spine. That's when it all changed for me.

While holding my mother on the couch a flood of sensations rushed through me. I could smell the scents of her perfume and shampoo. Her silky hair was teasing the side of my face and neck. Her hand was still moving over my back and it was very soothing. I let myself relax as my right hand slid up her back, over the strap of her bra beneath her blouse and towards her shoulders. She moved, holding me tighter.

It was then that I was very aware of how her breasts were pressed to me. They felt firm and large as they rubbed over my chest. I had noticed them before, perhaps in an inappropriate way, but only by sight. This was the first time that I was aware, very aware, of how nice they felt pressed to me. Her bra had pushed them into two round orbs, accentuating their size. I glanced down. The top three buttons of my mother's rose-coloured blouse were undone and in the V-shaped opening I could see her deep cleavage. Her firm mounds rose and fell with her laboured breathing. Her skin was as smooth as polished marble and slightly tanned from the sun. A few small freckles dotted it. A mixture of guilt and shame nearly overwhelmed me, but those were quickly replaced by lust and arousal. I could feel my cock harden inside my jeans as I grew more turned-on. Seconds later it was pushing up at the zipper. I twisted, hoping to hide my shameful condition.

"I just miss him so much," Mom sighed. "I knew I'd never get over losing Henry, but I had hoped that it would be easier by now. Some days it feels like yesterday though."

"I know. I feel the same," I told her.

Mom straightened her back and leaned away from me a little. Her left hand slid around to hold my right one. I gave her hand a soft squeeze. Beneath her soft skin I could feel the slender bones with my thumb. They felt so delicate and reminded me of how frail we really are. She gave my hand a squeeze and I looked down at her wedding and engagement rings on her finger. She hadn't stopped wearing them since Dad died. I wondered if she might and somehow found it comforting that she hadn't. Perhaps she did too. Maybe it was her way of trying to fool herself into believing he wasn't really gone. Her blue eyes moved down my chest and she wiped tears from them again with the heel of her hand. When I noticed her gaze linger on the bulge in my jeans I felt panicky. My pulse quickened and sweat formed on my palms. I think I noticed a faint smile appear on her face, just for a moment, then it was gone. She looked back up at me.

"I'll clean the wood shop out tomorrow," I said. I was desperate for something to say to interrupt the silence.

"That will be fine. There's no rush," she said. "I was just thinking it should be done sometime. There's no need to hang on to all that stuff. But if there's anything at all that you want, keep it."

"Okay. I'll see what there is. Some of the tools might come in handy," I told her.

My mother nodded in agreement, but never spoke. She seemed thoughtful. That was understandable, but in the back of my mind I worried that she had noticed my erection trying to burst from my jeans. When my eyes left hers and moved down to the front of her blouse I saw the noticeable bumps that her hard nipples made. They stood out

from the swell of her breasts, making two nearly fingertip-sized protrusions in the material. Without even realizing it at first, I licked my lips, fighting the urge to pinch one of her hard nubs between my fingers.

"I'm going to make some hot chocolate before bed. Want some?"

Mom had gotten up from the couch and was standing in front of me. I looked up, past her hard nipples to her face. Her cheeks were still pink, but now I wondered if it was from crying or the flush of arousal. I shook my head. "No, thanks," I told her.

I could hear the sound of a cupboard door closing in the kitchen, then water running and the whur of the microwave. I was glad for a few minutes alone to calm down and wrestle with my forbidden thoughts about her. When I heard three loud beeps, then the microwave door close, my heart beat faster.

Mom sat back down on the couch. She slipped her shoes off and tucked her bare feet under her, curling up on her left hip beside me. She was cupping the mug of hot chocolate in her hands and blowing into it to cool it's contents. Steam rose from it. Hot, like the blood filling my cock. Her pursed lips glistened with red lipstick and wild thoughts filled my mind. I forced my eyes from her seductive mouth and they settled on the curves of her hip and ass. Her black skirt was stretched tight over her, emphasizing the contours of her body down as far as her bare knees and calves. I folded my arms over my lap to cover my erection.

When Mom decided that it was time for her to go to bed I was somewhat relieved. I wanted time alone to think -- to try to sort out my feelings. "Okay, have a good night, Mom," I said. "And wake me up when you get up so I can get started on the wood shop"

"Okay, I will," she said. "You have a good night too. I love you, Honey." She bent down to kiss my cheek and her breasts swayed gently inside her blouse. Then her cleavage was inches from my face for a few moments.

"I love you too, Mom," I said in an unusually thick voice.

After I heard her close her bedroom door I grappled with the taboo thoughts and emotions that I'd had earlier. But no matter how hard I tried, I could not get the sensations of her body against mine out of my head. The image of her ample cleavage flashed in my mind. I imagined slipping my hand inside her blouse to fondle her. In frustration, I turned the television off and went up to my bedroom to masturbate.

###

The next morning I was woken by the sound of my mother's dulcet voice calling my name. At first seemed like a dream. I smiled and shifted my hips, feeling my cock stiffen as I recalled the previous night. Then I opened my eyes and saw her standing a few feet from my bed. She was wearing a pink fleece housecoat and her damp hair hung limply over her shoulders. She smiled.

"You said to wake you up. Remember?"

"Yeah," I groaned, raising up on my right elbow to look at her. The blanket covering me had moved down to my hips while I slept. I was wearing a t-shirt and boxers, but still felt somewhat exposed -- especially with my hard cock tenting my underwear. I rubbed my eyes and yawned.

"Want me to let you sleep a while longer?" she asked.

"No, that's okay. I want to get an early start on the wood shop," I told her.

A bittersweet smile appeared on Mom's pretty face as she looked down at me. "If you'd rather not -- I mean, if it bothers you, I could get someone else to do it," she offered.

I gave my head a gentle shake. "No, I'd rather do it myself than have someone else do it. Besides, they wouldn't know what to keep."

Mom nodded in agreement, then sat down on my bed. She rested her hand on my back, just below my shoulder blades. The bottom half of her robe slipped open a bit, exposing part of her smooth left thigh. My eyes went to it, then roamed up her body. Her breasts hung down slightly, filling out the front of her robe. Through the pink fleece I noticed the outlines of her nipples, teased to stiffness by the soft material covering them. My cock twitched. My senses felt overloaded

by the sight of her and the feel of her warm hand gently resting on my back.

"Okay. Thanks, Honey," She ran her hand through my tangled hair and bent down to kiss my cheek.

As my mother leaned closer to press her lips to my cheek she shifted her hips to the right. It wasn't much, but enough for me to feel her firm rump pressing against my erection. Instinct told me to press against her harder, but I somehow managed to ease away. It was too late though. Her eyes widened and she raised her head, jerking it towards her right briefly, then back to me. She smiled. It was a teasing smile that I found sexy, which turned me on even more. She giggled.

"Well, at least part of you is awake," she teased.

I frowned, feeling my face growing hot. I tugged at the blanket, trying to avoid her foxy grin.

She immediately recognized my discomfort and gave my back a soothing rub, still smiling. "Oh, don't be so bashful," she said. "It's not like I didn't know you had one of those things down there." She let out that sexy giggle again and my cock twitched in response. "And if you're anything like your father, it's awake before you are. He used to call it 'morning wood'."

638 I blushed harder now. My hand was clenched in a fist, holding the blanket. I heard a nervous laugh leave my mouth.

Mom got up from my bed, taking a quick glance back down towards my hips. There was a slight lump in the blanket now. "I've finished in the bathroom, so it's all yours. I'm going down to make us breakfast," she said.

"Okay, thanks, Mom," I croaked. My erection pulsed in rhythm to my beating heart.

The hot water from the shower helped to wake me up. I stood under it, stroking my cock with a soapy hand, thinking about Mom. I came with a loud grunt and braced a hand against the tiled wall, watching my cum being washed down the drain by the swirling water.

The smell of bacon frying hit me even before I entered the kitchen. It made me hungry. Mom was at the stove, still in her housecoat, with a spatula in her hand. She turned and smiled as I approached.

"Have a good shower?" she asked. There seemed to be an undercurrent of innuendo in her voice, but I ignored it.

"Yeah. Now I'm starving," I said as I sat down. On the table was an empty plate that she had put out for me between a knife and fork.

Mom brought the frying pan over and scooped out a heap of scrambled eggs and crispy bacon onto the plate. "I'm glad you're hungry because I made a big breakfast. I thought you'd want to eat well if you're going to be working," she said.

I looked up at her with an appreciative smile. "Thanks, Mom," I said.

Mom sat across from me, finishing her breakfast. Occasionally she glanced up at me but said nothing. I could feel her eyes on me as I chewed my food and wondered what she was thinking. I ate quickly. Both because I was hungry and I felt nervous. She had begun washing the breakfast dishes by the time I went out to Dad's old wood shop

The padlock to the wood shop door opened with a click and I stepped inside. Instantly the smell of pine, sawdust and stale tobacco smoke hit my nostrils. Melancholia filled me as I recalled the times I had been in there while Dad was assembling a bird house or table. I looked around, feeling a lump in my throat. It was though time had frozen in the wood shop. All of his tools were where resting where he had left them, like they were waiting for my father's hands to pick them up or flip their switch.

There was a small pile of sawdust in the corner to my left, probably swept up by Dad the day before his heart attack. On the counter there was a half-finished bird feeder. Beside that was a paintbrush, now dry and brittle, sitting in a can that once contained paint thinner. A can of green paint sat beside that. A few pieces of plywood and dowels lay beside a bottle of white glue. I wiped the palm of my hand over my right eye and reached for the cord hanging from the fluorescent light. On the shelf above the counter was a white plastic radio, now yellowed and covered with a fine layer of sawdust. An ashtray with a heap of butts sat beside that. I gave my head an amused shake, thinking it was probably a miracle that Dad never burned the place down with a cigarette years ago.

After surveying the shop I concluded that there really wasn't much worth keeping. Maybe just a few finished birdhouses and some hand tools. The table saw and belt sander could be sold, as Mom had suggested. She would probably place an ad in the local newspaper for that purpose. I decided to save a few chisels, hammers, a square and a hand saw -- more out of sentimentality than any real need for them. There were also a couple of finished bird houses and feeders that I wanted as mementos; Mom would too, I knew. I had thought that I was done with my mental inventory when I noticed a large wooden toolbox on the floor beneath the counter. I recognized it as being another one of my father's creations.

I lifted the heavy toolbox by its brass handles on each side and placed it on the counter. A thick layer of sawdust covered the top. I flipped the clasp and opened the lid. Inside, I found a circular saw. That could come in handy and I decided to keep it. Beside the saw was an electric drill and bits-- another useful tool. Beneath these items I noticed a stack of magazines. Probably woodworking magazines with patterns and designs for birdhouses and feeders, I thought. I removed the saw and drill and placed them on the counter.

When I began pulling the magazines out, shock and surprise overcame me and I let out a loud laugh. Rather than being woodworking magazines, they were copies of Penthouse, Hustler and Playboy. There must have been six or eight of them. Good for a different kind of wood, I mused silently. I decided that it was best to not tell Mom about Dad's stash of porn. I could come back another day when she wasn't home and remove them. Then as I pulled the last magazine from the wooden box I discovered something that changed my life forever.

Lying at the bottom of the toolbox was a yellow envelope about eight inches long and half as wide. It was covered with a fine coat of dust and tattered at the corners. Curiosity filled me as I reached inside to remove it's contents. But nothing could have prepared me for what I discovered. From the envelope I pulled out a stack of Polaroid photographs. I let out a gasp when I saw that they were pictures of Mom.

My cock began to stiffen as I flipped through the photos one by one. There were a dozen in all. Most were rather tame -- just my mother posing seductively on the bed, wearing a white lacy negligee. It left half of her thighs uncovered and was cut deep in the front, leaving most of her breasts exposed. The outlines of her nipples were inches from the edges of the white lace covering them. Through it I could see the faint outlines of her dusky areolas. They appeared to be a few inches in diameter, surrounding her thick nipples. I could tell from her hair style that the pictures were probably about ten years old. My heart was pounding and my cock throbbing as I sorted through the pictures, eager to see more.

In some of the photos Mom had pulled her negligee open wide to reveal her breasts. They stood out from her, hanging slightly towards her flat stomach. In one she was cupping them in her hands, wearing a seductive smile on her face. Her oak-coloured nipples were thick and long, as though she, or more likely, Dad, had been playing with them. In other photos she was on her hands and knees. Her round ass, covered by white lacy panties, pointed at the camera while her heavy breasts hung towards the bed. She was looking back with that same sexy smile. It was no wonder Dad was attracted to her. I stared at the photos of my half-naked mother and rubbed my hard shaft through my

jeans. My heart was beating so fast I was afraid it might explode. I gave a nervous glance back towards the door, now worried that Mom might come in to see how I was doing or offer to help.

At that moment I wanted to take my hard cock from my jeans more than I ever had in my life. I wanted to stroke it while staring at the photos of my naked mother, until my cum shot out over the pine boards and sawdust in thick streams. Instead, I continued looking. When I got to the last photo in the pile I thought for a moment that I would cum in my jeans.

The final Polaroid was taken from Dad's point of view. Mom was kneeling at his feet, his thick cock was in her mouth and her wet lips were wrapped tightly around it. She was looking up towards him and her bare breasts filled the bottom of the frame. She looked perfectly wanton and I knew at that moment that I had to have her. My hands trembled as I returned the photos to the envelope. I quickly covered it back up with the magazines and put the saw and drill with the bits atop them. Once I had shoved the toolbox back beneath the counter I felt less nervous, but still just as horny.

I killed another half hour or so in the wood shop I needed the time to calm down from my arousal as much as I could before facing Mom again. I gathered up scraps of wood and swept up the sawdust. I threw it all into a green plastic garbage can in a corner, all the while still thinking about the images of my naked mother. Those photos I would retrieve some day when she was not home.

assume it was the result of the early August heat and the work I'd done. She was standing at the counter, looking at a flyer from a grocery store.

"All done?" She turned to face me, pushing the flyer aside.

"Yeah. There are a few tools and bird houses I want to keep. You can sell the table saw and sander. There's a little wood left and I thought we could keep that too -- just in case we need it for something," I told her.

Mom nodded. "Thanks for doing that. I could have, I suppose, but I dreaded going in there." Mom let out a sigh. "So many memories." She gave her head a slow shake, looking grief-stricken.

"I know," I said. "It made me really sad."

Mom stepped over to me and put her right arm around my shoulders. She clutched me tight to her. I slipped my arm around her waist, then felt her breast rubbing against me. My cock swelled and I forced my eyes to remain focused on the counter in front of me.

"You've got sawdust in your hair." She was running her hand over my head as she spoke, brushing me off.

"There was a lot in there," I said. "I swept it up and put it in the garbage."

Mom pressed her nose to the top of my head and inhaled deeply. "Mmmm... I can smell it on you," she said. "Your father always smelled like that when he came in from there." A wistful look came over her face. "You remind me of him so much."

"Really?" I asked, surprised by her remark. "People always said I look like you."

"Well, you've got my hair and eye colour, but as you get older I can see you're built like Henry," she said. "Tall, with broad shoulders."

I blushed, recalling the photo of her giving Dad head and thinking that the family resemblance doesn't end with my height or shoulders. My cock began to harden and the memory of her ass against it that morning returned to me. Her firm breast was still against my left side. I glanced down to it from the corner of my eye, now with a better knowledge of how it looked. But still not good enough for my yearning.

"I have to go out for a few groceries. Is there anything you want?" Mom had taken a grocery list from the table and was stuffing it in to her purse.

I thought for a few seconds. "No, thanks," I told her.

"Okay. I'll be back in about an hour."

I listened to the sound of Mom's car leaving the yard, then waited another five minutes. After she had gone I ran back out to the wood shop I pulled the wooden toolbox from under the counter and retrieved the magazines and envelope of Polaroids from it. Clutching them tight, I raced up to my bedroom.

I hid the magazines at the bottom of a box containing old comics I had bought when I was a child, way back in my closet. Next, I pulled my jeans and underwear down and laid back on my bed. I stared at the photos of Mom, one after another, stroking my cock and imagining all the lewd things I wanted to do with her.

By the time Mom returned home I had cum so hard I felt dizzy, then cleaned myself up. I had hidden the envelope of photos in the bottom drawer of my bureau, beneath a pile of pullovers. I was surfing the Net when I heard her car in the yard and went down to help her bring in the groceries.

I followed her inside, carrying four of the plastic grocery bags. She had set hers down in front of the fridge and was searching through one. I placed the bags in my hands down beside her, watching what she was doing.

"Oh, maybe it's in one of those," she said, reaching for the grocery bags I had placed on the floor

She bent over and began rifling through one of the bags. I could now see down the front of her tank top as it billowed from her chest. Her round breasts, held inside a white bra, jiggled and swayed. My jaw

went slack as I stared at them. When she raised her head and her narrowed eyes met mine I grew frightened. She straightened her back, giving me a wily smile.

"I was going to show you that your favourite bagels were on sale, but you seem distracted," she said in a teasing voice.

"What? I was waiting to see what you were looking for," I spat out.

Mom placed the bag of onion bagels in her hand on the kitchen table. She seemed amused rather than angry or repulsed, which reassured me. It surprised me too. "You really are like Henry," she said in a soft voice. "His head turned like a doorknob when he saw a set of tits."

I wanted to laugh, but was too nervous. My eyes darted about, avoiding hers. When I felt my mother rest her hand on my right shoulder, I flinched. Then she slid it over my shoulder blades.

"I keep forgetting you're not a little boy anymore," she said. "Why did you have to grow up so fast?" Now she sounded melancholy.

I turned towards her and shrugged.

"I'm so scared of losing you, like Henry." Her voice grew shaky, as though she was fighting tears.

"You're not going to lose me, Mom," I told her. I slid an arm around her waist, giving her a squeeze.

Mom's right hand moved over my stomach and she held me to her. "What happened to that little boy who was scared of thunderstorms and shadows of branches on his bedroom window at night?"

"I grew up, Mom. I'm not a little boy anymore," I said.

Mom let out a soft laugh. "I think I found that out this morning when I sat down on your bed," she retorted, bathing my neck with her hot breath.

"Mom...!" I exclaimed, shocked and mortified. But also quite excited.

Once again, the sound of her soft giggle thrilled me. I could feel her breasts rub against me as her shoulders shook a little. "I'm sorry," she muttered. "Sometimes I get carried away with my teasing. But... I know where your eyes were when I was bending over just now."

I shrugged, unfazed. "Is there anything wrong with me admiring a beautiful woman?" I countered.

Mom chuckled at my flattery and rolled her pretty eyes. "I don't think I'm beautiful, but I am your mother," she said. Her rebuke wasn't harsh; it actually seemed like she was conflicted. Like she was reminding

herself of our kinship as much as me. In her eyes there seemed to be a storm as she wrestled with her emotions.

"And definitely beautiful." I pressed my lips softly to her warm cheek and kissed her. Her body relaxed for a few seconds as I held her.

"Let's get these groceries put away," Mom said. She sounded almost frightened as she slipped from my arms.

Mom and I silently emptied the grocery bags and put their contents in cupboards and the fridge. The room was thick with tension and we avoided one another's eyes. My cock throbbed and my balls ached for release. Although the urge to pull her to me and tear her clothes off as I kissed every inch of her was nearly overwhelming, I fought it off.

"I'm going to go up to my room and download some music," I told her.

The groceries had been stowed away and Mom was sitting at the table, pretending to be engrossed in a newsletter about herbal remedies that she had gotten in the mail. She looked up and shot me an uncomfortable smile.

"Okay," she said with a curt nod of her head.

I pushed my bedroom door ajar and let out a long sigh from behind it. My eyes moved towards the bottom drawer of my bureau where I'd hidden the Polaroids of my mother. I wanted to take them out and

spread them out over my bed and stroke my cock until my cum sprayed over the bottom sheet. Knowing that was impossible, I settled for wasting the next couple of hours online until Mom's enchanting voice called me down for supper.

My normally voracious appetite had abandoned me that evening. Mom had always been a wonderful cook and she had prepared one of my favourite meals: pork chops, apple sauce and mashed potatoes, with sauteed onions. It all tasted like ashes in my mouth as I sat across from her, forcing it down. I felt guilty knowing that she had made the extra effort, but I was too upset to be hungry. She seemed to feel the same because I noticed her pushing her food around and just picking at it rather than savoring it. Once her plate was nearly empty she went to the sink to rinse it off. I forced the rest down, then pushed myself away from the table.

"I'm going back up to my room," I said. "Thanks for supper, Mom. it was great."

My mother turned from the sink as she ran steaming water over the frying pan. She seemed indifferent. "Okay," she muttered.

I closed my bedroom door tight behind me and sat down in front of my computer. I heard myself sigh and ran my hands through my hair. I leaned back in the chair, thinking about my mother and worrying that I had somehow irrevocably sullied our relationship by allowing my libido to control me. I felt like crying. Yes, I loved her and wanted her like no son should ever want his mother, but never at the expense of our special bond.

When I heard two light raps at my bedroom door, I jumped. Mom opened the door and poked her head inside. "I'm going to bed now. Have a good night," she said in a flat tone.

I took a quick glance down at the clock on my computer. It was almost eleven. I was surprised that the hours had passed so quickly. "Okay. Have a good night, Mom," I said, then after a lengthy pause added "I love you."

"I love you too. Sleep well." With that, she closed my door and went to the bathroom.

I listened to the sounds of the toilet flushing and running water, then Mom's bedroom door closing. Once I felt secure that she was in bed I turned on the light on my night stand and flipped the switch to the ceiling light. After getting undressed, except for my t-shirt, I slowly slid open the bottom drawer of my bureau. I pulled the envelope of Polaroids of my mother from beneath the stack of pullovers and sorted through them.

My cock swelled and rose beneath the hem of my t-shirt. Soon my shaft was thick and rising up from the curly dark hair surrounding the base. It twitched, pointing up towards my belly. The mushroom-shaped head was swollen and a deep red. Precum began to seep from the thin slit dividing it. I rubbed my thumb over it, shivering in anticipation. I pulled my favourite photo of my mother from the envelope. It was a close-up of her from the waist up. She was smiling seductively and cupping her heavy breasts in her palms. Her fleshy orbs eclipsed her

slender hands and her thick, dark nipples were aimed directly at the camera, like two dark pearls, surrounded by lighter rings a few inches around and vaguely oval. Her negligee was open wide, revealing most of her torso down to the subtle curve of her tummy, just below her cute little navel. But it was her full breasts with their elongated nipples and the look on her face that excited me the most. I returned the envelope with the remaining photos to the drawer, still holding my favourite one.

I could feel my hard cock bounce and my balls sway as I settled back on my bed. The blanket lay in a tangled bunch below my feet. I stared at the picture of my mother as I slowly stroked my shaft as it pointed towards the ceiling, hoping to make the experience last as long as possible. My breathing was heavy as I looked at the Polaroid in my hands, recalling the feel of her firm breasts pressed to me the times we had embraced. In my mind, I imagined her breasts glistening with oil and her squeezing them together as I plunged my engorged cock between them. I could hear her soft, sexy voice urging me on, telling me how good it felt and how much she liked my thick meat between her slippery globes.

I don't recall if I heard my mother knock on my door. She must have, because when it was closed she never entered my room without even a couple of perfunctory knocks before sticking her head inside. I guess I was too lost in my lewd fantasy world to have heard. All I remember is her stepping inside and letting out a sharp cry of shock as she discovered me lying naked on my bed with my fist wrapped around my throbbing erection. I let out a deep grunt and reached for the blanket at my feet. The Polaroid sailed from my hand. It landed on the floor as I attempted to cover my hard pole. I was covered now, but the

blanket never served to completely hide how my hard cock stood up from my trembling body.

"I saw your light on from under the door and thought we should talk... but... I... I guess you're busy." Mom's halting voice wavered as she spoke, staring at the noticeable tent my erection was making in the blanket. Then her wide eyes moved to the Polaroid on the floor. It had landed face-up so she could see it was of her. Her mouth went agape and another abrupt gasp of shock left her throat. "Where did you get that?" Her question was more out of astonishment than interrogation.

"I found them... in Dad's wood shop," I sputtered, turning my head towards her. I could feel my cock twitch as I looked at her.

"Them?!" Her eyes grew wider as she approached my bed. She snatched the Polaroid from the floor, giving it an incredulous stare.

"They were in an envelope, in a toolbox," I explained.

"And where are the others?" she demanded.

"There -- in the bottom drawer, under some sweaters." I gestured with my head towards my bureau.

Mom tugged the bureau drawer open and dug to the bottom, then pulled the envelope out. She tilted it to one side, letting the photos slide

into her palm. As she flipped through the pictures she looked aghast. Her legs grew weak and she slumped down on the bed beside me.

"Your father swore that he had destroyed these years ago," she said, sounding bewildered. "I was so scared that someone would find them."

I shrugged. "Well, I guess he didn't," I muttered.

Mom shot me an irritated look. She was wearing a white shirt that hung down half-way over her smooth thighs. At first I thought it was a blouse, then I noticed which side the buttons were on and realized it must be one of Dad's old shirts. It was unbuttoned part-way down her chest, just enough to allow me to see a thin strip of her soft skin showing through the narrow gap. The white cotton was tight over her braless breasts and I saw the faint outlines of her nipples through it. My fear and agitation was replaced by arousal once more as I helped myself to eyefuls of her bosom, barely concealed by the thin shirt. As she leaned closer I noticed the shadowy outlines of her areolas through the cotton.

"And you were looking at these and..." Mom's gentle voice faded out as her eyes moved down towards the outline of my erection beneath the blanket. It had wilted some, but was still prominent.

I gave her a guilty nod, unable to confess to my sin aloud.

654 The envelope and Polaroids slipped from Mom's hand and fell to the floor. She looked down at them, then picked up the one I had been

looking at when she interrupted me. She studied it, then smiled. "Is this your favourite?" she asked. Her blue eyes met mine and they had taken on a dreamy, inviting quality.

"Yeah," I admitted with a nod, nearly entranced by the look on her face.

"Why?" she asked. She had dropped the picture to the floor and was leaning closer, resting her hand on my stomach. Her soft touch made my cock return to its full size.

"I don't know," I mumbled. "You look so sexy in it."

"You like my tits, don't you?" she said in a soft, breathy voice. Her hand had slipped down my stomach so it was resting against the blanket covering my cock.

"Yeah," I admitted.

"Just like your father..." she remarked. Her face was a little pink now and her eyes had narrowed slightly.

I chuckled, now very aware of her fingers toying with the trail of my hair just above my belly button. When her gaze shifted towards my erection I was filled with nervous excitement.

"Did you get a good look at them this afternoon when I was bending over the groceries?" she asked. Her eyes had met mine again and her fingertips were teasing my stomach.

"Uh... yeah... pretty good," I admitted and licked my lips.

"Not as good as these photos though..." she replied with a slight chuckle. "Your father talked me into taking them after I'd had a few glasses of wine. He said they'd be his private collection." Her eyes left mine for a moment as she reminisced. Then she gave me a regretful look. "I guess you know I'm going to take them so I can destroy them," she added.

I nodded once more and my eyes moved down to the outlines of her nipples straining the white shirt. I wanted to slide my hand back under the blanket to my cock, but clenched my fist.

"But... maybe I can make it up to you," she continued in a sultry tone.

I gave my mother a perplexed look, but before I could form a question she had slid the blanket down to my knees to uncover my thick erection. It twitched when the room air hit it and I inhaled deeply. When I felt her fingertips glide over my heavy balls it felt as though the room had begun to spin. She cupped them in her warm palm and smiled into my eyes.

I swallowed hard and nodded. I would have agreed to anything for her to continue. My hands were fists at my sides as Mom curled her fingers around the base of my throbbing shaft. She gave it a gentle squeeze, then began to slowly work her hand up and down over it.

"Mmmm... you really are built like Henry," she remarked, staring at my cock. "Nice and thick."

I was too overcome with passion to reply. My eyes moved from her hand wrapped around my cock to her breasts, rocking slowly beneath her shirt. Her nipples were harder now and their size was more noticeable through the material. She leaned over me, caressing my erection with one hand, while squeezing my loose balls with the other. I lifted from the bed slightly, trying to fuck her fist.

"Like that?" she asked, looking into my half-closed eyes.

"Yeah," I mumbled.

Mom continued to watch my cock as she stroked it with her soft hand. She had quickened her pace and her breasts shook inside her shirt. I reached out and cupped her left one in my hand. It was heavy and firm. I gave it a squeeze, pushing it upwards, unable to fit even half in my hand. I rubbed her thick nipple with my thumb, but she recoiled and stopped moving her hand.

I gave my mother a reluctant nod and let my hand fall back to the bed. Once I had done that she resumed pumping my shaft with her hand. Her eyes were fixed on the head, as though she was waiting for streams of my cum to shoot from it. I knew it wouldn't be long before that happened.

My balls shook a little and her full breasts danced inside the shirt as she pumped her hand faster, fucking my cock with it and bringing me closer. When I finally came I let out a deep groan and arched my back, thrusting my twitching cock into her fist. She kept up her pace. Cum shot from my cock in three quick bursts. Some of the first one landed on her hair. It gleamed against her shiny, black tresses. The rest landed on the back of her hand and fingers and my stomach. Mom kept stroking me, using my thick, hot cum as lube until I began to soften. Then she released me, letting my glistening cock rest on my thigh.

She wiped her hand on the tail of her shirt, giving me a satisfied, loving smile. One dollop of cum remained on her thumb and she brought it up to her moist lips. Her tongue darted out, licking it from her soft skin.

I lay on the bed panting and looking up at my beautiful mother. Puddles of my cum coated my stomach. I smiled. "I love you, Mom," I breathed.

She bent down and kissed my flushed cheek. Her breasts swaying over me. "I love you too, Honey," she whispered. "Now get some sleep." She gathered up the photos of herself and the envelopes, then left.

Less than a minute after she had returned to her bedroom I had fallen into a deep slumber, still smiling.

###

When I awoke the next morning I rubbed my eyes and rolled over. The time on the clock radio beside the lamp was almost nine-thirty. I was surprised that my mother had let me sleep in so long. I looked up at the ceiling, recalling the hand-job she had given me the night before, almost unable to believe such a wonderful thing had actually happened. I smiled and sauntered towards the bathroom.

When I entered the kitchen Mom was sitting at the table, holding a mug of coffee. A half-eaten piece of toast with orange marmalade spread over it was on her plate. She glanced up, gave me a dim smile and took a sip of coffee. Her hair hung around her shoulders. The morning sun coming through the window made it shine. She was wearing a navy blue blouse with white pinstripes and a black skirt that covered her knees. It was pleated and loose. Already my cock began to stiffen as I looked her over.

"Morning," I said. I wrapped an arm around her shoulders and kissing her just above her left temple. I felt her body stiffen as I embraced her and my heart sank.

"Morning," she echoed without raising her eyes.

"What's wrong, Mom?" I asked, taking a step back, but still leaving my hand on her shoulder.

"Nothing," she said, but her voice sounded hollow.

"Are you okay?" I asked, now growing worried.

"Of course." She got up and brushed past me, carrying her plate to the sink. She dropped it and it fell against the stainless steel with a loud clatter.

I winced and cautiously approached her. I took her hand in mine and eased her closer until our eyes met. "I love you," I said. "What's wrong?"

"I love you too, but nothing's wrong," she said, sounding irritated. Now I knew something was wrong for sure.

"Is it because of last night?"

Mom sighed and although she didn't say a word, I had my answer. I pulled her to me and kissed her cheek. She held me tight, but it seemed more out of fright than anything else. My hard-on throbbed and I could feel it pressing into her soft stomach. I slid my right hand down her back to the waistband of her skirt.

"How did things ever reach this stage?" She seemed to be thinking out loud rather than actually asking a question as she rested her chin on my shoulder.

"It's a natural progression," I explained.

Mom pulled her head away and cocked it to one side, looking confused.

"We're all each other has," I said. "We rely on one another and trust each other more than anyone. It's only natural that we would turn to one another for comfort and support... or love."

"Most people would say this isn't natural at all -- that it's sick," she replied. Now she looked distressed.

I shrugged. "Are you going to live your life by their standards? How many of Dad's friends have stopped in to see how we're doing since the funeral? They have no right to judge."

My words seemed to resonate with Mom. She gave me a wan smile. Her face seemed a mixture of arousal and sadness now. I wanted to try to make her feel the love and pleasure she had known when Dad was alive. Not because I was horny, although I certainly was, but because of the boundless love I felt for her.

"I love you, Mom," I said.

"I love you so much, Richard," she gushed. It seemed as though she might cry, but the tears never flowed. A thin smile appeared on her face and she looked down between us to where my erection was poking into her tummy. "Is that morning wood?" she asked with a shrewd grin.

"No, that's mommy wood," I quipped.

Mom laughed and pulled me to her again, pressing herself to my hard shaft. "How long have you, you know, had these feelings for me?" she asked.

"Not long," I said. "It just sort of started a few nights ago, when I was holding you on the couch -- then I found the photos and..." I stopped and shrugged.

"The photos were the last straw..." she joked, giving me a wide grin.

"Something like that," I said.

I stepped backwards, towards the chair behind me, tugging Mom along by her hand. I sat down and pulled her onto my lap. Plenty of times as a child I had sat on her lap, but this was the first time that she had ever sat on mine. Her left leg dangled down towards the floor and her right one was between my open thighs. I laid my hand on it, just above her knee and slid my other arm around her so I was holding onto her left hip through her skirt. I could feel her firm ass beneath my palm and wanted to give it a hard squeeze. She leaned into me, slipping her arm around my shoulders, then gave me a suspicious look, as if to tell me

she didn't think this should be happening. But I felt her relax against me and I moved my hand a few inches higher on her thigh.

"Have you ever... ah... thought about me?" I asked her.

Mom gave me an embarrassed look and her eyes darted away for a moment. "A few times," she admitted.

"Like when?" I asked, very curious.

"Like when I'd see you coming from the shower with only a towel wrapped around your waist or sometimes when I'd hug you and could tell you were a little excited. Then, like you said... the other night on the couch. I thought I could tell that you were.. excited, like when I woke you up yesterday. It put ideas in my head. Naughty ideas."

Hearing my mother's admission turned me on even more. I held her tighter, slipping my hand down a little further on her ass. She never protested, so I left it there. The hem of her skirt had ridden up a few inches above her knee and I placed my hand on her bare skin. She looked down, seeming curious about what I had planned. When my hand disappeared under her skirt and began stroking the inside of her thigh she clutched my wrist, pushing my hand lower.

"No... Richard," she said softly.

"Okay," I said. But still kept my hand several inches above her knee, stroking her thigh with my fingertips. "Your skin is so soft," I told her.

Mom gave me a pleased smile. "Thanks," she said. "But I better get up." She slid from my lap.

"Why?" I asked, frowning.

"What if someone comes in and sees us?" Her voice was full of concern as she stood beside me. Her eyes moved to the bulge in my jeans.

I stood up and took Mom by the hand. She knit her brow as I took her by the hand and drew her towards the living room. We stopped in front of the couch and I placed my hands on her waist and pulled her to me. Once our bodies were pressed together I kissed her lips softly. A faint sound of surprised welled in her throat but she opened her mouth wider. Her lips were soft and moist on mine. I pinched her bottom lip between my own and tugged. When I pulled away from her, she sighed.

"Wow... I..." was all she managed to say. Her tongue ran over her lower lip.

When I began pulling at the buttons of her blouse she lowered her head, watching my fingers. She stood there, as if bewitched. I unbuttoned her blouse, then tugged it over her shoulders and down her slender arms. It fell to the living room floor like a feather in the breeze.

"You're beautiful, Mom," I said, sliding my hands up her sides and around to her back.

Mom held me by the arms as I unhooked her bra, then let it fall to where her blouse was. Her pendulous breasts moved slightly and I cupped them in my hands. I pushed them upwards and wrapped my wet lips around her left nipple, engulfing her entire areola and sucking hard. It thickened and rose as I sucked and flicked my tongue over it. I could hear my mother's feeble moans as I teased one nipple, then the other with my lips and tongue until they were engorged and glistening wet. I pulled my t-shirt off, wanting to feel her hands on my bare flesh, then returned to her thick, shiny nipples.

"Oh god, Richard... that feels so good." Mom's voice was heavy with passion as she ran her hands over my bare back, dragging her nails down my spine and sending ripples of pleasure through me.

My right hand had slipped under her skirt as I continued sucking on her left nipple. When I cupped my palm over her hot, damp lips through her panties she moaned and gripped my shoulders harder. I pressed down with my thumb, finding her clit and massaging it in a tight circle. Soon her wetness began to seep through the cloth and her breathing became mixed with whimpers of ecstasy. I felt the damp material slip between her folds and I rubbed harder, now grinding my hard cock into her stomach.

"Let's go upstairs," I said, not taking my mouth from her breast.

Mom's hands ran down my arms and I guided her by the hand up to her bedroom. I kicked my shoes off and brought her over to the bed. I pressed my lips to hers once more. She welcomed them and darted her tongue out. As we kissed I reached behind her and unzipped her skirt. It fell around her feet. I hooked my thumbs in her panties and slid them down her silky thighs, then helped her step out of them.

I stared at my naked mother, taking in her gorgeous body, with its wonderful curves and valleys. In person, she was even more desirable than in the photos that Dad had taken. Her heavy breasts shook a bit. I followed their contours down to her curvy hips and the patch of dark hair pointing towards her most intimate spot -- where I longed to be. She smiled and looked down to the bulge in my jeans. She stepped forward and unfastened them, then helped me tug them and my underwear down. I kicked them aside and pulled her to me. My hard shaft slipped between her soft thighs. It rubbed over her wet lips as we explored each other's body with our hands and eyes.

The bed quaked beneath us as I tugged Mom down beside me. She looked nervous, yet lovely as she crawled closer to me. Her hair hung down around her face and her breasts moved gracefully. I cupped her by her left elbow and pulled her closer, then eased her down on the bed as I stroked the inside of her right thigh. Her skin was soft and hot.

Mom bent her knees, looking up at me. She wiggled her head on the pillow and reached up for me with her hands. She was smiling and her face had the bloom of passion on it. "Make love to me, Honey," she said in almost a whisper.

Her parted thighs were velvety soft as I slid between them. I looked down at her, feeling her hands stroke my arms. She smiled and lowered her eyes to my shaft. She licked her lips, then reached out to wrap her fingers around it.

"Just go slow," she whispered. "It's been a long time for me since... you know..."

I kissed her forehead and eased the head of my cock in her. She let out a soft cry and I stopped, leaving just a few inches in her. I felt her squeeze my shaft, then push her hips to take more of it. She closed her eyes and moaned as I filled her. Holding my hips, she began guiding my motions, building a steady rhythm. When I began pumping a little faster she wrapped her legs around mine, holding me to her.

"I love you, Mom," I said. I kissed her neck, then slid my lips down to her right breast to suck at the nipple.

Our moans filled the bedroom as Mom and I made love. Her hands stroked my back and grabbed at my ass. She was tight and wet and as my shaft moved in and out she squeezed it, massaging it within her walls. Her breasts moved with each of my thrusts. She had arched her back a little and was bucking her hips harder, meeting my thrusts.

"God... you're so beautiful..." I said, looking down at her.

A minute or so later I heard her issue another moan, only louder. She gripped my cock harder as she came, lifting her hips from the bed. I pumped harder, filling her. Now I was getting close.

"Cum on me," she said, forcing the words out. Then she clenched her jaw as another wave of pleasure filled her.

"Where?" I asked. My balls slapped against her and I could feel her musky juice running down them. My cock was shiny wet with it. I looked down, watching it slide in and out between her glistening pink lips.

"My tits," she panted. "All over them." Her eyes were closed and she was sucking on her bottom lip and tugging at her left nipple.

I slid my cock from her. She opened her eyes part-way and reached for my hips. She lowered her legs and pulled me on top of her. I gripped my shaft in my fist, watching as she squeezed her tits, pushing them into round hills. She smiled up at me, waiting.

My cock was slick with her juice as my hand pumped it. As the first stream of cum shot from it and sprayed her breasts, I groaned. I squeezed my shaft, coaxing two smaller bursts of thick, hot cum from it. It left white streaks and puddles over her nipples and areolas. I leaned closer, spreading my seed over her hard nipples with the head of my cock.

"Mmmm.... there's a lot of it," she breathed, watching me coat her with it.

Mom was still cupping her cum-soaked breasts. My cock slid easily between them, almost rubbing her chin as I shoved it hard. I pushed, stabbing at them over and over until I felt myself begin to soften. Reluctantly, I pulled away and rolled over beside her on the bed. I slid my hand over her stomach and kissed her cheek. She turned on her side towards me, still looking blissful. Cum was running down her breasts. I traced my finger around a hard nipple, spreading my cum around.

"You really like my tits, don't you?" She tilted her eyes down towards my finger.

"Yes, but I like all of you. You're beautiful, Mom. I love you." I kissed her lips softly.

"I love you so much, Richard," she said. "I'm glad you found those photos."

"Really?" Her comment surprised me and my eyes grew wide.

"Yeah. If you hadn't, this might not have happened," she explained.

I thought for a moment, then shrugged. "It still might have. We were both thinking that way."

Mom smiled and nodded in agreement.

I looked past Mom to the night stand behind her. The drawer was open several inches, just enough for me to see inside. Lying there was the envelope containing the Polaroids of her. "I thought you were going to get rid of those," I said, craning my head back to her.

Mom shrugged. "I was, but I thought I could keep a couple. For you, and to remind me of those times. What do you think I should do with them?" she asked.

"Whatever you want," I told her. "But I don't need photos when I have the real thing."

Mom smiled and wiggled closer to me. She draped her arm over my side.

"You can have me anytime you want," she said.

THE END

Flash Your Tits

"You little pervert!"

The voice behind him startled Ryan Chambers. He swivelled his chair around from the computer to discover his older sister, Rachel, standing in the doorway to his bedroom laughing to herself. Ryan quickly clicked on the Home button of his web browser so his sister wouldn't see what he had been looking at.

"Too late, Ryan. I know you were looking at porn. Are you old enough to look at this anyway?" his sister said with a laugh as she walked over to him.

"Oh shut-up!" her brother snapped "I'm eighteen and can look at whatever I want."

"Shouldn't you be in school?" she asked.

"I skipped last class. Shouldn't you be at work?" he retorted.

"I have Tuesday afternoons off. You know that."

Rachel took the mouse in her hand and clicked back to the previous page to see what her brother had been looking at.

"flashyourtits dot org... what is this?" she asked as she stared at the picture of a topless woman on the screen.

Ryan felt himself blushing. "It's... ahh... you know, one of those sites where women or their boyfriends send in photos of their tits and people rate them." he explained.

Rachel leaned over her brother's shoulder and brushed her long brown hair out of her face as she looked at the web page. As she bent over Ryan looked out of the corner of his eye into the opening of his sister's blouse. He could see a hint of her left breast and the white lace bra she was wearing. He felt himself getting hard again. Rachel's round breast swayed slightly with her movements and Ryan wondered how it would feel in his hand.

"These women aren't so hot." his sister scoffed "My boobs are as nice as theirs -- maybe nicer."

Ryan smiled but didn't respond. He secretly agreed with his sister though. For the past few years he had stared at Rachel's breasts every chance he got, but to see her topless and feel them was his greatest desire.

"Well...?"

"Well what?" Ryan asked as he looked up into his sister's brown eyes as she stood next to him.

"Are mine as nice as the ones on that site?" she demanded.

Ryan shrugged.

"Oh come on, Ryan... you stare at them every minute I'm around you. Don't try to play innocent!"

"Ah... I guess they are." he offered.

Rachel looked down at her chest and smiled at her brother.

"Heh... I should send in my picture sometime. I bet I'd get a higher rating than some of those girls." she said.

"Probably." her brother acknowledged, feeling bolder.

Rachel watched her brother's eyes as they moved down to her chest and she felt herself getting wet. She would never dare to admit it to anyone, but she often felt a rush of excitement when she caught Ryan staring at her and enjoyed teasing him. She knew he would never dare do or say anything so she felt that her games with him were safe because they would never go beyond him looking.

"You really think so?" she asked.

"At least they're bigger than hers" Rachel said gesturing to the picture on the monitor.

Ryan was surprised and turned-on by his sister's candor and decided to see where the conversation would go. "Her profile says she has a B-cup..." he said as he scrolled through the page.

Rachel let out a faint laugh. "Yeah, well, mine are a C, so I've got her beat."

"Oh..." her brother said as nonchalantly as he could.

"Ya, right... like you couldn't have guessed that. Cut out the bullshit, Ryan, you've stared at them enough to know they're more than a B-cup." she said as she playfully shoved him.

"I... I didn't know... how could I tell... besides, I thought you'd be pissed-off at me." he stammered.

"Nah, it's ok. I don't mind. You can look if you want. Let's just keep that between us though, ok?" Rachel gave her brother a wink and smiled.

"Ah... sure... of course!" he said, unsure of how to react.

"I should get going. Mom and dad will be home in less than an hour and I promised mom I'd start supper. Don't pull it off looking at those pictures, okay." his sister said with a laugh before she left his room.

Ryan gave a deep sigh after he heard his sister close his bedroom door behind her, then turned back to his computer. He looked through several more photos at the website, but couldn't get the image of his sister's breasts out of his mind. With her downstairs he didn't dare take his cock out and stroke it like he wanted to for fear she'd return so he began doing homework in an effort to concentrate on something else.

Throughout dinner Ryan felt nervous around his sister after their conversation that afternoon so decided to go to a friend's house that night rather than risk the chance of her teasing him while their parents were around. He told his parents he'd be out late so they wouldn't worry then left.

The houselights were out when Ryan returned home and he quietly came in and went up to his bedroom. He got undressed and slipped into bed. His thoughts returned back to his sister as he lay there in the dark. He pulled his boxers down and began to slowly stroke his hard cock, spreading precum over the head. The light rapping at his door a few minutes later made Ryan jump and he quickly pulled his boxers back up.

"Ryan... you awake?" his sister called out in a hushed voice.

"Ya... what is it?" he asked, careful to be quiet and not wake his parents.

"Can I come in?" she asked.

Ryan told her to come in and sat up in bed. He turned on a lamp on the nightstand and watched as Rachel walked into the room. Her hair was slightly messed-up from where she'd been laying in bed and she was wearing a thin white cotton robe that fell to just below her knees. She sat on the bed next to him and tucked one leg under the other. Ryan looked down at her bare thighs as her robe fell open below her waist and felt his cock twitch.

"So I thought about it, and I want to put my picture up." she said.

"What?" he asked, confused.

"That website you were looking at this afternoon... I want to put my picture on it. But not showing my face, just my boobs." she told him.

"Oh, okay." Ryan replied, not sure why his sister was divulging this to him.

"But I need your help, Ryan."

Ryan sat up straighter in bed, shocked by his sister's comment. "What?" he asked.

"I need your help. You have that digital camera mom and dad got you for your birthday, plus I have no idea about how to put pictures on the Internet. Will you do it? You're the only one I trust to do this and not tell everyone about it, Ryan."

Ryan drew in a deep breath. "Rachel... geez... I'm your brother. I can't be taking pictures of your tits!" he told her.

"After all the times you've stared at them?! You've already seen most of them when I bend over in tank tops or whatever. What's the difference? Will you, please? It'll be fun." she said as she clutched his thigh, causing his cock to throb even more.

"I don't know about this..." he said.

Rachel slid closer to him on the bed and smiled. "Can you honestly say you've never wanted to see them?" she asked.

Ryan never answered.

"This is your chance, Ryan. Me... topless." Rachel was grinning.

Ryan smiled despite his embarrassment. "You're bad! Are you sure about this, Rachel?"

"Sure I'm sure. I've been thinking about it since this afternoon. It's sexy, and naughty. Besides, no one will know it's me -- except for you, little brother." she said with a wink.

"Okay, fine. Some day when mom and dad are gone we'll do it." he said.

"No, now! Before I lose my courage and change my mind." she said tugging at his arm.

"Now, with mom and dad down the hall, are you nuts?!" Ryan said.

"Don't worry, they're sound sleepers. It'll only take a few minutes. Get your camera." his sister said.

"Okay... but be quiet." he answered, somewhat reluctantly.

Rachel moved to allow her brother to get out of bed. As Ryan stood up he realized that his cock was creating a tent in his boxers and he tried his best to keep his back to his sister as he retrieved his camera from his desk drawer.

"It looks like you're up for this." she said with a smile as she looked down at the bulge in her brother's boxers.

"Oh shut up!" he snapped defensively.

"Sshhh... you'll wake mom and dad." she admonished then looked down at him again "Is that... because of me?"

Ryan gave a faint smile and nodded.

Rachel slid closer to him so their bare thighs were touching. "Have you... umm... have you ever wished you could see them?"

"Of course." Ryan admitted, deciding there was no need for pretense now.

"Well, go ahead..." his sister said as she sat up straighter.

"What?" Ryan asked.

"Go ahead... open my robe, Ryan. This is what you've wanted... take a good look at them."

Ryan's hand was shaking as he reached out towards the belt of his sister's robe. Her nipples were now hard as bullets. He slowly took one end of the belt between his fingers and gave it a gentle tug. He looked up at her face, waiting for her to stop him, but saw her smile back as she watched his hand.

"Open it up, go on..." she encouraged him.

Ryan tugged the belt loose and Rachel's robe opened slightly to reveal a narrow strip of skin that stopped at the black lace panties she was wearing. Ryan ran his eyes up and down, noticing a hint of cleavage. He smiled at his sister who licked her bottom lip. Her nipples were beginning to poke from her robe and Ryan wished he could suck on them.

"All the way..." she breathed.

Ryan felt like his twitching cock was going to explode at any second. He ached for relief. He raised himself up on his knees and saw Rachel look down at his cock pointing towards her under his boxers. He reached out and took hold of the sides of his sister's robe and slowly opened it, then gave a broad smile as her breasts were revealed to him... finally. They were bigger and rounder than he'd imagined, capped with small aerolas and light brown nipples that were now thick and hard, like his cock.

Rachel felt herself getting wetter, and her throbbing clit was distracting her. She watched the expression on her brother's face and wondered if he'd dare feel her.

"So... how do they look?" she said after close to a minute.

"Great!" he replied, not taking his eyes off of them.

"Ahhh...I don't know. Any way will be great." Ryan said as he fumbled with his camera.

Rachel slipped the robe off her shoulders and placed her hands on her hips. "How's this?"

"Perfect." her brother replied as he marveled at how much larger his sister's breasts now looked as she thrust them out towards him.

"Make sure my face isn't showing." she reminded him as he pointed the camera.

Rachel held her breath and involuntarily smiled even though her face wasn't in the picture, then waited for the flash. Once Ryan had taken the photo she scooted over towards him and peered over his shoulder to look at the results.

"It looks kind of dark." she said.

"I have a program to fix that." Ryan explained.

As Rachel leaned over to look at the viewing window of the camera her forearm brushed against Ryan's cock. Feeling it sent a jolt to her clit and she pressed against it again.

"Wow... you're still hard... didn't you... you know, finish, this afternoon after I went to make supper?" she asked.

"No... I was scared you'd walk in again." he volunteered.

His sister laughed. "If I could have watched I might have."

"Rachel..." her brother exclaimed.

Rachel gave a guilty grin and brushed her fingers over his thigh.

"So... are you going to finish now?" she asked.

"Maybe later." her brother said, glancing at her still exposed breasts.

"How about I help you?"

"What? No way!" he spat out.

Rachel sat up on the bed with her feet tucked under her and pressed her bare breasts against her brother. "Ryan... it's my fault you're in this state. Let me help you out, just this once. I owe you. No one will ever find out."

"Just relax, it'll be ok, Ryan." she said as she took the camera from his hand and placed it next to the computer "Lie down."

Ryan gave his sister a worried look, but she gently pushed on his shoulders, guiding him down onto the bed. He was so overcome by lust that all fears were washed away. Rachel moaned slightly as she saw how his cock was sticking straight up, then began tugging at his boxers.

"Oh, my... you've got a nice cock, little brother." she whispered as she brought his boxers down to his knees.

Ryan smiled, then moaned as he felt his sister's hand squeezing him. It was warm and smooth and she began slowly stroking him.

"Stare at my tits while I stroke you." she told him.

Ryan looked up at his sister and watched as her breasts swayed and jiggled with her movements as she leaned over him. He felt her grip him harder and move her hand faster as his breathing quickened. Rachel reached down and slipped her panties aside and began rubbing her clit as she stroked her brother. Ryan watched and got even more turned-on by this. Soon, before he wanted, he raised his hips off the bed and shot out a stream of hot thick cum. Some of it landed on Rachel's right breast and thighs, the rest falling on his stomach and her hand. She cupped his balls and held them as he went soft, then brought her fingers up to her mouth and licked them as she grinned at him.

"Tastes good, Ryan." she said as she scooped some more from her breast with her finger.

Ryan smiled as he pulled his boxers back up and sat next to his sister. Her robe was still open and he stared at her breasts. Rachel noticed him staring and smiled.

"I better put these away or we'll never get any sleep." she said with a laugh.

Ryan grinned. "Yeah, you're right. Plus I have to fix the photo and put it online."

Rachel watched her brother at the computer as he adjusted the brightness of the photo then uploaded it onto the website. He filled out the necessary information for her profile then sat smiling to himself as he looked at the completed page of his sister.

"How does it look?" he asked.

"Great! Geez, they look pretty big when I sit like that." Rachel said as she looked at the screen.

Her brother laughed. "No shit."

"I should get back to my room before we get caught." she said as she stood up and closed her robe.

"And I should get some sleep too. I have classes in the morning." her brother said.

As Ryan lay in bed waiting for sleep his thoughts were like a tornado swirling around his mind. He couldn't believe what had happened with his sister. He also felt guilty and scared that their parents would somehow find out. For the next two days Ryan tried to avoid his sister. He felt awkward around her, and wasn't sure how she felt about their encounter. Luckily for him their schedules of school and work meant they saw very little of one another. That Thursday night after supper he announced that he and some friends were going to a movie and he might be home late. His parents were still up when he returned and they told him that his sister had also gone out with friends from work. He went straight to bed rather than staying up and risk having to face Rachel.

The light from the hall and someone entering his room woke Ryan from a sound sleep. Through the darkness he saw his sister close the door behind her and quietly approaching his bed. He rolled over and checked the time; it was 3:37.

"Ryan... wake up." she whispered.

"I'm awake. What do you want?" he replied.

"I want to check the website."

"What?" he asked in a sleepy voice.

"The website... flash your tits dot org... my boobs. I want to see what rating I have now that my photo's been up a while." she explained.

"Now?" he said.

"Yes, now. Mom and dad are asleep. I got in a while after you, but waited till I was sure they'd be asleep. Turn your computer on. I want to see. It'll only take a few minutes." she told him.

Ryan looked up at his sister standing next to his bed. She was wearing the same robe she was the night he photographed her and he felt his cock jump to life. Slowly he got out of bed and sat down in front of the computer and turned it on. He felt his sister brush against him and place her hand on his bare shoulder as they waited for the webpage to load. Rachel looked down at her brother's lap and noticed the outline of his cock through his boxers and her clit throbbed. She pressed her breast against his shoulder and ran her hand over his back.

"Mmmm... you're hard." she said as she reached out and ran her hand over it.

Rachel gave a quiet laugh and placed her hand back on her brother's shoulder as she looked at the web page with her photo.

"Only a 7.4..." Rachel said in disappointment as she looked at her rating.

Ryan laughed. "That's actually high for this site. Most guys click on any number just so the next picture will load. They're not serious about rating them. Look at what other girls have gotten." He loaded a few more photos so his sister could see that their ratings were considerably lower than hers was.

"I guess you're right." she said "I'm not doing so bad after all."

"Was that all you wanted to check out?" Ryan asked.

"Yea... online anyway." she said as she reached down to feel her brother's hard cock again.

"Cut it out, Rachel. You're going to get us caught!" he said in a hushed but serious tone.

Rachel frowned and watched as her brother turned his computer off then went back towards his bed. She stepped in front of him and pulled him close to her by his hips. She could feel his cock pressing against her and she ground her hips against him. She reached down and held his balls in her hand.

"Let's have a little fun..." she whispered in his ear.

"We can't..."

Rachel reached down and opened her robe, then pressed her bare breasts against her brother's chest.

"You know, you never got to feel them the other night." she said as she placed her brother's hands on her breasts.

"Just for a few minutes..." she said as she reached down to feel his cock as he squeezed her breasts.

Ryan's left hand slipped down his sister's back towards her hips. It was then he realized she was totally naked under her robe.

"You're not wearing panties." he said.

Rachel giggled. "Nope." she said, then guided his hand over her wet lips "Feel how wet you're making me."

Ryan's fingers easily slid over his sister's lips, then as he pressed harder one slipped in. He bent over and took a nipple in his mouth as he fingered her. Rachel moaned in his ear and pushed harder against him, grinding her clit against his palm. She hooked her fingers in the elastic of his boxers and pulled them down to free his cock then wrapped her fingers around it and began stroking. Ryan's breathing quickened and

Rachel began humping his hand faster, feeling an orgasm building. A few minutes later she felt his cum splashing against her stomach and legs. It was hot and she liked the feeling of it running down her body. She held him tighter and bit his shoulder to stifle a moan as she too came. She held onto his shoulders as he continued to caress her breasts until the feelings faded then looked into his eyes and smiled. She kissed his cheek softly.

"Wow..." she said.

Ryan looked down at his cum on her and smiled. "That was great." he said as he caught his breath.

"I suppose I should be getting back to my room." she said as she wiped herself off with her robe then closed it.

"Ya..." he said as he stared at her.

Rachel kissed his cheek again then slipped out of his room. Sunday afternoon when Ryan arrived home he discovered his father watching tv, wearing a suit.

"Who died?" Ryan asked his father with a laugh.

"No one. Your mother and I are going over to The Andersons' tonight. It's Helen's birthday. It's our turn to stay out late for a change." he said and laughed.

Ryan nodded then went into the kitchen to get something to eat. His parents called to him before they left to tell him they were leaving, then Ryan returned to the living room to watch tv. Close to an hour later he heard his sister's car in the driveway.

"Where are mom and dad?" she asked as she sat down next to him.

"At The Andersons'. It's Mrs. Anderson's birthday and they're having a party I guess." he told her.

Rachel slid over on so she was pressed against her brother and ran her hand up his thigh. Ryan gave her a surprised look.

"Mom and dad aren't home. It's safe to have a little fun." she said with a grin.

Ryan shook his head and looked away.

"It's not right, Rachel. I loved it the other nights, but we can't keep doing it you know." he said with resignation in his voice.

"Why not? It's harmless fun." she asserted.

"It's... incest." he replied, barely able to say the word aloud.

Rachel frowned. "You make it sound dirty."

"It's not right, Rachel." her brother told her.

"Why -- because a bunch of uptight people say so? We're legally adults, and we're not hurting anyone else." she said.

"I suppose..." Ryan said as he wrestled with his emotions.

"You'd probably be shocked if you knew how much it happens." his sister said "Jenny told me she lets her brother play with her boobs sometimes, and Ashley said her dad cops a feel when he hugs her once in a while."

"Really? Wow!" her brother said in disbelief.

His sister laughed at his reaction. "You know what else?"

"What?" her brother asked.

"I've even caught dad staring at them like you do."

"Really, dad?" he asked.

"Has he ever..."

"Felt them?" she interjected.

"Yeah..." Ryan said.

Rachel shook her head. "No. But probably only 'cause he's scared I'll tell mom. I bet he wants to though."

"Would you tell mom?" her brother asked.

"Nah." his sister replied "I'd let him have a feel if he wanted. But I'd feel sort of weird going any further though."

Ryan nodded his head as he digested what his sister had just told him. As he was staring into space Rachel straddled his lap. Her breasts were in front of his face and she pulled her t-shirt up. She was wearing a thin blue bra and Ryan could see her nipples poking out from it. She placed her hands on his shoulders and smiled.

"They're all yours." she told him.

Ryan slid his hands up his sister's sides and rubbed her nipples through her bra. She moved her hips and pressed down on his hard cock and gave a soft moan.

"Let's go up to your room." she said as she jumped up and tugged at his hand.

Ryan followed his sister up to his room. Once they got there Rachel quickly pulled her t-shirt and bra off and stood before her brother. She grinned at him and moved her shoulders, causing her breasts to shake.

"Get undressed." she told him as she began pulling her jeans off.

"What?" he said.

"Come on, Ryan. How many chances are we going to have to be alone like this? Let's take advantage of it. Let's be bad...!" she said as she pulled him close and rubbed him through his jeans.

Ryan looked his sister over. He'd seen her body before, but it had always been in semi-darkness. Her body looked perfect to him and he pulled his jeans off.

"Underwear too." she said as she hauled his boxers down.

Rachel reached out and held his hips and pulled him to her. Ryan gently slid his hands over her waist. Her skin was soft and warm, and he held her tighter as his hands moved up towards her breasts. Rachel closed her eyes and bit her lower lip as she felt him cup them in his hands. Ryan squeezed them harder then ran his thumbs over her hard

nipples. Rachel ran her hands over her brother's back, holding him against her as he caressed her. She could now feel his hard cock pressing against her and she moved her hips so it was nestled between her thighs, rubbing against her wet pussy.

"God, that feels so good." she moaned as she slowly humped against him.

Ryan bent down and took a hard nipple in his mouth and began to lick and suck. Rachel slipped her hand between them to feel her brother's cock. She cupped his balls in her hands and gave them a gentle squeeze. Ryan moaned and squeezed her breasts harder.

"I'm so wet..." she breathed in his ear.

She took his hand and brought it down towards her pussy. Ryan began moving his fingers over her and she resumed playing with his cock. His finger easily slipped in her wet pussy and she gripped it as he began pumping it.

"Come here." she said, tugging him towards the bed.

Rachel laid down on her brother's bed and opened her legs wide. Ryan watched as she ran her palms up the insides of her thighs then spread her pussy open and began rubbing her clit. He knelt between her feet and began stroking his cock as he watched his sister play with herself. Rachel reached out and took hold of his arms and pulled him towards

her. His hairy legs rubbed against the soft skin of hers and she quivered and wrapped them around his legs.

"Closer, Ryan." she said as she pulled him tighter with her legs.

Rachel felt his cock brush over her wet pussy and she looked up at him and smiled. Ryan grinned and reached up and began toying with her nipples. Rachel moaned and arched her back. She felt the base of her brother's cock press against her clit and she pressed harder.

"Rub it against my pussy." she said as she reached down and took hold of his throbbing cock.

Ryan gave his sister a questioning look.

"No... not in me... it's ok... just against me." she explained.

Ryan lay on his sister and began humping against her. She wrapped her arms around him and lifted up towards him as she felt his cock slide along her wet lips.

"Fuck me, Ryan..." she moaned in his ear.

Ryan lifted up and looked her in the eyes. She reached down and grasped his cock in her hand. She guided the head towards her wet lips and lifted her hips up.

"I want you in me." she told him as she felt his head slip past her lips, stretching her open.

Ryan thrust his hips and moaned as his cock slid in his sister. She was warm, wet and tight, and he felt her grip him once he hit bottom. She twisted under him, her eyes closed and a smile on her face, and he began pumping his hips -- slowly at first, then faster once she began pushing back. He could hear the wet sounds his cock made as it moved in and out of her dripping pussy, and he watched her breasts quiver and shake as he thrust harder in her. Rachel clenched her teeth as she felt her brother's thick cock push in her deep. It felt even better than she'd anticipated and she squeezed him inside her.

"God... yes... Ryan... fuck me hard. Shove that big cock in your sister." she urged as her brother continued to ram his cock in her.

Ryan could feel her heels pressing against his lower back and her nails dug into his arms as she held onto him. He knew he was getting very close so after a few more strokes he pulled his cock out and began stroking it. Rachel watched as she reached down and pressed a finger against her clit and began rubbing. She reached up and tugged at a nipple with her other hand.

"Cum on me..." she cried out as she too began to orgasm.

Ryan watched as he shot a stream of hot cum over his sister's breasts and stomach. She slid her hand down and began rubbing it over herself

as he watched. Her breasts were shiny and wet with it and he reached out and rubbed a nipple and smiled at her.

"That was the hottest thing I've ever done in my life. Damn, I love your cock!" she exclaimed.

Ryan was still catching his breath and layed down beside her, stroking a breast.

"Well...?" she said, looking at him.

"If you weren't my sister I'd ask you to marry me." he said with a laugh.

Rachel laughed and kissed her brother's cheek. "You don't have to marry me, but you can fuck me whenever you want." she said and licked his ear.

Ryan laughed.

"I'm going to have a shower. You'd better open a window so the room doesn't smell like sex when mom and dad get home." she said as she got off of the bed and walked towards the door.

"Rachel..." her brother called out as she was about to leave.

"Now what? I mean... this changes things forever." her brother said in a worried tone.

"Yes, it does. But for the better." she said "No matter what, from now on we have a special bond, and no one else will ever know."

Ryan thought for a moment then smiled "I... ahh..." his voice faded.

"I love you too, little brother." she said "Now let's get dressed."

Ryan heard the water running as his sister showered. He smiled to himself, knowing he was the luckiest guy in the world.

Helping Sara Paint

As Danny Keating walked up the driveway to his house one Wednesday afternoon after finishing classes at college, he noticed his sister's car in the yard and smiled to himself. He felt his pulse quicken as his thoughts drifted to Sara. He strode quickly to the house and tossed his knapsack on the kitchen table then went into the livingroom where he heard his mother and sister talking.

"Hi, honey. How was school?" his mother asked as she looked up from a brochure on Sara's lap as they sat together on the sofa.

"Ahh... ok, I guess. What are you guys doing?" Danny asked.

"Mom's helping me pick out colors for my apartment." his sister said as she looked up at him, brushing her long brown hair from her face.

Danny smiled as his eyes roamed over his sister. Sara was wearing a simple light blue cotton t-shirt and short floral skirt, and Danny felt his cock begin to harden as he stared at the swell of his sister's breasts beneath her thin t-shirt and her tanned legs.

"Come take a look and tell me what you think." Sara said as she slid closer to her mother to make room for her brother on the couch.

699 "Mom thinks I should do the livingroom this color," she said pointing to a blue paint chip "but I like the green better. What do you think?"

Danny leaned closer to look at the samples, and felt his sister's thigh pressing against his. It felt warm and firm, and he shifted slightly as he felt his cock getting harder.

"I like the blue." Danny managed to say, despite the distraction of his sister's body against his, as he pointed to the colored square.

"Really -- you don't think it's too dark?" Sara asked as she leaned down to take a closer look.

As Sara leaned down to look at the sample Danny felt her firm round breast pressing against his arm. He felt a rush of excitement pass through him and he inhaled deeply. Sara turned and smiled at him as she continued to press her breast against his arm. Her face was inches away from his and her dark eyes met his and she gave him a warm smile.

"You like it?" she asked in a soft voice.

Danny wasn't sure whether she was referring to the paint color or her breast against him, but he smiled and said "Yes."

"Do you know what you're doing? You've never painted before, Sara. You should get someone to help you. I'm sure Danny wouldn't mind." their mother said.

"I'll be fine, Mom. Besides, I'm sure Danny has better things to do than help his big sister to paint her apartment." Sara said with a laugh.

"No, I wouldn't mind, really!" Danny interjected.

"Are you sure, Danny?" his sister asked as she turned to face him.

"Sure I'm sure. When were you planning on doing it?" he asked.

"I was thinking this weekend. I was going to paint the livingroom on Saturday and the bathroom on Sunday. I already have a color picked out for the bathroom, a light pink." she said.

"I don't have any plans for the weekend. I wouldn't mind helping you." her brother said.

"No plans? Since when does an twenty year-old guy have no plans for the weekend?" she said with a laugh.

Danny chuckled. "Well, nothing too important. Besides, I'd be glad to help. You'd only make a mess of it if you attempted it on your own."

"Thanks for the vote of confidence, little brother." she said as she shoved her elbow into his ribs in a playful gesture.

Danny laughed and stared into his sister's dark eyes and watched as her full lips formed into a smile. Sara was just under three years older than he was, and growing up they had always been close. As Danny entered puberty he suddenly saw his sister in a much different light. No longer was she someone to race bikes with or stay up late watching horror movies with -- he also realized that she was a very sexy girl. He began to notice the swell of her full breasts and the curve of her hips beneath her clothes. Danny felt guilty for having lewd thoughts for his sister, but at the same time couldn't help but stare at her at every opportunity he got. Occasionally Sara would catch him staring, but rather than saying anything or scolding him she would simply give him a knowing smile and continue talking like nothing had happened.

"So how about I get the paint and supplies after work and pick you up here Friday night after supper?" Sara asked.

"Sure... that would be fine." Danny said as his mind was drawn back to the present.

"Good. Thanks so much, Danny. I really appreciate it!" Sara said as she stood up and gathered the paint samples and put them in her purse.

Sara smiled at her younger brother and wrapped an arm around his shoulder and gave him a firm hug and a kiss on the cheek. She broke their embrace and ran her eyes over him.

"I think you'd better bring some old clothes this weekend though -- stuff you don't mind getting paint on." she said as she eyed the tight jeans he was wearing.

Sara's eyes were drawn to the bulge in her brother's jeans and she felt her clit begin to throb as she imagined what he might look like naked. She enjoyed teasing him earlier by rubbing her breast against his arm and was looking forward to two days alone with him so she could tease him even more. Growing up she had always enjoyed teasing him when she caught him peeking down her loose tanktops as she bent over. Hopefully this weekend would be a return to those days when they were younger, and more.

The ringing of the phone interrupted Sara's bawdy thoughts, and her mother excused herself to go answer it. Sara made her way out to the kitchen and Danny followed.

"Thanks again for the help painting." Sara said as she clutched her brother's arm.

"It's no problem. You're welcome." Danny said as he forced his eyes up from his sister's chest to her face.

"Sorry about that. It was someone from the church group wanting me to help at a bake sale this weekend." their mother said as she entered the kitchen a short time later.

Sara let go of her brother's arm and picked up her purse from the table and slung it over her shoulder. She gave her mother a quick kiss on the cheek and said she should be getting back to her place to make supper.

For the next two days Danny's mind was filled with thoughts of his sexy sister, and what it would be like spending the weekend alone with her. He could hardly wait for Friday night to arrive. Finally the day came and shortly after supper Sara showed up to take him to her apartment. Danny quickly grabbed his knapsack which he'd packed with clothes and other things he'd need for the next two days and followed his sister out to her car.

Sara was wearing a knee-length skirt and a loose fitting tank top. As Danny watched his sister walk he guessed that she wasn't wearing a bra. He stared as her full breasts swayed and jiggled beneath her top. He followed her out to her car and stood behind her as she moved cans of paint and rollers onto the back seat. As Sara bent over he could see the backs of her firm tanned thighs and the curve of her ass beneath her skirt. Sara turned back to her brother and gave a laugh.

"Quit staring at my ass and hand me those cans of paint, will ya." she said.

Feeling guilty and embarrassed Danny reached for the paint and began handing it to his sister as she placed the cans in the back of the car. Once the front seat was clear Danny sat down and Sara got in and they left their mother's driveway. The siblings sat in silence as Sara drove to her apartment. Danny was too worried that his sister was mad at him after she'd caught him staring at her to say anything. Once they arrived at her place he jumped out and gathered up the cans of paint and followed her inside. They deposited the supplies in the livingroom and Sara went into the kitchen and poured two sodas and handed one to him. It was only then that he dared try to explain himself.

"I wasn't staring at you... back there at mom's..." he began "I was standing there waiting for you to clear off the front seat, and..."

His sister's laughter interrupted him and she placed her glass on the counter and held his arm and smiled.

"Do you really think I'm pissed-off about that?" she said.

"You sure sounded it back there." he said.

Sara placed her hands on her brother's waist and smiled at him. Danny moved so his back was pressed against the counter and he stared at her face. He felt her thigh pressing into his crotch and he was afraid she'd feel his growing erection.

"Just chill-out, Danny." she said as she pressed herself against him "I don't care if you look. There's nothing wrong with it."

"But... you're my sister. I shouldn't." he stammered.

"Ya, and you're my brother, so I shouldn't look either -- but I do." she said with a smile.

"You do?" he said with surprise in his voice.

"Of course. You looked good in those jeans this afternoon and I sure noticed." his sister said giggling.

Danny blushed and avoided her eyes.

Sara placed her hand under her brother's chin and raised his eyes back up.

"I saw you staring at my tits too when we were walking out to the car." she said in almost a whisper.

She watched as her brother's face flushed and he forced his head back down to stare at the floor.

"Danny... look at me, please. You were staring at them, weren't you?" she said as she moved his head back up and smiled.

"Ya... I was." he said in a quiet voice, waiting for her reaction.

Much to his surprise his sister smiled and softly kissed his cheek. Danny felt her breasts pressing into his chest. Her thigh was still against his crotch and he knew there was no way she couldn't tell that he was hard.

"Thanks. You make me feel so good, Danny." she breathed into his ear as she gave him a hug.

"What?" he said, confused.

"Ever since Richard dumped me I've felt ugly." she said as she held her brother tighter "Knowing you look at me, you know... that way... makes me feel sexy. Thank-you, Danny."

"But I shouldn't look at you like that." he said as he involuntarily ran a hand up his sister's back "You're my sister."

"Your cock doesn't seem to know that." she said with a laugh as she pressed her thigh against him harder.

Danny abruptly broke their embrace and moved away from his sister, but she pulled him back.

"Danny, it's okay." she said as she stroked his arm and smiled "I take it as a compliment, really."

"I shouldn't feel like that about you though." he murmured.

"Look... this weekend there's only you and me here. This is just between you and me, okay." she said, trying to reassure him.

Danny looked up and gave her a faint smile.

"I'll make a deal with you..." she said.

"What?" her brother asked.

"For the next two days you're allowed to look all you want, as long as I can do the same." she said.

"Really?" her brother said in surprise.

"Really." she said "You're pretty sexy ya know."

Danny laughed as his sister tugged at his hand and brought him into the livingroom and sat down on the couch.

"How about we watch some tv?" she said as she pointed the remote at the television.

Danny settled back on the couch and felt somewhat more relaxed due to his sister's reassurance and cheerful tone. His attention soon was diverted to a game show on television and he began to forget about the conversation he'd had with Sara earlier. A short time later his sister leaned against him so her head was resting on his shoulder. She smiled up at him and drew his arm around her tightly.

"Mmmm... this feels nice." Sara said a few minutes later as she held her brother's arm around her waist.

"Yes, it does." Danny said and leaned down and kissed the top of her head.

"Tell me something." Sara said as she looked up at him.

"What?" Danny asked.

"Were you really staring at my ass while I moved the paint in the car back at mom's?" she said.

Danny blushed and nodded.

Sara grinned and slowly moved her brother's hand so it was resting on the curve of her right buttock as she rested against him.

"Well, go on then... have a good feel of it." she said.

"Sara...!" Danny said as his hand moved over his sister's ass like it had a mind of it's own.

"What?" she said with a giggle "You know as well as I do that you want to feel it."

Danny never responded as he continued to let his hand roam over his sister's hip and firm ass. Sara turned towards her brother as she felt his hand slide down her hip and over her bare thigh and she smiled up at him.

"Do you like my legs too?" she asked as she looked up at him.

Her brother never answered, but slowly ran his hand down towards her knee. Sara smiled and sat up so her back was against the couch. She drew her knees up so her feet were flat on the cushions and placed Danny's hand on the inside of her left knee and drew up upwards. Danny looked down at his sister's legs as he slowly ran his hand up the inside of her thigh. Her skirt had fallen towards her hips and he could see her panties. Sara glanced down and smiled.

"I guess it's a good thing I wore panties tonight." she said, her voice sounding slightly deeper than before.

"We better stop." her brother said as he slowly withdrew his hand.

"Awww..." Sara said as she pouted and rested her head on his shoulder and hugged her brother.

Danny felt his sister's breasts pressing into him once again, then he looked down and discovered that her skirt was still up around her thighs so he could see part of her light blue panties. He slid his hand down over her hip and caressed her exposed right thigh. Sara parted her legs slightly and let out a soft moan.

The siblings remained like that for close to an hour. Danny held his sister and gently stroked her back, occasionally letting his hand roam back down to her thigh to feel her soft warm skin. Eventually Sara fell asleep as Danny held her, breathing deep to take in the smell of her shampoo, as well as the faint odor of sex from her parted legs. Some time later she awoke and stretched slightly and looked up at her brother.

"I fell asleep. Sorry. I should be getting to bed I suppose." she said as she slowly opened her eyes.

"Ya, it's getting late, and we've got a lot of work to do tomorrow." he said as he let go of his sister and sat upright "Do you have a blanket for me?"

"Blanket... what for?" Sara asked as she slowly got up from the couch.

"I figured I'd crash here." Danny said as he watched his sister stand up and look at him.

"Don't be silly, Danny." she said as she reached out and tugged at his hand "You can sleep in my room. It's no big deal."

Danny followed his sister into her bedroom, then realized that her single bed was rather small for the both of them, and suddenly felt uncomfortable at the prospect of sleeping with her in it.

"Are you sure this is ok, Sara... I mean, me sleeping here...?" he asked.

"Of course. You've been sleeping with me out on the couch. What difference does it make if it's a bed?" she said.

Danny watched as his sister went to her dresser and took out a large white tanktop that she regularly slept in, then sat down on the other side of the bed.

"Ummmm... could you turn the light out while I get changed." she said.

Danny turned and flicked the switch behind him, plunging the room into semi darkness, then sat on the edge of the bed and began undressing too -- careful not to turn around and see his sister. He felt the mattress move as Sara got undressed then crawled under the sheet.

"It's ok. You can turn around now." she said a short time later as she watched her brother slowly get into bed next to her.

Danny slid into bed next to his sister wearing only his boxers and quickly covered himself with the sheet. As his eyes adjusted to the dimly lit room he could see more due to the light from the streetlights shining through the window. Sara was sitting up in bed next to him wearing the tanktop that was several sizes too large for her. Danny's eyes roamed down past her shoulders into the plunging neckline. He could clearly see the curves of the tops of her breasts, as well as a good

amount of cleavage. He felt his cock harden immediately and he was glad that he was covered by a sheet.

"Enjoying the view?" she said and winked at him.

Danny felt his face flush and he layed down beside her and pulled the sheet up. "We should be getting some sleep." he said.

Sara slid closer to her brother and rested her head on his shoulder. Danny wrapped his arms around his sister's waist, then noticed that the right strap of her top had fallen down her arm, causing most of her breast to become uncovered. He stared for a few moments at it then reached down and slid the strap back up to her shoulder.

"You're such a gentleman." she said with a laugh.

"Well, your top had fallen down and... uhhh..." Danny's voice trailed off.

"And you could see my boob..." Sara said as she turned to smile up at him.

Danny blushed and nodded.

"So... what did you think? Did it look nice?" she asked.

"Sara, we shouldn't be talking like this." he said.

Sara rolled over so she was laying on her brother's chest facing him. She ran her hand over his muscled torso and he felt his pulse quicken at her touch. Sara brushed a finger over his nipple and smiled at him. Danny's eyes moved down into her cleavage as she leaned over him. He stared at her swaying breasts as she traced her fingers over his bare chest. Sara watched her brother's eyes and could feel herself getting wet knowing he was so obviously staring at her breasts. She shifted and swung a leg between his so her pussy was pressing against his thigh. Besides the tanktop she was only wearing panties, and Danny's hairy muscular leg against her bare thigh excited her even more. She moaned softly and began rubbing against it.

"Haven't you ever thought about us... you know... messing around?" she asked as she looked into her brother's blue eyes.

"Ahh, I guess... a few times maybe... but, you're my sister."

"Of course I'm your sister, but I've been noticing how you've been staring at my boobs too. I can feel your hard-on against my leg, Danny." she said and smiled.

Danny blushed and turned his head.

"It's okay, Danny." she said in a sofpy voice as she turned her brother's head back to face her "I don't mind you looking. Actually, I like it."

"Really?" he said, looking up at her face.

"Really." she said smiling at him "It makes me feel sexy, and it's... ahhh... really naughty knowing my brother is getting turned-on staring at my tits."

Danny laughed.

"I was sure you'd be pissed-off if you caught me." he said, feeling more comfortable.

"No, not at all." she said smiling as she shook her head "I've caught you looking plenty of times over the years but never said anything."

Danny smiled and felt his face flush.

"Will you make a deal with me?" his sister asked.

"What's that?"

"For the rest of the time you're here you can look all you want, and I can do the same,okay?" she said.

"Are you sure, Sara." he asked, not quite believing what he'd just heard.

"Of course. There's just you and me here, so it'll be our secret. Plus it'll be fun, don't you think?" she said.

"Ya." her brother said, grinning.

Sara slid off of her brother and lay beside him with her arm draped over his chest. She pressed herself against him and gave his cheek a kiss.

"I suppose we should be getting to sleep. There's a lot of work to get done tomorrow. Sweet dreams, little brother." she said then closed her eyes as she cuddled up next to him.

Danny awoke the next morning to his sister leaning over him and shaking him gently.

"Get up, lazybones. There's painting to be done." she said as she smiled at him.

Danny rubbed his eyes and as they focused he saw Sara leaning over him, which gave him yet another good look down the front of her tanktop. He felt his cock jump to life as he stared at her swaying breasts and smiled at her.

"Take a good look -- maybe that will wake you up." his sister said laughing.

Danny grinned and sat up in bed, careful to adjust the sheet so his sister couldn't detect the tent in his boxers. He smiled at her then looked down and saw her hard nipples poking through her top and stared some more.

"You seem to like this top on me. Want me to wear it the rest of the day?" she said with a smirk.

"I wouldn't complain." he said.

"Or I could just surprise you. I've got lots of tops I bet you'd like." she said as she grinned.

"I like surprises." he said.

"Well, let me get changed and I'll meet you out in the livingroom." she said.

Danny slowly got up from the bed and went into the bathroom with his knapsack of clothes and toiletries and got himself together. He pulled his boxers down and briefly stroked his hard cock as he stood before the sink while thinking about his sister. He drew some water and quickly washed up and put on a pair of shorts and a t-shirt, all the while he wondered just what she might be wearing the rest of the day.

Sara waited until she heard water running in the bathroom then closed her bedroom door and got undressed. She was still very wet, and after she pulled her panties off she reached down to briefly stroke her clit. She slipped a finger in and moaned softly as she worked it in and out. Forcing herself to stop she went and looked through her tops to find one that would best show herself off to Danny. She settled on a light blue crop-top that came down only a few inches below her breasts. It had been quite some time since she'd worn it because it was so revealing, and only around the apartment but never out in public. She decided that she'd not wear a bra or panties, then pulled on the shortest skirt she could find. She looked at herself in the mirror, noticing her hard nipples clearly outlined against the fabric of her top, then raised her arms above her head and discovered that doing so caused her top to ride up -- exposing her breasts to just below her nipples. Sara smiled to herself and reached up and brushed her fingers over her hard nipples.

Sara heard the bathroom door open and waited a few moments until she thought Danny would be in the livingroom, then went to the bathroom to freshen-up for the day.

It was hard for Danny to not show an expression of surprise when his sister walked into the livingroom. He grinned and looked her over.

"Is that what you always wear when you paint?" he asked.

Danny laughed. "You're going to lose it today then."

"Just be gentle with me." she said and winked.

Danny began spreading out newspaper on the floor and moving furniture aside, then showed his sister the technique of cutting-in around the edges of the room to prepare to roll the paint on. He watched as his sister painted, noticing how her top rose up as she raised her arms above her head, nearly exposing her breasts. A few times he was able to catch a quick glimpse of the underside of one and he felt his already hard cock twitch even more.

Later Danny showed Sara how to roll the paint on, and stood beside her as she began painting one of the walls. Rolling the paint on meant she had to extend her arms more, so her top rode up higher than earlier and Danny was treated to a few quick glimpses of her hard nipples. Danny went and stood beside her for a while, and as she brought her arms up towards the ceiling he reached out and drew a finger over the underside of his sister's right breast.

"Hey!" she said, feigning anger "You got paint on my boob!"

"Don't worry, it comes off with water. I'll wash it off later." he said laughing and went and began painting the other side of the room.

breasts. He could feel his cock throbbing in his shorts and he knew that if she stared long enough there was no way she couldn't help but notice that he was hard. He finished his half of the room first and layed his roller in a tray then sat down on the floor and watched Sara working.

"There... finished!" Sara exclaimed a short time later as she set her roller down and practically collapsed on the floor next to her brother "It looks good."

"Ya, it does. But it'll need a second coat tomorrow after this one dries." he said.

"Another coat?" she said disappointed.

"Don't worry, it'll go faster than this one." he reassured her.

Sara sat on the floor next to her brother and leaned back, bracing her hands on the floor behind her. Danny watched her movements and stared as her top slid up to reveal the bottoms of her breasts. Suddenly he let out a laugh.

"What's so funny?" she asked.

"You've got a blue boob." he said with a grin, pointing to the strip of paint he'd drawn on her earlier.

Sara glanced down at her breast, drawing her top up higher with her hand to expose more of her skin, and smiled.

"I think it looks sort of cute, don't you?" she said as she flashed a mischevious smile.

"I think they both look cute, but they don't match." he said.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

Instead of answering Danny dipped his finger in the paint and slowly brought it up to her other breast. Sara smiled once she realized what he meant and leaned back more, causing her top to ride up more. Slowly he ran his finger along the underside of his sister's left breast, leaving a streak of blue paint. Sara looked down watching and chuckled. There was a moment of uneasy silence between the siblings after Danny removed his hand and sat staring at Sara's partially exposed breasts.

"Hey, are you hungry?" she asked, interrupting the silence.

"Ya, sort of, now that you ask." he replied.

"How about I order a pizza." she suggested.

Danny said that a pizza would be great and waited on the couch while his sister called to place the order. Once she was finished she layed down next to him, resting her head on his thigh. She smiled up at him

and drew his arm over her. Danny felt his cock harden again as his hand moved accross the skin of his sister's taught flat stomach. She was holding his hand and realized the paint on his finger was still wet. Slowly she held his finger between hers and drew an arrow starting above her navel pointing downwards.

"And what does that point to?" he said as he grinned broadly.

"That's for me to know and you to find out." she said and winked.

"Maybe I'll get to find out this weekend." he said.

"Maybe. Would you like a little peak now?" she asked.

Danny was surprised by her offer but said "Sure!"

Sara reached down and slowly unbuttoned her jeans and unzipped them. She smiled up at her brother then opened them slightly, revealing the top of a thin strip of hair leading downwards.

"No panties...?" Danny said in surprise.

His sister giggled and slowly ran her fingers over her exposed skin as she watched his eyes.

"I'll go wash it." Danny offered.

"No, I like you as my pillow. Don't get up." she said knowing she was frustrating him.

Danny watched as his sister caressed her stomach down towards her open shorts with her fingertips. She arched her back slightly and moved her hips as her brother watched.

"You tease..." Danny said with a laugh despite his frustration.

"Who... me? Never!" Sara said with an impish smile.

"I like what you've done with your hair." he said staring at her crotch then at her face.

"Do you? I did that before I picked you up yesterday. I thought you might like it." she replied.

"So you had this whole thing planned?!" he said in surprise.

"Well... sort of... maybe it was mostly wishful thinking, but to be perfectly honest I thought I could at least have fun teasing you. I've seen how you look at me, Danny." she said sounding more serious than before.

"Then why didn't you do or say something before now?" he asked.

"I thought you were too young and it would mess things up between us. Then I was seeing Richard. Then when Dad died you were so depressed for a long time I didn't think it was a good time for us to cross that line. I love you so much, Danny, and I only want what's best for you." she explained.

"I love you too, Sara." he said, feeling tears welling.

Sara sat up and wrapped her arms around her brother and held him close. She whispered in his ear again that she loved him and gave him a soft kiss on the cheek. Danny held his sister tight against him. He could feel her breasts pressing against him, and as his hands moved over her back he felt her soft warm skin as her top slid up. He gently caressed her back, savouring the feeling of her exposed body. He ran his hand up her spine then slowly back down and heard her moan softly and clutch him harder. The siblings remained like that for several minutes until Sara broke the embrace and leaned back against the couch and moved her hair out of her face. Danny smiled at her then looked down and discovered that her top had slid up so far that her breasts were uncovered to well above her nipples. They were very hard, and looked darker than they had before when he caught a few glimpses of them. He stared briefly then reached out and began pulling his sister's top down, but she held his hand and stopped him.

Danny gave his sister a warm smile and moved his eyes downward over her half-exposed breasts to her open shorts. He could see a little more of the strip of hair she had and smiled to himself wondering if she was as turned-on as he was. When Danny looked back up at his sister's face he saw that her expression had changed. She grinned at him then reached down and in one swift move pulled her top completely off and tossed it aside on the sofa.

"There. Is that better?" she asked as she sat next to him completely topless.

Danny's response was a wide smile as he leaned against her and slowly ran his hand over her stomach. He heard her inhale sharply and let out a slight moan as his hand moved up to cup her right breast.

"Play with them, Danny." she encouraged him as she leaned closer to him.

Danny squeezed one, then both of his sister's breasts in his hands, and bent down and wrapped his lips around her left nipple and began sucking on it as his tongue darted in and out over it. Sara ran her fingers through his hair and encouraged him by drawing his head further down as she moaned louder.

"God, that feels so good. I should have let you do this years ago." she said between heavy breaths.

Danny continued to lick and suck on his sister's nipple as he moved his hand down her stomach towards her open shorts. He squeezed Sara's breast hard as his other hand slid over the thin strip of hair leading inside her shorts. As he moved lower she gently pushed him away and half-smiled.

"Let's take it slow, okay?" she said half-apologetically.

Danny nodded and leaned back against the sofa next to her, unsure of how to proceed. He slid his hand back up over his sister's breasts, squeezing them and gently pulling on her engorged nipples. Sara moaned and arched her back. He watched her expressions as his hand roamed down to her open shorts. Slowly he ran his fingers over her exposed skin, briefly running them over her partially exposed hair down there. Afraid that she would stop him again he moved his hand back up to her breast. As Danny was squeezing his sister's breast they both jolted upright at the sound of her door buzzer.

"That must be the pizza. Will you let him in and pay for it? My purse is on the kitchen table." she said.

Danny slowly got up from the couch and returned a few minutes later with the pizza and placed it on the coffee table.

"Here's the pizza." he said as he looked at his half-naked sister on the couch who was slowly slipping her hand inside her open shorts.

"I'm not too hungry anymore." she said as she looked up through half-closed eyes.

"Me either. Not for pizza anyway." he said with a chuckle.

"Will you do me a favour?" she asked.

"Sure. What?" Danny replied.

"Help me get this paint off." she said as she smiled and looked down at herself.

"Ahh, ya, but..." Danny said.

Before he could finish his sentence Sara jumped up and was tugging at his wrist, leading him into the bathroom. He watched as she turned the water on and adjusted it till it was the temperture she wanted. As she leaned over her full breasts swayed and Danny felt his cock throbbing inside his shorts as he stared at them.

Sara pulled her shorts off completely and tossed them aside then began tugging her brother's t-shirt over his head. That soon joined her shorts and she climbed into the shower and stood under the spray of water soaping her hands up.

Despite all that had transpired that evening Danny still felt somewhat nervous and shy about undressing in front of his sister. He slowly undid his shorts and pulled them off as she watched, then looked at her.

"Ummm...could you turn around...?" he asked.

Sara laughed at his modesty, but turned around while he pulled his boxers off. He was so hard that his cock stood straight out from his body. He gave it a quick squeeze and a stroke before stepping into the shower behind his sister. He stood behind her and ran his hands down her back to her hips. Sara leaned forward, bracing her hands against the wall, and pressed her ass against her brother's hard cock. She moaned as she felt it glide over her wet lips, nearly slipping between them as her brother moved his hips.

Danny covered his hands with soap and glided them over his sister's wet silky skin. She closed her eyes and moaned. Pressing himself against her he reached around and held her breasts in his hands. He squeezed them and pulled on her nipples, causing her to moan louder. Sara reached down and pressed her fingers against her clit and rubbed it, then reached back further and ran her hand along the underside of her brother's cock. It was hot and hard and twitched when she touched it. Sara turned around and slid her hands over her brother's tight ass then looked down at his hard cock rubbing against her. She gave it a squeeze and held it.

Sara turned off the water and climbed out of the tub, then helped her brother out. She looked down at his hard cock bouncing as he moved. His balls were full and heavy and she briefly cupped them in her hands. Not bothering to dry off she led him into her bedroom and sat down on the bed, pulling him close. Grasping his cock at the base she leaned down and licked the head, tasting his precum, then wrapped her lips around it and slid them down along it.

Danny moaned and ran his fingers through his sister's wet hair, holding onto her head as she sucked him. He moaned softly then began pumping his hips in a slow rhythm. His cock slid in and out of her warm wet mouth and she sucked harder. Wanting to make it last as long as possible Sara took her mouth from Danny's cock and layed down.

"Come here..." she said as she opened her legs.

Danny climbed between his sister's waiting thighs and looked down at her. She looked so sexy lying there with droplets of water over her he thought to himself. Sara reached out and took his cock in her hand and guided it towards her wet pussy. She closed her eyes and moaned as she felt his head slip in. It was thick and she could feel him stretching her wider. She opened her legs more and lifted her hips up to meet him.

Sara's pussy was tight and wet, and Danny could feel her squeeze him once he was inside her. He clenched his teeth slightly and started pumping. She reached out and grabbed his hips -- tugging on them to encourage him.

"Oh god... fuck my pussy..." she cried out as she felt his balls slap against her.

Danny pumped his hips as hard as he could as he felt his sister writhe under him. She wrapped her legs around him and held him to her. Soon he felt like he couldn't hold back much longer.

"I'm so close." he said.

Sara reached down and took hold of his cock. He slipped it out of her and she began to stroke it. It was slippery from her juice and her hand glided over it. She reached down and pressed a finger hard against her clit then slipped two inside her. Matching the rhythm of her hands she fingered herself as she stroked her brother. Danny reached down and squeezed her breasts in his hands, pulling on her nipples hard. She felt his cock suddenly twitch and thicken as he shot streams of cum over her -- most landing on her stomach, but some hitting her breasts. She shoved her fingers in deeper and cried out as an orgasm overtook her. She arched her back higher and continued to pump her fingers until the waves subsided.

Sara smiled at her brother lying spent beside her as she spread his cum over her breasts. "Wow..." was all she managed to say as she caught her breath.

Danny smiled at her and reached out and toyed with her nipple.

"That was amazing!" he said.

"You made me messy, little brother." she said with a smirk as she looked down at his cum on her.

"Looks like I'll have to help you to wash up again." he said.

"Not now though. Let me rest a bit."

"Don't forget we have more painting to do tomorrow. The livingroom needs another coat, plus the bathroom." he reminded her.

"How about we save the bathroom till next weekend, unless you don't feel like coming over." she laughed.

"Sure... I'll feel like cumming over you anytime." he retorted.

Sara burst out laughing.

The siblings cuddled in bed talking about what had just transpired between them, both agreeing it should have happened long ago. Both knowing that they would somehow manage to make up for lost opportunities.

Homeland Insecurity

"We stand today at a unique and extraordinary moment. The crisis in the Persian Gulf, as grave as it is, also offers a rare opportunity to move toward an historic period of cooperation. Out of these troubled times, our fifth objective -- a new world order -- can emerge: a new era -- freer from the threat of terror, stronger in the pursuit of justice, and more secure in the quest for peace." -- George H.W. Bush, September 11, 1990

"The biggest conspiracy has always been the fact that there is no conspiracy. Nobody's out to get you. Nobody gives a shit whether you live or die. There, you feel better now?" -- Dennis Miller

###

Reg Watkins was the first to spot the object that Saturday afternoon in July. It was just a shiny dot against the blue background of the sky at first. Not five seconds later, it was a few hundred feet above their heads.

"Holy shit, did you guys see that?" Reg exclaimed. He pointed to the south-west, squinting as he looked up at the looming object, shimmering in the afternoon sun.

Jessie Chandler and Glen Cranston were leaning against the tailgate Reggie's 2003 red Dodge Ram. The truck was pockmarked with rust spots and the sides were coated with dried mud. Two NRA stickers

adorned the rear bumper. Hung behind the seat in the cab was an empty wooden gun rack.

The three men had driven to a field a mile in back of Reg's house to hunt quail and pheasants -- although pheasant season didn't open for another five months and quail soon after that. Reg was meandering through the tall grass, carrying his twelve-gauge shotgun, while the other two men drank beer beside his truck. The three men had stopped at Art's Quik-Stop to buy beer late that morning before their hunting expedition. Glen had wanted to get a twelve-pack of Coors, much to the distaste of his two friends. "Only whores drink Coors," Jessie had reminded him. Glen purchased Budweiser instead, despite complaints from Reg that the company was now owned by Belgians.

"Don't they make anything here anymore? Everything I buy at Wal-Mart is made in fuckin' China anymore," Reg lamented as he opened his second can of beer.

So far, the only thing that Reg had shot that afternoon was an empty Budweiser can that Jessie had thrown high across the meadow. When Reg saw the shimmering object soaring above them through the blue sky he froze and pointed, too amazed to speak for several seconds.

Jessie and Glen shaded their eyes from the glaring sun with their hands as they peered off in the direction where their friend was pointing. As the oval metallic object descended and hung above the pine and spruce trees their jaws slackened and their eyes grew as wide as saucers.

"A drone," Reg said. His jaw tensed and he gripped his shotgun tighter as he stepped closer to where the metallic craft was hovering, almost fifty feet overhead.

"A drone? What the hell are you talkin' about, Reg?" Jessie asked.

"Drones... UAVs... reconnaissance crafts -- like Predators and Global Hawk. We use 'em in Iraq and Afghanistan. FEMA has them too, so they can track us until the time comes to take us to the concentration camps they've built around the country," Reg said.

Jessie and Glen were a few yards behind Reg. Glen took the last swallow from the can of beer in his hand, then dropped it to the ground. He popped the tab on the full can he was holding in his left hand, then turned towards Jessie. He grinned and jerked his head towards Reg, then in a high-pitched whine began crooning the theme to *The Twilight Zone*.

"Don't get him going about how 9/11 was an inside job or Operation Northwoods," Glen cautioned Jessie with a smirk.

"Go ahead and mock if you want, sheeple, but wait till The U.N. sends troops in here to help round-up..."

Reg never finished his sentence before an intense beam of blue light shone down from the craft above them onto the ground. The three men

froze in place. They shut their eyes tight to block out the blinding light of the blue wedge-shaped beam.

Jessie was the first of the three to open his eyes again. When he did, he scarcely trusted them to be accurately telling him what was in front of him and his two friends. He rubbed his eyes and squinted.

"Holy fuck..." he hissed to himself.

"What the fuck are they?" Reg asked. He could feel a warm, wet spot forming on the front of his camouflage pants that began running down the inside of his right thigh, soaking his pants.

Standing ten feet in front of the men were two humanoids, each not quite four feet tall. They appeared to be naked. Their skin tone reminded Glen of the colour of people on his parents' old black and white RCA television when he was a kid -- or at least white people; he could not recall seeing many black people on TV back then, except for Bo Diddley on Ed Sullivan once and a man tap-dancing on The Lawrence Welk Show when his parents watched it.

Glen noticed that the two small strangers had large black eyes that seemed out of proportion with their bulbous heads. They had tiny slits for mouths, as though someone had taken a knife and cut one for them. He saw no ears protruding, nor any hair anywhere on them. Looking further down, he noticed that their bodies were smooth everywhere, making it impossible to determine their gender -- much like Barbie or Ken dolls' crotches, he thought. Glen blushed and looked back up at the interlopers' large almond-shaped eyes.

"They're greys. I've heard George Noory talk about them on his show," Glen intoned.

Reg cocked his shotgun and leveled it at the two diminutive grey creatures. One of them raised his small right hand. It had three slender fingers and an opposable thumb, but Reg did not notice any fingernails. Seconds later, Reg let out a high-pitched yelp of pain and flung his shotgun to the ground, as though it were red-hot or electrified.

"Son-of-a-bitch!" Reg cried out, glaring at the expressionless creature.

"What are greys?" Jessie asked, seemingly unfazed by Reg's actions and outburst.

"Aliens," Glen explained, without any emotion.

"Those sons of bitches think they can come here and do whatever the hell they please. They won't even learn how to speak English. Then they expect to go on welfare and get a driver's license too," Reg spat out with a sneer.

"Ummm... Reg, I think he means the other kind of aliens -- the kind that come from other planets." Jessie explained.

we defended our border like we should. Don't you guys listen to Lou Dobbs? And those goddamned aliens had better learn English if they plan to stay here. If English is good enough for The Lord Jesus, it's good enough for me, and them too."

Jessie was about to speak when he was interrupted by one of the small creatures, now less than two yards in front of him and his friends. Reg and Glen heard it too, except they didn't hear it like they normally heard someone's voice. They perceived it echoing in their minds, as though the grey fellow was transmitting his thoughts to them. None of the three men had ever exhibited any psychic abilities before -- Reg was convinced that all claims of psychic powers were a Satanic plot, or a scheme by The Vatican to pervert True Believers' minds, or perhaps both. The three men were flummoxed for an explanation when their new-found grey friend began silently communicating with them.

"What the hell does it want?" Glen asked.

"He wants to know which one of us is in charge," Jessie explained.

"That would be me, since we're on my land," Reg announced, taking a step forward.

The two other men smiled, content to lag behind and let Reg be their emissary if need be.

The three men paused, their senses keen as the two visitors answered Glen's question. Once they had finished, Reg's mouth formed into a contemptuous sneer.

"What the hell you mean, no one's in charge? Boys, we got ourselves some Communists here. This is exactly what they've been warning us about on the John Birch Society's website," Reg said. "I bet they came down here through the NAFTA Super Highway, just like Ron Paul said they would," he added.

The small grey humanoid to the left of the men approached Glen. It extended an arm and handed Glen a gold-coloured medallion that was about three inches in diameter. Glen looked down at the metal disc in his right palm. Embossed on the obverse was a design that vaguely reminded him of a crop circle in England that he had once seen a photograph of on the Internet. He flipped the object over. The reverse side had more symbols on it that he did not recognize or comprehend the significance of, although he thought that a few resembled triangles, circles and crescent moons.

"What is it?" Jessie asked.

Glen shrugged. "I don't know. Some kind of coin, I guess."

"Let me see that," Reg demanded, snatching the object from Glen's hand. "I bet it's an Amero. These bastards are probably members of The Illuminati, trying to establish The New World Order."

Reg scanned the object with his eyes, flipping it over as he tried to grasp the meaning of the strange symbols and text. He furrowed his brow and pursed his lips. Finally giving up trying to fathom the significance of the script and design on the brassy object, he returned it to Glen with a grunt, indicating his bewilderment.

"Where are you guys from?" Jessie asked, staring into the dark eyes of one of the small visitors. He stood silent for several seconds, then nodded, although he looked confused.

"What'd it say?" Glen asked.

"It said they're from our future," Jessie said. "It... he said that we're on a path of self-destruction and that they came to help us. This coin will let us communicate with them and explain their plan."

"Help us how?" Glen asked.

Jessie shrugged, raising his palms slightly. "He said the planet is sick and that we have to learn compassion if we want to survive."

"What the hell does that mean: the planet is sick? Those damn environmentalists need to feel my carbon footprint in their asses," Reg scoffed. "To hell with compassion too. We send food to starving kids in all those countries, then they grow up and join al Qai'da -- that's where our compassion gets us."

"No, Reg, what he's saying is right," Jessie interjected. "There's a difference between genuine compassion and enlightened self-interest, like the government practices. There are plenty of organizations that help people around the world and want nothing in return. They don't turn around and rape a country after they rebuild it."

Reg gave his friend a look of disdain. "Are you with us or against us, Jessie? You're talking like a disinformation agent," he said. "Have you gotten your RFID chip yet?" he asked, unable to hide his contempt.

"I'm not a disinformation agent and I'm not a sheeple, Reg. I'm just an average guy who's patriotic too, just not in the way you want me to be. I'm fed-up with all of the fighting. I'm tired of hearing politicians and commentators shouting at each other every time I turn the television on. I'm tired of being told to worry about a dirty bomb going off in New York or Los Angeles. I'm tired of worrying that some lunatic asshole is gonna walk in my kids' school or my church with a gun and shoot everyone. I'm tired of politicians trying to get us to vote for them by making us afraid of enemies that they created and armed decades ago. If these aliens have an idea about how to stop all this insanity, I say we should hear them out. We've been listening to you paranoid, so-called patriots for the past seven years and where has it gotten us? It's my country too, and my vote counts as much as yours." Once Jessie finished he clenched his jaw, waiting for Reg's reaction.

"Be a skeptic if you want, Jessie, but there's a lot of shit that goes on that we don't hear about, or that you don't want to believe. When we get home, how many people are going to believe us when we tell them what we saw out here today? When I was in the army out in the desert

I saw a scorpion the size of a fucking raccoon. You think that's not caused by those nuclear tests they did back in the fifties? What else are they doing that we don't know about? Believe what you want, Jessie; the government can use pawns like you once The U.N. takes over. Maybe come tomorrow you won't believe what you saw here today either," Reg said.

No sooner had Reg finished speaking when he and his two friends once more saw the intense blue beam of light emanating from the craft floating above them. This time they attempted to observe what was happening, but the light was too bright. Glen cried out as the light nearly blinded him. They were forced to clamp their eyes shut tight once again.

"What the hell happened?" Jessie asked after he had opened his eyes again.

He and his friends turned around where they stood, scanning the field and sky. All they saw were clouds and Reg's Dodge truck, parked where they had left it.

"They're gone," Glen said, stating the obvious.

"Now what?" Jessie asked.

"Let's get the fuck outta here," Reg suggested, picking up his shotgun.

Reg was already hurrying back towards his truck before the other two men had begun to move. He had it running by the time Glen and Jessie climbed into the cab. Before Jessie had pulled his door closed Reg was pressing on the accelerator, spinning his tires on the soft field. As he drove, two pheasants flew from a thicket of alders beside the truck, soaring high into the clear, blue sky.

###

That Sunday afternoon Reg Watkins was in his kitchen cleaning his shotgun. He was hungover and tired. He had been up late the night before drinking beer and chatting online in the Patriots' Refuge Chat Room on the Internet. When he heard a vehicle in his yard, then the sound of two car doors slamming shut, he got up from the table.

Looking out from his back door Reg saw a black Cadillac that appeared to be an early 1970's model. Approaching his house were two men. They were tall and slender, well-dressed in black suits with thin black ties hanging over their white shirts. Both were wearing dark sunglasses. They reminded Reg of The Blues Brothers, if John Belushi had have been fifty pounds lighter.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Watkins, might we have a few minutes of your time?" the man on the left said.

Reg gave the two men a suspicious stare, wondering how they knew his name, then realized they must have seen it on the mailbox at the end of his driveway.

"I'm kind of busy right now," Reg said. "Besides, I'm Methodist. I'm not interested in joining your temple, or whatever it is you guys have. Two guys were here last week and left me a copy of The Watchtower, so I already have one -- thanks-just-the-same."

"No, we're not here for that, Mr. Watkins. I'm Agent Barker -- this is Agent Bender. We understand you and your friends had an unusual encounter yesterday."

The slim man in the suit was resting his right foot on the bottom step of Reg's porch a foot or so in front of his partner. He and his companion each pulled a small black leather wallet from the inside pockets of their suit jackets. They flipped them open to display laminated identification cards with photographs. Reg squinted and pressed his nose against the wire screen of his door but could not clearly make out the details of the cards in the mens' hands from where he stood.

"So?" Reg grunted.

"We would like to discuss it with you, if we could," Agent Barker said. "We won't take up much of your time."

"And why is it you think I would want to talk to the Feds about this anyway?" Reg asked.

matters of national security such as this. We work with patriots like yourself to ensure the continued stability of the nation. All we need is a few minutes of your time, then we will be on our way. You would be doing a great service to your country by allowing us to have a candid discussion with you." Agent Barker spoke in a monotone that conveyed an undercurrent of seriousness and power as his eyes locked on Reg.

"Come in then," Reg said.

Reg pushed the screen door open and allowed the two men to enter. He motioned for them to sit down, then took a seat directly across from Agent Bender at the kitchen table. Now that he could see the two men up close Reg noticed how pale they both were -- as if their skin was almost translucent.

"So, tell us what you saw, Mr. Watkins," Agent Bender said.

"Well, me and my friends, Glen and Jessie, we were back there on a lot of land I have -- just hangin' out, drinking a few beers, you know, when I seen this thing in the sky. At first I thought it musta been a plane, but I didn't see any chemtrails. Then a few seconds later it was right over us -- not much higher than the trees. The next thing I know, there was this blue light shining down from it. Sort of like a laser, like I seen at a Pink Floyd concert once. It was real bright, so I closed my eyes. When I opened them that's when I saw the two men, or whatever the hell they were."

"They were real short, maybe four feet tall, each of 'em, and grey. Like a dark grey. And they were bald. I don't think they were wearing any clothes either, or at least they looked naked. But I couldn't tell if they was men or women -- sort of like how Ken and Barbie ain't got no junk." Reg let out a nervous laugh.

Agent Barker looked up from his notepad and nodded. "Yes... did you notice any other distinguishing features?"

"Their eyes... they were big and black. Like they were too big for their heads, or they were wearing goggles. Their heads were funny shaped too, sort of like a rutabaga squash. And they only had four fingers, including a thumb, on their hands."

Agent Barker nodded and let out a quiet grunt as he scribbled in his notebook.

"Oh... and they gave a coin to Glen, or at least that's what it looked like to me. But I'll be damned if I can tell you what was written on it. The letters weren't like nothing I've seen before. I've seen Japanese writing and Arab writing -- now that's some weird shit, but this wasn't nothing like that at all. Some of it was just circles and triangles with dots around them or in the middle."

"Yes... we spoke with Mr. Cranston earlier about the object. He was kind enough to loan it to us. It needs to be analyzed back at the office. Now, if you could tell us what the E.B.E.s told you, Mr. Watkins..."

"The what?"

"The grey creatures," Barker explained.

"Oh... something about the environment and loving one-another, or at least that's what Jessie said they told him," Reg said.

Agent Barker flipped through his notebook. "Yes, Mr. Chandler indicated that they said the planet is sick and that you had to learn compassion," the man in the black suit said.

"Yeah... something like that," Reg answered.

"Did they give anything to either you or Mister Chandler?"

"No. They just gave that coin or whatever it was to Glen."

"Very good. Now, who have you talked to besides us about this incident?"

Reg thought for a moment. "Well, I was chatting with a bunch of folks online last night. I told them about it," he said.

"Some of 'em thought I was crazy. It's hard to find many folks with an open mind these days. The government lies so much that we can't believe anything, so most people don't trust much of anything they hear. But some of 'em believed me. This one woman in Ohio, she said she's been abducted lots of times, so she knows the truth. She said the government always covers up things like this. They've been doing it since Roswell, back in forty-seven."

"Yes... we meet people like her occasionally," Agent Barker said. "Now, Mr. Watkins, you love your country, don't you?"

"Damn right I do," Reg answered, straightening his back.

"And you wouldn't want sensitive information like this to be discovered by our enemies, would you?" Agent Barker said.

"No, of course not," Reg affirmed.

"If you could just look this way, Mr. Barker..."

Reg was surprised to hear Agent Bender speak. It was the first time the ashen man in the suit identical to his partner's had spoken since the two men had arrived. Reg looked across the table at him, watching him retrieve something from the inside pocket of his suit coat. At first Reg thought it was a pen, until the blinding green laser-like beam shone from it into his eyes.

###

When Reg woke up he was alone and his kitchen was dark. He looked up and saw the moon shining through the window above the sink. He got up and turned a light on, then looked at the clock on the wall. It was almost midnight. Reg had a throbbing headache and concluded that he must have spent too much time in the sun that afternoon. He went to the fridge and took a can of beer from the top shelf. He pulled at the tab then took a sip.

Reg wandered in to his living room and sat down at his computer desk. He nursed his Budweiser while he waited for his computer to boot up. As he stared at the screen of his monitor Reg recalled a dream he thought he had while asleep at his kitchen table. Reg seldom recalled dreams and it was even less common for them to be in colour, but this was more vivid than most. Although only fragments flashed through his mind he remembered scenes of himself, Glen and Jessie drinking beer in a field and talking with two dwarves. Then he saw himself in his kitchen, talking with Jake and Elwood Blues.

Reg chuckled to himself, amused by the absurdity of his dream. He clicked on the Bookmark for the Patriots' Refuge website. Seconds later his web browser displayed a page indicating that the webpage could not be displayed. Reg let out a quiet curse, then clicked on the Refresh icon. Still the page would not load.

Reg gulped down the rest of his beer, then turned his computer off. He checked the time on his watch. The beer had helped to ease his headache and made him sleepy. Reg decided to go to bed. He had work in the morning and needed rest.

As Reg slipped into bed he hoped that he would not have any more strange dreams that night.

How Does Your Garden Grow?

Brian Eggert sped up the driveway in his mother's black Jetta. She had sent him to a nearby garden supply shop to buy her a bag of peat moss so she could transplant some flowers she had bought the day before. Why anyone could enjoy gardening, let alone on a sweltering August afternoon, was more than Brian could fathom. Still, his mother, Lynn, seemed to enjoy it and he was more than happy to oblige her by running the errand.

Brian lifted the twenty-pound bag from the back seat of the car and carried it towards the house. To his left running along the cement walkway leading to the steps of the house was a strip of ground about eight feet long and two feet wide that his mother had torn up where she planned to plant the flowers.

"Where do you want this, mom?" Brian asked, setting the bag down at his feet.

"There is fine. Thanks, honey." Lynn replied, not looking up from the ground.

Lynn was kneeling on the edge of the grass, busy cultivating the soil and removing any clumps of sod and rocks left behind. She was wearing a burgundy tank top and navy blue shorts. Her light brown hair was in a pony tail and it hung down about six inches past her shoulders. Atop her head was a grey baseball cap. To her right were five trays filled with small plants of assorted varieties and colors.

Brian stood beside his mother, watching her prepare the soil. Her firm ass filled out her tight shorts and Brian admired it's curves as his cock hardened. She was tanned from the time she had been spending outside that summer and Brian tried to imagine how her skin would feel if he were to run his hand up her bare thighs. His cock was pushing out from his tight shorts and he was glad that she had her back to him.

"Can I give you a hand, mom?"

"No, but I'd love a glass of water." Lynn replied.

Brian went inside and poured his mother a glass of water from a container she kept in the fridge. Stepping back out on the porch Brian paused and watched his mother. She seemed quite happy toiling in her garden but Brian wondered just how happy she honestly was.

Just over two years ago Brian's father, Gary, had died. Murdered, actually. He had gone out one night to rent a DVD at a store downtown and was the victim of a car jacking. Instead of complying with the stranger's demand and handing him the keys Gary fought with him. The man had pulled a knife and stabbed Gary twice before speeding off in his car. Gary died on the way to the hospital.

Losing his father at the age of seventeen was traumatic for Brian but it was only later that he realized just how hard it was on his mother as well to be a widow at thirty-nine. She went into a depression that lasted nearly a year -- unable to be consoled by anyone.

Life seemed better now from Brian's perspective. He had enrolled in college the previous fall and was doing well. His mother worked as a librarian at the high school in town and was content with her job, or so she seemed. She especially liked having two months or more off during the summer, as well as breaks during Christmas and spring. Still Brian wondered if there was not something lacking in his mother's life. Although it took him a long time to accept it, he thought that eventually his mother would begin dating again, perhaps even get married. Yet she had not been on even one date since she lost her husband.

"Here's your water, mom." Brian said as he handed his mother the glass.

"Oh, thanks, honey." Lynn said. Her hands were dirty with soil but Brian noticed how delicate they were as her slender fingers curled around the glass.

Lynn gulped down the water as Brian stood there. Once the glass was empty she handed it back to her son. "Thanks, I really needed that!"

"Want some more?" he asked.

"No, thanks, that was enough." she told him with a warm smile as her brown eyes met his.

Brian noticed how her loose tank top rippled as her breasts swayed and jiggled in response to her movements. Her left nipple pushed out at her top and Brian appraised it's size as he stared. It looked thick and long, perfect for sucking on, he thought.

"You could open that bag for me if you want." Lynn said, gesturing to her left with her head.

Brian placed the empty glass on the cement walk then knelt down on the grass. He tore open the bag of peat moss then dragged it a few feet to his right so it was closer to his mother. Lynn began scooping some out with a small shovel and spreading it over the soil. As Lynn leaned over the bag Brian realized that he could see down the front of her tank top. Just as he had guessed, she was not wearing a bra. Her breasts were round and jiggled about inside her loose top. Brian's heart was pounding and his cock twitched with his pulse. His mother turned back to him and pushed her shovel deep into the bag to scoop up more of it's contents. This time Brian could see her right nipple. It was thick and brown, with a lighter ring surrounding it.

Lynn felt her son's green eyes on her and looked up. She instantly realized where his attention was focused and a rush of emotions surged in her.

Once Brian had entered his teenage years Lynn had waited for him to get a girlfriend. She had hoped he would find happiness after losing his father. Once he reached seventeen she wondered if maybe he was gay. At first the thought bothered her, then she told herself that he was her son and she would love him no matter what, as long as he was happy. Then she began to suspect something she found troubling.

It had began about one year ago. At first Lynn thought she was over-reacting or imagining things that were not there, but soon it became undeniable. It started with a few quick glances at her by Brian but soon his staring became more prolonged and obvious. Lynn realized that boys his age are preoccupied with sex, having grown up with a younger brother, but she had never expected to be the focus of her son's wanton desires. She wondered if she was to blame. Perhaps the clothes she wore enticed him she thought. Lynn began wearing looser tops and skirts in hopes her son would notice her less. One evening before going to bed Brian gave her a hug. She felt his right hand glide up her waist and brush the side of her left breast. Her clit immediately swelled and she found herself getting wet. It was at that moment that Lynn finally accepted two things: her son was growing bolder at acting on his sexual thoughts for her and she was enjoying it.

That night as she tried to fall asleep in her bedroom Lynn tried to think of other things. Work. Bills that were due. World politics. Nothing seemed to take her mind off of Brian. She could picture how he looked in his tight jeans and his strong arms as he hugged her. She recalled the feeling of his broad back as they embraced, how his sandy blond hair felt as he brushed her fingers over it and finally the touch of his fingers on her breast. As her hand slid inside her damp panties towards her wet pussy she wondered if Brian was indulging his lust for her down the hall as he lay in his bed.

Lynn bit the inside of her cheek as she continued planting the flowers, trying to tear her mind away from her forbidden thoughts about her son. He had moved closer to her and she pretended to not notice. A length of hair had worked loose from under her cap and hung down

over her eyes. Lynn straightened her back and attempted to blow it away with a strong breath from the corner of her mouth.

Brian reached his hand out to his mother and pinched her loose hair between his fingers and tucked it over her ear. His touch was gentle, almost tentative, and she felt his fingers graze her left cheek. It felt electric.

"Thanks." she said, her voice very quiet.

Brian smiled as he knelt beside her. Lynn's brown eyes drifted to her son's thighs. They were muscled, with coarse hairs. Further up she saw the shape of his stiff cock outlined in his tan shorts. She had not seen that part of him since he was a boy and wondered how much he had grown since then. A lot, she thought to herself, judging from what she saw. She recalled how well-built Brian's father was down there and assumed he must be as well. Lynn's pussy was wet and ready to accept his manhood, as if it was trying to over-ride her reluctance to cross that line between her and Brian.

"You should take a break. You look hot." he told her.

Lynn let out a nervous laugh as she wondered if her son's double entendre was intentional. "I'm okay." she assured him.

"More water?" he offered.

"That's okay, thanks," she said, then paused a moment as the corners of her mouth curled up to her flushed cheeks "you take good care of me. Thanks." She reached out and gave her son's hand a tender squeeze.

"Someone has to. I don't know if you always do." he told her.

"I do. Don't worry. This is fun for me."

"I love you, mom."

"I love you too." she replied as her eyes moved over his body.

Brian leaned closer to his mother. He placed his right hand on her back and placed a soft kiss on her left cheek. His hand was rubbing her sore back and it felt good. She wished he would continue.

"Maybe I will quit for today," she decided "I can always finish this tomorrow."

Brian gave his mother a pleased smile and stood up. He offered his hand to her. She reached out and Brian tugged her to her feet with a quick pull. Lynn was caught off-balance and nearly collided with him. Brian caught her by her hips and held her, their faces inches apart.

"I guess I'm getting clumsy in my old age." she joked.

"You're not old, mom," he asserted, his strong hands still gripping her curved hips.

"Sometimes I feel old." she lamented.

Brian gave her hips a hard squeeze, his fingertips straying onto her ass. "You don't feel old to me." he quipped.

"Oh stop it!" she laughed, giving his left arm a playful slap.

"OUCH!" Brian squealed, then shot his mother a devious grin.

Brian let go of Lynn's left hip and gave her ass a slap on the left cheek. It was firm and Lynn heard the sound her son's palm made as it made contact.

"Hey...!" Lynn cried out as her hand went to where her son had hit her. Her mouth was open wide in shock as she saw the bemused look on his face.

Brian let out a chuckle. "You started it."

"Well, that's enough. My back is already sore, no need to make my ass that way too." his mother said, sounding good-natured.

Lynn broke their embrace and began picking up the remaining trays of flowers to bring them onto the porch. Brian was standing behind her, his eyes glued to her backside as she bent over. Lynn raised her head and looked back to him, a tray in each hand.

"Are you going to stare at me or help me bring this stuff onto the porch?" she teased.

"How about both." he retorted as he picked up a tray of flowers and her garden tools.

"I'm going to take a shower. I'm filthy." Lynn announced later as they stood in the kitchen.

"Okay."

Lynn went to the fridge and brought out a bottle of wine that was three-quarters full. She poured herself a large glass then went upstairs.

The hot water was soothing as Lynn sat in the tub. She took a drink of wine then leaned back, closing her eyes and resting the glass on the side of the tub. She drew in a deep breath as she thought over what had happened earlier with her and Brian. They were definitely flirting she conceded to herself, then soon assuaged her guilt by convincing herself it was still harmless. Her right hand slid down her stomach into the water until her fingertips moved over her clit. It was hard and she pressed down on it, clenching her jaw so a moan didn't escape her mouth. She recalled the feeling of her son's hands on her and how his

hard cock looked in his shorts. As she pushed a finger deep in her pussy she imagined it was her son's thick cock.

Brian poured himself a glass of soda then sat out on the porch drinking it as he fantasized about his mother. He cupped his balls through his shorts and ran his fingers over the outline of his hard cock. He wished he could take it out there and stroke it.

When Brian brought his empty glass back into the kitchen he noticed the bottle of wine his mother had left on the counter. There was still some left in it and he grinned as he picked it up and dashed upstairs.

Brian rapping at the bathroom door jolted Lynn and she snatched her fingers from inside her pussy.

"You left your wine on the counter, mom."

"Just put it back in the fridge." she called to him from inside the bathroom.

"I have it with me. I thought you might want some more."

Her son's boldness thrilled Lynn. "I'm in the tub, Brian." she told him, hoping that would be enough to deter him.

Lynn knew better than to believe Brian, but the combination of the wine and her horniness made her want to continue the charade.

"Okay, just a second." she replied.

Lynn let go of the empty glass in her hand and pulled her knees up to her chest. She leaned over until she felt her breasts pressing on her thighs and gripped her calves.

"Okay... you can come in."

Lynn watched as her son pushed open the bathroom door and walked in. In his left hand was the bottle of wine. Next to that she saw the bulge in his shorts. He approached the tub and poured some wine into her glass. She looked up at him with a grin.

"If you weren't my son I'd think you were trying to get me drunk." she joked, although the thought still seemed plausible to her regardless of that fact.

"If you weren't my mother I would be." he retorted.

Brian looked down at his mother sitting in the tub. Her hair was shiny and wet. Beads of water ran down her tanned skin. Her curved back was narrow and appeared soft. Brian's eyes moved down her arms until they encountered the side of her left breast pressed to her thigh. If

only she would move slightly he could see her nipple he thought. Through the opaque water he could detect the shape of her round ass and thighs. His cock throbbed and he was sure that for a moment he detected her looking at it, or at least he hoped so.

"Not going to have any?" he asked, growing impatient for her to reach for the glass and uncover her body.

"Well, I can't with you here..." she explained, knowing he was taking advantage of her predicament.

Brian sat down on the edge of the tub. He picked the glass up and brought it to his mother's mouth. She looked up at him with a tentative expression then chuckled before parting her full lips. Brian tilted the glass for his mother to drink from it. He poured faster than she could drink and she snatched her head back as she struggled to swallow. Some wine dribbled from her mouth and down her chin leaving a red trail as it moved. Brian watched as it dripped onto her upper chest, running down towards her breasts. He placed the glass down on the tub next to him, then with his thumb he wiped his mother's chin.

"Thanks." she said with a smile as her eyes met his. Her voice was soft and low with arousal.

Brian looked down at his mother's upper chest and saw several beads of wine trickling down towards her cleavage. He reached down and placed the length of his index finger on her chest six inches or more below her collar bones and slowly ran it up over her smooth wet skin, wiping the wine from her. Lynn leaned back a bit and looked down,

watching her son's finger move up her bare chest. She wanted to let go of her legs and lay back to show herself to him but fought the urge.

"More?" he asked, holding the glass up and wagging it. The wine sloshed about inside.

Lynn was too horny to speak. All she could do was nod, eager to continue their erotic game.

Brian made sure he poured faster than his mother could drink, hoping to repeat what had happened. When her mouth was full Lynn grunted and pulled back, allowing some wine to run from her ruby lips. She and Brian both looked down as the wine ran down her chin and dripped on her chest. He waited longer before wiping it this time, allowing it to reach the top of her left breast.

Brian eased his right hand down until he could feel the backs of his fingers press into his mother's breast. It was firm, yet her skin was silky. Her breast moved as he pressed on it. He paused for a moment before running his hand back up towards her neck. He brought it to his mouth and licked his fingers while she watched, astonished.

"You touched my boob..." Her voice was gentle, sexy, and she sounded as shocked as she was. She looked at her son who had a pleased look on his face.

The glass was empty and Brian put it down beside him. His mother had relaxed some and he could see a bit more of her cleavage, although not as much as he had down her tank top.

"I bet it's not the first time." he told her.

"What?" His question confused her.

"When I was a baby -- didn't I touch them when you fed me?"

Lynn giggled as his question brought back memories. "Yes. Even when I wasn't you were always reaching out to them," then she paused a moment "but they were a lot bigger then, so I guess they were in your way when I held you."

"How much bigger?" he asked.

"They ended up growing to a D-cup."

"Wow..." he hissed.

Lynn laughed at her son's reaction. "You might think that, but I'm glad they never stayed that big."

Lynn jerked her head back and her eyes grew wide. "How'd you know that?"

"Just a guess."

"A good one." she told him.

More of the side of Lynn's left breast was exposed now. Brian looked at it, captivated by its shape and size. With his right hand he reached out and ran his fingertips up it, stroking it and pressing in to it. His mother's breast yielded to his touch and moved about some. It felt heavy as he slipped his fingers under it and pushed it up.

Lynn bit her bottom lip as her son stroked her tender skin. He should not be touching her there she knew, but was too overcome by arousal to stop him. She pressed her thighs tighter together, enjoying the pressure on her clit it caused. When she felt his finger graze her hard nipple she knew that if she didn't stop him then that the situation would soon escalate far beyond what she was ready for.

"Okay... that's enough, Brian." her eyes narrowed as they met his.

Brian eased his hand away from his mother's body and rested it on his thigh.

"Okay. Time for you to leave. I have to finish my bath and get dressed." his mother told him.

Brian did not want to leave but knew he had better not try to pursue things with her further than he had already -- at least not now. He picked up the empty glass and wine bottle then stood up, looking down into her eyes. She was inspecting the tent in his shorts with a dreamy smile. Brian paused for a moment, making sure she got a good look at his package, then turned to leave.

Lynn waited for the sound of the door clicking shut before she let go of her legs and leaned back in the tub. Her left hand immediately went to her breast where her son's had been earlier and she tugged at her nipple. She rubbed her clit until she came in a series of waves that washed over her then got out of the tub.

The terrycloth robe Lynn wore felt good on her skin as she looked through her closet for something to wear. She was still horny and wanted to lie on her bed and play with herself but she feared that if she took too long Brian would come looking for her. She slipped on a fresh pair of panties, pulling them tight against her wet lips and ran her fingers down over her mound. She brought a knee-length dress out of her closet and held it up. It was white with tiny yellow and pink flowers and a row of buttons down the front. As she put it on she decided to forgo wearing a bra, wondering how long it would take for her son to notice, or if he would comment. She left the top two buttons undone, knowing it showed enough cleavage to get Brian's attention.

As Lynn descended the stairs she felt her breasts bouncing. She stopped at the landing and cupped them through her dress, rubbing her nipples with her thumbs until they swelled to their full size.

Brian was at the table with a sandwich and a glass of milk when she entered the kitchen. He looked up towards her, his eyes meeting her chest.

"What are you having?" she asked.

"Some ham I found in the fridge." he answered.

"That sounds good," she said "it's too hot to eat much."

Brian took another bite of his sandwich and glanced at his mother as she searched through the fridge. Her breasts swayed as she reached inside for some mustard and her dress clung to her ass. The sun shining from the door behind her streamed in, making her dress translucent. Brian could see the silhouette of most of her body through it.

As Lynn made herself a sandwich Brian finished eating, not wanting to be too obvious or drive her away with his lusty advances.

Lynn was hungry and quickly devoured her sandwich and glass of milk. She deposited her plate and glass in the sink then went and sat on the porch. The air was cooling off as evening approached and she was glad. She was pleased with how her flower bed looked and

contemplated what else to do with it the next day. About ten minutes later the door opened and Brian came out and sat beside her.

"The flowers look nice." he told her.

"Yeah, they do, but I thought you didn't care about that sort of stuff."

"Not really." he said.

"Just like your dad." she said with a bittersweet laugh.

It seemed to Brian that his mother seldom mentioned his father anymore and he was surprised by her comparison. He looked at the sad look on her face as she stared straight ahead.

"I miss him too," Brian said, his voice shaky "I always will."

Lynn nodded, fighting back tears welling in her eyes.

Brian wanted to give his mother a hug to try to console her, but after what had happened in the bathroom he was afraid she would misconstrue his intentions. Instead he watched her, feeling helpless.

Lynn wiped her eyes and looked at her son. She saw the pained expression on his face and slid closer to him then leaned on his shoulder. Following her lead Brian put his left arm around her shoulder

and held her to him. She placed her hand on his leg just above his knee and rubbed her thumb over his skin. A few tears ran down her cheeks and Brian brushed them away with his right thumb. His mother smiled at him and sighed.

"This time it's not wine." he said, hoping to lighten the mood.

"And it's not on my boob." said with a nervous laugh.

"I'm sorry about that," he said "I got carried away."

"So did I," she replied "but it's okay."

Brian's eyes fell into the opening of his mother's dress. Her breasts rose and fell with her breathing. Lynn felt arousal build in her once more as her son peered down the front of her dress. She put her right arm around his shoulder as her way of letting him know his attention was wanted. His back felt firm and she ran her hand up and down it.

"You know what?" she said.

"What?" Brian asked, finally looking up to her face.

"You're the first guy to touch me there since your father."

Brian let his mother's revelation sink in for a moment, then he smiled. "I bet a lot of guys want to though."

Lynn's laugh rang out. "I'm not so sure about that."

"I know I shouldn't say this," he began "but I guess we can be more honest now. You've got really nice ones, mom."

"Thanks... I guess." she replied.

"You guess?"

"Well, how should a mother respond to a compliment like that from her own son anyway?"

Brian shrugged and the corner of his mouth turned up. "I don't know, but you do. You're a babe!"

Lynn smiled, amused by her son's choice of words. "Having nice boobs makes me a babe, does it?"

"No, it's more than that," he elaborated "all of you looks great -- head to toe. You don't see me staring at your butt because you don't have eyes in the back of your head."

"Sorry."

"It's okay. The hot bath made it feel better." she joked.

Brian slid his hand down his mother's back over her left hip to her ass. He gave her cheek a hard squeeze, feeling her flesh mould to his hand. "It does feel nice." he told her.

Lynn smirked but did not tell him to move his hand from where it was. His caress had caused her dress to move up so more of her thighs were uncovered. Brian looked down at them, wondering if she would let him feel them too, but afraid to try.

"Your legs are so smooth." he said, sounding amazed.

"I shaved when I had my bath." she explained.

"Just your legs?" he prodded.

Lynn let out a shy giggle. "No." she whispered, avoiding his eyes.

"Mmmm..." Brian moaned as he gave a blatant stare down towards her lap.

"Oh, be good." she exhorted, giving his shoulders a gentle shake.

Brian and his mother lost track of time as they discussed a variety of things, avoiding any sexual topics as they sat on the porch arm in arm the rest of the evening. Eventually the sky grew darker, telling them night was approaching. It was becoming cool and Brian noticed how hard his mother's nipples were but was unsure if it was from the night air or arousal.

"Are you cold?" he asked.

"A little."

"I thought so. You look it." he said.

Lynn looked down at the front of her dress. She smiled then her eyes moved up to her son's.

"Let's go in then." he told his mother.

Brian let go of his mother and stood up. He extended his hand to her and she gripped it for him to help her to her feet. Brian tugged her inside and closed the door behind them.

"It was getting chilly." Lynn said as she crossed her arms and rubbed her hands over them.

Brian approached his mother and put his arms around her waist. He drew her to him and ran his hands over her back and down her arms, warming her. Lynn felt herself getting wetter as her son's hands roamed over her. She could feel his hard cock pressing into her stomach as he held her and it sent a surge of excitement from her chest down to her clit. Her hands were on his waist and she eased herself closer so she could feel it better.

"I'm going to have a snack before I go to bed." she said, easing away from her son.

Brian sat down and watched his mother prepare herself a sandwich. Once she was finished she joined him at the table to eat.

"The news will be on soon." Lynn told her son as she checked the wall clock.

Brian followed his mother into the living room and sat next to her on the couch. She pointed the remote at the tv then tossed it on the coffee table before settling back. She crossed her legs, taking a subtle glance down to see how much thigh she was showing. Just enough, she thought to herself, then folded her arms on her lap.

Little was said between Brian and Lynn while they watched the news broadcast, save for the occasional comment about recent politics. Lynn was a staunch Republican and her blood boiled when she heard Democrats criticize the president.

"Nothing seems to change," Lynn commented once the news had finished "same crap every day."

Brian nodded as he twisted his body around to face his mother. He had forced himself to concentrate on the television while the news were on, but just her presence was giving him an erection, although he tried his best to hide it with his arms on his lap.

"I'm going to turn in early. I want to get a start on the garden tomorrow morning before it gets too hot." she told her son.

"Wake me up when you get up and I'll give you a hand." he said.

"That's okay. You don't have to." she told Brian.

"I don't mind though."

Lynn never tried to talk Brian out of his offer. She deduced that his reason for wanting to get up was as much to spend time with her as it was to help her, which excited her.

"Okay, I will." she said.

left thigh up her dress. Her clit distracted her and she was in a hurry to get to the privacy of her bedroom.

"Well, have a good night." she said, feeling awkward because of the sexually charged air.

"Night, mom."

Brian stretched his arms out towards his mother to give her a hug. Lynn leaned closer and put her arms around his upper back, feeling his hands slide down to her ass. Brian brushed her hair from her face and gave her left cheek a soft kiss. His whiskers were rough and she noticed how he smelled. It reminded her of how his father smelled and she liked it.

"See you in the morning." Lynn said as she stood up.

Brian listened to the sounds of his mother getting ready for bed, then waited a half hour until he thought she would be asleep before going upstairs. Standing beside his bed he got undressed in the dark. He tossed his t-shirt aside then undid his shorts. He pulled them and his boxers off, leaving them beside his bed. His hand moved down to his hard cock and he began stroking it as he thought about his mother.

When Lynn woke the next morning her room smelled musky. Her pussy was still wet and tender from her fingers the night before. Sitting naked on the edge of her bed she ran her fingers through her hair, wondering what to wear that day. She wanted clothes that accentuated

her body but nothing so obvious that Brian would suspect she was trying to entice him -- not that it would take much effort, she thought.

Lynn searched through a drawer and pulled out a pair of black panties she thought were very sexy. Brian would not see them she knew but it made her feel attractive. The shorts she had worn the day before were on the floor where she had left them before getting into bed. She would only get another pair dirty so she decided to wear the same ones again. She shook them off and pulled them up. Lynn ran her hands over her ass, trying to gauge how it must look in the tight shorts.

After searching for a few minutes Lynn decided on a pale blue tank top with thin straps and a straight neckline that left her upper chest and shoulder blades bare. She pulled the top on then stood before the mirror to see how it looked. It was tighter than she remembered and clung to her breasts, highlighting their shape and size. Lynn leaned over as she looked at her reflection. She was relieved that her nipples could not be seen, but still a good amount of her breasts were visible.

Lynn went to use the bathroom and gave her face a quick rinse before she woke her son. She walked down towards Brian's room and gave a few light raps at the door before opening it and poking her head inside. Brian was still asleep with his back to her. The sheet over him was around his waist and she stared at his bare skin. Lynn stepped over to her son's bed. She saw his boxers on the floor next to his shorts and wondered if he was naked under the sheet.

"Brian... time to wake up, honey."

Brian groaned and rolled over on his back. He looked up at his mother and a smile formed on his face.

"You said to wake you up this morning." she reminded him.

"Yeah... what time is it?" he mumbled.

"Just past eight," she informed him "I want to have a quick breakfast so don't rush."

Brian ran his hands through his hair and sat on the edge of the bed. Lynn noticed how he was careful to bunch the sheet on his lap and concluded that she was right about him being naked.

"I have to get up, mom." he said, trying to prompt her to leave.

"I'm not stopping you." she teased.

"But I need to get dressed." he insisted.

Lynn laughed. "So now you know how I felt in the tub yesterday when you were waiting for me to reach for the glass. Revenge is sweet."

Brian nodded. "I guess." he said, sounding irritated.

"Okay, I'll leave you alone." his mother relented. She walked to the door.

"Thanks." he told her, trying to sound more pleasant.

Once his mother had left Brian began getting dressed. His cock was already hard and he knew it probably would be most of that day. He put his boxers and shorts on and chose a t-shirt to wear then went downstairs.

His mother was eating a grapefruit and some toast when Brian entered the kitchen. He poured a glass of juice and sat down adjacent to her.

"It's going to be another hot day." she said.

Brian grunted as he drank his juice.

Lynn placed her dirty plates in the sink, making a mental note that she would have to do dishes later, then waited for her son to finish his juice.

"All ready?" she asked once his glass was empty.

"Yup." he said as he followed her to the door.

Brian picked up the trays of flowers and brought them down to where the others were planted. Lynn dropped her gardening tools on the lawn and knelt down. Brian knelt beside his mother and observed.

There were fewer plants remaining than Lynn had planted the day before so it did not take her long. Brian tried to be helpful but in reality there was little for him to do. He spent most of the time ogling his mother's ass and her breasts under her tight top.

"God, it's hot." Lynn exclaimed once she had planted the last of the flowers.

Lynn stood up and wiped her right forearm across her brow and sighed.

"Okay, here's what you can do," she told her son "go get the hose and water these for me."

Brian walked around to the other side of the porch where the garden hose was. He turned the tap on then drug the house to the flowers by the nozzle. His mother was standing beside her new garden with her hands on her hips, watching him approach. Brian focused on how her full breasts looked as her top clung to them. His cock was throbbing.

As his mother watched Brian gave the flowers a good soaking with the hose. It wasn't until the ground began to turn muddy that she told him to stop. Brian loosened his grip on the nozzle and looked up at his

mother. Her nipples pointed towards him through her top. Brian gave her a devious grin and aimed the nozzle at her chest.

"Don't you dare!" Lynn told her son with a smile, but before she got all of the words out water was hitting her.

Lynn squealed as she charged towards her son, trying to shield the stream of water from the hose with her hands. Brian ran backwards, laughing as he watched his mother's top and shorts become soaked. He could tell from her playful expression that she was not angry as she chased him. Soon Lynn's clothes were dripping wet and she knew it was now pointless to resist anymore. She could only get so wet.

"Okay... okay... I give up." she called out, stopping to catch her breath.

Brian dropped the nozzle of the hose and walked over to his mother. Her top looked as though it was painted on her. Lynn looked down at herself, noticing how her soaked top clung to her breasts. She felt vulnerable, as if she were naked before her son. His erection tented the front of his shorts and her clit jumped.

"You should enter a wet t-shirt contest." he teased.

"How do you think I'd do?" she asked.

"I bet you'd win."

"You're biased because you're my son."

"All the more reason why I shouldn't think that then."

Lynn nodded, feeling a pang of guilt.

Brian noticed the change in his mother's expression and realized the cause of it. It made him feel guilty because he was just as culpable. He stepped closer and placed his hands on her hips, smiling at her. He slid his arms around her back and pulled her to him.

"I'm all wet." she reminded him.

"It's my fault," he said "maybe all of this is."

Lynn pulled away and gave him a serious look. "No. Don't you think that."

Brian nodded and mumbled something, then brought his mother to him again. Her stomach pressed against his erection and she moved her hips a bit, enjoying the feeling of his hard cock.

"My little boy's not so little anymore." she whispered into his ear, her warm breath washing over his neck.

Brian took his mother by her right wrist and drew her hand down. He placed it on his cock through his shorts, pressing on the back of her hand. She rubbed it then gave it a squeeze.

"You're thick..." she said in a hushed voice as she rubbed her palm over his shaft.

"Was dad?"

"Yes. You must take after him."

"A few nights I could hear you guys... well, you mostly. I thought you were doing it."

Lynn blushed and tilted her head down. She removed her hand from her son's crotch and placed it back on his hip.

"We should go inside in case someone sees us. I need to get changed."

Brian followed his mother inside to the kitchen.

"I'll be right back, as soon as I change." she told him.

"I like what you're wearing now." Brian told her.

Lynn turned her back to her son and pulled her top off one deft motion. She covered her breasts with her left arm as best she could then turned around and tossed him her wet top. Before Brian could react she raced up to her room.

Brian locked the back door to prevent any interruptions then quietly crept up to his mother's bedroom. He pulled his t-shirt off as he walked and dropped it to the floor. His mother's door was ajar and he pushed it open.

Lynn was looking through her closet wearing only her panties when she heard her bedroom door open. She gasped when she saw her son in the door way.

"Brian..." she blurted out, crossing her arms over her chest.

Brian stepped up to her and placed his hands on her waist. Her skin was still damp from her clothes. He slid his right hand over her ass, pulling her to him. Her forearms pressed on his chest and she had a look of shock on her face.

"It's okay, mom. I love you. Just relax."

Brian ran his hands over his mother's back, caressing her. He pushed his thigh between hers and tugged at her hips to him until he felt her damp panties on his leg. Holding her by her ass he began moving her so her pussy rubbed up and down his thigh. He could feel it's wetness

through her thin panties and knew she was ready for him, at least physically. Her mind needed to catch up with her body still.

Lynn felt all doubts and worried fade as her son continued to manipulate her body. She relaxed her arms and placed her palms on his shoulders. Her nipples brushed over his chest and his hair made them swell even more.

Soon Lynn was rocking her hips without any help from her son. She gripped his shoulders and rubbed herself over his hairy thigh.

"How much did you shave down there?" Brian asked in a husky voice.

"Not all of it." she breathed.

"Show me."

Lynn stopped moving and gave her son a nervous look. Brian took his mother by her left hand and brought her over to her bed. Sitting on the edge he moved her so she was standing between his parted knees. He tugged at her panties, sliding them down over her hips until they were half-way to her knees. He ran his hands up her thighs and over her ass while he stared at the thin strip of dark hair trailing down to her glistening lips. He bent down and ran his tongue over them.

Lynn moaned when she felt her son's tongue on the most intimate part of her body, pressing and prodding. She gripped his firm shoulders harder.

"You taste good, mom."

Lynn gave her son a relieved smile.

Standing up, Brian undid his shorts and slid them and his boxers down then stepped out of them. The swollen head of his cock brushed over his mother as his cock reached out to her. She looked down, admiring it's shape and girth.

"Touch it." he told her, his hands on his hips.

Lynn's hand trembled as she reached for her son's twitching cock. She placed her palm on the underside then curled her fingers around it, giving it a gentle squeeze. It was hot and she felt it throb in her hand. Brian gave his hips a slow thrust forward, pushing his cock in her fist. Lynn watched with delight as his shaft moved in her slender hand.

"Come here." Brian told his mother as he climbed on her bed. He gave her hand a gentle tug to encourage her.

Lynn laid on her bed, looking up at her son kneeling over her. She could feel her juice running down towards her ass. His shaft bounced and his heavy balls swayed as he moved between her open legs. Pressing on

the insides of her knees he spread her thighs wider, staring down at her waiting pussy.

As her son entered her Lynn cried out and raised her hips. It had been so long since she had been filled by anything besides her fingers that the feeling of his cock moving in her was almost overwhelming. She clutched his arms and wrapped her legs around him, urging him deeper into her.

"Harder..." she breathed in his ear.

Brian pumped his hips faster at his mother's command, feeling his balls slap against her. Her eyes were closed and she moaned as Brian's cock moved in and out of her. She was gripping his cock tighter as she got closer.

"Oh god... oh god, Brian..." she cried out as her back arched.

Watching his mother orgasm under him was enough to send Brian over the edge. He pulled his cock from her seconds before releasing his first stream of cum. It burst from his cock and splashed over her breasts. Two more followed, spraying up her quivering stomach.

Brian moved off of his mother and lay down beside her. He spread his cum around her nipples then traced his finger over her lips. She sucked it into her mouth, tasting his hot seed.

"Thanks." she said with a smile.

"For what?" Brian asked.

"Taking care of my garden."

How I Spent My Summer Vacation

"Okay, times up!" Professor Oldham told the class as he walked around the room.

Michael Jenkins finished the last sentence he was writing for his last exam of the year then set his pen down on his desk and raised his head. He gave a satisfied smile knowing he had done well on his English final and could enjoy his summer break without worrying about his grade point average. Michael gathered his things up from his desk and threw his backpack over his shoulder then walked down to the front of the room to hand in his exam. Michael left the classroom and headed back to the dorm where he opened a beer and relaxed. He knew he had to finish packing because tomorrow his father would arrive to pick him up, but for now he wanted to forget about everything. He felt smug knowing he'd done well in all of his exams. That night he slept well for the first time in weeks without the pressure of exams on his mind.

The next morning around 11:30 his father arrived to take him home. Michael said good-bye to the remaining students on his floor then helped his father load the car with his suitcases and boxes of books and other things. It was mid-afternoon by the time they arrived home. Michael was glad to get out of the car and walk around. He and his father began unloading his things and he carried them up to his room.

"Where's Lori?" he asked his mother after he greeted her and took a quick look around the house.

"She's still at work, then she said she's going out with friends tonight. Some sort of bachelorette party for a co-worker." his mother explained.

One of the main reasons why Michael was looking forward to finishing school was to be able to get home and spend the summer with his sister. Michael hadn't seen her since spring break and he missed her very much. What he would never admit to anyone was that his sister for a few years now had fueled many of his fantasies. Lori was 22, nearly three years older than him, and every guy who knew her found her very sexy. She was slightly under 5'5 with short black hair and blue eyes that no one could help but stare into, especially when she smiled. They just sparkled.

Michael stayed up after supper watching tv with his parents and filling them in on how school went, then around 10:30 he told them he was going to go to bed. It had been a busy day for him and he was tired. He went up to his room and got undressed then went to bed and was soon asleep. Close to three hours later he heard a light rapping at his door and someone calling his name. He turned on the lamp on the nightstand and answered.

"Mike, it's me, can I come in?" Lori asked.

"Sure." he answered as he sat up in bed.

Michael watched his sister as she walked into his room and stood by the bed. She was wearing a pair of black slacks and a plain white blouse. Her brownish-blond hair was pulled back in a ponytail. She smiled at him and ran her eyes down his bare chest as he sat in the bed.

"I'm sorry to wake you up, but I just got in and was anxious to see you." she said.

"That's ok. It's good to see you again too." he said as he squinted while his eyes adjusted to the light.

"I don't want to keep you up. I just wanted to come in and say 'hi'." she said.

"It's ok. I can sleep-in tomorrow. We haven't talked in ages." he said as he stared at her.

"How about I go change and come back and we can talk a while? You can tell me all about how school went." she said.

"That sounds good." he said.

When Lori returned a short while later she was only wearing a man's white dress shirt that she'd taken from her boyfriend and usually slept in. It was large for her, but still only came down slightly past her hips. She had only buttoned it up halfway and Michael could see her round breasts jiggle slightly under it as she walked.

"Scoot over." she said as she walked over to the bed.

Michael moved over as much as he could and his sister lifted the sheet and slid in next to him. He wasn't expecting her to do this and was both excited and nervous as he watched his sister crawl into his bed. Lori moved closer so her shoulder was against his and he could feel her bare thigh rubbing against his.

"Got enough room? My big butt takes up a lot of space." she said with a faint laugh.

Michael laughed and ran his eyes down his sister's body.

"Seriously, Mike. Have I gotten fat since the last time you saw me? I went on the pill a few months ago and I think it's made me gain weight." she asked as she glanced down at herself then to her brother.

"You're not fat, Lori." he said.

"Look at this." she said as she pulled her shirt up to expose her stomach
"Does that look fat to you?"

Michael looked down at his sister's slightly rounded stomach as she slid the sheet down to her hips.

"You're not fat, Lori, trust me." he said as he smiled at her feeling nervous.

Lori watched as her brother continued to stare at her stomach and curve of her hips. He looked up and smiled at her, and she took his hand in hers and placed it on her stomach and began to slowly move it around. She gave him a sexy smile as he continued rubbing his hand over her slightly rounded stomach.

"That feels nice, Mike." she said as she slid down on the bed and layed next to her brother.

Michael slipped his hand down over his sister's right hip and was surprised to not feel any panties.

"You're not wearing panties..." he said as he looked up at her and moved his hand back up to her stomach.

"Nope. I hardly ever do when I sleep. No bra either. It feels sexy." she said with a laugh as she looked down and briefly cupped her breasts in her hands.

Michael blushed and removed his hand from his sister. "Well, I guessed that part." he said, and laughed slightly.

"What part." she asked.

"No bra." he said as he felt his face get red and his cock harden.

"Were you staring at my boobs, little brother?!" she said as her eyes narrowed and she glared at him in mock anger.

"No, I wasn't! I just sort of assumed that when you got ready for bed you..." he began blurting out, but his sister interrupted him.

"It's ok, Mike. I was just teasing you. I'm not angry." she said.

"Oh, ok." he said, feeling very relieved.

Lori looked up at her brother crouched over her and felt her clit begin to throb. Her pussy was getting wet as she looked into his dark eyes. Her eyes roamed over his shoulders down his arms and she reached out and ran her hand over his left arm. She took his hand in hers and placed it on her stomach again and fumbled with his fingers, moving them over her soft skin. Not a word was said as Lori slowly moved her brother's hand over her stomach down to her hips and back up again. Michael was afraid to say anything for fear she would remove his hand, so he just stared down at her lying next to him. He felt his fingers slide down her thin strip of dark hair, then over her wet lips. He gasped sharply in surprise and looked up at his sister's face. Her eyes were closed and she was smiling. Lori parted her legs and moved her brother's hand down over her wet pussy then back up and pressed his fingers against her hard clit as she lifted up slightly off the bed and let out a soft moan. Michael continued to rub his fingers over his sister's clit. She released his hand and reached up and unbuttoned her shirt completely and opened it.

"Wow..." Michael said as he stared at his sister's breasts. They were bigger than he had imagined, capped with pinkish-brown nipples that were very hard.

"You were looking at them earlier, weren't you?" she asked him.

"Ya... when you walked over here. I could see them move under your shirt." her brother said as he stared.

"You stare at them a lot, don't you, Mike?" she said as she rubbed his back.

"I guess... quite a bit." he said, embarrassed at his admission.

"Wanna know something?" she said, grinning.

"What?" her brother asked.

"Sometimes I catch dad looking at them too. He gets all embarrassed when I look at him and smile 'cause he knows I can tell." she said laughing.

"Really? Dad?!" he said, shocked at what his sister had just told him.

"Okay. But doesn't that sort of weird you out when he looks at them?" Michael said as he continued to move his eyes over his sister's body.

"Nah, it makes me feel naughty to know I turn him on. I don't mind at all." she said as she reached up and rubbed her nipples and smiled at her brother.

"You can play with them if you want. It's ok, Mike."

"Really?" he said.

"Well... ya!" his sister said with a laugh "I wouldn't show them to you if I wasn't going to let you play with them."

Michael reached out and squeezed his sister's left breast in his hand. It felt firm and big, and he ran his palm over it, feeling her hard nipple. Lori closed her eyes and arched her back as her brother's hand ran over her. She glided her hand up his back to his neck and pulled his head down so he could suck on her nipple. He swirled his tongue around it then took it between his wet lips and sucked hard, gently pinching it between his teeth. As Michael sucked on his sister's nipple he reached over and held her right breast in his hand. He squeezed it and pinched her nipple between his fingers and gave it a tug. Lori moaned and held him closer.

"Lori...!" her brother said in a mixture of surprise and embarrassment.

"I think about you sometimes." she said.

"Really?" her brother said as he looked into her blue eyes.

"Really -- I do." she said, suddenly embarrassed over her admission.

"What... what do you think about?" he asked.

Lori laughed. "Do you really want to know?" she asked.

"Ya, of course!" Michael said.

Lori smiled and sat up in the bed and rested her back against the headboard and opened her shirt more as her brother stared at her.

"C'mere." she said as she held her arms out and brought her brother's back against her chest. Lori bent her right leg and spread it wide then drew her brother's hand down to her wet pussy and slid his fingers over it. She could feel her juice starting to run all the way down her.

"Play with my pussy while I tell you." she whispered in his ear.

Michael slid his hand down his sister's wet lips. They felt full and opened for him as she spread her legs more. He could feel her hard clit against his fingertip and he pressed down on it. His finger soon got wet and he slipped it in her slightly then moved it back up to her clit and rubbed it harder. Lori moaned and rested her chin on his shoulder.

"What did you think about when you thought of me?" he asked as he rubbed her.

Lori caught her breath and began...

"Sometimes... sometimes I'd think of you coming home for Christmas or spring break from school... we'd stay up late talking and watching tv after mom and dad went to bed... I'd catch you staring... at my tits... I'd flash you, then let you play with them while I sucked you." she said.

"Really?" he said as he glanced back and continued to rub his sister.

"I've always thought it would be really hot for us to mess-around, but I never knew how to start it, or never dared to." she said as she ran her hand down inside her brother's underwear and felt the base of his hard cock.

Michael jumped as he felt his sister's hand on his cock and he squeezed her pussy.

"Let me play with it, Mike." she whispered in his ear.

Michael said nothing while his sister slid her hand further down and grasped his hard cock in her hand. She squeezed the base of it, then slowly ran her hand down to the head as she slowly licked his ear as she cupped his balls.

"You feel so good, Mike." she breathed into his ear "Pull your underwear down."

Michael lifted up off the bed and hauled his underwear down past his knees then ran his hand back up his sister's thigh to her pussy and continued to rub it. Lori ran her hand over her brother's balls and cupped them, then slid her fingers up the underside of his shaft to the head, teasing it with her finger. Michael moaned as she ran her fingertip over the slit, then squeezed his cock and began stroking.

"God, you're so hard, Mike!" she said as she rested her chin on his shoulder and continued to rub his cock.

Lori didn't want her brother to cum too quick so she slowed down -- removing her hand and touching the head with her fingers before resuming her long strokes of it. She did that for as long as she could until she felt his body tense and his cock twitch as he shot a huge load of hot cum over his chest and belly. Some of it ran down Lori's fingers and she spread it over her brother's cock and continued to stroke it until he got soft.

Lori slid from behind him and he layed down. She pulled the sheet down to his knees to look at his cum running down him. She bent down and ran her tongue over his chest, tasting it.

"Mmmmm... you taste good, little brother." she said as she licked her lips.

Michael smiled then watched as his sister ran her finger through a puddle of his cum and smeared it over her left nipple. She smiled at him.

"Rub it over my tits." she said.

"What?" he asked.

"I want your cum on my tits. Rub it on them." she said as she layed down next to him on the bed.

Michael rubbed his hand over his belly, smearing his fingers with his cum, then slowly ran his hand over his sister's left breast. Her nipple was hard and he pinched it then continued to rub in circles.

"Next time I want you to cum on my tits." she said.

"Next time?" her brother said, looking up at her in surprise.

"Don't you want there to be a next time?" she said with a smirk.

"Of course! I just thought that..."

"That this was a one-time thing...?" she interjected.

"Ya, I guess." Michael said as he ran a finger over his sister's nipple.

"Are you kidding?!" she said with a laugh "I could do this every day with you if you wanted -- maybe more."

Michael gave a wide smile.

"Promise me something..." she said as she looked into his eyes.

"What?" he asked.

"That you won't jerk off for the rest of your summer break." Lori said.

Michael laughed. "I can't go that long!"

"No, silly!" Lori said as she playfully slapped her brother's arm "What I meant is that from now on I want to make you cum. Save it for me, will you? We can do it together."

"Are you serious?" her brother asked, not quite sure if he should believe her.

"Of course I'm serious!" she said with a laugh "I loved what we just did, and I'd like to do it some more -- a lot more."

"Wow, Lori... ya... I dunno... we could get in a lot of trouble if we get caught." Michael said as he sat up and stared at her.

"Don't worry, we won't get caught." she said with a smile.

Michael watched as his sister ran her fingers over her breasts -- wiping his semen from them and licking her fingers. She looked up and saw him staring and smiled then laughed.

"What?" she said.

"You really like my cum?" he asked.

"I love it." Lori said, resting her head on her brother's chest "Next time I want you to shoot in my mouth so I can taste it all."

"I don't know, Lori. Let's not get carried away. What we just did was one thing, but... but... what you're talking about is... it's incest." Michael nearly whispered his last few words, afraid to say them aloud.

"We've already crossed that line, Mike." his sister said as she looked into his eyes and smiled "Instead of cumming in my mouth would you rather cum in my pussy?" She laughed.

"Lori...!" her brother said in shock and surprise.

"You felt how wet you made me, Mike. Wouldn't you like to fuck my pussy -- even just once?" she said as she ran her fingers down over his balls.

Michael stared at his sister without answering.

"Do you want to fuck my wet pussy, Mike? Do you want to shove your hard cock in me?" she said as she continued to run her hand over his balls and stroke the inside of his thigh.

"Lori... we can't." was all he said.

"No. Not now." his sister said "We'll wake mom and dad. We'll have to wait till they're at work tomorrow."

Michael watched as his sister climbed out of bed and kissed his cheek softly then left his room. He was tired, but his mind was consumed with so many thoughts that he found it hard to get to sleep. Michael woke the next morning to the sound of the shower running. He checked his watch and discovered it was nearly 10a.m.. A few minutes later the

shower was shut off and Lori stuck her head in his room to see if he was still asleep. She had a towel wrapped around her and her hair was still wet.

"Morning." she said with a smile as she walked over and sat down on his bed "Sweet dreams?"

"Hey." her brother said with a smile as he sat up in bed.

Lori smiled at her brother then opened her towel, letting it fall to the floor, then slid into bed with her brother.

"Mom and dad are gone to work." she said as she pressed herself against him and ran her hand down his chest.

"Lori, we shouldn't." he said as he felt his cock throbbing.

"Sshhh..." she said as she raised herself up and held her breast so her nipple ran over his lips.

Michael ran his tongue over his sister's nipple then wrapped his lips around it. Lori moaned softly and slid her hand down inside his underwear and began stroking his cock. She gripped it in her hand and slid her fingers down to the head then back up.

"Are you sure, Lori? I mean..." her brother managed to say.

Lori pulled the sheet down from her brother's body and straddled him. She tugged his underwear down towards his knees and gasped as his hard cock stood up straight. It twitched sighty and she drew a finger over the head. She squeezed it hard in her hands and moved it so the head ran over her wet lips. She lowered herself and let the head slip in her slightly.

"Does it feel like I'm sure?" she said with a grin.

"God, you feel so good." he moaned as he closed his eyes.

"All you have to do is push, little brother. I'm all yours." she said as she smiled and looked down at the head of his cock slipping in her.

Michael closed his eyes and moaned, then lifted his hips up off the bed. His thick hard cock slipped in his sister's wet pussy deep. She was so tight. Lori gave a loud moan and tightened her muscles to squeeze him as he slid deeper into her. She held him there for a moment then began moving her hips, working pussy over his throbbing cock.

"That's it, Mike. Push harder. Fuck my wet pussy." she called out as she steadied herself on his chest.

Michael reached up and grabbed his sister's hips and began pumping harder. He watched as his cock slid out of her, shiny from her juice, then he lifted up to bury it in her again. Their moans of pleasure filled the room and the smell of sex was in the air as Michael pumped his cock in and out of his sister's tight pussy as hard as he could. Soon he could feel her juice running down to his balls. Shortly later Michael let out a loud moan and his sister pulled herself off of him. She grabbed his cock and pumped it in her hand, watching as he shot streams of cum in the air. Once he began getting soft she released him from her hand and layed down beside him.

"That was wonderful." she whispered into his ear.

"You never came though..." he said once he'd caught his breath.

"It's okay." his sister said "That was the most amazing experience of my life."

"It might be better if you came." he said as he pushed her onto her back.

Michael grabbed his sister's knees and spread her legs wide. He ran his hands down the insides of her thighs and lowerd his mouth towards her. Lori gasped as she felt her brother's tongue slide up her lips and she held onto his head, running her hands through his hair. He sucked on one of her lips while he slipped a finger deep in her and began working it in and out. Lori moaned louder and Michael slid his tongue up to his sister's hard clit and licked it, then sucked. Lori thrust her hips up towards him and his finger pushed deeper into her.

"Geezus, Michael... you're driving me crazy...! Lick my pussy... please... harder." she cried out as her brother pushed his tongue in her deep.

"Think you can handle a whole summer of us doing this?" he said as he looked up at her and smiled.

"Let's find out." she said as she grasped his head and pushed him back down to her dripping pussy.

As Lori felt an orgasm building she smiled at the thought of what lay in store for her and her brother over the coming months. She knew whatever it was she was more than ready to welcome it if the past twenty-four hours were any indication of how things would go. She spread her legs wider and lifted off the bed then cried out as the first of many moments of intense pleasure her brother was to give her hit her.

Hunting the Skinwalker

Steven Paxton was asleep when the siren of the police car woke him. It was probably just Sheriff Baird chasing down a speeder leaving Earl's Tavern, he thought to himself. Rolling over in bed, Steven stared through the darkness of his bedroom at the glowing red numbers of the digital clock on the nightstand. It was almost two-thirty. Steven was hoping to fall back to sleep quickly when he heard more sirens. It

sounded like two or three police cars; maybe an ambulance too. Now he was curious. Nothing exciting ever happened in Putnam Falls. Certainly nothing to warrant this much commotion in the middle of the night. As he listened to the sirens fade in the distance Steven tugged the blanket higher around his chin. He shut his heavy eyes. Whatever it was, it certainly didn't concern him, he reminded himself. But soon it would.

The next morning Steven was in his room, lying on his bed, reading when he heard the phone ring. It was December twenty-seventh. There just over a week before college would resume after Christmas break and he was enjoying the time off.

"Steve, the phone's for you!" Mary Paxton called up to her son from downstairs.

Steven rolled over and picked up the phone beside the digital clock. "Hello..."

"Holy shit, Steve, did you hear what happened last night?" It was Brian Marsdon, Steven's best friend since childhood. He was excited -- the most excited he had seemed since he was fourteen and discovered his father's cache of Penthouse magazines in a closet.

Steven heard a click as his mother hung up the downstairs phone. He sat up in bed. "No, what happened?" he asked, more curious than excited.

"Man, someone killed Mrs. Lawton last night," was Brian's grim reply.

"Oh fuck..." Steven gasped, feeling sorrow well in his chest.

Mrs. Myra Lawton had been Steven's and Brian's grade two teacher. The boys had known each other just a year and were only seven back then. That was twelve years ago, but at that moment it seemed a lifetime away to Steven. Mrs. Lawton had retired at sixty and for the past seven years she had lived alone since the death of her husband from lung cancer. Her house was less than a mile away and Steven passed it often on his way to Brian's. Now his sadness over the murder of the kindly old lady was mixed with questions.

"Not just killed her," Brian continued, his voice softer now. "I mean, the word that Dad used was 'gutted'. He said it was the worst thing he's seen in all his years as a sheriff's deputy."

Gary Marsdon had been a deputy with Putnam Falls Sheriff's Department for almost ten years. He had always been friendly to Steven when he visited Brian and never seemed what Steven considered to be a 'typical cop'. Steven knew that Mr. Marsdon hoped some day to become sheriff and he would make a good one. He had a reputation around town as being a fair and conscientious police officer, in addition to being a loving husband and father.

"Fuck," Steven hissed into the phone as gruesome images filled his mind. "Do they know who did it?" he asked.

"Uh-uh," Brian grunted. "Dad was working the night shift when the call came in around two. You don't know any of this, okay? 'cause Dad could get fired for telling people, but he told me and Mom that they found no fingerprints; no murder weapon either -- just Mrs. Lawton in her kitchen. Dad said that she'd been... well... man, you don't wanna know... It was pretty gross." His voice faded out until only his breathing was audible.

"But who'd want to do this? Everyone liked Mrs. Lawton. And she wasn't rich, so it's not like they went there to rob her." Steven furrowed his brow as he spoke.

"That's just it," Brian said. "Dad said that nothing was taken. Her purse was on the kitchen counter and there was some money in it -- not much -- but whoever killed her didn't take it."

Steven stared at the floor as he listened to his friend, trying to piece together in his mind the information he'd been given. He shook his head, then brushed sandy-blond bangs of hair from his eyes. "It just makes no sense," he said. The corner of his mouth turned up as he thought.

"I know," his friend agreed. "That's what Dad said. There seems to be no motive, outside of some monster deciding to kill a harmless old woman. I hope they catch the bastard and send him to hell for this."

"Yeah... hopefully they will."

There was silence on the phone before Brian spoke again. "Hey, what are you doing today? I'm not up to much, but I thought we could hang out and watch a movie or something," he suggested.

A faint smile formed on Steven's face. He was not in much of a mood to have fun anymore, but didn't feel like being alone now either. "That sounds good," he said. "I'll be over in about an hour."

The crisp December air bit through Steven's green pullover as he walked down Gibson Street. There had been another snowfall three nights previously and mounds of it lined the sidewalk where the plough had pushed it aside from the street. He tugged at the zipper of his black nylon jacket, closing it up around his neck as the cool breeze blew his hair about. He buried his hands in the pockets of his jacket and turned left on to Mason Avenue.

Almost as soon as Steven turned the corner he noticed two cars from Putnam Falls Sheriff's Department in Mrs. Lawton's driveway. A man in a uniform and wearing a Smokey the Bear cap was on the snow-covered lawn taking photographs. He saw another uniformed officer enter the front door. Yellow crime scene tape was wrapped around trees and shrubs, cordoning off the area. Steven paused a moment on the sidewalk, surveying the scene. He noticed Gary Marsdon talking with someone who was probably a reporter. His thumbs were hooked in his Sam Browne belt. Gary looked up and nodded at Steven. He gave a wave to Mr. Marsdon, then with a sigh and a heavy heart he continued along towards Brian's house.

Brian's mother busied herself elsewhere. Once the movie had finished the conversation returned to the murder of their former teacher the night before. Brian promised to share anything else that he gleaned from his father, but at that moment he had already told Steven all he knew. Steven appreciated his friend's sharing of information and promised not to tell anyone what he heard -- not even his parents.

It was getting close to five o'clock when Steven left Brian's and was walking back down Mason Avenue. To his left he could see a faint hue of orange from the setting sun through the overcast. As he approached Mrs. Lawton's house he felt the muscles in his back and neck knot. He drew in a deep breath, steeling himself to once again pass by the scene of the old woman's grisly murder. In the distance he saw the yellow bands of police tape fluttering in the breeze. They reminded Steven of the yellow ribbons tied around trees, placed by people who anxiously awaited the return of loved ones fighting wars in foreign countries. His mouth turned into a grimace at the thought of Mrs. Lawton never returning to her home.

When Steven was abreast of the cement walkway leading to the white front door of his former teacher's home, he stopped. There were no cars in her yard now. Besides the police tape, the only evidence of any activity there were footprints in the snow carpeting the lawn. His hands clenched into fists, deep in the pockets of his jacket. He felt a tear run from one of his hazel eyes and wasn't sure if it was out of sadness or because of the wind, or both. He wiped it away and swallowed hard.

He began to walk on, then as the side of the small white house came into view, Steven paused. He noticed something hanging from a small open window. Dusk was falling and Steven squinted, trying to discern

what he could see being blown about by the cold wind. He stepped closer, now realizing that the open window was one belonging to the kitchen where they had found Mrs. Lawton, sprawled out on the floor and eviscerated. Dangling from the window and wafting back and forth was a curtain. It was white, with pale yellow stripes.

"That's odd," Steven said to himself.

Taking a look left, then right, Steven stepped on to the lawn and began walking through the snow towards the open window. There were no cars going by and soon he would be hidden by the shrubbery, so he was not concerned with being seen. Besides, it was growing dark and he had not entered the area bordered by the yellow tape. He followed the trail of prints in the snow made by the boots of the sheriff and deputies, closer to the open window.

Once Steven was in front of the window he discovered that it had not been inadvertently left open. The pane had been broken, probably by Mrs. Lawton's murderer. The curtain dangled through it, nearly brushing across his face. As he was examining the broken window and trying to imagine the events there not yet twenty-four hours ago, Steven heard a crunching sound of someone approaching through the hard snow to his left. Every nerve in his body fired and his heart began to climb up into his throat. He clenched his fists.

When he whipped his body around in the direction of the sounds he gasped. Standing in the shadows, just beyond a stand of spruce trees, was a shadowy figure. Steven's heart pounded and he pulled his fists from his jacket pockets. When the intruder spoke, Steven felt somewhat relieved and curious.

"What are you doing here?" the silhouetted person asked. It was a woman.

"W-what are you doing here?" he stammered, now less fearful.

The sound of snow crunching underfoot returned as she stepped closer to Steven. Now he could make out her features. She was around Steven's height, maybe five-foot seven, with curly black hair. Her corkscrew tresses moved in the evening breeze and hung down slightly past her shoulders, resting against her purple nylon jacket. Her lips moved into a smile and there were faint lines at the corners of her mouth. She appeared to be about thirty. Steven thought that her eyes looked brown, or maybe blue. It was hard to tell with so little light.

"Probably the same thing you're doing here," she replied shrewdly. "Just having a look around."

Steven nodded, eyeing the woman with suspicion. "Did you know Mrs. Lawton?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"She was my teacher years ago, when I was a kid," he said, thinking that might explain his intrusion in a crime scene.

The woman let out a soft laugh. "Well, it couldn't have been too many years ago," she retorted, running her eyes up and down him.

Steven bristled. "I'm nineteen," he snapped as he glared at her. "As if it's any of your business."

"I'm Krista Cooper." She removed a glove and extended her bare right hand to him. "And I left nineteen behind about ten years ago." She laughed.

"I'm Steven Paxton," he said as he shook the woman's hand. Her skin was soft and surprisingly warm. He wanted to hold it for longer than a just brief handshake. "So, what are you doing here then?" he asked, drawing his hand back.

"You'd laugh if I told you," she said as she tugged her glove back on.

"Try me," Steven replied defiantly.

Krista Cooper drew in a deep breath, then slowly exhaled. "I'm trying to catch what killed this poor woman," she explained.

Steven cocked an eyebrow. "Don't you mean who? And, besides, that's the job of the cops." He gave the woman a curious glance.

Krista leaned over, bracing her left hand on her knee. She pointed down to the snow with her right index finger. "See those tracks? she asked, looking back up at him.

Steven peered down in the direction towards where Krista was pointing. He could see footprints in the hard snow that he had left, as well as those made by the police, or perhaps even Mrs. Lawton's murderer. Beside those, he noticed what looked like paw prints. "Yeah, footprints and tracks made by a dog -- probably a police dog," he said.

Krista shook her head once more. "Have you ever seen paw prints that big? From a dog, I mean," she asked. Her eyes met his. Yes, they were definitely brown, like mahogany. Even in the dusky outdoors they sparkled.

Steven leaned closer, examining the animal tracks once more. "Well, no," he conceded.

"That's because they weren't made by a dog," Krista said.

"So what?" Steven shrugged, now very curious but trying not to show it.

"What killed Mrs. Lawton wasn't a dog. It wasn't a person either -- at least not a normal person," she said.

"Of course not. Normal people don't murder innocent old ladies," Steven snapped.

"Have you ever heard of a wendigo?" she asked. Strands of her raven hair had blown across her ruby cheek, just below her left eye. She brushed them aside.

Steven gave his head a quick shake.

"How about a manitou or a skinwalker?" she added.

"No. What the hell are you talking about?" Steven demanded. Now anger tinged his voice.

"They're shape-shifters; sort of like werewolves. They feed on humans. For centuries, long before the European settlers arrived here, the Native North Americans knew of these creatures. The Hopi, Algonquin, Cree, and Ojibwa -- they all encountered them, although they had a few different names for them," she explained.

"You expect me to believe some superstition that people believed in hundreds of years ago?" Steven jeered. He gave her a derisive look and chuckled.

"No. I didn't come here to convince you or anyone else," she said defiantly. "I know a skinwalker killed that woman and I intend to kill

it. I've seen it's tracks in the snow around this area for the past week or more."

Steven let out an incredulous laugh.

"Have you followed those tracks -- the ones you think were made by a dog?" she asked, although she knew the answer.

"No," he admitted.

"Come here. Follow me towards those trees," Krista said.

In back of Mrs. Lawton's house was a wooded area of about half an acre that abutted Beech Street. It was dotted with pine and spruce, as well as thickets of alders and shrubs. Krista motioned to the left with her head as she pointed towards the snow, coaxing Steven along. Once they had gotten beyond a cluster of spruce trees, she stopped.

"This is where those so-called dog prints of yours end," she told him.

"And, so?" he asked.

"Look..." she insisted, jabbing her finger down towards the tracks in the snow.

Steven squinted, letting his eyes adjust to the darkened thicket they stood in. When he leaned over and looked down to where the animal prints ended he now noticed that they abruptly changed. Less than a yard from where the paw prints stopped they were replaced by human prints. But obviously made by someone walking, or running, through the snow barefoot. His mouth went agape as he raised his wide eyes to Krista. She wore a smug grin.

"How many superstitions leave tracks in the snow like that?" she demanded.

"Holy shit..." he gasped.

Krista nodded. Now her arms were crossed and she was shifting about as the cold began to penetrate her jacket. Vapor from her breath clouded the air in front of her. "Yeah... that's what I thought the first time I encountered one of these beasts," she said. She turned from Steven, casting her wary eyes up to the sapphire sky.

"So, what are you going to do?" Now Steven was eager to hear more.

"Right now I'm getting back to where I'm staying so I can get something to eat," she said. "It's cold. And dark. You don't want to run into a skinwalker at night, believe me. You should get out of here too," she cautioned.

"At a bed and breakfast place just down the road," Krista told him.

"The Elms?" he asked.

"Yeah, that's it." Krista nodded.

"What room are you staying in?" he asked, squinting a bit.

A foxy grin crept over Krista's pretty face. Her eyes glimmered. "Why? Are you planning on paying me a visit?" she taunted.

"No, it's not that," he blurted out. Despite the cold, his cheeks felt warm. "That place used to be a brothel a hundred or so years ago, back when the tin mines were still in operation. They say a hooker hanged herself in room seventeen and it's haunted."

"Oh... well, I'm in number twelve," she told him. "Too bad. Maybe it'd have material for another book if I was in seventeen."

"Mom worked there when I was little -- not as a hooker though. She worked in the kitchen for Mr. and Mrs. Casey; they own the place now." He gave an amused chuckle. "I hear that Mrs. Casey is crazy as a shithouse rat."

Krista's laughter filled the night and she clamped a gloved hand over her mouth, still smiling with her yes. "Steven..." she scolded.

"Well, that's what my dad says," he said, hunching his shoulders.

Krista looked up at the darkening sky, then her watch. "I better get going. You should too," she said.

Steven bobbed his head, thinking about the fate of Mrs. Lawton. "I live just around the corner," he explained. "But, can I ask you something else?"

"What?" she asked, sounding impatient now.

"What are you going to do about whatever killed Mrs. Lawton?"

"Well, I'm up here doing research, in addition to hunting it," she answered. "I'm going to write a book when I'm done. Once it's dead, that is."

"Oh... I see," Steven said. Her eyes were on him and he was suddenly aware of how pretty Krista Cooper was. His heart sped up. "Ah... need any help?" he asked before considering his offer, then regretted it.

Krista smiled. It wasn't a condescending smile like he had expected. It was warm and accepting. "Maybe. How are you at looking through old newspapers and microfiche?"

"Okay, I guess," he answered, wondering how difficult a task that could be.

"Well, I can always use another set of eyes. Meet me at the library tomorrow morning around ten. I'll be in the Reference section, on the third floor."

Before Steven could reply, Krista had turned. She was hurrying through the snow, as lithe as a doe. He watched her through the bushes as she moved through the snow until he saw her get into a white car parked on Beech Street. As she drove off Steven began to hurry home.

That night, as he lay in bed staring at the ceiling, Steven's mind was flooded with a myriad of thoughts. When he was twelve he had found a cache of old magazines and comic books in the attic. They had once belonged to his Uncle George. His uncle had been killed in Vietnam and Steven only knew him from the stories that his father had recounted of his older brother to Steven. In the old tattered cardboard box were copies of "Tales From the Crypt", "Weird Tales" and a stack of various DC and Marvel Comics. Steven was happier to find this cache than Brian was to chance upon his father's porn collection. He devoured them, one by one, until he had read them all -- then began again.

Reading those eerie stories of ghosts, ghouls and monsters made a indelible mark on the young, impressionable Steven Paxton. In his mind those creatures came alive and it kindled within him a belief in the unseen and paranormal. Steven smiled to himself as he recalled meeting Krista Cooper that afternoon and their appointment the next

morning. Maybe this was the adventure that he had longed for over the past seven years.

###

Steven hurried down to the public library the next morning after telling his mother he was going to the mall. He had barely slept due to his excitement the night before. Despite this, he was not tired. He felt invigorated and more alive than he ever had. He dashed up the steps to the third floor of the library and looked around for Krista. When he didn't see her his heart sank. Then he looked at the clock behind the Reference desk and realized it was nine forty-five. He sat down and flipped through a copy of Time magazine.

When he saw Krista approaching the table that he was sitting at about a half hour later, he smiled. Not only was he glad to see her, but he was taken by how pretty she looked in full daylight. She was wearing jeans and the same jacket she had on the night before. Beneath it she wore a pale blue blouse. Her black leather purse hung down from long straps slung over her left shoulder. She smiled when she noticed him and tugged at the pink fleece scarf wrapped around her neck.

"Sorry I'm late." Krista sighed as she sat down beside him. She placed her purse on the table and pushed it aside.

"No problem," he assured her, falling in to her shimmering eyes.

"Okay, so I want to look through old newspapers from all over the county. I'm looking for stories about murders -- like what happened to Mrs. Lawton," she explained. "In case some haven't been solved, or seem suspicious."

Steven watched as she shrugged her coat off and hung it over the back of her chair, barely hearing her voice. As she moved he became keenly aware of how her firm breasts filled out the front of her blouse. No, they weren't massive like those on the women in the Penthouse magazines he'd seen while visiting Brian. But they were big enough, and nice. Very nice. Faint traces of her nipples appeared through the material clinging to them. Steven felt his mouth go dry as his cock hardened.

During the next several hours Steven and Krista poured over newspapers and fought vertigo as they scanned miles of microfiche. Occasionally one of them would spy an article about an attack on someone, or a murder that they thought might have been committed by a skinwalker. Each time their suspicions were quashed by another article telling of a culprit being arrested or convicted of the crime.

It was almost three-thirty when Krista leaned back from the newspaper spread out in front of her on the table they had returned to. Steven raised his head, looking across the table at her. She rubbed her tired eyes and stretched. He scanned her torso, noticing the curves that her blouse could not hide. When she relaxed and met his gaze with a smile he grew anxious.

Krista leaned forward on her elbows, still smiling. "You want to know what a nice girl like me from Woodford Junction, Michigan is doing here hunting some sort of thing that might not even exist." When she finished her eyebrows darted up and she giggled.

"Yeah... something like that," he answered with a modest grin.

"My mother was part Cree. As a little girl I used to listen to her stories about the skinwalkers, wendigo and manitou. I was scared, but fascinated. She believed in them, just as much as her ancestors had for hundreds of years. When I was older, a little older than you, I asked her about those scary stories that she had told me as a child. I wanted to know if they were just her versions of fairy tales told to frighten children. That's when she told me more; things much too frightening to tell a little girl. That's why I got my Master's in Anthropology," she said. "They're real, Steven. They're not superstitions or folklore told by primitive people who roamed these lands for centuries."

Once Krista finished Steven let out a long, slow breath. "Wow... I always believed in that sort of stuff. Ghosts and all that, I mean. But I think it's good to be skeptical too. I'm sorry if I --"

"No need to apologize," she interjected. "You're here, helping me, aren't you? That says it all. Besides, skepticism is healthy too."

Steven smiled and nodded at her.

Krista folded the newspaper and placed it atop the pile to her right. She looked at her watch. "Are you hungry?" she asked.

"Yeah," he said eagerly.

"Come on, I'll buy you lunch," she said.

"No, you don't have to, Krista. I can buy my own."

"Don't argue," she joked. "It's the closest to any pay you're getting for this." She stood up, pulling the strap of her purse over her left shoulder.

Steven followed Krista out to where she had parked her car. He trailed behind her slightly in order to get a prolonged look at the flare of her hips and how her firm ass filled out her tight jeans. He smiled, feeling his cock thicken. She strode with confidence and her curly hair moved about, glistening in the afternoon sun. It made him crave her even more.

"So, where's a good place to eat around here?" Krista was driving down Somerset Street when she turned her head towards Steven as she posed the question.

"There's a McDonald's on Dorset Avenue," he said. "Take the next right."

Krista laughed. "No way, Jose! I've been eating junk food for the past week while I've been on the road. I want something a little nicer. Something that will help me keep my figure."

Steven shot her a glance, reflecting on her comment. His eyes moved down over her. When she turned and smiled he felt his cheeks grow warm.

"Don't say it!" she snapped, then laughed.

"Say what?" he asked.

"That it's too late for me to worry about keeping my figure," she said.

"No, Krista, that wasn't what I was thinking," he blurted out. "I was... nevermind." He frowned and stared out of the window.

"No, what? Say it," she insisted, almost pleaded.

"Well..." he began cautiously. "I was going to say you don't need to worry about that because you look great."

Krista reached out for his hand, resting just above his left knee and gave it a firm squeeze. "Thanks. You're sweet," she said.

Steven never replied, but he bristled. Her tone sounded condescending and he resented it. After a few moments he said "I meant it, you know -- about you looking great."

"I know. Thanks," Krista said with a nervous smile. "Maybe I should beware of you, instead of that skinwalker. So, where are we going?" she asked.

"Ah, there's Sarah's Kitchen on Brooker. Turn left at the next intersection," he said.

"Sarah's Kitchen?" she echoed with a skeptical look.

Steven laughed. "Don't let the name put you off. It's good, cheap food," he said. "About the best you'll get around here."

By the time Steven and Krista were sitting in their booth at the restaurant he was starving. Everything on the menu looked good, but he didn't want to take advantage of Krista's generosity. He looked up from his menu and said "Thanks a lot for buying me lunch. I was getting pretty hungry."

As though she were reading his mind or sensing his unease, she said "You're welcome. And get whatever you want. Once the book's published, this is a tax deduction."

"Oh, I have," she replied with excitement. "They already gave me a small advance based on a twenty page submission I sent."

"In that case, congratulations!" He raised his water glass to her in a salute.

"Thanks," she said with a smile. "Actually, I have one published already. It's about the history of the Sioux and Lakota."

"I'd like to read it sometime," he said.

"I have a few copies back at my room. I'll bring one for you tomorrow." Krista could tell by the flicker in his eyes that his interest was genuine and not just politeness. It pleased her.

During their meal Krista told Steven some of the stories she'd heard at her mother's feet as a child and how that lead her on her academic path. She gave him a planned synopsis of her next book and promised to send him a copy once it was finished. She reached in her purse and brought out an address book and pen.

"Here, give me your address -- email address too. I'll keep you updated, then mail you a copy of the book once it's done," she said, handing him the pen.

Steven smiled as he wrote, hoping that she would keep her promise. When he was finished he asked "So, what are our plans for this afternoon? Looking through more newspapers?"

"I think that's a dead end," she lamented.

"Then what?"

Krista pushed pieces of fusilli through puddles of olive oil on her plate with her fork. She looked up at him. "I was thinking of going back to Mrs. Lawton's house for another look around," she said.

"Okay," Steven replied.

She peered into his eyes with a concerned look. "I didn't mean that you had to come along," she explained.

Steven sat back in his chair and drew in a deep breath. "When I asked if you needed any help I didn't just mean looking through moldy old newspapers," he said.

Krista laughed. "I know. But this may be more than you bargained for. It could be dangerous, Steven." Her eyes narrowed as her voice took on a serious tone.

"I know. But I don't care," he said. "I want to come along -- to help you. Unless you don't want me to, that is." His voice died out and his eyes fell towards the table.

"No, it's not that," she explained. "I just want to be sure you know what you're in for," she said. "I'd love your help, if that's what you really want. But I'd feel responsible if... if anything happened to you." She reached out to give his hand a soft squeeze of reassurance.

"Nothing's going to happen to me. This is what I want," he said assuredly, then gave her a brusque nod. "Besides, I'd hate for anything to happen to you either."

Krista smiled. This time it was a different smile from the others she had given Steven. It was full of emotions that she had not felt for a very long time. "Okay then, let's get going. We're burning daylight here. We've got less than an hour before it gets dark." She hoisted her purse over her shoulder and stood up.

Krista paid for their meal, then led Steven out to where she had parked her car. During the drive to Mrs. Lawton's house they never spoke. Steven stared out the passenger side window, stealing furtive glances at Krista as she drove. Her jacket was unzipped and he noticed the swell of her breasts rising from her blouse. His eyes moved up from their contours to her black hair cascading down over her shoulders. His cock throbbed and he looked away, just seconds before her glimmering eyes moved towards him. She smiled and pressed down harder on the accelerator as her clit began to throb.

The weather had turned milder and some of the snow had begun to melt. There had been a light rain the night before, which helped to take off an inch or so of the frosty white ground cover. Krista brought her car to a halt on Beech Street. Steven peered out through the window to his right, past the bushes and trees towards Mr. Lawton's house. He gave a heavy sigh.

"Ready?" she asked.

"Yeah," he answered, sounding resigned. "Are you?" He turned towards her, now worried for her safety.

"Yes. Ready as I'll ever be."

Krista and Steven climbed out of the car. He followed her through the snow-covered brambles and briars towards the cluster of spruce and pine. His steps were tentative, but she marched along through the few inches of snow that still covered the ground.

Steadily, they made their way towards the broken window of the house. The kitchen curtain still fluttered in the breeze. Steven's heart pounded in his chest, but he wasn't sure if it was out of trepidation or the burgeoning emotions he felt for Krista. He followed her with his eyes, noticing how her ebony hair moved and glistened and how the angles of her curved ass and hips filled out her jeans. He felt his cock harden until it strained the zipper of his jeans. It was then that he knew he wanted her -- really wanted her. If he could have pulled her down on the snow-covered ground and undressed her there without

resistance, he would have. Instead, he trudged along, several paces behind her. When they reached the broken window, she paused.

"What are you looking for?" he asked.

"I don't know. Call it womens' intuition," she said with a shrug.

Steven watched as Krista's eyes moved from the broken window pane, then down to the ground, now just lightly covered by snow. The tracks left by them and the police the day before were barely visible in the snow. Krista turned and followed the footprints back towards where they had come from until they turned into the human footprints in the snow. Krista leaned over, pushing snow about with her boot, then she smiled. She reached down to retrieve something from the frosty ground.

"What is it?" Steven asked.

Krista stood up, looking puzzled. Clutched between her fingers was a gold ring. It had a square setting. In it, Steven saw a small diamond gleaming. "Take a look," she said. She passed the ring to him.

Steven turned the heavy gold ring over in his fingers. As soon as he saw the embossing he recognized it and gasped. In opposite corners, between the three point diamond, were the letters G and M.

"What?" Krista asked as her dark eyes widened.

"Gary Marsdon. He's a deputy sheriff here. He's also the father of my best friend, Brian," he explained. "This is his ring. I've seen it on his finger dozens of times when I've been over at Brian's." Dread began to fill him.

"Then he's our skinwalker," Krista concluded, assuredly.

"What?" Steven's mouth fell agape and his hand went limp at his side, still holding the ring. He jerked his head towards Krista.

"Whoever... whatever, killed Mrs. Lawton turned back into human form here, or vice versa. This is where he would have dropped the ring," she surmised. "Whoever owns this ring is the skinwalker."

Steven examined the ring between his fingers once more. Doubt and guilt filled his mind. He could not, did not, want to think of Brian's dad as a savage monster -- a murderer. What's more, he knew that Krista intended to kill him. Now he felt sad. Confused. Still, the evidence was compelling, he reminded himself. He looked at Krista. "So, now what?" he asked.

Krista consulted her watch and looked up at the sky. It was growing dark. To the left the sun was falling in the sky. Soon it might not be safe to be here, she thought. "I think what we should do is get back to --"

She had not finished her sentence when the sound of a car entering the driveway interrupted her. She gasped and turned towards her right, then back again towards Steven.

"Let's get out of here," Steven said. He pushed the ring deep into the front pocket of his jeans.

Steven grabbed Krista by the elbow and began to race through the thickets towards her car parked on Beech Street. He heard the beep of someone turning on their car alarm, then walking through the crusty snow behind them. He panted and his heart raced as he urged Krista along with a frightened look.

Once they had passed the stand of trees and entered the thicket of brush Steven stopped, holding Krista to him. They breathed hard, filling the gathering dusk with the vapor from their lungs. Steven crouched down behind a patch of alders. He tugged at Krista's hand till she fell beside him on the frozen ground, leaning on his right shoulder. He pressed a finger to his lips and gave her a wide-eyed stare.

Through the alders and underbrush they saw a figure approaching. It was a man. He was tall and dressed in the uniform of a deputy from Putnam Falls Sheriff's Department. Steven suppressed a gasp of shock when he recognized Gary Marsdon. He could feel Krista's body pressed to his. Between them, her purse lay on the ground. He was still clutching her hand, but now it had fallen down to the inside of his right thigh. The sound of her heavy breathing filled the air. Her hand was lying limp against his right thigh, inches from his semi-erect cock. He

felt his erection pulse in rhythm to his beating heart and he was very aware of Krista's gloved fingers, just inches from it now.

For what seemed like an hour, but was in reality only minutes, Steven and Krista watched as Deputy Marsdon searched through the snow. He kicked it aside, starting beneath the broken window, then leading up the path towards where Steven and Krista were crouched. Their hearts pounded. When they heard Gary Marsdon let out a breathy curse, then turn back towards the driveway, Steven and Krista both exhaled. The sun was beginning to sink in the sky and take on a fiery hue.

Krista's hand was now clutching Steven's thigh. Even through her glove he could feel her warmth. Her fingers were inches from the outline of his shaft and he was torn between pushing it away and drawing it higher. Minutes later they saw the gleam of car headlights as Gary Marsdon drove away.

"Shit, that was close." Krista breathed out the words as she slowly turned to her left.

Steven nodded. "Yeah," he said, still dumbfounded.

"Let's go." Krista stood up, tugging at Steven's wrist. She pulled him along through the frozen grass as she hurried towards her car. It was less than a hundred yards away.

When the sound of a menacing growl echoed amongst the trees Steven froze, panic-stricken. He could hear Krista panting beside him and see her breath. Then he heard the growl again. Krista did too and she cried out, either in shock or fear.

Steven turned just as an animal resembling a mangy wolf, only much larger, ran towards them. The muscles on it's legs and haunches rippled as it moved. It's bloodshot eyes seemed to glow and it's upper lip was pulled back in a snarl to reveal long, sharp teeth. Steven opened his mouth to scream, but nothing came out.

Before either of them could run, the creature lunged towards them. Saliva dripped from it's fangs and it's predatory eyes fixed on Krista. Steven felt her tear her hand away, which had been gripping his left arm. He watched as the beast leapt towards her.

In a flash, Steven saw Krista pull a knife from her purse. The hilt was nearly as thick as his wrist and the silver blade seemed almost a foot long and nearly half as wide. With a shriek, Krista slashed at the animal's side, then drove the blade into it's sinewy shoulder twice.

The angry beast let out a loud, shrill cry, but never ceased it's attack. It swiped at the air in front of Krista with it's wide paw. Steven saw it's claws. They looked like talons. Krista backed away quickly, stumbling over a broken limb lying behind her. She fell backwards onto the hard ground and let out a frightened cry. Her wide eyes looked up at the creature. Lying on the ground almost six feet away was her blood-stained knife.

Steven filled his lungs with air and opened his mouth. "Mr. Marsdon - NO!" he screamed.

The animal stopped and turned towards Steven. Its mouth gaped. For a few seconds the bloodthirsty look in his glowering eyes flickered with recognition as he regarded Steven. The beast's eyes locked on Steven's. For an instant they almost seemed human. It let out a sound that seemed like a whimper. Then he turned and ran off into the woods as quickly as he had appeared. Steven watched in near disbelief.

"Let's get the hell out of here!" Steven said. He looked down at Krista, still sprawled out on the ground.

She rolled over to retrieve her knife and put it back in her purse. "Help me up," she said, clutching her right ankle.

He wrapped an arm around Krista's shoulders and helped her to her feet. She let out a soft cry of pain as she stood up. He slung her right arm around his shoulder to support her as she hobbled towards her car and safety.

###

"Where are we going?"

obsidian. "I don't know," she replied with a laugh. "What time do you have to be home?"

"Not till ten or so," he said.

Krista glanced down at the clock on the console, then nodded to herself. "Would you like to stop in to The Elms for a while? It's still early and I don't really feel -- "

"I won't be able to sleep tonight either," he interrupted, giving a blank stare out of the windshield. His heart was still racing, sending adrenaline to every muscle.

Krista turned her head and smiled at him. She turned left at the next intersection and drove down Henry Avenue until it met Coburg Road. When she pulled up in front of The Elms she brought the car to a stop and turned off the engine. Her heart pounded in her chest. Slowly, she turned towards Steven and gave him a nervous smile.

Steven tugged on the latch and opened the car door. He stepped out and stretched, watching Krista limp around towards him. Her coat was unzipped and in the opening he noticed the faint ripple of her blouse as her breasts bounced. His cock throbbed and swelled.

"Are you okay? Need some help?" he asked.

Krista winced and shook her head. "I'm okay. I just sprained my ankle when I fell," she said.

The lobby of The Elms was quiet as they entered. Dim track lighting lit the beige walls and green carpet. Steven silently followed Krista up the carpeted stairs to the second floor. His heart pounded as she turned the key in the lock to the door numbered twelve. She pushed it open and ushered him inside.

The room was small, with eggshell white wallpaper that was stained from years of cigarette smoke. A window faced the door. A venetian blind was closed over the window, but some stray light shone through the slats. Steven noticed the unmade bed. On it were a pullover and a pair of jeans beside a newspaper. Beside that, just to his right, was a night stand with a light and a clock radio next to a book. The light was turned on, casting a yellowish glow on the bed and floor. Two light blue suitcases were in the opposite corner beside a highback black vinyl chair with a shiny pine frame. To his right he saw a bureau with a laptop computer on it. Beside the laptop were three hardback books piled atop one another. The top drawer of the bureau was open slightly, but not enough to allow Steven to see inside. On the other side of the bureau was a door that was ajar. He assumed it was the bathroom. Over the door was hung a white terrycloth towel. A light shone from inside.

"It's not much, but it's home for the next little while," she said with a sigh, giving him an embarrassed look.

"It's cozy," Steven said.

Krista laughed. "You should be writing descriptions for those advertisements they place in magazines. You can make a dump sound like home sweet home."

"It's not so bad -- better than some other places in town," he said. "How long have you been here?"

"It will be a week tomorrow," she said.

"You spent Christmas here?" Steven felt pity for her.

"Yeah. It was pretty dull, but I got a bottle of wine and made the most of it," she said.

"I wish I had have met you sooner," he said. "I would have invited you over."

Krista shrugged. "I'm sorry, but I don't have anything to offer you," she said. "I should have stopped on the way for some pop or juice." She was standing at the foot of the bed, fumbling with her fingers.

"It's okay," he assured her.

She gave Steven a nervous look, running her eyes down his body. They paused when they met the bulge in his jeans. She wondered if it was bigger now than when it had appeared to be at the restaurant, or if it

was just her imagination. Her clit ached and she knew that soon her nipples would be hard enough to poke out at her blouse.

"Do you still have that ring?" she asked.

"Oh... ya..." Steven fished in the pocket of his jeans and produced Gary Marsdon's ring. He handed it to her, his fingers quivering slightly.

"And you're sure this is his ring?" she asked, examining it.

"Positive," he said with a nod. It was then that he noticed blood running down Krista's palm towards her slender wrist. Fear gripped him. Images of her turning into a hellhound like he had seen in Hammer horror movies as a child came to him. "You're bleeding. Did he... did he get you?" he asked, his voice full of worry.

Krista raised her hand and looked at the cut on the heel of it. She shook her head. "No, he never touched me. I cut it when I fell back on the ground," she said.

Steven gave her a relieved smile. "Good," he said. "Not good that you cut yourself, but good that..."

"I know what you mean," she interjected, then smiled.

the towel from the rod and wet one end of it with warm water, then returned to Krista beside the bed.

"Here, give me your hand." His voice was gentle, like his touch as he wiped the blood from her palm and cleaned her wound.

Krista watched as Steven tended to her, then smiled up at him. It was the first time in a very long while that a man had touched her. And although it was just his hand on hers and certainly not in a romantic context, it still moved her. She felt her tense muscles relax. Now she was growing wet. It surprised her, but she welcomed it.

"Thanks Steven," Krista said, noticing how her voice had grown thick. She gave him a shy glance.

He wiped her hand with the dry end of the towel, then tossed the towel on the bed. He brought her soft hand to his mouth and pressed his lips to her palm, kissing it tenderly. Her fingertips grazed the stubble on his left cheek, then they trailed down towards his pursed lips. She caressed them, smiling. He parted them and sucked at a fingertip like a child nursing.

When Krista stepped away Steven noticed that her cheeks were flushed. His felt the same. He moved his eyes down until they met the distinct outlines of her hard nipples protruding from her rounded breasts, straining the fabric of her blouse. He licked his lips. It was only when he felt her hands sliding along his sides that he looked up.

Krista opened her mouth, as if to speak, then she slowly pressed her full lips to his. They were soft and wet. He parted his to receive her probing tongue. It flicked over his, then she began sucking and tugging at his lower lip. Her breasts were pressed to his chest now. They felt firm and larger than they had seemed to him. When he slid his hand up from her hip and gently cupped her left one she moaned and kissed him harder.

Steven rubbed and pinched at her nipple through her blouse, surprised by it's thickness. Now he wanted more. When he began to unbutton her blouse her eyes caught his. "Is this okay?" he asked.

Krista nodded. She ran her hands under his pullover, caressing his firm stomach and chest. Once Steven had gotten her blouse fully open he stopped to admire her breasts, still held snugly in her light red bra. He tugged his pullover off and let it fall to the floor while she did the same with her blouse and bra.

"You're beautiful," he said as he pulled her to him. He ran his hands over her bare back and bent down to run his tongue around her dusky right nipple and areola.

She moaned and stroked his back and sides. Her hips swayed as he squeezed her breasts and teased her nipples with his mouth and tongue. When he felt her hands working on the button and zipper of his jeans he froze, looking up.

his hard cock now. When she finally pulled his underwear and jeans down past his knees it slowly rose to it's full length and thickness. She smiled and cupped his balls in her palm, then ran her fingers along the underside of his shaft.

Steven shivered in pleasure and kicked his shoes off. He tugged at his jeans and underwear until he was free of them, then pushed them aside. Krista had stood up briefly and now her own jeans and panties were on the floor beside her boots.

Krista crawled backwards on the bed, inviting him to join her with her smile. Steven moved between her silky thighs. He bent down over her and kissed her. She ran her hands up and down his back, then guided him lower by tugging on his shoulders.

"I want you in me," she said as she curled her legs around his.

He looked down at the beautiful woman spread out under him and settled between her open thighs. When he felt her hand give his cock a squeeze he moaned. She raised her hips and cried out as the head of his shaft slipped between her wet, pink folds. She gripped him inside her tight walls and began meeting his thrusts.

"Yes... that's it... deeper, Steven..." she said.

Steven began moving his hips faster now, watching her expression change as her passion grew. His hands were under her, cupping her

shoulders and he felt her stiff nipples rub against his chest. When he heard her cry out and arch her back he paused.

"Keep going," she urged. "I need to cum again."

He raised up, sliding his hands down until he was holding her by her firm ass. He lifted her from the bed and began working his glistening rod in and out of her tight pussy, harder than before now. Krista moaned and writhed. She began rubbing her breasts and tugged at her right nipple. Her eyes were closed and her moist lips parted slightly. She looked beautiful, rapt in pleasure.

When she came for the second time Steven felt her squeeze his cock harder. She was as tight as a fist and he knew he was going to be overcome with his own orgasm soon.

"I'm close," he panted.

"Cum on me," she said.

Steven needed no more encouragement. He slid from her and gave his throbbing cock a few quick strokes. Cum shot from it in successive blasts, splashing across her quelling stomach and nipples. She ran her fingers through it, painting her sexy body with his seed as she looked up through half-closed eyes, smiling. Once he was spent he fell down beside her on the bed, still breathing hard.

"I knew this was going to happen, ever since this morning in the library." Krista rolled over and rested her head on his chest. She ran her finger through the trail of hair leading down to his spent cock.

"You did?" he asked, lifting his head in surprise.

She shrugged. "Okay, maybe I should have said I hoped it would..."

Steven smiled. "Me too. Except I couldn't have imagined it being so good."

Krista lifted up, resting on her left elbow. She kissed his cheek. "Me either," she whispered.

The room was silent as the lovers rested on the bed, a tangle of arms and legs. For a while any thoughts of skinwalkers or Gary Marsdon were far from their minds. They were content to relax in their post coital embrace, oblivious to the outside world. After about fifteen minutes Krista said "How about a nice, hot shower?"

Steven turned on his side and kissed her forehead. "That sounds good," he told her.

The spray of the hot water was refreshing as it ran over their bodies. It washed away their mingled juices, as well as the remnants of tension from that afternoon. Steven nibbled at Krista's sensitive neck as he stood behind her, washing her soft back. Soon he felt his cock twitch

and begin to rise. When she felt it pressed to her ass she craned her head around to give him a surprised grin.

"Getting ready for some more?" she teased.

"I'm already ready," he told her.

Steven turned her away from the cascading water so she was facing the tiled wall of the bathroom. He held her flared hips and teased her lips with the swollen head of his cock. She braced her palms on the wall and leaned forward. Her wet hair and breasts swayed as she moved. He was more eager than earlier and when she felt his thick shaft enter her she moaned. Her soft voice echoed above the sound of the running water.

"Fuck me hard, Steven," she said, pushing back towards him with her hips.

Steven ran his soapy hands up her smooth body and cupped her pendulous breasts in his hands. He held onto them, gripping them hard as he began moving in and out of her tight pussy. Their moans and cries of pleasure filled the bathroom as he thrust his hips and pinched her nipples.

When Krista came for the first time he knew he was getting close. He slid his hands down to her hips, holding them tight as he watched his shaft piston in and out of her. He was slapping against her firm ass with each thrust and it excited her.

"Shove it in me... harder, Steven..." Krista's thick voice rose above the sound of the shower. Seconds later another orgasm hit her and she let out a throaty moan.

Just before Steven released streams of thick cum, he pulled out of her. His seed splashed against the tub between them and was washed away. Once he had finished, he turned her around. He pulled her to him and they kissed as their fingers explored the now familiar curves and crevices of one another's bodies.

"You're going to wear me out, but I love it," she said, then kissed him again.

They stood under the water until it began to grow cool. Eventually they reluctantly broke their embrace and dried off. A fan whirled above them in the ceiling, but it was the only sound as they came down from their bliss.

"You'll have to be getting home soon."

Krista and Steven were lying on the bed, fully clothed and resting against the headboard when she spoke. Steven glanced at his watch. It was nine-thirty. He frowned, then nodded at her in agreement.

"I'll drive you." Krista slid from his arms. She sat at the edge of the bed and pulled her boots on.

"Thanks," he said. "I wish I didn't have to go though. Maybe tomorrow I can tell Mom and Dad that I'm staying at a friend's. That is... if you want me to." He gave her a nervous look.

Krista was pulling her coat on and fishing her car keys from her purse. "Of course I want you to," she replied, giving him a wide grin.

Krista was driving down Coburg Road when she heard the siren. She looked in her rear-view mirror and saw the flashing lights of a police car.

"Shit," she hissed, looking at her speedometer. She pulled over, waiting for the car from the sheriff's department to stop behind her. When it sailed past, siren blaring, she let out a surprised grunt. "Must be on a doughnut run," she said with a laugh. But soon she heard more sirens.

"Something's going on," Steven said.

They exchanged worried glances, neither wanting to say what they suspected. Krista stayed parked near the sidewalk as another police car, then an ambulance rushed past. Once their lights and sirens faded in the distance she pulled out to the road again.

"I'm going to follow them," she said.

"Maybe, but after everything, don't you want to know?" Krista's hooded eyes met his.

"Of course. Let's go see -- just to be sure," Steven replied.

Krista followed the sounds of the sirens through Putnam Falls. Neither of them exchanged words. When Steven saw Sheriff Baird's cruiser cross Gibson Street and speed up Mason Avenue his stomach turned. "Oh shit," he muttered.

In the distance they saw red and blue lights flashing. When they passed the former home of Mrs. Myra Lawton Steven knew for sure where the activity was. Krista slowed down.

"They're at Brian's," he said dolefully. "He lives half a block away."

The deputies had set up a barricade of yellow saw horses in the road, so Krista pulled over. "Do you want to go up there?" She turned and gave Steven a worried look.

"We have to," he told her.

Steven was out of the car and running up the street before she could answer him. She grabbed her purse and followed behind, breathing hard. Someone from the fire department had stopped Steven, preventing him from going any further. A police officer was standing

at the open door to Deputy Gary Marsdon's house. Parked in the driveway was his cruiser with the logo from the sheriff's department on the driver's side door. Behind it was an ambulance, it's lights flashing. A paramedic was looking inside the police cruiser.

As Krista approached Steven she saw him talking with a woman who looked two decades older than her. In her hand was a notebook. Krista thought she might be a reporter. Not wanting to intrude, or make herself seem suspicious, she lagged back, observing their conversation. Rain was beginning to gently fall and she zipped her coat up around her chin.

After what seemed an eternity Steven turned from the woman and began to walk towards Krista. His hands were deep in the pockets of his jeans and his head was lowered. At first she thought she saw raindrops running down his flushed cheeks, but when he was less than a yard from her she realized they were tears.

"Brian's dad shot himself," Steven said, then began to heave and sob.

"What?" she exclaimed in disbelief, giving her head a shake.

"About an hour ago... in his police car." Now Steven's breathing was laboured. "That was someone from The Putnam Falls Telegraph I was talking to; she told me. She said they found what they think are stab wounds on his shoulder, so they're wondering about that but..." Steven's voice halted and he gave Krista an ugly sneer. "Well, I guess you got what you wanted, huh?" he spat out.

Krista never replied. She couldn't even meet his intense gaze.

"Now you can finish your book, since you've got the ending you needed, Krista. I hope it sells a million fuckin' copies and makes you rich. But Brian and his little sister don't have a dad anymore and his mother is a widow." His sobbing had turned to cries of anguish and tears flooded his red cheeks. He folded his arms around himself, as if that was the only thing keeping him from falling apart.

His voice was full of venom and it wounded Krista. She began to plead. "No... Steven, please... you knew the truth... you knew what he was," she said. Krista gently placed her hand on his trembling shoulder. He shook it off and gave her a contemptuous glare. "I know you're upset, Steven, but..."

Before Krista could continue he bolted from her, running through the rain down the street. She watched him turn right at Gibson Street. She considered chasing after him, but didn't think it would do any good. She sighed, feeling warm tears begin to trickle down her cheeks.

###

Steven got up early the next morning. He had not slept the night before. When he had arrived home, still crying and drenched from the rain, his parents were sitting in the kitchen. Someone had called to deliver the sad news to them about Gary Marsdon and they were waiting for Steven.

"I just came from there," was all he said after they finished speaking. "I'm going to bed now. I love you, Mom and Dad."

The horrific events of the past week almost seemed a blur to Steven as he walked down to the kitchen that morning. His mother was at the table, eating breakfast and reading the newspaper.

"I'm going to go for a walk," he told his mother.

Mary Paxton reached out and held her son's hand. Her worried eyes met his. "Are you going to be okay, Honey? Do you want to talk about it?"

Steven shook his head and slipped his hand from his mother's. "I'll be okay, Mom. I just need to go for a walk and think."

Mary gave her son an understanding nod as she watched him pull his jacket on.

Steven was breathless from running when he reached Coburg Road. But when he saw The Elms he sped up. A look of relief swept over his face when he saw Krista's car parked in front. He went inside and dashed up the stairs. When he gently rapped at number twelve his heart was still pounding, but now out of worry. When Krista opened the door and saw him standing there she gasped in surprise, then smiled. She reached out tentatively for his hands and tugged at his fingers.

"I'm sorry," he said meekly, forcing a sheepish smile.

Krista gave her head a slow shake. "No need to be. You were upset; it's understandable."

"Can... can I come in?" he asked.

"Of course."

Krista pulled the door open and Steven followed her inside. He looked around the room. The top of the bureau was bare now and lying on the bed were Krista's two suitcases beside her purse. "I guess you're leaving..." he said.

Krista tightened her lips and nodded. "I've done enough damage around here," she said.

Steven held her by her forearms and drew her closer. He smiled into her eyes. "No... actually, you've probably saved lives by hunting him down. You've definitely changed my life for the better," he assured her.

She let out a modest smile. "Somehow I doubt that," she said.

He pulled her closer. Their lips met with tender familiarity. When she felt his hand cup her breast she began growing wet, but slipped from his embrace.

"We can't start that now..." she said apologetically.

Steven nodded, still holding her right hand.

"Will I ever see you again?" Steven asked. He was sure he knew the answer already, but needed to hear her say it, just to prepare him.

Krista shrugged and rolled her pretty eyes. "Who knows...? Stranger things have happened," she said.

Steven let out a rueful laugh. "Yeah... you ain't kiddin' about that."

Krista put her jacket on, then hung her purse strap over her shoulder. She pushed her hair back over her shoulders and gave him a bittersweet smile. "Want to help me out to the car with my suitcases?" she asked.

Steven nodded and trudged behind her down the stairs. He followed her out to her car and put the suitcases in the trunk. Then he turned to her. The sun was beginning to climb in the sky and it made her hair glisten.

"I'm headed for Ohio," she said. "There have been reports of a statue of The Virgin Mary that cries tears of blood. After that, I'll be back home in Wisconsin -- hopefully for a long time. I'll email you to keep you updated. And if you want a copy of the book -- "

"I do," he interjected. "Please." Steven gave her a warm, loving smile.

Krista returned his smile, feeling a lump form in her throat. She wiped a tear from her eye and embraced Steven. They held one another tight for a few minutes before she forced her arms to go limp at her sides. They kissed, then he took a step back.

Steven stood on the sidewalk, his hands buried in the pockets of his jacket. He watched Krista drive away. His cheeks were damp again, but it wasn't raining.

###

Things slowly returned to normal, or close to it, in Putnam Falls. They always do. No matter how sure you are that they never will. But for Steven and others, especially the Marsdon family, things could never be the same. He began spending more time with Brian in an effort to help him adjust to life without his father. But in the back of his mind the truth haunted him. He knew it always would.

As promised, Krista began a regular communication with Steven by email. She always ended her emails with "Love, Krista" and it never failed to make Steven smile. He laughed when he read her account of

the weeping statue in Ohio. It had turned out to be part of a viral marketing campaign by independent film makers promoting an upcoming movie about demonic possession. Once that supposed miracle had been debunked, Krista had returned to Woodford Junction to complete her book on the skinwalker.

One afternoon, just over a year later, Steven was at the fridge pouring a glass of Pepsi. He had just returned home from classes for the day when his mother called to him from the living room. "Steven, a parcel came for you this morning," she said. "I put it on your bed."

"Thanks, Mom," he replied. Already a smile had formed on his face.

Steven bolted up the stairs to his room. Lying on his pillow was a small cardboard box addressed to him. He picked it up and was elated to see the return address was from Woodford Junction. He tore open the box and found a book inside. It was *Hunting the Skinwalker* by Krista Cooper. Steven beamed a smile when he opened it to the flypage and read the dedication:

For Steven,

Without whom this book would not have been written.

Below that, written in pencil, was Thank-you for everything. Love,
Krista

When he flipped the page and read the Acknowledgments his smile intensified. There, amongst the names of researchers and previous teachers of Krista's, was his own. He laid down on his bed and began reading.

After spending an hour reading Krista's book Steven got up to go to the bathroom. Once he was finished, he decided to send her an email telling her he'd received the book and loved what he had read so far. When he turned his computer on and connected to the Internet, he discovered that there was already an email from her waiting in his inbox. His pulse quickened when he saw what she had written:

Dear Steve,

I think I deserve a little vacation. Can you recommend any places to stay in Putnam Falls? :-)

Love,

Krista

I Kissed A Girl

Prologue

I kissed a girl. That kiss eventually lead to more. Normally this event would not be so remarkable -- certainly hardly worth writing about -- but the girl was my twin sister, Melanie. The series of events began one July afternoon in our attic...

Chapter 1

The attic of our house seemed as hot as the heart of Hell. I slid across the faded green linoleum on my hands and knees. Before me were several large cardboard boxes. I pulled one towards me. It was filled with toys and games from my childhood. I smiled as many happy memories flooded my mind.

"Hey, Mark, look at this; I found my old Barbie dolls."

I turned towards my twin sister, Melanie, kneeling beside me. She was born minutes before me, so sometimes liked to refer to herself as my older sister. She was holding up a doll with long blond hair, wearing a long sequined gown.

"What do you think these things are worth on eBay?" Melanie asked.

Normally I would not have been up on the attic, nor would Melanie -- especially on such a hot day in late July. But our mother had made a deal with us. She wanted to get some of the old junk and things we no longer used out of the attic, so she suggested that Melanie and I have a yard sale. We could keep the proceeds of whatever we sold, providing we split the money evenly.

Melanie and I had turned eighteen that past March. Neither of us had jobs, so whatever money we could earn was more than welcome. I was taking a few classes at the local college, but that was mostly to avoid getting a job. We took up our mother's offer of the yard sale in an instant, lured by the prospect of how much money we might make. Neither one of us realized at the time just how much work was involved though. It was a Wednesday afternoon when Melanie and I had gone up to the attic to search for things to sell. We had decided to have our yard sale that Saturday, and perhaps Sunday if we had enough items left over.

"Fuck, it's hot." I said, wiping my brow.

"Yeah... I'll be glad to get back downstairs where it's cooler." Melanie remarked.

I looked at my sister crouched beside me, shifting through a box in front of her. She seemed unfazed by the stifling heat of the attic. Her long sandy blond hair hung down over her shoulders. A few strands dangled over her left cheek. She brushed them aside. Melanie was wearing a light yellow tank top and blue shorts. Her feet was bare.

"How come you don't mind this heat, Mel?" You're not even sweating."

"Girls don't sweat, Mark." she replied, not looking up from the box. She sounded like she really meant it.

I laughed at the notion.

In front of Melanie and me were two boxes. I could see garland and Christmas lights in one, but the other contained board games, toys and sundry other things that once belonged to me. I spied a G.I. Joe doll and a drab green plastic helicopter and pulled them from the box. I moved the toys and games in the box around with my hand, thinking of how much money they might be worth.

Now I was kneeling in front of Melanie. I could see the top of her head as she peered inside the box in front of her. Running my eyes down further I discovered that I could also see down the front of her loose tank top. She was wearing a white bra with tiny pink and red flowers all over it. Her heavy round breasts shook a bit as she moved. They looked firm enough to bounce a quarter off of and were much more than a generous handful. My cock began to thicken. It strained the front of my jeans and I was glad that there was a box in front of me, hiding my crotch.

I turned my attention back to the box, pulling out things I thought I could sell and placed them in another box of items I had already selected. I continued to take occasional glances down the front of

Melanie's top. I found her bra sexy, but somewhat out of place on her. With it's snow white cotton and cheery flowers it seemed juvenile. It would have been better suited on a younger girl, rather than holding my twin sister's ample breasts in place, I thought.

Melanie raised up and reached for another box to her right. Her shorts were pulled tight over her firm ass as she stretched. My eyes moved up the backs of her soft, tanned thighs to her curvy backside. Her breasts shook a bit as she leaned over and drug the box towards her with a groan.

"Hey, look what I found!" Melanie exclaimed.

I raised my head from the box and saw my sister holding a wooden box about eight inches square. It was covered with pink paper and had brass hinges in back.

"What's that?" I asked.

"A makeup kit that mom got me years ago." she explained.

Melanie opened the box. On the inside of the lid was a small mirror almost four inches square. It was smudged with makeup. The bottom had a row of small trays containing various shades of eye shadow. Green. Blue. Brown. Red. Beside that were two tubes of lipstick and a stick with sponges on either end. They were stained blue and brown with eye shadow. Atop them was a small circular brown compact with

C G in gold letters in the middle. Melanie smiled as she looked inside the box.

"Mom got me this because she was fed-up with me playing with her makeup and making a mess of everything. I must have been ten or twelve and I wanted to be as pretty as mom."

"Too bad that never happened." I spat out, laughing.

The smile on my sister's face vanished. She snapped the box shut and tossed it aside, then lowered her head. She began digging through the box once more.

"What?" I asked, surprised by Melanie's hurt expression.

"Sometimes you can be a real jerk, Mark." Her narrowed brown eyes met mine. She now seemed more angry than sad.

"Lighten up, Mel. I was only teasing." I said.

"Well, it wasn't funny." she snapped, glaring at me once more.

To me it was funny, or at least ironic. Melanie was very pretty. The prettiest girl I had ever known, in fact. Anyone who saw her thought the same. I would have never suspected that she was so insecure about her appearance. Not only was she stunning, but she had a body that everyone seemed to notice, men and women alike.

"I'm sorry, Mel," I mumbled "it's just that... well, c'mon... you're not exactly ugly. I thought you would know I was only teasing, because..." I feared that had already said too much, so I stopped before I crossed some sort of line that I couldn't detect.

"Because what?" Melanie leaned back, holding the edges of the box, waiting for me to explain myself.

I sighed, searching for words to console her that were still appropriate for a brother to say to his sister.

"C'mon, Mel -- you're pretty. Everyone thinks so. I mean, you're my sister, but even I'll admit to thinking it too."

Melanie giggled, although I wasn't sure whether it was because of my sudden nervousness, or at what I had said. She was smiling once more at least, so I was relieved by that much.

"You think I'm pretty?" she asked, sounding incredulous.

I gave her a silent nod, reluctant to admit to it aloud.

"Thanks, Mark. You're the best brother anyone could ever have." she gushed.

Melanie slid over the linoleum, around the boxes and to my right. She wrapped her arms around my shoulders and pulled me closer. Her lips were soft and moist as she kissed my cheek, but what I was most aware of was the feeling of her breasts. My right arm was sandwiched between them as she hugged me. They were firm and felt larger than they had appeared earlier when I had seen them nestled in her bra. I tried my best to fold my arms over my lap to hide my erection.

"Okay... thanks," I stammered "you can let go of me now, Mel."

I couldn't tell if the sweat on my palms was caused by the heat of the attic or nervousness, but as much as I enjoyed my sister's embrace I wanted it to end before she could detect my arousal. I could feel my cock pushing up on my wrist through my jeans.

Melanie relaxed her arms, but did not remove them from around my shoulders. Now it was my turn to be teased I discovered.

"What's the matter, Mark, don't you like girls?" she asked, seeming impish.

"Sure I do," I said "just not you -- not like that anyway."

"But you just said that you think I'm pretty. I thought you'd like it when a pretty girl gives you a hug and kisses your cheek."

I couldn't tell whether my sister's question was serious or an effort to taunt me, although I suspected the latter. What I was sure of was I'd feel more comfortable once she let go of me.

"Okay, whatever." I snapped, trying to wriggle free from her embrace.

"So it's okay for you to look down my top when I bend over, but I'm not allowed to give you a hug..." she countered.

I snapped my head up and looked at Melanie with wide-eyed terror.

"Thought I never noticed, didn't you?" She had a smug look on her face, but never seemed angry.

The tone of my sister's voice puzzled me. I fully expected her to be irate, even repulsed, knowing I had been leering down her top, but she sounded playful. Still, I lowered my head in shame, unable to meet her gaze.

"Oh, chill-out, bro," she said, giving my back a brisk rub "I'm only teasing you. I'm not pissed. I'm used to guys looking at them. Most of the time I don't care, especially if they're cute, like you."

Now I was equally surprised by Melanie's reaction and her referring to me as 'cute' and didn't know what to say.

"Yeah... I bet you were staring at my butt too." she shot back with a smirk.

"Look, can we just finish looking through this stuff? It's hot as hell up here and I want to get downstairs." I snapped.

Melanie let go of me. She dropped her arms to her lap. I could tell she was thinking. "How about we just bring down what we have so far and do the rest Friday night when it's cooler?" she suggested.

"That's a good idea." I agreed.

My sister's idea was indeed a good one. It also meant that I could put some distance on her physically, which appealed to me even more. I stood up and picked up one of the boxes full of toys and games and began walking towards the stairs. Melanie followed behind, carrying another box.

"You guys really managed to find a lot of stuff." our mother remarked as she looked at the boxes that Melanie and I had brought downstairs.

"Mark found most of it," Melanie said "I think you guys bought him more toys than me." She gave mom an exaggerated pout.

Mom laughed as she looked into the boxes.

"I'm thirsty." Melanie announced as she went towards the kitchen.

I slid the boxes to one side of the downstairs hall. I was tired and hot. My back hurt from leaning over and my knees ached from kneeling. Melanie's comment about being thirsty reminded me that I was too. I joined her in the kitchen and poured myself a glass of juice.

"So, how much money do you think we'll make?" Melanie asked.

"I don't know; maybe a hundred dollars, if we're lucky."

Melanie frowned and I knew what she was thinking. Fifty dollars each was not a lot of money for our effort, but at least it was fifty dollars I didn't have at the moment I reminded myself.

"Maybe we can find more stuff Friday night to sell." she remarked.

"We will. I saw a few more boxes of toys and things up there." I told her.

"Cool."

dangled beneath her and I ran my eyes up from her bare feet to her hips flaring out from her shorts.

"Still mad at me?" she asked, sounding nervous.

"I wasn't mad at you." I told her.

"Well, you seemed it up there."

I shrugged and took another drink of juice. "I'm not mad at you, Mel." I repeated.

Melanie sat her empty glass down and slid off of the table. She stepped over to me and put an arm around my shoulders. "Does that mean I can give you a hug?" she asked, her eyes glimmering once more.

"Ah... sure." I told her.

Melanie wrapped both arms around my shoulders and rested her chin on one. I could feel her hot breath and hair move over my face, down my neck.

"You know what?" she asked.

"You're my best friend, Mark." she said, giving me a hard squeeze.

"I thought that Natalie was your best friend." I replied.

"Sure, I like Nat a lot, but no one compares to you." She kissed my cheek. I smiled, staring at the wall behind her. Her breasts shifted against me and once again I was overcome with a mixture of arousal, guilt and nervousness.

"You can hug me too," she encouraged "I don't bite... maybe just nibble a bit." Melanie let out a lewd sounding laugh. Now I worried that our mother might walk in on us.

Melanie tugged at my shoulders, turning me towards her. Feeling awkward and quite nervous I eased my arms around her slim waist. I interlaced my fingers against the small of her back and pulled her closer. My cock was throbbing and I felt her stomach pressing on it. I waited for her to react with shock or disgust, but when she didn't I relaxed. Either she didn't care, or didn't notice, which I doubted.

"This is so nice." she said in a soft voice that fed my arousal.

About a minute later I pulled away from my sister and let my arms go limp at my sides.

"What's wrong?" she asked, looking confused. Her arms were still draped over my shoulders.

"If mom walks in she'll think that something weird is going on between us." I answered.

A mischievous grin appeared on my sister's face. Her eyes were riveted to mine. "Maybe something is." she suggested, then winked.

My mouth opened, but no words came out.

Melanie eased away, still smiling, then left me alone in the kitchen to fathom her remark.

Chapter 2

For the next two days I saw little of my sister. Melanie and I both spent most of our time with friends and doing things around town. It was only during meals that we were together and because our mother was also present there was no chance of us having another uncomfortable, if not inappropriate, exchange. I was relieved by this, but knew that we would be alone in the attic that evening.

"Ready to go up and look for more stuff to sell?" Melanie asked me after we had finished supper that Friday night.

"Sure." I answered as dread filled me.

The irony of my situation was not lost on me. For a long time Melanie had been the muse for my libido, but now that things between us were verging towards what I had fantasized about alone in my bed I discovered that the situation made me uneasy. Life is never really as good as we envision it I reminded myself.

I followed my sister upstairs, then up to the attic. I stared at her ass in her tight jeans as she climbed the steps. Her hips had a gentle sway as she walked, which I found captivating. Further up her body I surveyed the back of her white blouse. It was smooth, devoid of any lines caused by a bra underneath. Earlier, as we ate, I had suspected that she was braless. Now I was positive. My cock was hard even before we were in the attic.

"I think there's more stuff in the box over here." I said as I pointed towards my left.

Melanie followed me towards the box and stood above me while I looked in the box. I concentrated on what I found in the cardboard box and tried to ignore my sister beside me.

"What do you want me to do?" Melanie asked.

"If you can find an empty box, or dump what's in one into another that's only half full, I can use it to put what I find in here." I told her.

Melanie wandered around the attic, searching for a suitable box. She returned with two -- one empty and another filled with toys and some clothes. She dropped them down beside me.

"Thanks." I told her as I tossed a few things into the empty box.

Soon Melanie had found some items for us to sell. They joined the ones I had tossed into the box beside us. Already it was filling up, which encouraged me.

"Hey, look at this," Melanie said as she held up a red t-shirt with a picture of The Spice Girls on the front "I can't believe I used to fit into this."

"I can't believe that you used to like The Spice Girls." I retorted, sneering.

Melanie laughed as she held the t-shirt up to herself, looking down at it. "Think I could still fit into it?" she asked.

"No way. Not a chance." I laughed, looking at her front.

Melanie tossed the t-shirt aside. "Are you saying I'm fat?" she asked, although I could tell she was not upset by my remark.

"No," I blurted out "it's just that it's too small for you now."

"What you really mean is that my boobs are too big, right?" she corrected.

I gave my sister a guilty nod and a shy smile.

Melanie seemed happy with my silent admission. She placed her palms on her hips and pushed her breasts outward. The thin material of her blouse grew taut over them. I could see two faint bumps capping her round breasts through the cotton.

"I think they're my best feature." she remarked, sounding unusually boastful.

I said nothing as I stared at my sister's chest. Now her nipples were thicker, harder. Even more tempting. I felt my tongue run over my lips as my eyes locked on them.

Melanie tilted her head down, then up at me. "I guess I was right about it being cooler up here at night." She gave me a smirk, knowing I realized what she was referring to.

"If you're cold you could go put a sweater on." I suggested, although it was mostly because I thought that a bulkier top would curb my temptation to stare at her chest.

"I'm fine. Besides, I've got you to keep me warm." Melanie inched over to me and wrapped her arms around my waist, leaning her chin on my shoulder.

I felt myself bristle as Melanie pulled me to her, pressing herself against me. She must have noticed my unease because I felt her relax and pull away.

"What's the matter? Are you afraid that mom will come up and think something weird is going on? Don't worry, we can hear her long before she gets up here." Melanie assured me.

I never answered.

I moved my left arm around my sister's lower back and tugged her back towards me.

"That's better," she whispered "why are you so nervous around me anyway?"

"I'm not." I lied.

"Is it because you're scared I'll notice your hard-on?"

My sister's blunt question stunned me. Normally she was more tactful -- certainly not so crude. Now my face felt as hot as it had the last time we had been in the attic. I turned my head towards Melanie in surprise.

She kissed my cheek and gave me a reassuring smile.

"I don't think it's weird," she told me "I think it's perfectly natural."

"Not when it happens because of you it's not." I said, feeling shameful.

"Even when it happens because of me," she corrected "most people say that relatives shouldn't be close -- in that way, I mean. But who are we closer to than our family? I love you, Mark."

"I love you too, Mel." I told her. The words came out naturally because I meant them, not because I felt as though I had to echo her sentiment.

"Well, it's normal to get turned-on when we're around people we love, isn't it?" she asserted.

I couldn't argue with my sister's logic. I nodded. "Yeah. I guess." I said.

"Give me a hug, Mark; a real one this time."

I twisted around so I was facing Melanie, then moved my right arm around her. She tugged me to her and leaned on me. I slid my hand up her smooth back, then down again. She let out a soft moan as she wiggled against me. Her breasts moved over my chest and I lowered my eyes towards them.

"We better finish looking through this stuff so mom doesn't wonder what's taking us so long." I told my sister after a while.

"You're probably right." she said as she leaned away from me.

Instantly my eyes drifted down to the front of her blouse. Her nipples were harder and thicker than earlier. Their size and shape were very noticeable through the white cotton.

Melanie's eyes followed mine. Her cheeks were flushed. She gave me a sexy smile. "See, it's not only you who gets excited when we're alone." she told me.

My sister's comment put me at ease, but it also turned me on even more. "Good." I told her.

Melanie and I resumed looking through boxes, picking out things to sell, which we put into the empty box she had found. I think she was as eager as I was to finish and get back downstairs.

Eventually Melanie and I were able to fill three more boxes with items we had found for our yard sale the next day. We carried them down to show our mother, who seemed surprised by how much we had gathered.

"You guys should do well tomorrow," mom said "it's supposed to be sunny, so there should be lots of people around."

"I hope so. I really could use the money." Melanie said, sounding nervous and hopeful.

I went into the living room to watch television while Melanie showed our mother what we had found in the attic. My mind was preoccupied with my sister as I looked across the room at the flickering screen. A little while later she came in and sat down on the couch to my right, giving me a smile as her eyes darted down to my lap.

Our mother followed Melanie into the living room and sat down on a chair beside us. For the next few hours my sister and I watched television, afraid to interact for fear of raising suspicions with our mother.

After our mother had gone to bed Melanie turned around on the couch to face me. Her knees were inches from my thigh. "I hope we make a lot of money tomorrow." she said.

"Me too," I added "but I don't dare count on it."

"Maybe if I wear that tank top I had on the other day more people will stop," she joked "you seemed to like it on me."

"Or better yet: The Spice Girls t-shirt." I shot back.

Melanie laughed. "I thought you said that my boobs were too big to fit into it." she reminded me with a giggle.

"Yeah... they are." I said, glancing down to her chest.

"Even this blouse is kind of tight on me." my sister remarked, taking a brief glance down.

"I noticed." I admitted, feeling emboldened by her frank comments.

"I bet you like it though." she remarked with a grin.

"Yes, I do."

"You probably don't like it as much as the tank top though -- no chance for a look down the front."

Melanie gave me a knowing smile as I blushed. "Here, how's this?" she asked.

Before I could ask my sister what she meant she had unbuttoned the top button. She pulled her blouse open to reveal her cleavage. I stared into her gaping blouse, surprised by how her breasts retained their rounded shape even without a bra.

"Better?" she asked, her voice heavy and lusty sounding.

"Much... but if mom comes down we're in so much shit."

"Don't worry, we'll be able to hear her coming," Melanie said, then paused a while "you know that white sundress I have?"

"The one with the flowers and thin straps?" I could vividly recall the dress she was referring to. It was tight, with small pink flowers. It was probably a size too small for my sister, judging by how it hugged her curves.

"Yeah... you noticed," she said, sounding pleased "well, a few weeks ago when I was wearing it mom said that I was going to get you all worked-up because I was showing a lot of cleavage."

"Did she sound upset?" I asked, concerned.

"Nah... she was laughing about it. She didn't care. Mom's not naive. She knows what guys are like." my sister said.

"But it's different when I'm looking at you," I reminded her "don't you think she'd care about me staring at your boobs?"

"If she did, she never said so." Melanie told me.

"Wow..." I said in near disbelief.

Melanie moved closer to me and leaned on my left arm. Now I had an even better view down her blouse. I made no attempt to hide my leering.

"Isn't this better than before?" she remarked.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, before, you had to sneak peeks at my boobs whenever you could and worry about getting caught. You must like it better now that we can be open about it."

"Oh... yeah. I love it." I gushed.

"I knew you would," she said "I've wanted to talk to you about it for a while now because I knew it would make us closer."

I thought about my sister's rationale for a while before I voiced my concern. "But, aren't you afraid that it could backfire somehow and hurt us in the long run?" I suggested.

"No. I really don't. I've given this a lot of thought, Mark, and I think it's a positive thing. Look at how it's already made us closer." She raised her head to give me a warm smile.

"I guess you're right." I concluded.

"I know I am. I love you and anything that makes us closer has got to be a good thing, right?"

I nodded in agreement. "I love you too, Mel." I said.

My sister looked up to me again. Her mouth was inches from mine. I stared at her full, moist lips, noticing how they had a slight upturned shape. They looked inviting. More than that; tempting. Before I could

stop myself I was leaning towards her, inch by inch, until my lips met hers. She opened her mouth as I sucked on her lower lip, pinching and tugging at it with mine. Melanie moaned into my mouth as her tongue flicked over mine. I felt her hand cupping the back of my neck. Her fingertips teasing my skin as she held me to her.

It had happened: I kissed my sister. I was going to Hell for this. I knew it, but didn't care.

"Holy shit..." she whispered in amazement as she pulled away with a gasp, licking her bottom lip.

"Sorry," I murmured "I guess I got carried away."

"No... don't be sorry. You're a good kisser, Mark." she breathed.

"So are you." I told my sister, not because I felt like I should, but because she was.

Melanie relaxed against me once more. She laid her right arm over my stomach. Although neither of us spoke for a while I knew that my sister was weighing the implications of the step we had just taken, like I was. It was thrilling, but also somewhat unsettling.

"We have to get up early tomorrow, you know." Melanie reminded me a while later.

"Yeah. We should probably get some sleep." I concluded.

Melanie slowly sat up, stretching. She yawned, then stood up. I got up and stood beside her, unable to hold back a smile. Her arms slipped around my waist and she pressed herself to me, pulling me closer. My cock was throbbing and I felt her stomach pressed to it. She pushed her hips towards me, grinding her stomach against my hard shaft.

"Mmmm... that feels good," she said, almost moaning "I know what you're going to be doing after you go to bed."

I let out a nervous chuckle. She was right and it was useless to deny it.

"So will I." she added.

I followed my sister up the stairs, watching her hips sway. She stopped outside of her bedroom, seeming nervous.

"Think of me when you're doing it, okay?" she whispered, almost pleading.

I nodded, despite my embarrassment.

Melanie reached behind her and opened her bedroom door. She pushed it open and fumbled for the light switch. Her room was bathed in a soft golden glow as her ceiling light came on. She tugged at my hand and backed up, pulling me into her room. I looked around,

breathing in the mixture of perfume and a musky scent that smelled like pussy. Melanie backed up until she was pressed to her bureau to the left of the doorway.

"Can I have a good-night kiss?" she whispered.

I turned my head and looked at our mother's closed bedroom door, then back to my twin sister.

Before I could answer, Melanie's hand was holding the back of my neck. She tugged me towards her. I saw her watery lips part as I bent down. Already her tongue was searching for mine. She flicked it over my lips, pushing it between them as we kissed. She moaned as my teeth pinched her bottom lip. I held it between my lips as I ran my hand over her back, caressing her writhing body. A few seconds later I felt her hand cup my balls. She held them for a moment, then moved her palm along my throbbing shaft. She gave it a squeeze. I lurched back in surprise. Melanie licked her wet lips as she looked up at me, still rubbing my hard cock. Now her hips were moving in a slow circular motion.

"We better stop, Mel." I whispered.

Melanie frowned and eased her hand from my cock. "Okay," she agreed, not sounding happy "but I wish I could do it for you instead of you doing it alone in your room."

"Think of me." she whispered, then kissed my cheek.

Chapter 3

That Saturday morning Melanie woke me early. She was standing by my bed, shaking me gently as she called out to me. I rolled over on my back with a groan as I looked up at her, squinting.

"Time to get up," she said "we have to get a table from the basement and put the stuff out."

I turned to check the clock on my nightstand. It was 7:48.

Melanie seemed amused by my groggy state, judging by the expression on her face. Once my eyes focused and I could see her clearly I felt my cock twitch. She was wearing the very sundress that she had mentioned the night before when she told me of how mom had remarked about how much cleavage it revealed. I bent my left leg to hide the inevitable tent that was about to form in the blanket covering me as my cock began to swell.

"Has mom said anything about you wearing that dress?" I asked, concerned.

"That dress would get any man up." I quipped.

"Are you... up?" Melanie asked. Her voice was soft and sexy as she breathed out the last word.

"Getting there." I answered.

On the floor beside my bed were the jeans, t-shirt and boxers that I had been wearing the night before. Melanie looked down to them, then ran her eyes over me.

"Are you naked under there?" she asked, probably surmising that I was.

"Yes." I told her.

"And... up?" Her voice was full of innuendo.

"Kind of." I said.

"But not all the way?"

I shook my head.

Melanie sat down on the bed beside me. She put her right hand on my chest and leaned forward. Now I could see down the front of her dress. Her breasts were less than a foot from my face, swaying as she moved her shoulders. She was braless. Now my cock was fully erect. I hoped she would bend over more so I could see her nipples, but a few seconds later she straightened up. Her swollen nipples stood out from her breasts, pushing out at her dress.

"So...?" she said, dragging out the word as if she was singing.

"I'm really up now." I said, noticing that my voice was thick and deeper.

Melanie let out an excited giggle. "Good. I'll leave you alone so you can get dressed then."

I waited until I heard my sister going downstairs before I got up and went to have a shower. The hot water helped to wake me up. I wrapped a soapy hand around my cock as I stood under the shower nozzle and began stroking it. Thoughts of what Melanie and I had done, and what I wanted to do with her, filled my mind as I pumped my shaft. I pictured her breasts and heard her voice in my mind until streams of cum shot from it.

"You're going to have to help me get that table out of the basement." Melanie told me as I entered the kitchen after my shower.

"Okay." I grunted.

I followed Melanie down to the basement to where the table was. We carried it out to the front lawn and dropped it about twenty feet from the sidewalk. Melanie went back in to bring out a box while I unfolded the legs of the table and positioned it beside a large pine tree.

We soon realized that it had not occurred to us to make a sign advertising our yard sale, so while I brought out the rest of the boxes and began placing the contents of them on the table Melanie made a sign from some cardboard she found in the basement. Her handwriting was much better than mine and it looked perfect once it was completed.

"How's this look?" she asked as she held up the sign.

"Great," I said "a lot better than I could do."

Melanie had brought out a hammer and nails which I used to I affix the sign to the front of the table. While I did that she brought two lawn chairs from the verandah.

It was a sunny, cloudless day and I was optimistic about our success with our yard sale. Melanie sat down beside me behind the table and we watched passing cars, hoping someone would soon stop.

Eventually people began stopping to view the items we had for sale. Most left without buying anything, but some found things they wanted. By early afternoon Melanie and I had made just under fifty dollars I estimated. It wasn't a lot, but anything we earned was good.



Our mother had come out and sat on the verandah behind us. She was reading a book and keeping an eye on us. It was around two-thirty that afternoon when I heard the cordless phone on the table beside mom ringing. I turned around to see her talking to someone. Once she had finished with her phone call she approached us.

"That was Peggy," mom said "she's invited me over to supper. I hope you guys don't mind. I guess you can fend for yourselves for one night."

"Sure, go ahead, mom," Melanie told her "it's good for you to get out once in a while, especially for a free meal."

"Thanks, honey. I'm not sure when I'll be back; sometime this evening anyway." mom told us.

Melanie and I looked at one another and smiled as our mother walked back towards the house. Of course we were glad for mom to have an opportunity to get out, but we were more glad for the time alone, or at least I knew that I was.

Peggy was mom's older sister, and like her, divorced. She seemed to be lonely at times and was probably glad for whatever company she got. It occurred to me that mom was probably as happy for some company besides me and my sister as Aunt Peggy was. It pleased me that mom would be getting out for an evening and I felt guilty that her rare opportunity for a social life seemed less important to me than time alone with my sister.

Melanie and I waved at mom as she drove out of the yard, then exchanged smirks.

"Did you have fun in the shower this morning?" Melanie asked a while after mom had left.

"Yes." I replied.

"I had fun getting you up. I wish I could do that every morning."

"You're good at it. But you get me up more than you know."

"Oh, I don't know about that," she countered "I don't always let on what I know."

"Like what?" I asked, very curious.

"Like the last time I wore this dress," my sister explained "I could tell just how much you liked it on me. So could mom; that's why she said what she did to me."

I frowned at the thought that I was a lot more obvious than I had assumed.

"But weren't you worried about what mom would say or think today?" I asked.

"No, not really. Besides, I really don't care and I don't think she does either."

As Melanie and I talked I noticed that dark clouds had begun to fill the sky. The wind had picked up too. The breeze was chilly. I feared that it might rain.

"It looks like rain." I remarked, nodding up towards the menacing clouds.

"Shit. I hope not." Melanie spat out as she raised her head.

Melanie and I continued to watch cars pass by. Most slowed down to look, but not many stopped. We were able to sell some more things that afternoon, but not quite half of all we had put out.

"There's always tomorrow." Melanie reminded me, although she seemed as disappointed as I was.

It was about fifteen minutes later that I felt the first drops of rain land on me. I looked up. "Damn, it's starting to rain." I said.

"Maybe it will only be a quick shower." my sister said.

Melanie was always more of an optimist than me, but this time optimism was not enough. Soon the rain began coming down harder.

"Shit, we better get inside," Melanie said "this is getting worse."

Melanie and I got up and began putting things in the boxes that we had stowed under the table. Once one box was full I ran inside with it. The rain was bouncing off of the pavement by the time Melanie and I were putting the last few items on the table into a box. We stood on the verandah, looking out at the pelting rain.

"Damnit," she spat out "want to bring the table in too?"

"No, let's just leave it there. We can bring it up here later once the rain stops." I said.

My hair and t-shirt were completely soaked. Rivulets of rainwater ran down my face. I went inside, dejected and shivering.

As I watched Melanie close the door behind us I noticed that she had gotten drenched too. She had stayed out in the downpour while I raced inside with full boxes, so had gotten the worst of the rain. Her limp, wet hair hung down around her wet shoulders and face, but what I noticed most was the effect that the rain had on her dress. It was as wet as my t-shirt and clung to her body even more than it had when it was

dry. My eyes followed the drops of water dripping from her chin. They ran down her chest towards her breasts. Her thick, hard nipples pushed out at the wet material. As I stared at them I realized that I could see their dark hue against the wet white material of Melanie's dress.

"You look like you've been in a wet t-shirt contest." I joked, my eyes still riveted to my sister's nipples, quite visible through her wet dress.

Melanie looked down at her chest. She tugged her dress taught over her left breast to examine how translucent it had become. Now I could see her areola through the wet material. I appeared to be about the size of a quarter.

My wet clothes and hair had left me cold and it occurred to me that Melanie must be too. Despite how much I may not have wanted her to change I thought she might want to put on some dry clothes.

"Are you cold? Do you want to go change into something else?" I asked.

"What? Don't I look good in this?" she teased, sounding surprised by my question.

"Of course, but I thought you might want to change into something dry and warm."

"You're so thoughtful," she said, smiling "I wouldn't mind drying my hair, actually. Come on up while I do that and we can count the money too."

I followed Melanie upstairs. She stopped at her bedroom door.

"Go on in. I'm going to get a towel and I'll be right in." she said.

I opened my sister's bedroom door and stepped inside, looking around. I could hear the rain beating against the roof and her bedroom window. A few seconds later Melanie joined me. She had a white towel over her head and was rubbing it over her drenched hair. Her breasts shook and bounced with the vigorous movements of her arms. My eyes were pulled towards them as they danced beneath her wet dress.

Melanie sat down on the bed. She slid towards the middle and brought her feet up on it.

I pulled the crumpled bills and coins from my jeans that our yard sale had netted us and dropped them on the bed. I sat down and began counting.

"Not bad -- sixty-three dollars." I told her once I had finished counting the money.

"Cool. We would have probably made even more if it weren't for the rain," she added "hopefully tomorrow will be nice."

I nodded as I counted out Melanie's share of the money. Once I had finished I pushed it towards her. She leaned to her right and placed it on the stand beside her bed, then sat up again, facing me.

"Your nipples look dark." I remarked as I stared at the dusky circles showing through her wet dress.

"Yeah," she said, looking up "but you probably already knew that."

"No, I've never seen them."

"I'm surprised. After all the times you've looked down my tops, I was sure there were a few times you must have seen them."

"No. Never." I told her.

Melanie's eyes moved about as she thought. "Want to see them?" she offered.

"You mean it?" I asked in disbelief. My eyes widened as I looked down to the front of her dress.

"Sure, why not? You've already pretty much seen them all anyway. I may as well let you have a good look at them." she explained.

"Wow... thanks, Mel." I gushed. My heart raced and my cock throbbed in anticipation.

Melanie slid closer to me on her bed. As she moved her dress slipped up her dark thighs, uncovering most of them. I looked down at her silky brown skin, then back up to her chest. Her left knee caressed my thigh and her hands were laying on her exposed thighs. She sat up straight.

"Go ahead." she prodded.

"What?" I asked, still waiting for her to expose her breasts to me.

Melanie sighed, seeming nervous, which I understood. I was too, despite how horny I was.

"If I tell you something, do you promise not to laugh?" she asked.

"Sure. What?"

"For almost a year now I've had this fantasy of you some day just tugging my top down when I was wearing something like this and uncovering my boobs. That you couldn't take my teasing any more and just decided to make me show them to you -- whether I wanted to or not."

"Wow... that's hot," I said "but I would have never dared do something like that."

"But... I want you to, Mark." Her voice was sexy, almost begging.

I hooked my fingers in the thin straps of my sister's dress. Her skin was soft and warm as the backs of my hands grazed over it. I eased the straps of her dress off of her shoulders and looked down as more of her chest was uncovered. Seconds later I could see the curves of her round breasts appearing. My heart sped up as I slid the straps down her arms, feeling her skin on my hands. Now I could see more than half of her full breasts as the front of her dress fell down. I swallowed hard when I saw the edges of her areolas, then her hard nipples. They were a bit smaller than the tip of my finger and darker than I anticipated. The lighter rings surrounding them were larger than I had guessed, judging from how they looked through her wet dress. I stared at my sister's breasts. They stood out from her thin body. Round, firm, and turned slightly upwards, as if her swollen brown nipples were reaching up towards my mouth. I licked my lips as I imagined sucking on them.

Melanie's breasts looked perfect -- better than I could have imagined or wished for. Her skin was soft and tanned. I ran my eyes over her globes, imagining my hands cupping them, pushing them up so her thick nipples met my mouth -- pushing them together and sliding my cock between them. My mind filled with all sorts of lewd possibilities.

"Do you like them?" she asked, sounding nervous.

"They're perfect." I breathed, still staring.

"Thanks, but they're not." she said.

"I love them," I said "but what makes them even more special is that they're a part of you."

Melanie looked up to me, seeming confused and surprised for a moment, then she smiled. "So, if they were smaller you'd still like them because they're mine?" she asked.

I nodded. "Yes, they'd still be perfect on anyone, but I love them because I love you." I told her.

I waited for my sister's reply, but when it never came I looked up to her face. Her bottom lip was trembling and her breathing forced. I saw a solitary tear running down her left cheek.

"Shit... what's wrong, Mel? I'm sorry. What did I say?" I spat out.

Melanie shook her head as she ran her hand over her left cheek. "No... nothing's wrong, Mark," she stammered "it's just what you said. You make me feel so... special."

"But, you are." I asserted, clutching her arms.

"Yeah... because I've got big tits." she spat out, sounding cynical.

I sighed and tugged at the straps of my sister's dress. I pulled them up over her shoulders until her chest was covered once more. I drew in a deep breath and collected my thoughts, then held her hands in mine. I could feel her tremble.

"Do you love me?" I asked.

"Yes, of course I do." she replied in a shaky voice.

"Do you love me because of the size of my cock?"

"I don't know. No... shit. I've never seen it. Of course not, Mark. How would I know?" she answered, sounding bewildered.

"Well, then why do you think I love you because of your boobs?"

Melanie thought for a moment. "I don't know. Probably because every other guy has been like that."

"Okay. Then I guess I'm just another guy to you." I said, sounding hurt.

"No, Mark, you're not! Jesus. You're different. I know you are." she blurted out. Her wet eyes moved up to my face. Now her red cheeks were wet with tears.

"Then let me prove it to you then, Mel. Please." I begged.

"This is all so new to me." she whispered, sounding confused and frightened.

"Me too. I whispered.

I slid my arms around my sister's shoulders and drew her to me. I held her tight as her hands moved over my back. I could hear her sob and felt her body quake as I held her. I kissed her cheek, then rested my chin on her right shoulder.

"I'm confused." Melanie said.

"Me too," told her "how to deal with this wasn't part of the Birds 'n' the Bees Speech that mom and dad gave me years ago." I told her.

Melanie laughed, which relieved me. "Me either," she said "maybe I should have asked them what to do when I fall in love with my brother."

"Maybe having no rules is a good thing," I reasoned "that way, we can make them up as we go."

"Okay. Rule number one: you have to hug me whenever I tell you to." Melanie said, sounding happier.

"I like that rule," I said "rule number two: you're never allowed to wear a bra."

"Never? Not even when I go out somewhere?" she asked, leaning back to look up at me.

"We'll see -- it depends on where you go." I said, amending my rule.

"It's okay. I like being braless. I wish I could be topless too most of the time," she said "sometimes when I'm up here and I know that you and mom aren't home I take my top off."

"Damn, I wish I knew that." I said.

Melanie laughed. "Well, now you do. Next time you come home before mom, come up and check. Maybe you'll get to see them."

I held my sister tight against me, running my hand up and down her back. I could hear the rain still falling outside.

"Are you up? she asked, sounding tentative.

"Yes... oh, yeah" I told her with a nervous laugh.

"Good," she said "my dress is dry, but I'm still wet."

I leaned back and gave my twin sister a smile.

"So, what are we going to do about this?" she asked.

"About what?"

"You know... you up... me wet." she said with a shy laugh.

"I don't know if we should do anything about it, Mel," I told her " I mean, mom is home most of the time, so we can't be alone. Besides, I don't know if it would be best for us."

"How do you do it, Mark?" my sister asked, sounding amazed almost amazed.

"Do what?"

"Not let your libido control you." she explained.

"It does sometimes." I admitted.

"Like when?" my sister asked.

"Like when I'm around you." I said with a laugh.

"But you've never given into it. I've been waiting for you to feel by boobs, or do something like that for ages, but you haven't."

"I couldn't -- you're my sister. Why didn't you do something?"

"I see what you mean." Melanie replied, although she still sounded chagrined.

"I guess that's all in the past now though." I remarked.

"How so?" Melanie asked.

"Well, after today," I began "you let me see your boobs and we're cuddling like this. Hell -- I kissed you. Things have changed between us forever."

"Yeah, you're right," Melanie said, sounding encouraged "this is going to sound weird, but I feel like you're more like my boyfriend than my brother."

I thought for a while, letting my sister's words sink in before I spoke.
"No, that doesn't sound weird at all." I told her.

"Why not?" she asked, leaning back to look at me.

"Because I love you." I said, then kissed her cheek.

Melanie wiggled free of my embrace and pulled her left arm up towards her shoulder. She pulled the strap of her dress down her arm, then began tugging at the right side.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Showing off for you." my sister explained.

"But, I thought you knew that you didn't have to do that for me." I said.

"But, what if I want to?" Melanie asked. Her eyes darted up to mine and looked very sexy.

Melanie pulled her dress down until it was gathered around her waist. Her upper torso was bare and my eyes moved down from her shoulders to her exposed breasts, standing out from her trim body. I stared at her thick, dark nipples and wished I could wrap my lips around them. She leaned forward and slid her arms around my shoulders, pulling me to her.

"I know you'd probably rather just look at my boobs, but will you still hold me for a while?" she implored.

"Of course, that's Rule Number One," I joked, but only somewhat. My arms went around my sister's bare back. I could feel her soft skin as I pulled her towards me. She let out a faint moan as I ran my hands up her spine.

Outside, I could hear the rain still pouring down. I was glad we had decided to come in when we had. It would have been a waste of time to have waited in hopes that the light shower earlier abated.

"It sounds really nasty out there," Melanie said "I hope that tomorrow is nicer."

"Me too," I said "but if not, there's always next weekend."

"At least you got to see me in my wet dress."

"You looked so hot in that, Mel." I said.

"It made me feel so sexy. Seeing how you looked at me turned me on so much." my sister said.

"Really?" I asked, surprised by Melanie's reaction.

"Yes, I love it when you stare at me. I can always tell when you're horny."

"I usually am when I look at you." I admitted.

Melanie smiled. "Well, from now on I want you to let me know when you are, and if mom's around at least smile at me, or something."

I nodded, promising to honor my twin's request.

When the phone on Melanie's night stand rang we both jumped and turned towards it. I listened to my sister speaking.

"Yeah... no, we came in a while ago. It's really coming down out there," Melanie said "okay... I'll see you later. Bye, mom."

I sighed as my sister put down the receiver.

"Mom wanted to see how we're making out." my sister explained.

"Did you tell her we were making out?" I retorted.

Melanie giggled. "But, we're not." she remarked.

I gave my sister a nervous smile, wishing she was wrong.

Melanie leaned closer to me. She draped her arms over my shoulders and rested herself on my chest. My hands moved to her bare back, just above her hips. I slid them up, feeling her soft skin against mine. She moaned and wiggled closer, clutching me tighter to her. Her body felt wonderful as I touched her and felt her pressed to me. We embraced for a while until she leaned back. She reached down and pulled her dress up her body, over her narrow shoulders. She dropped it to her bed, smiling at me.

"Do I look okay?" she asked, sounding nervous.

"You look perfect." I told her.

Melanie smiled, probably more out of relief than pride. "Let me see you, Mark." she said.

I froze, suddenly nervous. My sister pulled at my t-shirt, bringing it up over my head. Now I was even more insecure. My sister smiled as she looked at my bare chest. She ran her fingertips down my chest towards my jeans.

"I haven't seen you naked since you were a little boy." she said.

"I haven't seen you naked since then either." I countered.

Melanie smirked and tugged her panties down towards her feet. She tossed them onto the floor. My eyes moved up my sister's bare legs to

her thighs. Between them I saw a thin strip of dark hair. She laid back on the bed and placed her feet on the blanket beneath us. She spread her thighs. I saw her moist lips part. They were shiny and wet. My sister's hand slid down her stomach towards them. She spread them apart, revealing her tender folds to me.

"Your turn, little brother." she whispered.

I stood up and wrestled with the button of my jeans. I tugged at my zipper, then pulled my jeans down my thighs. I could feel my cock straining my underwear as I pulled my feet from my jeans.

"Let me see it, Mark." she said, her voice soft and breathy.

My cock was standing out from my underwear as I leaned over my naked sister, lying on her bed. I pulled my underwear off and dropped them to the floor. I could feel my hard cock sway. Melanie smiled, then moaned. She reached up and tugged at my wrist, drawing me down towards her.

My sister parted her legs as I knelt between them. Her hands were still holding my forearms as she guided me lower. I looked into her dreamy eyes, then moved my eyes down to her breasts standing up from her chest. Her hard nipples were pointing up towards me.

"Have you ever thought about doing this?" she asked.

"Hundreds of times." I admitted.

Melanie laughed. "Is that all?"

I could feel my sister's hands on my hips. Her touch was gentle, teasing, as she guided me towards her waiting lips. Her legs wrapped around me as the head of my cock sank into her. She was hot, wet, tight. I groaned, pushing harder. Melanie's fingernails dug into my shoulders as she pulled me to her.

"I've wanted this for so long." she breathed into my ear.

My sister's body felt soft and warm as I pressed down on it. Her legs were wrapped around my lower back, holding me tight. I could feel her grip my cock, holding me inside her. I was afraid I was going to cum that instant. I panted, then began moving my hips, moving my shaft in and out of my sister's tight body. She cried out, holding me tighter to her.

"Oh god, Mark," she moaned "I always knew you must be big."

I raised up, thrusting my hips harder as I looked down at my sister. Her eyes were shut tight and her mouth was open as she moaned. I could see her breasts shake as I shoved my cock in her.

"Yes... fuck, you feel so good." Melanie cried out.

If I felt good, then she felt wonderful. I began thrusting my hips harder, watching my cock piston in and out of my sister's tight wet pussy. My shaft was wet with her juice. I grabbed her hips. Lifting her from the bed, knowing I was getting close. She must have sensed it too, judging by my breathing.

"You can't cum in me." she said as she looked up, seeming nervous.

"Where then?" I asked.

"Anywhere else," she breathed "how about my tits or face?"

My sister's suggestion had brought me even closer. I could picture streams of my cum shooting over her quivering breasts beneath me.

"Where?" I moaned. "I'm so close, Mel."

"Everywhere." she moaned as her back arched.

I pulled my cock from my twin sister and wrapped my hand around it. I began pumping, watching her as she tugged at her thick nipples. Seconds later a stream of hot cum shot from my cock. It splashed over her chin and cheeks. That was followed by two more ribbons that coated her breasts. It ran down towards her dark nipples.

Melanie licked her lips and smeared my cum on her face towards them. She ran her hands over her breasts, coating her nipples with my thick spunk.

"Mmmm..." she moaned, licking her fingers.

I was breathing hard as I knelt over my twin sister, watching her paint her sexy body with my cum. I sat down beside her. My eyes never left her hands as she smeared my juice over her nipples.

"Do you always cum this much?" she asked.

I shrugged. "I've been saving it up for you."

Melanie rolled over on her side. My cock was still hard and she held it, flicking her tongue over my slit.

"Next time I want to drink it all." she said, then looked up at me. Her brown eyes met mine and I knew she meant it.

Epilogue

Yes, I kissed a girl. One whom I had shared a womb with for nine months and had grown up with. We had shared a bed together and were bathed together until those things were deemed appropriate. It was all decided for us by others. That kiss, and what ensued, are forbidden by all conventions of civilized society. Illegal. Reviled. Yet

we saw it as a return to our initial closeness. A reunion. Melanie doesn't care about normal conventions; neither do I. There was no coercion involved whatsoever, so we considered it strictly a matter between us. Still, it was something that we had to hide. Maybe polite society had actually done us a favor by forcing our love into the shadows. That way it remained fresh and exciting.

I Know Who You Are

Inspired by the person who sent me anonymous Feedback claiming to know who I was, but didn't seem to know my real name. Whoever you are, thanks.

Chapter 1

I scanned the words on the screen of my computer monitor. I felt pleased with myself for having completed my endeavour. However that was tempered with some anxiety and more than a little guilt.

Why though?

They were just pixels that formed letters, that formed words, that formed sentences, that...

I had finally completed what I had spent months talking myself out of, then ultimately into doing. At that point I was still the only person alive who knew what I had done. I could easily delete the text file and forget about it all. What prevented me from doing that was a combination of my ego and my libido -- a dangerous brew of endorphins and hormones. Even as I perused the lines I had written I could feel my cock begin to harden.

I had been a frequent visitor to the Literotica website for close to a year. After growing bored with the familiar themes and machinations of the stories I was seized by the notion that I could write as well, if not better

than, many of the authors whose stories I had read. I had never written a piece of fiction in my life, save the brief descriptions of myself I had given while chatting to women (or men pretending to be women) online. That did not count. I needed a plot and characters -- men with totem pole-sized cocks that grew so hard they could nail a railroad spike into a board and women whose breasts rivaled the Goodyear blimp, who were so tight that they could crack a walnut inside them.

For the next week or so I began mulling over plotlines in my mind. My favourite category amongst the many erotic stories I had seen posted was Incest. Somewhere in the back of my dirty mind I knew that if I were to ever submit a story it would be under that category.

I was almost nineteen and still a virgin. Sure, I had gotten a few blowjobs and several clumsy hand jobs in the front seat of my parents' car, or behind hedges at house parties, but that never qualified as sex - any staunch Democrat could tell you that. My greatest sexual exploits and conquests had all occurred within the confines of my mind while masturbating. What I was even more averse to admitting to anyone (except you, and you don't know who I am. Right?) was that my nightly fantasies usually revolved around my sister, Alison.

Alison is four years older than me and the most lovely young woman I have ever cast my eyes on. She is a few inches shorter than me, about 5'5", with curly dark red hair. It flows down her slender back past her shoulder blades and shimmers in the afternoon sun when she tans in our back yard. She is what most people would consider average build. I don't think she could ever get a job at Hooters, but I've noticed many of my friends' eyes following her around, so I guess I'm not the only one who finds her attractive. Her hips are slender, but always seem to

have a mesmerizing sway to them as she walks. Whenever I find myself staring at them my eyes always gravitate to her firm, round backside. It looks as though you could crack an egg on it. My sister doesn't work out at a gym and has never been involved in sports, but somehow Alison was blessed with a body that could straighten out a corkscrew. For me, she was the epitome of beauty and desire. Unfortunately she was also off-limits to me because she was my sister. Yet that never stopped me from making love to her in my mind almost every night.

My story was finally completed. It revolved around a teenage guy who lusted after his older sister. After a prolonged period of teasing and flirtation the siblings consummate their lust for one another, once the elder sibling accepted her feelings of lust for her brother. Readers seemed to crave happy endings and I was more than happy to oblige. I had followed the hoary advice of writing about what you know about. This was what I knew about, except for the happy ending. I named my characters Kathy and David.

To say that Kathy was inspired by my sister wouldn't be completely accurate or even honest. The character was more like a clone of Alison. I even went as far as writing a scene where David leers at his sister's breasts down the front of a blue floral sundress she wore. Alison owned a dress exactly like the one I clothed Kathy with in my story. I, like the fictional David, had often glimpsed my sister's breasts down the front of that very dress as she bent over. On a few occasions I had even been fortunate enough to catch a fleeting glimpse of a dusky nipple protruding from her swaying breast. During these occasions my arousal was always mixed with fear that Alison would notice me ogling her. Often I waited for an angry rebuke from her for my illicit actions.

That never happened.

I had also set up an email account at Hotmail to receive Feedback (good or bad, should anyone feel my story warranted it) with a username that no one could possibly ever trace to me. My greatest fear at this point was that someone would discover that the story written by Bad_Bro_69 was in fact written by me, Andrew D. I comforted myself with the realization that of the dozens of stories I had read I had no idea who any of the authors were. They could be my neighbours or one of my friends for all I knew. Had I written something I considered more pedestrian I would not have been so concerned with anonymity, but given the subject matter of my story, "Kathy's Epiphany", I felt it essential.

My right index finger trembled as it hovered over the left mouse button. I stared at the Submit Now icon. It was an adversary, testing my will. I held my breath and pressed down on the mouse button.

Now it was too late to change my mind.

Chapter 2

The FAQ at the website said that my story should be posted within a week. I was nervous. I had put my submission through a spell check twice and read it over a few times, scanning for obvious mistakes of any sort. Everything seemed in order. After four days my story had still not been posted. I grew anxious. The information on my Submissions page indicated that my story was still Pending. At least it had not been rejected. Hope flourished.

That Thursday afternoon when I arrived home from my afternoon classes at college I wanted to race up to my bedroom and check the status of my submission. Discovering that Alison was already home was bittersweet. Any time spent with Alison was wonderful, but at that moment I wanted privacy.

Alison worked at a mall downtown. She was a sales representative for the local phone company. Her job essentially consisted of dealing with customer complaints and answering stupid questions, but she earned a commission on new customers she was able to sign up. She had been doing this for almost two years and seemed to like it -- as much as one can like a job with little hope for career advancement. She had Tuesday and Thursday afternoons off. Somehow, I had forgotten this as I hurried home that afternoon, planning on checking to see if my story had been approved.

"How was school?" my sister asked.

Alison was sitting at the kitchen table eating a slice of watermelon. For a moment I allowed myself to believe that this was a clever ploy by her to frustrate or tease me. Juice ran down her chin and her full lips were shiny wet with it. She held the rind between her slender fingers. They too were coated with the juice of the watermelon. I noticed that she had painted her nails a blood red. My heart beat faster, pumping my blood to my cock. It began to thicken and rise.

"Okay," I grunted "I just wish I didn't have to take English."

"I can help you if you want," my sister offered "that was my best subject in school."

I barely heard Alison's reply. My eyes were riveted to her pursed lips as she pushed out a watermelon seed between them. Moments later they were sucking at the rind again, drawing every drop of juice out of it. I imagined her full, moist lips wrapped around my cock as she sucked on it until my cum was running down her chin. Her brown eyes moved up until they met mine. She smiled and I felt myself blush.

"How was work?" I asked, eager to avoid any silence.

"Okay," my sister replied with a shrug "we had the usual stupid people calling who don't know how to use call forwarding or set up voicemail."

Alison dropped the watermelon rind on to the plate in front of her then examined her fingers. They were wet with the juice from the watermelon. It ran down towards her palms.

"I'm all sticky with juice." she remarked as she got up and moved towards the sink.

It wasn't the words as much as the way Alison said them and the look in her dark eyes as they met mine that made my cock thicken even more. I scanned the shape of my sister's ass covered by her blue skirt as she rinsed her hands off at the sink. Her skirt stopped a few inches above her knees. My eyes moved up from her black shoes, past her well-toned calves to the hint of her soft thighs below the hem of her skirt. I was stricken with the thought of bending her over the counter and pulling her skirt up around her hips. When she tore off a strip of paper towel and turned around towards me as she dried her hands I forced myself to concentrate on the present.

Alison had a peculiar look on her face as she dried her hands. I wished I knew what she was thinking, but I was equally hesitant to ask. I noticed her eyes flit down to the front of my jeans, then back up to my face. Never before in my life had I ever been so self-conscious of my erection.

"So, what are you up to?" Alison pulled open the cupboard door below the sink and tossed the paper towels into the garbage can.

Alison nodded. For a moment it seemed to me that her expression was incredulous, or maybe that was just paranoia on my part.

When my sister never replied I turned and left the kitchen. Once I was out of her sight I hurried up the stairs to my bedroom.

My palms felt sweaty as I waited for my computer to start. Immediately I navigated towards the Literotica site to check the status of my story. I really don't know if a person's heart can literally skip a beat or momentarily stop, but mine definitely did something unexpected when I saw my Submissions page. My story had finally been approved. I smiled, partly out of relief, but mostly out of pride.

The next thing I did was surf to the front page of the site. Although I had read my story many times, there was something about seeing it once it had actually been published online that filled me with a sense of gratification. I read all three pages, smiling to myself the entire time.

Once I had finished reading my story I decided to check my Hotmail to see if anyone had sent me Feedback. I don't recall if I was more surprised or apprehensive to discover that I had two emails. I felt the same sense of apprehension as when I had submitted my story as I clicked on the first email. I read it quickly, wanting to find out if the reader liked or disliked my story. I smiled and leaned back in my chair once I realized that the Feedback was positive. I opened the second email. This too was reassuring. The sender essentially said that my story was a good first attempt and encouraged me to write more. I noticed that the first email was sent by a reader who had chosen to

remain anonymous, but the other sender had been brave enough to supply a return email address. I made a mental note to reply later and thank him for his response.

I was lost in an ego trip and never noticed Alison for a few seconds. She was leaning against the doorway to my room, smiling as she observed me.

"That must be good email, Andy. What's her name?"

I jumped and whipped my head around towards Alison. She laughed at my reaction.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to startle you, little brother." she chuckled.

Alison approached me. I managed to navigate to another website just before she stepped beside me. Her perfume was the first thing I noticed. It was musky and sexy. The next thing I noticed was her hip and ass. She was less than a foot to my right. My eyes shifted and ran up her left leg to the curve of her firm backside.

"What were you looking at a minute ago?" she asked, sounding accusatory.

"This." I said, trying to sound composed.

"Yeah..."

When I felt my sister's hand on my left shoulder I flinched. Her hip grazed my right arm as she sidled up to me. My cock was even harder now. I shifted in my chair.

"I never knew that the news interested you that much, Andy." she said, sounding like she was mocking me.

"Huh?" I grunted.

"Well, you had a weird grin on your face a minute ago." she said.

"Oh..." was all I could muster.

I could feel my cock pushing up at my jeans and I knew that my sister would noticed it if she looked down at my lap. In fact, she probably already had.

"Anyway, I'm going to get changed before supper," she said "I'll let you get back to whatever you were looking at before I interrupted you." My sister let out a sarcastic laugh as she left my room.

922 Alison's bedroom was across the hall from mine. I watched her hips sway as she walked towards her door. She closed it behind her. I gave

a sigh. Soon my mind was filled with images of her undressing on the other side of that thin wall. I reached down and rubbed my cock through my jeans.

That evening after supper Alison went out with friends. I spent some time with our parents watching television before telling them I was going up to my room to work on homework. I discovered that I had received a few more emails with Feedback on my story. All were positive. One even had suggestions for how I should continue my story in ensuing parts. Again, I discovered that two of the emails contained an address for me to reply. I sent off emails to them, thanking them for their praise and assuring them that I would write more stories.

At that point I was honestly not sure that I would write any more stories, but after I went to bed I began to weave plots in my mind. Most were along similar lines to what I had already written and all of them had a variation of Alison as the object of the protagonist's desire. My hand slipped inside my underwear and stroked my hard cock as I built the stories in my mind. I saw myself as the main character and my sister as the focus of his incestuous desires.

I fell asleep soon after spraying steaks of cum over my stomach as I fantasized about Alison. At some point I was woken by the sound of someone in the bathroom, then a door closing. It was almost one in the morning and I knew that my sister had arrived home.

Chapter 3

Over the next few days emails with Feedback continued to trickle in. Overall, they were mostly positive, even when the senders offered constructive criticism. Any advice was welcome at this point. Now I was emboldened to write a second story.

That Sunday night before I went to bed I decided to check my email one last time. Already I had begun to feed off of the Feedback sent to me by readers. It stoked my ego and convinced me to continue with my fledgling online writing career. Perhaps I could become the world's most famous pseudonymous writer of erotic fiction I told myself.

That night there was only one piece of email waiting for me. I opened it. My brow furrowed as I read the message a second time. Then fright and paranoia began to build within me. The email was sent by an anonymous reader and consisted of only five words: "I know who you are."

Immediately I ran through a mental checklist of friends who might have read my story and discerned that I was Bad_Bro_69. I had done little to mask the fact that Kathy was in fact my sister, Alison. Their descriptions were identical. Anyone who knew her would see the similarities. Hell, anyone who had seen her in that sundress would recognize it in my story.

Next I asked myself who amongst my friends was likely to have visited Literotica, much less be interested in reading stories in the Incest category. Immediately I thought of a guy I knew, Brandon. He had an

older sister named Sarah. She was almost as pretty as Alison. If she were my sister I'd certainly have lustful thoughts about her. Then I recalled one night when I was hanging out with another friend, Vanessa. She made some off-handed remark about how her older brother, Dylan, was "a real hunk" and that she'd want to have sex with him if they weren't siblings.

I mentally scolded myself for having judged my friends as I judged myself. Not everyone was as perverted as me after all. Still, a good many people had read my story, so I was not alone in harbouring forbidden thoughts for a family member.

Eventually my panic and suspicions gave way to reason. I reminded myself that whoever wrote the email never outed me by calling me 'Andrew'. That would be definitive proof of their claim, yet it was absent. I was somewhat relieved that the sender's assertion lacked any proof. It was undoubtedly just someone trying to have some fun at my expense. I saved the email, turned off my computer and went to bed.

Chapter 4

That Tuesday afternoon I decided to skip my last class of the day, European History. I was doing well in the class and could afford to miss one. I wanted to get home and work on my second submission to Literotica. I had already worked out most of the details of the plot in my mind and was eager to begin writing it for real.

When I arrived home I discovered that the door was unlocked. I had remembered that Alison had that afternoon off, but hoped she would allow me some solitude before supper so I could begin my story.

The house was quiet when I entered. I had expected to hear the television or music coming from my sister's bedroom. I climbed the stairs. Already my cock had begun to harden as I mulled over the outline of the story I was about to begin. As I passed Alison's bedroom door I noticed that it was open. She called out to me.

As I turned and entered my sister's bedroom my heart did that funny thing it sometimes does. This time it was not out of fear or nervousness, but arousal. Alison was on her bed, lying on her stomach, flipping through a magazine. Normally that would have been enough to quicken my pulse and send blood to my swelling cock, but this time it was more than that. Alison was wearing the sundress that I had made reference to in my erotic story. She raised up on her elbows and smiled. Her hair hung down her shoulders towards the swell of her breasts pushing out at the front of her dress, but what really caught my eye was her cleavage.

"How was school?" she asked.

"Okay -- same as ever." I mumbled.

I could see about half of my sister's round breasts down the front of her dress as she raised up on the bed to talk to me. They appeared to be much more than a handful and I was tempted to step closer in hopes of seeing her nipples. Instead, I froze, feeling my cock harden.

"You're home early," she remarked "don't you have another class?"

"Yeah, history, but I decided to ditch it." I tugged the strap of my knapsack higher on my shoulder and focused on Alison's pretty eyes.

Alison clicked her tongue and shook her head in mock disapproval, then laughed. She tossed her magazine aside then twisted her body around to sit up on the side of her bed. It was then I noticed her nipples poking out at her dress. They appeared to be as hard as my cock was at that moment. It was obvious she had no bra on. I hated the silence between us. All I could hear was the sound of her computer whirring in the corner of her bedroom. My eyes shifted towards it and I noticed that her screensaver was on.

"What are you up to?" I asked.

"Reading Cosmo." she said, nodding towards the closed magazine beside her.

I looked down to the photo of the women on the cover. She was buxom and pretty, but looked like every other woman who appeared on the cover each month. Alison must have noticed me looking at the picture of the model because she commented.

"She's pretty, isn't she?"

"Yeah..." I answered, although without much enthusiasm.

Alison laughed. "You don't sound too sure if it. Don't tell me you're playing for the other team, little brother."

"No, I like girls," I laughed "she just seems...plastic."

My sister took a look at the magazine cover then her eyes met mine. She seemed confused.

"Not into blondes with big boobs? I thought all guys were."

"No, that's a myth," I asserted "guys go for all sorts of types."

"Like redheads...?"

Alison's tone of voice was more than simply questioning. It was teasing. Flirtatious. It sent a rush of excitement through me that ended in my hard cock.

"Well, sure... of course." stammered.

"Even if they don't have big boobs?" she prodded.

I felt my eyes dart down to my sister's chest and I forced them back up to her face. She had an impish smile.

"Yes... guys are attracted to more than boobs, you know. Some like legs or butts -- even feet." was my cautious reply.

I wasn't sure where the conversation was headed but I was beginning to enjoy it.

"Then I guess there's still some hope for me." she remarked, then let out a shy laugh.

I felt my mouth open, but clamped it shut. I wanted to say something to reassure Alison, to assuage her insecurity, but realized that anything would probably sound inappropriate coming from her younger brother. I shifted my knapsack on my shoulder again and avoided her eyes.

"Nothing. I answered, almost in a whisper.

"No. What were you going to say, Andy?" Now she was more insistent.

"Nevermind." I mumbled.

Alison stood up and walked over to me. I took a step back as she approached. My eyes were drawn to her stiff nipples and my mind was filled with the precious few glimpses of them I had gotten the other times she had worn that dress.

"No... I want to know what you were going to say. I can take it." Her voice was soft with a hint of nervousness.

"I... I was going to say that there's more than some hope for you -- a lot, I mean." Once the words were out of my mouth I wished I could have drug them back in. I feared I had been too direct.

Alison smiled. Her reaction was unexpected and it relieved me. I was unsure how much honesty she was prepared for about how she looked coming from me.

"So, I look okay then?" she asked.

"Do you know how long it's been since a guy asked me out?"

"No." I answered, shaking my head.

"Me either," she laughed "it's been so long I can't remember."

I let out a laugh, mostly out of nervousness.

"Pretty girls seldom get asked out. Most guys think that they either already have boyfriends or they're way out of their league, so they don't bother asking." I explained.

Alison contemplated my theory, then gave a weak nod as if agreeing. A smile formed on her face. She seemed more pleased than amused.

"So, you think I'm pretty then?"

I squirmed, but felt that admitting to thinking that much as acceptable.

"Sure. Of course. Everyone does." I told her.

Alison's eyes widened a bit and her head jerked back in a gesture of surprise. Her eyes narrowed as she thought.

"Even though I don't have big boobs like the girl on the cover of Cosmo..."

"Pretty is how a girl looks from the neck up, not below it." I explained.

Once more my sister's eyes narrowed as she contemplated my comment.

"No guy has ever told me that before." she said.

"Well, that's how I look at it. Most guys too." I said.

"I can't believe I'm learning about sex from my little brother."

Alison let out another laugh. This time it was brassy, almost lewd. I blushed, but grew more turned-on.

"I know more than I let on." I bragged, trying to sound enigmatic, experienced -- although I was far from it.

Alison moved around beside me. She draped her arm around my shoulder and pressed herself to my side. Her body felt soft and warm on mine. I could see her cleavage down the front of her dress. My eyes lingered on my sister's breasts for a while, until I realized she noticed me staring.

"Maybe you could teach me a few things, little brother." Alison's voice had taken on a husky, aroused tone that thrilled me.

"I... I don't know..." I said, my voice faltering.

Alison's arm was still around me. I felt her breast rub over my left arm. I looked down to it. She tilted her head down and her eyes followed mine. She smiled and her breast brushed my arm again. This time I knew it was deliberate because I felt her hips move against me too.

"I always feel sort of nervous when I wear this dress. I don't dare wear it around town anymore." she commented.

"Why?" I asked, although I had surmised the reason why.

"Because it shows a little more than I want to." she answered.

"Well, how much do you want to show then?" I retorted with a laugh.

Alison's eyes moved down to her chest again. "Not quite this much. You could probably see my nipples if I bent over."

I never answered, but the look on my face betrayed me. Alison giggled.

"I... ah... no... you're my sister..." was my weak defense.

Alison seemed to feed off of my agitation. She giggled and tugged me to her.

"I know I'm your sister, Andy," she said "but you already said that I'm pretty."

"Yes, but that's different."

Alison grew silent as she thought, then grinned. "Maybe I need to ask if you think I look good from the neck down then."

I clenched my jaw, awaiting the inevitable.

"Well...!" My sister gave me a shake to prompt my reply.

"You look good." I told her with a nod.

Alison leaned into me and kissed my cheek. The feeling of her breasts on my arm and her soft lips pressed to my face was almost sensory overload. I hadn't felt such a wonderful feeling in a long time. My face felt warm, but I knew it was from arousal rather than embarrassment.

I gave her a smile.

"Thanks, little brother. You always make me feel pretty." she said in a hushed voice.

"I'm going to check my email and maybe work on some homework before supper." I said, breaking the charged silence in my sister's bedroom.

"Okay." Alison smiled, watching me leave.

My thoughts were too scattered to concentrate on beginning my new story. Plus I decided to wait till later in case Alison came in my room. She was about the last person whom I wanted to discover me writing.

Once everyone had gone to bed and the house was quiet I began writing my second story. This one also involved a young man who harboured feeling of lust for his older sister. For the sake of variety I didn't create a female character which such strong resemblance to Alison, although I did describe her as a sexy girl, slender, with auburn hair and dreamy brown eyes, much like my sister.

I could have probably stayed up all night and finished my story -- I wanted to, actually -- but I knew I had to get some sleep because I had classes the next morning. I saved my story, then went to bed.

Chapter 5

It was a good thing that I went to bed the night before when I did. I realized the next day that I probably should have gone sooner. I was groggy throughout most of the day. I found it difficult to focus on school, but I attributed that more to my thoughts of Alison rather than lack of sleep.

After supper that evening I went to a friend's house. We watched a movie and listened to music. It was good for me to socialize and get my mind off of Alison and my story ideas for a while.

Alison had gone out as well. By the time I arrived home my parents had gone to bed but Alison was not home yet. I sat down at my computer and resumed writing my second story.

I had been home for about an hour when I heard Alison arrive home. Immediately my heart began to race. I closed my text editor and surfed to a music website in case she joined me in my room. When I heard her knock at my door I was glad I had stopped working on my story.

Alison came in and eased by bedroom door closed as to not wake our parents. She sat down on my bed to my left.

"What ya up to?" she asked.

"Nothing, just surfing." I told her.

My sister gave me a wily smirk and glanced at the screen of my monitor.

"You mean looking at porn..." she said, sounding more serious than teasing.

"There's porn on The Internet?" I spat out, then laughed.

Alison clamped a hand over her mouth to muffle her laugh.

Despite my best efforts I found it nearly impossible to take my eyes off of my sister. She was wearing a pair of tight jeans and a white blouse. Her blouse was snug enough over her chest for me to notice how her breasts pushed out at it.

"What did you do tonight?" I asked.

"Megan and I went out for a few drinks and some girl talk. What about you?"

"I hung out at Josh's place for a few hours."

Alison nodded, but she didn't seem to really hear me.

For the next half hour or so my sister and I talked, but it seemed rather awkward -- at least to me. It could have just been my perception though, brought on by me being horny and nervous around Alison. When she got up and said she was going to bed I was almost relieved. As much as I enjoyed time spent with my sister there was something about her pensive glances at me that unnerved me.

I had wanted to continue writing my second story, but by the time Alison went to bed it was getting late. I needed sleep.

Over the next several days I continued to write my story -- composing bits and pieces when I found time alone, usually after everyone had gone to bed. Once I had submitted it I waited almost a week before I began checking to see if it had been approved. I was anxious and impatient. Finally the day came. I read my story at the website with a proud smile on my face the whole time.

Alison was my muse. I had incorporated her visit to my room that night in part of my story, with a liberal amount of embellishment. In my story the female character, Cindy, visited her brother's room one night after their parents had gone to bed to borrow a CD. She wore jeans and a pink blouse, similar to the one my sister had been wearing that night, with one exception: Cindy's blouse was unbuttoned enough for her brother, Brian, to see her cleavage. Cindy caught her brother leering and was excited by the forbidden nature of the situation. She ended up flashing her breasts to her younger brother. Eventually their teasing and dalliance culminated in them having sex in the last few paragraphs.

I was pleased with my story. I knew it was rather cliched, but I reminded myself that I had to crawl before I could run. Hopefully in time I would devise more original plots. I was more concerned with realistic-sounding dialogue and creating tension.

The day after my second story appeared I checked my email, hoping for Feedback. It was a Wednesday and I had gone up to my room before supper. I drummed my fingers on my desk, waiting for the page to load.

There were three messages for me. I smiled and clicked on the first one. It was positive. The sender said that my writing had improved since my first submission. The second email was not so approving. The writer said that he had read other stories much like mine, although mine was at least well-written, if not very imaginative. I winced, but admitted to myself the criticism was well-founded. When I opened and read the third email my brow furrowed and I leaned forward, reading the anonymous Feedback once more.

I thought you liked the blue dress better than the white blouse....?!

I read the message again to make sure I wasn't mistaken. In my story Cindy had worn a pink blouse. My sister was wearing a white one that night in my room.

"Alison...?" I mumbled to myself as I leaned back in my chair.

That night and the next day I pondered my next move. I could have shown my sister the emails and asked if she sent them. That was far too risky I decided. There was no way I could absolutely prove it, despite the strong evidence, since they were from someone who chose to remain anonymous. Confronting Alison would mean that I would have to reveal that I had written those stories and also admit to my lust for her. I was trapped. The best I could do was play along in this game of cat and mouse. If Alison wanted some intrigue, I was game.

Chapter 6

Tony watched his older sister munching on the slice of watermelon pinched between her dainty fingers. The juice ran down her knuckles towards her palm. Tony imagined it was Sara's pussy juice, or even his cum on her hand. His cock was hard as he observed Sara.

"I'm all sticky with juice, baby brother." Sara said, holding up her hands for Tony to see.

"I bet you've been juicer than this before though." Tony told his sister.

Sara got up and began washing her hands off at the sink. She never heard Tony as he crept up behind her. When she felt her skirt being tugged up her thighs she turned around.

"It's not the juice on your hands I want." Tony said.

"Maybe you could teach me a few things, little brother." Cindy said as she ran her hand up the inside of Tony's thigh towards his thick manhood.

"I know more than I let on." her brother replied as he rubbed her pussy through her panties.

I read the words I had typed, smiling to myself. More than ever I was in a hurry to finish this story and have it posted. If only I could be a fly on the wall and see Alison's reaction when she read it -- assuming the emails had been from her, which I had. This story would be a litmus test of sorts -- my attempt to draw my sister out and make her either admit that the anonymous Feedback was from her, or feel confident enough to become more obvious with her flirtation with me.

That Thursday evening while my parents watched television and Alison was out with friends I completed my story. After putting it through spell check and reading it over twice I submitted it. I leaned back in my chair with a smug grin.

I went downstairs to watch television with my parents for a while before they went to bed. I was sitting alone on the couch when I heard the sound of a car door slamming shut coming from the yard, followed by people talking and laughter. A few minutes later Alison walked in the living room.

"Hey, how was your night?" I asked.

"Good. A few of us went out to see a movie, then get some pizza." she said.

"Sounds like fun."

paying attention once my sister joined me. Alison was wearing a thin paisley skirt that left her knees bare and a red t-shirt. It clung to her chest and I could see the outline of her bra strap against it.

"So is that guy the serial killer?" she asked, pointing towards the TV.

"No. He's a cop. Don't you ever watch this?" I shook my head and chuckled.

Alison kicked her shoes off and crossed her legs. Immediately my eyes moved to my left and up her leg to her thigh. Her skin was smooth and looked soft. I folded my arms on my lap to hide my erection.

My sister seemed more interested in the crime drama than I was so I kept quiet. The silence between us made me nervous. It also allowed my mind to wander and fill with forbidden thoughts. When a commercial came on Alison got up from the couch and turned towards me.

"I'm going to get some pop. You want one?"

"Yeah... thanks." I replied.

Alison returned with two cans of Pepsi. She handed one to me, then knelt down on the couch. She tucked her heels under herself, facing me. Her eyes moved down to my lap as she took a drink from her can. I

noticed that her knees were parted slightly. Not far, but enough for me to be able to see her inner thighs a few inches up her skirt.

"Do you like my skirt?"

My sister's voice pulled my mind back to reality. I realized that I had been staring at her legs.

"Uh... yeah." I grunted, raising my eyes to her face.

Alison smirked.

"Or was it my legs you were looking at?"

I gave my sister a guilty smile.

Alison leaned over and put her can of Pepsi on the coffee table. She had a sexy smile on her face as she looked at me for a moment, then pinched the fabric of her skirt between her fingers. She tugged at it. I watched as the hem of her skirt slid up her thighs inch by inch, exposing more and more soft skin. Alison never took her eyes off of mine the whole time. Once her skirt was almost gathered around her hips she opened her legs wider. As her tender thighs parted I saw her red panties. They were pulled taut over her mound. A few inches above the outline of her lips was a V-shaped section of lace. Through it I could make out a thin strip of dark hair. I stared at my sister's crotch. My mouth felt dry and my cock was as hard as it could be.

"Say something." Alison's voice either sounded nervous or horny -- I wasn't sure.

"Wow..." I said in a long breath.

"You're the first guy to see me there in quite a while." she said.

"Thanks... I mean... you look good." I raised my eyes to my sister's and let out a faint, nervous laugh.

Alison smiled and looked down at herself. "I like these panties. They make me feel sexy," she said "it would have been a waste wearing them and not letting someone see."

"I'm glad it was me you showed them to," I said "I'm sure lots of other guys would love to."

"Thanks." Alison had a warm smile on her face and it seemed as though she was thinking. "You always make me feel so pretty, Andy."

"That's 'cause you are."

Alison leaned forward and wrapped her arms around my shoulders. She kissed my cheek and held on to me. She was kneeling beside me.

My eyes wandered down to her panties again. Her thighs were wider apart now.

"If you weren't my brother my panties might be off by now." he whispered in my ear.

"Don't let that stop you." I replied with a bold chuckle.

Alison leaned away. Her eyes met mine and she gave me a bashful look.

"We can't. You know that, Andy." she said, sounding regretful.

"Yeah... mom and dad are upstairs." I replied.

"It's not just that," she said "it wouldn't feel right."

"How does it feel right now?" I asked.

"Good." she admitted, then sighed. "I just wonder how it would feel tomorrow, or in a month, or a year. It could really mess things up between us, you know?"

I nodded. I knew my sister might be right. Things aren't always the way you imagine them in your mind and sometimes we discover we've made mistakes that we can't ever rectify.

Alison was stroking my back as she held onto my shoulder. She had leaned away from me so she could watch my expression. Her skirt had slipped down a few inches but most of her thighs were still uncovered. I reached my hand out and ran it up the outside of her left thigh. As my fingers glided up towards her hip I waited for her to stop me. She didn't. Her only response was to smile. I stroked her leg a few more times then grew bolder. I slid my hand up her hip, over her panties. They were whipsy and soft. I hooked my finger in them and gave them a slow tug down. Almost immediately I felt my sister's hand on mine, halting me. She gave it a squeeze.

"No, Andy," she said "we can't."

"Okay... I'm sorry." I said.

"No... it's okay... I'm not mad. It's just that mom and dad are upstairs and... I'm confused."

I pulled my hand from under my sister's skirt and rested it on my lap. I looked up at her and nodded.

"It's not that I haven't thought about it and right now... let's just say my body is ready, but my mind isn't. Does that make any sense?"

"Yes. Lots." I said.

"Good." Alison seemed relieved. She hugged me tight and kissed my cheek.

Alison moved away and leaned back on the sofa. She tugged her skirt down and gave me a shy smile. I reached out and held her hand.

"I'm going to go to bed," she said "but I don't want you thinking that I'm upset or anything, so don't feel like you should avoid me tomorrow or whatever."

"Okay. Good."

I was very relieved because I probably would have been very sheepish around my sister the next day if not for her words of reassurance.

Alison gave me another quick kiss on the cheek then went upstairs.

I listened to the sounds of footsteps and doors closing upstairs. After the house grew silent I went up to my bedroom. While I lay in bed that night masturbating as I thought about Alison I wondered if she was doing the same thing, just across the hall.

Chapter 7

The Wednesday afternoon I discovered that my newest story had been approved. I was relieved. Next, I would have to wait to see if Alison had sent me any Feedback. I was far more concerned with her comments than those of the other readers at this point.

That evening I went to Josh's house. We watched television and listened to music like we normally did. By the time I got home my parents had gone to bed. I noticed that Alison's bedroom light was on as I walked up the driveway.

Being as quiet as I could I went up to my bedroom. I eased the door shut, then turned on my computer. My heart was beating hard while I waited for the Hotmail page to load. I smiled when I saw that I had two emails. I opened the first one and read it quickly. When I opened the second email and read it I felt my cock harden. I read it again as my smile grew wider.

Your stories make me so wet, Andy.

The only thing that prevented me from getting up and stealing into my sister's room at that moment was the fact that our parents were sleeping just down the hall. I read the email again. I ran my hand over my hard cock through my jeans as I imagined Alison rubbing herself as she read my stories.

I turned off my computer and went to bed. After I finished masturbating, I contemplated my next move. It would be a bold one.

Chapter 8

That Thursday morning, I was only present at my classes in body only. My mind was elsewhere. I kept checking my watch, wishing I could speed up time. Once my final class was over I caught the bus home.

I practically ran from the bus stop and up our driveway to the house. It was almost one o'clock. Mom and dad would not be home from work for at least four hours or more.

Alison was not in the kitchen when I walked in. I checked the living room. It was empty. My cock was hard and ready for anything as I climbed the steps. Alison's bedroom door was open. She was sitting at her computer with her back to me.

"Hi, little brother." she said, but did not turn around.

I walked over to my sister and stood behind her chair. On the screen of her monitor was the second page of my newest story. Alison was wearing a dark pink tank top and a short red skirt. Her hands were on her lap. I put my hands on her shoulders and ran them up and down her bare arms. Her body stiffened a bit then she relaxed.

"Do my stories really make you wet?" I asked.

Alison swiveled her chair around to face me. She looked at the bulge in my jeans for a moment then moved her eyes up to mine. She either looked shy or frightened.

"Yes." she whispered.

"Like now?"

Alison nodded.

"Show me." I said.

"Andy... we shouldn't..."

I knelt at my sister's feet. I placed my hands on her bare knees and slid my hands up her thighs, watching her skirt move up towards her hips. Alison's arms were limp at her sides as she watched my hands on her. I stared at her panties. They were white and cut high around her hips. My hands slipped down her silky thighs to her knees. When I tugged at them I felt my sister's muscles flex, resisting me. I kept up the same easy pressure, but did not increase it. Soon she relaxed and I eased her thighs open wide. The outline of her lips showed through her panties and I wondered if she had been touching them before I arrived home. When I saw the small dark spot on the cotton I was sure that she had

been. I bent down and kissed my sister through her panties. She giggled and shifted her hips.

When I hooked my fingers in Alison's panties and slipped them down her hips I heard her gasp. I waited for her to stop me but she didn't. She lifted up off of the chair to allow me to slide them down. I tugged at my sister's damp panties and slipped them over her bare feet. I brought them up to my face and inhaled, locking my eyes on her.

"You smell so good..." I said, almost moaning.

"Thanks." My sister's cheeks were rosy and I wondered if it was from arousal or embarrassment.

I dropped Alison's panties to the floor and put my hands on her knees. I stroked her thighs, then moved my hands back to her knees. I pushed outwards. She offered no resistance this time.

Alison's lips were full and glistened with her juice. I watched them open a bit for me as I spread her legs further apart. When I leaned forward and glided my tongue up them towards her swollen, pink button she moaned and held my head in her hands.

"Oh, shit... Andy..."

I pressed my thumb to my sister's wet pussy and opened it wider, then ran my tongue up it again, pressing down harder. She began to moan and slid forward on the chair.

When my lips found her clit and I began sucking on it Alison was grabbing handfuls of my hair and pushing her hips towards my mouth. She smelled and tasted wonderful. I slipped my hands under her firm ass. I grabbed it hard and began to work my tongue into her tight pussy. My nose rubbed her clit and she cried out.

"Oh god... you're so good at that, little brother." she cried out.

My tongue was swirling around my sister's clit. I had pushed a finger in her and was working that in and out. She was so tight and I wanted my cock inside her, but that would have to wait.

"Oh... fuck... lick my pussy, Andy... shit, that feels so good." my sister moaned.

Soon my sister's words became one long moan. She was thrusting her hips up, pushing her wet lips to mine. My tongue was still teasing her hard clit when she let out one last moan. It was loud and I felt her body grow tense as she orgasmed. I continued to lick and suck on her clit and lips until she pushed at my head.

I leaned back. Alison and I were both breathing hard. I licked my lips. My sister tasted better than anything I knew. She was leaning back in

her chair. Her legs were still separated and I looked at her dripping pussy. Her juice had begun to run down her towards the chair.

Alison's eyes were closed and she was smiling. Her breathing was rapid. I saw her chest rise and fall. Her nipples were hard and pushed out at her tank top. I moved between her legs and pulled her tank top up. Once I had uncovered her breasts I stared. They looked even better than they did when I had gotten looks at them down her tops or dresses. Her nipples were thicker and darker than I had expected, with small rings surrounding them. Alison smiled at me while I admired her.

"God, you're beautiful." I said.

"No, but I'm glad you think so." she replied with a smile.

I cupped Alison's breasts in my hands. I squeezed them and pushed them up until they formed two firm orbs. I bent down and sucked her left nipple hard between my lips then flicked my tongue over it.

"Do you like them?" Alison was running her hand over the back of my head.

"I've liked them for years." I told her.

"But you've never seen them like this."

"No, but I've gotten some pretty good looks at them." I sucked her right nipple hard as I fondled her breasts.

"How good?" my sister asked.

"I've seen your nipples a few times." I revealed.

Alison giggled. "I thought so."

"Did you mean for me to see them?" I asked.

"Of course... I like making my little brother horny." Alison gave me a coy smile as she spoke.

"You do it well." I told her.

Alison's eyes met mine, then they moved down my body, stopping at my jeans. She smiled.

"Stand up, Andy."

I got to my feet. Now the bulge in my jeans was in front of my sister's face. She licked her lips and began working at the button.

"Time for me to make up for all those times I teased you." Her fingers tugged at my zipper as she spoke.

Once my sister had pulled my underwear and jeans down to my knees my cock rose. The swollen, reddish head was aimed at her waiting mouth. Alison wrapped her fingers around my shaft and swirled the tip of her tongue over the head then down the underside. I shuddered and planted my hands on her shoulders.

When I felt my sister's wet lips slide down my cock I let out a deep moan. She sucked it hard as she moved her fingers up and down it. Alison let out a few soft moans as she began sliding her mouth up and down my hard cock.

When I began moving my hips my sister stopped moving her mouth. Her hands slid around to grab my ass. She pulled at me, urging me deeper into her mouth. I began thrusting my hips harder, watching my wet cock slide in and out of her warm mouth.

"I'm going to cum..." I moaned.

I wanted to give my sister time to pull her mouth away. She didn't. Instead, she gripped my ass harder, coaxing my shaft deep in her mouth. When I let out a loud moan and sent streams of cum over my sister's tongue she moaned and sucked harder. As I cock began to soften she slid her lips down it. She held it in her hands and rubbed the last few drops of my cum seeping from the slit over her lips. Her tongue darted out and she smiled up at me.

"Wow... little brother, were you saving all that cum just for me all these years?"

I laughed. "No."

I tugged my underwear and jeans back up while Alison pulled her tank top down. She turned and looked at the time on her computer.

"We should probably get washed up a bit before mom and dad get home." she said.

I was still reeling from coming so hard that I wasn't really paying attention to what my sister had said.

"Here..."

Alison got up and tugged at my hand. She brought me into the bathroom. I watched while she filled the sink with warm water and got out a facecloth.

"We don't want mom or dad smelling my pussy on your face."

Alison smirked as she ran the wet cloth over my mouth, wiping her musky juice off me. She did the same to my fingers, then rinsed the facecloth out. She turned and began to wash her face.

I stared at our reflections in the bathroom mirror. We were both wearing identical smiles. I placed my hands on my sister's hips and pressed myself to her ass. I pulled her hair aside then bent down and kissed her neck, then gave it a soft bite.

Alison squealed and turned around. Her eyes were locked on mine and her mouth was open a bit. Her lips were rosy and wet. I inched my mouth closer until my lips met hers. She moaned, or maybe gasp in surprise, then I felt her tongue searching for mine. My hand was on her left hip but I slid it down her stomach and pressed it to her pussy through her skirt. She moaned and broke our kiss.

"We better not start something we can't finish right now." she said with a frown.

I nodded and pulled my hand away.

"Don't worry, there'll be other times -- if you want."

"You know I want you." I told her.

"Good. But let's not rush, or be careless and get caught by mom or dad. I'm not going anywhere, Andy. We've waited this long. A little while longer won't kill us." she said.

What my sister had said made sense. Whatsmore I did not want to pressure her into anything she wasn't ready for just yet. I kissed her cheek.

"I love you." I told her.

"I love you too, little brother."

Chapter 9

`For the next several days I barely dared to meet my sister's gaze. It wasn't that I felt nervous or timid around her. It was because I knew that if our eyes met we'd exchange knowing smiles and that would cause suspicion with our parents.

Alison and I made conversation with our parents during meals and in the evening, but we had an unspoken understanding that just about any interaction between us would probably raise questions. We kept our distance for the most part. Even after our parents had gone to bed and we sat on the sofa watching television we remained cautious. Sure, our hands would wander places they would not have in the past, but we agreed to not get carried away while our parents were home; that would be foolish.

"You're hard, aren't you?" Alison asked.

It was Sunday night, close to midnight. We had been doing a little touching and fondling on the couch, all the time listening for any sounds from upstairs.

"Of course," I said "are you wet?"

Rather than answering, my sister took my hand in hers. She guided it up under her skirt towards her pussy. My eyes widened in surprise when I discovered she wasn't wearing panties. I pressed down on her

clit and rubbed. Her lips were soft and very wet. I pushed my finger in her and pressed my thumb to her hard clit.

"Mmmm... I've wanted to feel your fingers there for days now." she whispered, almost moaning.

"Wouldn't you rather feel more than my fingers?" I grinned.

"I don't work Tuesday afternoon." my sister said.

"I know..."

Alison leaned on my shoulder and kissed my cheek. Her hand slid up my thigh to my hard cock. She gave it a squeeze, then ran her fingertips along it.

"Tuesday afternoon I want this in me." she whispered in my ear.

"Where?" I asked.

My sister let out a sexy giggle. "Where your finger is now. Well, maybe in my mouth a while first."

"You're sure?" I wanted the same thing, but even more I wanted to know that my sister was positive about her decision.

"If we were alone, it would be right now. I want to feel more than just your fingers." she answered.

"Don't they feel good?" I asked, feeling insecure.

Alison laughed and gave my cheek a kiss. "Don't worry, they feel great -- better than mine." she said with a shy laugh.

The image of my sister lying on her bed, masturbating with her legs spread wide entered my mind. It excited me even more than I already was.

"When was the last time you did that?" I asked.

"This morning, in the shower."

"Damn, I wish I could've watched."

Alison snickered. "Maybe sometime I'll let you -- if we get enough time alone."

I couldn't tell whether Alison was getting sleepy or just lost in arousal. She closed her eyes and leaned on my shoulder while I continued to finger her and rub her. Her face was flushed and her breathing seemed heavier than normal. I kissed her cheek.

"You're so sexy." I whispered in her ear.

Alison smiled and gave my cock another squeeze.

"Time for bed, little brother." she said.

"I suppose."

I slipped my finger from my sister's tight pussy and brought it up to my mouth. It was wet and glistened with her juice. I sucked it into my mouth, tasting her. Alison watched, seeming pleased.

"You really like how I taste?"

"Absolutely," I said "I can't wait till I can do that again."

"Mmmm... that was fantastic, Andy." she moaned.

Alison stood up and motioned with her head for me to get up. I eased up from the couch while she looked down at the obvious bulge in my jeans. She cupped my balls and ran her palm over my cock through the denim.

Alison tugged at my fingers and walked me towards the stairs. I reached out and gave her ass a squeeze as she climbed the steps in front of me. She turned back and smiled, then raised her skirt to reveal her ass and wet lips to me. I wanted to bend her over the steps right there, but had to restrain myself.

When we arrived at my sister's bedroom door there was an awkward moment where we exchanged yearning looks. Alison put her hands on my hips and pressed her lips to mine. I backed her against her door as we kissed. Her tongue teased mine and my hands moved up the backs of her soft thighs. After a few moments she pushed me away. She opened her bedroom door and fumbled for the light switch. She backed away from me, into her room a few feet. As I watched she tugged her skirt up towards her hips until I could see her wet pussy. She reached down and rubbed it, smiling into my eyes. I wanted to step inside her bedroom and close the door behind us. Then with a frown and a sympathetic smile, Alison closed her door.

Chapter 10

Waiting for Tuesday afternoon to arrive seemed like an eternity. During my classes Monday and Tuesday morning I found it nearly impossible to think of anything but my sister. My cock seemed to be hard with anticipation the entire time. Somewhere in the back of my mind was the fear that she would change her mind. If that happened I would be disappointed, but I would respect her decision.

The bus seemed to crawl along the route as I went home after my last class on Tuesday. I thought that getting out and running would get me home faster. When the bus arrived at the stop around the corner from our house I did run.

As I had sort of expected I did not find Alison in either the kitchen or living room when I got home. I hurried up the stairs. When I pushed open her bedroom door and found the room empty I became confused and worried. When I pushed my bedroom door open I found her sitting on my bed.

"I was beginning to think you weren't home." I said.

"I thought you'd come in here before my room." she said.

I dropped my knapsack down beside my computer desk and looked my sister over. She looked lovely. She was wearing a navy blue skirt that covered her knees and a white blouse. Her bare feet were propped up on my bed. I assumed she was wearing the same clothes she had

worn to work. Alison got up and stepped over to me. She seemed nervous, like me.

"You look so pretty." I told her.

My sister smiled and tilted her head down, seeming shy. I placed the edge of my finger under her chin and lifted her head. I kissed her cheek. She relaxed and leaned against me, holding my shoulders. I could feel her bra strap under her blouse as I rubbed her back. The soft curve of her stomach rubbed over my erection. She moved her hips and pressed harder against it.

"Mmmm... you seem ready for me." she said.

"I have been for a long time."

Alison leaned away from me. Her hands ran up and down my bare arms below the sleeves of my t-shirt.

"I'm all yours, little brother."

I reached for the top button of my sister's blouse. My palms were sweaty and I fumbled at first, but before long I had unbuttoned the blouse. I pulled the bottom out from her skirt and unfastened the last two buttons. It slid off of her shoulders, down her arms to the floor. Alison was wearing a white push-up bra. I stared at her rounded breasts, then tugged the bra straps from her shoulders. I found the clasp

and soon her bra fell to the floor. Her breasts gave a soft bounce as the cups slid down from them. They were firm and pointed up a bit at her nipples towards my mouth.

I cupped my sister's breasts in my hands, squeezing them together. My mouth went from one nipple to the other, tugging and sucking until they grew hard and thick. Alison let out soft moans as she cradled my head in her hand and caressed my back.

I ran my hands down Alison's smooth back until they met the button of her skirt. I undid it, then tugged at the zipper. Alison shifted her hips a bit, helping her skirt fall to her feet. She stepped out of it. She was wearing black thong bikini panties. I found them sexier than the other panties I had seen her wear. I looked them over, smiling to myself, then slipped them down her curved hips. Alison's breasts swayed and shook as she bent over to tug them over her feet.

I ran my eyes up and down my sister's perfect body as she stood there, completely naked. She seemed shy, but made no attempt to cover herself.

"You're perfect." I said.

Alison smiled. "Thanks. Now let's see what I've been missing all these years.

Alison waited, watching me. Once I had finished she went to work on my jeans. She seemed in a hurry to undress me. It wasn't long before my jeans were off and she was sliding my underwear down my legs.

My cock seemed harder than normal as I stood in front of my sister. It pointed up towards her breasts. Her eyes moved down my bare chest towards it. She was smiling.

"Here... just a sec." Alison picked up her blouse from the floor and dug in one of the breast pockets. She pulled out a condom with her fingers. She sat down on the side of my bed. "Come here..." she told me.

Alison unwrapped the package and slid the condom on my cock as I stood in front of her. Once she had finished she gave my cock a hard squeeze and ran her hand up towards the base. She slid back on the bed, tugging at my hand.

I knelt at my sister's feet, running my eyes up and down her naked body as she laid down on my bed. She bent her knees and parted her thighs, smiling up at me.

"How many times have you fantasized about this?" she asked.

"About a million." I said, grinning.

I ran my hands up her thighs, pushing them wider. Her wet lips parted. As I lowered myself onto her I felt my cock rub against her pussy. Alison moaned a bit.

"Don't tease me, Andy, please."

Alison reached down and took my cock in her hand. She gave it a gentle tug, guiding it towards her waiting pussy. She moaned when the head slipped in and pushed up off the bed to meet me. She was gripping my arms and had her legs wrapped around the backs of my thighs. My sister's pussy felt tight and hot as my cock slid deeper. She gripped me as I pushed harder.

"Oh god... wow, Andy." she moaned.

"What?" I asked concerned that something was wrong.

"I haven't felt anything that big in me for so long," she breathed "god... I feel so full."

I began moving my hips faster. My sister's pussy felt wonderful as my cock moved in and out of it. She began moaning louder. I could feel her nails digging into my shoulders. Her legs were wrapped around my lower back now. I looked down at her face. Her eyes were closed and she was moaning. Her breasts shook with each thrust.

I slid my hands down and held Alison's hips. I lifted her from the bed a bit and began thrusting harder and deeper into her. She was pushing back, matching my rhythm. While I continued to pump my hips she moved her hand down to her clit. She rubbed it, watching my cock move in and out of her tight pussy.

My sister was moaning louder and breathing harder now. I watched her fingers running her clit. They were wet with her juice and I thought that she was going to cum soon. I knew I was.

When I felt Alison squeeze my cock harder and her back arched I knew she was going to cum. She cried out and swore, still rubbing her clit. Watching my sister cum while my cock pumped in her was incomparable to anything. I had never even imagined anything so exciting. I let out a throaty moan as my body tensed. I came hard, shoving my cock in Alison one more time. I left it there for a while, then collapsed beside her.

Alison rolled over and draped her arm over my chest. She slung her thigh over mine. I could feel her wet pussy slide over my leg. It felt great.

"You wore me out, little brother." Her breathing was still fast.

"I could have never imagined anything that wonderful." I said.

"Are you kidding? That was spectacular." I rolled over and kissed my sister's cheek.

"But... I mean, there must have been others who came close to this good for you." she insisted.

I frowned and avoided my sister's questioning eyes. My expression must have said what I could not.

"You mean that this was your..."

"Yes." I interrupted.

Alison sensed my embarrassment and hugged me. She kissed my cheek and smiled.

"Well, you could give lessons. You're wonderful."

I smiled.

"So, are you going to be writing your next story based on this?" she asked.

Alison laughed hard and rolled around a bit. Her breasts shook and my eyes moved to them.

"I get the feeling that your writing career has come to an end though." she told me.

"Why?" I raised up on my elbow and locked my eyes on hers.

"Because from now on I'm going to want you to spend every free minute with me." she said and laughed.

I pulled my sister tighter to me and kissed her forehead.

"That suits me just fine," I said "as long as I get to make love to my biggest fan."

I Love You, Steve

"Earth to Steve... hello?"

Steven Duxbury never answered. He leaned his head against the window of his mother's Toyota as she drove and stared blankly at telephone poles zipping by against the backdrop of farmland.

"Honey, are you okay?" Catherine Duxbury asked her son as she glanced over at him while she drove.

"Yeah." he grunted, still looking out the window at the endless row of pastures.

Catherine knew when to give her son some space so she decided to not try to coax him into talking. She also knew that the past year hadn't been easy on Steve at all. Within the past 10 months she and his father, David, had divorced, they moved into a new house, and Steve turned eighteen. Being a teenage boy is difficult enough -- without having to deal with the sudden change of his parents' separation and a new house Catherine realized. She felt bad for her son, but hoped that their week-long visit with her sister and brother-in-law might do him some good. Maybe Brad could be a substitute father-figure for him because he certainly needed one she concluded.

"Jenny and Brad are really looking forward to seeing you. It's been a couple of years." she said about a half-hour later, hoping to break the uneasy silence.

"Great." Steve replied.

Now frustrated, Catherine abruptly switched off the radio and looked over at her son. "Steve, I know all these changes have been rough on you. I'm sorry. It's not your fault. But you have to accept things and move on. I'm hoping this trip will be fun for you. Besides, my little sister is turning thirty in a few days and I really want to have some fun too. This past year hasn't been a picnic for me either, you know? Lighten-up a little and have some fun, please." she smiled at her son, hoping to soften the tone of her comments and gave his thigh a gentle squeeze.

Steve saw the pleading look on his mother's face and felt guilty. She looked sad and tired. He gave her a warm smile and nodded. "Okay, mom, I will." he said.

"Thanks, honey. I love you, you know. You're the number one man in my life now." his mother told him.

Steve gave his mother an embarrassed smile and stared at the road ahead of them -- wondering what the future would bring. "It's great to see you again, Steve." Brad Richmond said as he gave his nephew a quick hug and smiled.

"Thanks. It's good to see you guys again too." Steve replied as he looked around the kitchen where they were all gathered.

"God... look at you." his Aunt Jenny said as she held him by the shoulders and ran her eyes over his muscular body "You've grown into a handsome young man!" She playfully ran her fingers through his thick honey-blond hair and stared into his brown eyes.

Steve blushed and smiled as he looked into his aunt's sapphire eyes as they met his. Her black hair fell around her shoulders and Steve lowered his gaze further down to the pink button-up sweater that she was wearing. The sweater looked a size too small for her, and her full breasts pushed out from under it, straining the buttons. Steve felt his cock harden. He looked back up at his aunt's face again and her eyes met his as she smirked.

"Yes, they're real." she whispered into his ear as she pulled him to her and gave him a warm hug.

Jenny's firm breasts pressed into Steve's chest and he felt her hand caress his back as she slipped a thigh between his legs to brush against the growing bulge in his jeans.

Feeling awkward and hoping his aunt hadn't noticed his erection Steve broke their embrace and turned to see his mother watching from a few yards away as she nursed a glass of wine that Brad had given her. She had an amused smile on her face as she watched her sister walk over to the fridge.

"Watch out for Jenny -- she's a minx. Have fun, but be careful." his mother whispered into his ear as she sidled up to him then walked away.

Steve nodded, feeling his face getting warmer. His mother's comment confused him though and he pondered it's meaning as he watched her talking with his aunt at the kitchen table.

"You guys must be hungry. Would you like something to eat?" Brad offered.

Catherine shook her head as she brought her wine glass from her mouth. "I'm fine, thanks. We stopped at a Wendy's for some chili a while ago."

"Steve, how about you?"

"No, thanks, Uncle Brad. I'm still full." he replied.

"How about I show you where you'll be staying, Steve." his aunt said, setting her glass on the table and getting up. "It's right up here."

Steve grabbed his suitcase from the sofa as they passed through the living room and followed his aunt upstairs. He stared at her firm round ass under the tight black skirt she was wearing as she walked. With each step she ascended he could make out the curve of it and he wondered if it was as firm as it looked. When they were nearly at the top of the stairs his aunt looked back and smiled at him as he stared up at her. "I hope you're enjoying the view." she said.

Jenny led Steve to a small room at the end of the hall next to the bathroom. She opened the door and walked inside, drawing the curtains open then stood next to a small neatly made bed.

"It's not fancy, but I hope you'll be comfortable. Let me know if there's anything you can't find. I put towels and face cloths over on the bureau." she told him as she motioned with her head.

"Thanks, Aunt Jenny, this will be great." he assured her as he threw his suitcase on the bed.

Jenny stepped to her nephew and slid her arms around his waist, pulling him so close that he could feel her breasts pressing into his chest. He squirmed slightly and felt the growing lump in his jeans rub over the pliant swell of her stomach. His aunt smiled as she glanced down between them and tugged at his hips, rubbing herself against him.

"Happy to see me, are you?" she said in a playful tone.

Steve never answered, but gave her a forced smile, feeling very nervous.

"It's okay, sweetie." she said as she ran a hand down his muscled chest "No one else has to know. This will be just between you and me, I promise, okay?" Jenny could feel herself getting wet and she pressed herself into her nephew's thigh.

"Okay." he replied with a quick nod, still scared of getting into trouble and feeling a little more than guilty.

"I won't do anything you don't want to, but I want you to know that it's okay -- and you won't get in trouble because I'll never tell anyone." she explained.

Steve smiled. "Okay. Thanks." he replied, not quite sure what to say. He looked down at his aunt's chest and saw that her nipples were hard. They looked almost as big as the tip of a finger as they stood out from under her sweater.

Jenny glanced down at her chest then back up at her nephew. "You like them?" she asked.

Steve nodded emphatically and grinned.

"I always wished they were bigger." she said, briefly cupping them as Steve openly stared "Cathy always had nicer ones than me. Lucky her; I wish mine were as big."

Steve felt his cock twitch again in response to his aunt's comment about his mother. He recalled how he had gone into her room without knocking several months earlier to ask if he could borrow her car. He discovered her standing there after showering wearing just a bra and jeans. He was spellbound by the sight of her ample breasts barely contained within the white lace bra she was wearing and immediately grew hard. It was an embarrassing moment for both of them that they

never acknowledged since, but for weeks the memory lingered with Steve and eventually grew to become the source of many lewd thoughts he never thought he would have for his mother.

"I should be getting back downstairs before they wonder what's taking me so long." Jenny said as she broke their embrace "Take your time. I'll tell them you're unpacking and using the bathroom."

Steve watched his aunt exit the room, then began pulling clothes from his suitcase and tossed them on the bed. He waited till he heard the sound of voices from downstairs then raced to the bathroom, locking the door behind him. He unzipped his jeans and pulled them and his boxers down to his knees and took hold of his hard cock. It felt hot and thick in his hand and he began pumping it hard as he stood before the sink. Within a minute he shot a large stream of hot cum into the sink as he stifled a moan. He braced himself against the counter catching his breath then used the toilet. He thoroughly washed his hands and rinsed out the sink, then joined the others downstairs.

"Is the room okay?" Brad asked as Steve entered the living room.

"It's great, thanks." he replied, joining his uncle on the sofa to watch tv.

"Your mom and Jenny are out on the patio gabbing." Brad informed him, not turning from the television.

Close to an hour later the door to the patio opened and Steve's mom and aunt entered. From their laughter and boisterous antics he assumed they probably had too much wine to drink. He smiled to himself and was happy that his mother was having a good time for the first time in a ages. For as difficult as the past year had been for him he knew that it had been equally as difficult for her in different ways. She deserved to be happy and have some fun for a change he thought to himself.

"Has the bar closed for you girls?" Brad asked with a laugh.

"No way..." Jenny said as she landed roughly on her husband's lap and leaned into him "we might go all night."

Brad laughed and gave his wife a kiss on the cheek as he pulled her to him. Steve watched as his uncle's hand slid up to cup Jenny's left breast and give it a firm squeeze. A button on her sweater had come undone and Steve could now see part of his aunt's cleavage in the opening of her sweater.

"How's my little boy?" Catherine asked Steve as she stood by him and squeezed his hand.

"He's not a little boy anymore, Cathy -- in case you haven't noticed." his aunt interjected.

Catherine nodded at her sister and placed her glass of wine on the coffee table. She sat down on her son's lap facing Jenny and wrapped an arm around his neck. His mother's breasts were now at eye-level to Steve and he stared at them pushing out from under her blouse. He ran a hand down her back feeling her bra strap and brought it to rest on the curve of her hip.

Catherine shuddered slightly as her son stroked her back and leaned into him. Despite the inner turmoil it caused she felt her clit begin to throb. It had been so long since a man had touched her that now even her own son's hands on her were a welcome change. She concluded that it was likely the effects of the wine, but as she began getting wet she admitted to herself that illicit encounters such as this had excited her ever since she had been a teenager and had teased her own father and older brother.

"We should be getting to bed. I have a conference at 9 a.m.." Brad told his wife as he slid his hand up the side of her breast and smiled.

Jenny smiled and stood up, tugging at her husband's hand as he rose from the sofa. "You guys have a good night. There's nothing special planned for tomorrow, so sleep as long as you like." she said as she led Brad upstairs.

Catherine watched her sister and Brad leave the room then turned back to her son and smiled. "Having fun?" she asked.

"Yeah, I am." he replied with a nod and a smile.

Catherine rested her head against Steve's broad shoulder and shifted slightly on his lap. It was then that she felt his hard cock pressing into her ass. Her heart began to race and she felt herself getting even wetter. She softly kissed his cheek, making sure her breasts were firmly against him. She could feel her hard nipples rubbing over the inside of her bra and watched her son's eyes as they moved over her chest. She wished he would touch her.

"It's hard to believe you're all grown up. It doesn't seem so long ago that you were a baby." she told him.

Steve looked up at his mother and gave a self-conscious smile, mindful to not look back down at her breasts. Catherine ran her fingers through her son's thick hair and briefly cradled his head, then cupped her right breast.

"You used to love to suck on these when you were a baby. Lately I've wondered if you still would." she told him.

Steve gave his mother an incredulous stare -- scared to reply -- and unsure of exactly what she meant. He watched as she slowly unbuttoned her blouse to below her navel and pulled it open. Her breasts were held within a plain blue bra, and appeared even larger than they did when he saw them the morning he walked in on her changing months ago. He could see her hard nipples poking through the thin material and he involuntarily licked his lips.

"Do they look okay? I mean, for an old woman?" she asked.

"You're not old, mom. You look great." he blurted out.

Catherine smiled and kissed him again out of love and gratitude. "It's just that I know I don't look as good as all the young girls you know."

Steve shrugged.

"Come on...!" his mother exclaimed as she gave him a gentle shake "Don't be modest. You probably have to beat the girls away with a stick."

Again Steve shrugged. "No... far from it."

Catherine was surprised at her son's response. "But... you've... I mean... you've been with a girl, right?"

Steve sat silent and shook his head as he lowered his head towards his lap.

"Oh my... that's okay though... it's nothing to be embarrassed about. I'm sure there are plenty of girls who find you attractive. You're young, Steve. There's plenty of time." his mother reassured him.

"I guess I haven't been interested much lately." Steve explained "It's been a rough year, and ... I love YOU, mom."

Catherine was surprised by her son's candor and pulled him to her. She could feel the stubble of his whiskers against her chest and it excited her. She ran a hand over the back of his head as she clutched him. Steve's hard cock was still pressing into her as she sat on his lap and it occurred to her that it must be uncomfortable for him. She slid off his lap and sat on the couch so she was leaning against him, clutching his arm. She peered down at the bulge in his jeans and gave a satisfied smile.

"Tell me something, and be honest..." she said, looking up at him

"Sure... what?"

"Do they look okay?" she asked, spreading her blouse open and sticking her chest out to him.

Steve let out a chuckle. "Better than okay!" he replied.

Catherine gave a proud smile and leaned into her son, holding onto his muscled arm. He felt her breast against him, but was now growing more comfortable with the new status quo. Catherine ran her hand down Steve's arm and smiled up at him. He smiled back at her, then looked down at her partially exposed breasts.

"Want to see?" she asked tugging at the right cup of her bra.

Steve never answered, just stared.

Without speaking Catherine pulled the right cup of her bra down, exposing her breast. It slipped out and hung down as Steve stared. Her nipple was dark brown and hard, surrounded by an areola of close to two inches. He wanted to take it in his mouth. Catherine gave it a gentle tug and smiled up at him.

"So..." she said after what seemed to her an eternity.

"Very nice..." he said grinning.

Catherine smiled, partially out of relief. "If you want to see the other one, go ahead." she said as she sat up straighter.

Steve slowly reached out and hooked his fingers in the left cup of his mother's bra and tugged it down, freeing her breast. It hung down towards her stomach and swayed slightly as he watched it's movements. Steve looked into his mother's eyes and gave her a wide smile, then looked back down.

"Touch them." Catherine said.

"Please." she added.

Feeling more unsure than he ever had in his life Steve drew his hands up to his mother's breasts. Slowly. He cupped them and gave them a gentle squeeze. He watched as she closed her eyes and inhaled sharply. Her hard nipples felt good under his palms and he pinched one, then the other, and gave them each a gentle tug. Catherine moaned and squeezed her son's arms harder.

"Suck them." she begged.

Steve bent down and took her right nipple in his mouth. It was hard, yet surprisingly pliant. He sucked on it hard, tugging with his lips and swirling his tongue around as he squeezed her other breast. He felt her fingers ran through his hair, clutching at his head, drawing him downward. Sucking harder, he heard a moan escape her mouth and he cupped her left breast hard.

"We better stop." he said a few minutes later, pulling away from her.

Catherine gave her son a reluctant nod and pulled her blouse closed as she sat up on the sofa. "We don't want to wake Jenny and Brad..." she added.

Steven nodded. "yeah..."

Steven stood up and adjusted himself as he watched his mother pull up her bra up "I suppose I should be getting to bed." he said.

Catherine nodded in agreement and stood up. "Well, have a good night." she said and quickly buttoned her blouse and turned to leave.

"Mom..." Steve called out and Catherine tuned back to him.

"I love you too." Catherine smiled and walked towards the stairway. Steve never slept well at all that night. So many things regarding his mother and aunt were playing on his mind. His emotions were in turmoil and he ended up laying in bed, watching the first rays of sunlight stream through the window the next morning. He concluded that he may as well get up early before the others and begin the day. Just as he was about to get out of bed he heard a door open, then the sound of footsteps and the shower running. He waited for the sound of the water to stop, then silence. Soon after he heard footsteps descending the stairs and concluded that it must be his uncle Brad going to work. He lay in bed a while then quietly made his way to the bathroom to take a shower. The hot water hitting him felt refreshing and he stood under the stream until it began to run cold, then climbed out. He wrapped a towel around his waist then stood at the sink and began shaving. He tried to force himself to not think of the events of the previous night, but they flooded his mind. A few minutes later he was jolted back to the present by a light rapping at the door.

"Steve... it's me... I really need to pee... can I come in?" his mother intoned in a meek voice.

Steve opened the door and gave his mother a fake smile. She was just wearing a pajama top and her eyes darted over him in his towel as she entered the bathroom and closed the door behind her.

"Sorry, but I really gotta..." she said as she hoisted her pajama top over her hips and sat on the toilet. Steve noted that she never pulled a pair of panties down and he quickly turned his back and resumed shaving.

"Thanks." his mother said as she stood up and flushed the toilet. Steve turned briefly towards her and smiled. He could see her reflection next to him in the mirror.

"I guess I had a little too much wine last night." she said as she forced herself to not stare at her half-naked son.

"I guess..." he replied as he drew the razor over his cheek.

"You must think I'm a horrible person... a slut." his mother said.

Steve dropped the razor into the sink and turned to his mother "No. Of course not. I love you, mom." he said.

Catherine bit her lower lip and fought back tears. "I don't know what to tell you. I love you so much, Steve. I just want us to be close... so you know how much I love you."

Steve stared at his mother -- her lower lip trembling as she avoided his eyes. He took hold of her shoulders and pulled her close to him and held her. Catherine wrapped her arms around her son's bare back and held him tight. Steve's hands glided down to his mother's hips and he could feel her soft skin above where her pajama top stopped as he moved his hands upward. He slipped his hands up further and they slid under her top over her lower back. Her skin felt soft and warm. Her braless breasts were pressing into his chest and he immediately felt himself getting hard under the towel around his waist. Catherine felt it poking into her and she looked up him in surprise.

"Really... because of me?" she asked as she glanced down then back up at him.

Steve nodded.

Catherine gripped him tighter and began moving her hips, causing him to get harder. She reached under his towel and gently cupped his heavy balls and gave his cock a gentle squeeze. It felt thick and hot in her hand and she was surprised by how big he was. She brushed her lips over his mouth as she began to slowly stroke him, not saying a word. He grasped her shoulder harder as she quickened the pace of her hand. A few moments later they were interrupted by a light tapping at the door. Catherine lurched away from her son as if she had been hit by a jolt of electricity. Steve quickly turned and retrieved his razor from the sink and resumed shaving.

"Anyone in there?" Jenny asked.

Catherine opened the door to let her in and gave a nervous smile.

"What... you're holding a family meeting and never invited me?" she said in a cheery voice as she slid by Catherine into the bathroom.

"I had to pee really bad. Steve's shaving." Catherine explained in a nervous voice.

Jenny eyed her sister up, noticing her hard nipples poking out from under her pajama top. She turned her gaze towards her nephew and saw his obvious erection under the towel.

"It's okay, Cath, your secret's safe with me." Jenny told her "Remember the time you caught me and daddy...? I owe you one."

Catherine smiled and nodded.

"I just wish you weren't so selfish though. Sisters ought to share." she ran her hand up Steve's hairy thigh then under his towel and gave his semi-hard cock a squeeze, bringing it to life again.

Steve jumped out of shock and surprise. He nicked his chin with the razor and dropped it into the sink as he winced. He felt himself getting harder as his aunt fondled him but words wouldn't form. Slowly he turned to face her, glancing at his mother, afraid of what she would say.

"I warned you she was a minx." his mother said as she smiled at him, his erection now tenting the towel he wore.

Jenny gasped in surprise as she felt how thick her nephew was. She turned to her sister. "Have you seen how big he is?" she asked.

Catherine shook her head.

"You've got to feel him." Jenny said as she released him and moved aside.

Catherine stepped towards her son and placed her hands in his waist and smiled. "Is this okay with you?" she asked.

"I don't know... what if Brad or someone finds out?" he said.

"He won't. Don't worry about that." Jenny reassured him.

Steve nodded.

"Besides that, what else, honey?" his mother asked as she squeezed his hand.

"Nothing." Steve replied "I love both of you."

Catherine kissed her son's cheek. His freshly shaved face was smooth and she enjoyed the feeling. She pressed herself against him and felt him getting hard again. She slid her hand down and held his firm ass through the towel.

"Feel like being bad with us?" she asked.

Steve smiled and nodded. "Ya."

"Really... are you sure?" his mother asked again.

Steve took hold of his mother's hand and brought it under his towel so she was holding his hard cock. "Does it feel like I do?" he asked.

"You're so big..." she said in amazement as she held him in her hand.

"So are you." Steve replied as he reached up and squeezed her breast.

"I've seen you looking at them lately." she said.

Steve nodded. "They look great. I like them. I've wanted to feel them. Remember the time I walked in on you changing...?"

Catherine smiled and began unbuttoning her pajama top. She opened it and let it fall to the floor so she stood before her son completely naked. He ran his eyes over her, smiling as his cock throbbed under the

towel he was still wearing. Catherine reached out and hooked her fingers under the towel around his waist and tugged, causing it to come away from him and fall to the floor. She smiled broadly as she stared at him standing before her completely naked, his erection pointing up towards his chin. She cupped his balls in her hand and slid her fingers up to grip his thick shaft. She squeezed him and smiled as she looked into his eyes, tracing her fingertips over the head of her son's cock. She pressed herself against him, skin to skin, and felt his hard shaft slide over her wet lips. She held onto his wide shoulders and briefly kissed his mouth and looked up into his eyes.

"Let's go into our room." Jenny said as she tugged at her sister's hand.

Steve followed as his aunt led his mother into the bedroom and laid her down onto the bed. He watched as Catherine laid down and parted her legs wide. Jenny ran her hands up the insides of her sister's thighs and guided Steve down. He knelt between his mother's open thighs as she reached up to take hold of his arms, pulling him towards her. He felt his aunt's soft hand on his hard cock - pulling at it. Seconds later he felt the moist tightness of his mother as she wrapped her legs around his back and pulled her into him.

"I love you, Steve." she breathed into his ear as he pumped his hips and pushed into her.

THE END

Juggling Wolves

Dedicated to my former road wife.

*"I'd say she's doing a woman's hardest job: juggling wolves."-- Grace Kelly,
"Rear Window"*

Chapter 1

Ann Eldridge picked at the angel hair pasta on her plate with her fork with disinterest. She had no appetite. Or maybe it was that her appetite was for something different. To her, the pasta tasted bland. That had been a problem in her life recently. Everything seemed bland to her. Ann would be turning forty-two soon and she craved something different out of life. Something invigorating -- maybe even shocking.

"Is everything alright, Ann?"

Ann looked up from her plate of food at Robert sitting across the table from her in the quiet restaurant. No, everything is not alright, she thought to herself. Far from it. But she could not bring herself to tell Robert that. They had only been on two previous dates, but already Ann knew in her heart that this relationship was not going to last. The problem was not Robert because he was a nice person. But maybe that was precisely the problem. He was too nice. Too accommodating. Too unassertive. Too bland.

"Yes, it is, thanks," Ann said, giving her date a thin smile. "I guess I just don't have much of an appetite tonight."

"I could get the waiter to bring you something else," Robert offered.

Ann gave her head a feeble shake and forced her blue eyes to remain focused on Robert. "No, thank-you, Robert," she said. "I'll just finish this. It's perfectly fine."

As she forced another few bites of pasta into her mouth Ann's eyes scanned the restaurant. Tables of seemingly content couples were all about the dimly lit room. All of them were talking and smiling, appearing perfectly happy. Ann wondered how many of them were like her: wearing a mask of contentment and trying to ignore the discontent within themselves. She took another bite of her food, choking down her ennui.

"Did you say that Danny was at his father's this weekend?" Robert asked, interrupting Ann's introspection.

"Yes, he'll be there for the next two days -- until Sunday evening," she said.

Danny was Ann's twenty year-old son and the only positive result of her failed marriage. She had gotten married thinking she was in love and that it would last forever. Now she accepted that nothing lasts forever. But sometimes that is a blessing. Now that she had been single for nearly three years Ann felt as though time was her enemy. She did

not want to live out the rest of her days quietly waiting for the inevitable. She had her own home and a secure job with the local school board that paid well. Ann did not want more out of life, but she certainly wanted something different. There was still much life left in her and she wanted to live life to the fullest that she possibly could. But she could not see herself doing that with a man like Robert.

"Well, maybe you could come over tomorrow night then, Robert suggested. "I could make you supper, instead of us eating out for a change."

Ann twirled pasta around her fork, trying to avoid Robert's hopeful gaze as long as possible. "Yes. That sounds nice," she said. "I'll have to see what I'm doing. I've been promising Lindsay that I would go out with her to a movie some night for weeks now. I thought that with Danny away for the weekend I should call her so we can do something."

Robert smiled and gave her a nod. "I see," he said. "Maybe some other time then."

Ann could hear the rain falling outside. It had been overcast all day and thunderstorms were forecast. Now they were beginning. The weather matched her mood that evening. Something had been brewing within her for months and it was becoming harder for her to ignore it. As she listened to the thunder rumble she smiled, thinking that what her life needed was a jolt of electricity to shatter the numbing calm.

There were only a few forkfuls of food left on Ann's plate when their waiter approached their table. Robert had finished eating his smoked salmon some time ago and was sitting patiently waiting for Ann to finish. He reminded her of a puppy obediently waiting to be let outside.

"Would you two care for something else?" the waiter asked. "Perhaps some coffee or dessert?"

Robert gave Ann a questioning glance and she took the cue. "Coffee sounds nice," she said.

Ann looked up at the waiter and smiled. She guessed that he could not be much more than her own son's age. But there was a quality about him that she couldn't quite define that stirred something within her. Maybe it was his piercing green eyes, or the way he smiled. Then she realized what it was. It was the way he smiled when he looked at her. No, not just looked -- leered. His eyes had a craving in them that she had never seen in Robert's.

While their waiter was taking her order earlier that evening Ann had noticed his eyes roam from the menu in her hands to her breasts. At first she felt shy and uncomfortable over the unwanted attention. She was normally a modest, if not shy and slightly insecure woman. She did not believe just how pretty men considered her to be -- although several of her female friends had often tried to convince her otherwise.

That evening Ann had decided to wear a new dress that she had recently bought. It was black, knit and did little to hide her curves. The neckline was V-shaped and cut deeper than her other dresses, so much

so that Ann almost decided at the last minute to wear something else. For her, the problem with her new dress was that it showed more cleavage than she normally felt comfortable revealing. And, despite her lack of vanity, Ann wasn't oblivious to the fact that she had a bust that often garnered her looks from men and even a few women when she walked down the street. She did not want to appear like a walking invitation, as her mother would say. However, after choosing a comfortable bra to wear beneath her dress and convincing herself that many women showed more skin than she would be, Ann wore the black dress.

As Ann felt herself beginning to regret her decision to wear her new dress that evening she stopped and mentally scolded herself for being so prudish. That is how the Old Ann would have felt. It was time for her to let the New Ann enjoy the freedom she yearned for. While she placed her order with the waiter earlier that evening Ann arched her back subtly, allowing her round breasts to push out at the black material hugging them. This evening they seemed especially prominent to her. Perhaps it was how the dress clung to her, or the bra she was wearing. She could feel her nipples tingle and her clit begin to jump as the waiter ogled her when he took her order. She gave the young man a warm smile and thanked him before he left their table earlier.

"Yes, I think I'll have some coffee too," Robert said. "But no dessert, thanks."

"And would the lady like some dessert?"

Ann looked up at the waiter again. She was getting wetter as she felt his eyes on her chest. Soon her panties would be damp. Her heart was beating faster and she worried that her cheeks were beginning to show the flush of arousal. "No dessert for me either. Just coffee, thank-you," she said, not letting her eyes leave his.

Once the waiter had left Ann looked over at Robert and said "I'm going to the Ladies' Room while we wait for our coffee. I'll be right back."

Ann got up from the table and scanned the restaurant. In the corner diagonally across from where she and Robert were sitting was a lighted sign with red letters jutting out from the wall indicating where the washrooms were located. Ann began making her way amongst the tables of people towards the sign. As she walked she could feel her breasts give a slight, yet noticeable bounce. She had worn a thin bra that evening that she thought was sexy and made her feel attractive. Although she had not planned on Robert seeing it, or maybe not ever seeing any of her bras, she felt like wearing a bra and panties that would make her feel feminine and pretty. This would give her self-confidence a much-needed boost. That had in-turn resulted in her becoming more than a little horny when she noticed how their waiter had ogled her.

When Ann was only a few yards away from the washroom sign she encountered a waitress clearing a table of dirty dishes and placing them on a brown oval tray. Ann paused and moved to her right to avoid the waitress. As Ann stepped aside she stumbled back into a man as he was getting up from a table behind her. She turned quickly to face him and realized they were barely a foot apart. He was wearing a navy blue blazer, grey trousers and a paisley necktie. He appeared to be in his

early thirties and was quite handsome. His blue eyes met hers and he smiled.

"Oops... sorry," Ann spat out, feeling embarrassed and awkward.

"No problem," the man said. "I should watch where I'm walking."

"It's okay. No harm done," she told him with a smile.

"No, I guess not," he remarked. "Everything seems to be in it's proper place after our collision." His eyes moved from Ann's face down to the curves of her breasts filling out the front of her dress.

Ann felt a rush of excitement at his bold remark and his blatant, lingering stare. His eyes had a hunger in them that she found enticing. She gave him a sly grin, then said "Don't you mean their proper place?"

The man in the blue blazer chuckled. "I could think of a better place for them," he retorted.

"Oh -- and where would that be?" she shot back as her eyes widened.

"My hands," he said, then stole another look down at her. "Although I don't think they'd fit."

"But I bet you'd like to try anyway." Ann was getting more turned-on by the risqué banter than she was earlier, but worried that Robert or others would notice her flirting with this man and grow suspicious.

"Have you ever known a man who didn't want to try?" he asked.

"Do my brothers count?" she asked as she narrowed her eyes.

"No," he said.

"In that case, I'll still have to say 'no'," Ann replied with a foxy smile.

"Well, you can add another to the list then," he told her as his eyed flitted over her.

As Ann was about to reply she heard the waitress behind her say "Excuse me" in a peevish tone. Before she could react, Ann felt the heavy tray in the waitress' hands being pushed against her back and she was jostled forward, towards the man she was talking with. She reached out for his arm to steady herself, then felt his hand on her. When she looked down Ann saw him cupping her left breast. His thumb rubbed over her hard nipple as he squeezed her firm mound, sending a jolt of pleasure through her that went directly to her clit. Still holding onto his arm, Ann turned slightly so her back was to where Robert was sitting, still patiently waiting for her to return.

"You're pretty bold for someone who doesn't know me," she said, lifting her eyes to his. "I never said you could do that." Her eyes darted down to his hand on her breast for a moment.

"No, but you don't want to cause a scene in here by putting up a struggle and I think you probably like strangers feeling you up," he said, moving his thumb in a tight circle around her thick nipple. "Besides, sometimes you just have to take what you want, because it's not going to be offered."

"Carpe de boob, so to speak," she quipped with a giggle. But she thought that maybe he knew her better than she knew herself. After all, she had made no effort to break free from his hand on her.

Ann felt relieved that there were no tables facing her. Over her shoulder she saw patrons eating and talking, oblivious to her being fondled. Still, she could hardly believe her bold behavior, especially with a stranger. She knew that she had to get away before they were noticed, or she did something even more impetuous and indecent.

"I better get going before we get arrested," she said nervously. "I was on my way to the bathroom."

"Then I'll let you go," he said, meaning it literally as he let his hand fall to his side. "But I need you to stop on your way back."

"Because I have two hands and you have two perfect breasts," he told her. "And I haven't had the pleasure of feeling them both."

"Well, thank-you," she replied, genuinely pleased by his flattery. "My name is Ann, by-the-way."

"Nice to meet you Ann," he said with a warm smile.

"And your name is..." she prodded as her eyebrows darted up.

"Finding that out will cost you," he teased.

A peculiar smile crept over Ann's face. "Mind if I call you 'Bruce' to keep it clear?" she said in an exaggerated Australian accent.

"Huh?" he grunted, cocking his head to one side in confusion.

"Hmmm... I guess you're not a Monty Python fan then. What a shame. I love a man who can make me laugh," she taunted. "I'll see you later, Bruce."

Ann turned abruptly with a grin and strode towards the washrooms. Her heart was pounding and her clit throbbed. She turned right at the corner below the lighted sign. She walked down a narrow hall with grey cement walls and lit with overhead fluorescent lights that lead towards the washrooms. She heard the echo of her heels clicking on the white tiled floor with each step.

As Ann passed the Mens' washroom the door opened and a man exited. He was wearing a grey suit a shade darker than his thinning hair and appeared to be a few years older than her. His sudden presence startled Ann and she lurched aside to make room for him to pass. When she glanced over she noticed him smile at her. It was the type of smile she would expect from a shark approaching a swimmer. His dark eyes locked on her chest and Ann was now even more conscious of how her breasts shook as she walked and how hard her nipples were. They ached to be touched and the thought of playing with them in the bathroom stall occurred to her. But she had never done that sort of thing in a public place and doubted that she would dare to. Ann quickened her pace and pushed open the heavy green door to the Ladies' room and stepped inside.

The Womens' washroom was empty and Ann locked herself inside the middle stall. She paused a moment to collect herself before beginning to do what she had come there for. She could feel the pounding of her heart beneath her breast and her cheeks felt hot. She drew in a few deep breaths, hoping to slow the rush of blood to her wet pussy. When she looked down at her chest she was filled with an odd mixture of distress and arousal when she noticed how hard and thick her nipples looked, poking out at the front of her knit dress. She ran her fingertips over her left one and shuddered a bit. The wave of pleasure went straight to her clit and she gave her round breast a squeeze, pinching the nipple through her dress and bra once more. Now she was certain that she did not want to go home with Robert that night. She wanted to lie alone in her bed and make herself cum as many times as possible before falling asleep.

Once Ann had finished in the stall she stepped over to the row of sinks and washed her hands. As she dried them she looked at her reflection in the mirror. She brushed her curly black hair back over her shoulders and noticed her smoldering blue eyes in the glass. For a moment she wondered who the wanton-looking woman she was gazing at was. It couldn't be her. She was sedate and conservative. Vanilla. Her greatest vice was a second glass of wine with a meal or sharing a cigarette with her sister-in-law. For moment she didn't recognize herself. This woman with the unmistakable signs of desire on her face could not be the same Ann Eldridge who went to book club meetings at friends' houses twice a month and attended church semi-regularly. Or was this the New Ann she was seeing? Maybe so. In any case, she liked her.

As she turned to toss the wad of damp paper towel in the garbage can Ann heard a clap of thunder outside. It was louder than all the ones that had preceded it. She shuddered a bit, listening to it reverberate in the distance. When she turned to reach for the handle to the door and leave another loud burst of thunder rang out and the washroom was suddenly plunged into darkness. From the restaurant the sound of a woman's scream rang out and a baby began to wail. Ann's heart began to hammer, but now it wasn't caused by her inflamed libido.

Ann stood in the pitch black of the bathroom for several seconds, hoping the lights would come back on, or at least the emergency back-up lights. After what seemed like a minute had passed and she was still alone in the inky darkness she fumbled for the door handle and pulled it open.

blindly from the bathroom, reaching out for the cement wall to her left to get her bearings. She began walking slowly, running her fingers along the rough cement as she took tentative steps on the tiled floor. Ann had assumed that there would at least be emergency lights throughout the restaurant, but all she could discern was the faint glow of one which appeared to be shining from the lobby. It was far too dim to guide her way or allow her to see anything along the hallway.

Ann was barely a few yards down the black hallway when she bumped into another person. She gave a faint gasp of shock as she felt hands on her arms, just above her wrists. Judging from the feel of the rough fingers and wide palms, Ann knew that she had bumped into a man, and a rather large, muscular one it seemed. Encountering someone else under these conditions surprised her and frightened her somewhat. Her heart sped up, then she hoped it must be Robert having come to search for her, although he was built more slight than the person who was still holding her arms.

"Robert?" she said in a soft, frightened voice.

That was when Ann felt a hand clamp over her mouth. It felt hot and she could taste salt and cologne on the person's rough skin. "Shut up, bitch," a man's voice growled in a hoarse whisper.

Ann heard herself give a muffled cry of fright and surprise against the man's palm. But before she could struggle she felt herself being spun around. The wall seemed to move rapidly to meet her as she felt herself being thrust against it. She reached out, bracing her hands on the cold cement and panting into the meaty palm covering her mouth and chin. She felt a foot kick hard at the inside of her left ankle, then the other,

forcing her legs wider apart. Fingers curled around the nape of her neck like a fleshy vice, forcing her head down until her forehead was rubbing over the concrete wall.

An arm wrapped around Ann's narrow waist from her left side, hugging her and pulling her ass back until she could feel his shaft pressed to her rump. Even through their clothes his cock felt big, and hard. Very hard. He thrust his hips hard and she could feel his shaft nestled between the cheeks of her ass. Her clit throbbed and Ann felt herself become even wetter.

Now Ann was bent over slightly, her forearms braced against the cement wall. It felt rough on her skin, but her arousal was growing by the second, overpowering any discomfort she felt. She was breathing hard through her nostrils and could feel fingertips pressing into her cheek and jaw as the person behind her kept his hand clamped tight over her mouth.

When Ann felt the arm leave her waist she wondered what her captor planned to do next. Then she heard the scraping sound of a zipper being opened behind her. She gasped. That faint sound she issued resulted in a handful of her hair being grabbed and yanked hard, so her head was abruptly jerked back until she could feel the chest of the burly man behind her.

"Be a good girl," he hissed in her ear. His breath was hot on the side of her face and smelled of liquor.

Ann nodded silently. Her thoughts of crying out in terror soon turned to soft throaty moans when she felt the hand on her waist move up to her right breast. His fingers curled around her heavy mound, pushing it up as the fingertips dug into it. Ann could feel the underwire of her bra begin to stab her tender skin and the pain heightened the experience for her. She clenched her jaw and let out another soft moan as her nipple was pinched hard and pulled away from her breast by almost an inch. She felt the stranger slide his right hand away from her mouth and over her chin. It was wet with her saliva and his sweat.

The only sounds that Ann could hear in the darkness were her breathing mingled with that of the stranger's behind her. As he kneaded and pulled at her breast she could feel his other hand run up her right thigh and under her dress. The hem began to slide up and she felt his rough hands roam over her ass. He gave it a hard squeeze, then moved his hand down between her legs. He cupped her hot, damp mound in his palm, almost lifting her from the floor. Seconds later she felt fingernails rake her soft petals as she tugged at her panties to expose her most vulnerable area. The thin lace covering her tore with a sharp sound as he pulled at her panties to expose her wet pussy. A finger was shoved in her moments later. She could feel it wiggle and prod deep inside her, making a lewd wet sound as he pumped it hard a few times. Then as suddenly as it had been pushed within her, the probing finger was gone.

Ann could feel cool air on her exposed wet pussy as her dress was pulled up higher over her trembling thighs to her hips. She felt a hand pressed to her left shoulder and his forearm pushing against her back. His elbow dug into her spine as he forced her against the cold cement wall until her hard nipples rubbed over it through her dress. The sensations were exhilarating and Ann moaned, knowing that would

earn herself another sharp tug at her hair. When it came moments later she bit her lower lip. She could taste her blood trickling over her tongue as her teeth dug into the inside of her lip. The hand belonging to her uninvited guest was still clutching a fistful of her hair, reining her in and making her submit to him.

With her heart pounding and her clit aching, Ann knew what to expect next. By now she welcomed it and was ready for it. To her, he was not the intruder he felt he was. She began to feel more in control, although she knew she still could not bring this misadventure to a halt if she wanted to. When she felt the mushroom head pierce her pink lips and his thick shaft filling her inside she was still surprised by his penetration of her. It wasn't only the sudden ferocity of how he entered her, but by how full and stretched open she felt by his hot, hard meat. It was as though she was losing her virginity for a second time. In a way, perhaps she was, she thought.

Rough hands gripped her ass tightly, spreading her cheeks wide apart to expose the one place where she was truly still a virgin. For a few moments Ann feared that he was about to deflower her back there too. Then the thought of it filled her with a wantonness that she had never felt before and she felt her aching pussy release a small gush of juice over his shaft as it pounded into her harder and faster than she had ever known before with any lover.

She could feel his fingernails digging into her soft skin as he groped at her firm cheeks, slapping his belly against them with each deep thrust into her. Tomorrow she would count her bruises, but for now she would just let herself to revel in this sordid encounter. She relaxed, allowing him to have her in the way he wanted. She was his fuck-toy

until he decided to discard her -- spent and used. She could feel the hair around his cock rub against her ass with each jackhammer thrust he made into her. His open zipper scratched her tingling skin as the head of his shaft hit bottom time and time again, pommeling her sopping pussy relentlessly.

Ann felt her heavy breasts shake as she was fucked hard into submission against the wall in the blackened hallway. She could hear muffled voices coming from around the corner in the restaurant and the thought of being discovered -- for Robert and everyone else to see what a cheap slut she was at that moment -- excited her even more. She arched her back, listening to the sound of this unknown invader's shaft pistoning in and out of her dripping pink hole and filling her more completely than she had ever been before. Then with one final deep thrust she heard him let out a deep grunt and felt his shaft swell even more as it erupted inside her. Hot cum sprayed her walls and she felt herself orgasm as he just had done, bathing his twitching cock with her juice. Moments later he pulled out of her gaping, sodden pussy with a loud, wet sound. She had never felt so empty before in her life as then.

Heavy footfalls echoed down the hallway and Ann knew she alone once more. She straightened her back and pulled her dress down over her thighs. A patina of sweat coated her face and chest, but that did not compare to how wet her freshly fucked pussy was. As she tried to catch her breath Ann could feel hot, thick cum seeping from her ravaged hole. It began to run down her thigh in thick, hot ribbons that almost seared her flesh. She reached under her dress and pulled her torn panties back over her swollen lips, coating her fingers with their fluids as she did so. She brought her fingers to her mouth. Her tongue darted out and she tasted their juices on them. Smiling in the darkness, Ann sucked her trembling fingers into her mouth, tasting the unknown

man's salty cum and feeling it continue to run down the inside of her trembling left thigh.

A minute or more later the lights suddenly came back on in the restaurant and hallway. Ann squinted under the harsh fluorescent lighting and grew anxious. Filled with panic now, she raced back to the Womens' washroom and locked herself in the middle stall. After running her fingers through her disheveled hair and adjusting her dress she exited the stall and looked at herself in a mirror over a sink.

The woman in the mirror looked happy and alive. Invigorated. Ann smiled, noticing how her thick nipples stood out invitingly from her dress. "You naughty slut," she said to her reflection with a husky laugh. Then Ann Eldridge turned and left the washroom a reborn woman.

Karen Returns Home to Visit

When Mark Robbins got home from his university classes and saw his mother sitting in the livingroom he could immediately tell from the look on her face that something was wrong. When he asked she began crying, but soon explained.

"Karen called. It's Rob -- that bastard. She caught him cheating on her and she's left him." his mother said "She's with a friend now, but she's catching a plane here tomorrow. She doesn't know what she's going to do, and wants to stay with us to clear her head a while."

Mark sat down next to his mother on the couch to collect his thoughts while he digested the news. When his sister got married three years previously her mother tried to dissuade her because she had never liked Rob, but Karen was 21 at the time and old enough to make up her own mind she reminded her mother. It had been close to a year since Mark had seen his sister since she and Rob had moved, and although he wished her visit was under happier circumstances, he was glad they'd be able to spend time together nonetheless. Although Karen was 3 years older than Mark they had been close growing up and she was always a little protective of her younger brother.

"Mark, would you do me a favour and tidy Karen's old room up some and make the bed for me, please. I really need some time to myself." his mother said as she dried her eyes.

"Sure, Mom, no problem." Mark said with a smile and dashed upstairs to what was Karen's room until she moved in with Rob.

A wave of memories swept over Mark as he walked into his sister's old bedroom. He remembered how as a teenager he used to sneak into Karen's room when she was out and snoop through her belongings, and occasionally even sniff panties he'd find lying on the floor. His room was next to her's and often she would leave her door ajar and he would catch a glimpse of her changing mornings he walked by. If Karen realized this she never let on, but Mark always wondered if she enjoyed teasing him. Karen was a skinny young girl, but by the time she was a teenager she'd developed into a very pretty young woman. Mark noticed these changes in her, especially how seemingly within a year her breasts had grown noticeably larger. One afternoon when he was in her room while he was out he took one of her bras from a drawer to check the tag... 'C' the label read, and Mark wished he could feel his sister's breasts, even just once. That opportunity never happened, but many times Mark was able to catch glimpses of them as Karen bent over. Occasionally she'd smile up at him while he stared, but he always nervously looked away, or began talking about something in hopes she wouldn't get mad at him.

Once Mark had finished making his sister's bed and tidied the room some he went into his bedroom and laid down. From almost the moment he'd walked into Karen's room he'd felt his cock hardening, and he laid down on his bed and unzipped his jeans to take it out and stroke it. It had been nearly a month since he and his girlfriend, Shelly, had broken up, and in that time his hand was his only source of relief when he became turned-on. Lately this had become more frequent, and Mark knew that having Karen at home again was going to increase this. As Mark stroked his cock he pictured his sister... her dark brown eyes meeting his as he stared at her bending over in a loose fitting tanktop. Karen's breasts were the largest he'd seen, or almost seen, and

whenever she was around him his eyes gravitated to them. So much that he often had to force himself to look at her face when she was talking to him. But her face looked great too. Her high cheekbones were framed by her long brown hair, and her full lips made her smile nearly breathtaking at times.

Mark had a restless sleep that night, filled with dreams of his sister, and images of her standing naked before him showing off for him. The next morning he awoke early and slipped his hands under the sheets to stroke his already hard cock. Mark had been in the habit of sleeping naked for years now, and often woke up hard, but this morning he was especially horny because of the visions of his sister. A sharp knock at the door started Mark and he heard his mother calling to him.

"You'd better get up, Mark. We have to pick Karen up at the airport at ten." she said.

Mark responded that he was getting up, then quickly hauled on a pair of boxers and headed to the bathroom to have a quick shower. Shortly after he was dressed he and his mother left to be on time for Karen's arrival at the airport.

Mark caught sight of his sister immediately as she passed through the Arrivals gate and called to her. He felt his heart race as he watched Karen walking towards him and their mother. Her long brown hair was pulled back in a ponytail and moved as she walked. She was wearing a tight t-shirt and short skirt and Marks's eyes moved up and down her body as she got closer. Her breasts bounced with her movements and Mark felt his cock growing in his jeans as he stared at them. He watched as she gave her mother a long hug, then she turned to Mark with her

arms outstretched. "It's good to see you again, little brother. Give me a hug." she said as she pulled Mark tight against her. Mark could smell his sister's perfume as she rested her chin on his shoulder and he inhaled sharply, drawing in her scent. He also felt her firm round breasts pressing into his chest as his hand slid up her back, over her bra strap to her shoulders. He felt his cock getting even harder as his sister pressed herself against him and he tried to ease away from her, but she held onto him tighter, pressing her thigh against the bulge in his jeans. She must be able to tell I'm hard Mark thought to himself and felt his face flush. Finally Karen broke their embrace and looked him up and down as she clutched his hands.

"You're looking good, little brother. I'm happy to see you too." she said with a grin.

"You can stop calling me little brother, Karen. I'm twenty-one now." Mark said, as he pondered his sister's comment.

Karen laughed and pinched his cheek. "Even when you're an old man you'll still be my little brother." she said as she leaned towards him and kissed his cheek softly.

The trio went to the baggage claim section to retrieve Karen's luggage and Mark helped Karen carry her bags to the car and they left for their home. While Mark drove he barely listened to the conversation between his mother and sister. His mind was preoccupied with thoughts of Karen's body against his when they met at the airport, and fears that she could tell he was hard. He glanced up at the rearview mirror to look at his sister in the backseat of the car and noticed that she was sitting with her legs apart and her skirt had ridden up so he

could clearly see the insides of her thighs. Mark shifted in his seat and kept alternating his eyes between the road ahead of him and his sister in the back seat. As Mark looked in the mirror a while later he saw Karen's eyes meet his and she smiled at him. But it was a different smile than she'd given him at the airport. Her skirt was now further up her thighs, and her right hand was slowly moving up and down the inside of her right leg.

"So how are things going with you and Shelly?" Karen asked.

"Ummm... we broke up a while ago." Mark said slowly as he stared straight ahead.

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. But I'm sure there are plenty of girls in this town who'd wanna hook up with ya though." Karen said with a giggle.

"Karen!" her mother interjected in shock.

Mark laughed and said nothing.

"Oh, c'mon, Mom. Mark's a hottie. Look at him!" Karen said.

"Karen, I can't believe you're talking like that about your own brother!" her mother said in surprise as she turned back to face her.

"Oh, chill-out, mom. I'm just being objective here, and looking at him as a guy and not my brother. Mark, if I weren't your sister, what would you think of me?" she said.

Mark felt his palms getting sweaty and he clutched the steering wheel harder and cleared his throat. "Ah, geez, I dunno, Karen. I've never thought about it before." he said.

"Chicken shit!" Karen said with a laugh and grinned.

Mark kept silent most of the rest of the way home and drove faster than normal because he was anxious to avoid any more embarrassing conversations with his sister. When they arrived at their house Mark retrieved his sister's luggage from the trunk and brought it into the house. Karen followed him with her carry-on and stood next to him smiling.

"So, you going to be a gentleman and carry my bags upstairs for me?" she asked.

"Of course." Mark said smiling and followed his sister upstairs, staring at her ass and legs the whole time.

Mark sat Karen's bags down in the middle of her bedroom and watched as she tossed her shoulder bag on the bed, then flopped down beside it. She stretched out and gave a contented sigh. Mark felt his cock hardening again as his sister arched her back so her breasts jutted towards the ceiling, then bent one leg so her foot was flat on the bed.

Karen's skirt slid up her thigh as she bent her leg, and Mark saw her nipples straining against her t-shirt. Karen opened her eyes and smiled up at her brother.

"You never answered my question in the car, ya know." she said.

"What question?" Mark said, suddenly feeling nervous and wondering if she noticed the bulge in his jeans.

Karen sat up and leaned back on her elbows and Mark forced himself not to stare at her breasts.

"If I wasn't your sister, would you find me attractive?" she asked.

"Ya, sure, I guess. You're pretty, Karen." he said, as he stared at the floor.

Karen's face lit up and she gave her brother a wide smile. "Really?! You think I'm pretty?" she asked.

"Ya." Mark said, feeling less nervous after his sister's positive reaction to his admission.

"Thanks, Mark. That means a lot to me! Ever since I found out that Rob was fucking his secretary I've felt like a hag. I wondered if I was just unattractive, and that's why he turned to her." she said in a solemn voice.

Mark let out a laugh and looked down at his sister lying on the bed. "You are not unattractive, Karen." he said as he smiled and stared at her.

Karen got up from the bed and threw her arms around her brother and pulled him tight against her. Still afraid that she would feel his hard-on Mark tried to keep his distance, but Karen looked at him with a frown.

"I don't bite, ya know. Give me a hug." she said and pulled him closer.

Mark felt his sister's thigh pressing against his hard cock and he knew it was impossible for her not to notice. After a few moments Karen pulled away and looked down at the bulge in his jeans.

"Oh, my...! So you DO find me attractive...!" she said as her brown eyes met her brother's.

Mark pulled away and stared at the floor, feeling ashamed and embarrassed, but Karen clutched his arm and smiled up at him.

"Mark, it's ok. Don't feel bad." she said, trying to reassure him "I'm flattered. Really, I am!"

Mark didn't dare return her gaze, but said "That shouldn't happen when I hug my sister."

Karen didn't respond, but turned her brother to face her and pulled him close to her again. She could feel his hard cock pressing against her and she immediately felt herself getting wet. She moved her hips so she rubbed against him as she wrapped her arms around him.

"It feels good, Mark. Do you know how long it's been since I've gotten this kind of reaction from a man?" she breathed into his ear.

Mark never replied, but buried his face into her hair and took a deep breath as he ran his hands up his sister's back.

"You're so hard, Mark. What is it... what is it about me that you like? What do you notice first about me?" Karen said as she stroked her brother's firm back.

"Karen, no. We shouldn't be doing this." he said as he broke their embrace and looked into her brown eyes.

Karen slid her hands along her brother's sides and nervously bit her lip. "Tell me, please. I have to know. What is it about me that makes you hard. Please, Mark." she begged as she looked up at him.

"Everything." Mark said, hoping to change the subject.

"But what do you notice first? Tell me, Mark. I won't be mad -- I promise. Mom's not here. You can be honest with me." Karen said, tugging him closer.

Mark drew a deep breath and frowned. "Your boobs." he said, then stared at the floor.

Karen smiled and looked down at her chest, then back up at her brother whose face was noticeably flushed. He was avoiding her gaze.

"You like 'em, do ya?" Karen said, pressing her chest against her brother.

"Karen, come on, we shouldn't be talking like this." Mark said, his gaze looking up from his sister's chest to her face.

"Relax, Mark. No one has to know." Karen said as she winked at her brother and stroked his arm.

Mark was at a loss for words, but luckily his mother called to them asking if they wanted to come down and get something to eat before he could answer Karen's question. Mark quickly broke the embrace with his sister and shouted down to his mother that they'd be right down then turned to leave the room, but Karen tugged at his arm and pulled him back to her.

"I'll show them to you after Mom's gone to bed tonight, if you want." she said.

"Karen, this isn't right. I know I got a boner when you hugged me, but let's not get out of control." Mark said as he stared at his sister.

"You said you like them. All I'm saying is I'll let you see them if you want to." she said with a smile.

"I better get downstairs before mom gets suspicious." Mark said and quickly left.

Mark's mother was setting the table when he entered the kitchen. She explained that all she made was a casserole, but that he and Karen were probably so hungry that it didn't matter.

Mark watched as his mother finished setting the table. Maybe it was because he was so horny from his encounter with Karen, but for the first time in his life Mark suddenly looked at his mother in a different light. For a moment he no longer saw her as his mother, but an attractive woman as he watched her move about the kitchen in a thin cotton dress. She was barely in her 40s, and since his father was killed years ago in a car accident she hadn't dated anyone. Mark wondered if she ever got lonely -- or horny -- or if she wished she were involved with someone. Mark stared at the sunlight on his mother's blond hair and the silhouette of her full breasts as the sun shone through her dress. He smiled to himself and thought that it's no wonder his sister has breasts like she does considering how their mother looks.

Mark's reverie was interrupted by Karen's voice as she entered the kitchen. He looked up at his sister and noticed she'd changed from her t-shirt into a thin white cotton blouse. He stared at her as she moved about and guessed that she was no longer wearing a bra, considering how her full breasts were swaying as she moved.

"What's for supper, mom?" she said as she looked into the pot on the stove.

"Just a casserole." her mother said as she spooned it out onto a plate and set it before Mark at the table.

Mark quickly began eating. He spent most of the mealtime in silence as his sister and mother talked, only glancing up occasionally to look at them. Looking accross the table at Karen he noticed that her blouse was unbuttoned enough to show just a hint of cleavage. He felt his cock stir and was glad that neither she or his mother could see under the table. He looked over at his mother too and noticed for perhaps the first time ever how her full breasts stood out against her dress. He felt a strong pang of guilt as he fought back thoughts of what his mother and sister might look like topless and how their breasts might feel in his hands.

Once Mark finished eating he quickly excused himself, saying he had a paper to work on for his English course. He went up into his room and turned on his computer and began to appear busy in case either his mother or sister decided to check on him. For the next couple of hours he could hear Karen and his mother talking downstairs over the sound of the television. Once it was close to bedtime he decided he'd better go

down and spend some time with them. When Mark walked into the livingroom his sister was sitting on the couch and his mother was on a chair next to her.

"So you've decided to grace us with your presence. Come sit down." Karen said as she patted the couch next to her.

Mark joined his sister on the couch and she slid closer to him and leaned against his shoulder as she smiled at him.

"It's so good to see you, little brother." she said as she clutched his arm smiling.

Mark could feel Karen's breasts pressing into his arm and he shifted nervously and smiled. "It's good to see you again too, Karen" he said.

"How's the English paper coming along?" his mother asked.

"Not bad. It's almost done." Mark said, trying to ignore the feeling of Karen's body against him.

Mark's mother smiled at him and he watched as she crossed her legs. As her dress was pulled tighter against her by her movements Mark could clearly see the shape of his mother's long thin legs and hip, and he felt his cock twitching even more. The fact that Karen's occasional movements caused her breasts to rub against his arm wasn't helping either. Over the next hour while Karen watched tv Mark would

occasionally sneak sideways glances at her. The way she was leaning against him gave him a good view down the front of her blouse, and he could see the swell of the tops of her breasts.

"I should be getting to bed. I've got work in the morning." Mark's mother announced close to midnight as she got up from her chair "You guys stay up as late as you want."

Mark and Karen wished her a good night and watched as she walked up the stairs to her bedroom. Once they were alone Mark felt a rush of nervousness over what might happen between he and his sister, but he continued watching tv like he had before. A while later Karen sat up and drew his arm around her waist and settled back against his chest, pulling his arm tight around her.

"Mom's gone to bed, so we don't have to behave." she said and gave a slight laugh as she looked at her brother.

"She's right upstairs, Karen." Mark said in a slightly hushed tone.

"Ya, but she won't suspect anything. I saw you peekng down my blouse earlier, Mark. Want a better look?" his sister said.

Before Mark could reply Karen reached up and undid a button on her blouse and pulled it away from her chest so Mark could clearly see down the front of it. She arched her back slightly and he could see most of her full breasts beneath her blouse, almost down to her hard nipples.

She did this for a while then released her blouse then turned to smile up at her brother, who didn't quite know what to say.

"You like them?" Karen asked in as innocent a voice as she could muster.

"You already know I do." Mark said.

Karen moved against her brother so her back was resting against his chest and moved her left hand so it was on the inside of his right thigh. Her forearm was pressing into the bulge in his jeans and Mark tensed-up as his sister pressed her arm harder against his hard cock.

"Mmmm... that feels good, Mark" she said as she moved her hand along his thigh and rubbed his cock through his jeans with her arm.

Mark was speechless. He was shocked that his sister was being so bold, but too turned-on at this point to tell her to stop. He peered down the front of her blouse into her cleavage as she continued to caress him. Suddenly Karen's hand stopped moving and she turned around on the couch to face her brother, her hand still resting on the inside of his right thigh, but now closer to his crotch.

"Let me feel it, Mark." she said as she smiled at him.

"Karen, no. It's not right." Mark said as his eyes moved from his sister's hand next to his hard cock and her face.

"C'mon, Mark. I've been rubbing it with my arm for the past five minutes. What's it matter if I touch it with my hand? I really want to feel it. I can tell you have a nice one." she employed.

"Ok, a quick feel. But you've got to swear to never breathe a word about this to anyone -- ever!" Mark said in a serious tone.

Karen laughed and looked up at her nervous-looking brother. "Like I'd tell someone I played with my brother's cock."

"Ya, I guess you're right." Mark said and chuckled.

Karen shifted on the couch so she was even closer to her brother and slowly moved her hand up the inside of his thigh. Mark felt a rush go through him as her slender fingertips ran over his cock through his jeans and he sighed involuntarily. Karen smiled at him and gave it a gentle squeeze and cupped his balls in her hand. Mark arched his back slightly as his sister stroked him and gave him several more soft squeezes. Mark watched his sister's hand rubbing him, then looked up and saw her hard nipples poking out under her thin blouse and he felt his cock twitch.

"God, you've got a nice cock, Mark." Karen said as she continued stroking him.

Mark smiled. "Thanks." was all he was able to say in a hoarse voice.

Karen leaned against him so her breasts were firmly pressing into his arm and chest, then rested her head on his shoulder as she continued to rub him through his jeans. Mark automatically wrapped an arm around his sister's waist and pulled her slightly closer to him. He shifted his hips as he felt her breasts rubbing against him. The siblings sat in silence like this for several more minutes. Mark slowly stroked his sister's back as she pressed herself against him and rubbed his cock. But Mark could feel his excitement building and was afraid he'd cum in his jeans after a while so he reached down and taking his sister by the wrist he moved her hand off of him.

"We'd better stop." he quietly said looking at her.

"Awww..." Karen said with dissapointment as she rested her hand on her brother's stomach and leaned against him "I would have done that all night if you had've let me."

"I don't think I could last all night." Mark said as he laughed.

"Is that why you made me stop? Were you afraid that you'd... oh, Mark... how long has it been since a girl touched you like this?" Karen said.

"Not since Shelly and I broke up." he said.

"Oh, Mark... let me finish, please. I don't mean to tease you. Take it out. Let me make you cum." his sister said as she ran her hand over his stomach and looked up at him.

Before he could respond his sister's hands were unbuttoning his jeans and tugging at the zipper. It was happening so fast that Mark barely had time to try and stop her before she had his jeans completely unzipped.

"Karen, no." he said as he looked down and saw the tent in his boxers sticking out from his open jeans.

"Mark, I love you, and I want to do this for you as my way of showing you that. Please let me." Karen said as she ran her fingertips over her brother's twitching cock through his boxers.

"You're my sister, Karen. It's not right." he said.

"If you were in pain it wouldn't be wrong for me to give you relief from that. All I want to do is give you a different kind of relief because you need it." she said as she continued to touch him through his boxers.

Karen waited for her brother to say something, but when he didn't reply she hooked her fingers in the waistband of his boxers and began to tug them and her brother's jeans down. Feeling all resistance fading Mark lifted his hips off of the couch so his sister could pull his clothes down towards his knees. Soon his cock was exposed and it sprang up towards the ceiling as his boxers slid off of it. Karen let out a slight gasp

as her brother's long thick cock was uncovered. She watched it twitch in rhythm with his racing heart, then slowly ran a fingertip along the underside and spread some precum around the head. She looked up at Mark who now had his eyes closed and was moaning softly, then she wrapped her hands around the base and began stroking him. Slowly at first, then she squeezed harder and began to increase her speed as she began to get more turned-on by what she she doing.

Karen closed her eyes and relaxed as her brother caressed her back. Her pussy was soaking wet by this point and she was sure her jeans must be wet too, but she didn't care. She hadn't been this turned-on in months and the fact that it was because of her brother made it even more exciting. She kept waiting and hoping for him to squeeze her breasts and rub them, but except for the occasional brush of his fingertips along the sides of them he seldom touched them. Karen was dissapointed. She sat up and turned to face her brother so he had a good look at her breasts.

"You can touch them, ya know." she said as she stroked his bare thigh.

Mark tentatively reached up and squeezed his sister's left breast in his hand, feeling her hard nipple in his palm. He watched as she smiled then reached up with his other hand to feel her right one. He squeezed both of them a little harder and pinched her nipples between his fingers. Karen moaned and closed her eyes. Mark pinched his sister's nipples harder and gave them a tug as she moaned.

While Mark and his sister were feeling each-other they heard the upstairs toilet flush.

"Oh shit!" Karen said as she jumped up and buttoned her blouse and hurriedly tucked it into her jeans.

Mark lept off of the couch and got himself together fearing that any moment their mother might walk into the room. They heard her walking around upstairs, then the sound of her bedroom door closing. Mark and his sister turned to each-other and laughed in relief.

"That was a close-call." Mark said as he laughed. "We're going to have to be careful."

Mark stared at his sister as she looked at him with a bemused smile then burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?" he said.

"You." she said "I thought you were going to crap your pants when you heard Mom upstairs."

"Weren't you scared too?" her brother said, defensively.

"Ya, I was." Karen said as she leaned back against her brother and wrapped her arms around his waist. She looked up at him and smiled almost with a question in her eyes.

"What?" Mark said, noticing her expression.

"Nothing." Karen said as she wrapped her brother's arm around her and brought his hand up to her right breast and held it against her "Just hold me, please, Mark."

Mark involuntarily began squeezing his sister's breast and rubbing his finger over her hard nipple through her blouse, then stopped.

"Karen, we shouldn't be doing this." he said as he looked down at her.

"Tell me you don't like it." she said as she turned and looked up at him and smiled.

"That's not the point." Mark said as he brushed his thumb over his sister's nipple.

"I think this is the point...!" Karen said with a giggle as she squeezed her brother's hard cock through his jeans.

Karen laughed and kept squeezing her brother's cock through his jeans.

"Tell me it doesn't feel good, Mark." she said as she looked up at him, still moving her hand over the bulge in his jeans.

"You know it does, but we shouldn't be doing this, Karen." he said as he lept up from the couch and stood before her. "I'm going to get to bed."

"Awww... don't you want to stay up and play?" she said with a pleading smile.

"Karen, we shouldn't be doing this. We're going to get in trouble. Besides, I have classes tomorrow afternoon and have to get some sleep." he said as he stared at his sister.

"Oh, alright." she said as she leaned back on the couch "Sweet dreams, little brother."

Mark went up to his room and got undressed and climbed into bed. His mind was reeling with all that had just happened, but he was also incredibly horny. He was naked under the sheets and reached down and began stroking his hard cock as he thought about what had transpired between his sister and him earlier, and how it could have gone. Soon he felt a huge orgasm building then wash over him as his cock released a stream of hot cum. Mark rolled over and stared at the wall in the darkness and soon sleep overtook him. He woke the next

morning to the sound of his mother's car leaving the driveway. He checked his clock and decided he'd better get up and get ready for classes later that afternoon. The hot water hitting him felt good as he showered and he stood under the showerhead and let it hit him. Suddenly he heard the shower curtain being pulled aside and turned to see his sister stepping in, naked.

"Karen, what the hell are you doing?!" he said as he tried to cover himself with his hands.

"I thought you might need some help." she said with a smirk as she reached for the soap.

"Get the hell out of here!" he snapped as his sister began sliding her soapy hands over his wet body.

"Relax, Mark," she said as she ran her hands over his back and pressed herself against him "Mom's at work. No one's going to catch us."

Mark stared at his naked sister standing next to him, her body wet from the water in the shower. He could feel his cock growing and cupped his hands over it, but as she pressed herself against him he felt his fingers brush over her sparse pubic hair and stomach. Karen pressed herself harder against him as she felt his fingers graze her pussy and slid her hands down his back to his firm ass.

"That's it, touch my pussy, little brother. Feel how wet you make me." she said as her hands moved back up his back.

"I wasn't. I was trying to.... damnit, Karen..." he said in frustration.

Karen laughed and took a step back and looked down at her brother and gently took his hands in hers.

"Move your hands, Mark. It's ok. Let me see." she said as she tugged at him.

Mark slowly let go of the tension in his arms and allowed his sister to pull his hands away from his body gasped slightly and smiled as his hard cock came into view. It was sticking out from his body almost at a 90 degree angle and she looked down at his full balls underneath.

"Oh my, Mark. What a nice cock." she said as she slowly slid her fingertips up the underside and gave it a gentle squeeze.

Mark moaned deeply as his sister ran a soapy hand over his hard cock. She gave the base of it a squeeze then ran her hand along it, brushing her thumb over the head. She wanted him in her that instant, but was afraid she'd make him cum before he was able to push in her so she released him and placed her hands on his hips and smiled up at him. She turned him so his back was against the wall and braced her foot on the edge of the tub. Reaching down she held him in her hand again and guided the head towards her wet pussy. Before Mark knew what had happened or could protest he was buried in his sister's wet pussy up to his balls.

"God, you feel so good!" she moaned in his ear, tightening her muscles to squeeze his cock as she began moving her hips "Fuck my pussy, Mark."

A mixture of lust and instinct consumed Mark and he grabbed his sister's hips hard and began pumping his hard cock into her. She leaned her head down and bit his shoulder as she moaned.

"Harder, Mark. Fuck your horny sister! You've wanted to for years." she cried out as she held onto his shoulders "Jesus, your cock feels good!"

Mark soon felt his orgasm building and cried out as he quickly pulled his cock from his sister and aimed it at her stomach. Karen fell to her knees and grasped her brother's cock in her hands, hoping to taste his cum. Some of it landed on her mouth and she slammed her head down and wrapped her lips around it, sucking hard as she felt it twitch as the last bit of his hot cum shot out. As she felt him getting soft she reluctantly let go and sat down in the tub, feeling the spray of the hot water hitting her as she pressed down on her throbbing clit. Karen spread her legs wide and pushed 2 fingers in her soaking wet pussy hard, and rubbed her throbbing clit with her other hand. Soon she felt her own orgasm building and rubbed her clit harder as her brother stood above her watching as she came. Karen continued to moan and cried out loudly as she came, then opened her eyes and smiled up at her brother as she self-consciously closed her legs, grinning.

"That was amazing." he said as he looked into her smiling face.

"We should have done that years ago." she said.

"I wanted to." her brother told her.

"Me too." she said, smiling.

"I guess all we can do now is make up for lost time." he said as she slid his fingers over his sister still wet pussy.

Karen could feel her brother's cock twitching back to life against her thigh and she gave him a surprised smile.

"Getting ready for some more?" she asked as she reached down to cup his balls in her hand.

"I said I wanted to make up for lost time." he said with a laugh as he squeezed her breast in his hand.

"You may be more than I bargained for." Karen said as she laughed.

"Want to find out?" he said.

"I sure do!" she said as she pressed herself against him and ran her hands over his body.

As the hot water sprayed down on their bodies the siblings continued to caress each-other, both knowing that this was the beginning of an exciting phase of their relationship.

Kim's Wedding

Chapter 1

"I think the whole notion of you and Ron spending a week apart before the wedding is silly." I told my sister.

"And why's that?" Kim demanded.

"Because you guys have been living together for three years. What difference does it make if you spend a little while apart before you get married?"

Kim fumbled with the tab on the can of beer in her hand and stared straight ahead as she thought it over. She frowned. It was a Saturday and we were sitting in the back yard to my house that May afternoon discussing plans for her upcoming wedding. Kim had come over to ask a favor of me. She and her boyfriend, Ron, had decided that it would make their wedding night more special and exciting if they were to

spend some time apart before the day. She wanted to know if she could stay with me during that week before her wedding.

Ron had dropped Kim off on his way to play golf late that morning and was going to pick her up once he was finished. It had been a few weeks since my sister and I had spent any time alone and I was happy for the opportunity for us to be able to be together. Kim had decided to bring over a case of beer for us to split while we sat out in the yard. I could tell it had been a while since she had drank anything because after her second she had become more talkative and animated.

"Look, Mike, I don't care if you think it's silly or not," Kim snapped "all I wanted to know was whether or not I could stay with you for a week. That's all."

Kim's hazel eyes burned into mine and I could tell she was angry. I felt guilty because over the years she had always been very supportive of me, and had helped me in many ways. Now she was the only close family I had and no way could I deny her any request.

Our father died of a sudden and massive heart attack close to ten years ago when he was only fifty-seven, then about two years ago our mother was diagnosed with cancer. After the diagnosis mom's health rapidly deteriorated and she was gone within a year. In her will she left me the house. I suppose mom concluded that Kim and Ron would eventually marry so she would be provided for, but my future was less certain. Kim was now twenty-six, almost three years older than me, and always seemed to be able to manage for herself. She was smart and very pretty and those two things seemed to get her through most anything that life could hand her. Mom must have worried what would become of me,

so giving me the house was her way of ensuring I had some sort of stability and equity. The house was a small three bedroom home built overlooking Augustine's Bay on the outskirts of town. It was picturesque and serene there and I had always loved living next to the water -- although it tended to get quite cold during the winter.

"I'm sorry," I said with a sigh "I guess I can't relate to getting married, but you're always welcome here -- you know that."

Kim gave me a warm smile. "I know. Thanks."

I got up from my chair and went inside. I found an extra house key and brought it back out for my sister.

"Here's a key. Come over whenever you want, and stay as long as you want." I told her as I stood beside her with my hand extended.

"Oh, thanks so much, Mike!" she exclaimed as she rose from her chair.

My sister threw her arms around me and kissed my cheek. Her curly black hair tickled as it brushed over my face, and I could smell her hair conditioner. I drew in a deep breath, savoring the mixture of the scents of her hair and perfume. Kim ran her hand over my back and I felt myself relax at her feminine touch. Her breasts were sandwiched between us and they felt firm and round. I slid my hand down her back, feeling her bra strap through the thin blouse she wore, then my fingers grazed the top of her jeans. I stopped when my hand came to rest on the curve of her left hip. I eased away from her slightly, fearing she

would feel the growing bulge in my trousers if we got any closer. I sat back down and retrieved my beer from beside my chair.

"The wedding's not for another two weeks, so I won't be coming over for a while yet." Kim said, her eyes meeting me and looking more radiant than earlier.

"Well, whenever you want to -- a week, two weeks. You're welcome anytime." I assured her.

"Really?" she questioned.

"Sure."

"Thanks. To tell you the truth, Ron thinks us spending time apart before the wedding is silly too. But it means a lot to me. I know we've been living together, but some time apart might make our wedding night more special, you know..."

I pretended to understand and nodded as I brought my can of beer up to my mouth.

"If you really mean it that you don't mind me staying longer than a week I might come over in a few days." she said.

"But what about Ron?" I asked.

Kim smirked. "I guess he'll just have to jerk-off for a while."

I nearly choked on a mouthful of beer, then felt my cheeks flush. "That's not what I meant. I meant won't he be mad or whatever if you make it longer than a week?"

Kim shrugged then a wide grin formed on her face. "He'll get over it come the wedding night I bet."

I shook my head in amusement at Kim's comment. She was always rather brash and outspoken and I loved that about her. From the corner of my eye I watched her as she finished her beer. She was wearing a floral short-sleeved blouse that seemed a little small for her. My sister only stood at about 5'4" and was slim. Mom used to joke that the extra weight Kim lacked that should have been distributed over her body seemed to have all gone to her chest. I was reminded of that as I looked at her sitting beside me. As she reclined in the chair her breasts seemed to thrust out from her slight frame like two orbs. I followed the contour of her body down to her hips and the curve of her ass. Her jeans were tight and emphasized the gentle curves of her body nicely. I felt my cock twitch and begin to stiffen.

"So where will I sleep here?" she asked.

"Your old room if you want," I told her "it's kind of cluttered now but tomorrow I'll tidy it up."

"How cluttered?"

"I've got some boxes of old books in the corner, and the bed needs to be made." I explained.

"That's doesn't sound too bad. Let me see." she said.

"Now?"

"Sure now. Let me grab another beer first though." Kim said.

I followed Kim inside, my eyes not leaving her as she dashed to the kitchen. I was enthralled with the movement of her breasts and how her ass looked in her jeans.

"Okay, let's see what condition the room is in." she said later when she returned with another can of beer.

I climbed the steps towards my sister's former bedroom, her following close behind. I walked in and looked around, concluding it wouldn't take long to tidy up and get it ready for Kim.

"This isn't so bad -- just a few boxes. The floor needs to be swept too, but it won't take long." she commented.

Kim placed her can of beer on the bureau in the corner of the room and walked around. I stood by the door, noticing her every move. Even how she stepped was graceful and sexy. She checked her reflection in the mirror and ran her fingers through her hair. I couldn't help but let out a laugh.

"What? Just making sure I look good." she told me.

"Don't worry, you do."

Kim smiled at me and sat down on the bare mattress on the bed. She placed her palms down behind her and leaned back. I made an effort to focus on her face and not the rest of her, but she looked so enticing in that posture with her breasts thrust out.

"I look good, do I?" she asked, her voice sounding teasing and flirtatious.

"Well, yes." I replied.

"Thanks, little brother."

Kim was now leaning back on her elbows with her right foot planted on the mattress. For a moment I imagined myself on top of her, then grew uncomfortable as I felt my cock pushing out from my trousers.

"Hand me my beer, would you, please." Kim asked.

I retrieved the can from the bureau behind me and passed it to her. I sat down next to her as she took a long drink from the can then placed it on the floor.

"I haven't been in here in ages." she remarked as she looked around the room.

"Me either." I added.

I could feel the effects of the beers I had drunk. It was lowering my inhibition as well as stoking my libido. As I sat next to Kim on the bed all sorts of ribald thoughts entered my mind and I fought them off.

"I guess it's not as fun coming in here now that it's not my room anymore, huh?" she said as her elbow poked my ribs.

"What?"

"When I was still living at here you used to go through my underwear when I was out." she said.

My cheeks felt as if they were on fire and I nearly felt dizzy for a moment at my sister's indictment.

"What makes you think that?!" I blurted out, probably sounding as guilty as I was.

Kim laughed. "you mean how do I know that... you were careless, little brother. You never put my bras and panties back in the spot where you found them."

I lowered my head in shame and avoided her eyes.

"It's okay, Mike," Kim told me as she slid closer "I found it kind of weird at first, but now I think it's sort of funny... in a naughty way."

My eyes met hers for a moment and I could tell by the bemused look on her face that she meant what she said.

"Tell me something though..." Kim added.

"What?"

"I can understand you being interested in my panties -- I've read about that sort of thing on the Internet -- but why my bras?"

"Just curious." I replied.

"About what?" Kim prodded.

I paused a moment before answering. "What size they were."

My sister giggled at my explanation. "Well, if you're still curious, I wear a 34-C now." she informed me.

Despite my total embarrassment and humiliation I found myself taking a quick sideways glance towards my sister's chest. She was still leaning back slightly which caused her blouse to be pulled tight against her. Her bust could have only been more accentuated if her blouse were soaking wet. I raised my eyes to her face and her eyes met mine.

"You haven't changed a bit since you were a teenager, have you?" she declared.

"I guess not. But neither have you. You're still a smartass." I teased.

"Sure I've changed. Back then I was only a B-cup, but I guess you already know that."

Kim's candor and ease at discussing all of this surprised me, but it also relieved me. I assumed it was the result of the beers because she and I had never had a conversation of this sort before. I wondered how it boded for the time we would spend living together before her wedding.

"Let's go back out." Kim suggested as she got up from the bed.

The rest of the afternoon was uneventful. Kim and I spent it outside talking and finishing the beer that she had brought over. Shortly before six o'clock Ron arrived to pick her up. That evening was filled with me coping with a surge of lust and other mixed feelings for my sister. I was looking forward to her living with me, if only temporarily, but I knew that was my libido controlling me. Ever since my teenage years I had wondered what it would be like for Kim and I to have a sexual relationship, even though I knew the chances of it were close to nil. Yet, after the conversation we had in her bedroom that afternoon my hopes had been renewed.

Chapter 2

That Monday evening, I got a call from Kim. She told me that she and Ron had discussed it and she had decided to take me up on my offer of staying with me longer than the week that was originally planned. I was happy to hear that and reminded her that she was welcome, but never asked any questions. The sub-text of what she told me seemed to be that she had told Ron that she would be staying at my place for over a week, and he had little say in the matter. I felt sorry for the guy.

"Would it be alright if I came over tomorrow evening after you get home from work?" she asked.

"Come over whenever you want," I told her "you have a key."

"Are you sure I won't be in the way or drive you crazy if I'm there for two weeks though?" Kim asked.

"I'm sure," I told her "you're always welcome here. Besides you're my big sister, and I love you."

"I love you too." she said in a breathy voice that I actually found erotic.

"So I'll see you sometime tomorrow then?" I asked.

"Yeah... I'm not sure exactly when, but I'll be over." Kim told me.

Chapter 3

When I arrived home from work on Tuesday I was only somewhat surprised to find the door to my house unlocked. I thought that Kim might arrive throughout the day and I was glad she had. What did surprise me was walking in the kitchen to find her cooking supper.

"Hi... supper's almost ready." she informed me, turning from the counter where she was mashing potatoes.

For a moment Kim seemed more like a devoted wife than a sister and it filled me with a combination of comfort and arousal. I hung up my coat and watched her for a moment. She was wearing a blouse and a skirt that nearly covered her ankles. Her attire wasn't especially revealing but I still found that she looked very pretty and sexy.

"Thanks for getting my room ready, but I could have done it." she said.

"No, that was my responsibility. I did it Sunday afternoon. It didn't take me too long really."

"Look in the fridge." she told me.

I opened the fridge and found a case of beer on the top shelf. "You didn't have to get that." I told her.

"I know," she said "but I'll be having some too. Consider it rent. I'm so glad that we'll get some time together. I wish it could be more, but I know you have to work."

"Yeah... gotta pay the bills." I said with a smile.

The meal that Kim had prepared was delicious and she seemed to appreciate my enthusiasm as I ate. Several times I noticed her look over at me and smile from across the table. Her smile was disarming and I soon felt as nervous as a teenager once more.

"That was the best meal I've had in about a year -- thanks!" I later told her as I pushed my chair away from the table.

"Good. I'm glad you liked it." she said as she collected my empty plate.

I caught a brief whiff of her perfume as she stood beside me and it made my cock jump to life. Kim began filling the sink with water and dropped the dishes into it.

"I'll help you with the dishes, Kim."

"No, I'll do them. You just relax." she told me.

"No way! You worked hard cooking supper. I'm not going to let you do these alone." I said as I rolled my sleeves up.

Just being near Kim was arousing. I tried my best to keep my distance and not gawk as she handed me dishes to be dried but it was difficult. Somehow her billowing blouse and flowing skirt was more alluring than the tight clothes she had worn the last time she had been over. Several times as she passed me a plate or utensil our fingers briefly met and the touch of her skin was electric. I moved closer to the counter hoping it would prevent her from detecting that I was hard.

Once the dishes had been washed Kim looked out the window as she dried her hands. The sky was turning orange as the sun began to set. She looked out at the golden hues shimmering on the water of the bay and smiled.

"Let's go out and watch the sunset," she suggested "one thing I've missed about not living here anymore is sitting out looking at it after supper."

On the west side of the house was a wooden bench with wrought iron sides where mom used to sit evenings during the summer to watch the sunset. Kim and I sat down and looked out over the water. There wasn't a sound except for the splashing of water as the tide washed ashore. Kim turned with her back to me and put her feet up on the bench then leaned on me. I placed my hand on her right arm and she brought it around her waist, pulling it tight against her stomach. I could feel her midriff through her blouse and smell her hair just inches from my nose. Once again my cock reacted to her. Kim was fumbling with my fingers as she held my hand and her soft skin on mine was sensual and exciting.

"I'm glad we're getting to spend some time together before the wedding -- just you and me." Kim said.

"Me too."

"I've felt bad that I haven't had much time with you over the past year," she continued "it must have been hard for you adjusting to everything after mom died. I hope you never felt like I abandoned you, Mike."

I was surprised by what Kim was telling me. I never felt abandoned at all because I knew she had her life to live and her relationship with Ron came first.

"No, I never felt that way at all." I reassured her.

Kim turned around to face me and gave me a warm smile. She was now lying on her left hip, leaning against me. As much as I loved feeling her cushiony breasts pressed against my chest and arm I was terrified that she would notice my erection. I slid my hand up her back, pausing slightly when I felt her bra strap, then stopped when I reached her shoulder blade.

"We used to be so close when we were younger," she reminded me "sometimes I wish we didn't have to grow up because it's meant that we have to live our own lives."

"Did you ever think that we were too close? That maybe it wasn't healthy, or whatever?" she asked.

My sister's question made me very uneasy because it conjured up memories of my lust-filled adolescence and how I would try to spend as much time in her presence as possible -- especially when she was wearing clothes that were even the slightest bit revealing or showed off her sexy body.

"No," I said, hearing nervousness in my voice "why do you ask?"

"Well, it's just that a few times mom sort of gave me a hard time for what I wore around the house. I guess she thought some of my dresses and tops weren't appropriate -- around you I mean."

I could feel my palms growing damp and I gave an uneasy laugh. "What did she say?"

Kim smiled to herself as her eyes darted to her right for a moment. "I remember this one day... it was July or August and I was wearing a sundress I'd bought a week or so before... she took a look at me and shook her head and said something about my boobs falling out of it and that I shouldn't be parading around like that because it would give you 'perverted thoughts' she told me."

Kim was watching my expression as she spoke and I let out a nervous laugh. "Well, some of the things you wore were a little revealing." I told her.

"I bet you didn't mind one bit though." she retorted with a mischievous grin.

I curled up the corner of my mouth and hunched my shoulders as my eyes turned towards the orange sky over the bay.

Kim laughed. "I never minded you looking at me, Mike. It made me feel sexy."

"Really?" I exclaimed.

"Once mom explained that I should be more careful about what I wore around you it made me want to wear things I shouldn't even more."

"You always had a rebellious streak in you." I commented.

"I guess," she agreed "but it was more than that."

"How do you mean?" I enquired.

"Once mom told me that it wasn't proper for me to let you see me dressed like that I found it a turn-on because it was taboo -- almost like I was guilty of incest just by letting you see my body."

I felt my heart begin to race and my cock thicken as Kim elaborated.

"It's almost no fun to wear some things around you now that she's not here to disapprove," Kim said with a laugh "now I have to find other people who find it inappropriate." She fell silent and looked up into my eyes with a devious look.

"Like who? What do you mean?" I asked.

"Get me a beer first and I'll tell you."

Kim raised up from me and I went inside to get a can of beer for each of us. As I walked I could feel my hard cock stretching my pants. I stood at the fridge I drew in several deep breaths in an effort to calm down before going back out.

"Thanks." Kim said as she reached up to take a can from the shelf. For a moment I saw her eyes dart to my crotch and knew she must realize I was hard.

I sat back down and quickly opened my beer and took a long drink. Kim leaned back against me and stared up at the sky. The sun had gone down and a few stars had appeared.

"So, what did you mean about finding other people who find it inappropriate?" I asked.

"Ron." she explained.

"Ron?" I spat out, surprised by her response.

"Yeah... ever since he and I started dating he has been sort of jealous of you." she told me.

"That's ridiculous!" I said.

"Is it?" she asked, turning towards me.

"Of course. I'm your brother. He doesn't need to be jealous of me."

"He knows how close we are. A few times he's said that if you weren't my brother he'd lose me to you."

I could feel myself gripping my beer can so tightly that it began to dent where my thumb was. I knew that what Kim was telling me was accurate -- or at least from my point of view it was. She and I had never had a conversation of this sort with this much honesty before and although I thought it might be good for us to get some things out in the open I also worried that it could be harmful in the long run.

"Well, make sure he knows that he has absolutely nothing to worry about." I said.

"Uh-uh... no way," she chirped as she brought her can from her mouth "I like to keep him on his toes and make him a little jealous."

"Kim...!" I exclaimed.

"When you were over to our place for my birthday party, do you remember what I wore?"

I thought for a moment then recalled the dress Kim was wearing that night. It was a short black cocktail dress with thin straps and a plunging neckline. I was in sheer torment trying not to be too obvious about looking my sister over as she walked around. I knew she couldn't be wearing a bra because the front of the dress rippled and moved with her every step and her nipples jutted out firmly making two distinct peaks against the material. I was constantly hard while I was there and barely dared stand up, even to go use the bathroom. At one point Kim brought me a drink, and as she bent over to hand it to me I could see down the front of her dress. Her breasts swayed freely. They were round with a gentle downwards curve.

"That was quite the dress." I remarked.

"I bought it especially for that night," she said "Rob thought I got it to show off for him, but really it was you I was trying to get to notice me."

"Wow... really?"

Kim looked up at me once again and gave me a tight-lipped smile then nodded.

"Well, it worked." I confessed.

"I know." she said, sounding quite pleased.

I wanted to ask Kim how or why she knew, but I was afraid to. I wondered if she had noticed the bulge in my jeans that night but I was scared to find out.

Kim downed the rest of her beer then dropped the empty can on the ground next to mine. She twisted herself around and rested her head on my shoulder. I slid my hand back up her back and she squirmed slightly, causing her breasts to rub over me again.

"The look on your face when I brought you your second drink made it all worth it." she told me.

I could feel my body tense and never replied.

"But why... why did you do that?" I asked.

"Because it felt so naughty," she explained "letting you see them with Ron sitting there behind me."

"That was pretty daring of you though." I told her.

"The more daring it is -- the more thrilling," she explained "I've always wondered something though..."

"What's that?" I asked her.

"Could you see my nipples when I bent over?"

I probably should not have been so surprised by Kim's audaciousness at this point, but I was. Even her blunt mention of her nipples was arousing. It was almost as if she was talking dirty to me and it sent a jolt to my cock, making it twitch.

"No." I told her.

Kim let out a giggle that sounded girlish. "Too bad..."

"Kim... what's gotten into you?" I asked out of surprise.

"Nothing," she replied "well, nothing in a week -- Ron hasn't been in the mood I guess -- maybe that's my problem."

"Maybe I'll get you a vibrator as a wedding gift." I joked, surprised by my own bawdiness, but concluding it was caused by a mixture of the beer and being horny.

"I've already got one. But thanks anyway."

Kim was laying on her back resting against me with one foot flat on the bench and the other on the ground. I looked down her body to her parted legs and imagined her pushing a vibe into her wet pussy. My hand was on her waist and she was holding it. She moved slightly and my palm glided over the curve of her stomach.

"So what do you usually do in the evenings?" Kim asked.

"Not much," I told her "usually just watch some tv, maybe surf the Net a while. You're going to find it pretty damn boring here."

"Not with you around. I always have fun when we hang out." Kim assured me with a smirk.

"Thanks," I said "same here. But will it be as fun for you without Ron around to make jealous?"

Kim let out a loud laugh, her body shaking against me. "Yes, it's always fun trying to get your attention no matter what."

"Sometimes it doesn't take much though." I remarked.

Kim gave a thoughtful nod.

"It's getting cold out here. How about we veg-out in front of the tv?" she suggested.

"Sounds like fun!" I told her.

We went into the livingroom and sat down on the couch. Kim picked the remote up from the coffee table and began flipping through channels until she found a program that appealed to her, then tucked her legs under herself and curled up next to me. Kim's taste in television programs were always distinctly different from mine, but that night I never complained. It was enough to be sitting next to her and she interested me more than anything on television.

"So, you're not fighting with me for the remote like you used to." Kim observed with a grin a little while later.

I smiled to myself as I recalled how we would often argue, and sometimes even wrestle, for the remote when we were younger. "No. I'll let you choose the shows since you're a guest." I told her.

"You never fooled me, you know, Mike," Kim said "you always spent more time pawing at my boobs than trying to grab the remote from my hands anyway."

I gave my sister a shy look and a guilty smile. "Well, sometimes they were in the way." I explained, doubting she'd believe the excuse.

"Nice try, my horny little brother." Kim replied in a mocking tone and gave me a shove with her shoulder.

Kim remained leaning on me, still laughing quietly, obviously pleased with herself for having embarrassed me. I turned to her and realized that I now had a tantalizing view down the front of her blouse. I could see the swell of the tops of her breasts and a bit of the cleft between them nestled in her bra. She shifted slightly, and as her blouse got pulled to one side part of her bra was revealed. It was dark blue and lacy.

I suppose I should make a confession." Kim announced, her head tilting up towards me.

"What?" I asked, curious as to what it could be.

"Well," she began, drawing in a deep breath "sometimes when I knew we'd be hanging out watching tv, like on weekends, I never wore a bra on purpose."

"What?" I exclaimed.

Amy chuckled. "Yeah... that way they were more free, you know, to move around if we wrestled. I thought you'd get a better feel that way than through a bra."

"Wow..." was all I was able to say to my sister's disclosure.

"See... I can be as naughty as you." she boasted.

"I guess so..."

Close to a minute later Kim bolted upright. "Wait here -- don't move!" she ordered.

I was puzzled by her sudden request but gave a silent nod as she dashed towards the kitchen. A few minutes later she returned with a can of beer in each hand, but what instantly caught my attention was her bra dangling from her wrist. She handed me one of the cans then dropped the bra on the coffee table and sat down.

"I decided to take it off in case you wanted to fight me for the remote." she teased.

opening of her blouse I saw the top halves of her breasts, smooth and rising and falling as she breathed.

"You're going to drive me crazy while you're here." I told her.

"That's the plan." she taunted.

I put my arm around her and she pulled it tight to her stomach.

"Most sisters and brothers aren't like us, are they?" she asked a while later.

"What do you mean?" I asked, quite sure that I knew what she was hinting at.

"You know... the teasing... the naughtiness." she explained, seeming sheepish.

Now Kim was the one who was acting nervous and shy as she spoke and I was relieved. At least it wasn't only me who felt that way.

"Probably not," I replied after I thought for a moment "but it's not the type of thing people talk about either, so we don't know for sure."

"I guess you're right," she concluded "I've always wondered if other siblings were close like us, you know... in a taboo way."

"Remember Bobby Wilson?" I asked.

"Yeah." Kim said after thinking a moment.

"Well, he once told me he spied on his sister when she was changing." I said.

"I can't blame him," Kim said with a grin "she had big tits. No wonder he wanted to see them."

"So, see... I'm not the only pervert in town." I joked.

"Did you ever do that -- spy on me while I was changing?" she asked.

"No way. I never would have dared to!" I said.

"You probably saw almost as much anyway when I wore those sundresses and tank tops." she remarked.

"Not to mention that black dress you wore on your birthday." I added.

"I should have brought that with me."

"Ron would have gotten suspicious." I concluded.

"Heh... he never saw what I packed," Kim informed me "actually, maybe he would have objected to some of it anyway since I'll be alone with you for a while."

"Oh..." I said, trying to sound less interested than I really was.

"Don't worry, you'll see..." she taunted, her eyes meeting mine and looking dreamy.

Kim focused her attention on the television for a while as she rested against me. I found it nearly impossible to concentrate on anything except her and my twitching cock. The topic of conversation drifted away from her and me for the next while and except for occasional comments about what we were watching we spoke little. I was enjoying the quiet as Kim laid against me and I think perhaps she was feeling the same.

"You'll probably want to be going to bed soon." she remarked as the time grew closer to 11 o'clock.

"I probably should so I'm not a zombie at work tomorrow." I told her.

Kim sat up and pushed her hair out of her face. She stretched and my eyes became riveted to her breasts pushing out from her blouse. Her nipples were hard and I wondered how strongly she'd object if I rubbed one, still by better judgement won over and I kept my hands in my lap.

"I should get some sleep too," she said "I see there's a store down the road that rents DVDs. How about I rent one for us to watch tomorrow night?"

"Sure."

"Don't worry -- I won't get a chick-flick." she assured me with a laugh.

I smiled to myself as I got up from the couch then went out to the kitchen to turn the lights out and lock the door. Kim followed me upstairs and stopped outside my bedroom door.

"I'll be getting up early, but you sleep in as late as you want. I'll try to be quiet." I told her.

"Don't worry. I sleep like a log." she said.

I was in a hurry to get in my bedroom where I'd be alone. My hard cock had been driving me nearly insane and I needed some relief. But as I lay on my bed in the dark stroking my cock I was careful to be quiet for fear that Kim would hear in the next room. Still, knowing she was lying there on the other side of the wall excited me even more. I imagined what she might wear to bed, if anything. I recalled the events of the evening and how her body felt as she leaned against me.

Chapter 4

Driving home from work at the end of the next day I kept glancing at the speedometer of my car. I was eager to be alone with my sister once again. I wondered what might happen that evening, but I didn't want to get a speeding ticket either.

Kim was in the process of getting supper ready when I arrived. The smell of food greeted me as I walked in and hung up my coat, then I stopped dead in my tracks when I saw my sister.

Kim was wearing a thin floral dress that came down just past her knees. It had spaghetti straps that left almost all of her delicate shoulders bare, and the front was scooped so it left her upper chest bare. I knew that I was going to find the evening a frustrating one, but I also was thrilled that Kim had decided to have some fun with me.

"Go wash up. It's almost ready." she told me.

I stood before the toilet a while with my semi-hard cock in my hand, trying to think of anything besides my sister. After a while I finished-up and washed my hands, then returned to the kitchen.

"Have a good day?" Kim asked, clasping my arm and giving me a quick kiss on the cheek.

I ran my hand up my sister's smooth back, confirming my suspicion that she wasn't wearing a bra, and kissed her cheek. Her skin was warm and soft, making me wish I could run my hands over her entire body.

"Not bad. I'm glad it's over though." I replied.

"Have a seat -- everything's ready." she told me.

I sat down and Kim placed a pork chop in my plate then returned to the stove to get a pot of mashed potatoes. She was standing so close as she scooped the potatoes onto my plate that I could feel her heat radiating on me. Her right breast was at eye-level to me and from the corner of my eye I noticed how it hung down slightly and was turned up slightly, capped with a hard nipple. I was glad I was close to the table so my lap was covered.

"Oh... I have a surprise for you!" I announced part-way through supper, somewhat amazed that I had forgotten to mention it earlier.

"What's that?" Kim asked, looking up from her plate.

"I spoke with my boss today," I began "things are always slow this time of year and I have a lot of sick time accumulated. So I asked him if I could take the next two weeks off starting tomorrow. He said it wouldn't be a problem."

"Really?!" Kim exclaimed, obviously happy with my news. Her brown eyes sparkled as they flashed in my direction.

"Yes, really," I said "so you're stuck with me around here until your wedding."

"That's great! Thanks so much for doing this, Mike, it really means a lot to me."

I felt pleased as I finished my supper. Both because I would be getting to spend a lot of time with my sister and that it meant a lot to her as well.

Once we had eaten Kim and I stood together at the sink washing the dishes. Each time she handed me something to dry my eyes were drawn past her hand to the curves of her body which her dress did little to hide.

"Time to watch the sunset. You wanna?" Kim asked after we had finished the dishes. She brought two cans of beer from the fridge and handed one to me.

"Sure." I said then followed her outside to the bench.

Although it was only our second day of living together Kim and I seemed to have fallen into a routine and I loved it. I wondered though how things might change without me having to go to work daily.

"I was hoping we'd do this again tonight." she said as she slid closer to me and tucked her feet under her on the bench.

I swallowed a mouthful of beer and nodded. "Me too."

Kim tilted her head up towards me and smirked. "If Ron saw us he'd be pissed."

"I guess..."

"No, he would be for sure. You know, if someone didn't know us and saw us here they'd never guess we were brother and sister." she remarked.

"Or if they did, they'd think something weird was going on." I added.

"Well, it's none of their business," Kim said in a defiant tone "besides, it's not like we're doing it, you know..."

"Yeah..." I agreed, not quite knowing what to say.

Kim leaned into me and looked out at the sinking sun. My hand was on her bare arm and I occasionally moved it, enjoying the feeling of her silky skin. I could see the shape of her right thigh against her dress and followed it up to her hip and round ass. Soon my eyes moved to the

view down her dress I had. I could see much of her breasts and watching the sunset was now out of the question for me.

"You haven't commented on my dress." Kim said a while later, sounding both disappointed and flirty.

I chuckled. "It looks amazing on you."

"You approve?" she asked, looking up at me.

"Absolutely!"

"When I packed it I tried to imagine your reaction." she said.

"Oh..."

"Oh ya!" she exclaimed.

"What sort of reaction were you hoping for?" I asked.

"Well" she said, her eyes showing a glimmer of playfulness "more like an erection rather than a reaction."

I felt my mouth open wide, then I laughed.

"That's okay... you don't have to admit to anything, baby brother." my sister said as she settled back on my shoulder and looked out at the sky.

The sky was turning purple as we sat on the bench. Kim and I never spoke much, but enjoyed the comfortable silence. I continued to enjoy the view I had down her dress, wondering if she realized this, but assuming it's what she had intended.

"Time to go in." Kim said once the sky had turned black.

My sister and I went inside where she informed me that she had rented a DVD for us to watch. We went into the livingroom and I waited for her to join me on the couch while she put the disc in the player.

I hope you like this." Kim said as she settled down next to me.

I didn't care what the movie was. All that mattered was my sister resting on me with my arm around her. My hand was on her hip and I noticed how smooth it was. Something seemed different but I wasn't sure what. It was a few minutes later as I slowly let my fingers drift down that I realized I should be able to feel Kim's panties through her dress, but couldn't. My pulse raced, sending more blood to my swelling cock as I wondered if she was wearing any panties at all.

"Could you pause it? I have to go pee." Kim said about a half hour later.

I aimed the remote at the DVD player then waited for Kim to return. Once I knew she was upstairs I stood up and quickly adjusted my pants, making room for my hard cock then sat down again.

"There... thanks."

I looked up at Kim as she returned and rejoined me on the couch. I resumed the movie as she nestled up against my right side again. Kim was watching the movie, but my attention was more on her. She adjusted her posture once more to get comfortable. It was then that I saw the strap of her dress slip off of her left shoulder and slide down her arm, causing the front of her dress to fall just enough to uncover almost all of her breast. I could see the very edge of her light brown areola and wished her dress would slip another two inches. I stared for a moment, unable to believe my luck, then concluded this was more than Kim had intended for me to see and I should alert her, lest she get mad at me once she realized.

"Ahhh... your strap fell." I murmured as I gave it a gentle tug up my sister's arm.

Kim looked down at my hand then to her breast, which was now bare almost to her nipple it seemed. She let out a giggle and looked up at me.

"Oops...," she squeaked and pulled the strap up over her shoulder "well, I suppose it's no more than you've seen other times."

I never answered.

"Well, tell me -- is it?" she prodded.

"Maybe a bit more." I replied.

Kim looked lost in thought as she gave me a blank stare. "How much more?" she prodded, sounding intrigued and perhaps a little horny.

"Enough to see a bit of some brown skin."

Kim lowered her head to check her dress then looked back to me. She smirked then leaned against me once more. "I knew you'd like this dress."

I placed my arm around Kim once more, resting my hand on the curve of her stomach. The sexual tension in the air was electric and I was sure that at one point I could detect her musky scent.

Once the movie was finished Kim got up and placed it back in the case and looked at me. I felt her eyes move over me, stopping briefly at my lap.

"Are you sleepy, 'cause I know I am." she said.

It was getting late and I looked at my watch and nodded. "Yeah, I am."

Once I'd turned out the lights and locked up I returned to the livingroom. Kim was sitting on the arm of the sofa waiting for me.

"Let's go." she said, gesturing with her head.

I followed her up the stairs watching every move she made. Her hips swayed from side to side and her dress was pulled tight to her thighs and ass as she stepped.

"Have a good sleep." she said as we stood by my bedroom door.

"You too."

Kim smiled then gently slid her arms around my waist and held me to her for a while. I felt her stomach pressing against my hard cock and what sounded like a moan echoed in my ear as her cheek brushed mine. My hand slid up her back, and I savored the feeling of her body once more before I went to bed.

"I can tell the dress got the reaction from you that I hoped for." she breathed into my ear.

"Yeah..." I admitted in a hoarse voice.

"Better go take care of it." she said then kissed my cheek.

Kim turned and opened her bedroom door then slipped inside.

Chapter 5

I slept-in the next morning. My arousal had kept me awake and I ended up jerking off three times. As I sat on the side of the bed I could smell coffee from downstairs and assumed that Kim must be up already. I had a quick shower then went down, eager to begin our first full day together.

"I'm out here!" Kim called to me as I poured a coffee.

I went to the back door and found her sitting on the top step with a mug in her hand. She was wearing a long flannel shirt that looked like an oversized pajama top. Her feet were bare and her legs were stretched out. I ran my eyes up from her feet to her chest before going out to sit down next to her.

"Have a good sleep?" she asked.

"Yes, you?"

Kim nodded as she brought the mug up to her lips.

"Of all the things I packed, I forgot to bring a housecoat," she remarked "but I guess I can get away with wearing just this." She tugged at the sleepshirt she was wearing and looked my way.

"It covers more than the dress you had on yesterday." I joked.

"Sorry to disappoint you," she grinned "I'll be getting dressed later so I'll try to make it up to you."

I wasn't quite sure how seriously to take Kim, but I smiled anyway. "Thanks."

We sat on the porch for the next hour drinking coffee and listening to the birds singing. She placed her empty coffee mug down beside her and leaned back, feeling the warm sun on her.

"Would you mind if I used your computer later to check my e-mail?" she asked.

"No, not at all."

"Thanks," she said "I have a Hotmail account that mostly gets spam, but I should see if there's anything important in it."

"Sure. You can check it now if you want." I told her.

Kim shook her head. "I'm going to shower first, then I will."

"Okay. While you do that I'll go return the movie."

Kim and I went inside. I got the movie from the livingroom then hurried down to the video store, hoping to get back before Kim had finished her shower. I selected a comedy from the New Releases section, hoping Kim would enjoy it, then drove home.

I couldn't hear the shower running when I went in to put the DVD in the livingroom and assumed that Kim must be getting dressed. My cock swelled in anticipation as I wondered what sort of outfit she might wear to tease me. About fifteen minutes later I heard her bounding down the steps and my heart raced when I saw her. She was wearing a light blue mini skirt that revealed more of her legs than it covered and a black tanktop. As she approached and I got a better look at her I realized that the bottom part of her top was made of sheer mesh and didn't fully cover her midriff. She must have known from the smile on my face that I liked it. I looked at her midriff showing through the mesh of her top as my cock stiffened.

"So, do I look okay?" she asked, twirling about to give me a back view as well.

"Fabulous." I exclaimed.

"Thanks." she said, sounding somewhat shy.

"So, do you want to check your e-mail now?"

"Yeah... where's your computer?" she asked.

"In my room."

Kim followed me up to my room. I turned my computer on and heard her sit down on my bed beside my desk. I turned towards her while I waited for my computer to boot getting another look at how sexy she looked. She was more desirable than any woman I'd ever seen as she sat there with a coy smile. Her legs were crossed and I could see nearly all the way up her right thigh. I wanted to run my hand up it and grab her ass.

"There you go, it's all yours." I told her then got up to leave, but she spoke up.

"You don't have to go. I won't be long, and it's not like any of my e-mail is something I wouldn't mind you seeing."

I sat on the bed and looked Kim over as she checked her mail. Her legs were parted slightly and I could see the inside of her right thigh. I looked soft and I imagined kneeling between them, caressing them, spreading them further apart.

"Just as I figured -- all spam," Kim announced with a frown about five minutes later "want me to turn this off?"

"Please." I said, nodding.

Kim clicked the mouse then waited a moment before getting up to sit beside me on my bed. The springs of the old bed creaked and groaned as she sat down. She smiled and bounced a few times, making her breasts jiggle.

"This bed was always so noisy." she remarked, then smirked as her eyes caught mine.

"What?!" I exclaimed, knowing the expression on her face had a deeper meaning.

"Some nights I could hear your bed squeaking from my room and I knew you were jerking off." Her voice was soft as she spoke, almost as if she were making a confession.

I flushed and looked down to the floor, wondering if she had heard me the past two nights.

"Don't be embarrassed, Mike. I do it too." she consoled me as she slid closer.

I smiled, recalling her admitting to having a vibrator.

"Wanna know something?" she offered.

"What?" I asked.

"Sometimes I used to wonder if you were thinking about me when you did it." she said.

Guilt and embarrassment washed over me and I turned away.

Kim's thigh was touching me and she placed a reassuring hand just above my knee. "It's okay," she said in a calm voice "you don't have to say anything."

I gave her a bashful smile then ran my eyes over her. She straightened her back and stuck her chest out slightly, knowing I was enjoying the view.

"Do you really like what I'm wearing?" she asked.

"Definitely!"

"It doesn't show off as much as the dress I had on yesterday did -- at least not of my boobs." she commented.

"I like the mesh on the top, and that skirt looks good on you." I told her.

Kim leaned back on her elbows and crossed her legs. She was wearing open-toed sandals and gently bouncing her foot.

"You make me feel so sexy, Mike, -- even sexier than Ron does." she told me.

"Come on..." I scoffed.

"I'm serious. You do! Maybe it's because I know I shouldn't have these feelings for you, or shouldn't flirt with you like I do that makes it so exciting." she suggested.

"Well, you are sexy." I told her as I looked down at her.

Kim smiled up at me. "Ron never wanted me to wear this top."

"Why not? It looks great on you." I exclaimed.

"He said it showed off too much,"

"Just your stomach though." I said.

"But if I raise my arms it comes up and you can see my boobs through the mesh." she explained.

"Oh..." I said, my head filling with images.

I noticed where Kim's nipples were protruding from the black cotton. If her top were to slide up a few inches the mesh would then be over the lower part of her breasts. My cock throbbed in my jeans as I imagined it.

"I know what you're thinking, my horny little brother." she taunted.

"What?" I asked, knowing my gawking must have given me away.

"This is what you're thinking..."

Kim gently tugged at her top. Slowly it crept up until the mesh slid over the bottom of her breasts. She stopped just before her nipples came into view. As I stared she smiled up at me, clearly enjoying giving me a show.

"See what I mean." she said.

"Almost." I joked.

"Nice try, but that's all you get... for now anyway."

Kim had a teasing grin on her face. I certainly would have loved to have seen more than she had revealed, but I was confident that in time I would.

"Like them?" she asked.

"I've always have -- you know that."

Kim laughed. "Yeah... you never missed a chance to take a look at them."

"Sometimes I couldn't help but notice them in those clothes you wore."

"That was the whole point, little brother." she reminded.

"Point, or points?" I quipped, nodding towards her nipples pushing up through her top.

Kim raised up slightly and took a look down. "They've been kind of hard since I got up."

"I noticed."

"I was a naughty girl... when I heard you come back from the video store I played with them a bit before I put this top on to make sure they stood out for you." she admitted.

"So, what do you want to do today?" Kim asked, her voice sounding cheery as she sat up beside me, changing the subject.

"I don't know," I mumbled "it doesn't matter."

"Let's go sit outside." she said as she stood up, tugging at my hand.

It was another hot sunny day and Kim and I sat in lawn chairs in the back yard relaxing and talking. Although I would make a point of running my eyes over her as we talked, the conversation never returned to it's risqué tone of earlier. The afternoon passed by quickly and soon it was supper. I could feel myself getting hungry and suggested that I order a pizza rather than us cooking something for supper. Kim loved that idea.

"Thanks for the pizza," Kim said once we had eaten "it was a nice change to not have to cook, plus there aren't any dishes."

"I feel guilty that you've been cooking for me. Now that I won't have to go to work I want to at least help with the meals. I can cook too, you now." I assured her.

"Yes, but how well?" she retorted.

"You might be surprised."

"I might. You're full of surprises, little brother." she said, with a coy smirk.

"Me? You are too!"

"And what makes you say that?" she baited.

"Like up in my room with your top." I reminded her.

Kim got up to put the pizza box containing remaining slices in the fridge then leaned against the counter, smiling. She yawned and stretched, raising her arms above her head. Slowly her top began to rise until I could see a hint of her breasts through the black mesh. They were round and firm looking. A moment later she lowered her arms, giving me a smug look.

"You sure know how to drive me crazy." I told her.

"I've had years of practice."

I looked out the window and saw the sky was turning a golden orange. The sun was setting and I hoped that Kim would want to go out and watch it with me. She must have noticed what I was looking at or read my mind because she went to the window and looked out.

"Wanna go out?" she asked.

I nodded and got up from the table.

Kim stopped at the fridge and brought out two cans of beer then handed me one. I popped the tab as I followed her out to the bench and sat down next to her. She took a drink then maneuvered herself so she was lying on the bench with her back against me. She bent her right leg so her foot was flat on the seat. Her skirt slid up her thigh so nearly all of it was uncovered. I wondered how much further it would have to move before I could see her panties.

"I love this." she said in a dreamy voice.

"Yeah... it's pretty out here this time of day." I replied.

"It is, but what I meant was being with you like this." she explained.

"Oh," I said, surprised "I'm glad, because I like it a lot too."

Kim and I nursed our beers as the sun went down. My right arm was resting on the mesh of her top covering her stomach. I looked over her shoulder to her breasts pushing out from under her top. Her nipples had softened and were no longer protruding from her top. Slowly I brought my hand around and rubbed my cold beer can over her left breast. Kim was startled and cried out.

"Hey that's cold!" she exclaimed, whipping around to face me.

I was laughing so hard at her reaction that I couldn't respond. Kim looked down at her chest, turning her head to the left and right.

"Well, you may as well do the other one." she conceded.

I looked up to her face and she nodded, pushing her chest towards me. I rubbed the beer can in a tight circle over her right breast and soon her nipple stiffened. I continued to tease it for a while, then brought the can away to see the result.

"My nipples have always been really sensitive." she told me.

"I can tell." I laughed.

"No, really," she insisted "I can almost make myself cum just by playing with them."

Kim's lewd admission made my cock twitch. My wide eyes met hers. "Really?"

She nodded. "Well... almost... I have to do other stuff too." she added with a grin.

"Did you get another movie for tonight?" she asked after a bit.

"Yeah... a comedy. I wasn't sure what you wanted."

"It doesn't matter too much," she said "a comedy will be fun. Let's go in."

Kim stood up and tugged at my hand. She only let go of it once we reached the fridge so she could retrieve two more cans of beer. I started the movie and sat down on the sofa. Kim sidled up to me, resting on my shoulder. I slid my arm around her and ran it over her lower back, then upwards. She moaned softly as I caressed her and slid down to lay her head on my chest. Her eyes were closed and she looked perfectly contented. Then I noticed that her movements had caused her top to ride up quite a ways. Now the lower halves of her breasts were visible through the mesh. I stared at them, her brown nipples and slightly lighter areolas in plain sight. Her nipples were nearly as thick as my pinkie finger and as hard as bullets. I wanted to pull her top up the rest of the way and wrap my lips around them, but I decided I had better say something.

"Ahhh, Kim," I said, nodding her gently "your top..."

Kim looked down at herself and the corners of her mouth curled up. "Oh well... I suppose it's about time I let you see them. You've waited long enough." she said.

"Years." I told her as I stared down.

Kim laughed and turned back to the movie and finished her beer. I was now less than interested in the movie as my eyes darted between the screen and my sister's half-exposed breasts.

"Time for another beer. Want one?" Kim announced a while later as she got up.

I looked up at her standing before me. Her top had fallen back down in place and I was disappointed. "No thanks." I said.

"Suit yourself." she said and went to the kitchen.

Kim sat back down beside me and took a big gulp of her beer. I drew in a deep breath and frowned as I watched.

"Can I say something?" I blurted out.

"Sure. You can say anything to me -- you know that."

"Do you always drink as much as you have been while you've been here? It seems like you've been drinking a lot, Kim, and it worries me." I told her.

Kim lowered the can to her lap and slumped down beside me. "I know... I'm sorry. I guess it's because I've been thinking about the wedding too much and it's my way to forget about it for a while." she explained.

"What do you mean?" I asked, growing concerned.

"Do you think I'm ready to get married, Mike?"

My sister's question stunned me. "Sure, but do you?"

"I don't know." she sighed.

I stared at Kim as she chewed nervously on the corner of her lip, deep in thought.

"I don't want to tell you what to do," I said "you have to decide what's best for you."

"I know," she said with a nod "my heart's just not in it. I'm not even sure if I love Ron anymore."

I reached for the remote and turned the tv off and looked back at my sister. She looked as if she was about to cry.

"It's too late to call it off now though." she lamented.

"Better to call it off now if you're not ready than get divorced later, or remain in an unhappy marriage the rest of your life." I told her.

Kim nodded. "You're right. I haven't been able to sleep lately because my mind's been in such turmoil. Sometimes the beer helps though."

"You need to make a decision, Kim." I said, trying to sound firm.

"I think I just did." she announced.

"And..."

"I need to talk to Ron tomorrow. I know it's going to break his heart, but I have to do what's right for me." she told me.

I felt like I was treading the line between giving my sister what I thought was the best advice and meddling. I also felt guilty because this would perhaps have repercussions for me and my relationship with Kim. Now my mind was in turmoil.

Kim put her beer can on the coffee table and cuddled up to me.

"Hold me." she whispered, her voice trembling.

I put my arms around Kim and held her tight against me. She was clutching my shoulders and her head was on my chest. Now I felt more ashamed than ever when I felt my cock begin to swell.

"Will you go with me tomorrow when I go tell Ron?" she said as she looked up with a pleading expression.

"I'll drive you over, but I'm not going in. I'll wait in the car."

"Okay, thanks, Mike. He only has to be at work around ten so if we go early, we can catch him. I want to get this over with as soon as possible." she said.

Chapter 6

I barely slept that night knowing what lay in store for the following day. I decided that based on what Kim had said she was definitely not ready to be married and she had made the right decision, despite it being difficult and painful.

The next morning, I got up early and got ready, followed soon after by Kim. She was dressed in an understated blouse and jeans and looked as if she was attending a funeral.

We barely spoke during the drive to her and Ron's apartment. I pulled in the driveway and shut the car off with a sigh.

"I shouldn't be too long." Kim said before getting out.

Kim was only inside for about twenty minutes but it seemed longer. After a while I grew nervous and all sorts of images of Ron getting angry with her, perhaps even violent, entered my mind. I felt relieved when I saw Kim exit the building. Her head was lowered as she walked towards the car. When she sat down next to me I noticed she was no longer wearing her engagement ring.

"Let's go." was all she said.

she would. It was only once we got back to my place that she began to sob and threw her arms around me.

"I know I did the right thing, but I still feel like crap." she said, her voice heaving as she caught her breath.

I ran my hand over her back, trying to calm her, not knowing what to say.

"Thanks, Mike. Thanks for going with me. I don't think I could have gone otherwise."

"It's okay." I said.

Kim wiped her wet cheeks as she looked into my eyes. "I love you."

It wasn't so much the words as the way she said them that resonated with me. From her tone I knew she was talking about a love different from what siblings normally feel for each-other because I felt it too.

"I love you too." I replied.

Kim leaned into me and her lips met mine. They were supple and wet as she pressed them to my mouth. Then seconds later she pulled away.

"Sorry." she murmured, then ran upstairs.

As I listened to the sound of my sister running up the steps my mind reeled. So much had seemed to have happened in the past few days that it was hard for me to digest it all. Kim's kiss, as exhilarating as I found it, was unexpected. I waited a while then went up to her room. The door was ajar and I knocked lightly.

"Kim, can I come in?"

The door opened a bit more as I knocked and I peeked inside. Kim was lying face down on the bed, clutching her pillow. She turned towards me but never spoke.

"Can I come in?" I repeated.

Kim sat up on the edge of the bed and nodded. She pulled her hair out of her face and wiped her eyes. I sat down next to her, not knowing quite what to say. We looked at each other and she leaned towards me. I put an arm around her shoulders and gave them a gentle squeeze.

"It will all work out." I eventually said, rubbing her right arm.

"I know. I just feel so lost right now." Kim said in a shaky voice.

"That's understandable."

"Plus you may be stuck with me for longer than you bargained for." she said, sounding apologetic.

"Lucky me." I said, trying to lighten the mood.

Kim smiled at me through her tears. "You don't mind?"

I gave my head a brisk shake. "No, of course not. I love having you around."

"Thanks, Mike. I don't know what I'd do without you right now."

Kim was still leaning against me, only now her hand was on my thigh just above my knee. My cock stiffened. Kim's head was lowered and I saw a smile appear on her face.

"I can tell you like having me around too, little brother." she said in a sultry voice, running her fingertips up and down my thigh.

"Sorry... it's got a mind of it's own sometimes." I replied.

"I like how it thinks." Kim replied.

"You haven't eaten yet. How about I make you something?" I offered, hoping to change the subject.

"Maybe I'll have some of that leftover pizza," Kim said "I want to wash my face first. I'll be down in a while."

"Okay." I said then left to give her some time alone.

I went down to the kitchen and heated a slice of pizza in the microwave. I was having that and a glass of soda when Kim walked in. I did a double-take when I saw her because she was wearing the same skirt and top with the mesh she had been wearing the day before.

She must have found my reaction funny because she let out a slight laugh and shook her head. "I thought I'd put this back on. Maybe it will cheer me up."

I refrained from making a wisecrack. "There's more pizza in the fridge." I told her.

Kim heated a slice for herself and sat adjacent to me at the table. "Do you have plans for today?" she asked.

I shook my head because my mouth was full of pizza.

"You have to return that movie though," she said "how about we walk down there later?"

"I can drive." I reminded her.

"I know. Don't be so lazy, Mike. A walk will do us both good. Besides, it's a nice day." she said.

"Okay... okay," I said, still chewing on a piece of crust "once I finish this we'll go."

It was a nice day, and I enjoyed the walk with Kim. She saw several movies at the store that appealed to her and let me pick one. After reading the synopsis on the case I chose another comedy for us to watch. I thought it might cheer her up.

I wasn't accustomed to walking so far, and once we returned home I immediately sat down on the porch step to catch my breath. Kim stood on the step below laughing at me.

"You're out of shape, little brother," she said as she sat down next to me "I should start making you walk with me every morning."

"Are you trying to kill me?" I joked, finally catching my breath.

Kim laughed and picked up the DVD case. "This looks like it will be funny." she said as she read.

"Yeah... I thought it would do you good to laugh."

"Thanks." she said, giving me a warm smile.

I nodded and marvelled at how pretty my sister looked, despite how upset she had been earlier. Her hair shimmered in the sun and her smile was inviting.

"I need something to drink. Do you want a beer?" I said as I got up and opened the door.

"Do you have any Pepsi?" she asked.

"Sure."

I brought Kim a glass of Pepsi and one for myself and we sat for a while on the porch.

"Let's go sit on the bench." she suggested.

"Okay." I said, but she was already on her way.

Kim sat to my right on the bench sipping her Pepsi. She brought her left foot up and rested it on the wooden seat. I noticed how her short skirt slid up her thigh. I ran my eyes from her knee all the way up her exposed leg. Kim leaned her leg on mine and smiled.

"Do my legs look okay?"

"Oh yeah..." I said, grinning.

Kim took my hand and placed it just above her knee. Then she hugged my arm and leaned into me.

"Go ahead, you can feel it." she said, her breath washing over my cheek.

Slowly I glided my hand up the inside of my sister's thigh. Her skin was soft and warm. As my fingers crept up I couldn't resist squeezing slightly, feeling her flesh mold to my hand. When the back of my hand encountered her skirt I concluded I had better not move it up any higher and stopped. Kim was still holding my arm and her breasts were firmly pressed to it and my side. The mixture of sensations were driving me crazy. Kim and I remained like that for close to half an hour in silence. The only sound was of the water washing against the shore and some seagulls overhead.

"This bench gets hard on the butt after a while." Kim complained as she twisted about.

I removed my hand from her and watched as she stood up, rubbing her ass. I laughed, then Kim caught sight of where my eyes were and backed up towards me, bending over slightly.

"Go ahead, you know you want to..." she taunted.

I gave my sister's ass a quick squeeze, then a slap.

"Ouch!" she shouted and frowned.

I laughed.

Without saying another word Kim landed on my lap and wrapped her arm around my shoulder. She leaned on me and my eyes instantly went to her chest in front of me. Kim looked down.

"Oh... I thought for a minute there that the mesh was over my tits again."

"No, I'm afraid not." I laughed.

Kim looked at me and smiled, then tugged at her top -- drawing it upwards until her breasts were covered by the mesh.

"Better?" she asked.

I stared at my sister's breasts through the black mesh. They hung down slightly towards her stomach and moved slightly as she wiggled on my lap. Her dark nipples were thick and hard, perfect for sucking on I thought.

"God, you've got nice tits." I marvelled, by eyes not leaving them for a moment.

"Thanks." Kim chirped.

I could see a ridge of black clouds approaching out over the bay. The wind had suddenly picked up and I was beginning to find it chilly. Kim must find it cold too I thought.

"It looks like it's going to rain." I commented as I looked upwards.

Kim looked at the dark clouds approaching. "Yeah... we should get in. It's getting cold anyway."

Kim closed the door behind her joined me in the kitchen. "It was getting cold out there. It's good to be back inside." she said as she rubbed her bare arms.

I walked over to my sister and ran my hands up her arms then pulled her to me. We exchanged smiles then she put her arms around my waist and rested her head on my chest. She slid her thigh between my legs and pressed it to my crotch. Soon my cock began to swell. Once she felt my erection she began to rub her leg over it, swaying her hips to rub herself against me.

I cleared my throat, but never replied.

Rain began splattering on the window and in the distance there was the rumble of thunder. I looked over Kim's shoulder to the kitchen window and saw that the sky had turned dark.

"Looks like we're getting a storm."

"I love the rain," Kim said "it's sexy."

In the distance there was the rumble of thunder and the rain started to come down harder. It was beating against the windows and I could see an acacia tree in the yard swaying in the wind.

"Would you think it rude of me if I took a nap?" Kim asked.

"No, of course not." I told her.

"Good. Thanks," she replied with a relieved smile "I hardly slept at all last night. I was so worried about facing Ron today."

I nodded, noticing that my sister did look tired.

"Wake me up in about an hour, okay?" Kim asked, then kissed my cheek and went upstairs.

I made myself something to eat then went up to my room to check my e-mail and kill some time online until it was time to wake Kim. A little over an hour later I knocked lightly on her door. I pushed it open and saw her lying on the bed. She was on her side and her hair was covering part of her face. Slowly I approached her and she woke with a smile. She rolled over and looked up at me.

"You said to wake you in an hour..."

"I must have been really tired. I was out like a light." she said.

I sat down on the bed next to Kim. She stretched and yawned and I watched as her top slid up her body. She gave me a knowing smile but never pulled it down. The rain had let-up some and had eased to a light shower.

"How about I take you out to dinner tonight." I suggested.

Kim sat up and smirked. "Are you asking me out?"

"I guess I am." I replied after thinking about it a moment.

"In that case, I'd love to go out with you tonight!"

I gave my sister a pleased smile and checked my watch. "How about in an hour or so then?"

"Sure. Give me time to get ready though," she said "I want to have a shower and change."

"Okay. Take your time. I'll be downstairs."

I went to my room to find a shirt and tie to wear, then changed my pants and went downstairs. I sat in front of the television passing the time while Kim got ready. When I heard her coming down the stairs I got up from the couch and turned to see her. My pulse quickened and I was unable to hold back a smile when I saw her. She looked radiant. Kim was wearing a dark blue dress and high heels. Her hair was in a French braid and she was wearing a hint of lipstick and eyeliner.

"Do I look okay?" she asked, sounding nervous.

"You look beautiful!" I exclaimed.

Kim let out a shy giggle and kissed my cheek lightly.

"Ready to go?"

"If you are." she told me.

It had been a long time since I had been on a date, but dinner with my sister that evening sure felt like one. I decided to take her to an Italian restaurant I go to occasionally. We were lead to a table towards the back that had a candle and a small bouquet of flowers on it. Kim seemed as shy and nervous as I was, but eventually we got past that and soon we were laughing and talking while we ate.

"Thanks, Mike," Kim said as she clutched my arm later as we walked to my car "that did me a lot of good. I needed to get out for a while."

"I thought so. I'm glad you enjoyed it." I replied.

Once we got home Kim followed me into the livingroom. She kicked her shoes off and pushed them aside then leaned back on the sofa. I sat down next to her.

"It feels good to get out of those shoes. They look good, but they hurt like hell."

I laughed as Kim leaned against me. I put my arm around her and pulled her to me. Her left hand fell on my thigh and she began to slowly rub it, making me hard. She smiled, watching my hard cock fill out my pants and grazed her fingers over it.

"I'm going to go get changed. I shouldn't be too long." she said.

"Okay." I replied but she was already dashing towards the stairs.

I turned the television on and waited for Kim to return. My cock was twitching as I tried to imagine what she might be wearing when she returned, and what might happen that night. About a half hour later I heard her calling to me from upstairs and I quickly went up to her bedroom.

When I entered Kim's room she was standing beside the bed wearing her wedding dress. She looked even more stunning than earlier. But her choice of attire was what shocked and surprised me. Her dress was a shimmering white with a plunging neckline, trimmed with lace and pearls around the bodice. She was wearing white stockings, but no shoes.

"I want to have some happy memories to associate with this dress." she told me.

I walked over to her and she reached out, pulling me closer. Her wet lips brushed over mine, then trailed down my neck as she stroked my back. She reached for my necktie and pulled it off, then began unbuttoning my shirt. She pulled it open and ran her hands over my bare chest then reached for my belt. As she kissed my chest and flicked her tongue over my nipples she unzipped my pants and slid her hand inside my boxers. Her fingers ran down the length of my cock and she gave it a squeeze, making it thicken even more.

"Take my dress off." she whispered as she turned around.

My hands trembled as I undid the hook at the top then unzipped my sister's wedding dress. I could see her white bra strap and her bare back. I ran my hand over her and she turned around then pulled it off of her shoulders.

As Kim slid her dress down to reveal her body to me I saw that she was wearing a white lace bra that pushed her breasts upwards. I ran my hand over one of them as she pulled away with a teasing smile.

"Get those pants off." she told me, staring down at my cock pushing out from them.

I sat on the edge of the bed and quickly finished getting undressed while Kim watched. Then I reached up and pulled her dress down the rest of the way. She stepped out of it and joined me on the bed. She was wearing thigh-high stockings and I slid my hand up her leg and pulled one, then the other, off. She slid back and laid down beside me and I knelt between her open thighs. As I tugged at her white panties she lifted up from the bed.

My sister was now lying before me completely naked. She bent her legs and parted them with a smile. Her pussy was neatly trimmed and I could see her moist lips parted slightly, ready for me. Kim reached out and grabbed my hips, pulling me to her. My cock was pointing towards her wet pussy. She moaned and dug her fingers into my shoulders as I pushed the head of my cock in her. She was tight and hot. As I thrust deeper she gripped me. Kim wrapped her legs around my lower back and pushed up to meet my pumping cock.

"Oh god, Mike, deeper. I've wanted this for so long." she moaned in my ear.

I could hear the sound of my cock pumping in and out of my sister's dripping pussy. Her breasts quivered as I pumped harder, pushing her into the bed with each thrust. She reached down between us and rubbed her clit as my cock pistoned in and out of her. Soon her breathing became ragged and her moans were louder. I felt myself getting close too.

"Cum on me," she urged in a hoarse voice "I want your cum all over my tits."

I pulled out and straddled my sister's body. She reached up and wrapped her hand around my slick cock as she continued to play with her clit. Soon she let out a loud moan and gripped me harder, lifting up towards me and clenching her eyes shut. The sight of Kim in ecstasy was too much for me. I shot one, then another, stream of hot cum towards her. It splashed over her breasts and ran down her dusky nipples, making them glisten. Once she had caught her breath Kim let go of my cock and I collapsed on the bed next to her.

Kim smiled and rolled over towards me. I reached over and smeared some of my cum around her right nipple, feeling it all slippery and hard. Kim held her breast in her hand and brought her nipple up towards her mouth. Her tongue darted out and she swirled it around her nipple, tasting my cum.

"I should have gotten you to cum in my mouth." she said, licking her lips.

I pulled a blanket up over us and cuddled up next to her. She draped an arm over me and gave me a quick kiss. The rain had started again and she looked over my shoulder at the window.

"Don't leave me. Stay here with me tonight, Mike."

I kissed her forehead and ran my hand down her back. "Tonight, and every night."

Kristin Takes A Lover

Kristin Saunders walked up the stairs, carrying an armload of clean towels and facecloths. It was a beautiful Saturday afternoon and she had just brought a basket of clothes in from the clothesline. She loved the way they smelled after hanging outside. She brushed her dark brown hair back over her shoulder and pressed her nose to the towel on the top of the pile, inhaling it's fresh scent. She opened the linen closet door and began stacking the items in her arms on a shelf.

Kristin was standing outside the bedroom door of her son, Alan. His door was closed, but she could hear music and voices coming from inside her son's bedroom. It was almost four o'clock that afternoon. Alan's best friend, Joey, had come over to visit and play video games shortly after lunch, like he often did on weekends and some evenings.

Alan and Joey had known one another since childhood. They lived within a block of one another in Maple Ridge and would both be turning nineteen within two months. Sometimes they were mistaken for brothers, although Alan, like his father, was nearly six feet tall with jet-black hair and blue eyes, unlike his brown-haired friend. Both he and Joey were in their first year at Hampton Technical College.

"Come on, Alan, don't tell me you've never noticed her," Joey scoffed.

"Never," Alan said, sounding earnest.

"But you've got to admit that she's pretty though. Right?" Joey added.

"Sure, she's pretty," Alan replied. "Everyone says that about her."

"Sexy too," Joey chimed-in.

"I guess... I don't know," Alan stammered.

Kristin smiled, listening to the conversation between her son and his friend. She had had not intended to eavesdrop, but when she heard Joey's excited voice above the music she paused and smiled, wondering what girl from school the boys were discussing. She knew fully well what teenage guys were like: preoccupied with sex almost constantly. She stood by the door with a smirk on her face, curious about what else she might overhear.

"She's got nice tits too," Joey remarked. "Don't tell me you've never noticed them."

"Well, it's kind of hard not to sometimes," Alan answered with a quiet laugh, sounding hesitant.

"I bet it's hard!" Joey shot back, drowning out the music playing in the background. "Just like her nipples when she doesn't wear a bra."

"But she usually does -- as far as I can tell."

"I don't think she is today," Joey said.

"No.... ah... I guess not," Alan answered, sounding nervous.

"Man, I don't mean to be disrespectful, but -- she's hot!" Joey exclaimed.

Alan laughed, but never replied.

"Have you ever seen her topless?" Joey prodded.

"Dude, she's my mom!" Alan spat out.

Kristin's heart jumped when she realized she was the topic of discussion -- not some cute girl the boys knew at school. She froze and clamped a hand over her mouth to muffle a gasp of shock, then craned her head, hoping to hear more of the conversation. Kristin smiled to herself. She knew fully well that her son had been lying to his friend -- or at least had been guilty of lying by omission.

There was silence from the bedroom for a few seconds until Joey spoke once more. "Sure, she's your mom, but she's got great tits; she's really pretty too. If my mom looked like that I wouldn't mind being a motherfucker," he said.

"So, have you ever seen her topless, Al?" he prodded.

"A couple of times," Alan finally admitted after several seconds.

Kristin's mouth went agape. Almost even before she had realized it, her clit began to swell and throb. She felt herself grow slightly weak as her pussy began to dampen. A flush came over her face and she smiled, recalling the times that she had noticed her teenage son's sapphire eyes linger on her longer than they probably should have.

The times that Kristin had noticed her son's apparent ogling of her she never thought much of it, or concluded that she was over-reacting. Nonetheless, she still found Alan's prolonged gawking and awkward glances at her very exciting, perhaps because of how forbidden it was. On those instances Alan reminded her of her younger brother, Patrick. Since their teenage years Patrick had been in the habit of ogling Kristin; sometimes even leering down the front of her blouse or tank top when she would bend over. Kristin had ignored her brother's improper staring, or at least pretended to. But it always aroused her as much as it probably did Patrick. She began to enjoy the power of being able to get her brother's attention and turn him on. Often these occasions ended with him slinking off to his room, presumably to masturbate. Often Kristin did the same as well -- lying on her bed and rubbing her tingling clit as she imagined being brave enough to either flash her younger brother, or allow him to fondle her. Despite how much these fantasies of illicit contact with Patrick made her horny, Kristin never acted upon them, fearing the consequences.

and his friend. Her nipples rubbed over the inside of the thin blouse she wore. She regretted her decision not to wear a bra that day and contemplated going to her room to put one on. But she did not want the boys to hear her and suspect that she had been listening to them. She braced her hand on the door of the linen closet and leaned closer to her son's bedroom door.

"A couple of times?" Joey echoed with excitement. "How much could you see?" Now the conversation sounded more like an interrogation.

"Once when I was walking by her room after she got out of the shower I saw her pulling a sweater on," Alan said.

"And?"

"I saw her boob -- the right one. The sweater was over her head already so she never saw me, but I came back in here pretty quick before she turned around and saw me," he elaborated.

Joey gave a lecherous chuckle. "Man, you lucky prick! Could you see her nipples?"

"Uh-huh... well, just the right one," Alan replied.

"I bet it looked nice."

"Ahh... it wasn't hard or anything, but, yeah -- it looked nice... dark... sort of like the colour of her hair and the ring-around was a couple of inches wide, I guess," Alan explained.

"What about the other times?" Joey prompted.

"There was only one other time. I came home from your place one afternoon and she was lying out, tanning on a towel. She had untied her bikini top, but she was lying on her stomach so I couldn't see much."

"Did you see anything?" Joey sounded excited now, as though he was growing horny from the conversation.

"Yeah... just her right boob -- the side of it. She was lying on it, so it was sort of flattened out, but the side of it kind of stuck out." Alan let out a nervous laugh.

"Well, they're really big, so I bet they hang down nice when she's not wearing a bra."

"Yeah..." Alan said, almost sighing.

"Have you ever felt them?" Joey asked.

"You mean like grabbed them? No -- no way. Of course not!" Alan exclaimed.

"I bet you sneak a feel now and again when she hugs you," Joey said, sounding accusatory, then chortled.

Alan snickered. "A few times..." he reluctantly confessed.

"I do that with my sister and one of my cousins sometimes," Joey admitted. "But their tits aren't as big as your mom's."

Kristin could feel her panties beginning to dampen as she listened to her son's salacious confessions about her. She tossed the face cloths and towels in the closet, then pushed the door ajar. As quickly and quietly as possible, she hurried back down the stairs.

The gentle wind that was blowing helped to cool Kristin's flushed cheeks. She laid back on a folding aluminum chair on the patio, sipping an iced tea. Her stiff nipples tingled as her blouse brushed over them. If her son noticed them, swollen and pushing out at her white pinstriped blouse, at least he would blame it on the breeze and not her present state of arousal.

Kristin frowned and took another sip from her glass. Now she realized that in the back of her mind she had been anticipating her son joining her later and probably noticing her firm nipples, rising from her round breasts. This was not the first time that he had inadvertently been the cause of her growing horny, but this time her emotions were stronger than all the previous.

Kristin placed her glass on a redwood table beside her chair. She pushed her shoes off, letting them drop to the tiles of the patio. The breeze was blowing up her thin, peach-coloured skirt, billowing it slightly and teasing her wet pussy through her tight, damp panties. She loved the sensation. It made her feel wanton to be lying within view of her neighbours' houses while being so horny. She wondered if anyone was watching her at that moment. Had she been braver, she would have pulled her panties off and opened her legs wider. She reached up and undid the top button of her blouse and peered inside at her thick nipples. She looked down at the thin V-shaped strip of her upper chest showing in her open blouse. Her breasts rose and fell as she breathed. The outlines of her stiff nipples were obvious through the material of her blouse. She smiled, feeling a little slutty and loving it. She unfastened another button. Now she could see a few inches of the deep cleft between the mounds of her breasts. She smiled and closed her eyes.

Kristin bent her right leg, pressing her thighs together and drawing her right knee up higher. The pressure on her throbbing clit was wonderful. She shifted her curvy hips, biting on her lower lip. Her skirt had slid up past her knees, aided by the movements of her leg and the steady breeze. The thought of her son watching her writhing in pleasure came to her and turned her on even more. She recalled one incident almost two months ago when they had hugged. Her son's muscular arms had felt wonderful wrapped around her waist. It made her feel safe and loved; something she felt less of recently. Alan towered over her by a good six inches and seemed like her protector. As they embraced Kristin rested her head on his solid chest, feeling the bulge in his jeans pressed to the curve of her stomach. The hug had been brief and chaste, at least outwardly, but as she leaned away Alan's fingertips had trailed down her and ran along the side of her left breast. The illicit touch had lasted only seconds, but it felt electric. Kristin felt

herself shudder slightly as her clit began to harden. The memory of that embrace and its forbidden undercurrent filled Kristin's mind many nights as she lay in bed with her vibrator pressed to her throbbing clit, writhing as one orgasm after another left her spent and limp on the damp sheet beneath her.

When Kristin heard the sounds of Alan and Joey coming from inside as they galloped down the steps she tugged her skirt down and straightened her back. The wind had blown her shoulder-length bronze hair about. She brushed it back over her shoulders. Looking down at her blouse and her exposed cleavage, she smiled. Even at thirty-nine, her breasts had remained firm and retained their shape as much as she could expect, considering their size. Being buxom had meant that she seldom dared venture out in public without a bra. Even at home she usually wore one. That habit had helped to stall the inevitable effects of gravity on her bust.

Time had been kind to Kristin, although she did exercise regularly and tried to maintain a healthy diet. With the exception of crow's feet and faint lines at the corners of her mouth, she appeared several years younger than her actual age. Often she noticed young men around her son's age following her with their eyes, watching as her breasts bounced beneath her blouse or sweater. She found it both flattering and thrilling to imagine them fantasizing about her. Sometimes while shopping she would bend down to inspect an item on the grocery shelf or in a store when she noticed a handsome young man admiring her, letting him catch a glimpse of her ample cleavage down her blouse or loose top. Kristin brushed her thumb over her left nipple through her blouse, then pinched it between her fingers. She smiled, growing impatient for Alan to hopefully join her outside.

Ten minutes later Alan stepped out on the patio, carrying a half-full glass of pop. Kristin twisted around in her chair to look at her son. He looked so handsome, she thought to herself. Her brown eyes moved over his body. He was wearing a light grey t-shirt. It was tight and emphasized his broad shoulders, well-toned chest and hard stomach. His jeans were tight as well and she glanced down to the front of them. He wasn't hard, or at least didn't appear to be, but the sight of his package still made her pussy grow wetter.

Alan walked around to the side of his mother's chair. He took a sip of his Pepsi and smiled as his blue eyes moved from her pretty face to her cleavage, peeking out from the top of her partially open blouse. His cock began to stiffen as bits of the conversation he'd had with Joey earlier echoed in his mind.

"Want a seat?" Kristen drew her bare feet up from the end of the chair, making room for her son to sit down.

"Thanks." Alan sat down, facing her, and placed his glass on the patio at his feet.

Joey gone?" she asked.

Alan nodded, grunting in the affirmative.

"You guys have fun?" she asked, fighting a shrewd grin.

"Yeah..." Alan said with a nod.

Kristin bent her right leg, drawing her foot back from her son's thigh. The hem of her skirt slid up her thigh a ways, exposing more of her leg. She tucked the hem between her knees, giving her son a nervous smile.

"When will Dad be home?" he asked.

"Wednesday sometime. He called me this morning from Maine."

Kristin's husband, Alan's father, Jim, was a long-haul trucker. He had real estate license, but the poor economy had forced him to seek other employment. After taking a six-month course in truck driving Jim had received a contract with a shipping firm outside of Maple Ridge. He had been doing that for two years. The money was good -- at least better than trying to sell houses -- but his absence for over a week at a time had placed a strain on their marriage. Kristin missed him. She missed his company, his help with things around the house, and she missed making love with him almost nightly. She realized it wasn't easy on her husband either and that he missed both her and their son. Kristin considered herself fortunate to have Alan living at home. He had become her closest friend while Jim was away and had taken on some of the duties that were once his father's, like light house maintenance and being supportive of Kristin when she needed it. Still, she missed the intimacy that she and Jim shared. It wasn't just the sex though. She missed being held and having her back rubbed as they lay in bed after making love. Her vibrator was a poor substitute for a real man.

Kristin nodded. "Me too," she sighed.

"I bet," he said.

Alan smirked before he could force himself not to, surmising just what it was about his father and their marriage that his mother missed. He kept silent.

"What was that grin for?" Kristin demanded, feeling herself blush and knowing what was going through her son's testosterone-fueled mind.

"Nothing..." he mumbled, shifting his eyes away from hers.

"Good," she said, then smiled, looking into his eyes. "You looked like you were thinking something dirty," she added.

"Me? Never" he protested with a laugh.

"Yeah... just like your father," she jibed.

"Or my mother, he added, then grinned.

Alan grabbed his mother's bare foot and moved his eyes up her smooth, tanned leg to her face. He smiled and began tickling her foot. She giggled and began to squirm about on her chair. Alan noticed that his mother's toenails were painted candy apple red. They looked pretty, he thought.

"Hey... cut that out... that tickles!" she gasped, wiggling about and laughing.

"That's the whole point." Alan worked his fingers harder into the tender sole of his mother's foot, making her squirm even more.

Alan smiled, watching his mother contort herself. He ran his eyes along her well-toned legs. They were lean and smooth. His cock began to harden as his eyes glided up to the inside of her thighs. They were parted now and Alan discovered he could see his mother's panties. They were pink and stretched tight over her soft mound. The subtle outline of her lips was visible through the fabric. He stared, wondering if she was even a little wet and what her bush looked like.

Kristin could feel her breasts shake as she reacted to her son's tickling and struggled to free her foot from his grasp. When he finally stopped she grew still and looked up at him. It was then that she saw the dumbfounded look on his face and realized where his wide eyes were. She looked down at her parted knees and quickly pushed her skirt down between them. Kristin looked up at her son's flushed face with an aghast expression. When he slowly released her foot from his hand it fell to his lap, just below the obvious bulge in his tight jeans.

"Ooops..." Kristin gave Alan a bashful smile.

"Sorry... I... I didn't mean to... I didn't think that would happen," he stammered, shifting his eyes to his erection.

Kristin smiled at Alan, charmed by his boyish nervousness and excited about him having seen up her skirt. She wondered if he had actually seen her panties, then concluded that he must have, judging by the stunned look on his face and how hard he seemed. She smiled and sat up, sliding down the chair towards her son. She placed her right arm around his broad shoulders and pulled him against her.

"It's okay, Honey. It was an accident," she said, giving him a sideways glance.

Alan nodded, moving his eyes towards his mother. He stared down at her feet and smiled. "Your nail polish looks nice. That's the first thing I noticed," he said.

"I won't ask what the second was." Katherine spat the words out before thinking, then regretted it. She frowned, knowing she had embarrassed her son.

Alan winced at his mother's remark, still staring at her feet.

Alan felt his mother's right breast pressed to his arm. Normally he would have loved being able to feel it rubbing against him, but at that moment it added to his discomfort.

"I painted them a few days ago. Since summer's here I'll be wearing sandals more often, so I wanted them to look pretty." Kristin crossed her left leg over her right knee, dangling her foot by her son's knee.

Alan looked at his mother's toenails, then moved his eyes up her shapely calf until he encountered the hem of her skirt, just above her knee. He shifted his hips and folded his arms over his lap, feeling his erection throbbing.

"They look cute," he said, struggling for something to say.

"My feet?" she asked, locking her wide eyes on his.

"Ahh... no... I'm not into feet," he simpered. "I just thought that the bright colour looked nice, that's all. You should do your fingernails too," he suggested.

Kristin giggled. She was concerned about upsetting her son any more than he already seemed, but holding him against her had fed her already strong libido and she felt like being a little risqué. "Okay... I just wondered. It's none of my business and I don't care," she said. "I just... I just thought that most guys preferred big boobs, instead of feet. If you're anything like your father, you do."

Alan nodded and gave his mother a guilty grin. His eyes shifted towards his mother's breast and deep cleavage. Her hazel eyes met his when he looked back up at her face. She squinted as she smiled and the bridge of her nose wrinkled. Alan found it endearing and sexy.

"I think I could cut both of my feet off and your father wouldn't notice, as long as I still had my tits."

Alan gave a sharp laugh at his mother's brash comment. It was more a release of built-up nervous tension than amusement, but it put him at ease. He felt the muscles in his back and neck relax.

"I... I don't know," he said.

"Trust me. These are what caught your father's eye in the first place over twenty years ago." Kristin straightened her back, thrusting her chest out so her blouse was stretched tight over it.

Alan took a quick look at his mother's breasts and her exposed cleavage. Her bold display surprised him, but excited him even more. The fabric of her blouse was skin-tight over her mounds. It served to highlight the size of her bust and how they sloped down slightly. Alan's cock twitched, straining his jeans. He forced his eyes back to his mother's reddish face.

caused her pussy to become even wetter. She crossed her legs tighter, feeling the pressure on her pulsing clit. Her panties were damp now.

"Okay... enough of me bragging about my rack. Time for me to get supper ready. What would you like?" Kristin gave her son a modest smile as she stood up.

Alan let out another laugh upon hearing his mother's blunt remark. He thought about her question for a moment, then shrugged. "It doesn't matter. Whatever you want," he said.

"I have some pork chops in the fridge. How does that sound?"

"Great," he said.

"Okay -- good. Come keep me company while I cook them."

Kristin got up from the chair. She held her hand out to Alan. He took it in his and she tugged him to his feet, drawing him inside the house.

Alan sat at the kitchen table while his mother prepared supper. Her graceful movements as she moved about the kitchen held him spellbound. So did her overall appearance. He had felt no compunction earlier when he admitted to Joey that he found her pretty. That was undeniable and to try to do so would have sounded like an obvious lie. Her brilliant eyes, lovely smile, delicate jawline and high cheekbones made his mother a captivating woman. Everyone noticed her; Alan

realized this. He considered himself fortunate to be the only person besides his father who was able to take in her beauty up close daily. However, Alan envied his father for being the one man who was fortunate enough to be her lover.

By the time supper was ready Alan was hungry. So was Kristin. They began eating in silence, eager to quell their hunger. After a while Alan noticed his mother look over at him and smile. Locks of her hair hung down over her right cheek. She pushed them aside, not taking her shimmering eyes off of his.

"How is it?" she asked.

"Great... perfect. You're the best cook, Mom?"

Kristin gave her son a modest smile. "I don't know about that, but I'm glad you like it," she replied.

Alan nodded, chewing on a mouthful of food.

Having her son still at home now that Jim was on the road nearly half of each month made Kristin very happy. She was glad that Alan had not decided to attend college far away. The company of her son helped to prevent loneliness. He was also very helpful with the many things that cropped-up occasionally that her husband normally tended to. Her only source of regret and guilt were the improper thoughts and feelings she had for Alan. These had become more prevalent in the last weeks. Kristin knew that what she had learned while eavesdropping on his

conversation with Joey would make it all-the-more difficult for her to sweep them from her mind now. Realizing that her son shared feelings with her that society forbid made giving into them even more tempting.

Alan was finishing the last few bites of food on his plate when Kristin was rinsing hers off at the sink. He got up and put his empty plate on the counter beside the sink to their left.

"Thanks, Mom. That was great." Alan placed his right hand on his mother's lower back and kissed her cheek. Her body felt soft through her blouse. He ran his hand up her back a ways.

Kristin smiled and placed her hands on the counter, nearly shuddering in pleasure as her son's hand stroked her back. She felt her nipples stiffen and push out at her blouse. She hoped that Alan did not notice, then concluded that was unlikely.

"I'm glad you liked it, Honey," she said with a nervous smile.

Alan went in to the living room to watch television while his mother loaded the dishwasher. As much as he wanted to be around her, he was afraid it might make her suspicious. He also wanted a little time alone to focus on something besides her in hopes of cooling his libido and letting his erection subside. When she joined him in the living room later the flush had gone from his cheeks and his cock had softened, at least temporarily.

For the next several hours Alan and his mother watched television and chatted periodically. She was sitting in a chair to his right. Close enough for him to see her when they talked, but not so close as to make him anxious due to his arousal.

That night Alan and his mother slept well. Both having masturbated quietly alone in their beds, separated only by a wall.

###

"Alan, get up if you want a drive to school."

That was how Alan's Monday began -- with his mother poking her head in his room and waking him. She was wearing a dark grey skirt and a blouse. It was unbuttoned and she was holding it closed around her with her left arm. Her hair was pinned back and she looked as pretty as always.

Kristin owned a used book store downtown, four blocks from where Alan attended college. It was their routine for her to drive him to college on her way to the store most mornings when he had early classes. Once he was finished for the day he would take the bus back home, or sometimes go to his mother's store to work on homework or read until she left for the day.

Alan sat on the side of his bed, yawning and stretching. Wearing a t-shirt and boxers, he made his way to the bathroom and saw that the door was ajar. He pushed on it and walked inside. When Alan entered

the bathroom he saw his mother standing in front of the mirror, applying eyeliner. She turned towards him, wide-eyed, and gave a faint cry of shock. Alan froze, equally surprised to encounter his mother. He had thought she had gone to her room after waking him.

Kristin's blouse was still unbuttoned, but now it was open wide, hanging down over her curved hips. Alan's eyes immediately went to her chest. She was wearing a white bra made of sheer material. It was trimmed with embroidered white flowers along the edges of the cups and between them. Through the delicate, gauzy white panels holding her round breasts Alan could plainly see his mother's hard nipples. Their dark hue contrasted with the ivory white of the sheer bra cups. He was surprised by their thickness. His cock immediately began to swell and tent his boxers as he stared at her dark nipples and areolas.

"Christ, Alan, can't you see that I'm in here," Kristin spat out, glaring at him. Then her eyes fell to his erection, which had begun to tent his boxers.

"I... uh... sorry, Mom. I didn't know you were in here," Alan stammered as he quickly turned and left.

Ten minutes later when his mother approached the doorway to his bedroom Alan was sitting on the side of his bed. His arms were folded over his lap as he fought off his erection, fed by the vivid image of his mother still fresh in his mind. She smiled at him, seeming as sheepish as he felt. Her blouse was buttoned now and tucked into her skirt.

"I'm finished in there, if you want to use it," Kristin said, sounding shy.

"Thanks." Alan glanced up at his mother.

"I've finished dressing now too," she added with a tentative smile.

"I'm sorry about that, Mom. I thought that you were in your room and when the door was open a ways I just went in."

Kristin smiled, although it seemed forced to her son. "It's okay. Next time I'll make sure I close the door completely. Now get ready so we can go."

During the drive to school Alan avoided looking directly at his mother. He leaned on the car door and stared out of the window. Seeing his mother earlier in the bathroom had been a wonderful, thrilling bit of serendipity. He was just concerned that she was angry with him and perhaps even thought that him walking in on her was intentional. He was also worried that she had noticed his erection. Although his cock wasn't huge, perhaps only average, he thought, there was still no mistaking the tent it had made in his underwear earlier as he stared at his mother.

Kristin stopped the car in front of the college and turned towards Alan. She had sensed his angst. She felt the same as he did. What she found most vexing was not simply that her son had seen her breasts, essentially bare given how transparent her bra was, but the sight of his hard cock tenting his boxers as he left the bathroom. It was an image

she knew she would replay later that night in bed. Already her wet pussy was ready for that.

"Have a good day, Honey," she said with a smile.

"Thanks, you too, Mom."

Kristin watched her son as he got out of the car and hoisted his knapsack over his right shoulder. He gave her another smile, then turned and walked away. She stared at his tight ass, recalling how his father's had felt and looked at around that age. She wondered if Alan's was similar, then if he was built like his father everywhere.

###

Alan returned home from classes that afternoon before his mother was back from work, as was most often the case. He hurried up to his room and dropped his knapsack of textbooks and notebooks beside his computer desk. The image of how sexy she had looked in her bra that morning had tormented him all day. His erection had distracted him almost constantly. Now he was finally able to take care of it. He hauled his jeans and underwear down and laid back on his bed, closing his eyes. In his fantasy world he met his mother in the bathroom, except this time she had told him to stay. They embraced, then eventually went to her room to make love. Alan stroked his cock and wove his fantasy until an orgasm overcame him.

By the time his mother arrived home shortly before five-thirty Alan had managed to calm down after sating his libido. He was at his computer, surfing the Internet. He looked up and smiled at her when she stepped into the doorway of his bedroom.

"How was your day?" he asked.

"Good. I found out about an estate sale that might have some rare books. I'm hoping I can buy them," Kristin said.

"That's great. I hope you get them," he replied, happy for his mother's bit of good fortune.

"How was school?"

"Not bad. Kind of boring today," he said with a shrug.

"Okay... I'm going to get changed, then start supper."

Alan returned his attention to the website he had been viewing. About fifteen minutes later he noticed his mother pass by his doorway on her way down to the kitchen. Some time later, when he smelled the scent of food wafting up from the kitchen, his stomach growled. Alan turned his computer off and went downstairs.

"I thought you'd be down once you smelled it," Kristin said, turning from the stove to grin at her son.

"What is it?"

"Chicken casserole."

Just the thought of it increased Alan's hunger. He sat down at the table, watching his mother bring out plates and utensils. She had changed into a burgundy tank top and a white skirt. The skirt was loose and moved with her lithe body as she walked about and turned. Alan noticed the outlines of bra straps across the back of her tank top and wondered if she was still wearing the same one he had seen that morning in the bathroom. Just the thought of it made his cock begin to stir again.

Alan was hungry and ate quickly, even having a second helping of his mother's casserole. Cumming hard like he had that afternoon always left him ravenous for some reason. His mother seemed pleased that he was so enthusiastic about the meal she had prepared. While she was putting the leftovers away and clearing the table he went to watch television.

Almost a half hour later Kristin joined her son on the living room. He slid over on the couch to make room for her, giving her a smile and stealing a glance at her chest. She slipped her shoes off and curled up on the couch, leaning back on the arm.

down the sole of her left foot. She jumped and looked over to him, smiling.

"Hey, buster, don't start that again!" Kristin was trying to sound stern, but couldn't avoid smiling when she saw the impish look on her son's face. She found it cute, but also provocative and sexy.

Alan let out a mischievous laugh, feeling relieved that the tension between them from that morning was gone.

"Oh... I took your suggestion and painted my fingernails," she said, holding her hand up. "I went out during lunch to buy some polish and did them in the afternoon when things were slow."

Alan leaned forward slightly, trying to get a better look at his mother's delicate hand. The colour was a darker red than her toenails. It looked nice, he thought.

Kristin raised up and leaned closer to her son, extending her hands to show him her crimson nails. She watched as his blue eyes moved up. But he wasn't focused on her hands. He was looking past them, to her chest. Kristin straightened her back slightly, feeling the material of her top tighten over her bust.

"Do you like them?" she asked, not referring to her fingernails.

"Yeah... they look nice," her son said as he stared at her round breasts. Her nipples had begun to stiffen and make noticeable bumps in her blouse.

When Alan looked up to his mother's face his cheeks were rosy. She smiled at him, hoping he understood the subtext of their exchange. She settled back on the couch, sitting closer to her son than before. When she shifted her eyes down she noticed the slight bulge in his jeans. She crossed her legs and smiled, secretly pleased that she had given her son an erection for the second time that day.

There was tension between Kristin and Alan again, but this time it was sexual -- like it often was. Both were eager for when it would be time to go to bed. Around ten-thirty Kristin stretched and faked a yawn. She announced that she was tired and was going to bed early.

"Okay. Have a good night, Mom," Alan said as he turned towards his mother.

"You too, Sweetie."

Kristin leaned into Alan. She gave him a hug and kissed his cheek. He wrapped his strong arms around her slender waist and pulled her closer, giving her a gentle squeeze. His hands moved along her lower back, stroking her. She rested her chin on his right shoulder and closed his eyes, savoring the feeling of him holding her, wishing it could last for hours. When she pressed herself to his chest the sensations of her stiff nipples rubbing against the soft interior of her bra added to her

excitement. Her panties were going to be wet before she got upstairs, Kristin thought to herself.

"I love you, Honey," Kristin said, still holding onto her son.

"I love you too, Mom," he replied.

"I'm so glad to have you home, especially now that your dad is away so much. I'd be lost without you."

"Thanks. I can't think of anywhere else I'd rather be," he said.

Kristin leaned away from her son, still resting her hands on his shoulders and smiled at him. She watched his eyes flit down to her chest.

"I'm sorry for shouting at you this morning... in the bathroom," she said, feeling her cheeks grow warm.

"It's okay. I should have knocked first. I thought you had gone to your room. Sorry."

Kristin smiled and shrugged. "I guess I woke up on the wrong side of the bed and was in a bad mood already. Plus, I was worried I was going to be late opening the store. Then when you walked in, it shocked me," she explained.

"You were shocked?!" he spat out with a nervous laugh.

"Yeah... I guess you weren't expecting to find me in there half-dressed. I bet you wished it was one of the girls you know from college instead." Kristin's eyes danced over her son's body.

Alan shrugged. "What do you mean?"

"Well, someone younger and pretty -- with big boobs... or whatever you go for in girls," she elaborated, knowing she was baiting him.

"No... uh... geez, Mom... don't put yourself down. You're... you're pretty," he said, tripping over his tongue.

"I'm just being realistic though. I know guys your age look at girls a lot younger than me," she elaborated with a bashful shrug.

"Can you keep a secret?" he asked, hooding his eyes for a second.

"Sure. What?" she asked, growing curious and excited.

"Yesterday, when Joey was over, he said that you were hot."

"Really? Joey?" she exclaimed, feigning surprise.

Alan gave a firm nod. "He said you were sexy too," he added. "But you can't ever let-on I told you that. He'd kill me."

"I won't. I'm just surprised though," she said.

"Why?" he asked.

"Well, look at me," she countered.

"Yeah, So? I see you every day," he replied, turning the left corner of his mouth up.

Kristin chuckled. "You saw a little more than usual this morning though."

"Well... more like a lot more." he retorted. Alan felt horny and nervous. His hands were still on his mother's waist and her arms were dangling over his neck.

"Are you saying that's because I've got a lot to see?" Kristin's pouty lips formed into a teasing smirk.

Alan didn't respond, but the look on his face told his mother what he was thinking.

"You can be honest with me, Sweetie. Your father will never know about any of this," she assured him.

"It's not just that, Mom. I just... I probably shouldn't be making comments about you like that," Alan said.

"Comments are harmless and, well... can I tell you something?" Kristin gave her son an anxious look and tightened her mouth.

"Sure. What?" her son asked in an anxious tone.

"Over the past couple of years, while your father's been on the road so often, you've grown up a lot and I've come to rely on you more. I'm so busy trying to make the bookstore successful and run the house by myself that I don't have a social life anymore. Don't get me wrong -- I wouldn't change my life for anything. But you've pretty much become my best friend, besides being my son. That's why I feel like we can be so honest with one another. And that's why I don't want to let things like what happened this morning come between us. I want us to be open with one-another. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yeah... I think so," Alan said, nodding slowly. His heart was pounding and horniness welled in him.

"I hope so." Kristin tugged at her son's neck and pulled him to her. She laid her head on his sturdy shoulder, feeling full of with love and arousal. When his hands moved over her back she smiled and closed her eyes, allowing herself to enjoy the feeling of him touching her.

Alan's hard cock throbbed as he held his mother. Her gentle touch and the feeling of her breasts pressed to his chest turned him on more than any girl he had ever known. He felt his mother's soft hair tickle his nose and he slowly inhaled, filling himself with her scent. His right hand glided up the middle of her back, then down again. He felt her shift her hips slightly, responding to his touch, and continued to stroke her back.

"Your father used to rub my back every night," she said.

"Do you miss it?"

"Yes..." she said in a heavy breath.

"I will... if it's okay," he offered.

"Thanks. I'd like that," she said.

Alan continued to run his hand up and down his mother's back, enjoying it as much as she was. His only concern was her noticing the tent in his jeans, but he suspected that she was almost as turned-on as he was at that point.

"Please don't tell Joey about what happened in the bathroom this morning. He'll want to know every little detail. I won't mention it to your father when he gets home either," Kristin said in a sleepy voice.

"Thanks. I won't tell Joey. But, if I did... the details wouldn't be little," he chortled, giving his mother an apprehensive look.

Kristin raised her head, smiling, and looked at her son. "Are you saying I have big..."

"Details!" Alan interrupted with a sharp laugh.

Kristin giggled at her son's witty comment. "You know... you're the first person, besides your father anyway, to see me topless in years," she remarked.

"Well, you had a bra on," he reminded her.

Kristin let out a soft giggle. "But... but this bra doesn't hide anything. You can see everything through it."

"Yeah..." he admitted.

"That's why your father bought it for me. He always makes me wear it with a low-cut dress when we go out to a restaurant -- just in case someone sneaks a peek."

His mother's candor excited and surprised Alan. Not just her openness with him, but what she was disclosing to him. "Has anyone ever done that?" her son asked.

"Maybe once or twice." Kristin giggled, trying to act coy.

"I never knew you could be so naughty, Mom," Alan said.

"I guess you're getting to know another side of me. I just hope you don't find it ugly." Kristin's jaw tensed while she waited for her son's response. She was quite certain that he was curious and had a prurient interest, but still feared losing his respect.

"Nothing about you could ever be ugly, Mom," Alan assured her.

"Thanks, Honey. That means so much to me. I'm so afraid that you will think less of me if I'm too... you know, honest."

"No. That could never happen." Alan gave his mother a reassuring kiss on the forehead and squeezed her tighter for a moment.

It was growing late and Kristin was tired. She sat up and brushed her hair back, smiling at Alan.

"Time for me to get to bed," she said and yawned.

When Alan stood up he noticed his mother glance down towards the bulge in his jeans. Instead of feeling tense and nervous about it he welcomed her longing glance. He hoped that she liked what she saw.

He gave his mother another hug and kissed her cheek, then they both went upstairs.

###

Alan was in his bedroom that Tuesday afternoon when his mother arrived home from her store. She entered his room and stood beside his chair, looking over his shoulder at the music website on the computer monitor that he had been looking at.

"Have a good day at school?" Kristin asked.

"Yeah, the usual," he said flatly. "How did work go?"

"Good. It was busy, which is always good," she replied.

Kristin sat down on her son's bed. She pulled her shoes off and crossed her legs. She rubbed her left foot, wincing. It was sore and red. When she noticed Alan watching she gave him a wary look, then smiled.

"Don't you even think of trying to tickle my feet. They hurt from being on them all afternoon," she said.

"No. I wasn't thinking that. I was just noticing that they look really red -- like your shoes were too tight," Alan explained.

"They are a little tight. But they look nice." Kristin rolled her eyes and smiled.

Alan's eyes moved up from his mother's foot to her thigh. Her paisley skirt had ridden up past her knees when she sat down and crossed her legs. He smiled as he looked at her soft, smooth thigh, which was now more than half uncovered.

Kirstin felt her son's eyes on her. She looked up from her aching foot and met his gaze, then lowered her eyes to her lap. She looked up a few seconds later smiled at Alan.

"Is this skirt too short?" she asked, knowing where her son's attention had been drawn.

"No, I don't think so," he said, giving his head a shake.

Kristin chuckled and leaned forward, resting her elbows on her knees. "I should have known better than ask a guy that question," she concluded. "I guess it is a little short, but I felt like being a little daring for a change."

"Oh... like wearing a see-through bra?" he retorted, grinning boldly.

Kristin laughed, not entirely surprised by her son's chutzpah but excited by it. "Well, no one saw that -- except you, and you weren't supposed to. Today I'm wearing one that you can't see through."

Alan nodded, looking at the front of his mother's rose-colored blouse. It was buttoned up too far to reveal any cleavage and billowed out from her chest as she leaned over. He was disappointed.

"Okay, time to get supper ready. There's some casserole left over. How's that sound?" Kristin stood up beside her son

"Great," he replied.

"Good. All I have to do is microwave it. That makes it easy for me," she said.

Alan followed his mother down to the kitchen. He sat down, talking with her while she set the table and observing her as she moved about the kitchen. Once she was standing he noticed that her blouse was a tighter fit on her than when she was leaning over on his bed. It was tapered at the sides, which displayed her slim waistline and made the swell of her breasts seem more prominent. Alan stood beside his mother at the counter, scooping casserole onto his plate. When she sat back down he watched her skirt slide up her left thigh as she crossed her legs.

Kristin finished eating before her son. Alan had nearly twice as much food on his plate as his mother and was still finishing it. She put the empty casserole dish in the sink along with her plate and filled it with water to soak. Once she had done that she turned towards her son sitting behind her. She smiled and shook her head.

"How can you eat so much and not get fat?" she marveled.

"I'm a growing boy," he said with a smile.

"I watch what I eat and exercise, but I still have this tummy." Kristin placed her hand on the subtle curve of her stomach, just below the waistband of her skirt, and frowned.

Alan wiped his mouth and got up to put his plate in the sink. He stood beside his mother, moving his eyes down from her chest towards her hand, still pressed to herself. In his estimation, she looked perfect. He could not see the reason for her dismay.

"You look great, Mom. Quit worrying."

Kristin shrugged and looked at her son, turning the left corner of her mouth up.

"Seriously, everyone has a tummy. Yours is nothing compared to most." Alan reached out and gave his mother a playful poke in her stomach with his finger, just below her hand.

Kristin laughed and squirmed as his fingertip sank into her a little. She grabbed her son's hand, thinking he was going to tickle her. She held it to her and gave it a squeeze. When she felt him spread his fingers out and press his palm to her she nearly gasped as a rush of excitement

surged in her. Seconds later he gave her a slight caress, inching his hand lower over her tummy.

"Besides, it's my fault if you think you're too big here. Having me probably made you gain weight," he said.

Kristin nodded, then smiled at her son. "Having you made me bigger in a few places." Kristin nodded down towards her chest with a smile.

Alan chuckled. "Then I deserve credit for that instead of blame," he bragged.

"Oh, you think so?" she retorted, darting her eyebrows up for a second.

"Don't you?" Alan gave his mother a serious look, still pressing his hand to her stomach, just below her navel.

"What do you mean?" Kristin was perplexed by the earnest look on her son's face as his eyes locked on hers.

"Well... I mean... don't you think they look nice?"

Kristin gave her son a shy glance and nodded. "Yeah... I guess," she said with a faint shrug.

"Good," Alan said, seeming pleased.

"Does that mean you agree?" she said, giving her son a wily smile.

Alan blushed, seeming very nervous and hesitant to answer.

"Okay, you don't have to answer that," his mother relented after several seconds.

Alan gave his mother a cunning look and cocked an eyebrow. "Did you want me to though, Mom?" he asked.

Kristin blushed. Her eyes shifted away from her son's and a nervous expression came over her rosy face.

"You're blushing..." he taunted.

"So are you." Kristin met her son's eyes and gave him an awkward smile.

Alan slid his hand over his mother's stomach to her left hip. He tugged her closer, so her right shoulder was touching his chest. He kissed her velvety cheek, feeling it's warmth on his lips. Kristin smiled and closed her eyes. She reached down and held onto his muscled arm, now wrapped around her waist. When she leaned closer to him she felt his erection pushing into her right hip. It surprised her, at least somewhat, but she didn't react. His cock was very hard and felt thick. Maybe bigger than his father's, Kristin guessed. She was getting wetter now

and her legs felt weak. She knew it was far from the first time that Alan had been hard because of her, but it was the first time that his erection was so obvious and he had made no effort to hide it from her.

"Can you keep a secret?" Alan whispered in his mother's ear, almost brushing over it with his lips.

Kristin nodded. "Mmmm-hmmm..." she murmured.

"I think they're nice too," he breathed into her ear.

"Thank-you," she said in a hushed voice, thrilled by his compliment.

"Is it okay that I told you that, Mom?"

Kristin nodded, still with a look of longing on her face. "Yes. I don't think you could say anything that would bother me, Honey."

"I don't know... maybe, but I don't want to -- ever." Her son sounded concerned now.

"Well, if you ever do, I'll let you know, but I won't be angry. Okay?"

"Okay. Thanks, Mom." Alan kissed his mother's soft cheek again, feeling her press her hip harder against his erection.

"Going in to watch tv for a while?" she asked.

Alan nodded.

Kristin slipped from her son's embrace and went in to the living room. She tucked her feet up on the couch beneath her and leaned back, still looking blissful. She watched Alan approaching, paying particular attention to how his hard shaft filled out the front of his jeans. Thoughts of squeezing his balls and rubbing his cock flooded her turbulent mind. She wished she could pull her wet panties down and rub her throbbing clit. She was almost so horny at that moment that she would have allowed Alan to watch her masturbate, if he joined-in and did the same.

Television programs did little to hold the interest of Alan or Kristin that evening. Both were too charged with arousal and filled with emotional turmoil to concentrate. Also, each of them were anticipating Jim's arrival the next day. Both would be glad to see him, although for slightly different reasons.

"I'm going to bed early. You stay up as late as you want, but I'm staying home tomorrow to wait for your father, so I won't be able to drive you to school."

It was nearly ten-thirty when Kristin said this to Alan. He turned to her and nodded.

Kristin leaned towards her son. She gave him a hug and kissed his cheek. She felt his hands on her waist and the whiskers on his face brushing over her soft skin as he kissed her. Both felt exhilarating to her. She imagined his bristly chin rubbing over her breast as he eagerly sucked hard on her swollen nipple.

"Have a good night, Mom," he said. "I love you."

"I love you too, Honey."

Kristin hurried upstairs to her bedroom. As soon as the door was closed behind her she began getting undressed, then got out her vibrator from the nightstand beside the bed.

###

Alan had no trouble waking up early the next morning. He was excited about seeing his father that afternoon. He also knew that he would have to catch a bus to school. After he showered and got dressed he went down to the kitchen for breakfast. His mother was already there, standing at the stove cooking oatmeal. She was wearing a cotton robe that came down almost to her knees. It was tied loosely around her waist so the upper half fell away from her chest on the right side. Alan stared into the gap of the robe, looking at a portion of his mother's chest and collar bones. He dropped his knapsack by the table and sat down.

"Want some oatmeal?" she offered, turning her head towards him.

Alan shook his head and made a contorted expression. "No, thanks. That stuff is gross."

Kristin laughed and began eating.

Alan filled a bowl with cereal, then poured milk over it and sprinkled some sugar atop that. He sat down at the table across from his mother and began eating. Since he had gotten up early he did not have to rush that morning for a change. He was glad to be able to spend some time with her because she looked so sexy wearing her robe.

Alan poured himself another half bowl of cereal once he had finished his first. After Kristin finished her oatmeal she brought her bowl and the pot on the stove over to the sink to soak. She placed the bowl in the sink, then stepped back towards her son with the pot of remaining oatmeal in her hand.

"Are you sure you don't want some? You loved it when you were a baby," she teased.

"I'm not a baby anymore though."

Kristin grinned. "Yeah -- back then you liked breast milk too."

Alan's eyes moved down to his mother's chest. The curves of her breasts and the faint outlines of her nipples filled out the front of her thin robe.

"Who knows -- I still might like it." Alan slowly moved his eyes up to his mother's face. He was relieved and encouraged by her smile.

"Sorry, Honey, the well ran dry years ago for me," his mother said, almost sounding regretful.

"Are you sure? They look pretty full to me." Alan stared at his mother's heavy breasts as he spoke. Her nipples were harder now, and their outline was obvious as they poked out at her robe.

"I'm sure," Kristin said with a naughty smile. "And your father has tried many times too."

In the opening of his mother's robe Alan noticed some cleavage. He stared, unconcerned that she was aware of where he was looking.

"Don't you have to be going to class?" Kristin asked, seeming amused by the look on her son's face.

"Uh-huh..." he groaned.

Alan slung his knapsack over his shoulder while Kristin ran water into the pot of sticky oatmeal and scraped the residue from the bottom with a spoon. He placed a hand on her right shoulder blade and kissed her left cheek.

"Have a good day, Mom. Hopefully I'll be home to greet Dad when he arrives."

"Me too. But you'll get to spend plenty of time with him before he has to go out again." Kristin leaned over and placed a kiss on her son's cheek and smiled.

###

Alan found concentrating on his classes that day even more difficult than it had been the past few. The impending arrival of his father made him very happy. It also made him somewhat anxious too. As he reflected on the changing nature of his relationship with his mother, their conversations, and him walking in on her in the bathroom he worried that she might tell his father about some, or all of it. His father was always a level-headed man whose temper was slow to flare, but Alan knew that everyone has their limits and that he had been behaving inappropriately with his mother recently. Alan feared that she might want his father to discuss it with him while he was home.

After reconsidering the situation, Alan reminded himself that his mother had not been so blameless herself. She seemed to be enjoying their ribald talks and flirtations almost as much as he was. This gave him hope that once his father was back out on the road, things with her might escalate. Then again, there was always the chance that she might reevaluate how they had been behaving and decide that things must return to how they were before. Whatever her decision, despite any disappointment, Alan knew he would abide by it because he loved and respected his mother very much.

That afternoon Alan decided to skip his last class and go home early. Missing one class would not hurt him, he decided. Besides, he wanted to see his father very much. When Alan turned up the driveway to his house he saw his father's truck in the yard. He smiled wide and quickened his pace. When he entered the kitchen and sat his knapsack down he didn't hear or see anyone. He walked towards the living room.

When Alan turned the corner in to the living room he discovered his parents on the couch. His mother was lying back against the arm of the couch facing his direction. She was wearing a dark green tank top, except it was pulled up around her shoulders to expose her bare chest. Alan stared at her left breast and her hard, thick nipple. Her legs were parted wide and Alan's father was crouched between them. His head was covering her right breast and his right hand was under her short denim skirt. Alan noticed the movements of his father's arm between his mother's splayed thighs. Alan stood there, frozen in place. His mother was breathing heavy. Then she looked up at him through half-closed eyes and gave him the warmest, most sultry smile he had ever seen in his life.

Alan wheeled around and went back out and sat down on the back porch. A few minutes later his father came out, looking somewhat sheepish.

"Hey, Buddy! Good to see you again. We weren't expecting you for another hour or so," Jim told his son, giving him a brief hug.

Alan could smell the musky scent of his mother on his father's fingers. He hugged him and forced a smile.

"Your mother tells me you're doing good in school and holding down the fort while I'm away. She said she wouldn't know what to do without you. If you weren't my son, I'd be jealous."

Alan gave his father an uncomfortable smile. "Yeah, school's going good. There's not much to do around here though. I spend a lot of time playing video games and watching tv."

"It's rough out there with the price of diesel so high," Jim said. "If things don't get better soon I may have to look for something else to do."

"It would be great if you could find a job around here, Dad."

"I know; I've been looking. At least this is paying the bills for now."

"Yeah..." Alan replied with a nod.

Jim put his arm around his son, giving his neck a friendly squeeze. "Hey, let's go back inside."

Alan followed his father back into the house, anxious about facing his mother again. She was in the living room, now fully clothed, looking quite nervous as she sat on the edge of the couch.

Jim had lots of questions for his son about school, his social life and his future plans. The conversation was steady and it helped Alan to relax a little and forget about interrupting his parents in their intimate moment on the couch earlier.

That evening Alan went to bed early. He knew that his parents would want time alone and he did not want to intrude on his father's first night back. Also, the image of his mother on the couch, legs spread and breast bare, refused to leave his mind. Only after masturbating twice while imagining himself, rather than his father, on top of her was he able to sleep.

###

Alan struggled to focus on his classes the next day. He was glad when the day had ended and he could get back home. His mother had not arrived home yet, but his father was in the garage, sorting out wrenches and sockets in a metal case. Alan joined him and they talked until his mother arrived home.

That evening during supper Alan found his parents openly affectionate. He understood why, but it still made him uncomfortable, as though he was intruding. Once he had finished eating he called Joey and made plans to go to his house for a few hours. That would give his parents some more time alone, he concluded. They deserved that much after a long time apart.

It was dark by the time Alan was walking back home from Joey's. The summer air was warm and the sky was filled with thousands of stars. As Alan was ascending the cement walk leading to the back porch of his parents' house he could hear their voices. By the time he was at the door he realized that his mother was shouting and cursing at his father. He had heard them bicker and squabble before, but never anything approaching this. Alan opened the door and rushed in to the kitchen.

"What's going on?" he blurted out, jerking his head from his father to his mother.

"Ask your father," Kristin snapped, raking her narrowed eyes over her husband.

Jim was leaning in the corner of the kitchen counter, arms folded, looking chastened and humbled.

"Dad? What's wrong?"

Jim sighed, giving his wife a timid glance. "Your mother will explain," he said, choking back tears.

Alan watched as his father brushed past him and out the door. A few moments later he heard his father's truck start as he left the yard with a roar.

"What the hell was that about?" Alan demanded, looking at his mother.

Kristin sighed and reached behind her on the counter. "I found this in your father's jacket pocket tonight." She extended her palm towards Alan. In it was a condom in a blue wrapper.

Alan sighed and ran his hands through his hair. "Maybe he got them because... you know... he was coming home again," Alan suggested, feeling embarrassed.

"I had my tubes tied a few years after you were born -- that was another huge argument. I told him a vasectomy was much simpler. So, no, he doesn't need condoms with me," Kristin said. "And he already admitted to using the rest that he bought during this trip."

Alan frowned. He looked at his mother leaning back on the counter. Her bottom lip began to quiver and pools of tears formed in her eyes. Soon they rolled down her red cheeks. Alan moved beside her. He put an arm around her shoulders as she sobbed. She turned and crumpled against his chest, heaving and sighing. Alan wrapped his arms around her, holding her tight, fearing she might literally fall apart.

After a few minutes Kristin lifted her head from her son's chest. Her eyes and cheeks were red and wet with her tears. Alan brushed her cheeks with his thumb and kissed her left one. She smiled.

"Thanks, Honey. At least there's still one man in my life who I know I can count on and trust," she said.

"What are you going to do," he asked.

"About what?"

"About Dad... the situation," he explained.

Kristin shrugged. "I guess I'll have to start looking for a lawyer tomorrow," she concluded.

Alan was surprised and disappointed by his mother's answer. He thought her reaction was rash and based on anger. "Mom, are you sure? Maybe you could work things out. Don't go and do anything too hasty."

"How could I ever trust him again after this?" she said in a shaky voice.

Alan sighed, unable to think of an adequate response.

"Can we go in the room and sit down? I feel like I might collapse," his mother sighed.

Alan nodded and escorted his mother into the living room. She sat down on the couch to his left, still sniffing and wiping her watery eyes. Alan turned towards her, wishing he knew what to say to comfort her and make everything alright again. He gave her a sympathetic smile.

"What do you think I should do?" she asked.

"I don't know -- nothing yet. Give yourself some time to calm down before you do anything," he suggested.

Kristin nodded, still catching her breath after crying. "Okay. Thanks, Honey. Once again, you're the only one I can count on."

Alan reached out and gave his mother's back a few slow rubs through her blouse. She smiled at him and slid closer so she could rest against his chest.

"Hold me," she whimpered, clutching him.

Alan's arms went around his mother's trembling body. His right hand glided up and down her back. He bent down and kissed her cheek, damp with her tears.

"I love you, Mom."

"I love you too," she said in a shaky voice. "No matter what, we'll get through this."

After close to ten minutes Kristin looked up at her son and wiped her eyes. "I'm going to bed. Just remember to lock the door and turn everything off before you go to bed," she said.

"Okay." Alan kissed his mother's damp cheek and forced a smile.

"I love you so much, Alan," she said.

"I love you too, Mom -- you know that."

Kristin nodded, then slowly got up from the couch.

Alan watched his mother leave the room, wondering if their lives would ever again be like they once were.

###

The next afternoon Alan left school early. He was too sad and upset to concentrate and knew it would be a waste of time going to class. As he walked up the driveway towards the house he saw his father's truck in the yard. A smile formed on his face. He ran the rest of the way and hurried inside.

When Alan did not see his father in either the kitchen or living room he went upstairs. In his parents' bedroom was his father, tossing clothes in an open suitcase on the bed.

"Hi, Dad," Alan said, watching his father.

"Hey," Jim replied, looking stone-faced.

"What ya doing?" Alan asked.

"Just gathering up some of my clothes."

Alan sighed. He wanted to cry, but he had not allowed either of his parents to see him cry since he was a child. "Dad, there must be some way that you and Mom can work this out..."

Jim froze and sighed. A pair of pants dangled from his hand. "I wish... I hope so. But I don't know. I fucked-up big-time, Alan. Let this be a lesson to you: if you ever really love someone, don't ever do anything to jeopardize that."

Alan nodded and gulped down the lump in his throat.

"You probably hate me and think I'm horrible now." Jim gave his son a sideways look, unable to meet his eyes.

"No, just human and weak sometimes -- like me, and everyone else," Alan told his father.

Jim nodded and reached for his wallet. He pulled out a small stack of bills and handed them to Alan. "Here, take this -- just in case something comes up, like an emergency, and you need some money," Jim told his son.

"Thanks, Dad, but..."

"Take it, Alan. I want to know that you and your mother are okay while I'm gone. You take care of her too, you hear?"

Alan nodded, unable to look at his father's face.

Jim resumed pulling shirts from hangers and trousers from drawers and tossed them in his suitcase. Once it was full he zipped it, then turned to his son.

"I'm staying with Bobby and Melinda. If you need me, or want to talk, that's where I'll be until I go back on the road in another few days. After that, call my cell. The same goes for your mother -- although I doubt she has anything nice to say to me. Bobby and Melinda said to say 'hi' to you, by-the-way."

Alan smiled, thinking of his aunt and uncle -- especially his pretty aunt, who was his father's youngest sister. "Tell them I said 'hi' too," he said, finally smiling.

Jim smirked at his son. "Melinda said to give you a hug for her -- although it wouldn't feel the same coming from me."

Alan grinned and gave a soft, nervous laugh as he and his father exchanged knowing glances.

Jim trudged down the stairs carrying his suitcase, fearing he might cry. Without saying another word, he gave his son a quick hug before walking out to his truck.

Alan stood at the back door, watching his father leave the yard and wondering if he would ever be back.

###

When his mother got home from work that afternoon Alan was watching television, or at least staring at it, if not paying attention. He looked up when she entered the living room.

"Hey, how was work?"

"Okay," Kristin said. She sat down beside her son. "How was your day?"

"Okay. Dad stopped by this afternoon."

"What did he want?" Kristin sounded both angry and curious.

"To pick up some clothes. He's staying with Uncle Bobby and Aunt Melinda. If you want to talk with him you can call him there."

"Well -- I don't," Kristin said in a curt, icy voice.

Alan sat up on the couch and turned towards his mother. "You still love him though, don't you, Mom?" he asked.

"Yes. Of course I do. But right now I'm really hurt and angry," she said.

"Have you ever felt that way before?" her son asked.

"Sure."

"And you got over it..."

Kristin smiled at her son, finally understanding what he was getting at. "I don't know about this though, Honey. It's a big one," she sighed.

Alan gave an understanding nod, looking sad and disappointed. The truth of the matter was that he had mixed feelings about his parents getting back together, and almost hated himself for it. Alan loved his father and missed him when he was away. Still, he was coming to terms with his forbidden emotions for his mother and their transitioning relationship. He wanted his parents to be able to repair their marriage, but he also wanted he and his mother to become lovers. At the moment, both scenarios seemed to be in opposition with one another and equally unlikely to happen.

"I don't know. Nothing, I guess. I'm not really hungry," he told her.

"Me either and I don't feel like cooking, to be honest," she replied. "I'm going to go get changed. I'll be back down in a while."

Alan looked up and watched his mother leave the room, then turned back towards the television.

Almost a half hour later Alan heard his mother coming down the stairs. He turned and looked up as she approached the couch. She sat down to his left. Her hair was in a pony tail and she had re-applied her lipstick. She was wearing a light pink tank top and black shorts. Both her top and shorts were a rather tight on her and served to highlight her heart-shaped ass and full bust nicely. Alan took a quick look at her, thinking that she looked ravishing. Immediately his cock began to stiffen.

"I never knew you watched Dr. Phil," Kristin said, gesturing towards the television.

"I don't, usually. But today it's making my life seem more normal," he replied.

Kristin smiled and put her right arm around her son's broad shoulders. She held on to his right shoulder and leaned closer to him to gave his cheek a kiss.

"We'll get through this, Honey. One way or another," she promised.

"I know, but right now it sucks," he said, then sighed. "Oh... Dad gave me some money this afternoon... here." Alan dug into the front pocket of his jeans and pulled out the bills that Jim had given him. He handed them to his mother.

"No. You keep that, Honey. He gave it to you." Kristin said, pushing his hand away.

"He gave it to me in case we needed it for something. It's not just for me, Mom."

"Okay, but you hold onto it. There must be things you need," his mother said.

Alan thought for a moment, then smiled. "I have an idea: how about I take you out to dinner. You said you don't feel like cooking and it's probably been ages since you were at a restaurant."

Kristin leaned back, still draping her arm over his shoulders. "Are you asking me out on a date?" She gave her son a teasing smile as her eyes met his and shimmered.

Alan felt himself blush, but the flirtatious look on his mother's pretty face excited him. "Well, I heard that you and your man had a fallin' out and I was thinkin' that you might be interested."

When his mother laughed it made Alan happy. He was pleased to be able to make her smile again. Her right breast rubbed over his back and he soon had an erection.

"I'd love to. How about tomorrow night though? I'm kind of drained right now."

Alan gave his mother an understanding nod. "Tomorrow it is, then," he agreed.

Kristin leaned forward and kissed her son's cheek once more. She pressed her chest against his broad back, resting her chin on his left shoulder and placing her palm on his right shoulder.

"Thanks, Honey. I don't think I've been out anywhere since New Year's Eve. This will be fun," she said, then grew silent for a few moments. "I don't know what to wear though."

"How about the dress you wore New Year's Eve?" Alan suggested. He smiled and felt his cock grow harder as he recalled the dress. It was a black halter dress with a deep, plunging neckline and a gathered waist that accentuated his mother's full bust and narrow waist.

"I don't know about that. It's a little too revealing," his mother replied, sounding hesitant.

"No. I think it looks great on you, Mom," Alan replied. "Besides, I want to take you out somewhere nice."

"Ah... what I meant was it shows too much -- in the front. I can't wear a bra with it either, since it leaves my shoulders and back bare. On New Year's eve I was afraid that my boobs were going to fall out if I moved too much."

Alan smiled at his mother's comment, but said nothing.

"I saw that grin, mister," Kristin taunted. "You're as bad as your father is. When he kissed me at midnight on the dance floor, he pulled my dress aside and kissed my boob too."

Alan let out a sharp laugh and turned to smile at his mother. She was blushing. "Did anyone else see?" he asked.

"I don't know. Probably. But I'd had enough champagne by then that I didn't care." Kristin gave a sexy giggle and pressed her chest harder to her son's back. Her clit was swelling and her soft, pink lips were getting wetter.

"No. But is that any worse than you walking in on me and your father in here a couple of days ago?" she asked, giving him a nervous smile.

Alan's only response was an uncomfortable shrug and a faint smirk.

"Oh, don't look so embarrassed. It's not like it's the first time you've seen me topless," she reminded him.

"But at least you had a bra on in the bathroom," he replied.

Kristin slid her arm from around her son and leaned back on the couch. She gave him an apprehensive look. "If I tell you something, do you promise to try not to get mad at me?" she asked, shifting her eyes about.

"Of course I won't get mad, Mom. What is it?" Alan was now very curious about what his mother was about to say. He turned on the couch to face her.

"Remember last Saturday, when Joey was over and you guys were in your room?" she began.

"Yeah." Alan nodded.

"Well, I was outside your door, putting towels and face cloths away in the closet, and I over-heard you guys talking... and I... I heard you tell him about the times you saw me... topless, I mean."

"Mom... I'm... I'm sorry."

"No... don't be. I'm not mad, Sweetie. I just wanted to be honest about it so we'd have no secrets."

"Okay. But I shouldn't have told Joey about that. I regret that now. I'm sorry, Mom."

"You're forgiven, Honey. But don't tell him any more though -- about what you've seen lately and what we've talked about. Please." Kristin's dark eyes moved up to meet her son's as she gave him a pleading look.

"No, I won't. I promise," Alan vowed in a sombre tone.

Kristin gave her son a relieved smile. "I hope you liked what you saw," she said with a shy look, almost smiling.

"I... I love everything about you, Mom," Alan stammered.

"Every little detail, right?" she teased.

Alan gave his mother a knowing smile. Her eyes sparkled with an impish glint as they met his. The corners of her mouth curled up as she gave her son a loving smile.

Kristin sat up and gently slid her arms around her son's waist. She shuddered a little when she felt his right hand roam over her back and his other one resting just above her right hip.

"Tell me something: what did you mean when you told Joey that you'd felt them?" Kristin looked up, giving her son a puzzled look.

"Oh, I meant sort of like, brushing my fingers along the side of one sometimes," he explained bashfully.

Kristin let out a short burst of laughter. "You've probably felt them more than your father has lately."

Alan smiled, feeling a little guilty. "Can I ask you something?"

"Sure. What?" Kristin leaned back on the couch again and rested her hands in her lap.

"Since you met Dad... over the years, have you ever let anyone else feel them?" he asked his mother, feeling his cock throb in anticipation of her answer.

"Ahh... let anyone? No. But there have been times when Jim's friends have let their hands wander a bit when they hugged me at parties, or when they were over here watching a ballgame and got me alone. Sort of like you said you've done, only a lot less subtle because they'd had a few beers. I never told your father though, so you shouldn't either."

Alan nodded. He tried to picture what his mother had disclosed as he grew more horny.

"Something else interesting happened last New Year's Eve," she said. "I'll tell you if you swear to keep it to yourself."

Alan gave his mother a solemn nod. He leaned back on the sofa beside her. She turned to face him, leaning on her right hip, and Alan noticed her breasts shift beneath her tank top.

"Well, we had gone with Bobby and Melinda that night. She had won the tickets at a raffle at work or something. Anyway, after midnight, after your father had already pulled my dress aside to kiss my boob, we were still dancing. Bobby and Melinda waltzed over and Melinda asked if we could switch partners. She said she wanted to dance with her big brother. I would have minded if it weren't his sister, but what could I say? So, Bobby and I started to dance. A little while later I realized he was hard; it was poking in my stomach, you know. He was taking peeks at my boobs while we waltzed, but I pretended not to notice. Then after a while his hand slid up and touched my left one. I pushed it back down and warned him to be good or I'd tell Jim."

"What did he do?" Alan asked his mother.

"He apologized. He was a little drunk too, so I forgave him. The music stopped soon after that and I hurried back to Jim, but get this: when I hugged him, he was hard!"

Alan smiled at his mother. "Well, you probably have that effect on a lot of men," he said.

"No... what I meant was he was already hard -- from dancing with Melinda," she explained.

"Wow..." Alan gasped. "Now I'm shocked."

"Why? I've seen how you look at Melinda. I bet you'd have the same reaction if she was rubbing against you." Kristin gave her son a cunning smile.

Alan smiled. "Maybe... but... she's his sister," he said.

Kristin gave her son an incredulous look and chuckled to herself. "Yeah... but she has nice tits and Jim was already pretty horny."

Alan smiled, chuckling quietly but said nothing.

Alan gave his mother a redfaced look, then lowered his eyes, tacitly admitting that she was right.

Kristin frowned when she saw the abashed look on her son's face. She had only meant her comment to be teasing, not a condemnation. She reached out and gave his hand a squeeze. "Hey... I was only teasing you. I'm not angry about it," she said, trying to sound soothing.

Alan lifted his eyes. When he saw her smile he was somewhat relieved.

Kristin curled up on the couch once more, drawing her knees up towards her. She tugged at Alan's hand, resting his wrist on her hip, then slid her left arm around his waist as she wiggled closer to him. She felt his hand slide down, brushing over her ass. It excited her and made her wonder if he would grab it.

"Things have changed between us, haven't they?" she said, looking serious.

"Yeah, I guess," he acknowledged.

"Is that okay? Do you like it?" Kristin sounded nervous and worried.

"Do you?" he countered, furrowing his brow.

Kristin laughed at her son's shrewdness. "I asked you first," she insisted.

"I... ah... yeah, but if you don't..."

"I do. I just wanted to make sure you were comfortable with it though," she told him.

"Yeah, it's nice... really nice," Alan said, sounding calm now. "I love you, Mom, and I like it that we're... closer with each other.

"I love you too, Honey. But we should be careful about how close we get, shouldn't we?"

Alan slid over on the cushion of the sofa until his thigh was touching her knees. "Is this too close," he asked, smirking.

Kristin laughed, but said nothing. When she felt her son's right hand slide up her back and begin to caress her she gave a quiet sigh and nuzzled closer to him. Neither of them said anything. His loving touch and the serene expression on her face was all the communication they needed.

After about twenty minutes Kristin dozed off. Alan never disturbed her. He rested his arm over her midriff and let her sleep peacefully, content to just hold her and take in her beauty. After close to a half hour

she stirred and opened her eyes. She looked up at her son and smiled, brushing her hair from her eye.

"I fell asleep. Sorry," she said in a tired voice.

"It's okay. You must have been tired," her son replied.

Kristin sat up and nodded. "Yeah, I guess I was. Now I'm hungry. You feel like having a sandwich or something?"

Alan nodded. He followed his mother to the kitchen where they made themselves each a smoked meat sandwich. They sat at opposite ends of the table, eating and exchanging silent smiles occasionally. The sexual tension had returned, but both of them enjoyed the undercurrent of forbidden lust they were feeling.

"I think I'm going to go to bed early," Kristin announced once she had finished eating.

Alan nodded, disappointed to not be able to spend any more time with her that evening. He gave her a somewhat surprised look, then glanced at the wall clock. "Have a good sleep," he said.

"I know it's early, but I brought a book home from the store and I want to curl up in bed and read for a while," she explained.

Kristin was at the sink where she had just put her empty plate. She turned around and placed her hand on her son's right shoulder, smiling. "So, tomorrow night I have a dinner date with a handsome young man...?" she said, seeking to confirm plans with her son.

Alan smiled and looked up at her. He nodded once more, then chuckled. "No, you're going with me," he joked.

Kristin bent down and kissed her son's cheek. "That's what I meant -- a handsome young man," she reiterated.

Alan reached for his mother's hand, resting on his shoulder. He pressed his lips to the back of it and kissed it.

"You're such a gentleman," Kristin said. She wrapped her arms around Alan's neck loosely and pulled him to her. She felt her breasts brush over him and arched her back slightly, pressing them to him a bit more.

"Not always," he said, then grinned.

"Oh... should I consider that a warning?" Kristen craned her neck up to meet her son's eyes.

Alan gave his mother an enigmatic smirk. "Maybe..." he said.

"Well, I'm not always a lady, so we make a good pair then," she teased.

Alan shrugged, not wanting to agree with her, even in jest.

"Okay, you have a good night, Honey." Kristin gave her son's cheek another kiss before going upstairs.

###

Alan was excited all of the next day in anticipation of taking his mother out to dinner that evening. He was also filled with nervous tension and sexual energy. As soon as he arrived home from school he showered, then took his suit from the closet. It was black, double-breasted. He had not worn it for the better part of a year. This would be the first time he had worn it for neither a wedding or a funeral. Alan smiled as he looked at himself in the mirror after he dressed, pleased with his appearance. He adjusted his red silk tie and pushed his hair back.

He went downstairs and called Le Cave, a small, trendy bistro downtown, to make reservations for that evening. Neither Alan nor his mother had ever been there before. It was the sort of eatery that they would have liked to have gone to, but found it too expensive. The money that Alan's father had given him now made it possible.

As soon as five o'clock arrived Kristin closed her store and hurried home. Like her son, she was anticipating their evening out with a mixture of nervousness and excitement. Kristin smiled to herself as she drove. She had not felt this way since she had been dating Jim when they were slightly younger than her son presently was. Kristin could

feel her clit begin to swell and throb. Soon she was becoming wet. The sensations felt wonderful, but she told herself that she must calm down some. The evening had not yet begun and she could not allow herself to get too aroused too soon. As she drove up the driveway to their yard Kristin wondered how the evening would end. She left her mind open to any possibility, but already her pussy was ready to welcome Alan within its warm, wet folds.

When Kristin entered the living room and saw her son sitting on the couch the excitement she had felt while driving home returned. He looked so handsome that she just stared at him for a few moments, smiling. She felt a mixture of pride and arousal as she looked him over.

"My... don't you look handsome!" she gushed.

Alan gave his mother a pleased smile. "Thanks," he said. "You look great every day; at least I can try for once."

Kristin laughed at his flattery and modesty. "I'm going to have to work harder than usual to look good so I don't look frumpy next to you though," she said.

Alan gave his head a shake. "You could never look frumpy, Mom. Are you going to wear that black dress?" he asked, looking hopeful.

"Should I?" she asked, seeming bashful and nervous.

"Absolutely. You looked great in it New Year's Eve."

"Okay... just for you." Kristin gave her son a warm, loving smile.

"I made reservations at Le Cave for seven thirty."

Kristin looked at her watch. "Okay. I better go get showered and changed then," she told Alan.

Alan waited on the living room couch, listening to the sound of the shower coming from upstairs. He had been hard since his mother had arrived home and knew he probably would be throughout most of the evening. He was glad that his suit jacket covered the front of his trousers because they did little to conceal his erection.

"So, how do I look?"

Alan heard his mother's nervous-sounding voice as she walked through the downstairs hall towards the living room. He turned on the couch as she entered and felt his pulse quicken. She was breathtaking. In addition to the black halter dress Kristin was wearing black high heels and diamond studded earrings with a hint of make-up. Alan smiled as he ran his eyes over her from head to toe.

"You look beautiful, Mom," he said in a quiet voice.

Kristin smiled, clutching a small black leather purse in her right hand. She was very happy to hear her son's compliment. She felt pretty and sexy. Alan's remark and the way he looked at her helped to reinforce that.

"I better not bend over though. This dress barely holds everything in." Kristin let out a nervous giggle as she looked down and tugged the strips of material covering her breasts closer together.

Alan stared at his mother's chest. Her dress was gathered at the waist and helped to accentuate her ample bust, which was scarcely covered and held in place by two strips of black fabric pulled taut over her. He could see her mounds quiver slightly as she moved. Between them he could see a V-shaped strip of her torso, running down to almost her waist. The dress left her arms, shoulders and most of her back bare. Alan's cock throbbed as he surveyed his beautiful mother.

"You look stunning, Mom," he said, unable to hide his admiration. "If anything falls out tonight, I'll help you put it back in place."

Kristin laughed, but mostly out of nervousness. She stepped closer to Alan and ran her hand up and down his right arm. "Always ready to help a damsel in distress, huh?" she joked.

"Yes. Besides, I wouldn't want you lifting anything too heavy," he teased.

Kristin let out a titter and smiled at her son. She glanced down to her chest, then slowly lifted her eyes to meet his, giving him a sultry look. "They do feel a little heavy without a bra holding them up," she said, feeling herself blush as her clit tingled.

"Ready to go?" Alan asked.

Alan escorted his mother out to her car. He sat silently in the passenger seat as she drove to the restaurant. He and Kristin never spoke, but they exchanged nervous glances while she waited at a red light. Alan's cock throbbed and he wondered if his mother was turned-on like he was, even a little.

Shortly after they arrived at the dimly-lit restaurant they were ushered to their table and handed menus. A candle flickered in a red glass container on the table between them. Beside that a solitary red silk rose was in a tall glass vase. Alan looked around the room.

"I've always wanted to go here, but it's so expensive," Kristin said, peering over her menu at her son.

"Me too, but let's not worry about that tonight. I want you to enjoy yourself, Mom. You deserve it," he said.

Kristin reached across the table. She gave her son's hand a firm squeeze and smiled. Already her panties were becoming damp and Kristin was glad that the muted lighting helped to hide the flush of arousal on her cheeks. As she slid her hand back to the menu she glanced down to her

cleavage showing in the opening of her dress. Rather than being shy, she hoped that her son enjoyed the view.

When their server came to take their orders Kristin grew nervous. Her guilt and arousal caused her to assume that the pretty young woman standing beside their table, not much older than Alan, would somehow realize that her companion was her son and not some handsome young boy toy she had managed to seduce through her feminine wiles. Kristin ordered, not taking her eyes from the menu clutched in her hands. Once their server left she felt relaxed once more.

"She's pretty," Kristin remarked, dreading her son's reply.

"Huh...?" Alan grunted, raising his eyes from his mother's chest.

"The girl who took our order -- she's pretty," Kristin explained, almost frowning.

"I never noticed," her son said. "There's not a woman in here who outshines you, Mom."

Kristin beamed a smile at her son, feeling her pussy getting even wetter. "You say all the right things, Honey. I don't know where you get your charm from," she said.

"It's perfect. If you weren't my son, Jim would have something to worry about," Kristin said with a smile, although she was being very serious.

"What's going to happen with you and Dad?" Alan asked.

Kristin sighed and shook her head. "I don't know. He and I have so much history and so much invested in our marriage that... you know what -- never mind him tonight. He's not here. Let's you and I enjoy ourselves, okay?"

"Okay," Alan agreed, giving his mother a warm smile.

By the time their food was brought to them neither Alan nor his mother were particularly hungry. Their carnal libidos had overwhelmed any craving for food. Alan pushed his pasta around on his plate with his fork, glancing up at his mother occasionally. She was picking at her chicken breast and mushrooms, but seemed about as interested in her food as he was. They ate silently, each secretly wishing they were back home in each-other's arms.

Alan managed to eat most of his food before pushing his plate away. He noticed that his mother had not finished her entire meal either.

"Didn't you like it?" Kristin asked.

"Yeah. I'm just not that hungry, I guess," her son replied.

Kristin smiled, surmising that he was thinking what she was. "Ready to leave?" she asked.

Alan gave his mother an eager nod and smiled.

As they walked back to her car Kristin hooked her arm around her son's and pressed herself against him. She kissed his cheek and smiled into his eyes.

"Thanks for buying me dinner. This was the nicest date I've been on in years," she said.

Alan turned his head and gave his mother a look of surprise. "Was this a date?" he asked.

"Well, it's the closest I've had to one in a long time," she replied with a nervous smile.

During the ride home Alan was silent. He tried to think of something to say to break the silence but was too nervous. He noticed that his mother seemed somewhat anxious as well. She was gripping the steering wheel firmly and staring straight ahead as she drove. He wondered what she was thinking.

unbuttoned the top button of his shirt. His mother was standing beside the kitchen table, smiling at him. As he approached her she extended her arms to give him a hug.

"Thanks again, Honey. I had a wonderful night." Kristin gave him a kiss on the cheek and pulled him tighter to her.

Alan ran his hand up his mother's bare back, enjoying the feeling of her soft skin. Her firm breasts were pressed to his chest. He tilted his eyes down to look into her cleavage, which her dress was revealing plenty of. A few seconds later Kristin backed away from her son with a sigh.

"I've been wanting to get these shoes off all night. They're killing my feet," she said.

Kristin braced her left hand on the kitchen table and leaned over to unfasten the strap of her left shoe. She felt her breasts sway and shift inside her dress as she bent over, tugging at her shoe. As she pulled her shoe off she noticed her left nipple peeking out from the strip of material that had been covering it. She gasped and clutched her hand to her chest as she straightened her back. When she looked up at her son she realized that he was staring directly at her partially exposed breast. She felt herself blush as she tugged at her dress to cover herself.

"I was afraid of that happening," she said with a bashful smile.

"I suppose," his mother concluded with a shy grin. She could feel her clit throb as her son ran his eyes over her. Her panties were soaked now and she wished that she could take them off.

"You still have to take your other shoe off," Alan reminded her, pointing down to his mother's right foot.

Kristin gave her son a foxy smile, knowing what he was anticipating. Slowly, she leaned over and unfastened the strap of her shoe. She felt her breasts shift and sway inside her dress. When she took a quick glance at them she was surprised to see that neither had slipped from her halter dress this time. She tugged her shoe off and smiled at Alan as she straightened her back.

"No wardrobe malfunction this time," she remarked.

"Nope," he said, trying not to look as dismayed as he was.

"Disappointed?" she asked with a grin, although only somewhat jokingly.

Alan smirked, but didn't answer.

"It... ah... wasn't little, Mom," Alan retorted. He felt somewhat apprehensive about making such a blatant remark, but his arousal had begun to override his judgment.

Kristin felt a rush of excitement well in the centre of her chest and spread down to her hard clit. Her entire body began growing warmer and she could feel her clit pulse. "Oh... was it bigger than your other dates' boobs?" she asked, knowing that she was leading the conversation somewhere taboo.

Alan nodded. "Yeah... a lot," he murmured, staring at his mother's chest.

"Bigger's not always better though. Mine aren't firm and perky like the ones girls your age have," she said, frowning.

"I... ah... don't know." Alan looked up to his mother's face with a thin grin.

Kristin smiled, understanding the subtext of his remark. She grew nervous as her mind reeled with both the possibilities and the consequences of where the conversation was going. She had been over this time and time again in her mind. It always ended the same: with her giving in to her son's advances and her own desires, despite how forbidden she reminded herself they were.

"You don't? But -- you told Joey that you've felt them," she said, sounding a little perplexed.

Alan blushed and shrugged, hoping that his mother would change the topic and spare him any embarrassment.

Kristin took a step forward and placed her hands on her son's waist. "Do you want to know a secret of mine?" she said in almost a whisper. Nervousness showed in her eyes as they searched out his.

"Yeah," he said, hoping to not sound as excited as he was.

Silence for a few moment followed and Kristen slowly inhaled, steeling her courage. "I pretended to not notice those times your hand wandered where it shouldn't have." Kristin said with a foxy grin. She felt her heart stutter as she waited for her son to react.

Alan gave his mother an incredulous stare, mouth slightly agape. "You mean you knew?" he said, almost in disbelief.

His mother tightened her mouth and nodded. "I never said anything because... well, I didn't know how to bring it up with you and I felt guilty about it."

"Guilty -- why?" Alan cocked his head to one side, looking at his mother through narrowed eyes.

"Because I liked it." Kristin's breathy voice faded to a hush as she spoke and her eyes shifted about. Her heart was racing faster, but now it was from nervousness more than arousal.

His mother's admission excited Alan more than it shocked him. It made his lust for her intensify and he grew bolder. He hoped that that she might not resist if he were to make an inappropriate advance at her.

Before his courage could leave him Alan reached out for his mother's left breast. He pressed his palm on the underside of it, pushing upwards as his fingers curled around it. He squeezed it, gently at first, then harder when he felt her thick nipple poking into his palm. He heard her faint gasp of surprise as her wide eyes moved down to his hand. Then a smile slowly appeared on her rosy face.

"Was this what you really wanted to do to me?" she asked, her voice heavy with lust.

Alan swallowed and nodded. "Yeah," he groaned, staring at the shape of her breast beneath the strip of black cloth. He squeezed as much of her firm mound into his trembling hand as he could.

Kristin placed her hands on her son's waist. Her knees felt weak and she was light headed with arousal. "Tonight they're all yours," she said.

She looked down, watching her son caress and grope at her. He was kneading her breast harder now, spurred-on by her words and his own arousal. His eagerness excited her even more. She ran her hand up his

spine, then back down to the small of his back and pulled him tighter to her willing body. His hard shaft rubbed against her thigh through her clothes and she wanted to feel it. Not only in her hand, but inside her too -- wherever he wanted to put it. When she felt his hand slip inside her dress to pinch her swollen nipple she moaned. The kitchen was silent except for their breathing.

After well over a minute had passed Kristin said "Do I feel okay?"

Alan's eyes met hers and he smiled lovingly at her. "You feel wonderful, Mom," he said, his voice full of arousal. "You're so beautiful." He leaned closer, holding her breast tighter and kissed her cheek. Her skin felt hot on his lips and he let them linger there a few seconds.

"You make me feel beautiful," Kristin said, almost whispering. She reached for her dress and pulled it aside, uncovering his hand and her breast. When he looked up in surprise she smiled and said "Well, you wanted to see it, didn't you?"

Her son nodded and let out a nervous laugh. "Yeah," he breathed. His groping had turned to gentle strokes as he stared at her bare breast, silently admiring it. He traced her areola with the tip of his finger, staring at her thick nipple.

Alan's caress filled Kristin with emotions she had not felt so strongly in years. She realized that she had begun to regard him not as just her son, but as a lover too. Her heart pounding, Kristin tugged at the right side of her dress, feeling her breast slip from it with a bounce. She looked

down and ran her fingertips over her thick nipple. Her eyes met Alan's again as he stared at her bare chest in surprise and ardor.

"You may as well see them both, right?" she said with a nervous smile.

"Yeah... thanks," he replied.

When Kristin saw her son lick his lips as he focused on her stiff, dusky nipples she knew what he was thinking. What's more, she wanted him to do it. Cupping the back of his head in her hand she drew him closer. "Suck on them," she urged.

When she felt Alan's wet lips wrap around her right nipple and begin to suck Kristin shuddered, then moaned, louder than she had earlier when it was only his hand touching her. She ran her finger's through her son's hair, keeping his head close to her bosom to encourage him. Soon he was holding both of her breasts tight in his hands and moving his lips from one nipple to the other, swirling his tongue around them and teasing them until she moaned louder in pleasure. She began swaying her hips slowly so her thigh rubbed over his thick, hard shaft.

Kristin undid the buttons of Alan's suit coat. When she began tugging it down his shoulders he let his arms go limp at his side. She pulled it off of him and draped it over the back of a chair. "You look so handsome," she said, running her eyes over him.

"And you're beautiful," he replied.

Kristin let out a self-conscious giggle as she lowered her eyes, then met her son's gaze once more. "You're only saying that because my tits are hanging out," she retorted.

"No, Mom, I mean it. Seriously," he said. "You're gorgeous." He placed his hands on her hips and pulled her close to him again, watching how her pendulous breasts swayed.

"Thanks, Honey." Kristin looked down at the front of her son's trousers and noticed how his erection was tenting them. She stared at it, smiling, then said "I guess I've gotten you a little excited."

"More than a little," he said, his voice heavy with arousal.

"Yeah, there isn't anything little about it from what I can tell," she teased in a husky voice.

When Alan took his mother's hand in his and began pulling it towards his hard cock he felt her resist for a moment, then her arm went limp as she stared down at the noticeable tent in his trousers. He pressed her hand to his hard shaft and began moving her palm over it and pushing her fingers to his balls. When she began voluntarily moving her hand over his erection he rocked his hips slowly, pushing the swollen head of his cock into her warm hand.

"I can't believe that I did this to you," she said in a hoarse voice as she watched the material of his pants grow taut over his cock.

"It's not the first time, Mom." Alan slid his hand over his mother's left hip to her ass. He stroked it then squeezed it, pulling her to him as he groped her.

"Or the last, I suppose." Kristin's voice had grown shy, almost hopeful as she posed her question.

"Do you want it to be?"

Her son's serious question caught her by surprise and Kristin looked up at him. She stopped rubbing his throbbing cock, but left her hand pressed to it, feeling it twitch through his trousers. She thought for a moment, then said "I don't know. This is all so new. And we shouldn't even be doing this, Alan. It's..."

"Exciting," he interjected with a wide smile.

Kristin laughed nervously. "I was going to say it's wrong," she replied.

"Can anything two adults who love one another and want to do really be wrong?" he countered.

After thinking for a few seconds his mother frowned. She let out a faint sigh as guilt and arousal dueled within her. "I guess not," she said. "But this isn't a normal situation -- you know that. And we can't give in to these feelings all the time." After she finished Kristin realized that her

hand was still cupping her son's package. She drew her fingers over him and rested her palm on his left hip.

"No, but tonight is special," Alan said as he looked into her eyes.

Kristin felt overwhelmed with love and arousal when she saw the look on her son's face. She had seen that look on men before, but it had been longer than she could recall when. And now she was seeing it from the most unlikely person in the world. Still she felt herself giving in to the feelings she was having, although she knew she shouldn't. She was so wet that her panties were becoming damp and her tingling clit made it impossible for her to think rationally, or about anything other than how her son's hard cock would feel inside her. She looked into his eyes and saw the longing in them. It fed her need.

Alan placed his left hand on his mother's waist and glided his right one up her back. He drew her to him until their mouths were inches apart. He could feel her hot breath as he parted his lips and pressed them to hers. A sound left her throat and he couldn't tell if it was surprise or from pleasure, but he felt her moist lips part as he kissed her, pinching her bottom lip between his as he stroked her back. She responded to him as his tongue met hers and she moaned into his mouth. Seconds later she moaned again as he pulled away, licking his lips and tasting her lipstick.

"You make it hard for a girl to say no," she said as she caught her breath.

Kristin nodded. "I love you too," she said. It was unlike she had ever spoken the words to him before because the emotions were different for her now. "God help me, but I want you too, Honey."

Alan smiled at his mother. He was grateful for her love and her mutual longing, but he also understood her hesitancy. "Come with me," he said.

When Alan took her by the hand and guided her out of the kitchen Kristen knew where he was taking her, and why. In that moment he was not only her son but her lover too. She followed him up the stairs to her bedroom and stood beside her bed, watching as he got undressed. Once he was naked she stared at his thick shaft as it pointed up towards her slightly agape mouth. His heavy balls swayed as he approached her.

"Can I take this off?" he asked, hooking his finger in the strap of her dress that should have been covering her breast.

Kristin nodded, then felt herself relax as her son undressed her. He was slow and gentle as he slid her dress down her body to the floor. Then bending down, he began tugging at her damp panties. His hands stroked her hips and legs as he slid them down so she could step out of them. He paused for a few moments, smiling as he eyed the thin patch of dark hair that partially hid her wet folds.

"You're beautiful, Mom," Alan said in a thick aroused voice as his hands held her hips.

When Alan pulled her to him Kristin could feel his shaft slide over her wet lips. She shuddered and held his shoulders, wanting to feel his body and needing to support herself. Her hips shifted making his hard cock glide over her clit. She looked down to where their bodies met and where they would soon be joined together as one.

As gently and lovingly as he had ushered her up the stairs, Alan moved his mother down on her bed beside him. He ran his hand up her body to her left shoulder and moved her down on her back as he lay beside her. She reached up for him, holding his hips as he got between her parted thighs. He looked down at her and smiled as his hand stroked her left thigh. Taking her calf in his hand he guided it around the small of his back. Kristin shifted her hips, wrapping her legs around her son.

Kristin reached out and held her son's swaying balls in her fingers. She gave them a gentle squeeze, then ran her hand up the underside of his shaft and curled her fingers around it. It was hot and pulsed when she gripped it harder. She could feel the veins and skin in her hand as he moved the swollen head closer to her slightly parted lips. She gasped and held his ass when he entered her. Her pussy released another gush of musky juice as he sank deeper in her until she could feel his weight upon her.

Alan slid his hand under his mother's left shoulder and began thrusting. He clenched his jaw, moaning when he felt her grip his shaft tight within her walls. Her breasts began to quiver as he began moving faster, working his thick cock in and out of her. She began moaning and

digging her fingernails into his firm ass. Her hips moved up occasionally to meet his stabbing meat, wanting him in her as deep as possible.

"God... you feel so good," Kristin moaned. "Fuck me harder, Honey. Show me what you've always wanted to do to me."

His mother's wanton encouragement excited Alan even more. He slid his hands down to grip her hips and lifted her from the bed. Holding her firm ass tight he began thrusting harder and faster, listening to the sounds their bodies made as they met and his meat moved in and out of her juicy pussy. Her breasts shook harder and she reached for her left nipple, pulling and twisting at it as she moaned and writhed beneath her son.

"Mmmm... yes... oh god, Alan... please, don't stop... your cock feels so good," Kristin moaned through clenched teeth. Her heels dug into his back and she twisted about as his shaft filled her. When she had her first small orgasm she arched her back and held him to her, grinding her clit against him for a few moments before relaxing some. "More... please, Honey," she begged.

Alan could feel his own orgasm slowly building. He was breathing harder and holding his mother's firm rump tighter so his fingertips sank into her soft skin. He looked down, watching his shaft, wet and shiny with her juice, move in and out of her pink folds.

When her son quickly withdrew from her and straddled her Kristin knew what he would like. she smiled up at him, holding her breasts together. "Fuck them... cum all over them," she moaned.

Her son's slick cock moved between her mounds as he squeezed them and Kristin reached down between them. Her juice was running down to her ass and she began rubbing her aching clit. She came hard, lifting up from the bed and crying out. It was then she felt his cum splash over her.

"Oh god, Mom," Alan cried out as he came.

Kristin watched his his thick cum shot from his slit. The first blast sprayed over her chin and lips. As she was licking it from herself she felt more coating her breasts, running down over her nipples. She watched as her son kept pumping his glistening cock between her mounds, spreading his seed over her until he began to soften. With a heavy sigh he turned and rolled off of her onto his side.

The bedroom was quiet except for the heavy breathing of Kristin and her son for close to a minute. The air was charged and heavy with the musky scent of their lovemaking. After a short time Kristin turned on her side to face Alan. She could feel his cum running down her breasts and she wiped some from one with her finger to taste it.

"You're a wonderful lover," she said, brushing his hair from his eyes.

"Thanks," he said. "You're amazing too. I love you, Mom." Alan moved closer and kissed his mother's rosy cheek. Her skin was soft and hot on his lips.

"I just hope I didn't... disappoint you," she said, looking bashful.

"No way," Alan said. "You could never do that, Mom. No matter what we were doing." He slid closer to her so he could hold her and feel her body on his.

There was silence once more in the bedroom while Alan and his mother embraced, lazily running their hands over one another's bodies, exploring and touching.

"This has been the best date of my life," she said with a playful giggle.

"Mine too," he agreed, then thought for a few moments. "So, what are your plans for next weekend?"

Kristin smirked. "I'm not sure. What did you have in mind?"

"Hopefully something to top this," her son said.

"That sounds wonderful, but I don't know if I can wait that long," Kristin said.

Alan reached down and pulled the covers up over himself and his mother. He hugged her tight and kissed her. "Then we have the rest of the night to see if we can out-do what we just did," he said.

Love on the Tracks

"Some people feel the rain. Others just get wet." -- Bob Dylan

The ringing of the phone startled Jim Mellor as he lay on his couch, staring up at the ceiling. He looked at his watch, then the phone. It was almost three on a Saturday afternoon and this was the fourth time the phone had rung that day. He had ignored it the previous times, content to listen to music while wallowing in misery and self-pity. But now he decided to answer it this time, just to make the ringing stop.

"Fuck," Jim hissed as he listened to the sixth ring of the phone. "Okay... I give up... I'm coming..." he spat out as he got up to answer the phone.

"Jim, are you okay? I've been trying to get you all day."

Jim felt somewhat relieved when he heard the voice of his older sister, Amy, on the phone. If there was anyone he could bear to talk to in his present state, it was her. He gripped the phone tighter in his hand and sighed.

"Yeah... I'm okay," he said wearily.

There was a long pause, then Amy said "Shit, do you have a band playing there? What's that music?"

"Dylan," he intoned flatly.

Amy Mellor was not surprised by her brother's answer. She wondered why she had even bothered to ask. For years Jim had been a huge Bob Dylan fan, often saying there are only two types of music: Dylan, and everything else. Amy often liked to hector her brother by telling him she would rather listen to cats fucking than Dylan, but she secretly enjoyed many of his songs. Besides, anything her brother was interested in she made a point of familiarizing herself with. And with Jim, at least a cursory knowledge of Bob Dylan was essential if you were going to relate to him. It was as though the lyrics of The Poet Laureate of Rock 'n' Roll were the very key to understanding her younger brother. She could almost gauge his moods based on which album he was listening to at any given point.

"Which album?" Amy asked.

"Blood on the Tracks," came his reply.

More silence, then a groan. "Shit, Jim, what's wrong?" she asked, now sounding concerned.

Jim let out a defensive laugh and cursed himself for not turning his stereo down before answering the phone. "What makes you think something's wrong?" he asked, trying to sound blithe.

album and ignoring the phone. Remember Dylan himself said he couldn't understand someone enjoying that sort of pain."

Jim let out another sigh. "Sometimes I regret sharing my musical tastes with you," he joked.

"Okay, quit avoiding my question, Little Brother," she said with a dim laugh. "What's wrong?"

Jim felt the sweat on his palm begin to coat the phone. His eyes darted to the stereo, then to the wall in front of him. "Shelly dumped me," he said.

"What? When?" his sister blurted out.

"Last night... almost as soon as I got to her place," he told her.

"Why -- if you don't mind telling me," she said.

"To tell you the truth, I'd really rather not get into it right now," he told her. "It's still a fresh wound. Sorry, Amy. Give me some time, then I'll give you all the gory details."

"Okay... whatever you're comfortable with. But, right now, don't wall yourself off. Get out. Do something," she encouraged him.

"I don't need to go out," he insisted. "I can do things here."

"Yeah -- like listen to "You're A Big Girl Now" and "If You See Her, Say Hello" over and over, till you cry a bathtub full of tears."

Jim laughed. "Well, "Idiot Wind" is playing now, and it sort of suits my mood."

"At least it's not "Dirge", huh?" she said with a feeble laugh. "Look, why don't you come over here and hang out? You shouldn't be alone right now. I promise not to play any of my U2 albums."

"Thanks, Amy, but that's okay," Jim said, surprised that he was now smiling.

"Seriously, Jim -- I'll make a big pot of spaghetti and some of my world famous sauce to go with it. What do you say? It would be good to see you and spend some time together, regardless of your mood. I hardly saw you while you were dating Shelly. I've missed you," she said, pleading with him.

Now Jim felt pangs of guilt as he listened to his older sister. She was right. In the nearly six months that he had been dating Shelly he had neglected his friends and even his own sister. Getting together now would be beneficial to both of them.

"Okay. Thanks. Give me about an hour," he told her. "I want to grab a shower so I'll feel like a human being again."

"That's perfect. I have to dash out for a few things. I'll meet you here in an hour. Thanks, Jim. Don't think I'm doing you a favour either. I want to spend some time with you; it's been ages," she said.

"I know... I'll see you later, Amy," he told her.

Once he was standing under the spray of the hot water in the shower Jim found his mood beginning to improve. Then he realized it was all because of Amy. She was as much like a friend to him as a sister, although she was almost four years older. He valued the relationship they had greatly and glad they were close -- both emotionally and in terms of distance. Her apartment was just on the other side of town from his, which meant they could visit one another often. Unfortunately that had dwindled once he got involved with Shelly. Now Jim regretted this even more and vowed to himself to rectify it.

As Jim drove his car to his sister's apartment he found himself smiling. The closer he got, the happier he felt. When he arrived at Amy's apartment on McDougal St. he could smell food cooking. Until she had asked him to come over, the thought of eating had almost nauseated him. Now he began to feel the beginnings of hunger pangs as the aroma of his sister's spaghetti sauce hit his nostrils.

about his neck and her full lips were pressed to his cheek where she planted a loud, smacking kiss.

"Well, I couldn't turn down your spaghetti," he said.

Jim pushed the apartment door closed with his heel and returned his sister's hug. Now the scent of her perfume overwhelmed that of the food on the stove and Jim closed his eyes, breathing in deeply. His hand moved up Amy's back as he felt her brown hair tickle the side of his face. Her firm breasts were pressed hard to his chest and Jim's senses were flooded with with the scent and feel of his beautiful sister. His cock began to stiffen as she shifted against him, rubbing her breasts over his chest. Through her blouse he felt no bra strap and suddenly the image of her heavy breasts moving freely as she walked about filled Jim's mind. When he felt the curve of her stomach pressing harder against his erection he slipped his arms from around her and took a step back.

"The food smells wonderful," he said, trying to ignore the throbbing of his cock.

"Thanks," she said. "I hope it tastes as good."

Amy turned and walked towards the kitchen. Jim followed her, his eyes glued to her tight grey skirt hugging her hips and ass. Her backside looked firm and just round enough for his taste. But it was always his sister's front that Jim was most preoccupied with. Her thick brown hair and eyes that were a shade darker made her very striking -

- not to mention her breasts, which seemed to be the object of either desire or envy of both men and woman.

"You're a great cook," he told his sister. "I've never had anything you've made that wasn't delicious. The man who marries you is gonna end up weighing a ton."

Amy let out a bittersweet laugh and looked back from the stove at her brother standing beside the kitchen table. "Well, it seems like no man wants me, because I'm twenty-six and still single," she lamented.

"Don't give up," he advised her. "There are worse things than being single -- like being married to the wrong person."

Amy stopped stirring the spaghetti sauce to reflect on her brother's statement for a few moments, then nodded. "Yeah, you're right," she concluded. "I've dated a few Mr. Wrongs in my life. I think it's time to find Mr. Right."

"I know what you mean," he said.

"So you're looking for Mr. Right too?" Amy turned from the stove again and grinned.

"Shut up -- you know what I mean... Ms. Right," he chuckled.

Jim pulled a chair out from the table and sat down. He ran his eyes down his sister's body, then back up again, lingering on her left breast. It gently quaked inside her blouse as she stirred the spaghetti sauce and her nipple was very hard. He had an erection that seemed to refuse to die and he began to worry that she would notice it.

"Here -- taste this..."

Amy turned from the stove holding a large white plastic spoon with spaghetti sauce on it in her right hand. She held her other palm beneath it as she leaned over her brother, holding the spoon close to his mouth. "How does that taste?" she asked.

The spaghetti sauce tasted perfect in Jim's opinion. It always did when his sister made it. But what he was really concentrating on was the view down her blouse he had as she leaned over. Amy was wearing a jade-coloured blouse with the top two buttons undone. Jim had thought nothing of it earlier, but now with her hovering over him he could see her heavy, round breasts gently swaying inside her blouse.

"How is it?" she asked nervously.

"Perfect, as usual." Jim raised his eyes. His sister was smiling, but it didn't seem to him that it was because of his reaction to her cooking.

"Good. It always makes me happy when a man likes the taste of my sauce," Amy said as she returned to the stove. She turned her head around and gave him a wily grin, then let out a sexy laugh.

"You pervert," he spat out, laughing, but excited by his sister's lewd comment.

"Hey, if you want to give me a hand with something, there's some wine in the fridge that you could open," she said.

"Sure." Jim got up and looked inside the fridge. He noticed two bottles of white wine on the top shelf and took one out, then opened a drawer beside the fridge. "Where's your corkscrew?" he asked his sister.

"I thought there was one in your heart," she teased.

"Why is it you know so many Dylan lyrics when you claim to hate his singing so much?" Jim was still searching through drawers as he spoke. On his third try he found a corkscrew and began opening the bottle of wine on the kitchen table.

"Because you speak in rhyme occasionally," she explained. "And if I don't know which song of his you're quoting I have no idea what the hell you're talking about."

Jim laughed. "It's just that he says it so much better than I ever can," he said.

"Judas!" her brother spat out.

Amy turned and glared at him. "I don't believe you... you're a liar!" she said, then let out a laugh.

Jim shook his head, laughing to himself. "Damn... why does the perfect woman have to be my sister..." he mused aloud.

Amy turned from the stove in surprise. "I'm the perfect woman?" she said.

Her brother's remark filled Amy with happiness and as her heart accelerated she could feel herself getting wetter. She already was horny, prompted by feeling her brother's erection pushing into her stomach when she greeted him at the door. Now her panties were becoming damp. Her clit jumped. She cleared her throat and brushed her hair aside as she looked into Jim's blue eyes. She suspected that the hunger she saw in them wasn't for food and she yearned for him even more. But the yearning was as much emotional as physical. Her brother was Mr. Right, and she was sure of it.

Jim gave his sister an abashed smile. "Well, I just meant that since you now so much about Dylan," he said, tripping over his tongue and blushing. "I wish I could find a girl who shared my musical taste -- that's all."

Amy sidled up to her brother. She draped her left arm over his shoulders and pressed her hip to his side as she smiled at him. "I don't think you will, Little Brother. That's a rare bird, indeed," she said. "Looks like you're stuck with me."

"Worse things could happen," Jim said with an awkward laugh. He looked up into his sister's oak eyes, feeling his cock throb again.

Amy slipped her arm from around her brother and went to a cupboard. She brought out two glasses and filled one with wine, then held the other up, offering it to Jim. "You want some?" she asked.

"Yes, please," he said. "A glass of wine would probably do me good."

Amy filled the second glass and handed it to him. "Well, I planned on us having more than just a glass. That's why I bought two bottles," she told him.

By the time the spaghetti was cooked Jim was hungry. The wine had whetted his appetite and he filled himself on his sister's spaghetti and slices of garlic bread, washed down with wine. Amy was hungry as well and the siblings talked little while they ate. The silence did not bother either of them -- they were comfortable enough with one another to not have to keep up conversation constantly. But each had another, secret hunger that they felt like they must conceal from the other.

Jim looked up from his plate occasionally at Amy and she would smile or ask him how the food was. Just looking at his beautiful sister sitting across from him made Jim's pulse race, and his cock throbbed in response. And although Amy did her best to hide it, she too was fighting the growing arousal within her. But both of them felt their inhibitions waning, helped-along by the wine and the at times bawdy conversation while Amy was preparing supper.

"That was wonderful. Thanks, Amy." Jim pushed himself away from the table and placed a hand on his stomach. It felt round to him. He'd eaten too much, but his sister's spaghetti sauce was too delicious to just have one plate of spaghetti.

"Thanks," Amy said with a big smile. "I'm glad you liked it." She took a bite of garlic bread and drained the last of the wine from the bottle into her glass, then held the empty bottle up-side down over the table. "Time for you to open the other bottle," she told him.

Jim went to the fridge to retrieve the second bottle of wine and opened it on the counter. He refilled his glass then placed the bottle on the table between them.

Amy raised her glass and reached out towards her brother. "Here's to love, and us finding Mr. and Ms. Right," she said.

Jim knocked his glass against his sister's and took a sip of wine. "Love is just a four-letter word," he said.

Amy laughed and took another drink of wine.

Jim's eyes left his sister and he scanned the kitchen, noticing the pots on the stove and dirty dishes. "How about I give you a hand with these dishes?" he offered. "It's the least I can do after you cooked me the best meal I've had since the last time I was here."

Amy gave her head a shake as she sat her glass down on the table. "No, thanks," she said. "They can wait. I'll do them tomorrow after you leave."

Jim gave his sister a puzzled look. "Tomorrow? I'll be heading home later tonight," he said.

Amy shook her head again, only more emphatically this time. "I'm not letting you leave after the wine you've had," she said. "Even if you don't get into an accident, you could get stopped by the cops -- or kill someone. No way, Jim."

"Yeah, you're right," he said. "That was stupid of me. I'll get a cab."

"Don't you want to hang out with me?" she asked, sounding hurt. "It's been so long, and I was really looking forward to us just sitting around and gabbing."

Jim felt guilty when he saw the forlorn look in his sister's eyes. He frowned. "It's not that. It's just that it's getting late and I thought you'd want to get to bed in a while," he explained.

"It's not late and I'm not tired," she told him. "I just want to sit around watching TV with you and talking -- like we used to. You can have my bed and I'll take the couch if you want."

"No, the couch will be fine. Besides, I'll probably be so tired by the time your wheels fall off that I could sleep on the floor," her brother told her.

Amy laughed and gave her brother a warm smile. She got up from the table and picked up the bottle of wine and her glass. "Good. Thanks, Jim," she said. "Come on, let's go sit down."

Jim took his glass of wine and followed his sister in to the living room. He sat down on the couch to her left. She aimed the remote at the television and turned it on, then placed the wine on the coffee table in front of them.

"I'm glad you decided to stay here tonight," Amy said. "Even if you weren't drinking, some company will do you good -- even if it is me." She turned to him and let out a self-conscious chuckle.

"Especially if it's you," he corrected as his eyes widened and he smiled.

"Awww... you're sweet," she drawled. "I can't believe you're not married yet. Girls must be tripping over themselves to get to you."

Jim stared straight ahead, frowning. Then he let out a sigh. "Not even close. Shelly dumped me so she could get back together with her last boyfriend. It just seems like I'll never find someone to spend the rest of my life with. Maybe my standards are just too high," he said with a frown.

"No, Jim, don't ever think that," she said, sounding very serious. "What are you looking for in a woman anyway?"

Jim drew in a deep breath, thinking. "Well, someone who's smart, funny... the usual stuff," he said, then smiled. "Someone like you, but..."

"But with bigger boobs," she interjected and let out a laugh.

"No... Amy... I wasn't going to say that," he said. "I was going to say 'but who's not my sister'".

A foxy smile formed on Amy's face. She straightened her back, glancing down at her chest for a second, then her eyes met his again. "So, does that mean mine are big enough for you then?" she asked.

"Oh... geez, Amy, let's not go there," he said, almost begging. But the look on his sister's face excited him. It was flirtatious and he had never seen her look at him like that ever before.

"C'mon, Jim, You're my best friend. There isn't anything we can't talk about," she said.

It took a moment for his sister's words to sink in, then Jim gave her an almost startled look. "I'm your best friend?" he intoned.

"Sure -- of course," she said. "There's no one I'm closer to, who knows me as well as you do, or knows as much about me and who I trust as much."

Once more, Jim reflected on Amy's words, then smiled. "Since you put it that way, I'd have to say you're my best friend too," he told her.

"Thanks. You don't know how much that means to me," Amy told her brother. She wrapped her arm around his, tugging him closer and rested her head on his shoulder.

"It's the truth," he said. "I never really thought about it too much. I just sort of knew it and felt it. Everything you mentioned is how I feel about you though."

Amy craned her head and smiled up at her brother. "Plus I'm smart, funny -- the usual stuff. Right?" she said.

"Yeah... definitely," he said.

"So, that brings us back to whether or not my boobs are big enough for you." She raised her eyes to his again and gave him a flirtatious smile.

Jim could feel his sister's breast pressed to his side and he recalled how they looked earlier when he was peering down the front of her blouse. His hard cock throbbed and his mouth was getting dry. "Ah... yeah, I guess they are," he croaked.

Amy giggled and tugged at his arm, drawing it into her firm breast. "You're not sure?" she taunted. "Wasn't the look you got at them when you tasted the spaghetti sauce good enough for you to make up your mind?"

Jim gave his sister a stunned look. He wanted to say something and words filled his mind, but she had rendered him mute with her brash remark. Never before had their relationship been overtly sexual like this. It made him anxious, but it turned him on even more. His cock was rock hard and his heart was pounding.

Amy drew her knees up on the couch and turned to face her brother. "You got a good look at them, didn't you?" she said in a silky voice.

"Yeah..." he admitted with a groan as he gave her a sideways stare.

"And what did you think?" she drawled.

"That I shouldn't be looking at them because you're my sister," he replied, then let out a nervous laugh.

Amy laughed. "And what else?" she prodded, inching closer to him.

Jim noticed the wild, mercurial look in his sister's eyes and it excited him to know that she was turned-on too. It also made him less concerned about being honest about his feelings for her. "That they looked nice... big," he said in a raspy voice as his eyes moved down her body.

"Thanks," she whispered. "I didn't wear a bra today 'cause I thought you needed a little... cheering-up."

Jim chuckled but said nothing as he looked at his sister sitting beside him.

"I've had enough wine to not be shy about saying what's on my mind," Amy told him. "And you shouldn't be either, Jim. I know that earlier in the kitchen wasn't the first time that you've checked out my tits, but that's okay. I like it when you do." Amy gave her brother an anxious look as she waited for him to say something.

The wine had dulled Jim's senses some, but what his sister said was like a jolt to them. His cock was pulsing with his hammering heart and pushing upwards at his jeans. He smiled at Amy and quickly moved his eyes over her curves. Her skirt had climbed up her legs as she repositioned herself on the couch and her knees were apart enough to

allow him to see a portion of her inner right thigh. Her smooth skin looked soft and he wanted to run his hand up over it towards the softest part of her. His hard cock seemed to be begging for release as he imagined touching her through her panties as they kissed.

"You like it when I stare at them?" he asked in a hoarse voice, wanting to make sure he didn't misunderstand.

Amy gave him a shy smile and gently nodded her head. "Yeah... it makes me feel sexy and naughty," she said.

"But guys must check them out all the time," he replied.

"Yeah, but I only like it when you do it," his sister said. "They're not you, Jim... they're not Mr. Right."

Jim twisted around on the couch and gave his sister another surprised stare. "Me?" he gasped.

"Yes, you, silly," she said. "Remember how you said earlier something about why does the perfect woman have to be your sister? I know you were only joking -- or maybe just a little -- but that's how I feel about you."

"I wasn't joking that much, Amy," he said. "I'd love to find someone just like you in every way."

Amy slid closer to her brother. She wrapped her arms around his midriff and rested her head on his shoulder. "Stop looking, Little Brother," she breathed. "You can have me anytime you want."

Jim slipped his arm round his sister's waist, resting his hand on the curve of her hip and looked down at her. His mind was in turmoil as emotions and worries consumed him. "I... that... would be wonderful, Amy -- I know it would. I've even thought about it a few times," he said. "But you know we can't do anything."

Amy raised her head so her sultry eyes met his. "Not even a little?" she said as a teasing grin washed over her face.

Jim's heart was beating so rapidly now that it almost frightened him. He knew that his sister must have noticed the bulge in his jeans, but he didn't care. He began to hope that she would. "What do you mean?" he asked, content to follow her lead.

Amy picked up the remote and turned the television off, then moved closer to her brother. "I mean this..." she said in a hush.

Jim watched in disbelief as his sister sat up and pulled the hem of her blouse from her skirt and began unbuttoning it. Once it was open all the way she pulled it open to reveal her breasts to him. They were round and firm and hung down slightly. Her copper-coloured nipples were hard and thick, surrounded by areolas that were slightly lighter and perhaps a few inches around. They were perfect, just as Jim already thought -- although this was the first time he had ever seen his sister topless, except in fantasies.

"God... Amy, you're beautiful," he breathed as he admired her beautiful body.

"Thanks... you don't know how many times I've wondered what you'd think if you saw me... like this," she said. "I was worried you might not like how I look."

"Are you crazy?" he said and gave a throaty laugh.

Amy smiled, embarrassed by her insecurity. "No, but... I love you, Jim, and it matters so much what you think... how you feel about me," she said bashfully.

"I love you too," he said. "And stop worrying about that. I think you know how I feel now." As he spoke, Jim's eyes moved from his sister's pretty face to her perfect breasts.

Amy grinned. "I think I had a pretty good idea how you felt when you showed up today," she said.

"Oh...?" he grunted.

"Yeah," she breathed. "When I hugged you, you felt... hard."

Jim's eyes darted to his lap and his smile faded. "Oh... sorry," he mumbled.

Amy leaned closer, feeling her heavy breasts sway, and gave his hand a squeeze as she smiled. "No, don't apologize," she said. "That's how I want you to feel for me. For a minute I thought about saying to hell with supper and dragging you into my bedroom."

Jim's smile returned and he watched the subtle movements of his sister's heavy breasts as she leaned over him, her thumb stroking the back of his hand. "I do... a lot -- feel that way, I mean," he confessed.

Amy's smile widened and her narrowed eyes moved to his lap for a moment, then back to his face. "Like now, right?" she surmised.

Jim gave her a nod and a shy grin.

Amy let out a soft moan and slipped her arms around her brother again so she could rest her body against his. "What are we going to do, Jim?" she asked as she slowly stroked his stomach.

His arm went around her and he moved his hand under her blouse, wanting to stroke her back and feel her soft, warm skin. "I don't know," he said. "Nothing, I guess... we can't."

"Most brothers and sisters don't do this. Most sisters don't show their brothers their tits."

"Then I'm glad you're not like most sisters," he quipped.

Amy laughed. "And I'm glad you're not like most brothers, or you might have called me a perverted slut."

His sister's words anguished Jim and he eased her away from him so he could look into her eyes. "Never for an instant think that I could ever feel that about you, Amy," he said. "I love you." Then he leaned down and kissed her forehead.

Amy felt her eyes getting damp and she gave him a grateful smile and kissed his cheek. "I love you so much, Jim," she said in a shaky voice. "Thank-you for reassuring me."

Jim pulled his sister back to him. He kissed the top of her head and resumed stroking her back. "It's important to me that you know that and never doubt it," he told her. He looked down at her round breasts pressed to him and ran his fingers over her right one, then gently squeezed it. It was firm and felt heavy as his fingers slid along the underside and pushed up.

"Mmmmm... I've been hoping you'd do that," she moaned.

"Since when?" he joked.

His sister giggled. "Since you were about sixteen," she shot back.

Jim gave his sister's dusky nipple a pinch, then rubbed his thumb around it, listening to her soft moans. "That's about how long I've wanted to feel them," he told her.

"Well, from now on, whenever we're alone, they're all yours," she told him. "Don't wait for me to offer or make the first move, okay?"

"Really?" he asked.

"Really. I'll never say 'no' to you, Jim."

As he continued to caress and squeeze his sister's breast while he held her, Jim pondered her remark, wondering just how literally to take it. But for now he was perfectly happy with the sea change in their relationship. It was something he had craved for years and was surprised and elated that she too felt the same. He looked down at her laying against him, then at how her breast overflowed from his wide palm and splayed fingers. He licked his fingertip, then traced it around her thick nipple before giving it a tug. She moaned and clutched him tighter as she slowly writhed against him. Then she grew still and let out a sigh, silently laying against him.

1232 The sky eventually grew dark and turned sapphire as the siblings remained in a lover's embrace. When they had gone in to the living room earlier Amy had not needed to turn a light on. Now only the glow

of the light from the kitchen and one down the hall illuminated the apartment. Jim glanced at his watch and saw that it was approaching eleven o'clock. He looked down at his sister, wondering if she was asleep and softly spoke her name.

"Yeah..." she replied. She sounded either tired or very aroused. Jim thought maybe it was both.

"Are you getting sleepy?" he asked.

"A little. You?"

"Yeah," he told her.

Amy sat up and brushed her long brown hair over her shoulders, then looked down at her exposed chest. She stared into her brother's eyes as she shrugged her blouse off and dropped it on the couch behind her. "I guess there's no point in me keeping that on anymore," she giggled.

"No," he said, running his eyes up and down her exquisite body.

"Want to get to bed?" she asked him.

"Yeah, I suppose," he said reluctantly, although he just wanted to keep holding her.

Amy got up from the couch and reached out for her brother's hand. He watched her pendulous breasts sway before him, then smiled up at her as she pulled at his hand.

"Let's go," she said.

"Where?" he asked.

"My room." She tugged harder at his hand, coaxing him to his feet.

"I'm, ah, sleeping on the couch, remember?" Jim stood up. He felt his sister's hand brush over the bulge in his jeans as she gave his hand a soft squeeze. His cock throbbed and he moved closer to her, feeling her left breast caress his arm and the back of her hand rub his hard shaft.

"Come on, Jim," she pleaded. "I've got a big bed, and what's the difference if we hold one another there or on the couch? Besides, I'm too tired to do anything more than that." Amy giggled as she began leading her brother out of the living room.

"Okay, but hold on. I need to make a pit stop."

Jim let go of his sister's hand and went in to the bathroom. When he came back out he found Amy leaning against the wall, waiting for him. He stopped and smiled as his eyes moved over her bare chest and down to her hips, then up again. She looked beautiful and he could hardly believe he was fortunate enough that she shared his forbidden

feelings. His cock began to stiffen again and he wanted to pull her to him so he could run his hands over her entire body.

"My turn," she said as she brushed past him into the bathroom.

While Jim waited in the hallway for his sister to emerge from the bathroom he reached down and slowly rubbed his hard cock through his jeans. After about ten seconds he forced himself to stop, fearing that if he didn't he would either cum or push the boundaries with his sister farther than she was ready to.

"Okay... bedtime," Amy said as she left the bathroom.

She guided him to her bedroom and turned on a small lamp on the night stand beside her bed. She looked lovely, bathed in the soft glow of the light. "Time for you to get topless too, Little Brother," she joked. "I can't be the only one who's almost naked."

Suddenly Jim felt shy and modest, but he began unbuttoning his shirt. He tugged it from inside his jeans and tossed it aside. When he looked up he saw that his sister had slid out of her skirt and taken her sandals off. Now she was sitting on the side of the bed, wearing only a pair of steel blue panties. The front was lacey and the sides cut high to reveal her flared hips. Now only her most secret and private spot was covered by a strip of wispy material. Jim's eyes focused on it after they moved up her smooth thighs.

"Want me to turn around while you take your pants off?" she said and smirked.

When her brother didn't reply Amy laid down on the bed and moved to the far side with her back to him, then pulled the covers up around her waist. "Don't be embarrassed, Jim," she said as she stared at the wall. "You've just seen me nearly naked, and I already know you're... worked-up."

Jim said nothing as he kicked his shoes off and unzipped his jeans. As he slid them down his legs his hard shaft rose, pushing out at his boxers. He gave his sister a wary look and was relieved to see that she still had her back to him. He ran his eyes over her as he stepped out of his jeans and walked towards her bed.

When Amy felt the mattress quake beneath her as her brother got into bed she peered over her shoulder. "Can I look?" she asked with a titter.

"Yeah," her brother said as he pulled the covers up. He watched as she rolled over onto her back and smiled at him. Her firm breasts rose from her body like hills, capped by her hard nipples. He reached out and brushed the back of his hand over her right mound, dragging his fingernails over her soft skin.

Amy shuddered and felt her clit throb as her brother stroked her and raked his nails over her sensitive breast. She wanted to slide her hand inside her wet panties and rub her hard clit -- him watching her make herself cum would make it even more exciting for her.

"Mmmm... you're driving me crazy," she moaned.

"Sorry," he grunted as he took his hand away.

Amy rolled over on her side to face him, still smiling. "No, I meant it in a good way; I love it," she told him.

"Yeah, but I... it's just that..." Jim paused for a few moments to collect his thoughts, then said "Aren't you worried that this is happening a little too fast?"

"No," she said without hesitation. "How long have we thought about this -- seven... eight years? That's not sudden."

Jim turned to face his sister. His eyes moved to her breasts. He began rubbing her right nipple with his thumb as he watched the look of pleasure on her face. "I just worry that if we let it go too far it could do more damage in the long run than how good it is," he told her.

"I know what you mean, but we love each-other too much to allow that to happen. We've always been good at telling each other what's on our minds, so we have a good foundation. We're already best friends -- this just seems natural to me. Besides, what's going too far?" She gave her brother a teasing smile and waited for his answer.

"Well... you know," he said, afraid to say it out loud.

Amy raised up on her elbow and kissed her brother's cheek. She could feel her tingling nipples rub against the hair on her chest and she pressed her breasts harder against him. "You mean if you were to fuck your horny sister?" she breathed into his ear.

Jim's hard shaft twitched at his sister's salty talk and he put his arms around her and drug his nails lightly up her spine. She moaned and her body tensed for a moment. "God... Jim... I think I just came a little when you did that," she moaned.

"Wow... really?" he said as he stroked her sensitive back.

"Turn the light out and hold me while I fall asleep," she said as she moved against him. "I need to feel you against me and your arms around me."

Jim reached for the light on the night stand and switched it off. In the darkness, all he was aware of was the feeling of his beautiful sister lying across his chest as he held her and the love he felt for her.

###

Jim woke up before Amy the next morning. She was sleeping peacefully, her head on his shoulder and her soft hair covering part of his chest. Almost immediately his cock stiffened and rose, pushing up at his boxers. Jim smiled, concentrating on how Amy's breasts felt pressed to him and how soft her skin was as he gently ran his hand

over her back. After a minute she stirred and smiled, looking at him through half-closed eyes.

"Mmmm... I want to wake up like this every morning from now on," she said, still sounding groggy.

"Me too," Jim said. "If only we could." He kissed her cheek and slid his hand over her firm ass through her panties, then gave it a squeeze.

"You've never felt my ass before," she remarked. "You're getting bolder -- I like it."

"There's lots of places I've never touched you," he said and gave her a lusty grin.

"I know how to change that," she said.

"Me too," he said as he grabbed her ass harder.

"No -- I meant if we took a shower together."

His sister's suggestion thrilled Jim, but it also made him uneasy. He shrugged, avoiding her eyes for a few seconds.

her everywhere, stroking and probing. She kissed his cheek and slid her leg between his so her wet pussy was pressed to his thigh. She pushed down on him, feeling her clit throb and his hairy leg rub against her soft skin.

"Wouldn't that be fun?" she whispered into his ear. "You running your soapy hands all over my body."

Jim let out a soft moan and bent his leg slightly, grinding his thigh harder against her wet pussy as he held her tighter atop him.

"Wouldn't you rather feel my pussy than rub your leg against it? I'm so wet right now... you could just slide your finger in me and feel me squeeze it. Unless... you felt like bending me over and fucking me hard," she cooed.

Jim was almost dizzy with arousal as he listened to his sister talk dirty to him. His fingertips sank into her firm ass meat and he moved his hips, feeling his hard shaft rub over her hip. "God... Amy... you drive me wild," he moaned.

"That's what you do to me, Little Brother," she told him as she ran her fingers through his hair. "I bet you can feel how wet my pussy is through my panties."

"Yeah..." he sighed. "It feels wet... hot... soft."

"Do you want to feel how tight it is too?" she asked as she rubbed harder over his thigh.

"God, Amy... I want to," her brother moaned.

Amy rolled over on her back. She reached down and slid her panties off. With a grin she tossed them over her brother, onto the floor beside his jeans. Then she tugged the covers down to her knees, smiling up at him.

Jim sat up, and for the first time ran his eyes over the body he had desired for years, yet knew he was forbidden to even see like this. His eyes lingered on the thin strip of dark hair above his sister's wet folds. When she bent her left leg and parted her thighs he could see her pink lips, glistening with her juice. His tongue ran over his bottom lip and he wondered how she tasted.

"Go ahead, Little Brother... I'm all yours," she said.

Jim placed his hand on his sister's right knee and ran his fingers up the inside of her thigh. Her skin was soft and warm and he stopped inches before her wet petals and gave her inner thigh a squeeze. Then he ran his fingernails back down towards her knee. Amy moaned and arched her back, thrusting her round breasts upwards. She pinched a nipple between her fingers and gave it a tug.

"Don't tease me, Jim... shit...," she said through clenched teeth.

Jim bent down and kissed his sister's rosy cheek. "I love you," he said as he began rubbing her throbbing clit and spreading her juice over her lips.

"God... I love you too, Little Brother," she gasped. "Fuck, that feels so good... play with my juicy pussy. Feel how wet you make me."

Jim could feel Amy's dripping pussy grip his finger tighter as he began working it in and out. She lifted up from the bed to meet his probing and twisted her hips as her moans got louder. Her eyes were closed and she was sucking on her bottom lip and squeezing her right breast.

"God, you're beautiful," he said as he kissed her cheek again and pressed his thumb to her clit.

When Amy felt her brother remove his hand from her wet mound she opened her eyes with disappointment. Then she gave a faint cry of surprise as he grabbed her ankles and pulled her towards him. He knelt on the floor and slung her legs over his shoulders, holding onto her ass tightly. When his tongue slid up her wet pussy she cried out again, grabbing fistfuls of the sheet beneath her and arching her back.

"Oh fuck... god, Little Brother... yes, lick my tight cunt..." she moaned.

Jim spread his sister's lips apart and swirled his tongue around her pink pearl, breathing in her musky scent. He sucked on her clit as he slid a finger in her and began pumping. Her juice was beginning to run down his chin and he could tell she was getting close very quickly. He

pinched her clit between his wet lips and tugged, then sucked harder as his finger continued to pump inside her. As she squeezed his finger harder he wiggled it inside her and pushed up on her G-spot, rubbing it hard until she lifted her hips, moaning louder. When her cries of pleasure grew louder he shoved his tongue deep in her, pressing his nose to her clit and moaning to make his tongue vibrate. He could feel her gripping him inside her as she rubbed her wet lips over his mouth. A minute later she came in a series of moans and cries, writhing on the bed and calling out her brother's name.

Amy collapsed back on the bed, breathing hard as the last quakes of her orgasm rippled through her trembling body. The sheet she was on was damp and she could feel her juices running down to her ass. When she opened her eyes she saw Jim crouched between her open thighs and smiling. His mouth was shiny wet with her juice and he was licking his lips.

"God, Little Brother... you're amazing," she said in a ragged voice.

"So are you," he said as he slid closer and stroked her thighs.

When Amy sat up and saw the tent in her brother's boxers she grinned, then gently rubbed her foot over his shaft. Even touching him there in that way felt exciting and taboo to her, but she wanted more. "Stand up," she said.

1243 Jim stood up and watched as his sister pulled his boxers down to his knees. His cock swelled some more and rose until it was aimed at her parted lips. She licked them, then wrapped them around the head of

his cock. Sucking hard and giving the base of his shaft a squeeze she slid her mouth down. Jim moaned and ran his fingers through her hair and moved his hips, pushing his cock towards the back of her throat. She moaned and began working her mouth over his shaft.

"Oh god, Amy... that feels so good," he moaned as he held onto her head.

His sister slid her mouth off of his throbbing shaft and smiled up at him. Still holding his cock in her hand, she gave it a few slow strokes. Then she ran her tongue down to his full balls and back up to the head to flick it over the tip. She could feel his pulse as she gripped him. "Cum in my mouth... I want to taste you," she said.

When Jim felt her hot, wet mouth envelop him again he moaned and thrust his hips. She let out moans of encouragement and sucked harder. He began pumping, fucking his sister's mouth as she held his hips. Jim looked down, watching his wet cock slide in and out of Amy's mouth and listening to her moan and suck. She began playing with her right nipple and this excited him even more. He pulled at her hair as he pushed his cock deep in her.

When he knew he couldn't hold off any longer Jim let out a loud moan and a final thrust as his cock erupted in his sister's hot mouth. She gripped the base of his meat and sucked harder until he began to soften, then slowly slid her tight lips towards the head, hoping to milk the last bit of his cum from him.

Jim sat down on the bed beside his sister, panting and smiling at her. He put his arms around her to pull her to him so he could kiss her pink cheek. "That was the wildest thing that's ever happened to me. Thanks... god... I love you, Amy," he said.

Amy smiled at her brother and rested her head on his shoulder. "You can't imagine how many times I've thought about doing that to you," she said as she ran her hand over his left thigh. Then she looked up at him. "So, how about that shower?" she said. "I think we both could use one after that."

Her brother laughed as he stood up. "Yeah, but I can't promise that you won't need another one before I leave," he said.

"Mmmm... promise me that I will," she breathed.

The hot water of the shower felt good as it washed over Jim, but it did not even begin to compare to how wonderful it was to run his soapy hands over his sister's naked body after yearning to for so many years. He pressed himself to her firm ass and ran his hands up her stomach to her full breasts. He caressed them, then pinched her thick nipples as he kissed her neck. When he felt her reach behind to fondle his balls he moved his hips, rubbing them into her palm.

"I can't get over how beautiful you are," he said and kissed her cheek.

"Thanks," Amy replied. "I guess it runs in the family. I've always thought you were really hot; I was just scared to do anything."

"I know the feeling," her brother replied. He slid his hand down her exquisite body and cupped her mound. The heel of his hand rubbed against her clit and when she moaned he pushed harder, rotating his wrist.

Amy reached for the tap and turned the water off. "Come on, let's get out of here," she said.

The siblings watched one another as they dried off. Both of them still slightly overwhelmed by what was happening between them. After so many years of hiding their feelings and thinking that they would never become lovers it was hard to believe that it had finally transpired.

Amy's eyes ran down her brother's damp body to his cock. Her clit began to pulse as she thought that soon he would be hard again. She reached out and cupped his balls, smiling at him. "You know, next time, I'm going to want this somewhere other than my mouth," she told him with a wanton grin.

Jim tossed his towel onto the counter and placed his hands on her hips. He moved her closer until her hard nipples grazed his chest. "Are you sure, Amy?" he said. "I want that too; I have for years. But maybe we should draw the line at that."

His sister released his sac and slid her arms around his waist, tugging him closer. "I have no line with you, Jim," she said. "I decided that years ago, but was just too nervous to act on it."

"I feel the same. I just want to be perfectly sure you won't regret it," he said.

"My only regret with you is not jumping on you years ago," she said and laughed. "And that will be my only one."

"Same here," he told her. "But now we get to make up for lost time."

"Let's go get some breakfast," she said. "We're going to need the energy."

Amy held her brother's hand and lead him out of the bathroom, but when she felt him tug at her she stopped and turned.

"Don't you want to put something on?" he asked.

Amy gave her head a shake. "The only thing I want on me is your cum," she said. "Why -- don't you want me naked?"

Jim laughed. "Yes, all the time," he said.

Amy turned and she and her brother went to the kitchen. Neither were very hungry, but they sat down and had some cereal and juice. Later, when Jim got up to put his dishes in the sink Amy followed him with her eyes. Her clit jumped when she noticed he had the beginning of an

erection. Wearing only a grin, she got up and stood beside him at the sink. She reached down and ran her palm along the underside of his shaft to the head.

Jim let out a quiet moan and cupped his sister's left breast in his hand. He pushed up on it and bent down to flick his tongue over her thick nipple. He squeezed her mound harder, sinking his fingertips into it and began to suck and tug at her hard nub with his tight lips.

"Oh... yeah... suck on them, Jim," his sister purred.

She ran her fingers up the nape of his neck and held his head to her breast as she played with his hair. When she felt his shaft rub over her pink lips she looked down and smiled, then held it in her hand. She pushed it up to her hard clit and rocked her hips. Soon she felt him getting harder and thicker. By then she was more than wet enough to take him.

"God, I love your tits," her brother said. He looked up and smiled, still kneading her firm breasts.

"You can fuck them if you want, but there's somewhere else I want this first." She gave his shaft another squeeze as she spoke, feeling it throb in her hot hand.

"Mmmm... that sounds good to me," he said with a grin as he began to pump his hard cock into her fist. "I've wanted this for years, Amy."

"Me too," she sighed.

"Then now's the time," her brother said.

Jim kissed her cheek and held his sister's hand as they walked towards her bedroom. He got on to her bed and pulled her down beside him. His hand ran down her side to her hip as he moved her onto her back.

"I love you," he said.

"I love you too," she told him.

Amy bent her knees and parted her soft thighs as she reached out to her brother. She held his muscular arms tight as he moved between her legs. She watched the head of his shaft move closer to her soft, wet folds as she curled her legs around his. When he pushed into her she moaned and lifted her ass up to meet his thrust, then squeezed his shaft as it stretched and filled her for the first time.

"Fuck me, Little Brother," she said as her nails dig into his shoulder. "I've needed you for so long."

Jim began moving his hips, thrusting his thick shaft in and out of his sister's dripping pussy. He looked down into her eyes and smiled. He kissed her forehead and began moving faster, watching her breasts jiggle.

"Mmmm... you feel so good," he said. "I love you, Ms. Right."

"I love you too, Mr. Right," she replied as she pushed back at him, matching his rhythm.

Amy clutched at his shoulders, feeling him pumping in her and knocking against her throbbing clit with each deep thrust. His weight on her, pushing her into the bed, felt good and she hugged him tight.

"Harder, Little Brother... fuck your horny sister... show me what you've thought about doing to me all these years."

Jim's heavy breathing matched Amy's as he continued working his slick shaft in her tight pussy. He looked down, watching himself slide in and out of her, then at the look on pleasure on her pretty face. He had never felt more love for her than at that moment.

"I'm so close, Amy..." he groaned.

"Cum on me... shoot your cum all over me, Jim... I want to see it running down my body," she said in a ragged voice.

Jim pulled out from his sister's soaked pussy and straddled her. He began stroking his cock as she looked up watching him and running her hands over his thighs. He came with a loud groan, shooting a stream of cum over her breasts. A second smaller rope landed on her quivering stomach. He kept pumping his tool in his hand until he felt

it begin to soften. He wiped the last drop running from his slit on to her stomach then lay down beside Amy. He smiled at her and shifted his eyes to the puddles of his cum on her breasts.

"Finally... my brother's cum on my tits," she said as she began spreading his jism over her hard nipples.

Jim slid closer and rested his arm across her stomach. "You look so sexy," he said. "I don't want this day to end."

Amy turned on her side and looked into his eyes. "We have all of today and tonight, until we have to go to work tomorrow morning," she reminded him.

Jim put his arm around her and pulled her to him. She laid her head on his chest, dragging her fingers up and down the trail of hair leading to his spent cock. The siblings, now lovers too, stayed like that for close to ten minutes. No words were shared or needed to be. After a while, Jim said what was on his mind.

"Try to promise me something, Amy, if you can and want to," he said.

"What?" she asked with curiosity.

"That no matter what -- no matter who we might meet or even if we get married -- that you won't close the door to this part of our relationship," he said.

Amy's eyes widened in surprise. She paused, thinking, then smiled. "You mean that we still sneak off somewhere once in a while and get it on?" she said.

"Exactly," her brother said. "I know it's asking a lot, Amy. But I can't ever see me not wanting you in that way -- regardless of who else might be in my life. Hell, I know I could love another woman like I do you."

"I know," she said with a sigh. "I've thought the same about you, even before this weekend." She paused a few moments as her eyes darted about, then returned to his face. "Yes," she said emphatically. "You've got yourself a deal, Little Brother. I promise -- lovers forever."

"Lovers forever," her brother echoed.

Amy leaned in to her brother. At first her moist lips just brushed over his mouth. Then they each parted their lips and softly pressed their mouths together. Jim felt her tongue darting over him and he sucked and tugged at her bottom lip as he rolled her over on to her back.

The sun was high in the sky. Jim and Amy had the rest of the day and that night to be together in bed. But more importantly, they knew they also had the rest of their lives ahead of them as lovers.

"Don't forget that you're supposed to babysit for us this Saturday." Patrick Young said into the phone as he stared out of his office window.

"I haven't forgotten -- don't worry." Matthew Talbot assured his brother-in-law.

"Good! Thanks, Matt. It's Keri's birthday and I'm taking her out to celebrate." Patrick explained.

Matthew nodded. "How old is she turning... twenty-seven?"

"Don't rush it... she'll be twenty-six." Patrick said laughing "And don't you dare give her a hard time about her age -- you're only a few years younger."

"A few?" Matthew shot back "I'm still only twenty-one. I'm not that old!"

"Okay... so if you could show up around six-thirty that would be great." Patrick said.

"Sure, no problem." Matthew said as he drank a soda and glanced at the computer screen in front of him.

"I'll see you Saturday, Matt. Bye for now."

Matthew hung up the phone and smiled. His thoughts drifted to his sister and he opened a folder on his hard drive that contained photos he'd taken of her during his birthday party eight months previous. That day Keri had worn a tight t-shirt and short skirt, and Matt found it nearly impossible to keep his eyes off of her. Matt's favourite photo from that day was one of her sitting on a patio chair. Her skirt had ridden up to expose her tanned legs. His sister was smiling as she talked with her mother and he loved how her dark brown hair fell around her shoulders. He could see that she was peering out of the corner of her eye as he took the photo. Her brown eyes had met his a few moments later and he had wondered if she realized how attractive he found her. Matthew could feel his cock harden in his jeans and he opened another photo. This one was of his sister in the kitchen talking with their father. Her nipples were hard and pushed against the thin cotton of her t-shirt. Ever since Matthew had been a teenager he had been mesmerized by his sister's full breasts. Keri was slightly shorter than 5'4", and thin. Her small frame made her C-cup breasts seem larger than they actually were, and more times than none when Matthew was around her he had to force himself to look at her face as they talked. Matthew unzipped his jeans and pulled his hard cock out. Stroking it, he stared at the photo of his sister he imagined what she might look like naked and how her body must feel.

"Keri's still getting ready. She always takes forever." Patrick said as he greeted Matthew at the door that Saturday night.

Matthew nodded and sat down. "Typical woman, I suppose."

Matthew and Patrick jerked their heads around to see Keri standing behind them grinning. Matthew felt his heart begin to race when he saw his sister. She was wearing a black dress that came down to just above her knees. The front had a scoop neck with spaghetti straps, and as he watched his sister walk towards the kitchen table he surmised that she was braless.

"Barry's asleep. He'll probably sleep all night, but you should go check on him occasionally." his sister said as she deposited make-up in her purse and ran her fingers through her dark hair.

Matthew nodded and gave a vacant stare at his sister's chest. He noticed that as she bent over the front of her dress fell away and he could easily see the curves of her large round breasts. They jiggled slightly with her movements and he felt his cock jump to life. Matthew raised his eyes up to Keri's face and found her gaze meeting his. She gave him a warm smile and slung the strap of her purse over her shoulder.

"You can sleep on the sofa bed in the den downstairs. I made it earlier. We'll be late, so don't wait up for us." his sister said as she clutched his arm and kissed his cheek.

Matthew grunted a reply and relished the feeling of Keri's breast pressing into his arm. It felt firm and big, and he wished that just for once he could feel it.

He stood at the door chatting with Keri and Patrick while they waited for their taxi to arrive, then saw them off. Once they had left he went into the livingroom and turned the tv on. He sat on the couch and flipped through the channels, but his hard cock distracted him and his thoughts eventually drifted back to Keri and how she looked in the dress she was wearing.

A few hours later Matthew began to get sleepy. He checked on his nephew then went down to the den to go to bed. He pulled his jeans on and got into bed wearing a t-shirt and boxers. Close to two hours later he was awoken by the sound of a car in the yard, then laughter. Startled, he jumped out of bed and raced upstairs to the back door where he discovered his sister and Patrick coming in the house. Patrick was obviously drunk and Keri looked at her brother and gave a hearty laugh. She was surprised to see him standing there half-undressed and smirked as she ran her eyes up and down his muscular body. For an instant she felt a rush of lust, but pushed the feeling aside out of guilt and confusion, given that the cause of it was her brother.

"He had a little too much to drink, I guess. Can you help me get him to bed?" she asked.

Matthew felt awkward standing there in just his boxers and a t-shirt but managed to nod. "Just let me get a pair of pants on."

"Don't worry about it." she said as she shook her head "It won't take long, and besides, I've seen you in shorts plenty of times, this is no different."

Matthew gave a feeble smile and walked over to his sister and brother-in-law. He threw Patrick's arm around his shoulder then wrapped his own arm around Patrick in an effort to support him.

"I better help." his sister said as she stood on the other side and helped support her husband.

Patrick was mumbling and laughing to himself as the siblings began helping him upstairs. He was slightly taller than Matthew and they had a hard time maneuvering him. As Keri pulled her husband to her Matthew could feel her left breast brushing against the back of his hand. He slipped it down slightly to avoid any more contact, but as Patrick moved Keri had to hold him tighter against him. As they ascended the stairs Keri's breast was now pressing against her brother's hand. It felt firm and round. Matthew felt his cock twitching and was afraid Keri would notice the lump in his boxers.

"There...!" Keri exclaimed as they deposited Patrick onto the bed and she began taking his shirt off.

Matthew noticed the smirk on his sister's face. "Do you want to take his pants off, or should I?" she asked.

Matthew shook his head. "No way -- you do it."

Keri laughed as she unzipped Patrick's pants and tugged at them. Matthew watched as Keri crouched over her husband to pull his trousers down towards his feet. As she bent over Matthew realized that

he now had an even better view down the front of her dress than he had earlier at the kitchen table. Her breasts swayed with her every move and Matthew felt himself getting harder. Keri glanced up at her brother's boxers and smiled upon noticing the obvious tent.

"There... now hopefully he'll sleep the rest of the night." Keri said as she slid off the bed and pulled a blanket over Patrick.

Matthew nodded and tried to conceal his erection with his hands.

"I don't feel like going to bed just yet. Want to stay up for a while?" she asked him.

"Sure." he replied, feeling shy "I'll go put some pants on."

Keri shook her head "Don't bother. I think you look kinda cute in those boxers. Besides, I'm changing too."

Before Matthew could reply his sister had turned her back to him and slipped her dress down. He stared at her bare back as she reached for the shirt on the bed that Patrick had been wearing and put it on. He could make out the curve of her right breast as she leaned over in the dim light of the bedroom and he reached down to try to adjust his hard cock so it wasn't as noticable. He moved closer to the door and waited for Keri to finish changing.

"How do I look?" she asked as she approached him a few minutes later.

Matthew looked his sister over. She had only buttoned the last few buttons towards the bottom of the shirt so he was showing a good amount of cleavage. "Okay..." he muttered, afraid to say much.

Keri approached him and placed her hands above the waistband of his boxers. She pressed herself against him and he felt his cock rubbing against her. "Just okay...?" she asked "Judging from how hard you are I'd bet it's better than okay." She gave him a foxy smile.

Matthew felt himself blush and tried to break the embrace, but Keri pushed him gently against the wall and pressed herself on him again. He felt her leg slip between his and her breasts on his chest.

"It's okay. I'm flattered." she said in a whisper and kissed his cheek.

As she spoke Patrick began stirring and mumbling in his sleep. The siblings nervously turned to him then looked back at one-another.

Keri turned out the light on the nightstand and took hold of her brother's hand and brought him into the hall then shut the door.

"We've got some wine left in the fridge. Want some?" she asked Matthew.

herself a glass of wine. She stood next to him, leaning against the counter as she took a sip. He felt the heat of her as her hip pressed against him and his cock jumped back to life. Keri glanced down towards his crotch as she took another drink of wine and smiled to herself. She felt her clit jump and she began getting wet. She gulped down the last bit of wine and sat the glass on the counter. Turning to him she ran her soft hand over his taught stomach and looked up into his eyes and smiled. She leaned against him so she could feel his hard cock rubbing over her stomach.

"I love making you hard... it feels so naughty." she said as she rested her chin on his shoulder.

"Huh...? he exclaimed as he pushed her away gently by her shoulders and looked at her in surprise.

Keri laughed. "I know this isn't the first time you've gotten hard because of me, Matt. Don't you think that I knew all the times you've stared at my boobs over the years...?"

Feeling ashamed, Matthew pushed his sister away and turned away from her gaze.

"Hey... it's okay..." she said as she ran her hand down his back to reassure him. She wrapped her arms tight around him and pressed her breasts into his back "look at me, Matt. It's okay." She slowly spun him around to face her again.

Matthew tried to force a smile, then stared at the floor. His sister's hands were soft and warm on him and they only caused his cock to twitch. He felt Keri's hand slip under his t-shirt and over his stomach. She smiled as she looked down at the larger tent in his boxers than was there a few minutes previous. Before he could open his mouth to speak she had taken hold of his hard cock through his underwear and was squeezing it. She felt how thick he was and how it twitched in her hand and she got even wetter.

"Oh my, Matt... you're bigger than I expected." she breathed.

Matthew gave his sister a shocked look, but was unable to move as she continued to fondle him. She cupped his heavy balls and smiled up at him.

"Can I see it?" she asked, tugging at the elastic of his boxers.

"Geez, Keri, I don't know..." he replied.

"Here..." she said as she unbuttoned the shirt she was wearing the rest of the way. She pulled it open, exposing her breasts to her brother.

Matthew stared at his sister's breasts. They were even bigger than he expected and hung down slightly. Her dark nipples were rock hard and surrounded by silver dollar sized aerolas. She cupped them in her hands as she smiled at him, then released them. Matthew loved how they bounced slightly and swayed. Keri took a step towards him and

placed her hands on his hips, tugging him to her. He could feel her breasts brush over his chest and he looked down and stared.

"So... do you like them?" she asked.

"Of course!" he blurted out "They look great!"

Keri laughed and Matthew watched her breasts jiggle some more. "Go ahead -- feel them." she said, thrusting them towards him.

Matthew cupped as much of Keri's breasts in his hands as he could and began squeezing them. He ran his fingers over her hard nipples and pinched them. She closed her eyes and let out a moan as she ran her hands over his back towards his firm ass.

"How long have you wanted to do this?" she asked.

"Years." her brother told her as he continued to fondle her.

Keri slid her hand around and cupped her brother's balls again then gave his thick shaft a hard squeeze. She felt him throbbing in her hand and wished he was inside her. She felt herself getting even wetter and rubbed her thighs together as she stroked him.

"Okay..." he said nodding his head, still feeling nervous, apprehensive and shy.

Keri leaned back and began tugging his boxers down. Carefully she pulled the elastic away from him, bringing it down off his hard cock. Matthew's cock, once fully uncovered, pointed up slightly towards her. She gasped when she saw how big he was -- definitely bigger than Patrick's.

"Oh wow, Matt..." she said as she slowly ran her fingers over the bulging veins of his thick shaft. She noted that he was circumcised, and smiled as she traced a fingertip down to the bulbous head. "If I had any idea it was this big I would have seduced you years ago."

Matthew laughed as he stared at his sister's breasts bouncing slightly as she stroked him.

"Come here." she said tugging at his hand.

Keri took a few steps back and sat down on a chair next to the table. She pulled her brother to her so he was standing between her parted thighs. His hard cock was inches away from her face. She held his balls in her palm as if weighing them, then began stroking him, squeezing hard. Matthew braced himself on her shoulders and she took her hands off of him briefly to move his hands down to her breasts. He began kneading them as she moved her hand over his cock again in long deliberate strokes, feeling him thicken.

Keri leaned over and ran the tip of her tongue over the head of Matthew's cock then gave him a devilish smile. Without saying a word she wrapped her mouth around it then slowly sucked him deeper towards her throat. Matthew gripped her breasts harder and let out a moan as his sister's warm wet mouth slid down his shaft. She sucked harder and moved her mouth faster as his cock grew slick and wet. She pulled her mouth off it and looked down, watching as her brother squeezed her breasts and pulled at her hard nipples. She tugged at his cock, rubbing the head over one nipple then the other.

"Fuck them."

"Huh...?" Matthew grunted.

"Fuck my tits, Matt." she said as she squeezed them together and leaned towards his hard cock.

Matthew pushed the wet head of his cock between his sister's breasts and began pumping. She squeezed them harder and bent her head down. Her tongue darted out and she flicked it over his cock as he pushed up.

"Harder... I want your cum all over them." she encouraged.

Those words sent Matthew over the edge, and with one final push he sprayed a stream of cum over his sister's neck and breasts. She stuck her tongue out to catch some, then held her breasts up towards her mouth and began licking them. Matthew watched as a last few drops

of cum ran from his still twitching cock. Keri took it in her hand and sucked on the head like a ripe strawberry, milking the rest from him. She leaned back in her chair, spreading cum around her nipples as he pulled his boxers back up.

Keri began buttoning her shirt again and smiled at her brother as he watched. Once she finished she stood up and pulled him to her, sliding her hands down his back to grab his ass.

"I wish we had more time, but we should get to bed." she told him.

"Yea." he nodded.

She took his hand in hers and pulled him to her. She grabbed his ass and gently kissed his lips. They tasted salty. He gave her a surprised smile and she leaned into him and kissed him again. This time he felt her tongue dart over his lips.

"Have a good sleep." she said before turning to go, looking back once more before leaving the kitchen.

Matthew turned out the kitchen light and went down to the den and got into bed. He had a hard time falling asleep. The events of that night were overwhelming, but eventually he drifted off.

9:37. He sat up and pulled on his jeans and finished getting dressed before going upstairs.

Patrick was sitting at the table eating and gave Matthew a sheepish smile. "Morning." he said.

"Good morning." Matthew replied.

"So... I guess I made an ass of myself last night... sorry." Patrick said as he looked up from his scrambled aggs and bacon.

Matthew laughed. "No, not at all. Everyone needs to let their hair down once in a while. You were funny. Don't worry about it."

Patrick shrugged. "It's not something I do often. I haven't been that drunk in years."

"It probably did you good to blow off some steam." Matthew told him as he poured a glass of juice.

"Hey, I have a golf game in a few hours. I can drive you home on my way, or you can stay here and hang out with Keri and I'll take you home around suppertime. It's up to you."

"Thanks, I'll see if Keri already has plans first though." he replied.

Matthew scooped some eggs and bacon onto a plate and sat down opposite Patrick and began quickly eating. He was hungry, but he was also very nervous after what had happened the previous night.

"Good morning." Keri said a few minutes later as she entered the kitchen. She gave her husband a quick kiss on the cheek and smiled warmly at Matthew. "Have a good sleep?"

"Ya, I did." Matthew replied as he chewed his food.

"Honey, I have that golf game this afternoon. I was telling Matt that I could drive him home on my way, or he could hang out here and I'll take him home before supper."

"Oh definitely before supper." she replied as she sat down between her brother and husband "I never get to spend any time with my little brother. I'll be fun."

"That's what I was thinking." Patrick said as he put his dirty plate in the sink "I'm going to have a shower, then I'll be leaving."

Out of the corner of his eye Matthew ran his eyes over his sister. She was wearing a thin pink robe made of silky material, and judging by how it clung to her he surmised that she had nothing on under it. She smiled at him as she listened to her husband going up the stairs. She took another mouthful of food and waited for the sound of the shower. Once she heard the water running she stood up and leaned on the table next to her brother.

"Do you think I'm a horrible slut now?" she asked.

Shocked, Matthew jerked his head up to look at her. "No, of course not! Why?" he asked.

"It's just that after... well... I was afraid you'd regret it all today..."

"No... not at all, but, you know... we can't keep doing stuff like that." he told her.

"Didn't you like it?" she asked.

Matthew laughed. "Of course I did, but, Keri... we can't."

His sister frowned and gently sat down on his lap. She slid an arm around him and looked into his eyes smiling. Matthew's eyes roamed over her breasts up to her face. She pulled her robe open to expose her right breast, then cupped it in her hand. She leaned towards him and brushed her hard nipple over his mouth.

"You make me feel so sexy." she whispered.

"Really?"

"You were so turned-on last night. It was amazing! The only things that seem to excite Patrick lately are work and golf." Keri told her brother.

Matthew never replied as his sister continued to tease his mouth with her hard nipple. His whiskers felt rough and she liked the feeling.

"Do you really like them?" she asked.

"Are you kidding?" Matthew responded.

"You can suck on it if you want." she told him.

Matthew licked his lips and wrapped them around her nipple, drawing it in and flicking his tongue over it. He felt it grow thicker between his lips and he tugged at it with them. He reached up to hold her breast as he sucked and Keri ran her fingers through his hair. A few minutes later the sound of the shower stopped and Keri jumped from her brother's lap and quickly adjusted her robe. She let out a self-conscious laugh and finished eating her breakfast. When she heard the sound of Patrick approaching she brought her dishes to the sink and began filling it with water.

"I won't be back till around 5 o'clock or so. Don't worry about supper. I'll probably get something to eat at the club house." Patrick said as he hoisted his golf bag onto his shoulder.

"Okay." Keri replied as she scrubbed egg off a plate not looking at him.

Patrick gave his wife a quick kiss on the cheek and left. She watched out the window as her husband loaded his golf clubs into the car then drove off.

"Asshole..." she spat out as the car left the driveway.

Matthew turned to his sister in shock. "Keri... it's none of my business, but is everything okay?"

His sister turned from the sink to face him, drying her hands on the hem of her robe. Matthew stared as it opened to reveal her thighs. She wasn't wearing panties he noticed. "No...!" she said, then folded her arms around herself and burst into tears.

Matthew was mystified by his sister's sudden outburst and got up to stand by her. He placed a comforting hand on her shoulder and watched as her tears ran down her face. "What is it... what's wrong, Keri?" he asked.

"Everything seems wrong." she said as she collapsed into his arms, clutching his shoulders "I used to be so happy... Patrick was such a wonderful husband. Then it all sort of died out. I don't think he loves me anymore, and I'm beginning to hate him."

she regained her composure and stood up straight. She gave him a forced smile as she wiped her damp eyes and cheeks.

"Sorry... I don't mean to dump all my troubles on you." she told him.

"Hey" he said as he held her arms and smiled "that's what I'm here for. I love you, you know."

Keri nodded as she sniffled. "I know. I love you too, Matt." She leaned against him and held him tight.

Matthew ran a hand over his sister's back. He could feel her breasts rubbing against him, and as much as he hated himself for it, especially at that moment, he felt himself getting hard. Keri's thigh moved and he felt it against the bulge in his jeans. She pulled away slightly and looked down in surprise, then back up at him.

"You're hard..." she said in disbelief.

Matthew broke their embrace. "'I'm sorry, Keri. I really am. I didn't want it to happen. It just did." He pushed her away from him.

His sister took his hand in hers and pulled him back towards her. "I'm not upset. I'm just surprised, that's all."

"You mean that's because of me...?" she questioned.

"I don't see anyone else here." he said as he let out a nervous chuckle.

Keri laughed as she pressed her body to his again. "Do I really turn you on that much?"

"You must think I'm such a pervert." he replied.

"No... oh, no way, Matt." she said and kissed his cheek "I just thought I was the only one though."

"What?" he asked, looking at her face.

Keri took hold of his hand and brought it under her robe. She pulled it up and pressed it against her pussy. It was wet and she slid his fingers over her, pressing them into her clit. "Feel what you do to me." she said.

As his fingers moved over her delicate wet lips Matthew could barely believe that he was touching his sister's pussy. Like they had a mind of their own, his fingers began rubbing her, pressing harder. Keri moaned and bit her lower lip as she held onto his shoulders -- her nails digging into him slightly. Soon Matthew felt his finger slide into Keri and she cried out. He jerked his finger out, afraid that he'd hurt her.

"Sorry." he told her.

Keri laughed and caught her breath. "No, that was a good sound... your fingers were hitting the spot."

Matthew smiled out of relief.

"Say... I could stand a shower, and I bet you could too... how about you join me...?" she asked as she traced her finger over his chest.

Matthew gave her a pensive look but never replied.

"We've already both... you know... seen each-other, so it doesn't matter now... it'll be fun, what do you say? No one will ever know." Keri said, trying to reassure him.

"I probably should say no, but I don't want to." he answered as he smiled.

"Good!" she said and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek "I'll lock the door so no one disturbs us. If anyone calls I'll tell them we were out. Barry's asleep and will be for a while longer so we have some time."

Keri dashed to lock the back door then tugged at her brother's hand and pulled him upstairs to the bathroom. She closed the door behind them then pulled his t-shirt up over his head. She kissed his chest then turned the water on and adjusted the temperature. Once the water was

hot enough she slipped her robe off and let it fall to the floor. She stepped into the shower and watched as her brother finished getting undressed.

The spray of hot water felt refreshing to Keri as she stood under it, wetting her hair. She turned to see her brother step into the tub. His semi-hard cock and large balls swayed with his movements and she felt her clit throb. She picked up a bar of soap and rubbed it over his chest, then used her hands to spread the lather over him. She worked her hands down and gave his heavy balls a squeeze. Rubbing her breasts over his chest she held his cock in her hand, feeling it grow. She gripped him tighter and stroked it until it was pointing towards her. Gently she ran a fingernail along the underside then swirled her tongue around his left nipple. Matthew slid his hands over her back and pulled her to him. She felt his hard cock brush against her.

"Do my back." she said, handing him the soap.

Keri felt her brother's slick hands glide over her back and she leaned forward, planting her palms against the wall. As Matthew ran his hands up her back towards her shoulders she felt his hard cock slip between her legs. She reached down and took hold of it and pressed it upwards so it was rubbing over her wet lips. She let out a loud moan and began thrusting her hips. The length of his thick shaft was sandwiched between her lips as she held it against her. Matthew gripped her hips hard and pumped as she continued to moan, then he slid his hands up to her breasts and held onto them -- tugging at her nipples.

"God, I love your cock." she said, turning around to face him.

"I love your tits, and ass." he replied as he reached up to squeeze her breasts.

Keri reached down and held his cock again, she brought it up to her pussy and rubbed the head over her clit. She moaned again as she pressed him hard into her.

"Let's get out of here." she said and turned off the water.

Keri stepped out of the tub and quickly rubbed a bath sheet over her wet body, drying off some before handing it to her brother. She watched his hard cock bounce and his balls sway as he dried his chest and legs. She helped him dry his back then took him by the hand.

"Come with me." she said.

Keri led her brother into the bedroom. She crawled up onto the bed and pulled him next to her. Her eyes scanned his naked body, still glistening with water droplets. His hard cock was pointing directly towards her and she took him in her hand.

"You know I want this in me, Matt."

"Keri, we can't." he told her "We've already gone too far."

Instead of replying she layed down on the bed and parted her legs wide. Reaching her arms up to him she smiled.

"Come here, Matt."

Matthew knelt between his sister's open thighs and ran his hands up her stomach and over her heavy breasts. She reached up and took hold of his broad shoulders and pulled him down towards him. She gave him a tender kiss on the cheek.

"I love you." she said in a near whisper as her lips ran down his neck.

"I love you too." he replied as he brushed her wet hair from her face.

"Let me know how it feels to be loved, Matt. Even if it's just this once." she said.

Matt never spoke, but bent down and softly kissed his sister's swollen lips.

"I need to feel you in me." she emplaced as she took his cock in her hand and tugged gently.

Keri gasped slightly as she felt the head of her brother's cock slip in her. It stretched her open and she took hold of his hips and pulled him to her. Matthew let out a deep moan as his cock sank into his sister. He felt her grip him tight, holding him in her deep, then he began moving

his hips. Keri wrapped her legs around his thighs as he started pumping. The hair on his legs felt exciting as it chaffed her and she lifted up off the bed to meet him.

"Harder." she cried out as her nails dug into his back.

Matthew gripped her shoulders and began pumping his hips faster and deeper. Keri held onto him tighter and cried out as his thick cock moved in and out of her. She could feel his wet balls slapping into her with each thrust.

"I'm close." he grunted into her ear a few minutes later.

Keri pulled away from him and pushed him onto his back. She plunged her mouth down over his cock, tasting her juices on him, and sucked. Moments later he released a torrent of hot cum down her throat and Keri continued to suck until she felt him getting soft.

Feeling spent and exhausted, the siblings collapsed onto the bed next to one-another. Keri looked at her brother lying next to her and smiled. She reached out for his hand and gave it a squeeze. He turned to face her and kissed her cheek.

"I love you." he said as he looked into her dark eyes.

Matthew watched as his sister's hand slid down her stomach to her wet pussy. She spread her legs wide and began rubbing her hard clit. He felt guilty. Without saying a word he maneuvered himself so he was kneeling between her bent legs. He pushed upwards on the backs of her thighs, pressing her knees towards her chest. He noticed the surprised look on her face, then crouched down and ran his tongue up her pussy towards her clit.

"Oh god..." his sister cried out as she grabbed fistfuls of the sheet beneath her.

Matthew parted her lips with his fingers and swirled his tongue along the insides of them. He sucked then licked his way up to her clit. Slipping two fingers in her he wrapped his lips around her hard clit and began sucking. He drew it between his lips and began to hum, letting her feel the vibration of his lips, as he worked his fingers in and out of her faster.

"Jesus... Matt..." Keri cried out as she lifted herself up to meet his mouth.

Matt slid his tongue in her deep and rubbed his finger over her throbbing clit as she pushed against his face, moving her hips in a circle. She cried out as she tugged at the sheet under her.

"Oh god... Matt... oh god... I'm..." she cried out.

felt her release them as he bathed her sensitive clit in his warm breath. He looked down at his sister. Her eyes were clenched shut and she was panting, then her face broke out into a satisfied smile. It took her a while to catch her breath.

"I have never felt anything like that in my life... you're amazing!" she said, breathing hard.

Matt lay down next to her and ran the back of his hand over her left breast. He smiled at her.

"I could get addicted to you." she said.

Matt laughed and kissed her breast. "I know how you feel."

"I'm going to have to be getting Barry up though." she said as she sat up.

matthew nodded and watched his sister get dressed. He walked to the bathroom and used the toilet and put his clothes on.

"I'll meet you downstairs." his sister said as she held his nephew in the doorway to the bathroom.

"Sure." he said as he zipped his jeans.

Two weeks went by without Matthew seeing or hearing from Keri. He was scared. He assumed that she deeply regretted what had happened between them, and he was afraid that their relationship had been damaged beyond repair. This hurt him on different levels because he had come to accept that his love for his sister had changed. He had always loved her, but now the emotions were more intense, and in a way that he had previously not thought possible. Then one Thursday evening when he got home he saw Keri's car in the yard. At first he was happy and excited, then apprehensive and fearful of what she may have told Patrick or their parents. Suddenly he dreaded seeing her. When he walked into the house he heard the unmistakable sound of his sister crying. He went into the livingroom to see her and their mother sitting on the couch. Keri was crying as their mother tried to console her and his heart sank.

"What's wrong?" he asked, fearful of the answer.

"Patrick... that bastard!" their mother spat out as anger showed on her face.

"What?" he asked.

"I've left Patrick. It's over." Keri said as her voice heaved and she gasped for air between sobs.

Matthew was stunned. He felt his legs go weak and he slumped down into a chair beside his sister.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Well, I was suspicious for a while, and wondered what was going on. Then one day when he was out I looked in his golf bag and found these." she reached into her purse on the coffee table and threw a box on condoms down beside it.

"Wow..." was all Matthew managed to say.

"I confronted him with it. He's been fucking the new secretary at the office for months now." Keri began sobbing again and her mother hugged her.

"She and Barry will be staying with us for the time being." their mother explained "He and Keri can sleep in the guest bedroom."

"What will you do in the long term." her brother asked.

"I'm not sure." she said, shaking her head "You'll be going off to college in the fall. Maybe I'll get an apartment with you. It would be nice to make a fresh start in another town."

It was all too much for Matthew to take in at once and he leaned back against the sofa. "Wow..." he said.

"I'm going to go start supper and let you guys talk." their mother said as she left the livingroom.

Keri watched her mother walk away then slid closer to her brother. "I'm sorry I haven't been in-touch. I just had so much to sort out in my head."

"It's okay. I was just scared that things with us were ruined or something." he told her.

Keri gave her head a shake and took hold of his arm tightly. "No. Never. I love you, Matt. I just had to finish things with Patrick and decide what to do." she explained.

"So what are you going to do?" he asked.

"I meant it when I mentioned moving in with you when you go to college this fall." she said.

"But..." he began.

"Mom and dad won't find it strange, and no one there knows us. It would work." she explained.

"You're serious...?" he said as he looked into her brown eyes.

"Unless you don't want to..." she said, sounding hurt.

"No! Keri, ya, that would be amazing. I just don't know how we'd pull it off though. I'm still thinking how it could work." he explained.

"Leave that to me." she said as she kissed his cheek and gave his cock a quick squeeze.

Matthew looked at her and grinned.

"In the meantime I'll be here for a few months or so. Think you can handle that?" she gave him a wry smile.

"We'll have to be careful." he reminded her.

"That will just make it all-the-more fun. Stolen apples taste the best. Plus, I have condoms" she said with a sardonic laugh.

Matthew glanced out towards the kitchen then slid his hand up his sister's thigh to her pussy. He pressed his hand against it and gave it a rub, feeling its warmth on his palm.

"From now on, that's all yours, little brother." she whispered into his ear.

"So... I'll be needing a roommate while I'm at college. Know anyone who might be interested?" he said.

Keri smiled. "You know, I feel like my life is really just beginning now."

"Our life..." her brother corrected her.

Keri clutched his arm tighter and rested her head on his shoulder. Matthew bent down and kissed his sister's cheek.

"I love you, Keri." he told her.

"I love you too." she said as she rested her head on his shoulder, feeling more secure than she had in her life.

Lunatic Princess

The warm afternoon sun felt good on Nancy Horne's legs. So did the feeling of her husband's hand on her inner thigh and his fingers lazily caressing her soft skin. She smiled, looking down at Bill's hand on her, just below where he had pulled the hem of her skirt up to uncover her shapely, tanned legs. Her golden blonde hair shimmered in the sun and her brown eyes seemed to sparkle with excitement. When Nancy saw her husband's hand begin to disappear under her skirt and inch towards her damp panties she placed her hand on his wrist, stopping him. It was a Saturday in early April. They were both hoping for time alone that afternoon and growing impatient for it.

Nancy raised her head and her hazel eyes met her husband's face. He was wearing a boyish grin that gave her a rush of excitement. "Behave," she teased. "I think that Alex is still in the kitchen."

Bill Horne frowned. He glanced back over his shoulder from the back porch landing where he and his wife were sitting. Their nineteen year-old son, Alex, had gone inside the house earlier, leaving them alone. He told them he planned on going to a friend's house that afternoon, but wanted to eat first. Now Bill was growing more eager for Alex leave so he and his wife could continue their amorous play in private.

Bill leaned into Nancy until his lips brushed over her ear. A silver hoop dangled from her lobe and brushed Bill's chin. "The minute he's gone you're getting thoroughly fucked," he whispered. Then he pushed his hand higher under her skirt and pressed his fingers to her wet lips

through her panties. He could feel her heat and moisture through the cloth and his desire for her grew.

Nancy let out a girlish squeal as her husband's fingers pressed down on her lips and hard clit. Her pink button pulsed as he rubbed it, filling her with pleasure. When she felt them trying to pull her panties aside she clutched his wrist tighter, shoving his hand back down to her knee. She gave a wary look over her shoulder towards the screen door to their house.

"What's with you today, Bill?" she chuckled. "I feel like I'm a teenager again and we're in the back seat of your dad's old Buick."

Nancy wasn't a teenager anymore. She had not been one for over twenty years. But her slender body and pretty face made her appear years younger than she actually was. Dieting and exercise had kept Nancy healthy and looking youthful. But she had also been graced with a natural beauty and abundance of curves that only genetics (or costly surgery) can bestow. She sometimes examined her blonde hair for grey streaks, or the corners of her brown eyes for lines, but was both relieved and surprised to find neither, or at least very few of the latter. Her friends would sometimes joke that she was forty-three -- going-on twenty. This always filled Nancy with pride and a little vanity, which she tried hard not to show.

The sound of the back door opening made Nancy flinch and she jerked her head around to see her son standing there. She gave him an awkward smile, very aware of Bill's hand on her knee. She hoped he didn't move it any higher -- at least until their son was gone.

"I'm taking off, Alex said. "If Josh comes by later, tell him I'm at Danny's."

"Okay, Honey," his mother said. "Have fun."

"But not too much fun," his father chimed-in with a laugh.

"Don't worry. We're just helping Danny and his dad set up their new pool," Alex explained. "Josh said he'd stop by here so he could go over with me to help us, but I guess he's probably already over there."

Like their son, Josh was nineteen and attending Farnworth College. He and Alex had been best friends since childhood and Bill and Nancy were happy and a little relieved that their son was friends with someone so responsible and well-mannered. Josh visited their home often, and over the years they had come to regard him almost as their second child.

Bill watched his son gallop down the porch steps and walk down their driveway towards the road. Once he was out of eyesight Bill turned towards his wife with a wide grin. He squeezed her thigh harder and ran his hand up to her panties again as he nuzzled her neck.

This time Nancy welcomed her husband's rubbing and prodding under her skirt. She wrapped her arms around his broad shoulders and parted her legs so he could tug her damp panties aside. She moaned as she felt his finger slide inside her tight, wet pussy. For over an hour she had

been yearning for his touch there and was more than ready to receive him. She opened her legs wider, feeling her skirt climb higher. She pushed with her hips to meet his thrusting finger and thumb on her throbbing clit. Her juice began to seep down her parted lips and she wanted more of him inside her, and now.

"Are you going to fuck me right here, so the neighbours can see?" she joked, reaching out to rub his hard shaft through his jeans. When he groaned she gave his balls a squeeze, feeling his shaft thicken against her palm.

"Would you like that?" he asked, somewhat seriously. "Gary next door has been wanting to see your tits for years. This could be the moment he's been waiting for."

Bill's finger began moving faster and deeper in his wife's tight, wet pussy as his other hand glided down her back. He moved his hand around to the hem of her pullover and slid it up until her left breast was uncovered. Now he was even more glad that he had been able to convince her to not put a bra that morning as they got dressed. He gave his wife's heavy breast a squeeze, pushing it up and cupping as much of it as he could in his wide palm and splayed fingers. He bent down to capture her hard, brown nipple between his wet lips and began sucking and pulling at it hungrily.

"How do you know that Gary wants to see them?" Nancy asked, feeling surprised and intrigued.

She moved her eyes towards their neighbour's house next door, searching for signs of life there in the windows and yard. She could feel the breeze wash over her hard, wet nipple and the hot sun on her bare breast. Suddenly the thought of their handsome neighbour leering at her during this intimate moment and seeing her exposed breast and legs wide open made her very horny. She looked back down at her chest, watching as her husband uncovered her right breast and pushed it up to lick her thick nipple.

"I've seen how he stares at them whenever he's over," Bill said, his not breath caressing her bare chest. "The last time he was here when you had that green tank top on I thought his eyes were going to pop out and roll across the floor."

Nancy laughed and clutched his shoulders tighter, urging him to suck and grope at her harder. She arched her back and took another look over at the house next door as her clit pulsed. When she saw her husband begin to undo his jeans her eyes grew wide and she became nervous. "Bill, you wouldn't dare -- not here!" she gasped with a laugh.

"Where do you want me to fuck you then?" he asked as his blue eyes met hers.

"In my pussy," she giggled. "And preferably in the house, where no one can watch you do it."

1289 Bill stood up, his erection tenting his unzipped jeans, and pulled his wife to her feet with a swift tug by her wrist. As soon as they were inside he hauled her pullover over her head and let it fall to the kitchen

floor. Her breasts jiggled as he pulled her in to the living room and pushed her down on the couch. A second later he was on her. His hands seemed to be everywhere as he reached under her skirt to pull her panties off and toss them aside. Then he ran his hands up the underside of her legs to spread them and push her knees up towards her chest.

Nancy ran her hands over her husband's broad back as she wrapped her legs around his thighs. She let out a throaty moan as he entered her with a hard thrust of his hips. Their foreplay had ended on the porch. Now she needed to feel him pounding inside her dripping pussy.

"Fuck me hard, Bill," she begged. "Stuff my wet cunt with your thick cock. I want to feel your cum dripping from my sore pussy."

As Nancy had hoped, her nasty talk fueled her husband's craving for her. He began moving his hips faster as his hard shaft moved in and out of her like a jackhammer. She lifted her ass up from the couch, pushing back to receive his shaft and grind her clit against him with each downward stab he made deep into her. Her heavy breasts quivered as she was pushed harder onto the couch. She could feel her musky juice begin to trickle down her and coat his balls as they slapped against her.

Nancy was oblivious to the sounds of their rough lovemaking or how wanton she looked -- legs splayed and pushed back as she lay on the couch topless with her blonde hair fanned out beneath her. All she was concentrating on were the wonderful sensations caused by what her husband was doing to her. He pressed his weight down on her and continued to pump his cock inside her dripping pussy. She cried out in pleasure, urging him to push faster and harder into her. A few minutes

later she opened her eyes and tried to gasp in shock, but all that left her parted lips was another moan.

From where she was lying on the couch, getting fucked harder than she had been in weeks, Nancy saw Josh standing on the entranceway to the living room. He was wearing a t-shirt that hugged his broad shoulders and left his tanned, muscular arms bare. The bulge in the front of his tight jeans was very noticeable and Nancy's narrowed eyes locked on it. She imagined what his engorged shaft might look like. Probably as big as her husband's, she concluded. For a moment she imaged having both cocks in her as she licked her lips. Josh had a foxy smile on his face as his blue eyes were riveted to Nancy, watching as her husband continued to work his shaft in and out of her.

Nancy's first impulse had been to scream and push Bill away to alert him to Josh's intrusion. This was quickly replaced with shameless wantonness when she saw the hungry look in Josh's wide, blue eyes. They moved up her bent thigh to her quivering, bare breast. She smiled at him seductively and reached up to squeeze her left breast. She gave her thick nipple a pinch and a good tug as she ran her tongue over her lower lip. Her eyes locked on Josh's erection as he watched her get slammed into the couch by her husband. Seconds later, Nancy felt the first orgasm wash over her. She arched her back and closed her eyes as she let out another moan. When she opened her eyes she was somewhat disappointed to discover that Josh was gone. She closed her eyes again, picturing him there, watching her get fucked as she came again.

###

Nancy never told Bill about Josh's presence during their lovemaking. She knew that could never adequately account for having not halted their coupling to tell him of their audience of one. Instead, those few minutes became the source of arousal whenever Nancy recalled them. Over the next several days she thought back to the look in Josh's eyes, his expression and the tent in his jeans -- all of which told her that he obviously wished it was him rather than Bill, shoving his hard cock deep in her tight pussy. And the thought of it began to excite Nancy more.

It was four days later, on a Wednesday afternoon after classes at college, when Josh next visited their house. He stopped in with Alex and they had gone upstairs to Alex's bedroom. But they had been in the kitchen long enough for each of them to pour a glass of Pepsi.

"Hi, Mrs. Horne, how are you?" Josh asked as he entered the kitchen. He brushed his sandy blonde hair back and smiled at her.

"Not bad," she said with a coy smile as she watched his eyes leave hers and move downwards.

Nancy felt her pulse quicken and tried to ignore the increasing wetness of her pussy as she sat at the kitchen table, looking over grocery flyers. She was very conscious of how Josh took furtive looks at her from the corner of her eye as she asked her son about how his classes had been that day. After Alex had gulped down half of his glass of pop he returned to the fridge for more. Nancy arched her back, pushing her breasts out at the front of her blouse and gave Josh a warm smile. He winked and grinned, then licked his lips he stared at the outline of her

hard nipples poking out at the material. Then he turned and followed Alex upstairs.

Nancy could hear music coming from her son's bedroom upstairs later as she sat at the kitchen table. She wished that she was alone so she could go up to her room to masturbate. Or maybe the living room couch -- the very spot where Josh had witnessed her, nearly naked in lewd abandon. She tugged the hem of her skirt up her thighs and slid her hand under it. She was surprised by her wetness, then amazed by how quickly she made herself cum right there as she rubbed her throbbing clit and thought about Josh burying his cock inside her.

Over an hour later when Alex and Josh returned to the kitchen Nancy had regained her composure. She had satisfied her libido enough to feel less flustered around them. When she heard their voices as they came down the stairs she looked at the front of her blouse and pulled it away from herself so her stiff nipples weren't obvious. She watched as Josh put his coat on, his eyes darting towards her briefly.

"Oh, you wanted to borrow those Kings of Leon CDs, didn't you," Alex said to his friend.

"Yeah, if you don't mind," Josh replied.

"No, Hang on -- I'll go get them."

"You're looking as lovely as ever, Mrs. Horny," he said, shooting her a grin. "But you looked especially beautiful the other day."

Nancy knew that most women -- respectable women -- would feel mortified by Josh's bold remark in reference to what he had witnessed, but she felt her heart accelerate and her clit jump. She gave him a feeble smile, feeling her cheeks flush. "I'm hoping we can forget about what you saw on Saturday," she said in a low voice.

Josh let out a guffaw. "Are you kidding? I'll never forget that!" he said. "That's the wildest thing I've ever seen. You looked so hot, Mrs. Horny."

"Josh... you've been coming here for years, and I look at you almost like a son. I just wish that we could..."

Nancy was interrupted by the sound of Alex coming back down the stairs. She gave a nervous look towards the hall and stared back down towards the grocery flyer spread out in front of her. She began twirling strands of her hair around her finger nervously, hoping that Josh would leave soon.

"Here ya go, Josh. I think you're gonna like these." Alex handed his friend two compact discs with a smile.

1294 "Thanks, man," Josh said. "I'll get these back to you in a few days, after I listen to them. I'll probably rip them too." He paused and looked back to Nancy. "Bye for now, Mrs. Horne," he said as he left.

Nancy was relieved when her son returned to his bedroom after Josh left. She was agitated and turned-on again and did not want Alex to notice. Rather than sitting in one spot and letting her emotions control her, Nancy got up and began making supper. She hoped that would sweep thoughts of Josh from her head. But she feared that his face would return to her mind that night when she and Bill had sex, like it had on Saturday afternoon and every night since.

###

That Friday afternoon when Nancy was watering plants in the living room she was surprised to hear the back door close. Thinking it was Alex home early from school she hurried out to the kitchen to greet him. When she saw Josh standing beside the table her heart sped up. Nancy wasn't sure whether the rapid beating in her chest was from nervousness or the beginning of arousal, or both.

"Hi, Josh," she said, then paused to gave him a baffled look. "Shouldn't you be at school?"

"Yeah. I cut my last class. I just stopped by to return Alex's CDs," he said, nodding towards the table.

Nancy walked over to the table and put the brass watering can in her hand down beside the CDs. When she looked up she noticed Josh's eyes focused on her chest. A small gush of juice moistened her pussy and her clit gave a throb. Now she was conscious of how her tank top

hugged her breasts and she regretted not putting a bra on that morning, but Bill had been so charming and insistent after they had sex that she gave in to his request. Now she wished he was home rather than at work.

"Okay. I'll tell Alex that you stopped by then," Nancy said. She hoped he would take that as his cue to leave. Instead, he took a step closer as his smile widened.

"Thanks, Mrs. Horny," he said with a wink as he ran his eyes up her tight jeans to her chest.

Nancy sighed and clenched her jaw, gathering her thoughts. "Josh, please don't call me that," she said, trying to sound stern. "I like you a lot and I don't want there to be any tension between us. I'm hoping that what you saw on Saturday doesn't change how you look at me or think of me."

Josh gave his head a shake and smiled reassuringly at her. "No -- of course not. Don't worry about that," he assured her. "I mean, it's not like I disrespect you for doing it with your husband. It's just that..."

When his voice faded out and his eyes moved to the floor Nancy furrowed her brow, giving him a curious look. "Just that what?" she asked, a little puzzled.

Nancy laughed. She was flattered and excited by what Josh had said, but tried not to show how turned-on she was getting. "Well, you're not him," she said. "Besides, you're Alex's best friend, and half my age."

"I know," he said with a sigh. "I'd still like to see you like that again though. You've got really nice boobs. I mean, I only saw one, but it looked nice... really big nipples too." He let out a nervous laugh as he stole a glance at her chest. "Like they are now," he added as he grinned at her.

Shocked by his brashness, Nancy looked down and saw her nipples poking out at her tank top. Her cheeks grew hot, but she still found herself smiling at Josh. "They get that way sometimes," she said and pulled up the right corner of her mouth.

"Like when Alex's friends stare at them?" he said pointedly.

"You're the only one I've seen staring at them." Nancy listened to herself, noticing how her voice had gotten softer, lilting and seductive. She knew what Josh wanted and the thought of it began to entice her.

"Am I the only one who's seen them like I did on Saturday?" he asked.

"Of course!" she blurted out and laughed to hide her arousal.

Nancy's nervousness and arousal increased during the next several seconds of silence as Josh stepped closer, staring openly at her breasts and nipples pushing out at her tank top. After a few moments he said "You're not wearing a bra, are you?"

"Josh," she gasped. "That's none of your business. You know better than to ask me something like that!"

"I'm sorry," he muttered. "I was just curious because of how they looked."

"Well, you'll just have to keep on being curious," she said with a smirk, then playfully stuck out her tongue, taunting him.

Josh laughed at her antics, then quickly reached for her left shoulder. He hooked his fingers in the strap of her tank top and yanked it down her arm, almost to the elbow. He let out an excited laugh as his wide eyes moved over her.

Nancy gave a cry of surprise as she felt her tank top slide down the left side of her chest. Her eyes and mouth formed wide circles as she looked at the predatory look in Josh's eyes. She clutched his hand in hers so he couldn't pull the strap any lower, feeling the curve of her breast beneath her fingers and wrist. "Cut it out, Josh!" she exclaimed. "You're beginning to frighten me."

Horne," he said. "I just wanted to see if I could see a bra strap under your top."

Now he was the one who seemed frightened and Nancy found it appealing. He seemed more like a nervous, horny boy and not threatening. She looked down and noticed that the top of her left breast was uncovered. Her wrist rubbed on her nipple through the material and she pressed down harder on it. Her eyes went to Josh's mouth and she knew that they were both thinking about the same thing.

"Well, now you can see," Nancy said. She pointed bare her shoulder towards him, feeling his hand run down her arm before it fell limp at his side.

"Yeah," he breathed. "I can see a little more than that too. Thanks!" His wide blue eyes never left her partially exposed breast as he spoke.

Nancy giggled. "Don't thank me," she said. "I didn't mean to show you see anything -- especially not that much." She knew that she should pull her top back up, but Nancy was immobilized by her growing horniness and the throbbing of her clit.

"Mr. Horne's a lucky guy to get to see them every day," he mused.

Nancy smiled and let out a soft laugh. "Thanks," she said. "I'm lucky girl too; he's a great husband."

After a few moments Josh raised his eyes to hers. He smiled, then gave her a pleading expression. "Could I see them, please," he asked.

His request and the manner in which he asked sent a shiver through Nancy. Her panties felt damp and now she wanted Josh to leave so she could massage her swollen clit. "Josh, you know I can't just let you..."

"I swear I'll never tell anyone," he blurted out, interrupting her. "Please, Mrs. Horne."

Nancy smiled again, amused and moved by his persistence. "You already saw one the other day," she said. "The other one looks just like it." She let out another laugh and peered down to her chest.

"Prove it," he demanded with a grin.

Nancy drew in a deep breath and let it out as she gathered her courage. She could feel her heart pound and her fingers tremble. "I'll tell you what," she said. "I'll let you see the one you saw on Saturday. You can already see most of it now anyway."

Realizing that her offer was better than a complete refusal, Josh nodded. "Okay, thanks," he eagerly said.

Nancy reached down for the front of her tank top. Wanting to tease Josh, she slowly pulled it down lower over her half-bared breast, then reached inside to lift her heavy mound from inside. It settled with a

bounce and she could feel the air wash over her tingling nipple. "There... have a good look, Josh," she breathed as she smiled at him.

"Wow, Mrs. Horne, you've got such nice boobs," he said as he stepped closer to her.

Nancy was looking into his eyes when she felt his hands on her hips. Then they slid up under her tank top and over her bare skin along her sides. "No, Josh -- no touching," Nancy said. She quickly reached out for his wrists to keep his hands from moving further up her bare skin.

"Not even a quick feel?"

Josh held her tighter and pressed against her so she was backed against the table. She could feel the bulge in his jeans pushing on her stomach. His hard shaft felt big as it poked into her. His hands felt hot and slightly rough on her soft skin and it excited her. She squeezed his wrists tighter and pushed down when she felt him trying to slide his hands up her body.

"No, Josh," she said forcefully. "All you can do is look, and you've done that. Now let go."

Rather than releasing her, Josh began rotating his hips, grinding his erection into her stomach. Nancy looked down to the bulge in his jeans pushed into her and felt her tense muscles relax. His muscled thigh slipped between her legs and he pressed it hard against her, rubbing her throbbing clit through her tight jeans. Nancy inhaled as waves of

pleasure suddenly shot through her and her pussy became even wetter. As Josh continued to hump against her and massage her clit with his thigh she knew that one, or both, of them would eventually cum.

When Josh bent down and wrapped his lips around her right nipple a cry of surprise and pleasure left Nancy's open mouth. She looked down and watched as he eagerly sucked on her thick nub. She removed her right hand from his wrist and ran it up his back to the nape of his neck. The whiskers on his upper lip and chin rubbed against her soft skin as he sucked and tugged at her nipple. Nancy liked the feeling of his stubble raking her tender skin and she pushed her breast hard against his face. Her fingers ran through his thick, sandy hair as continued to grind his hard shaft against her quivering stomach and pull hard on her thick nipple with his lips. A few moments later his body tensed and he grew still, letting out a soft grunt. Nancy continued to run her fingers through his hair and hold him to her cushiony, round breast as he came, leaning on her.

Josh looked up into Nancy's face, seeming ashamed. His mouth was agape and his cheeks were red. He frowned and his eyes moved to the left. Nancy smiled and ran her hand over his left cheek. It was hot and she could feel his rough whiskers on her palm. She bent down and softly kissed his bristly cheek, then grazed her own over it. "It's okay, Josh," she whispered. "No one will ever know about this."

He looked up at her, seeming surprised and grateful. Then he gave her a relieved smile.

Josh nodded, stepping away from her. He took one last look at her bare breasts as he adjusted his jeans, then bolted from the house.

Nancy fell limp on the chair beside the table. She needed to cum, but could not wait until she left the kitchen. She unzipped her jeans and shoved a hand down inside her wet panties. She began rubbing her throbbing clit as she pressed her thighs together. Her left hand went to her breast and she pinched and tugged at her hard nipple. It wasn't long before her first orgasm happened and her fingers were coated with her musky juice.

###

For the next few days Nancy's mind was in turmoil -- mostly from guilt, but also arousal as she thought about Josh's eyes and mouth on her and his thick cock grinding against her through his tight jeans. She had been with Bill since she was eighteen and married to him for twenty-one years. In all that time she had never allowed another man besides her doctor to touch her. To make her actions even worse, it was her son's best friend whom she had crossed that line with. She thought that confessing her actions was the right thing to do, but feared it would bring an end to her marriage, along with a friendship that had lasted many years. Nancy ultimately decided that silence was her best option.

The next Saturday afternoon when Josh visited Alex Nancy found him sheepish around her. She was at the kitchen table doing the crossword puzzle in the morning paper when he arrived. He smiled and was polite, but she could tell that he was nervous and perhaps guilt-ridden

too. Bill was in his office on the other side of the house, writing emails and surfing the Internet. She was glad he was not in the kitchen to observe her and Josh's awkward exchange and perhaps question it.

"Hi, Mrs. Horne," Josh said in an unnaturally meek voice.

Nancy fought a smirk, thinking of how he had called her 'Mrs. Horny', and rightfully so. "Hi, Josh. Alex is up in his room," she said.

"Thanks, he muttered, then lingered a bit as his eyes moved about. There was obviously something on his mind and Nancy knew what it was.

"It's okay, Josh," she said in a soft voice. "Alex and Bill don't know about what happened, and they won't."

Josh's eyes brightened. "Thanks," he sighed.

A grin appeared on Nancy's face and her eyes flickered. "For what -- not telling them, or for what I let you do?" She sat back in her chair and crossed her arms, feeling them push up on her breasts so her cleavage appeared in the V-shaped neckline of her dress.

"Ah... both," he said with a tentative laugh. Now there was a smile on his face and his eyes locked on her chest.

Nancy eyed the growing bulge in his jeans and gave him a wily look. "Yes," she said.

"Yes what?" he asked, cocking his head to one side.

"Yes, I'm wearing a bra," she replied. "That's what you were wondering, wasn't it?"

"Ah... actually I was pretty sure you were," he said, seeming more at ease with her.

"So, you don't want to check for yourself this time, then?" she teased as her narrowed eyes followed his.

"No," he said, sounding surprised as he pushed his hands deep in the pockets of his jeans. "I believe you."

"But wouldn't you rather see for sure? Come here."

Nancy straightened her back and lowered her arms. She watched as Josh cautiously approached until he was standing to her left, looking down at the front of her dress. She hooked a finger above the top button and pulled her dress away from her chest. She observed the expression on Josh's face as he looked inside her dress at her round, full breasts, held snugly within a white lace bra. She smiled and ran her eyes down to his erection, pushing out at his jeans. Had they been alone in the house she would have reached out for it.

When Nancy felt Josh's hand on her right breast her eyes widened and darted down towards it. She arched her back, pushing her hard nipple into his palm as he curled his fingers around her firm mound and gave it a gentle squeeze. Nancy felt her breathing grow quicker and her clit respond to his groping as his hand wandered over her rounded breast. He squeezed it again, his fingertips pushing into her. When he pinched her hard nipple she bit her lip to suppress a moan. Then she took him by the wrist and eased his hand from her.

"Better not start something we can't finish," she whispered. "Alex will wonder what's taking you so long."

Nancy watched as Josh reluctantly took his eyes from her chest, then turned and hurried towards the stairs. She listened to his footfalls and gave her soaking pussy a slow rub through her dress. She wished that she was alone, or that she and Bill were alone so they could have sex. Then, as her hunger grew, she knew that what she really wanted was for her and Josh to be alone. Someday, she thought to herself with a devious smile.

###

During subsequent visits by Josh over the next few weeks Nancy was relieved that their interactions were polite and devoid of anything sexual. Not only did she fear that her husband or son would suspect something, but she needed to force the thoughts and feelings that Josh stirred in her from her mind. She knew that she could not do that easily if he made advances at her, or if she allowed herself to behave lewdly

with him. Occasionally she noticed his eyes on her, but she could ignore that much attention and knew it was probably unrealistic to not expect it of him.

It was a Monday evening when Bill mentioned to Nancy that he wanted to take Alex on a fishing trip. They were on the living room watching television, or at least he was. Nancy was beside him on the couch, flipping through a magazine and ignoring the ball game on the screen. She looked up at her husband when he spoke.

"When were you thinking of taking him?" she asked.

"This Friday," Bill said. "I can take a day off of work and we can drive up to Maple Ridge and rent a cabin there."

"Have you asked Alex if he wants to go."

"It was his idea," Bill replied with a chuckle. "He's been asking to go for weeks now."

Nancy gave him a nod. "Well, I hope you guys have fun," she said. "Spending a weekend in a camp and getting eaten by mosquitoes doesn't excite me."

Bill slid closer to his wife and wrapped his arm around her waist. "How does getting eaten by me sound?" he asked as he cupped her breast.

"Mmmm... now that's how I like to spend my weekends," she said as she turned towards him.

"Maybe this weekend you can let Josh eat you instead while I'm gone," Bill suggested with a ribald grin.

Nancy jerked her body around to face him. "Josh?!" she exclaimed, feigning surprise and growing nervous. "What are you talking about?" she asked with a nervous laugh.

"Come on, Nancy," he said. "Don't tell me you haven't noticed how he looks at you."

Nancy sighed and felt her shoulders slump. "Yeah, sometimes," she admitted. "He's a young guy though. They all have perverted minds. But I'm old enough to be his mother, and Alex is his best friend."

Bill tugged at his wife's left knee, parting her legs, then slid his hand up under her skirt. He pressed down on her clit through her panties. "He still wants to fuck you," he said in a hoarse voice.

Nancy felt her pulse quicken and her clit throb. But she was still wary of where her husband was steering the conversation. "Well, he can't," Nancy retorted. "That's your job." She chuckled, feeling herself getting more turned-on by the thought of what her husband was suggesting.

Bill tugged her panties aside and pushed a finger between her wet folds and deep inside her. When he felt her grip him he began working it in and out. "Don't you find him attractive?" he asked.

Nancy waited a moment, then said "I never thought about it, I guess he's cute. But you're not suggesting that I let him do something, are you?" She widened her eyes and studied his hungry expression.

"If you want to, and if you promise to tell me all about it later," he said.

"Bill, I love you, but..."

"I love you too," he interjected. "And I know our marriage is strong enough that this would... spice things up."

Nancy was so horny that she would have let Josh have her then and there while Bill watched if he had have walked in the room. She was still surprised by her husband's suggestion though and needed reassurance that if she followed through on it that it wouldn't eventually come between them.

"I don't know," she drawled. "These things can backfire and ruin a marriage."

"I know. But I've thought about it for a long time and it makes me hot," he said. "Imagine getting fucked by a young fat cock -- that hasn't happened in..."

"Not since you were Josh's age," she interrupted and laughed.

Bill pushed his wife's skirt up to her hips and tugged her panties down. He tossed them aside, then unzipped his jeans to free his hard cock. He tugged them down past his knees and pulled Nancy astride his lap. Gripping her hips, Bill helped her lower herself on his rigid shaft until it was buried in her wet pussy. He looked up at her, watching her breasts shake as he held her ass, guiding her up and down on his cock.

"How would you like to have Josh's cock in you instead of mine?" he asked her.

"Just one time though, right?" she asked.

"Yeah," he grunted as he lifted his ass up to thrust inside her tight walls.

"I'll think about it and let you know tomorrow," she said. "Right now, I want to be fucked by you." But Nancy knew that her mind was already made up.

###

Alex was excited about the up-coming fishing trip with his father on Friday, but nowhere nearly as excited as his parents were. Nancy had agreed to a liaison with Josh if the opportunity presented itself, and just that promise and anticipation had already invigorated their sex life. She

was pleasantly surprised by the surge in Bill's libido and how his hands found their way under her clothes whenever they had a few moments alone. Nancy was also happy to be able to fulfill her fantasy without having to deceive Bill any more than she already had. She genuinely loved him and did not want to hurt him or their marriage.

On Thursday evening Alex returned home close to nine o'clock with Josh. Bill and Nancy exchanged sly grins as they sat together on the couch when they heard the two young men in the kitchen. Bill turned to his wife and quickly undid a button of her blouse and pulled it open wide.

"What are you doing?" she whispered with a giggle and looked down at her cleavage.

"Giving Josh something to look at." Bill began to fondle her breasts, making her nipples stiffen until they stood out from her blouse. A few moments later he looked her over, seeming satisfied with her appearance. Then he got up from the couch.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To get some juice."

Nancy could hear the muffled voices from the kitchen but didn't pay attention. She was lost in a fantasy world and distracted by her throbbing clit. A few minutes later she looked up and saw Bill walk in,

sipping juice from a glass, followed by Alex and Josh. Bill gave her a sly grin as he sat back down beside her.

When she saw Josh and her son entered the living room Nancy felt conspicuous, but very turned-on. She turned slightly on the couch to face Josh as Alex spoke with his father. She noticed Josh's eyes gravitate towards her, but knew that he would not dare be obvious about ogling her with Bill and Alex present. Nor could she do or say anything suggestive with her son standing there.

"Has Alex told you about our fishing trip this weekend?" Bill asked Josh.

"Yeah," Josh said. "It sounds like fun."

"Not to Nancy," Bill replied. "She won't come with us. I guess she's scared of chipping a nail."

Nancy laughed, but it was because she saw through her husband's guise. She knew he wanted Josh to know that she would be alone for the weekend. Now it seemed likely to her that Josh would pay her a visit and she became more excited.

"You don't like fishing, Mrs. Horne?" Josh asked, locking his eyes on her cleavage.

"Only if it involves choosing one in the grocery store, or picking a lobster from a tank at a restaurant," she joked.

Nancy felt somewhat relieved when Josh and Alex went back out to the kitchen to talk. She gave her husband a brassy grin. "You devil," she whispered.

"What?" he asked, feigning ignorance.

"Making sure he knew I'd be alone -- that's what," she explained.

Bill grinned and slipped his hand inside his wife's blouse. He gave her breast a squeeze as he kissed and nibbled at her neck.

Nancy tightened her lips to suppress a moan when she felt her husband tugging at her hard nipple. She pushed him away, scolding him with her eyes. "Bill, they're right out there in the kitchen," she whispered in his ear. "Be good."

Bill leaned away from her, still grinning. "I'll be good as long as you promise not to be while I'm away," he said.

"Mmmm... I'll be so slutty, you wouldn't recognize me," she purred, thinking it was probably the truth.

"What are you going to let Josh do to you?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

"Whatever he wants."

Bill leaned closer and kissed his wife's rosy cheek. "I love you," he said. "Don't worry -- this is going to be the best experience we've ever had."

"I'm beginning to think so," she agreed.

###

Nancy woke early Friday morning, filled with excitement and anticipation. Her husband and son would be leaving for their fishing trip later that morning and she wondered if and when Josh would decide to visit her once she was alone.

She rolled over beside Bill and slid her hand down the trail of hair on his stomach and inside his boxers. She stroked his resting cock and gave his balls a soft squeeze as she reached inside her panties to rub her pussy. She could feel his cock stir and begin to stiffen. He rolled over and smiled at her.

"Looks like someone's a little horny," he said.

Nancy gave his hard cock a squeeze, feeling it growing in her hand. "And you feel like you are too," she said.

Nancy pulled the covers down to their feet and tugged his boxers down to his knees. His cock thickened and rose until the swollen head was pointing up towards her, precum glistening along the slit. She opened her mouth and bent down to engulf his shaft with her lips. Sucking hard and giving the base a hard squeeze Nancy began working her hot, wet mouth over Bill's shaft. She moaned and sucked harder when he thrust his hips, pushing the head of his shaft to the back of her throat. She could feel him throbbing in her mouth and taste him on her tongue. But she wanted something else.

Turning over on her stomach, Nancy slid her panties down over her thighs, then stuck her ass up in the air invitingly. "God, fuck me, Bill," she moaned, looking back over her shoulder.

Bill rolled over and crouched beside his wife. He ran his hand over her ass and down to her dripping pussy. He pressed down, running his fingers over her pink lips and up to her clit, making her moan louder and wiggle her hips. "No," he said.

Nancy gave him a wide-eyed stare. "No?!" she asked in disbelief.

"The next person you're getting fucked by is Josh, and I want you to really want it by then," he told her as he pushed two fingers in her tight hole.

"I can always make myself cum after you leave," she teased as she pushed back with her hips to meet his fingers.

"But is that as good as feeling a big cock inside you?" he countered.

"No," she agreed with a frown.

Bill slipped his fingers from Nancy's wet pussy and crawled over to the other side of the bed. He stood there, looking at her, his hard shaft twitching and pointing at her. "Suck me," he said.

Nancy smiled and obediently sat on the side of the bed so she could slide her wet lips down his thick shaft. She cupped his balls and gave them a squeeze as her head bobbed up and down. Her breasts shook as they brushed over his thighs. The hair on his legs felt coarse on her sensitive nipples and she pressed her nipples harder against him. When his fingers ran through her hair and tugged at it Nancy grew still, letting him fuck her mouth hard as she moaned on his cock. When he pulled out from her mouth a few minutes later she was surprised and disappointed. But she smiled as she watched him rapidly stroke his cock. Moments later it erupted, spraying her breasts with his thick cum. She watched it run down to her nipples, then she began to smear it over her soft skin, making it glisten.

Nancy was still sitting on the edge of the bed, rubbing her pussy and spreading Bill's jism over herself when he turned and went to their closet. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"Finding something for you to wear," he said.

"Thanks, but I can dress myself," she said with a chuckle. "I've been doing it for years."

"But I want to pick out something especially sexy for you to wear for when Josh comes over," he explained.

Nancy watched with amusement and curiosity as her husband rifled through her clothes on the hangers. A few moments later when he turned and held up a black mini skirt with white flowers she grew apprehensive.

"This looks nice," he said.

"Bill, it's way too short," she said. "That's why I don't wear it anymore."

"You are this weekend." He tossed it to her and turned back to the closet.

Nancy stood up, holding the skirt against her. She frowned. The hem of the skirt came down less than half-way over her thighs. She knew that if she bent over or moved the wrong way someone could see up it. But the thought of that sent a thrill through her anyway.

A minute or so later Bill emerged from the closet holding a white cropped blouse. It had a scoop neck and buttons down the front. "And this blouse," he said, tossing it over to her.

"I've never worn that blouse, Bill. You bought it for my birthday because you liked how I looked in it, but I didn't wear it because you can see my tits if I raise my arms or bend over."

"Well, you're wearing it this weekend -- without a bra," he ordered.

Despite her nervousness over wearing such revealing clothes around Josh, Nancy was turned-on by how forceful Bill was. She liked for him to be in control and making her do something that she would normally never dare to. Maybe because it somehow freed her of any guilt since she had little choice in the matter.

"With no bra?" she asked, surveying how short the blouse in her hands was.

"That's right," he said. "And no panties either."

Nancy laughed. "Hell, why don't you just make me lie naked on the couch and wait for Josh to jump on me?"

Bill laughed as he ran his eyes over his wife's cum-soaked breasts.

"I'm wearing a bra and panties," she insisted. "I don't want to be too obvious. I'll look like I'm begging to get fucked."

"Well, you were a few minutes ago," he retorted.

"Yes, and you wouldn't -- you prick," she said.

Bill walked over to his wife and pulled her to him as he stroked her head. Her sticky breasts rubbed against his spent cock and she wished it was hard and sliding between them. She ran her hands up his thighs and grabbed his ass, tugging him closer to feel his cock and balls on her.

"I'll fuck you harder than I ever have before on Sunday night, while you tell me what Josh did to you," he said, then kissed her forehead.

Nancy peered up at him with a loving smile. "And what if he doesn't dare come over?" she asked.

"I have a feeling he will," Bill told her. "All of Alex's friends would if they dared to."

"I hope not," she said. "I can only take one at a time."

###

Bill and Alex had only been gone a few hours that afternoon and already Nancy missed them -- especially her husband. She craved his hard cock and even resented him a little for denying her sex that morning. Now she needed it and the thought of Josh perhaps coming

over appealed to her libido; maybe even to the spiteful side of her a little.

It was close to four o'clock when Nancy heard the back door open and close. Her heart instantly sped up and she got up from the couch, hoping it was Josh.

"Hi... anyone home?" Josh called out from the kitchen.

Nancy went out and greeted him with a warm smile. Instantly she saw his eyes widen and flicker as they danced over her. She was almost wet enough for him to take her then. "Hi, Josh," she said. "Alex left with Bill for their fishing trip, remember?"

"Yeah, I know," he said. "But when I was over last night your husband said that his computer was acting funny and he asked me to come over to see if I could fix it."

Nancy smiled, surprised by Bill's cunning. "I see," she said.

"Plus, I thought you might be lonely with Mr. Horne and Alex gone," he added with a faint smile.

"And you decided to come over and fill the void," she said with a cunning smile.

"Yeah... I bet you have a nice void," he said as his eyes moved over her again.

"Bill's computer is in his office," Nancy said. "Come this way."

Nancy lead Josh through the downstairs hall to her husband's home office in a back corner of their house. It was a small room with only one window beside the computer desk. Nancy walked in and turned the light on and stood beside the desk in the corner. She folded her arms across her stomach as she stood beside Josh. She could feel her crop-top slide up a ways, but did not look down to check and see how much skin she was showing. Her heart was racing and she was starting to soak her panties.

"I never use the computer, so I had no idea it was broken," she said. "But help yourself."

Josh sat down on the chair at the desk and wheeled himself closer. He turned the computer on and waited for it to finish booting. From the corner of his eye he looked at Nancy's bare, smooth thighs, a foot or so to his left.

The room was silent except for the computer fan whirring. Nancy could feel the tension in the air and her excitement began to build as she waited for Josh to do or say something. A few minutes later he leaned back in the chair, staring at the computer monitor.

"Everything seems okay. I'm running a virus scan. If that doesn't find anything, then I don't know what the problem is," he said, glancing up at her. "But tell Mr. Horne I'll take another look if it keeps up."

"Okay, thanks," she said with a nod.

Nancy flinched when she felt Josh's hand on her leg, just below her knee. She looked down and the corners of her mouth turned up as she watched him stroke her. His touch was gentle and she liked it.

"You've got nice legs, Mrs. Horne," he said, staring at her thighs.

"Thanks," she said. "I thought it was just my tits you liked."

Josh's eyes widened when he heard her blunt remark. He grinned. "Those are really nice too," he said as his eyes moved to her chest.

When Nancy felt his fingers rubbing the back of her right knee she drew in a deep breath and shivered. Then when he dug his fingernails up her soft thigh her knees nearly buckled. She reached out with her left hand and braced herself on the hutch atop the computer desk. She felt the hem of her blouse rise up over her stomach, but she didn't care. She peeked down and saw that it was now barely covering her white bra. Her thick nipples poked out from it and Josh's eyes were on them.

Nancy smiled down at Josh. His hand was still caressing her thigh, just inches from the hem of her skirt. She wondered how long it would be before he moved it higher. "I am... wearing one," she said.

Josh gave a brusque nod. "I can see it -- it's white," he said. "Are you wearing panties too?"

Nancy nodded. Her mouth was dry and she found speaking difficult.

"Do they match your bra?" he asked as his eyes went to the front of her skirt.

"No," she said. "They're... they're pink."

"Mmmm... so they match your pussy then," he said with a lewd smile.

Despite everything, Nancy was still taken aback by his boldness. She frowned, silently rebuking him. "You're awfully bold today, Josh," she said.

"You're awfully sexy, Mrs. Horny," he retorted.

Before she could say anything, Nancy felt herself being spun around and pulled down on Josh's lap. She landed hard and let out a cry of surprise. His right hand went around her waist and under her top to

stroke her back and his other hand rested on her left thigh, just under her skirt.

Nancy looked down when she felt Josh's fingers on the inside of her thigh, then raised her eyes to his. She could feel his hard shaft poking up at her ass and she shifted slightly, feeling his bulge on her.

"There -- isn't that more comfortable?" he asked and smirked.

"Maybe not for you," she giggled. "It feels like I'm sitting on something big of yours that I probably shouldn't."

Josh grinned as his right hand moved to her ass. He gave it a squeeze, forcing her to rub it against his hard shaft. "No, that feels nice," he said in almost a moan.

"Nicer than what you did to me in the kitchen?" she asked with a glint in her eyes. "Think I could make you cum in your pants again?" She began moving her hips, grinding her firm ass against his erection.

Josh's smug grin drained from his face and his eyes left hers.

When Nancy saw Josh's look of embarrassment she actually felt sorry for him. She leaned against his chest and put her arm around his shoulders. "It's okay, Josh," she softly said. "It surprised me when it happened, but it was kind of flattering and really exciting."

"Really -- why?" he asked as he looked back up at her.

"Well, just that I made you that turned-on," she explained.

Josh nodded, then his eyes moved down to her chest, inches in front of her face. Her right breast had become uncovered as her top slid up when she put her arm around his shoulder. He stared at her hard, thick nipple, poking out at the white material of her bra.

"Your boob is showing," he mentioned as his eyes fixed on it.

Nancy glanced down, then shrugged. "So? You've seen it before," she said. "At least this time it's covered by my bra."

"Yeah, too bad," he sighed.

Nancy let out a sexy giggle. She could still feel his hands on her ass and the inside of her thigh. When she shifted her hips she felt his shaft rub against her ass and push up at her cheek.

"Your skin is so soft," Josh said, sounding mesmerized as he stroked her.

"Yours feels hard," she retorted, rubbing her ass into his cock.

Josh let out a shy laugh, then his eyes focused on her nipple poking out at her bra. "Well, yours isn't soft everywhere," he said. "It's hard right here." He reached out and rubbed his fingertip around her thick nipple. "Is your other one hard too?"

Nancy gave him an enigmatic smile. "You'll have to see for yourself," she taunted.

Surprised by her tacit permission and waiting for her to stop him, Josh reached for the hem of Nancy's blouse. He slowly pulled it up to reveal her bra-clad breasts. When he saw her firm, round orbs pushed up by her bra his wide eyes glimmered.

"Man, you've got nice boobs," he said.

"Thanks," she said, sounding genuinely pleased.

"Can I feel them... please?" he implored.

This time Nancy did not hesitate or refuse him. She gave a quick nod as she said "Sure, as long as you don't tell anyone I let you. Bill would kill us both if he found out."

Josh looked startled for a moment and scared. "Okay. No, I... I won't say a word," he vowed.

"Then go ahead, Josh," she said.

When Nancy felt Josh clutch her right breast she smiled and tugged harder at his shoulder and leaned against him. She watched and tightened her lip as his hand went from one of her heavy mounds to the other, squeezing, rubbing and pinching her nipples through her bra. She was so wet that she began to worry she was going to leave a spot on his jeans.

Josh's fingers slipped inside the right panel of her bra, searching for her hard nipple. "I wish you weren't wearing a bra," he lamented.

With a devilish smile, she said "Want me to take it off so you can play with them?"

"Really?" he gasped incredulously.

Nancy smiled and nodded as she slid from Josh's lap. Her arm was sore from being around his shoulders and her leg was getting numb from how she was sitting. She also wanted him to have a better view as she undressed for him.

As she began unbuttoning her blouse Nancy backed up against the computer desk and leaned against the edge. Once her blouse was open she shrugged it off and tossed it to the floor. Her eyes never left his as she unhooked her bra and slowly slid it down her arms to reveal her breasts. She leaned over slightly, making them sway while his wide eyes followed their graceful movements. She ran her hands down to

her nipples and tugged at them, watching his expression and getting even more turned-on by the look in his eyes.

"WOW..." he gasped, staring at her pendulous orbs. "I love your nipples."

"How would you like to suck on them, Josh?" she cooed.

Before he could reply, Nancy stepped away from the desk and stood in front of Josh. Her knees touched his as she put her hand around him, pulling him to her. She cradled his head as he wrapped his lips around her right nipple, groping her breast and pushing it upwards. Soon both of his hands were on her firm mounds, kneading and rubbing as his mouth moved from one thick nipple to the other. Nancy ran her fingers through his hair and ran her other hand over his broad shoulders and back as waves of pleasure went from her nipples to her throbbing clit. Their soft moans mingled and filled the room as their hands explored each other's body.

When Nancy looked down to Josh's lap and her eyes encountered the bulge in his jeans she knew what she wanted to do, and should do if she was going to thoroughly enjoy him later. She slid to her knees and ran her hands up his thighs, smiling up at him. She heard him gasp when she began unfastening his jeans and pulling the zipper down.

"Lift up," she said as she gave his jeans a tug towards his hips.

Once Josh's cock was freed from his underwear it rose until the mushroom head was under Nancy's chin. She held it by the base and ran her tongue up the underside to taste his precum. He let out a growl when her hot breath washed over the head and she wrapped her lips around it.

"Oh, god, Mrs. Horne," Josh moaned.

Spurred-on by his enjoyment, Nancy began working her tight lips up and down over his shaft, swallowing as much of his thick meat as she could. Her fingers gripped the base tight as her head moved up and down faster, bringing him closer. She reached under her skirt and began rubbing her clit hard through her panties as her mouth moved over his shaft. His moans grew louder and he began lifting up from the chair, thrusting the head of his thick shaft to the back of her throat. Nancy could feel the veins of his shaft on her lips and she tightened them around him and sucked harder.

When Josh let out a familiar grunt Nancy quickly pulled off of his cock, wanting to feel his thick cum coat her breasts. The first stream splashed over her mouth and chin and began dripping down to her chest. He shot two more bursts, spraying her breast and nipple with his hot jism. Nancy kept stroking him and rubbing the head of his shaft over her nipples while she licked his cum from her lips and chin. When she felt him begin to soften she let go of him and leaned back on her heels. She sighed and gave him a proud smile.

"That was... you're amazing, Mrs. Horne," he gasped.

Nancy felt almost as breathless as Josh, but she still needed release. While he was catching his breath she stood up and quickly took her panties off and dropped them on top of her blouse. When Josh opened his eyes and they widened, she grinned.

"I thought I'd take those off," she said. "They were getting kind of wet."

"You're really that turned on?" he asked, almost in disbelief.

Nancy sat back down on his lap. She let her right leg hang over the side so her thighs were parted wide. She looked into his eyes as she pulled her skirt up. "Why don't you check for yourself," she said.

Josh's eyes lingered on her pink, wet pussy and the strip of hair above it for a few moments before he slowly reached out for it. Nancy moaned when she felt his fingers touch her slick lips and began to rub them, spreading her juice around. He fumbled for several seconds before shoving a finger in her, deep. Nancy flinched.

"Easy, baby," she whispered as she gently took his hand in hers. "Like this..."

meet his probing finger. After a while she tugged at his hand, drawing his shiny finger from within her walls. She guided the tip to her throbbing clit and pushed down. She moaned and arched her back.

"Yeah, that's it," she moaned. "Rub me right there... harder... yeah... god, that feels so good, Josh." Her juice was running down and wetting his jeans as Josh continued to rub her swollen clit and Nancy began moving her hips in a tight circle.

When Nancy came for the first time Josh's fingers stopped moving, but she held his hand and coaxed him to keep stroking her button. She put her arm around his shoulders and held on to him as she grew light-headed. She began bucking her hips to grind her button hard against his wet finger and telling him not to stop between throaty moans. By the time Josh had made her cum two more times Nancy lay limp against him and smiling.

"Thanks, I really needed that." Nancy leaned into him and tenderly kissed his cheek.

"Anytime," he smiled. "Hopefully I'll be better at it next time."

"You were wonderful, Josh. I came, didn't I? Three times." She made a point of not telling him there would be no next time.

Josh held Nancy tight against his chest and gave her a pleased smile. He craned his head up and kissed her rosy cheek and gazed into her

narrowed eyes. Then he began to slowly stroke her back as they cuddled.

Nancy felt tired after cumming hard but she knew that her craving had not been completely satisfied -- neither had Josh's. They just needed time to recover. She lost track of time as she sat on his lap and he held her as his other hand gently explored her breasts and dripping pussy. His touch was more gentle now as he caressed and stroked her body, then entered her with his finger once more. When Nancy felt his cock stiffening and pushing up on her thigh she was surprised, but excited.

"Ready for some more fun, Josh?" she asked with a titter.

"If you are," he said.

"I'm always ready for fun -- especially with a nice cock."

Nancy got up from his lap and looked down to the bulge in his jeans. She reached for his hand and pulled at it, bringing him to his feet. "Let's get that nice cock of yours out," she said as she tugged at his jeans.

Once Josh's hard shaft was out and pointing at her, Nancy curled her fingers around it and squeezed. she gave it a slow tug, drawing him towards her as she backed up to the computer desk. She looked down, stroking his shaft, then smiled up at him. "What do you want to do to me, Josh?" she asked, sounding coy and sensual.

"You know..." he shyly said.

"Tell me," she urged him.

After several seconds of silence Nancy said "Do you want to fuck me, Josh?"

He nodded as his smile widened.

Nancy glided her hands down her stomach to her wet pussy. She spread her lips wide to show him her hard clit as she looked up at him. "What do you want to do to Mrs. Horny, Josh?" she breathed.

"I want to fuck you," he said, looking into her eyes.

Nancy turned around. She gathered her skirt around her waist and bent over. She braced her hands on the computer desk and looked back at Josh as he stared at her glistening lips. "Shove your thick cock in me, Josh," she said. "Show me what you've thought about doing to me."

When Nancy felt the head of Josh's cock press against her wet lips and slide over her clit then back down she reached around and took his shaft in her hand. She guided the head to her folds and pushed back as it pierced her. She let out a throaty moan and braced her hands on the desk again. Her hair and breasts hung down, swaying as she began moving her hips.

"Fuck my cunt, Josh," she said.

Josh grabbed Nancy's hips hard and began thrusting his hips fast. His thighs and balls slapped against her as he stabbed at her soaked pussy with his hard shaft. Her loud moans excited him almost as much as the look and feel of her wonderful body. He reached up and squeezed her right breast hard in his hands. His nails dug in her soft skin a ways as he continued to pump his thick cock in and out of her.

"Yes... oh shit, Josh... fuck me hard," Nancy cried out through clenched teeth. Her fingers were curled into fists and she was looking back, watching him fuck her hard. She cried out in pleasure and pain when he pinched her nipple hard and pulled on it. "Don't cum in me though... shoot it anywhere else you want," she said.

Josh grunted a reply and took hold of both of her hips again. He was breathing hard and moaning louder. His cock made loud wet sounds as it moved in and out of her tight, drenched pussy.

"Harder... slam it in me... oh... fuck, yes," Nancy cried out. She began to push back with her hips to meet his shaft and feel it deeper inside her. She reached for her left nipple and gave it a twist, then pulled at it. She could feel the hair on his thighs rub over her soft skin and the sensation added to her excitement. She squeezed his shaft harder as he buried it deep in her.

1334 When Nancy felt Josh pull out from her she looked back, waiting for what she knew would happen next.

"Turn around," he said.

Nancy obeyed and when she felt his hand press down on her shoulder she sank to her knees. She was about to open her mouth wide when she felt his cum splash over her face. It landed in a streak across her right cheek and mouth. Josh pumped his cock in his fist hard, sending another ribbon of cum over her mouth and chin. She began lapping at it as the final bit hit her left cheek and ran down her flushed face.

Josh slumped back in the chair, watching as Nancy wiped his cum from her pretty face and lapped it from her fingers. She sucked one into her mouth as she smiled at him, then wiped more from her cheek.

Nancy settled down on Josh's lap and threw her arm around his shoulders. "This has been an experience I'll never forget, Josh," she said and kissed his cheek.

"Me either," he said in a husky voice. He pulled her to him, stroking her back and pressed his lips to her cheek and returned her kiss. He smiled, licking his cum from his lips.

"Just remember, you can never breathe a word of this to anyone, Josh," she reminded him.

Nancy smiled at Josh, feeling secure that she could trust him. Then her mind drifted to Bill and her smile widened. She knew that she had a wild tale to tell her husband when he returned home on Sunday.

More Than Just Lovers

Chapter 1

"Your nipples are hard, Cat."

I don't know who was more shocked by my uncle's comment, me or my mother? I glanced up from my plate of lasagna to my Uncle Gary, sitting at the other end of the kitchen table. He had a grin on his face, as though he was quite pleased with himself. He was also giving a blatant stare at mom's chest.

Uncle Gary is my mom's youngest brother and the middle child of three siblings. He's thirty-four, six years younger than mom, divorced, and born to raise hell.

After my uncle's wife left him, mom seemed to have taken pity on him, or maybe she feared that he could not cope with life as a bachelor again. Mom started inviting him over for meals occasionally and began delivering leftovers to him.

When my father's National Guard unit was deployed to Iraq, just a few months after I turned eighteen, Uncle Gary's invitations to supper became more frequent. Soon Sunday meals at our place became a regular event for him. It was a perfect arrangement. My uncle had someone to cook for him once a week and mom had some company, as well as someone to help out with chores that my father would normally have done when needed.

I was glad for my uncle's visits too. It gave me another guy to talk with and helped me to miss my dad a little less. I had not always been especially close with Uncle Gary, but we grew closer over the months. I also discovered that he was quite the opposite of my mother, Cathy, and prone to saying and doing things that most people would not consider, well... proper -- especially in the presence of his sister.

At first I wondered if I was misunderstanding my uncle's comments, or making too much out of what I heard and saw. The first time I noticed his hand slide down to mom's backside to give it a squeeze as he hugged her I thought he was just being playful. Then it happened again during his next visit. Sometimes he would comment on the clothes she wore and mention how they accentuated her shape -- especially her bust. It was then that I had to accept that my uncle's thoughts about mom were far from chaste at times. Perhaps a lot of the time.

It wasn't long after that when I too began to notice mom in ways that my uncle did. I had always considered my mother to be pretty and in great shape, especially for someone who's forty, but that eventually grew into more -- lust. Eventually Uncle Gary's comments about my mother's breasts, or how firm her ass was, began echoing in my mind. Although I knew fully well that it was unnatural and forbidden, the normal, healthy feelings I had for my mother turned into quite the opposite. I desired her in a way a son should not.

Mom isn't exactly prudish or up-tight, although one might think that if they only spent a little time with her. She's normally reserved and quiet. That's not to say she's aloof or proud -- just rather shy and introverted

at times. She is the polar opposite of her brother. It's like my uncle got her share of gregariousness.

When my uncle made his comment about mom's hard nipples that Sunday I was somewhat shocked at first. Not shocked that they were hard because I had begun to notice them occasionally for over a week or more, but shocked that Uncle Gary could be so brash as to comment on them -- despite how obvious it was that they were rock hard. I knew he always spoke his mind, but this went beyond his usual playful banter. It was his sister that he was talking about after all. Still, the fact that it was my mother he was talking about did not stop a rush of excitement from coursing through me. I felt my cock twitch and my pulse quicken.

I felt guilty. But I suppose any eighteen year-old male would have reacted the same way -- whether it was his mother or not -- and especially if she was as pretty and shapely as my mother. But that is not something someone would be as honest about as I'm being.

After I gave my uncle a glance from across the table I shifted my eyes to my mother sitting to my right. She was wearing a short-sleeved dress. It was light blue and made her sapphire eyes stand out. There was a row of tiny white buttons running down the front of the dress and I noticed that the top two were undone. But what I especially noticed was how her stiff nipples stood out from the front of the dress. It was made of a thin material and hugged her chest, clinging to her breasts as she leaned over her plate of lasagna.

anything. Her cheeks were a bit flushed and she could not hold my gaze. She pushed her black hair over her shoulder, then lowered her head to her plate once more. She began pushing her food around with her fork.

"You shouldn't make comments like that about me, Gary." Mom's voice was soft and devoid of any trace of anger as she spoke. More than anything she seemed bashful.

"Come on, Cat, I've said worse." Uncle Gary was still grinning and I wondered if he was going to continue with his lewd comments now that he had clearly flustered mom.

"Yes, but not in front of Mark." Her eyes darted my way for an instant before returning to the table.

The rest of our meal was finished in near silence. It seemed as though my uncle had been shamed into restraining himself from making any more inappropriate remarks. Mom filled the awkward silence by telling him how dad was doing and informing him on all the bits of news he included in his daily emails to her from Baghdad.

Once we had finished eating mom put the leftover lasagna in the fridge and gathered our plates and utensils.

"You can take the rest of this lasagna home with you," she told my uncle as she put the casserole dish in the fridge.

"Thanks, Cat. You're a great cook. I'd starve to death if it weren't for you." Uncle Gary pushed his chair away from the table and ran a hand over his bloated stomach.

Mom turned from the dishwasher, smiling. "I don't think you have to worry about that," she said. "It looks like you've got enough fat stored up there for a while." She laughed, giving his round stomach a poke with her finger.

Uncle Gary jumped a bit as mom jabbed him with her finger. "Like you can talk! I think you've been eating a little too much of your own cooking lately, Cat." As he spoke, my uncle turned and reached for mom's ass. He gave it a hard squeeze through her dress, then ran his palm over her shapely rump.

Mom let out a squeal and lurched away from her brother's grasp, almost dropping the plate in her hand. "Stop it!" she cried out, swatting her hand at his.

I laughed, watching the antics of my mother and uncle, but I was also trying to hide my arousal. Just seconds before Uncle Gary had grabbed mom I too had noticed how her tight dress clung to the curves of her hips and ass. Her curvy body looked firm. I had been wondering if she felt as good as she looked. Now I really envied my uncle.

Mom stood in front of my uncle's chair. She did not appear angry at him, which surprised me. Actually, more than anything, she seemed quite self-conscious. Her eyes flitted towards me for a moment, then back to her brother.

"I guess I have put on a little weight since Dave left for Iraq," she said, frowning.

Almost immediately, I noticed the smirk on my uncle's face vanish. It was obvious that he felt bad for having offended and embarrassed mom. He looked up at her, then forced a smile.

"Hey, I never said you didn't look good," he said. "Besides, I think most of the weight went to your chest." As he spoke, my uncle reached up and gave mom's left breast a squeeze. His fingers curled around it as he pushed it up. Somehow his hand seemed small as he cupped her sizable breast in his palm, molding it into a large orb as he pushed it up.

Once again, mom let out a shriek and recoiled. Her breast fell with a bounce as she lunged away from her brother's grip.

Uncle Gary was laughing, but neither mom nor I were -- but each for much different reasons. She was shocked and mortified by her brother groping her, but I was rendered mute with lust and awe. After a few moments I became aware that I was staring slack-jawed at my mother's chest once more. Her nipple had stiffened and swollen again. It pushed out at the material of her dress. It was only when she turned to look my way that I realized I was leering at her. I lowered my head and kept silent.

Without a word, mom turned and resumed filling the dishwasher. Uncle Gary got up and poured himself a cup of coffee. A tense silence filled the kitchen once more. I wondered what my mom and uncle were thinking -- although I had a pretty good idea of what was on his mind. When he said he was going to the washroom and left the kitchen I felt even more nervous around my mother. She seemed to feel the same because it was over a minute before she spoke, then only tentatively.

"I'm sorry about all that." She had approached me to stand beside the table.

I shrugged. "It's not your fault, Mom," I said. "Uncle Gary's the one who's bein' bad."

Mom spat out a short, nervous laugh. "Yes, very."

Silence once again. Mom was looking at me, probably trying to think of something else to say to diffuse the tension. During the silence my eyes fell to the front of her dress again. A third button was undone now -- probably pulled open when she had jerked away from her brother's grasp. Her nipples were hard. They looked thick as they stood out against the swell of her breasts.

Mom's eyes followed mine. She looked down at herself and gave a dim smile, then raised her head. If she noticed that another button had worked itself open she wasn't bothered by it. Although her dress remained closed enough so it was not obvious.

Mom opened her mouth to say something, but as she did we heard the sound of footfalls as Uncle Gary returned. She wheeled around and went back to the dishwasher. She closed the door to it, then turned it on.

Uncle Gary sat back down at the table. He began asking me how my college classes were going and wondering if I was doing alright during my father's absence. Mom poured herself a cup of coffee and leaned against the counter, listening to our conversation.

While I talked with my uncle I stole the occasional glance at my mother from the corner of my eye. Her ebony hair was pulled back over her shoulders and she was leaning back on the counter. The last thing I wanted was for her to notice my lingering glances, but I was enthralled by how her posture accentuated her chest. Her breasts were two firm mounds, capped by thick, hard nubs as she arched her back. For a moment I wondered if her posture was actually deliberate -- if she was trying to get Uncle Gary, or perhaps even me, to notice her. I had never wanted to touch her more than I did at that moment.

After Uncle Gary finished his coffee he glanced at his watch and stood up. "I should be getting home," he said. "Thanks again for the meal, Cat. Your cooking is the best!"

Mom followed my uncle out to the porch while he got his coat on. I was standing by the sink, my eyes shifting between her and my uncle.

me a chance to make one big meal a week." She gave him a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

"Well, I just hope all the food your eat keeps going to your tits." Uncle Gary laughed as he surveyed mom's chest.

I probably should not have been surprised by my uncle's next move, but I was; so was mom, I think. As he hugged mom, my uncle slipped his right hand from her narrow waist, up to her chest. He cupped her right breast in his hand, grinning as he grazed her hard nipple with his thumb.

Instead of reacting in surprise or ire, mom simply eased back, pushing her brother away from her as she moved. "I think you need to find yourself a girlfriend, little brother." Her voice was soft and teasing, almost sexy.

Uncle Gary laughed. "If only I could find one as hot as you," he said, smiling. "Bye, Mark!" Uncle Gary gave me a wave.

"Bye, Uncle Gary."

"Bye, Kitty Cat." He winked at my mother.

"I wish you'd stop calling me that," mom said, almost begging. She opened the fridge and handed him the leftover lasagna. "Don't forget this. I'll see you next Sunday."

I was still leaning against the counter by the sink when my uncle closed the door as he left. Mom paused a moment, then turned towards me. She gave me a faint smile and shrugged.

"What?" I asked, trying to fathom her expression.

Mom stepped closer and leaned on the counter beside me. "I guess sometimes it's easier to let him have a cheap thrill than fight with him."

"Mom!" I exclaimed, shocked at her acceptance of her brother's behavior.

She shrugged again and gave me a sideways look. She gave me a mischievous grin. I could feel the heat from her body radiating on me. It fueled my arousal and I forced myself to focus on her face.

"I learned long ago that what Gary wants most of the time is a reaction. When he doesn't get one, he stops doing whatever he's doing," she explained.

I let out a laugh. It helped to ease the tension I was feeling. "I don't know if that will work all the time though," I cautioned. "He might end up doing some things more if you don't stop him." I gave my mother a grin, assuming she knew what I was referring to.

"Like what?" Her blue eyes widened and she leaned back a bit.

"Like grabbing your boobs..." I explained. As if they were acting on their own, I felt my eyes move down the front of her dress as I spoke.

Mom glanced down, then back up to me. She had a smirk on her face as her eyes met mine.

"Oh... well, it's not like he does that very often. Besides, I know how to rein him in when he gets too carried away. Besides, he's fun to tease." She had a devilish grin on her face that I didn't recognize, but I liked it, a lot.

Astonished by her remark, I gave mom a look of surprise.

"It's not only Gary who likes to tease," she said in an impish tone.

Mom seemed amused by my reaction. She giggled and inched closer. When she draped her left arm around my shoulder I could feel her breast pressing against me. It felt firm and big. I began to get hard.

"Surprised?" she asked.

"Yeah -- I guess I just never thought about it before." I stammered.

I nodded, unable to force words from my dry throat.

"Well, I do -- sometimes. And don't you think it's better that if I feel like being a little bad sometimes while your father's away that I am around Gary, rather than someone else?"

I thought about what she had said. Her words made a perverse kind of logic, although she was talking about her younger brother. I nodded again. "Yes," I said, wishing she would be bad around me too.

"And it's not like I'd ever cheat on your father. I love him too much too even consider it. Besides, Dave likes Gary and trusts him. He knows I'm Gary's Kitty Cat and accepts that things with us are... not typical." She gave me a cryptic smile.

"Like him grabbing your boobs..." Once again I looked down at them as I spoke the phrase.

Mom gave me a shameless smile and stepped away from me. "Yeah, like that."

Silence filled the kitchen once more. Dozens of thoughts and questions filled my mind, but I dared not voice any of them. My cheeks grew warm and I felt my cock twitch as I forced myself to remain focused on my mother's pretty face.

"Now I'm going to go have a long, hot bath. I'll be back down later."

"Okay," I mumbled, watching her hips sway as she walked out of the kitchen.

I poured myself a glass of Pepsi and sat at the kitchen table. I listened to the sound of water running upstairs in the bathroom. When it stopped my mind was filled with the image of my mother, naked in the tub -- her tanned, wet skin glistening as she ran her soapy hands over her sexy body. After about a half hour I decided to go up to my bedroom to do some homework, hoping it would distract me from thoughts of mom.

When I heard the sound of water draining from the tub I looked up from my computer screen. A few minutes later I heard the bathroom door open.

As mom passed the doorway to my bedroom she did a double-take. "Oh, there you are," she said, sounding surprised.

My heart raced. I could feel my cock stiffen as mom walked in to my room. She had a purple terrycloth bath towel wrapped around her. It came down to just above her knees. Her back hair was wet. It shimmered as it hung down over her bare shoulders towards the curves of her breasts, covered by the towel. I swallowed hard as my eyes darted down. She was clutching the towel around her so her right forearm pushed her breasts upwards. Above the towel I could see some cleavage. Beads of water ran down her tanned skin towards the few inches of round flesh not covered by the towel.

"Homework or video games?" she asked, peering over my shoulder at my computer monitor.

"Homework," I told her.

"My third guess was going to be porn." She giggled.

"No, just homework," I assured her.

"What do you want to bet that Gary's looking at porn right now?" she asked with a laugh.

"It's probably a safe bet."

"If he knew that all I had own right now was a towel, he'd be on his way back over here." Mom laughed again and from the corner of my eye I noticed her breasts jiggle.

"Shall I call him?" I looked up at her. I grinned as I reached for my cell phone beside my computer.

"Don't you dare!" she gasped.

I was still looking up at my mother, running my eyes over her as I held my cell phone, when an idea came to me. I turned the phone on and aimed it at her. "How about I send him a photo instead?" I suggested, only somewhat seriously.

Instead of immediately dismissing the notion, mom paused a moment. I noticed her full lips form into a smile as she thought. "Okay -- what the hell!" she said with a giggle.

"Really?" I asked, not quite able to believe that she had agreed to my suggestion.

"Sure. Why not? Everything is covered, isn't it?" Mom looked down and tugged the towel tighter as she spoke.

"Well, almost," I teased."

Mom tilted her head down again to examine herself. "Almost?" she questioned, furrowing her brow.

"I can see a bit of cleavage," I said, staring.

Mom's eyes fell to the front of her towel once more. She tugged at it a bit and wiggled. "He's seen more than that," she said, seeming unfazed.

only the tight towel. She seemed somewhat nervous as she watched me. Her arms were folded under her breasts, pushing them upwards. Now I could see even more cleavage. I was pretty certain that it was intentional on her part.

"How's this?" she asked, seeming unsure.

"Great. Lots of cleavage for him to see." I felt no need to lie or to be discrete since she obviously seemed to be enjoying this as much as I was. Almost.

"Too much?" she asked, glancing down.

"Not enough," I shot back.

"Yeah -- Gary would love it if I just dropped the towel and flashed him."

I gave an emphatic nod. "Ready?" I asked.

"Yes. Take it before I chicken-out," she urged.

I pointed the cell phone at mom, trying to control my quivering hand. She leaned back against my computer desk and gave a seductive smile. I pressed the button.

Once I had taken the photo mom moved over behind me. She leaned over my shoulder, eager to see how she looked. As I held the phone up to allow her to look at the image on the tiny screen my eyes shifted to my right. Her towel had slipped down some as she leaned over, revealing more of her round breasts. Beads of water clung to them. I licked my lips, staring at them and the deep cleft between them.

I was not aware of what mom was saying as she looked at the photo I had just taken. When she moved her eyes from the display screen they locked on mine. She gave me a wide smile.

"Getting an eyeful?" she asked, teasing. Her eyes met mine as she smiled.

"You've got more than an eyeful," I shot back. I dared be that bold because I could tell from her tone of voice that she was not bothered by my leering, which surprised me.

"I thought that the expression was 'more than a handful'," she corrected with a smirk.

"Well, you've got more than a handful too," I added, unable to suppress a smirk. "You should let me take another photo so Uncle Gary gets a better look."

Mom gave a sexy laugh as she looked down at herself, then back to me. "Oh... he's already gotten plenty of looks at them," she said with an enigmatic smile.

I was about to say something when she interrupted me.

"I'm going to go put some clothes on before you try to talk me into more photos. Send him the photo and tell him it was my idea." She left my bedroom, leaving me alone with my questions and taboo thoughts.

After mom got dressed she returned downstairs. My mind was not on homework, but I stayed upstairs for close to another hour or so. I wanted to be around her. Just to look at her. But right then I was so driven by lust that I almost didn't trust myself not to do or say something rash that I would regret.

When I started making my way down the stairs that evening I could hear the sound of the television. Mom was curled up on the couch, watching some crime drama. She was wearing a long white skirt that barely covered her knees and a loose-fitting pink blouse. I sat down beside her, more interested in her than the tv show.

"I sent the photo," I said.

"Have you heard back from him yet?" she asked, sounding anxious.

"No."

"I hope he likes it," she said.

My mom's concern surprised me. She looked stunning. There was no doubt in my mind that Uncle Gary would not only like the photo, but probably beg for more. I was also surprised that she was obviously enjoying teasing her younger brother so much. Still, I was also benefiting from it so I was not about to question it.

"You're kidding, right?" I gave mom a surprised stare.

"No," she said. "I meant it."

I let out a quiet laugh as I shook my head.

"What was that for?" Mom shifted on the couch to face me as she asked the question.

"Because you look great, mom. Uncle Gary's only complaint will be that you left too much covered."

"Well, I probably showed a little more than I should have, but it's not like he hasn't seen that much before."

"Oh --," I said, raising my eyebrows. "And just how much has he seen?"

Mom never replied. She gave me a modest smile, apparently hoping I would guess the rest. That was not good enough for me, however.

"How much has he seen?" I pressed, feeling my lust building.

"Just my boobs," she admitted, seeming almost ashamed.

"You mean -- "

"Yes. Topless," she added.

I was not able to hide my surprise, and probably more than a little lust. My eyes grew wide. "When was this?"

"Years ago," she said. "You were little. Your father was away for the weekend with The National Guard. Gary came over because I was having trouble with the computer. Well, you know what he's like... it wasn't long before he was trying to feel me up. I didn't stop him. I know I should have, but I thought he'd just want a quick feel. I guess I owed him that much for fixing my computer, so I let him." She let out a nervous giggle.

"What did he do?" I asked, eager to hear more details.

"He had me backed against the computer desk and was... you know... feeling me." She paused a moment and gave me a nervous smile. "Then he pulled my top up. It happened so fast that I couldn't stop him. I wasn't wearing a bra, so they were right there for him to see." She grinned and laughed at her own bawdiness.

"What happened?" I wasn't about to let her end her recounting just yet. I was getting more turned-on by the instant and craved more details of her illicit tryst with her brother. My hard cock pushed up at the front of my jeans and I wondered if she could tell that I was hard as nails.

"You can imagine what happened," she said. "He played with them for a while -- until I made him stop."

"Wow, mom," I breathed, unable to hide my surprise.

"I know. It was really slutty of me. I convinced myself that I let it happen because I missed your father and got carried away."

"No," I blurted out. "I didn't mean that it was slutty of you -- just... naughty."

Mom smiled, seeming relieved and maybe even a little pleased by my reaction.

"Was that the first time he'd seen them?"

"Yes, and the last. Except for when he peeks down my top sometimes," she explained with a giggle.

"So, you haven't lost respect for me?" Mom seemed worried and almost afraid of my answer.

"No, of course not!" I assured her.

Mom beamed a smile at me as her blue eyes glimmered. She leaned towards me and threw her arms around my shoulders, hugging me tight. Instantly I was aware of her breasts pressing against me. They felt wonderful. Big and firm. I slid my arms around her waist and hugged her. I could smell a mixture of soap and shampoo. The scent was feminine. Sexy. I closed my eyes and inhaled, feeling her soft hair caress my cheek.

As I slipped my hand up mom's back I realized that I felt no bra strap beneath her blouse. I pulled her tighter to me, feeling her breasts move and rub over my chest as I glided my hand over her back.

"No one else knows about what I just told you." Mom's breath was warm as it washed over my neck.

"Don't worry; I'll never tell anyone," I promised.

"Thanks," she breathed, sounding very relieved.

Mom shifted her hips and wiggled closer to me, resting her head on my shoulder. I felt her body relax against mine. "It's been so long since anyone has held me." Her voice was soft, sexy as she spoke.

"I bet Uncle Gary would." I teased.

"Yes, then he'd try to unbutton my blouse." She let out a soft giggle.

"He'd be happy that you're not wearing a bra," I joked.

Mom straightened up and gave me a surprised look. "How can you tell?"

My eyes immediately moved from her wide eyes, down to the front of her blouse. It was stretched tight across her chest now so the size so the contours of her breasts were plainly obvious. Her thick nipples stood out like two bullets from the pink cotton. I licked my lips as I stared.

"It's pretty obvious that you aren't."

"I think you're spending too much time around Gary," mom said, sounding only somewhat serious.

"Why?" I asked, looking up at her.

"Because now you're staring at me like he does."

"I can't help but admire a beautiful woman," I said, trying to sound like I was almost joking.

Mom's expression grew serious, concerned. She was sitting up, holding my forearms. "But, I'm your mother, Mark."

I gave my mother a chastened look, thinking of what to say. "I'm sorry, Mom," I mumbled.

"I'm not mad, honey. It's just that it's not appropriate." Her voice was less stern now, which relieved me.

"Less appropriate than when Uncle Gary does what he does?" I countered.

I could tell that mom was struggling for an answer and maybe getting annoyed. I decided that I had better diffuse the situation before she got angry with me.

"All I do is look," I said. "What guy wouldn't?"

Mom smiled and I could tell it was against her better judgement. "Up until now I was thinking that us spending time together while your father's away was good for us. Now I'm not so sure."

"Because I think that sometimes you look at me as someone other than your mother, or have feelings for me that you shouldn't."

Mom was absolutely right and I did not know how to deny it. I stared at my lap while I thought. "You liked it earlier when I held you, didn't you?" I asked.

"Yes, but -- "

"Then it's no different," I said. "I'm not saying that was inappropriate, but neither is it when I look at you sometimes. It's only natural. You're a beautiful woman, Mom."

Mom sighed. I could tell she had run out of arguments. She also seemed frustrated -- either at me or herself. Maybe both of us.

"It's so hard with your father being away. I worry constantly about that knock on the door. Then I have work and all the usual stuff around here that he would help me with. It's not that I don't appreciate what you do, but I miss your father so much." Her voice began to quiver as she spoke.

I saw pools of water forming in mom's eyes. Moments later, tears began to roll down her face. I took hold of her shoulders and pulled her to me again. She sobbed into my chest for a good ten minutes while I held her and rubbed her back. I told her that I loved her and that dad would be okay.

After a while mom straightened her back and forced a smile. She wiped her wet cheeks and pushed her hair back over her shoulders. "Don't tell Gary about this. He'll only make fun of me for being a big baby."

"No, he'd be worried about you," I said. "But I won't tell him."

"Thanks." Mom smiled again and kissed my cheek.

My hands were on her waist, just above her hips, but my eyes had wandered down to the front of her blouse again. Guilt and arousal welled inside me as I focused on her stiff nipples. She tilted her head down, following my gaze, then back up. She smiled.

"Gary's missing a show," she said, almost laughing.

"Yeah, a better one than this afternoon." I didn't bother to look up as I spoke.

"Why? Because I'm not wearing a bra."

I looked at her, nodding, then grinned.

"You are bad as Gary!" She let out a quiet laugh.

"I think you're really as bad as him, but hide it better," I suggested.

"No way!" she said, sounding emphatic, then chuckled.

"Uncle Gary doesn't care if people know what he's like. You're more subtle about it, but just as bad," I told her.

Mom thought about my observation for a moment. The corner of her mouth curled up, then a wide smile appeared. "Maybe you're right," she concluded.

"Maybe?" I shot back.

"Okay, you are, I guess," she relented.

"But that's okay. I like knowing you can be like that," I said.

"I think it's because your father's away. I miss him so much and when I'm around Gary I need to blow off some steam."

I gave her an understanding nod. "You can around me too, you know."

"I... I think you misunderstood me, honey."

I gave my head a shake, then grinned. "No."

"Mark, you're my son." She said the words as if they needed no further explanation as to how taboo my suggestion was.

"And Uncle Gary's your brother..." I added.

Mom sighed. She gave me an exasperated look, then smiled a bit. "I think it's time for me go go to bed. I'm tired and no match for your debating skills right now." She kissed my cheek and got up from the couch.

"Night, Mom. I love you."

"I love you too, honey."

I stayed downstairs until I was sure that mom was asleep, then went upstairs as quietly as I could. Lying in the dark, I stroked my cock, while thoughts and images of my mother reeled in my mind.

###

I barely paid any attention to my instructors during classes that Monday. My mind was consumed with thoughts of my mother. I also spent a good amount of time wrestling with guilt over my forbidden thoughts for her and trying to rationalize my feelings. After quite some time I managed to convince myself that regardless of what most people

might think, my feelings for my mom were a private matter and that I was harming no one.

I guess essentially what I had decided to do was seduce my own mother. I had seduced girls before, but this was far beyond that sort of thing. This was something that was not only forbidden by polite society, but technically illegal -- although seldom enforced, if one is to believe the statistics.

Ironically, someone who was unwittingly helping me was Uncle Gary. I realized that his ribald behaviour and comments around mom seemed to be chipping away at her thin facade of morality and modesty. That, coupled with her missing dad during his deployment, made it easier for me to whittle away at her resistance. Through patience and perseverance I was sure that I could have her.

Yes, I realize that all this sounds cunning and calculated -- devoid of any sort of love or passion. But that is far from how I felt. I love my mother. I did not see her as a conquest. I wanted to be with her; not simply have her.

I arrived home over an hour before mom was due from work that afternoon. I poured myself a Pepsi and went up to my bedroom to check my email. As I had expected, there was a reply from Uncle Gary. It was brief, but succinct.

I laughed aloud when I read his email, then replied, telling him that photo was all I had. I was sorry to have to disappoint him, but I wished I had more photos as much as he did.

When I heard Mom's car in the yard some time later I grew excited. I hurried down the stairs to greet her.

"How were classes?" she asked, hanging her jacket on a coat tree in the corner.

"Boring."

"Work was slow today," she said. "Not that I'm complaining."

Mom walked over and gave me a hug and kissed my cheek. I could smell her perfume. It was musky and excited me even more. I ran my hand up her back, gliding my fingers over her blouse. Beneath it I felt her bra, as I had expected. She was wearing a black skirt that left her knees exposed. I ran my eyes up her legs, wishing I could run my hand up under her skirt.

"Uncle Gary sent me an email about your photo."

"Oh, what did he say?" She sounded excited as her wide eyes met mine.

"Beautiful! Got any more? That's a quote."

Mom let out a loud laugh. "I hope you told him that was the only one."

"Yeah, but I don't know if he'll let up. He'll probably beg for more."

"Knowing him, he will," she said. "But that's all he's getting."

"Awwww..." I gave an exaggerated frown as I pouted.

Mom laughed again. "Great! Now I'll have both of you begging for more." She rolled her eyes and gave her head a shake.

"No, mom. I was only joking," I blurted out, hoping to avoid any suspicions about my taboo thoughts.

Much to my surprise, mom leaned forward and placed her hand on my shoulder. Her touch was soft and comforting. "I've seen how you look at me, Dave." Her words sounded more like an accusation than just an observation.

I struggled for words, but nothing I thought of saying sounded sincere or honest. My eyes shifted from hers to the floor. I swallowed hard, dreading what she might say next.

I raised my eyes to her, trying to not admit any guilt.

"You do -- don't you?" she asked.

"It's no different than Uncle Gary," I asserted.

"It's not right when he does it either," she countered.

"But, you said that it's easier to let him have a cheap thrill than fight with him."

Mom opened her mouth to say something, or maybe she already had. I never heard her because my hand was moving up to her left breast. My fingers curled around it as I pushed it up. I couldn't fit it all in my palm, although I tried. It was very firm and I began squeezing it as I moved my hand over it. Soon I felt her nipple harden. My fingers brushed over it, feeling it grow even thicker. I gave it a gentle pinch. It was and long, although it was covered by her blouse and bra. Mom gasped and looked down to my hand. She was either too surprised or excited to stop me. I hoped it was the latter.

After a few moments mom managed to pull herself away from my grasp. Her cheeks were flushed. She looked down and gave an embarrassed gasp when she realized that her nipples were standing out prominently from the front of her blouse. She tugged at it, trying to conceal her arousal.

"You mustn't ever do that again, David," she said, her voice sounding breathy.

"Don't worry, I'll never tell Uncle Gary," I promised.

"That's not the point," she snapped "That is not something a son should do to his mother."

I nodded, knowing she was right. But I also knew, or was reasonably sure, that she liked it as much as me, judging by how hard I'd made her nipples and how flushed her cheeks were. I smiled at her.

"Are you afraid he'll find out, or of what he'll think?" I asked.

Mom never answered. I waited a while, but there was nothing but silence. When she didn't respond I placed my hands on her hips and eased her closer to me. Her stomach brushed over mine and her breasts grazed my chest.

"Do you like it when Uncle Gary touches you?" I asked.

Mom's eyes met mine. She had a pleading look on her face, as if she wished I had not asked that question. I knew the answer, but wanted to hear her say it.

"Sometimes... a little." Her voice was barely audible.

"What about when he does it in front of me?"

"It... it embarrassed me at first. Then I noticed you watching and I wondered if you liked it."

"I do." I admitted.

Mom let out a shy giggle as she lowered her eyes to the floor. "It made me feel slutty -- like when I'd let him feel me years ago."

"But you liked it..." I added.

Mom raised her eyes to mine and nodded. She gave me a dim smile.

When I began fumbling with the top button of her blouse, mom did not stop me. She tilted her head and watched silently. One by one I undid the buttons of her blouse until it was open as far as the top of her skirt. I tugged at it, pulling it from inside her skirt, then unfastened the remaining buttons. I pulled it open wide. Her white bra held her breasts firmly, pushing them up into two firm mounds. I ran my hands over it, teasing her hard nipples through the material. She watched me fondle her, but said nothing. Her breathing had quickened and her cheeks were rosy. It was only when I began pulling her blouse off of her shoulders that she resisted. She eased back, giving me a wary look.

"Someone might come in," she said.

Instead of replying, I took her hand in mine. Her skin felt soft. She gave no resistance as I lead her out of the kitchen, towards the stairs leading to the bedrooms. It was there I felt her balk.

"Don't you feel like being bad?" I asked.

"Yes, but we shouldn't -- "

"No one will ever know," I said.

"I will." Mom gave me a gentle shove, then turned and ran up the stairs. A few seconds later I heard her bedroom door slam shut.

I slunk back to the kitchen, feeling ashamed and frightened. I wanted to go up to her room to try to say something to comfort her or to make things better, but I didn't dare to.

Mom never left her bedroom that evening. I was still tempted to go up and try to diffuse the situation but could not think of what I thought to be the right words. Besides, I thought that it was probably best to let her have some space, rather than doing or saying something that might make the situation worse.

I returned home from school before mom the next day. She had left for work while I was in the shower that morning so we had managed to avoid one another. I dreaded seeing her during supper and wondered if she felt the same.

During supper mom was polite, but aloof. She asked about my day and talked about hers a bit, but the conversation was stilted. Soon after I finished eating I excused myself, saying I was going up to my room to do homework. I stayed there for the rest of the evening. It was only about an hour after I heard mom go to bed that I turned out my light and went to bed too.

This became the new status quo for me and mom for the next few days. When we spoke it was perfunctory and tense and we avoided one another as much as possible. I hated it and blamed myself. Still, I did not know what to do or say to change things.

After supper Friday night I went out with friends to a movie. I was glad for a change in my routine of hiding in my room until mom went to bed. I guessed that she may have also been glad to have me out of the house for an evening.

I returned home late that night, timing my arrival when I thought that mom would have already gone to bed. The downstairs was in darkness when I got home. I crept upstairs as quietly as I could.

When I left the bathroom I noticed a thin strip of light shining from under mom's bedroom door. I was surprised that she was still awake. As I crept by her room I heard her call out to me.

"Dave, is that you?"

I wanted to laugh, wondering who else she might have thought it was. "Yes," I said, turning towards her closed door.

"Come in," she said.

Feeling sheepish and nervous, I turned the knob of the door. When I stepped inside I found my mother sitting up in bed. A small lamp on the night stand was the only light in the room. She was wearing one of dad's white shirts. Her hair was slightly damp, indicating that she had showered earlier. She was holding a black laptop on her thighs, which were covered by a thin blanket.

"I got an email from your father. Want to read it?"

"Of course."

As I stepped closer to the bed mom slid towards the middle. She patted the mattress, indicating for me to sit down. I joined her on the bed and she wiggled closer to me, then turned the laptop so I could read dad's email.

I read the email twice. While I read mom watched me. She was smiling and seemed happier than she had in days. It was a relief and made me feel much less nervous.

Once I had finished dad's email I turned towards mom. I gave her a loving smile. Her left shoulder was pressed to mine and her elbow as against my side. I could smell her hair and it excited me. As my eyes moved down I noticed that the shirt she wore was unbuttoned enough to allow me to see some of the side of her right breast. I ran my eyes down it's curve until I noticed her nipple rising from beneath the shirt. Through the white cotton I detected it's dark hue.

"I... I wasn't expecting you home so soon." Mom sounded nervous. As I looked up she was pulling the shirt closed tighter. "Sorry," she said.

"Sorry for what?" I was puzzled by her apology.

"My shirt... I didn't realize that --"

"I should be the one apologizing," I said, avoiding her eyes.

The silence between us was only seconds, but it seemed like forever until she spoke.

"Is everything between us okay?" she asked.

"Uh.. sure," I said, although I was not sure in the least.

"I miss your father so much. These emails are the most important part of my day -- just to know he's safe. But when things with you and me are tense I can't stand it."

"Me either," I said."

"I love you so much, honey."

"I love you too, Mom."

Mom smiled at me. She closed her laptop and pushed it towards the bed, then turned and put her arms around me. I wrapped my arms around her, holding her tight to me.

Mom and I never said a word. We didn't have to. Our embrace said more than words. When she leaned away our hands were still on one another's waists. It was only when my gaze moved down from her beaming eyes that I noticed that her shirt had come open again, only wider than earlier. I stared at her partially exposed breasts, noticing how they hung down slightly with a graceful curve, capped by her thick nipples. Were her shirt to move aside a few inches on either side her nipples would be exposed. I waited. Hoping.

Mom's bright eyes moved down to her gaping shirt. She examined herself, then smiled. Her eyes moved back up to meet mine.

"Well, I suppose it's too late for me to button it. You've already gotten a look."

It wasn't so much what mom said as her tone of voice that surprised me and turned me on even more. I nodded, unable to say anything.

"Promise you won't tell Gary about this...?"

"No, he'll never know what I just saw," I promised.

"No... about this," she elaborated.

I watched as mom unbuttoned the shirt the rest of the way. Her eyes looked wistful as she stared into mine. She shrugged the shirt off of her shoulders and slid it down her arms. Her bare breasts shook a bit as she moved. My eyes moved down from her shoulders to her dark nipples. They were almost as thick as my fingertip and very hard as they pointed towards me.

Mom tossed the shirt behind her then sat up straight, resting her palms on her thighs, covered by the blanket. She appeared both nervous and impish as she displayed herself for me.

"You're beautiful, Mom," I breathed, admiring her full breasts.

"Thanks," she whispered.

I continued to ogle and admire my mother's half-naked body. Her skin was smooth and looked soft. I ran my eyes over every inch I could see, spending the most time on her breasts. They were round and firm, with mahogany nipples that were thick and hard. Ringing them were slightly lighter areolas. When mom leaned forward a bit and slid closer to me her breasts swayed and appeared even rounder. I sat there, mesmerized.

"You've thought about this before, haven't you?" Her voice was silky.

"Yes," I admitted with a nod.

"Me too," she confessed. "But I was afraid that someone would find out."

"No one will ever know," I promised. "How long have you thought about it?"

"Not as long as you I don't think," she giggled and gave me a knowing smile.

Beneath the blanket mom's knees were pressing against my thigh. The blanket had fallen down around her hips. I could see a few inches of her panties. They were black and had lace around the side. I hooked my finger in the waistband and smiled.

"Sexy," I said.

"I have a bra that matches them," she told me. "'I'm glad you're not wearing it," I joked.

Mom let out a laugh, perhaps from nervousness, and her breasts jiggled. I watched them move. I was still staring at my mother's beautiful body when I felt her take hold of my right hand. Her skin was soft and warm and her touch gentle. She guided my hand up to her left breast. She placed my palm on it, then pressed down, encouraging me.

"Did you think I was going to let you see but not feel?"

"I... I didn't know." I said, forcing the words out.

Mom arched her back and rested her hands on either side of her hips. Her breasts rose from her chest towards me. I squeezed her left one harder, feeling the nipple with my fingertips.

"Go ahead, I'm not going to stop you this time. I want it to happen as much as you," she said.

I held my mother's heavy breasts in my trembling hands, pushing them up and cupping one handful after another. After a while mom closed her eyes. She threw her head back a ways and let out a soft moan. I lowered my wet lips to her right nipple. When I began to suck and tease it with my tongue her moaning grew louder. I moved my mouth from

one nipple to the other, sucking and pulling at them with my lips as I continued to grope her breasts. Her nipples were thick and shiny after a few minutes and I tugged at one with my fingers.

"Mmmm... that feels so good," she moaned from between clenched teeth.

When my fingertips slipped inside mom's panties I don't think she noticed at first. It was only as I began running my fingers over her thin strip of hair that she reacted. She gasped and pulled away, looking down.

"I... I didn't say you could touch me there, honey." Her voice was ragged and she was breathing heavier.

"You didn't say I couldn't." I grinned and eased my fingers down another few inches.

Mom let out a gasp and clutched fistfuls of the blanket as I pressed down on her clit. It was hard and wet with her juice. Before she could protest I glided my hand down over her wet lips. They were dripping with her juice. I cupped her wet folds in my palm and pressed down, moving back up to her swollen clit.

"Oh... god..." she cried out.

Two of my fingers slid inside my mother quite easily. I felt her grip me as I buried them in her, then began moving them in and out. As mom's breathing grew more rapid, so did the movements of my fingers. I plunged them in and out, feeling her squeeze them deep inside her.

I was lost in a mixture of passion and lust. While I continued to thrust my fingers in and out of my mother's tight pussy I leaned forward and wrapped my lips around one of her nipples. She gasped and cupped my head in her hands. Moments later she cried out loud.

Mom gave my fingers one last hard squeeze as I buried them in her, pressing on her throbbing clit with my thumb.

"Oh god... Mark." her voice seemed to echo throughout the house as she came.

Mom fell backwards on to the bed, breathing hard and smiling as she stared at the ceiling. Although they were covered by the blanket I could tell that her thighs were parted wide. After a minute or so she turned to me and smiled.

"Wow..." she breathed.

I smiled and brushed her hair aside, then kissed her flushed cheek.

Mom looked down to her shirt. As if she had only realized it at that moment, she seemed embarrassed about being exposed. She pulled her shirt closed and tugged the blanket up.

I don't know what to say," she said.

"I love you," I told her.

She reached out and gave my hand a squeeze. "I love you too."

I laid down beside mom. She rolled over and rested her head on my chest. I draped an arm over her shoulders and kissed her forehead. We stayed like that for about fifteen minutes, until she raised herself up on an elbow.

"You should be getting to bed so I can get some sleep," she told me.

"I'm already in bed," I answered.

She narrowed her eyes in a sign of mock reprimand, then smiled.

"Okay," I relented.

1381 I kissed her cheek once more before reluctantly getting up. My fingers were still wet with her musky juice as I lay in my bed. I wrapped them

around my cock and stroked it while I thought about what had just happened.

###

When I awoke the next day I was surprised to discover that it was ten o'clock. I had not planned on sleeping that late. I sat up in bed and ran my fingers through my hair.

On my night stand was a note. When I read it I saw it was from mom.

Gone shopping. Be back later. Love, Mom

I smiled and felt relieved as I read the note. I took it as a sign that she was not trying to avoid me, which hopefully meant that she did not regret what had happened the night before.

I had a quick shower, then got dressed. I was in the kitchen, half-way through eating a bowl of cereal when I heard mom's car in the yard. I looked out to see her bringing in bags of groceries.

"There's more in the back seat," she said as she walked past me.

When I was bringing the remainder of the groceries in to the kitchen mom had begun putting them away. I stood by the table, watching her and wanting to pull her to me. She must have read my mind because she gave me several teasing looks as she moved about.

"Want to see what else I bought?" she asked once the groceries had been put away.

"Sure."

Mom picked up a blue plastic bag from the counter and pulled a dress from it. It was white, with tiny pink and blue flowers over it. When mom held it up to her I was able to get a better look at it.

My mother's new dress had a plunging neckline and buttons running down to the waist. Below that it was pleated and seemed like it would leave a good amount of her thighs bare. I smiled and nodded my head.

"Like it?" she asked.

"Yeah... it's sexy," I said.

Mom seemed nervous as she smiled, but I could tell that she agreed with me -- which is why she probably bought it, I assumed.

"I'm going to go try it on," she said, then went upstairs.

It wasn't quite a few minutes after mom had gone up to her bedroom when my lust and curiosity got the best of me. I hurried up the stairs, stepping towards mom's bedroom quietly.

Mom's bedroom door was open a few inches. I pushed on it and stepped inside. Mom was standing in front of her bed with her back to me. She was still wearing her bra and was sliding her skirt down her legs.

"Hey, beautiful," I said.

Mom let out a quiet shriek and whipped around, clasping her arms over her chest, then she smiled.

"I couldn't wait to see how the dress looks on you," I told her.

"I was about to put it on." She turned her back to me and stepped into the dress. She pulled it up over her shoulders, then turned around again.

Mom was wearing a pale blue bra that pushed her breasts up. They stood out from her open dress. I smiled, thinking how lovely she looked.

"Are you going to wear this when Uncle Gary comes over tomorrow?" I asked.

"Probably." She had already begun to do up the buttons of her new dress, starting at the bottom.

I stepped over to mom and held her hands. I looked into her eyes and smiled. "It would look a lot better if you didn't wear a bra," I said.

Mom looked at me wide-eyed. She peered down to the front of the dress, then back up at me. "No," she said, shaking her head.

Undaunted, I tugged at her dress, sliding it from her shoulders and down her arms.

"Mark, I need to wear a bra with this," she insisted, attempting to stop me from pulling her dress down.

"Let's see how it looks," I coaxed.

Mom smiled, relaxing her arms. "I think you just want an excuse to see my boobs again," she surmised.

"Who wouldn't," I shot back.

Mom giggled, but it seemed as though she was flattered, or maybe a little horny.

I slid her bra straps down her arms. Her breasts fell free from the cups with a bounce. She unhooked her bra and threw it on the bed. She stood there for a minute, allowing me to admire her, then she pulled the dress up over her shoulders.

I watched as mom began buttoning up her dress, then stopped her when there were three buttons from the top left undone. I held her hands in mine, smiling.

"That's enough," I said.

"But -- "

"Let's see how it looks." I held her hand in mind and guided her over to the bureau so she could look in the mirror.

I stood behind mom as she looked at her reflection. The dress clung to her, highlighting the contours of her breasts and stiff nipples. I placed my hands on the curves of her hips and kissed her neck. She smiled.

"You're beautiful," I whispered into her ear.

Mom straightened her back, pushing her breasts out at her dress more. I held her hips and pressed myself to her. As she moved her hips I could feel her ass pressing against my hard cock. I moved a little, grinding against her. She turned her head around a ways, smiling.

"I can tell you like what you see." She wiggled her hips a bit, rubbing over the bulge in my jeans.

Encouraged by her bawdiness, I gripped her hips tighter and pushed my crotch harder into her firm ass. Mom let out an impish laugh and leaned forward some, resting her palms on the bureau. In the mirror I saw her hair hanging down over her shoulders and her breasts swaying down the front of her dress. I reached around and unbuttoned a few more of the buttons of the dress, then pulled it open wide. Mom's breasts fell loose, swaying and hanging down as she leaned over, smiling.

"You look so hot, Mom," I said, running my fingertips up and down her spine.

I look wanton," she said, looking at my reflection. "And I feel it."

When I slid a hand up the inside of mom's left thigh she never protested. I rubbed her pussy through her damp panties, feeling it's heat and moisture. She let out a soft gasp of surprise when I began pulling her panties down, but said nothing. Once they were around her ankles I tugged at the hem of her dress, pulling it up around her waist.

Mom's ass was round and firm as she bent over her bureau. I ran my eyes over it, then focused on her wet lips. They glistened with her juice and were parted slightly. She turned her head back to me.

"See my kitty cat?" she asked with a sultry smile.

Mom nodded. "I let him see it once when we were younger and he's never let me forget it. God, I'm so bad." She turned back to our reflections and lowered her head.

I glided my hand down mom's smooth ass to her pussy. Her lips were soft and slippery wet. I stroked her, listening to her soft moans.

"Has Uncle Gary ever touched you here?"

No," she said, almost moaning. "He's tried to though."

I kicked my sneakers off and pushed them aside. The sound of me unzipping my jeans seemed to startle mom. She straightened up a bit and turned her head around to me. Her eyes grew wide as I hauled my jeans down. My hard cock was standing out from my underwear. Her eyes locked on it.

"You're so hard..." she said.

Without answering, I pulled my underwear down. My stiff cock bobbed as I stepped out of my jeans and underwear.

Mom turned around and ran her hands over my bare hips, tugging me closer until my cock brushed across her stomach. Her dress was still gathered around her waist and I looked down at the strip of black hair leading to her pussy. I ran my fingers down it to her clit. I pressed down

and rubbed it in a slow circle, spreading her juice around. Mom clutched me harder, pressing herself to my chest.

I could feel mom's hand tremble as I lead her over to the bed. Her eyes remained on mine. They were filled with apprehension, but they also had a dreamy quality that I knew was caused by arousal. I sat on the edge of the bed and eased mom's dress down her shoulders. It slid down her lovely body -- over the curve of her hips, then fell to the floor.

"You're beautiful, Mom." I ran my hands up her thighs, over her hips to her waist. I looked up into her eyes as one might worship a goddess.

"I don't know if I feel beautiful," she said, sounding bashful.

"How do you feel?"

"Probably a little too horny for my own good." She let out a self-conscious laugh and ran her hands over my shoulders.

I moved towards the middle of the bed, tugging at mom's hand, urging her to join me. We knelt facing one another, running our hands and eyes over each others bodies.

"You've grown into such a handsome man," she said.

I smiled and eased her down on the bed. When I laid down beside her she reached for me and parted her silky thighs, inviting me. There was a look of love in her eyes like I had never seen before.

"You've wanted me for a while, haven't you?" she said.

I nodded. "Yes," I said.

"I kept fighting it, until I admitted that I was really fighting with myself. When I saw how you looked at me last Sunday I knew I couldn't fight my urges much longer."

I slowly ran my hand up the inside of mom's right thigh. She skin was soft and she moved closer to me as I stroked her. When my fingertips brushed over her tender, wet lips she shuddered and moaned. Her clit was hard. I eased a finger inside her and pushed down on her clit with my thumb. She gripped my finger as her eyes met mine. She smiled.

"I know you want to use more than just your finger this time." Mom's voice was husky and her eyes were half-closed.

"Yes," I said.

"Me too."

When the head of my cock slid inside her we both moaned. She wrapped her legs around mine and lifted her hips up from the bed. I pushed my shaft deep in her, leaving it buried up to my balls while she gave it a squeeze. Her eyes were closed and I felt her fingernails digging into my skin a bit as she clutched my lower back.

Once I began pumping, moving my cock in and out of her tight pussy faster, I watched her breasts begin to shake with our movements. Her thick, hard nipples were pointing up towards me. I pinched one between my teeth and kept pumping my hips, pistoning my shaft in and out of her.

"Oh god... Mark... you feel so good," she moaned, opening her eyes briefly.

Bracing myself on my knees, I took hold of her curved hips and lifted her up slightly. I held her tight and began thrusting harder. She moaned louder and her breasts quivered faster. I watched them dance below me as I listened to her soft moans and gasps.

"I'm... I'm not on the pill or anything, so...," she said, sounding almost apologetic. She gave me a worried look.

"Okay..." I grunted, feeling an orgasm building.

watching my shaft move in and out. It was wet with her juice, like her lips and below them.

"Oh god mom..." I cried out, knowing I was seconds away from cuming.

Mom pulled away, separating her tender folds from my cock. She grabbed my slick cock in her slender hand and pumped, aiming it at her breasts.

"Cum on my tits, honey," she urged in a wanton, panting voice.

My body tensed as I came. I clenched my jaw and sprayed my mother's breasts with three successive streams of my hot cum. It splashed over her firm mounds and upper chest. Mom reached down with her left hand and began rubbing her clit. She held my twitching cock in her other hand, then gave it a hard squeeze. She slid her fingers down it, milking the last bit of cum from me. She leaned closer and wiped the head of my cock over her left nipple, coating it with the last few drops of sticky cum. When she let out another loud moan and froze I smiled, listening to her cum. I held her to me until she relaxed.

Mom looked down to her chest, surveying the ribbons of cum running down towards her hard nipples. She spread it around, smearing it over her nipples and areolas, then licked her fingers.

"Mmmmm... you taste good," she said.

I laid down beside my mother, rolling over on my left side to face her. We smiled at each other.

"That was amazing." I leaned closer and kissed her rosy cheek.

Mom smiled and nodded, still breathing hard. "I would have never guessed that you were such a wonderful lover," she said.

I smiled, feeling proud and pleased that I had made her happy. "Thanks. I'm glad you liked it. You were wonderful too."

We lay there on the bed for close to an hour, arms and legs entwined. Silently we ran our hands over one another's body and looked into each other's eyes. We were no longer mother and son; we were lovers.

The bond of parent and child is one that can never be severed, but that day I discovered that it can be made stronger sometimes.

Chapter 2

We lay there softly letting our hands and fingers touch all over each of us until I found my finger gently making circles over her perfect nipples. I had seen thousands of pictures of womens' breasts on the porn sites, but could not recall a single one with breasts so perfect as my mother's. They were like large heavy and solid cones that followed through to the nipple itself. The pink areola rose up to a half-inch hard thick nipple. The more I ran my finger around, the harder it seemed it became. She looked up at me with a lurid smile then back to her nipple. She gave a little shiver, as her eyes were half shut then looked back at me.

"You really do like those don't you, Mark?"

I looked down at her moist, sensuous lips and couldn't restrain myself any longer. It was the first time in my life that I kissed my mother like a woman.

Mom moaned and felt the shiver down between her legs. "Oh god Mark, my nipples and lips are so sensitive. I could cum just like this."

I was so filled with love and lust that my cock began to stir again. "That's what this is all about. I love to watch you feel good and be bad at the same time."

She eagerly sucked it, twirling her own tongue around and around with a wantonly lustful passion. When we finally parted our lips she was gasping and rolled half way on me with her left leg between mine and worked her very wet vaginal lips on my thigh while crushing her left breast to my chest. She whimpered and shook all over while her hips road my thigh in a slow undulating motion. I had my arms around her back and waist. My left hand went down to her ass cheeks, softly rubbing them, then let my middle finger slide down over her anus to her very wet pussy. I pushed down on her ass in rhythm with her humping my thigh.

Mom shivered and whimpered again. "Mark, Mark... I'm going to explode!" Then she went stiff and a shrill squeal came out of her so loud I thought her perfume bottles would burst.

She was breathing so hard and held me so tight while she came down from her orgasm and just laid on top of me until I heard her whimper again softly. Then it sounded as if she was crying and slightly shaking.

In between sobs she whispered, "Oh, Mark, I'm such a slut. I vowed I would never cheat on your father."

I petted her head softly saying, "Shush, shh... you're not a slut, Mom. You're just being a little naughty and you're definitely not cheating on Dad. Not as long as you keep it in the family. Like you said: you just need to let off a little steam once in a while."

With her head in my chest she began to giggle softly. "You think so, huh? You have no idea the naughty thoughts I've been having about you and Uncle Gary."

My chest shook as I let out a quiet laugh. I felt her lips smile on my chest. "Oh, you think that's funny? Can you imagine what your father would think and do if he saw me like this with you?"

I had to chuckle. "Yes, he would probably join in -- if he's anything like me."

She giggled. "Yes, along with your Uncle Gary."

I laughed. "Hey, I get my genes from you two, and besides, you're enough woman for all three of us."

With that she looked up at me. "What? You don't mind sharing me?"

I smiled at her. "Not as long as you're having a good time and enjoying yourself. I told you, watching Uncle Gary feeling you up was horny and sexy. You looked so hot, like you were enjoying it."

She smiled at me. "I was. Now you know how naughty your mom can be. "Do you like your mom being naughty?"

I laughed. "I sure do, but if you're going to be naughty, we better do something about birth control. I don't like having to worry about it and having to pull out so fast and I hate condoms."

She winked. "I know. I hate that too. I thought Monday I would call for some pills, then by next week I'll be safe."

I smiled as I rubbed her back and ass. "Good thinking, but it's not going to help tomorrow with Uncle Gary."

She looked surprised. "Now what does that mean? I didn't say I was going to let him do anything."

I shrugged. "Well, you did say you were going to wear your new dress and we both agreed that it looked sexier without a bra and a few buttons undone. Besides, I was thinking of getting a few pictures tonight and sending them to Gary, so he would have something to look forward to tomorrow."

She giggled and slapped my arm. "Oh -- you are so bad! Much worse than I am!"

"Hey, I thought you liked teasing Uncle Gary? Am I wrong?"

She gave me a sly smile. "No, you're not wrong."

"Well then, lets have some fun and tease him, but you never know -- he might get a little out-of-line. Which, of course, I couldn't blame him for. You're so damn hot and pretty. You have the sexiest tits I've ever seen and Uncle Gary knows that also."

Her head was resting comfortably on my chest as she giggled. "Yes, it seems you both think so and now you know how sensitive they are when you toy with them."

"Think So? Know so! I'll show you some pictures on the porn sites and prove you have the hottest tits we have seen."

She snickered. "And my rear?"

I rubbed her ass harder. "I love your ass and so does Uncle Gary. He grabs it every chance he gets and now I know why. It's so solid, round and hot like your legs -- so long, slender and taunt. You were made to be naughty."

She giggled. "My legs? But I'm so short! I never thought anyone ever looked at my legs."

I laughed out loud. "Oh Mom, you are so naive sometimes. They look long on you because they are slender and taunt. They have a beautiful shape, with no fat and they make your ass look muscular like a pony!"
I gave her a love slap on her right cheek.

She yelped and ground her pelvis into my thigh. "Are you trying to make me cum again?"

I was surprised to say the least. "What did you say? Don't tell me that is another one of your sensitive parts? What else don't I know about you? What makes you hot, Mom?"

She just nodded her head and giggled. "Why don't you write to your father and ask him what drives me crazy?"

I snickered, biting my lower lip, then looked up the ceiling, figuring that would be the day. She lifted her head looking at me and giggled.

"I thought so! And you said it wasn't like I was cheating on him if I keep it in the family. I don't know if I can ever believe you about anything again."

I had to think fast. "No, I was serious. It isn't like you are going out on the town picking just any guy that comes along to satisfy your needs. You are with people who love you and whom you love also. You know Dad wants you to be happy and safe. Some things are better left unsaid, rather than to bother Dad while he is so far away."

"Ah-ha," she snickered. "Well, I hope you remember what you said about some things are better left unsaid when you talk to him or when he comes home. He may understand about Gary getting a feel once in a while, but I don't know what he would think about you. Maybe I can

start to feel him out slowly by telling him how big you have gotten and how you look after me."

She was quietly snickering while she felt my hard-on with her soft hand, then she whispered. "You know I think you're bigger than him and you get aroused so much faster."

I had to change the subject before she started to think what we were doing was wrong and felt guilty about Dad. "Okay, lets get some pictures of you in your dress for Uncle Gary, then I will show you on the Internet what I mean about your having the most beautiful tits and ass."

She squeezed me, kissing my chest. "Oh, I am so comfortable. I haven't laid with a man like this for so long."

I slapped her ass again. "Oh, come on now. Dad has only been gone two months and he has another year and a half. We will have plenty of time to lie together, especially tonight. Lets get up and make Uncle Gary crazy."

She was laughing when she got up. "I have to take a shower and so do you first."

I was two steps behind her while running to the bathroom. Our first shower together was something to remember. It was so sensuous washing each other touching every crack and crevice, while listening to her moan with delight as I touched each of her sensitive places.

Mom went to her bedroom and did her hair, then applied some makeup.

I was looking at the computer in my boxer shorts, looking at all sorts of sexy women posing half naked when she walked in.

She peered over my shoulder at the sexy women. "Oh my, there are some very beautiful women there."

I smirked. "But none of them have tits like you do, Mom. Believe me. I love tits and I've seen thousands of them, but none of them compare to yours."

I turned page after page -- some huge, some small and some fake but none of them looked as sensuous as Mom's real breasts. "I told you, Mom."

I turned around and looked at her gorgeous face all made up. "Wow, you're a knockout, all made up like that."

I stood up and looked at her with awe, I had never seen her look so hot as she did.

She smiled with a little tear in her eye. "You really think I'm that pretty?"

"Pretty is not the word -- more like gorgeous, hot, sexy, enticing, incredibly beautiful! On second thought, I don't know if I want to share you with Uncle Gary or not. What do you think? Should I share you or not?" I laughed.

Her face blushed at my statement and she giggled. "Well, you did say I was enough woman for three men." Then she blushed even deeper and held her face.

I laughed. "Yes, I guess you are."

I looked back at the screen and noticed some of the women who had garter belts and thigh high nylons on and got the idea. "Do you have a garter belt and thigh high nylons?"

She was all smiles and giggled like schoolgirl. "Yes. Your dad loves those on me, but I think this dress is a little to short."

My eyes went wide with lust. "It will be perfect as long as the tops don't show below the hem when you're standing. When you bend over or sit they will show. I think we can make Uncle Gary come in his pants."

She burst out laughing. "You are so wicked. I would have never thought of wearing anything like that around you two."

I chuckled. "Well, now you know what kind of animals you will be dealing with. Come on, you have to admit it does excite you, doesn't it?"

She put her head down with a sly impish grin. "I guess so. I better find some sexy heels to go with it or it will look all wrong."

A few minutes later she came back in with some clear plastic heels I had never seen her in. They looked hot and she made them look all the better. Her legs looked as good as I thought they would, especially in heels and nylons.

"Perfect! I can't tell you how good you look standing there. I can tell you right now you're the only girl I will dating until Dad gets back."

She just stood there with her arms by her side as her shoulders hunched a little, then she began shaking with big tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Oh NO! Mom, don't cry, it was a compliment. Don't ruin your makeup now. What's the matter?"

She plopped on my bed with her head in her hands sobbing out loud. Her shoulders shook violently as she sobbed. I sat next to her and held her tight. "Now, now, what's wrong? You look so beautiful, Mom."

She sniffed and gurgled a few more minutes then said, "That was the sweetest thing anyone has ever said to me and here I am made up like a whore, ready to flaunt my body for another man."

I held her tight. "Oh Mom, you look like anything other than a whore. You look beautiful and sexy. Any man in his right mind would want to be with you. You look so gorgeous. I can't think of any other girl I would want to date other than you. Just think, I have a whole year and a half to date you. That is a lifetime that most men will never have. You will always be my girl forever. We are just taking some sexy pictures to have some fun with. You still want to tease and be naughty, don't you?"

She wiped her eyes and snickered softly, then put her hand on my face. "You are so sweet. I never knew until now how much you must love me and I love you so much more. Now my make up is ruined and I have to go freshen-up."

It took 20 minutes until she walked back in with a sultry glow on her face and darker blue eye shadow. I picked up my digital camera and lead her to the living room. I stood her by the mantel then undid five more buttons on her dress. She was showing some serious cleavage. Four more buttons and she would be falling out.

"Perfect! You look great. Now think of something really nasty and give me that sultry look of yours."

I took several pictures, then had her kneel, looking up at me. The bulge of her breasts was incredible. I leaned over, unbuttoning two more so just her nipples were covered and snapped a few more. I had her stay

like that and moved her dress up showing the top of her nylon with the garter strap on her right leg. I took several more pictures.

"Perfect -- you look so hot like that. Now I want a few pictures for myself that I won't send to Uncle Gary."

She must have been thinking of something very nasty judging from the wanton glare in her eyes.

I unbuttoned two more buttons and her breasts pushed her hard nipples out, opening the top of her dress.

"Oh yea, you must be thinking something real naughty," I said.

I took several more pictures, then had her lean back on her hands and open her legs while I pulled her dress up, exposing both legs up to her hips. Her sexy black lace panties were wet and she looked steaming. I had a full-grown hard-on and all I wanted to do was dive between her legs and eat her for a month. I snapped at least six more pictures.

She wasn't saying a word, just doing everything I directed her to do. The last pictures I wanted were of her on her knees leaning forward with the dress above her waist and legs open. As I was taking the pictures she asked "Do you like doggy style? It's one of my favorites."

I almost lost it when she said that. I moaned out loud. "Oh fuck! Before we are through we are going to do it in every position known to man, and then some."

She giggled and looked back at me over her shoulder. "I better get those pills fast then."

I buttoned her up again; just the four buttons. I had her sit on the sofa with her legs crossed, showing more nylons and garter straps. Then I told her to take off the dress before we ruined it for tomorrow while I go upload the pictures and send some to Uncle Gary.

I sent Uncle Gary four pictures with this note:

Uncle Gary, we got lucky. I was showing Mom some pictures of models on the Internet while she showed me her new dress she had bought for tomorrow's dinner. I suggested we take some pictures for you and she became so excited that she went all out, as you can see. I have never seen her look so radiant and sexy before. Jeez, if you get anything going tomorrow I hope you won't leave me out. That's just between you and me. Don't worry, I would never say anything to Dad about anything. I know she has been feeling down lately and could use some excitement in her life. Maybe we can get her to let us take some real naughty pictures. Just some thoughts.

Mark

I sent the mail, then called his house. When he answered I said "Uncle Gary, go check your email and let me know what you think."

"Mark? Is that you?"

"Yes. I sent you an email with a note but I can't talk about it now, okay?"

He laughed. "Has it got anything to do about my Kitty Cat?"

"Yep, a lot."

"Ok, Buddy, then I'm very interested. I'll call after I look at the mail. Bye."

When Mom came back to my room all she had on was the garter, nylons and those heels. She had a sultry smile as she posed by the door. "Did you send some pictures to Gary?"

I couldn't take my eyes off of her; she looked like the most sexual thing I had ever seen. I cleared my throat. "Yea I did, what to see what I sent and said?"

She had a haunting smile of pure lust. "Yes, of course. I want to know what I will be in for tomorrow."

I showed her the email and she quietly read it, then let out a slight moan. "So you have given him a green light as long as he includes you? And what kind of real naughty pictures did you have in mind?"

I smiled. "Like the ones I didn't send him, or whatever comes up. You know this is all for you. You're in total control of whatever you want to happen, or have always wanted to happen. You're free to do whatever you want."

Mom smiled at my choice of words and thought. "Yes, I am free now that Dave is gone for a while. I can live out my deepest darkest thoughts with two men that I have always loved and no one will ever know." Then she sighed.

"You know you will have to put on your shy act and put up a fuss for at least a little while and let him convince you that it's okay for me to be there. You don't want to let the Kitty Cat out of the bag do you?" I told her.

She just smirked with a very sexual smile. "What do you mean a shy act? I am shy -- even though I have naughty thoughts and desires. Now show me some of the real porn you have. You only let me see the nude models."

I laughed. "Ok, shy one, do you want to see pictures or movies?"

"Yes, short ones, but they get to the point of what you want to see."

She smiled. "Oh, this should be interesting. Why don't you take your shorts off so I can sit on your lap to watch?"

I watched as she took her panties down and just admired how sexy she really was. I pulled my boxers off and was as hard as nails. Precum was just running out like a faucet, so I went to my desk drawer and took out a condom to put on.

"Mark, what are you doing?"

I laughed. "Precum can make you just as pregnant as a full load and I don't want to worry about that, but you should. One little mistake could ruin it for all of us."

She had a shy blush on her face, then in a throaty voice said, "I'm glad one of us has some sense and is thinking clearly. It seems I'm losing control of reason. I just hope I can control myself tomorrow."

I smiled. "Don't worry, I'll be there to make sure you do. Just make sure to get those pills Monday. I don't know how long I can keep control, especially if you decide to let Uncle Gary go all the way."

She just closed her eyes and let out a little shiver. I knew what she was thinking about.

I sat back on my chair as she lowered herself to my lap. We both let out a load moan as I sunk into her. What an indescribable feeling that was. After a few moments of adjustment she wiggled her hips as I was pushing up into her cervix. She moaned again.

"Oh god, Mark, you are bigger than your father. You're right at the bottom. I have never felt that before. It is giving me sensations I have never had. Oh, Mark, I think, oh yes! I'm going to cum! Oh... oh Mark, baby!" Then she grunted and squeezed my cock hard. A loud shriek came from the depths of her very being and she slumped forward on to my desk, panting.

I gently rubbed her bare back and reached around to caress her breasts. Sitting back up, she giggled. "Wow, I can't believe it. That has never happened before in my life."

I chuckled. "Do you cum that easily all the time? If you do, we are going to have a lot of fun."

She sat up straight on me, brushing her hair back and taking a deep breath. "Oh my... I have been cumming easily with you haven't I? I guess it's because I have been feeling so sensual lately and this is so naughty."

I went to a web site with movies and let her pick one out. It was only five minutes -- about a husband who let another man take his wife while he watched. I explained to her what it was all about and she couldn't believe it, but watched intently as the guy began eating the wife.

She squirmed on my lap. "Oh, yes, I love that. It looks so nasty when someone else is doing it, but I love it."

I pulled her down hard on my spike and laughed at her yelp. "Oh, you do, do you? Well, I guess we will have to do that because it just so happens that I can really get into that."

She giggled. "Now that's music to my ears. You know I can get very wet. Are you sure you don't mind the mess?"

"Hmm..." I moaned. "The wetter the better; it's like dessert. Maybe you can offer some to Uncle Gary tomorrow after dinner." I let out a small chuckle.

She slapped my thigh. "Oh, you are so bad! You're going to drive me crazy thinking about all of this. The last time was a couple of weeks before your dad left and I miss it."

The next scene came up and the wife was sucking the man. I felt her squeeze me again and again. "Do you like doing that?" I whispered.

All she said was in a very quiet voice. "Yes, it's so sexy and naughty. I could do that for hours without letting your dad come and it would drive him crazy."

With that I had my own spasm. I whispered "I guess we are going to have some very good times together. Maybe if things get out of hand tomorrow with Uncle Gary that may be an option. Now that, I would really love to see you do."

As I was whispering in her ear I could feel her insides vibrating through our connection and she began to spasm. She held on to the desk and push back hard on me and began to whimper. It became more violent until she grunted and shrieked again.

After regaining control of herself she whispered "I can't tell you how long I have thought about doing that. I could never tell your father about my thoughts and I'm grateful you don't seem to have a problem with it. I'm not shocking you am I? You won't think badly about me will you? I would just die if you did."

She turned to the side a little and put her head on my shoulder and began to sob again. "Oh, Mark, I feel so close to you and feel so free to tell you all my deepest, darkest secrets. I feel so horrible that I am such a slut. Please don't think badly of me, please."

Here I am with my dick lodged deep inside her and she's begging me not to think badly of her. How could I -- when I'm the one drawing all of her fantasies out of her and encouraging her to act on them? I petted her head and comforted her as best I could.

1412 "Come on now, Mom. I told you so many times I love to see you having fun and being a little naughty. There is nothing wrong with your thoughts and what you want to do. I think it is an exciting new

adventure for you and me also, for all of us, really. You know how long Uncle Gary has lusted after you and you did let him have his way with your breasts while Dad was gone. I'm willing to bet you had a good time and maybe even an orgasm when he played with you, didn't you?"

She slowly nodded on my shoulder and snickered through her tears. "Yes, I had two orgasms while he played with my nipples, then I got scared and pushed him away. I was afraid of myself and what I might let him do to me. I wanted it so bad and you were in the next room, playing on the floor. I felt bad that I was so weak."

"Does Uncle Gary have a big cock? Is that why you want to suck it?"

"I don't know, I've never seen it, but it feels big when he pushes it into me when he hugs me. I think it's more the being naughty part that excites me and I love having sex. You know your dad knows that Gary likes to feel me up and even encouraged Gary a few times. Before he left he told me not to be so hard on Gary and give him a feel once in a while. I have written to him and told him that Gary has been coming here for Sunday dinners and he asked if Gary has been feeling me up. I told him every once in a while he does. So he knows that part; he just doesn't know how I feel about it or what my thoughts are."

I kept stroking her head. "Well, some things are better left unsaid, right? Dad doesn't have to know what is going on here. He knows you are safe with the family here and he doesn't have to know you are going on birth control pills either. Have you ever been on the pill before?"

"Oh yes, several times. You will be able to tell right away. My breasts get larger and my hormones go crazy. Several times I was on them and your dad begged me to get off for a while because I was driving him crazy for sex." She laughed. "He just couldn't keep up with me."

I laughed too. "Wow! Lucky thing you will have two of us. Can I ask a personal question?"

She wiggled on me, "Sure, anything."

I swallowed, "How many men have you had sex with?"

She giggled and her eyes twinkled, "That's an easy one. Two: your father and you, not counting Gary feeling me up."

I turned her back to the screen and clicked on a threesome. She began to squirm. "Oh, Mark, is that what you're thinking of doing with me?"

I chuckled. "Only if you want to. I could be eating you while you suck Uncle Gary tomorrow, if we get that far. It will be all up to how you want it to go and what you want him to get away with."

Again she began to quiver inside, but this time I stood up and began to pump into her, hard. I couldn't hold off any longer. She screamed out her orgasms one after the other as I kept hitting her cervix harder and harder, finally filling the condom and yelling out my own release.

I staggered backwards to my bed, flopping down with the end of the condom filled beyond capacity. The end of the rubber hung low, stretching it with the heavy load of fresh sperm. I looked up to her and she was still leaning forward on the desk with her shapely ass arched upward and her long taunt nylon covered legs still open. Her plastic heels were rapidly tapping on the wooden floor to the vibrations of her body it was an awesome sight. My camera was on my night stand so I took several pictures from her left rear, which captured those lovely breasts standing straight down, along with her perfectly framed ass by the garter straps.

I was mesmerized, watching her still in the throes of what must have been an amazing orgasm. It looked as if it was continuing as she whimpered with sighs mixed in. Her breathing was hard and labored as she continued to shake.

The movie I had selected was twenty-four minutes and it was continuing to play. Both men were trading places, eating the woman as she sucked one of them. Then entering her with force and with a continuing rhythm they kept riding her as she screamed out in pleasure. Mom kept watching, as if she was hypnotized.

I was choked-up watching her. "That could be you in a few weeks, if that is what you want to do. If you will let it happen. That can be Uncle Gary and me doing the most perverse things to you; if you want it bad enough."

What effects can a thought in your mind have on a body as to render it totally helpless with perverse pleasure, I thought to myself

She was unsteady, but managed to sit in my desk chair with her head down in her arms, coughing slightly from her heavy breathing.

After a few minutes I managed to get her to lie on my bed and try to relax to come down from her ordeal.

"Mark, that was the most intense orgasm I have ever had. I have never been so hot and out of control as I was. What is happening to me?"

I smiled at her. "You are just experiencing total freedom in letting yourself go. You looked the most beautiful as I have ever seen you. Now just relax and let yourself calm down."

"Mark, those men with that woman -- it was incredible, what they did to her. I could feel everything they were doing. Did you mean it about you and Gary doing that with me?"

I had a soft smile and a gentle voice, "Yes, but only if you want it to. I'm sure it would be as exciting, if not more so, but you have a while before even considering it. You never know Uncle Gary may not even want to do something like that."

I laughed and just then the phone rang. "It must be Uncle Gary. I'll put it on speaker, but you have to promise not to make a sound, no matter what is said. Okay?"

She nodded and I pushed the speaker phone button. "Mark here."

"Mark, this is Gary."

"Hi. Did you get my email?"

"Sure did. Don't be offended, but my Cat looks pretty fucking hot."

"Yea, I thought so too. You know you would never offend me."

"Hey, did you mean it when you said you would never tell Dave if I got a little fresh with her?"

"Yes, of course. I wouldn't have said it if I didn't mean it. What do you mean by getting a little fresh with her?"

"I'd like to get that top of her dress open and let those beautiful tits of hers come out to play. You ever looked at your mom's tits?"

"No, not naked, but they sure look good without a bra. Have you ever?"

"Just between you and me, some years back when your dad was out of town I got her to let me play with them for quite a while and she got hot as hell, but she hasn't let me get them out again since. Let me tell you, she has the most perfect set of tits that you can imagine and nipples so sensitive that if you suck them she will have an orgasm. Fuck, I'd love to do it again! It gives a hard-on just thinking about them. What did you mean about not leaving you out and nasty pictures?"

"Well, you're her brother and I'm her son, so it's all in the same family, right? Don't think you're the only guy who would like their hands on those tits and maybe pussy. I'm telling you, she is sure acting horny and sexy. If she is as hot as you say she is, maybe you can get her going you can talk her into letting me play too. Maybe once she gets hot enough I can get some real sexy pictures of her bare tits and just maybe get her to take her dress off. Those nylons and garters have got to look really hot on her firm ass don't you think?"

"Jeez, Mark, you're talking family sex here. Do you have lust for your Mom?"

I laughed. "Don't you? What's the difference, brother or Son? It's better than have her go out with the girls for a cheap thrill and end up in a bad way isn't it. I mean, just until my dad gets back, but that's another year and a half. Wouldn't you love to suck on those tits and eat that pussy to give her some relief -- rather than have her over come by a stranger?"

was drinking, but if he ever found out about both of us fooling around with her I don't know what he would do."

"Who says he's going to find out about anything? I don't know about fucking right now. I'll have to find out if she is on the pill, but maybe we could get her hot enough to do something else. You know she talks about you all the time. If you could her tit's out in front of me maybe you can convince her to let me have a feel so we both can take a tit each and once we do that she might let us do more. Hey it's worth a try, isn't it? After all, I got her to take those pictures for you with her sexy new dress."

"Yea, no shit! That was no small feat. Ok, it's a deal. Tomorrow I'll see how she is responding to my advances. If I can get those tits out in front of you it should be down hill coasting from there. I'm so hard thinking about it I have to go jack off. Okay, wish me luck. Hey, by the way, Mark -- I never shared a woman with another guy before; you're not gay are you?"

I laughed out load. "You have to kidding. I'm strictly a cunt hound and Mom really turns me on."

Gary laughed. "Ok, buddy, you're on. You take one end and I'll take the other."

"Hey I hope you have a big enough dick to impress her."

"Don't worry kid, seven inches and thick as my wrist, and you?"

"Nine inches and thick enough."

"Okay, see you tomorrow and thanks for the pictures, Man, she's hot."

I turned back to Mom and she had a big smirk on her face. "Thick as his wrist huh? I better get those pills quick."

We both laughed. "Well, we are on the way to fulfilling some of your naughty thoughts. Now don't forget to act sexy, but make him keep trying to open your dress, and dress just like you did tonight. You will be a knockout. Now lets get some sleep so you will be all refreshed for tomorrow."

Mom giggled like a little girl. "I'm sleeping here with you tonight. You don't mind, do you?" she asked in her coy little voice.

"Not as long as you let me sleep. And you better take your nylons and heels off so we can cuddle up; it's a small bed."

Minutes later we were in each others arms and she laid her head on my chest as we went to sleep.

###

Eight-thirty the next morning I woke. Looking at the clock I sighed. Wow... ten hours. I had slept over 10 hours. I must have needed that after yesterday. What a hell of a day. I stretched and realized something wasn't right. Mom! Where was Mom?

I walked through the house still naked, looking for her and calling her name. I looked everywhere. She wasn't there. The coffee wasn't made and the car was gone. I sat in the living room with my head in my hands. Fuck! I feared that she panicked about the reality of it all and ran.

I went back to my bedroom to put on my shorts, then uploaded the last pictures I had taken last night. I looked at those pictures of her standing at the desk. Jeez, mom looked hot! I started to feel bad thinking I may have pushed her too far about Uncle Gary and now she panicked. I should have given it more time but she seemed so excited about the whole thing.

"DAMN!" I said out loud, then went to have a cup of coffee, hoping to wake up and be able to think.

As I entered the kitchen I heard the car pull up. My heart skipped a beat as I waited for mom to come in.

As she entered the back door to the kitchen I saw her face beaming and eyes glittering with a big smile. I immediately felt a sense of relief and just hugged her tight.

"Where did you go? I was worried sick when I woke up and you weren't there. I looked all over for you, what happened?"

She giggled, "I'm sorry. I should have left you a note but I was so excited I just ran out. When I woke up I remembered I still had several refills left on my old birth control pills. I went to check the package and found I had 5 refills left of the three-month packages so I threw on my jeans and sweat shirt and went down to the 24-hour pharmacy." She held up her package of pills. "Now I can start them today and by next Sunday I'll be totally safe."

She kissed me deep and passionately. "Oh, Mark, I can't wait to be totally free of worry and we can just have some fun!"

I openly let out a big sigh of relief and a big smile for her then hugged her tighter than ever before.

We had our coffee and she just made some toast for us. It was after nine already and she had to shower, get dressed and start dinner. Uncle Gary usually came over at eleven and we would normally eat about one o'clock. Usually Uncle Gary and I would sit and have coffee, or he would have a beer. We'd just talk and make a leisurely day of it while Mom would be cooking, then join us for conversation before we ate. I knew today was going to be very different and probably change our lives forever.

"What are you thinking right now?" I asked.

She looked up at me and grinned. "I was just thinking about the last few days and all that has happened. It has been like a whirlwind. I just can't believe some of the naughty thoughts I have had over the years may just come true. Who would have ever thought it would be my own son that would help them come to pass?"

I smiled brightly and chuckled. "Like what kind of naughty thoughts? You just tell Ole Mark here and I'll see what I can do. Anything to help out a beautiful woman."

She giggled out loud. "Oh you are so sweet and accommodating. I'm sure it's a selfless act of compassion."

I roared with laughter. "Ok, let's not get carried away here. It's not a selfless act at all. It's a rather pleasurable one in fact."

She snickered with her nose all bunched up like a little kid.

"You're too funny. Well, you know the kinds of thoughts a lust filled mind can conjure up -- like those movies we saw last night. I've thought of two men for years, but never had the courage to bring it up with your dad. Don't get me wrong; I love him and miss him very much. The thought of cheating on him makes me feel very bad inside. I know what you're going to say about keeping it in the family is not like cheating. But him not knowing or giving his permission makes me feel like it's

cheating. I guess my deeper lustful thoughts transcend love itself. My love for your Father is a lot different from the feelings of my sexual lust for you and Gary. Maybe after those feelings are fulfilled they will be out of the way. I don't know."

I gently smiled as I reached across the table and held her hand. "If dad really loves you I can't see how he would want to deny you your physical and mental needs when he is so far away."

She smirked. "I hope you're right about that, but if your not it's like you said: some things are better left unsaid. I know you and Gary would never betray my confidence. Not as long as you are both getting what you want." She giggled out loud.

I laughed. " Now you have the right attitude. You better go get ready it's eight-thirty already and Uncle Gary usually gets here about eleven."

She giggled jumping up and running to the bathroom.

As soon as she was out I was in. She walked out of the bathroom with her towel wrapped around her. I guess old habits never die.

An hour later I was sitting at the dinning room table as she walked in. I gasped. She was astonishingly beautiful. Her eyes had a deep shade of lavender eye shadow and her full lips were coated with bright ruby red lipstick. The dress was buttoned up to with two open buttons. As she turned I could see she had on sheer black nylons with a seam up

the back and her clear plastic heels. She looked ravishing. I just sat there with my mouth open.

"Well, what do you think? Do I look like a slut?"

I smiled "A nice one. How do you feel?"

She giggled. "Like a hot slut who is about to become a whore."

"MOM! A whore gets paid and I don't make enough money at my part-time job. Can't you just be a slut who just likes to play?"

She burst out laughing. "Ok, I'll just be a depraved hot slut."

Much better. Now I can play to. What are you making for dinner?"

"Polish sausage and potatoes with seasoning."

"Oh, sex food. If you lick and suck on the sausage I'm sure Uncle Gary will get the message."

She had sultry look in her eyes. "Why do you think I decided to have that for dinner? I want him so hot he won't be able to control himself."

"You know how to tease, don't you."

She giggled. "Go sit in the dinning room and let me know when he's about to come in the kitchen. I want to be bending over when he comes in so he gets a look at my nylons." She bent over and looked at me. "Do you see anything?"

I smiled. "Sure do. I can see the tops of your nylons and two straps. Hot... very hot."

She giggled. "You mean naughty, don't you?"

I laughed. "Yeah, that to."

I took a fresh cup of coffee and sat in the dinning room where I could see who was coming up the walk. It was almost eleven and Uncle Gary should be here any second now, I thought. I couldn't help but think back one week ago to last Sunday and how fast things have changed. Mom was definitely a shy and coy person with a volcano inside her; once it erupted she was a very sensual being with a lot of needs physically and emotionally.

I saw Uncle Gary get out of his car with a twelve-pack of beer and a large bottle of wine.

"He's here coming up the walk," I called out to mom.

She began to bend over the bottom of the stove as he walked in the kitchen.

"Hi Kitty Cat. Wow -- you are dressed to kill, Baby! Let me see your new dress, and give your brother a big hug and kiss."

She stood up, turning to him. You could see the sexy look on her face, as he looked her over. "Wow, Cat you look gorgeous."

He gave her a tight hug and rubbed her ass, then kissed her cheek. "Beautiful... absolutely beautiful. But some thing is wrong here. The pictures I saw last night... oh now I see... too many buttons. Let's give those babies some breathing room." He unbuttoned four buttons. "Oh yea, much better."

Mom slapped his hand and giggled, but didn't button up. "You're impossible, you know that!"

Uncle Gary laughed. "Hey, Babe, if you got them -- flaunt them, and you got them, believe me." He took her left breast in his hand and squeezed it a few times. "Nice... very nice."

She giggled again and pulled his hand off. "I can understand when you do that after you have a couple drinks, but you haven't even had a drink yet. What has gotten into you?"

He laughed. "Cat, you're looking at one horny son-of-a-bitch after seeing your pictures last night, so cut me a break. I'm going to have a beer with my nephew; now at least he understands his uncle."

"Hi Mark, how's my boy doin'? What a beer?"

"Sure, I'll have one. I saw you getting a feel -- you lucky guy."

Mom came out of the kitchen with two beers. "You too? You're my son. What's wrong with you guys?"

I shrugged. "Well, I'm the one who took the pictures and I'm only human. Besides, Uncle Gary is your brother, so what's the difference? It's all in the family, isn't it?"

Gary spoke up. "Hey, Cat, I brought you some of that wine you like. Why don't you have a glass and relax? Mark is right you know; it's just family here."

She laughed. "Okay... I think I'll have some wine."

"Hey, Uncle Gary, you left too many buttons buttoned. She had a few a few less last night in the pictures."

She walked back in giggling. "What now, you perverts?"

My uncle stood up and unbuttoned two more buttons on mom's dress, then lifted both tits up a little. "Mark said you had less buttons buttoned last night for the pictures and I don't want to be cheated today."

She laughed, slapping his hand. "You're not going to be happy until all the buttons are undone, are you?"

He smiled. "Yeah, that's a great idea! Maybe after dinner we can have a beautiful dessert."

Mom's eyes glanced at me with a sly smile. "That's a wicked idea. You are so bad. No wonder my son is having naughty thoughts. I think he is learning from you."

We sat there drinking our beer and talking about school and his work. He called Mom for another beer, but I still had more than a half bottle left and refused. She brought him another and he slipped his hand up her leg to her ass, giving it a squeeze. She blushed and gently pulled his hand away.

"No, no, no, now lets not be naughty," she teased.

"This is too good to miss. I have to get my camera," I said. I went to my bedroom and brought back my digital, then called to Mom.

"Now what? I'm cooking." She had a smile on her face.

I smiled. "I just have to get a couple of pictures of you and Uncle Gary."

"Doing what?" she asked.

"Uncle Gary, stand behind Mom and put your arms around her as you kiss her cheek."

He did and she laid back into him.

"Now lift her boobs up like you did before."

He cupped both tit's and lifted them, then squeezed a few times and ran his thumbs over her now hard nipples.

"Great... a nice family picture."

"Nice Family picture! What was that for? Are you going to send them to dad?"

I laughed. "Of course not. They were just really sexy and you look good in them. In fact, you really look sexy today and I intend on getting some more pictures of you."

Uncle Gary snickered. "Mark, get ready to take this one; it'll be a hot one."

Mom was giggling and squirming against him. He held her waist with his left hand and pushed his right hand down her dress to her bare left tit, then rubbed her nipple several times. She let out a soft moan, putting her head back to his shoulder.

"Gary not in front of Mark, you know what that does to me," mom breathed. She pulled his hand away and moaned. "You two are crazy."

Uncle Gary laughed. "Her nipples are hard as rocks, so she likes it, Mark."

Mom went back to the kitchen, giggling and shaking her head. "You know damn well I liked it, you know how long it's been since... Oh, nevermind."

"I got a couple of great pictures, Mom."

"You better never show those to anyone or you're going to be in big trouble," she called back. "

I gave Uncle Gary a thumbs up and he winked back at me.

Mom brought in a large plate of long fat polish sausage, smothered with green and red peppers and onions.

"Make sure you leave one for me." She giggled as she went to the kitchen again, then returned with a large plate of sliced potatoes, covered in oil and herbs. "Anyone want another beer?"

Uncle Gary lifted his hand, but I was still okay. She came back with his beer. He once again slid his hand up her dress and rubbed her ass and legs.

Mom snickered. "Is that how you tip your waitress?"

He laughed. "Only if they have a beautiful ass like yours."

She sat down with a glass of wine. "I can't believe this is my third glass of wine. I can sure feel it. I never drink, but this is so good. Thank you, Gary."

He nodded. "My pleasure. Nothing but the best for my little Kitty Cat."

I asked. "Why do you call Mom Kitty Cat?"

Uncle Gary laughed and Mom snickered. "Don't you dare tell him Gary!"

was getting changed. I looked in and saw this beautiful bare ass staring at me, so I just walked in. Your little Cat here jumped about two feet and started to yell. I told her to shut up or we would both be in a lot of trouble. You know I have always been crazy about your Mom and I just had to see. So she said if I show you will you leave. I agreed, and she sat on her bed and opened her legs for me to see. I remember I got so excited that I came in my pants. It was covered in fine little curls of black hair with a pink nose standing out, all wet, like she just stepped out of a shower. She put her finger down there and pulled her lips open so her long clit stuck out. It was so hot I thought I was going to pass out. Her little pussy looked like a little Kitty Cat and that's how she got her name."

Moms face was blushing red. "You're still just as bad as you were then, but I did have to laugh when I saw that big wet spot on the front of your pants. I thought that was so cute that I could make you do that with just a look."

With that she picked up a half of sausage and very slowly slipped it between her moist, sexy lips -- letting it slowly slide in and out a few times while looking at Gary and sucking the end of the sausage. The effect of watching that juicy fat sausage slid in between those puffy red lips had me hard as hell. She snickered at the look on his face.

"I suppose it would take a lot more than a look to make you do that again, wouldn't it?"

was holding those two lovely mounds together to form more than just cleavage, but a deep dark valley with most of her breast was showing. She put the sausage back into her mouth and slowly bit the end off, which allowed the juice inside to start dripping down her bottom lip.

I watched drip-by-drip fall to her open front on to her exposed breasts and a few fell into the deep crevasse between them.

She had a haunting, lurid smile as she very quietly and sexily said. "Oh my, I haven't had such a juicy sausage in a long time." Then slowly she picked up her napkin and lightly soaked up the juice on her open breasts. With her middle finger pushed the napkin between her bulging tits to wipe between them.

The buttons of her dress were straining even more. I gazed at her puffed-up areolas and stiff nipples that were easily seen through the thin material of her dress.

Uncle Gary's eyes were glowing with lust as he watched her lips and breasts. He toyed with his bottle of beer then said, "I happen to have a nice thick sausage -- much juicer than that one."

Her eyes only opened half way and I thought she was on the verge of an orgasm building. "Oh? Maybe I didn't cook them enough, but mine seems to be nice and firm."

She finally looked at me and asked. "Mark is your sausage nice and firm?"

I smirked. "Yes Mom, like Uncle Gary said: it's very hard and juicy."

She put her head down and smiled, then continued to eat. I noticed her wine was gone so I asked. "Does anyone want another drink? I'm getting myself another beer."

Uncle Gary lifted his empty bottle and Mom lifted her glass. I brought back a beer for Uncle Gary and the bottle of wine and poured her a full glass. She smiled up at me looking directly at the huge bulge down my right leg, then up to my eyes with a lustful look.

"Thank you, sweetheart. You are very much a man now, aren't you? You look even more handsome than your father was at your age."

I smiled. "Thank you, Mom. You look more beautiful today than I have ever seen you."

"She sure is, Mark. My little Cat has outdone herself today with that sexy new dress and this great dinner. I've never seen those tits look so hot as they do today. They look good enough to eat, don't you think so?" Uncle Gary was grinning, his eyes flitting between me and mom.

He laughed. "Oh come now, Cat. You said he was better looking than Dave at that age. Don't you think good-looking young guys like to suck a tit, especially when they are as beautiful as yours? Hey, what's wrong with a little honesty? We're all family here. By the way, Dave has been gone for two months now. Have you heard from him lately?"

She smiled. "Yes, he wrote Friday night and some times I get an email from him on Sundays too. I haven't had a chance to check today but it will probably come in late at night. They are about 16 hours behind us so he is still sleeping right now. He is fine very busy and lonely. It's going to be another year and a half before he can come home; at least that is the schedule right now. He said to say 'hi' to you with a wink -- whatever that means. He's happy that you come over every Sunday for dinner and keep an eye on us."

Uncle Gary smiled. "Did you tell him how close an eye I'm keeping on you?"

She giggled. "Oh, Gary, stop it. I'm sure that if he wanted to know if you were sneaking a feel once in a while he would have asked, but I'm not going to volunteer any information when he is so far away."

My uncle smiled again. "Well he didn't mind when he was here, so why would he mind over there? He might even get a little thrill out of it -- knowing his lovely wife is getting a little affection without having to go looking for it."

Mom was turning a little red. "Gary, you know damn-well I would never go out looking for that and he does to."

Dinner was finished and Mom got up to clear the dishes, but she wobbled a little on her heels. I got up, saying I would clean the table, then poured her another glass of wine. She said she was going to the bathroom. When she returned and sat down she looked up at me.

"Thank you honey, but are trying to get me drunk so you can get more pictures?" mom asked.

I laughed. "Maybe? But I'll need Uncle Gary's help for that."

She giggled. "Oh, he's always ready to help you do something nasty to me."

I chuckled. "Good then we will have some fun tonight. Uncle Gary another beer?"

He tapped his stomach. "Not yet, got to slow down a little if we plan to have some fun with my little Kitty Cat and right now I have to drain these kidneys."

I picked up all the dishes and plates while he went to the bathroom, then sat back down across from Mom with my camera. I winked at her saying. "How about some sexy pictures? You look so sexy today."

She sat back lifting her breasts. "How about taking a few pictures like this? Is this sexy enough for you?"

I took a couple of pictures as Uncle Gary entered the room. He stood behind mom with his hands on her shoulders. "Come on, Cat, we want some real sexy pictures."

I chuckled. "Yeah, Mom, we're only two buttons away from some real hot ones."

She giggled. "Oh, you're crazy; I could never do that."

Gary began rubbing her neck and shoulders and she laid her head back saying. "Oh that feels so good."

Gary continued and slipped his hands down inside her dress and began rubbing her nipples.

"Oh," She moaned again. "Not in front of Mark. You know how hot that makes me and I haven't felt this way in a long time."

Gary kept it up as she moaned and held his arms. I took several pictures and was hard as hell watching Mom respond to his touch. "Two more buttons Gary and we can all enjoy it," I said.

Gary leaned over, softly kissing her neck and undid the last four buttons. Her breasts came out and anyone could have plainly seen how

aroused she was. I took several more pictures of Gary rubbing and pulling on her nipples. Her eyes were silted as she looked at my reaction. I smiled with my own lustful look. "Mom, you look really fucking sexy, but now Uncle Gary should suck on your nipples."

She gasped. "Oh god... what am I doing?"

Gary leaned over and began to lick and suck on her right nipple. She arched her back, letting out a long low groan. I took several more pictures, then got up and walked to her left side. Kneeling next to her I took her left breast from Gary and began to suck on the over-sensitive nipple. She let out a shriek so I knew she was having an orgasm. I peeled her shoulder strap down over her arm and nudged Gary to do the same, then helped her to stand up. She was shaking and vibrating like last night and I knew she was ready for anything. I pulled her dress down over her hips, letting it drop to the floor, exposing her garter and panties. She looked beautiful.

Mom's hands were on our heads holding them to her breasts as she whimpered. "Oh, Mark, what are you going to do to me?"

Uncle Gary looked at me, surprised.

I groaned. "We are going to let you have a little fun tonight and you deserve it after waiting so long. Don't worry, no one will ever know and you're safe with us. Are you on the pill?"

"That's ok, Mom. We can find other things to make you happy. Let's get you in the living room on the sofa so we can be more comfortable. okay?"

Her eyes were half closed as she let our heads go and stood on her own. I took my camera, taking several pictures of her sexy body as she walked with Gary to the living room.

She turned and kissed Gary deeply on the mouth and he kissed her back as I took more pictures.

She held Gary tight, saying "Do you think your little Kitty Cat is a slut and a bad person for being so weak?"

He held her tight. "Oh god, baby, no. You could never be bad in my eyes. I've wanted you ever since that day in your bedroom. You're totally safe with me and I can't blame Mark in the least for wanting you either. You're enough woman for several men and I promise we'll take good care of you."

"Oh, Gary, thank you for saying that. I've thought about you ever since that day. I get so wet when you feel me up and I see that bulge in your pants, knowing you want me. I'll always love Dave, but I'll always love you and Mark also. I'm not on the pill, but maybe next week I will ready but I can do something else for you that I always wanted to do."

I had my pants and shorts off already and set the camera up on the TV on auto shot every 30 seconds.

She looked over at me while still holding Gary. "Oh Gary, look at Mark. I think I'll have to take care of my son too. Hurry, take off your pants."

I walked up to her and kissed her deeply. "I have never loved you as much as I do right now."

She moaned. "I hope I'm doing the right thing tonight."

"Tell me when the night is over what you think." I pulled her panties down and over her shoes, then sat her on the sofa and knelt between her legs. She was vibrating again as I sucked her nipples and rubbed her thighs.

Uncle Gary came over and sat next to her. His dick was as thick as he had said. Mom gasped. "Oh Gary you're so big!"

"Just for you, Cat."

She reached out with a shaky hand and tried to wrap her fingers around his cock but couldn't. She touched it all over, almost caressing it, moaning as she did. "Oh, Gary, I can't help myself now. Please tell me I'm not cheating on Dave."

He ran his hand over her head. "No, baby, not as long as you keep it in the family. I think between Mark and I we can keep you satisfied."

She reached over with her other hand and felt his balls as she continued to slide her hand up and down his thick shaft. I kissed further down her tummy, then between her legs.

"Oh, Mark!" she screamed. "Oh... yes, Baby, yes! I'm cumming!"

Her body tensed and she let out a shrill scream as I felt her body vibrate and buck at my mouth. I found her long clit and gently sucked on it, making her body tense up again. I was glad I had saved this for tonight because it was our first time together this way. Her juice was pouring out of her and I loved sucking it up and swallowing it. It was a surreal moment.

By the time I had come out of my reverie mom had leaned over and was sucking Uncle Gary. She looked like she was in heaven. She gave out several grunts and took him out of her mouth, looking up at his face.

"Oh, Gary, I love doing this so much. I hope you can hold out for a while. Now that I have come this far I don't want it to end."

"Don't worry Kitty Cat I can hold out and I also recover quickly, so between me and Mark your going to get several mouth fills tonight."

I got the camera and took some close-up pictures of her sucking Gary and some full-length pictures of the two of them.

I had Uncle Gary put one leg up on the sofa and had her kneel so I could get at her from the back. I took my time licking along her slit and pushing my tongue into her until she came again. Her little puckered hole looked so inviting I just had to have some. I thought of another idea.

I went to the kitchen and got one of the Polish sausages and rinsed it in the sink. Uncle Gary looked like he was ready to cum as I got behind her again and began slipping the sausage into her. She let out a shrill moan and began bucking back at the sausage as I slipped an oiled finger into her ass. Her shrill became much louder and more violent and Uncle Gary started to come in her mouth. She began gulping and slurping his cum as fast as she could. At the same time she was contracting very hard on my finger and the sausage.

Uncle Gary's cock suppressed her screams. As he stopped cumming she let go and was breathing very hard, then let out a shrill scream that rattled the walls.

"Oh fuck, Mark, Oh fuck, Oh fuck!" she cried out.

I never heard her use that word before but it got to me. Her forehead fell down into Uncle Gary's balls and like a sex-crazed animal she began licking his balls and messy shaft, then sucked the head back into her mouth.

Uncle Gary groaned. "Oh, Cat, please... it's so sensitive I can't take anymore for a while. Let Mark take my place."

She reluctantly gave up his cock as it was shrinking and groaned as she laid her head on the sofa. Uncle Gary got up and went to the bathroom as I sat in his spot, pulling her head up and looking at her. Her lipstick was smeared and her eyes glazed with total lust.

"Suck my cock, Mom. Suck your son's cock, I have a lot of cum ready for you."

She looked up at me and groaned. "Oh Mark, I just gave my brother a blowjob and ate all of his cum. I'm so hot. I feel like I'm going to pass out. Did you put a finger in my ass?"

I smiled. "Yes, I did. Did you like it?"

"Oh god, Mark, that was the hottest things I ever felt. Even your father never did that."

I snickered. "Hmm, I'm happy I could introduce you to something new. I'll have to work on that in the future. Did you like the Polish sausage?"

"I thought that was you; it went all the way to the bottom."

"Well, we're going to have Uncle Gary continue using that on you, but next week you're going to get the real thing."

She smiled. "I think I'm going to make polish sausage more often."

I laughed. "I think we should ask uncle Gary to pick up a nice vibrator for you and we can take turns using it on you, in-between us of course."

Her eyes closed slightly and she went down on my balls and began to lick. I watch her sucking me. It was one of many of the sexiest things I have seen. Uncle Gary came back and pulled the sausage out of her and began to eat her as I did before. She had three screaming orgasms with his mouth and the sausage before I finally emptied my balls into her mouth which she slurped up all of it, then dropped her head to the sofa, panting and worn out.

I got up, telling Uncle Gary, "I think we satisfied her -- she's almost out. Maybe I should get her to bed."

He smiled. "Yeah, I think you're right. Wow, I never knew my little Cat was so hot. I hope it just wasn't the wine and that she'll have a bad time tomorrow with what happened."

I shrugged. "I don't think so with all she said tonight. I think the wine just let her talk about everything she has been thinking about. She told me before she was going to start her birth control pills so next week we can go all the way with her without having to use a condom and worrying about getting her pregnant. She also said those pills mess

with her hormones and she gets a lot hornier. So maybe you should stop and get her a good dildo so we don't leave her hanging when we aren't around. It might be fun to help work her over like tonight with the sausage. Man I don't know how many orgasms she had, but it was a lot. Well, what do you think about us doing this? Any regrets?"

"Fuck, Mark, I've wanted her since I was a kid. Had I known she was this horny I think I would have pushed harder. Hell, I wouldn't have had the nerve tonight if you didn't get her crazy and take her dress off. That did it for her and me, I'm sure. The only thing that bothers me is your Dad. I really like Dave and if he finds out about his kid and brother-in-law playing around with his wife I don't know what he would do. You know your Dad is a tough ass Marine."

I smiled. "Well, I'm sure not going to tell him and I'm sure you won't. You saw how hot she was for both of our cocks tonight and she was worried about cheating on him but couldn't help herself. So I'm damn sure she isn't going to say anything. If he asks what she is doing to take care of her self I'll just have her tell him you got her a dildo. You know if you didn't know about how hot her nipples got her I don't think we could have pushed her over the edge. We're going to make a good team for her and she loves us both. Hey, help me get her up to her bed; she's really out of it."

I got mom up and Uncle Gary helped get her to bed. She was groggy, holding on to us and moaning. "I can't do anymore. I'm exhausted, and I have to sleep."

We both laughed and put her in bed. I took her nylons and garters off so I let her sleep nude, then I saw uncle Gary out to his car and told him I would call if anything came up.

My Summer in Exile

Chapter 1

My parents, especially my father, thought that sending me to stay with my aunt and uncle for the summer would do me good. I dreaded the prospect of being stuck in the back of beyond, far away from my friends for two months. But after my father made a threatening comment about sending me to one of those military-style boot camps for delinquent teenage boys the thought of a couple of months with Uncle Roger and Aunt Amanda didn't seem quite so bad.

What precipitated this move was a series of incidents that caused my parents to fear that the path I was headed down was leading me towards a life of trouble. In retrospect, maybe they were right.

That past April, a few weeks before my nineteenth birthday, dad had gotten a call from Arnold Miller. I was friends with Arnold's son, Kenny. We had known each-other since fifth grade. One weekend when Kenny's parents had gone out we convinced Kenny's older sister, Faith, to buy us some beer. We drank them up in Kenny's room while we listened to music and ogled Faith, who was sitting cross-legged on the bed wearing a mini skirt, pink panties and tank top. It was my first experience with alcohol and it ended up being an unpleasant one, to say the least. By the time Mr. and Mrs. Miller returned home I was passed out on their bed, but only after leaving a puddle of vomit on their bathroom floor.

"What the hell is wrong with you, Chris? You're too young to drink and you can't even do it without puking your guts up. You've got a lot of growing up to do." Dad was standing over my bed the next morning lecturing me.

My mother had a worried look on her face as she watched from the doorway. "Okay, that's enough, Bruce. He gets the point." she eventually told my father.

I was lying in bed that Saturday morning wishing I would die while my father berated me. I was relieved once he had finished because I thought it meant that he would let me get back to sleep. I felt like shit. Instead, he demanded that I get up and mow the lawn. It was not even nine o'clock.

While I trudged behind the lawn mower that hot morning, feeling the urge to throw up again, I promised myself that I would change my ways. I kept that promise for a little over a month. One night when I got home after hanging out with Kenny at the mall (his father was still not ready to have me back at his house yet) I found my parents waiting for me at the kitchen table. I knew that something was up and it was not good.

"Your mother found something of yours." dad told me.

"What?" I asked, trying to sound less scared than I was.

Dad reached in the breast pocket of his shirt and placed a roach on the table.

"Your mother found this in your jeans this afternoon when she was doing laundry." he announced.

I felt myself go limp. There was no way I could lie my way out of this. I gave my parents a guilty stare while I waited for the fallout.

That was the proverbial last straw for my parents. It was a week or so after that when dad informed me that as soon as school was over for the year they were shipping me off to stay with my aunt and uncle in Shelton. I thought of it as exile.

I was far from happy about being exiled to Shelton for two months. It later occurred to me that Uncle Roger and Aunt Amanda probably weren't exactly overjoyed about hosting their problem child nephew for the summer, although the suggestion had actually been Roger's. I reminded myself that it was only for two months. That fall I would be starting college. Hopefully I could get an apartment somewhere with Kenny or another friend and be out of dad's house for good.

Uncle Roger was dad's brother-in-law. He had been in the military for a few years until he lost two fingers on his left hand during a live-fire exercise. He projected a demeanor of being a no-bullshit sort of guy sometimes, so I knew that I would have to toe the line while I was staying there. Uncle Roger was friendly, but seemed like the type who'd make you dig a latrine if you pissed him off. If you really got on his bad side it might be your grave. Once he returned to civilian life he

married my Aunt Amanda, dad's baby sister and the youngest of five siblings, and opened a hardware store in downtown Shelton.

Shelton was a small coastal town about a five hour drive from Waterville, where my parents and I lived. Most people there earned their living as fishermen or farmers. I had only been there once a few years before to attend Roger's and Amanda's wedding. It was the type of town that had more cows than people and the last person to bed turned out the streetlights.

My father's reasoning was that since there was precious little to do in Shelton it would be impossible for me to get into trouble. He hoped that after a summer away from Kenny and whatever other corrupting influences that were in my life I would become the person he wanted me to be. I feared that I would go crazy from boredom. I soon discovered that boredom was probably the least of my worries. Dad informed me that I would be working at Uncle Roger's hardware store for the duration of my stay. He said it would be a way for me to earn my keep. I considered it slave labor.

Chapter 2

My aunt and uncle seemed happy to see me when dad and I arrived at their house. It was the first Saturday in July. They greeted me with warm smiles and hugs. I had half expected to find Uncle Roger wearing a camouflage uniform and shouting at me to do push-ups.

Parked in front of the garage was a blue Ford truck and a white Toyota. I assumed that the truck must be Roger's and the car belonged to Amanda.

"Remember you're a guest here, so you do as Roger and Amanda say. Don't let me find out that you've been getting in trouble here too." dad reminded me in a stern voice before he left.

I swallowed hard and nodded, then I felt a gentle hand rest on my back. It slid up to my right shoulder. It was my Aunt Amanda. She gave my shoulder a slow rub as she pressed her hip to mine.

"Don't worry, Bruce, we'll see that he doesn't get into any more trouble than you did at his age." my aunt told my father.

Dad shot his younger sister an angry glare as his mouth grew taugt.

"We've sent him here in hopes that it will give him time to think about where his life is headed and he can get his shit together." dad spat out.

"I think you've forgotten what it's like to be a teenager, big brother," my aunt said "maybe Chris needs to hear some stories about your exploits when you were his age while he's here -- like the time dad's forty year-old Scotch mysteriously vanished, or the flaming bag of dog shit that turned up on Mr. Henderson's porch one Halloween."

My father's jaw was clamped shut as he stormed off towards his car. It started with a roar and he sped out of the driveway in a cloud of dust and flying gravel.

My Aunt Amanda still had her arm draped over my shoulder as we stood on the front porch. She was waving at my father with a smug grin as he drove off. Her breast was rubbing against my side, making my cock rise in my jeans. After dad vanished from sight my aunt shot me a smile.

"Okay, he's gone. Now you can relax and enjoy your summer." Amanda said.

My aunt sounded as relieved as I was as she opened the screen door to invite inside. I joined Roger at the kitchen table while my aunt returned to making apple pies.

"Thanks for sticking up for me with dad earlier, Aunt Amanda."

"My pleasure. I love Bruce, but he sure can be a dick sometimes." she said.

I laughed.

"So, I hear you got into some trouble, Chris." Uncle Roger said.

"Yeah..." I mumbled, avoiding his piercing green eyes and wondering if I should call him 'Sir'.

"I'm going to have to teach you how to hold your liquor before you leave. I don't want you puking on my bathroom floor." He let out a deep laugh and leaned back in his chair.

I stared at my uncle, astonished.

"Roger, stop it," Amanda interjected "Bruce sent him here to avoid that sort of thing. Don't you try to corrupt him!" She had our back to us as she rolled out pastry dough on the counter.

Uncle Roger rolled his eyes. "Don't worry about her, Chris, her bark is worse than her bite."

Aunt Amanda threw a ball of dough towards my uncle. It hit the back of his head and fell to the floor with a soft splat. I let out a loud laugh. Already I could tell that I was going to have a good summer.

"Thanks a lot for letting me stay here this summer, Uncle Roger. You too, Aunt Amanda."

"Roger," he corrected "there's no need for any of that 'aunt' and 'uncle' crap, okay? And you're welcome. We're glad to have you."

I gave my uncle a wide smile and nodded.

That evening after supper I went up to what would be my bedroom for the next eight weeks to unpack. Roger said he was going out to The Eagle for a couple of hours or so. The Eagle was a tavern in town that was founded years ago by a few World War Two veterans. One of their sons ran it now. Uncle Roger liked to go there to socialize more than drink, plus it was the only place in town with pool tables. He also belonged to a darts team that held tournaments there every Wednesday night.

I was stuffing socks and underwear in a bureau drawer when Amanda joined me. I didn't see her at first, but when I turned to get more clothes from my suitcase on the bed I saw her in the doorway to the room. I jumped a bit.

"Sorry. I didn't mean to scare you." she said.

"It's okay." I told her, letting out a nervous laugh.

I pulled a few t-shirts from my suitcase and began putting them on hangers in the tiny closet. Amanda walked over to the bed in the corner and sat down, watching me.

"I hope you'll enjoy your stay here, Chris."

"Just don't have too much fun," she said "your parents are going to be calling to see how you're doing and I'd rather not have to lie to them."

I grinned. "Then I'll just have to make sure you don't find out if I do something I shouldn't."

"You're just like your father." she said, shaking her head.

"How's that?" I asked.

"When we were younger he was always raising hell and making me promise not to tell mom and dad."

"Dad?" I asked, wondering if we were thinking of the same person.

"Yeah... don't forget that Bruce was your age once too. There's probably not much you can think of that he's not tried at least once."

"I have a good imagination though." I joked.

"So does Bruce," she added, then smiled "although it's usually a dirty one."

"Then that's where I get it from." I shot back.

"Oh great, having you around is going to be like being around Bruce when he was your age."

Amanda rolled her eyes and shook her head again, but I could she was just being overly dramatic for comic effect.

I smiled as I continued hanging up clothes in the closet. Amanda was sitting on the bed behind me. I didn't want to stare, but I found that she looked so pretty. She had curly brown hair that trailed a foot or so down her back. Her eyes were a shade darker than her hair. They glistened and seemed to change hue and brightness depending on her emotions. What I had noticed most were the contours of my aunt's body. She was wearing a short blue skirt and a white short-sleeved blouse that left some of her midriff bare. Her tanned legs looked shiny and smooth, but I was more interested in how her breasts filled out her blouse. I had noticed the faintest hint of her nipples pushing at the cotton earlier and was quite sure that she was not wearing a bra.

Out of the corner of my eye I noticed my aunt get up and look in an open cardboard box beside the bureau to my left. The box contained my ipod, some books and some more clothes.

"Mind if I look at your books?" she asked.

"No. Go ahead."

"I like Stephen King too," she remarked "I haven't read this one yet though."

"You can borrow it if you want." I offered.

"Thanks." Amanda put the book down beside her and brought another one from the box.

I had finished hanging up the shirts and t-shirts that were draped over my arm. I turned and took a step towards my aunt as she crouched over the box, looking at one of my books. Her breasts hung down and swayed a bit inside her blouse. My cock began to stiffen. Soon I felt it straining the front of my jeans.

After a few seconds Aunt Amanda straightened her back and turned towards me. Her palms were on her thighs as she looked up at me. Now I was even more aware of my erection. I think she was too because her eyes lingered on the front of my jeans before moving up my body. She was smiling and her dark eyes flickered.

"Isn't this something every guy thinks about?" Her smile was impish.

"What?" I asked, trying to ignore my erection.

"Having a girl kneeling in front of him like this..."

"Yeah... I guess," I mumbled, feeling myself blush "except not their aunt."

"Why? What's wrong with me?" Amanda had a disappointed look on her face as she asked the question.

"Nothing. You look great, Aunt Amanda." I blurted out before I could censor myself.

"Thanks," she said, sounding relieved "but remember, you don't have to call me Aunt Amanda; it makes me sound old. Just Amanda will be fine."

"Okay, Just Amanda." I retorted.

My aunt let out a loud laugh. I watched her breasts jiggle under her blouse. I was still focused on Amanda's chest after she stopped laughing. She smiled, then leaned back and placed her palms behind her on the carpeted floor. The cropped blouse she was wearing slid up her flat stomach to reveal her tanned skin. Her breasts were thrust upwards, straining her blouse.

"How do I look, Chris?"

"Fantastic." I croaked with a dry mouth.

My aunt gave me a smile. She seemed pleased by my comment, rather than uncomfortable.

"A few months ago I let Roger take some pictures of me like this with his digital camera -- except I wasn't wearing quite as much as I am now." Amanda gave me a coy smile and I tried to imagine her naked.

"Wow..." I hissed, unsure of how else to respond and not wanting to say all that I was thinking.

"But I told him that if he shows them to his buddies down at The Eagle I'd cut his balls off."

I laughed. "You don't think he'd do that, do you?"

"Sometimes he likes for me to show off a little, so he might."

"Show off?" I asked.

"You know -- wear stuff that shows some skin. Sometimes a lot of skin."

"Do you mind?"

"No, it turns me on. It makes me feel sexy." she admitted.

After a brief but awkward silence my aunt reached for my book on the floor and stood up.

"I should get back down. I've got a couple of pies in the oven and Roger will be home soon."

"Okay, I'll be down in a while."

"Good." Amanda said, then left the room.

I was watching television when I heard Roger return home later that evening. Amanda was tidying the kitchen. They spoke for a while, then I heard her let out an excited giggle and a deep moan. Next came the hissing sound of Roger reminding her to be quiet, presumably because I was in the next room. I felt uncomfortable and guilty, thinking I was intruding on their privacy.

"Who's winning?" Roger asked as he entered the livingroom and saw the ballgame on tv. He sat down in a chair beside the sofa.

"The Red Sox are up by three at the top of the seventh." I told him.

"Damn." Roger spat out.

1461 Amanda joined us a while later. She stood in the doorway for a moment and commented on how she hates sports, then sat down on Roger's lap. I noticed her looking at me from the corner of my eye, but I kept my

eyes on the tv screen. When she let out an excited squeal and laughed I turned by head to the left.

"Roger's bein' bad, Chris," she said "tell him to behave."

My uncle was wearing a boyish grin as he looked my way. His hand was on the inside of Amanda's right thigh. I could not help but wonder where it had been before I had turned my head.

"I'm afraid you're on your own with this one, Amanda. He's a lot bigger than me, so I'm keeping my mouth shut."

Roger let out a loud laugh as he pulled his wife closer. An instant later he had slipped his hand under her blouse to grab her breast.

"Hey, cut that out!" she exclaimed, giggling.

Amanda swatted her husband's hand and lurched back. I watched, feeling my cock throb, wondering how bold my uncle would dare be in front of me. I was about to find out.

"I think someone needs to go to bed." my aunt said.

Amanda kissed Roger's cheek and slid from his lap. She gave his hand a tug, pulling him to his feet.

Roger was standing behind Amanda now. His arms were around her waist and his hands were on her stomach, rubbing it. I watched as one hand slipped under her blouse, inching towards her right breast.

"There are a couple of apple pies on the counter," my aunt told me "if you want a piece before you go to bed, help yourself. There's milk and pop in the fridge too."

"Thanks." I replied.

"Let's go to bed, babe." Roger prodded.

My uncle was still fondling Amanda's breast and as much as I enjoyed watching I was equally surprised that she had not stopped him.

"You guys have a good night." I told them.

"Okay, sleep in as long as you want, Chris," she said "there's nothing to get up early for tomorrow."

I nodded as I stared at my aunt's exposed stomach. Roger's hand had moved her blouse up higher now. Then he reached for her blouse with his other hand. He hooked his finger in the hem of it, a few inches below her hard nipple. He gave it a tug upwards. I could see Amanda's left breast, cupped in his wide hand. It was round and looked very firm. Her brown nipple pointed towards me. It was almost an inch long and thick. Surrounding it was a ring of about two inches and slightly

lighter. My aunt's skin was dark and devoid of any tan lines. The tantalizing glimpse of my aunt's breast lasted only a second or two, but the image was burned in my memory forever.

"Roger..." Amanda gasped as she wheeled around to him. She pressed her chest to his.

Roger was laughing, then shot me a grin over his wife's shoulder. "I thought I'd give Chris something to dream about tonight." he said, still laughing.

"If he's anything like his father, he doesn't need for you to flash my boobs at him to get his dirty mind working overtime." She gave me a foxy look and she looked as horny as I was at that moment.

I grinned, but kept silent.

"Night, Chris. Sweet dreams." Roger said as he pulled Amanda towards the stairs.

Chapter 3

I woke earlier than I expected that Sunday morning. The sun filled the bedroom and I heard birds singing outside. It was a foreign sound to me, or maybe I had just not noticed them back home. I could feel the dried cum on my stomach that I had left there the night before and

decided to have a shower. Once I finished my shower I put on a pair of shorts and a t-shirt, then went downstairs.

The kitchen was deserted when I entered it. I concluded that my aunt and uncle probably liked to sleep in on Sundays, or maybe they weren't sleeping.

The pies that Amanda had baked were on the counter. I had not taken her up on her offer of having a piece the night before because I was eager to get to bed and masturbate, but now they looked tempting.

I cut a piece of pie and poured myself a glass of milk. I ate it at the kitchen table. I was hungry and would have liked another piece but did not want to be greedy. I unlocked the door and went out on the porch. The screen door closed shut behind me with a bang and I worried that it might wake Roger and Amanda.

The sun was beginning to climb in the sky and the air was still. It wasn't nine-thirty yet but I could already tell that it was going to be a hot day. I sat down on the porch landing and looked around the yard.

Growing up in Waterville I was used to tiny house lots surrounded by wooden fences. Roger's land spread out to my left and right, much farther than I could have thrown a rock. Bordering it were well-tended, short hedges, just like his neighbours had. I could get to like it here if I knew more people I thought to myself. It was peaceful. Shelton seemed like an area untainted by development and commercialism. I was used to concrete and pavement, not the lush surroundings of my uncle's and aunt's property.

The squeaking sound of the screen door opening behind me interrupted my thoughts. I turned and saw Amanda step out towards me. She was holding a white coffee mug with her name in red type written on it. She sat down on the step below me to my right.

"You're up early." she remarked.

"Yeah, I guess," I said "I woke up and it was such a nice day that I decided not to sleep any longer."

She nodded as she took a sip of tea. "Roger's still in bed. I told him to stay as long as he wanted. Did you sleep well?"

"Yes, great. At first it was sort of weird because it was so quiet. I'm used to traffic and sirens all the time."

My aunt looked up at me with a apprehensive smile. "So you never heard anything..."

"Not a sound... maybe a car or two."

"Good."

"Why?" I asked.

My aunt took another sip of tea. She stared down towards her feet, thinking. "I was afraid you might have heard me and Roger..." She let out a nervous titter and brought the mug up to her moist lips.

"Oh... no." I said, regretting having gotten her to elaborate.

"Roger was being bad last night," she said "usually he's not like that -- at least not around other people. I hope we didn't make you uncomfortable. I can talk to him about it if you want me too."

I had loved my uncles lewd behavior the previous night, but I was not going to admit to that. Still, I wanted to convey to my aunt that it was not a problem for me, in hopes he would repeat it sometime in the future.

"No, I didn't mind. But you didn't seem to happy about it."

Amanda was wearing a peach-colored sundress. It had narrow straps and a plunging neckline and back that left her upper chest and shoulder blades bare. Her hair was still damp from the shower. It fell down over her soft shoulders and back.

bra her breasts were rounded and firm. I recalled the look I had gotten at her right one the night before. My cock began to stiffen.

"I was kind of shocked, but I guess I got a little carried-away too," she said "sometimes when Roger has friends over to barbecue or watch a game on tv he'll grab my ass or one of my boobs, but he's never gone as far as he did last night. I mean, he showed you my boob..."

Yeah..." I breathed, fighting a wide smile.

Amanda laughed and gave me a grin. "Not that I heard you complain, Chris."

I laughed, more from nervousness than amusement.

"I think that Roger liked pushing things farther because it was you."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

Amanda placed her mug down by her right foot and drew in a deep breath.

"Well, he's normally pretty protective of me and I love it, so he'd never do what he did last night in front of any of his friends for fear they might try something, or hurt me when he's not around. But he likes you, Chris, and he trusts you. Plus, since you're our nephew it makes it more... I don't know... naughty... forbidden. You know what I mean?"

My aunt had a shy, sexy smile on her face as she looked up to me.

I thought about my aunt's comments, feeling my cock swell. What she had said made sense to me. It also excited me even more.

"Will you tell me something?" I asked.

"Sure. What?"

"How do you feel about it?"

A sly expression appeared on my aunt's face as her brown eyes met mine.

"I liked it," she admitted "I'd never be that bold around Roger's friends -- especially if he wasn't there -- but I like you, Chris, and I trust you too. I feel safe enough that I can act a little, you know, slutty. I guess that's how Roger looks at it too, otherwise he wouldn't have done what he did last night. He's never gone that far with his friends around and I wouldn't like it if he did."

I nodded, letting my aunt's words sink in.

soft, warm skin excited me and I wished I could feel her hand all over my body, or feel hers.

"Having you around is going to be a lot of fun." she said.

"I think I'm going to have a lot of fun while I'm here too," I said with a guilty laugh "I might not want to go home."

Amanda let out a loud laugh. "I don't blame you. I wouldn't want to live with Bruce either. What are your plans for the fall?"

"I'm not sure yet. I've applied to a few colleges, so we'll see what happens."

"What do you want to take?"

"I was thinking of getting a degree in Fine Arts, but dad has been trying to talk me out of it. He said to get a real job and not some faggy art course, as he put it, or join the army and kill terrorists. But with a degree in Fine Arts and Illustration I can get a job doing illustrations or photography for books or magazines or advertising companies. He thinks that all I can do with it is become a painter, or one of those starving artists people always talk about who never become famous till after they're dead."

noticing how her breasts were now pushed together as she pressed against my leg. The image of my cock sliding between them came to mind.

"You know, there's Woodford College in South Martin. It's about a twenty minute drive from here."

"I thought about that," I told Amanda "they have a really good Design course, but it's too far from Waterville."

"What if you stayed with us though?" My aunt's eyes grew wide as she spoke.

My aunt's suggestion came as a shock to me. I thought for a moment. The idea of attending Woodford College and staying with her and Roger sounded wonderful, but I did not want to impose.

"Gee... thanks, Amanda, but it's enough that you're putting up with me this summer; you don't have to let me stay here for school too."

I could feel the heat of my aunt's soft skin as her arm rested on my bare thigh. She was fumbling with my fingers and I liked the feeling. She pulled her hand away and twisted around on the step so she was facing me. Now she was at eye-level with my crotch and I was afraid she would notice the bulge in my shorts. Her hands were on her lap.

"We're not putting up with you, Chris," she assured me "having you stay with us was our suggestion, remember? Roger and I decided that some time away from Bruce would be healthy for you. Bruce thinks this is punishment for you, but I hope you don't see it that way."

"Are you kidding? This is paradise," I exclaimed "I love it here!"

"Okay, I'll talk it over with Roger and see what he thinks, but I can't make any promises. Okay?"

"I know. Just for you to offer is great though. Thanks, Amanda!"

"Hey, anything for my favourite nephew. I'm sure that Roger won't have a problem with it though. Besides, I can be pretty persuasive."

"I bet." I replied, grinning.

Amanda turned to her right when she heard sounds coming from the kitchen. A few minutes later the screen door creaked open and Roger joined us. He sat down beside me, placing his legs on either side of Amanda. His hands went to her bare shoulders and he eased her back towards his crotch.

"Have a good sleep, Chris?" he asked as he caressed his wife's shoulders.

"Like a log." I told him.

"Good." he replied, looking down at Amanda's breasts.

I could sense sexual tension between my uncle and aunt and worried that I was intruding. I kept my eyes straight ahead and said nothing. Amanda's eyes were closed and she let out a series of soft moans as Roger rubbed her back and shoulders.

"Chris... about you working at the hardware store..." Roger began.

"Yeah... dad told me I'd be working there to pay you back for letting me stay here. That's only fair." I interjected.

Roger smiled. "Well, the truth of the matter is that was your dad's idea. I went along with it to shut him up, but really we're not busy enough down there to need another person. If you want to help out while you're here I'd appreciate it, but we don't expect it of you. You could mow the lawn or do a little yard work, but you'd be bored if you were at the store. Hell, I am some days."

"Okay," I said, giving my uncle a puzzled look "but I do want to help with whatever I can. It's great of you guys to let me stay here and I want to pay you any way I can."

"We like having you around," Roger said "it's good practice for when we have kids of our own."

I chuckled. "You guys would make really good parents."

"Actually, we've been trying lately." Amanda interjected.

"Oh..." I grunted.

"Yeah, but we'll try not to keep you awake at night." she shot back.

I felt myself blush and lowered my head.

Roger let out a deep laugh at his wife's brash comment and kissed her neck.

Roger slid the straps of Amanda's dress off of her shoulders and down her arms a ways. She did not protest. Her eyes were closed as she leaned back between his open thighs. Roger was also wearing shorts and she was caressing his calves. The tops of her breasts were uncovered now and I could see her swollen nipples pushing out at her dress, just a few inches below the neckline. Roger caught me looking, but rather than being angry he smiled and tugged his wife's dress away from her left breast a ways, enough to expose her left nipple. It was thick and seemed darker than the night before.

"Roger, be good, or you're not getting laid tonight." Amanda's voice was calm, but resolved. She pressed her hand to her chest.

"Like you could go a day without it." he retorted and kissed her left cheek.

Amanda laughed and wiggled her back against his crotch.

"What do you guys want for lunch?" Amanda asked a while later.

"You." Roger said, cupping his wife's breasts.

"I was thinking of food," she replied, pushing his hands away "are you hungry, Chris?"

"No, thanks," I said, shaking my head "it's too hot to eat."

"Okay, but help yourself to something later if you want. We want you to make yourself at home while you're here."

"Thanks. I think I'll get some juice though." I said, remembering that I had seen some in the fridge earlier.

My hard cock was uncomfortable in my jeans as I walked back in the kitchen. I was also afraid that my aunt and uncle would notice my erection. I stood at the open fridge. The cool air was refreshing and helped to calm me somewhat. I poured a glass of juice and took a gulp, then topped-up the glass again.

I was about to push the screen door open when my eyes caught sight of my uncle. His fingers were beneath the front of Amanda's dress, squeezing her left breast. Her eyes were closed and she had a contented, aroused look on her face. Roger turned his head towards me and winked. I stood there enthralled as my cock throbbed. I could have watched the scene all day but thought better. As I pushed the screen door open Roger slid his hand up to Amanda's shoulder.

I sat down beside Roger again and looked down to my aunt's face. I took a big drink of juice to wet my dry throat.

"That looks good," Roger said, eying the glass in my hand "I think I'll get one." He got up and went inside.

"Enjoying the show, Chris?" Amanda asked after the screen door slammed shut.

"Uh... ya." I grunted.

Amanda smiled and shifted her hips a bit. "Good."

Roger returned a few minutes later. The ice in his glass tinkled as he sat back down. He took a long drink.

"Give me some of that." Amanda said, reaching back with her hand. She gulped down a few mouthfuls before handing the glass back to her husband.

Roger took the glass in his hand. Condensation had formed on the outside and ran down the glass. A drop landed on Amanda's chest. She let out a soft cry of surprise and looked down at the beads of water running towards her cleavage. Roger had a devious grin on his face as he inched his glass lower towards Amanda's partially exposed breasts. She jumped and cried out when she felt the cold, wet glass on her skin.

"Ow... hey, that's cold!" she exclaimed as she sat up.

Amanda pulled her dress up, wiping the cold water from her chest with it, then leaned back again. Roger was still smiling as he finished his juice.

The three of us sat outside for the rest of the afternoon. We talked about all sorts of things and joked with one-another. My uncle continued to caress Amanda's shoulders and upper back, but his hands never strayed elsewhere, much to my disappointment.

"How does a barbecue sound?"

It was getting close to four in the afternoon when Roger made the suggestion. I wasn't hungry until I thought of steaks or chicken grilling.

"That sounds good," Amanda answered "I'm kind of hungry. What about you, Chris?"

"I wasn't till Roger mentioned a barbecue."

"Roger cooks the best barbecued chicken in the county. You're in for a real treat."

"Come give me a hand with the barbecue, Chris."

I followed my uncle to the garage. In a corner was a small orange metal barbecue. The bottom of it was blackened from what appeared to be a lot of use. Beside it was a bag of charcoal briquettes and a wire brush that had a metal scraper on the end.

"Bring the charcoal and brush over to the house." he said.

Roger wheeled the barbecue a few feet away from the house beside a wooden green table. Amanda had gone inside and brought out starter fluid and a lighter. My uncle made a pyramid of briquettes and squirted starter fluid over them.

"Most folks use propane grills these days. I sell a lot of them this time of year, but the best way is still charcoal. It takes longer, but it's worth it because it really flavours the meat." he explained, watching the flames dance over the charcoal.

I nodded, feeling I was receiving arcane knowledge from a wise teacher atop some mountain. Amanda had gone back to the porch steps. She

was smiling as she watched us. I noticed that the straps of her dress were securely over her shoulders once more.

Roger went inside and returned a few minutes later. He was carrying a beer can in each hand. He extended his left hand towards me.

"Here..." he said.

I stared at the can of beer in my uncle's hand, hesitant to accept it. "I'm only nineteen, Roger."

"I don't card folks around here, Chris." he said "if you lived in any other country you'd be old enough to drink. I figure if you're old enough to join the army and go get killed in Iraq, then you're old enough to have a beer. Enjoy it."

My uncle's line of reasoning made sense to me. I took the frosty can from his hand and pulled the tab. I was thirsty and the beer tasted good, but I reminded myself not to guzzle it.

"You can chug it if you want, but it's the only one I'm giving you."

I nodded at my uncle.

"For today anyway." he added with a laugh as he brought his can up to his mouth.

Roger and I went back to the porch and sat down. He sat on the step below me, next to Amanda. The smoke from the barbecue was drifting towards us, feeding my hunger.

It wasn't long before the charcoal had turned a light grey colour. Roger pushed them around a bit with the brush I had brought out from the garage.

"We're ready for the chicken, hon." Roger called to Amanda.

My aunt went inside. A short time later she returned with a platter of chicken and a bottle of barbecue sauce.

"There's some plates and utensils on the kitchen table. Could you bring them out, please?" she asked me.

I hurried inside then brought the plates and utensils to Roger standing over the barbecue. He took a large fork from atop the plates in my hand and used it to put a piece of chicken on the hot grill. It sizzled and smoke rose from it. Next he poured some sauce over the meat and smeared it around with the fork. He repeated this process until there was no room left on the grill. He stood back, smiling as he inhaled the aroma of the smoke.

"How are you at making coleslaw?" Amanda asked me.

I hadn't heard my aunt approaching us across the lawn and the sound of her soft voice surprised me. I turned around.

"I've never made it before." I admitted.

"Then today's your lucky day 'cause I'm going to teach you. That can be one of your jobs while you're here. Come on."

Amanda tugged at my hand, leading me into the kitchen. I stood beside the table, watching her take a cabbage and carrots from the fridge. Once she had gathered up everything she we needed she began explaining the process to me. I was surprised to discover how simple it was.

"Having fun?"

My aunt was standing beside me as I grated a carrot.

"Ah, yeah." I mumbled.

"I didn't mean making coleslaw," she giggled "I meant generally."

"Oh... definitely!"

Amanda put her hand on my back. She leaned over and kissed my cheek. "Good. So am I." she said.

I felt my aunt's right breast rubbing on my left arm and shifted my eyes over to it. I licked my lip as I stared at her hard nipple pushing out at her dress. She noticed me staring and pushed her chest out.

"Do you like them?" she asked with a foxy smile.

"Of course." I answered, thinking that was just stating the obvious.

"Good, because I get the feeling that you're going to be seeing more of them over the next couple of months."

My eyes met Amanda's with a puzzled look.

"Well, if how Roger's been since you got here is any sign, I give it a week or so before he's trying to get me to walk around topless."

I laughed hard, careful not to cut my fingers as I sliced a cabbage in two.

"A couple of weeks before you got here he was talking about how you were watching me at our wedding reception. I hadn't noticed, but he

said that you looked like you thought I was sexy -- although those weren't exactly the words he used."

I blushed, recalling how Amanda had looked that night. She was absolutely beautiful in her wedding dress with a plunging neckline. Her hair was done up high on her head, with a few curls hanging down over her cheeks.

"You looked great, Amanda." was all I dared say.

"Thanks. I felt really pretty for once."

"You always look pretty -- more than pretty." I told her.

Once the coleslaw was ready I put it in the fridge, as Amanda instructed, then we joined Roger outside again.

"The chicken will be done soon." he said, stabbing a piece with a fork.

Amanda and I stood beside the barbecue, looking the meat over and letting the smell of the smoke fill our senses. My mouth began to water and for the first time in a while I forgot about my hard cock. By the time Roger placed the chicken on our plates I was starving.

"It is very good," she agreed "it looks like you've worked yourself into a job for the rest of the summer, Chris."

I gave my aunt and uncle a proud smile. "Good. I'm glad that you guys like it and that I can do something to help a little around here."

Roger and Amanda seemed to be as hungry as I was. We spoke little as we devoured the food on our plates. Once we had finished eating Amanda brought our plates to the sink.

"Let me do the dishes, Amanda."

"No, thanks, Chris. That's not necessary." she replied.

"But I want to. You guys go watch tv and I'll do them."

Amanda turned the water off and wiped her hands on a piece of paper towel, smiling at me. She kissed my cheek, then took Roger by the hand into the livingroom.

I could hear my aunt's playful giggles sporadically over the sound of the television while I washed the dishes. My cock began to thicken as I imagined what they might be doing.

When I walked in to the livingroom later Amanda was curled up on the sofa beside Roger. His left arm was around her. Her hand was on his upper thigh.

"Thanks again for doing those dishes, Chris." she said.

"No problem," I replied "maybe that can be another job for me while I'm here."

"We'll see," she said "we never invited you here to put you to work -- no matter what Bruce might think."

"If dad thinks I'm having any fun here he's liable to come and get me." I told her with a laugh.

"Well, when he calls to see how you're doing I'll tell him we have you locked in the garage making t-shirts for kids in third world countries."

I was still laughing at my aunt's comment as I sat down in a chair adjacent to them.

I was not interested in television that evening. My eyes kept darting over to my aunt on the sofa, leaning on Roger's broad chest. He was stroking her left thigh. The hem of her dress had come up, no doubt because of Roger, so her thigh was uncovered. The curve of her hip and ass was obvious against her taught dress.

When Roger got up to go to the bathroom I tore my eyes from Amanda's ass, back to the television. They drifted over to her firm curves once more when I heard his footsteps upstairs. She looked my way and smiled.

"That's not my best side." she joked.

"All of your sides look great." I assured her.

Amanda ran a hand over her ass through her dress as she gave me a flirtatious grin. She gave her ass a squeeze, then a hard slap. She stroked her ass again with her slender hand, then gave it another hard slap. She bit her lower lip and moaned.

"I feel like being such a naughty little slut." she breathed.

Amanda looked up to the ceiling towards the sound of the toilet flushing. She tugged her dress down her thigh a few inches, then twisted on the couch and stared at the television screen. Seconds later we heard Roger coming down the stairs.

Roger ran his hand up Amanda's thigh as he sat back down beside her again. He kissed her cheek as he stroked her ass beneath her dress. She made no attempt to stop him from feeling her while I watched. Roger gave me a smile from over her shoulder as I observed them, then turned towards the television. Shortly before ten-thirty Roger looked at his watch, then gave Amanda a glance.

"I should get to bed. I have a load of plywood coming in first thing tomorrow morning." he said.

Roger stood up and tugged Amanda to her feet. The hem of her dress slid down towards her knees.

"Have a good night, Chris." she said as Roger coaxed her towards the hall.

I sat down on the couch where Amanda had been and began flipping through the channels. It was still too early for me to go to bed and I thought that staying downstairs would at least give my aunt and uncle some privacy.

The house soon grew quiet except for the television. I lowered the volume a bit. Roger seemed to like it louder than me. I wondered if his time in the army had impaired his hearing. A while later I heard Amanda giggling, then she let out a sharp squeal. Then there was silence again. I rubbed my hard cock through my jeans, trying to picture what was going on in their bedroom and recalling the day's events.

Once I thought that my aunt and uncle were asleep, or close to it, I crept up the stairs. I was as quiet as possible in the bathroom and getting undressed for bed. My whole body felt taught with arousal. I had been horny all day and was waiting for night when I could release my pent-up energy. It wasn't long before I came as I fantasized about my aunt, then rolled over and fell to sleep almost immediately.

Chapter 4

The shower running on the other side of the wall behind my bed woke me the next morning. I looked at my watch and discovered that it was just after seven. I groaned. Somehow I soon managed to fall back to sleep. The next time I woke it was almost eight-thirty.

I sat up and leaned over the side of the bed. I stretched and brushed my hair from my eyes. I grabbed a can of shaving cream and a disposable razor from the bureau and trudged to the bathroom.

After standing under the hot spray of the shower a while I felt more like a human being. After I showered I wrapped a towel around my waist and stood at the sink, shaving.

As I was leaving the bathroom Amanda poked her head from around her bedroom door. "Are you finished in there?" she asked.

"Yes, it's all yours."

Amanda stepped in to the hall. She was wearing a light pink bathrobe with flowers. It was tied loosely around her waist and stopped just above her knees. I watched her walk towards me.

"Did you have a good sleep?" she asked.

"Great. Did you?"

Amanda nodded and smiled. She was a few feet in front of me. I could feel my rising cock push out at the towel around my waist. I gave the towel a tug, making sure it was tight as possible. Amanda's eyes were drawn to my hands. She smiled when she looked down at the front of my towel.

"Happy to see me, Chris?"

My aunt's voice was sweet and sexy. She took another few steps until she was pressed to me.

"Of course." I gave my aunt a silly grin, which made her giggle.

"I'm going to grab a quick shower and I'll meet you downstairs later." Amanda said.

"Okay."

I dried myself off and pulled on boxers, shorts and a t-shirt before going down to the kitchen. I was thirsty and the thought of a piece of Amanda's apple pie sounded good.

eye and she sat down that I realized she had joined me. She was holding the white mug with her name on it in her hands.

"Whatcha listening to?" she asked.

"A bunch of MP3s I put on before I came here."

"Any Faith Hill or Lonestar?"

I shook my head.

"I probably wouldn't like your taste in music then," she concluded "what were you listening to just now?"

"The Kings of Leon." I told her.

"Never heard of them." she said

"They're really good." I assured her.

"As good as Lonestar?" she asked with a chuckle.

"Probably a lot better." I teased.

My aunt was wearing denim shorts, sandals and a red tank top. Her damp hair shimmered in the morning sun. She looked as pretty as always, but it occurred to me that her choice of clothes seemed more modest than the previous day. I wondered if it was deliberate since she and I would be alone throughout the day while Roger was at work. Perhaps she did not want to wear anything too revealing in hopes of avoiding any unwanted attention or advances from me. Whatever the reason, I had decided to not do or say anything suggestive or inappropriate. If she did that would be great, but it was entirely up to her. A moment of weakness on my part might get me sent back home to my father and that was the last thing I wanted.

"What a beautiful day," she said "I'm stalling as long as I can, but I have to do some laundry soon."

"Can I give you a hand with it?"

"No, thanks, Chris. That's okay. There's not much. It's just the thought of it that makes me dread it. It won't take me long."

"Okay." I said, looking out at the yard.

Amanda finished her tea, then stood up. "Well, time to get at it, I suppose." She sounded reluctant.

I stared at my aunt's ass and hips as she walked back inside. The screen door closed behind her with a bang, then she turned around and smiled

at me before walking off. After she was gone I returned to listening to my ipod while my mind filled with lewd thoughts about Amanda.

Amanda returned about a half hour later. I pulled the earbuds away from my head and turned off my ipod. She sat down beside me, so close that our bare thighs almost touched. I looked down at hers, noting how smooth and soft they looked.

"Now I can relax for another half hour or so." she said.

I never replied, except to nod as I gave her a brief, faint smile.

My aunt was resting her palms flat on either side of her hips on the porch landing. I felt the back of her hand brush against my thigh. I jumped a bit and looked down just as she did. Then she raised her head, smiling.

"Are you always this nervous when a girl touches you?" Her voice was soft and seductive.

I gulped. "No... well, to tell you the truth, it's been a while and it sort of surprised me."

"How long?" she asked, running her fingernail down the side of my thigh.

My aunt's touch made me quiver and my cock pushed out at the zipper of my shorts.

"Too long." was my enigmatic reply.

Amanda smiled. "Do you have a girlfriend back home?"

"No." I said, almost ashamed to admit it.

"How long has it been then?" she prodded.

I was growing uncomfortable with my aunt's questions. I wiped my palms on my shorts.

"Since...?"

"You got laid." she giggled, pushing her shoulder against mine.

My face must have been blood red. It felt hot. I frowned and looked down to my feet, trying to think of a believable lie.

"Chris... you mean you haven't..."

"It's none of your business, Amanda." I blurted out, then stormed inside. The screen door banged shut behind me as I walked to the livingroom.

I was sulking on the sofa when Amanda approached me. She looked sad as she sat down beside me. She stared at the floor for a bit, then turned to face me.

"I'm sorry, Chris. I never meant to embarrass you." she said in a meek voice.

"I'm sorry too. I shouldn't have shouted at you like that, Amanda."

Amanda slid back on the sofa and leaned closer to me. She was pressed to my left arm. Her skin on mine felt nice and made my cock stiffen again. I felt the back of her hand brush over my thigh.

"You look happy to see me again?" she said, looking down to my lap.

I gave my aunt a chagrined look. "Sorry..." I mumbled.

Amanda slid her arm under mine and held my hand. Her breast was pressed to me now, which made my cock stiffer.

"Don't ever be sorry about that, Chris. Like this morning outside the bathroom; I liked that." she said in a breathy voice.

I looked at my aunt and forced a smile. Her mouth was inches from mine. Her cheeks were flushed and her lips moist.

"I... I was afraid you'd be pissed-off, or thought it was gross because you're my aunt."

Amanda's quiet laugh reassured me. "It's more exciting because I'm your aunt. If it was one of Roger's buddies, then it would be gross."

"Okay." I replied, feeling relieved and very horny.

"Can I ask you an embarrassing question?"

I wanted to say 'no', but thought it would be rude. "Okay." I told Amanda.

"You've never been with a girl yet, have you?"

I shook my head. My eyes darted to my aunt's for an instant, then back to the bulge in my shorts.

"Not all the way." I mumbled.

"Don't worry. It'll happen eventually, Chris." Amanda kissed my cheek and gave my hand a reassuring squeeze.

I wished I could be as confident about that as she was. I shrugged.

"Do you like it when Roger shows me off?"

"Absolutely!" I gasped.

Amanda laughed at my enthusiastic response. "I thought so, but you always seem so shy. Don't be shy about looking, Chris. That's the whole point. He'll decide how much he wants to let you see."

"What about you? Don't you get to decide?" I asked.

"He knows I'm up for whatever he is while you're here. But he especially likes to flash my tits, so you're probably going to see them quite a bit."

"Cool..." I said in a husky voice.

"I should go check my laundry. It's probably ready to be hung up."

1496 Amanda got up and went down in the basement, leaving me alone on the couch, rubbing my cock through my shorts. When I heard my aunt

climbing the steps a while later I snatched my hand away from my crotch.

"Come keep me company while I hang this stuff out." Amanda called to me.

Running from a post on the back porch to another post by the garage was a clothesline running on pulleys. At my aunt's feet was a yellow plastic basket containing a pile of sheets and clothes. She was pinning them to the line one by one. I looked down to the basket and noticed several pairs of her panties. Most looked very sexy and were white, red, blue or black. I also noticed a few pairs of thong underwear as well. My cock twitched as I tried to imagine them on her.

I watched my aunt in silence as she hung the clothes on the line. They swayed in the breeze. I didn't want to stare, but I was almost fascinated by her bras and panties. I was still surveying a black bra dangling from the line by the time she had finished.

"Do you like my underwear?" she asked, as if she had read my mind.

"They're sexy." I intoned, turning towards her.

"I only own a few bras," she said "and right now they're all on the line."

"Oh..." I mumbled, trying not to leer at her chest.

Amanda slid the straps of her tank top down her arms to reveal her bare shoulders. "See..."

I stared at my aunt's chest. Now her tank top was pulled tight over her breasts, highlighting their size and shape. Her nipples were hard. As she sidled up to me her top slipped down further to reveal a bit of her cleavage. She looked down, checking to see how much skin she was showing.

"Remember your first night here, up in your room?" she asked.

I nodded because my mouth was too dry to speak.

"Were you hard?" Amanda asked. Her voice soft, as though she was too shy to ask the question.

"Yes." I admitted, blushing.

"I thought so," she said, sounding vindicated "I guess you know what I was thinking when I was kneeling there in front of you."

"Probably the same thing I was."

Amanda let out a wanton laugh. "We better go in before the neighbours start talking about us."

I glanced over my shoulder. The nearest houses were a ways away, but my aunt's caution was probably well-founded.

Amanda was leaning on the counter by the sink when I entered the kitchen. Her tank top was still down her chest a ways. She took my hands in hers and pulled me closer until I was standing in front of her. She put her hands on my hips and tugged at them until I felt my hard cock rubbing against her.

"Mmmm... two horny men to tease all summer... I'm the luckiest girl in town." she cooed.

I gave my aunt a smile as my hands slid up her hips. It was the first time I had touched her except for hugs since I had gotten there.

"Maybe we're the luckiest guys in town..." I countered.

Amanda laughed and wiggled her hips a bit.

"I have to do some grocery shopping. Want to come with me?"

"Sure."

I would have done anything my aunt suggested. Whatsmore, even a trip to the grocery store would be a change of pace. It would also give me a chance to see some more of Shelton.

It was even hotter by the time my aunt and I returned from grocery shopping. I was glad to be back at their house. I helped Amanda carry the bags inside and put the groceries away. While she brought the clothes in from the line I drank some juice, watching her as she moved about.

Around four-thirty the phone rang. Amanda and I were watching tv.

"That was Roger. He wanted to know if you could start up the barbecue so it'll be ready for when he gets home." she told me after she rang off.

"Sure. No problem."

I was glad to have something useful to do and the idea of more barbecued chicken sounded good. I brought out the starter fluid and a lighter, then got the barbecue and briquettes from the garage. After scrapping the grill with the brush I started the barbecue.

The charcoal had turned grey and orange by the time Roger's truck entered the yard. Amanda made coleslaw and had the chicken ready for Roger to cook. Roger was standing beside me at the barbecue complimenting me on the job I'd done when Amanda called to him from the doorway. Her tone sounded serious. Roger went inside.

between us while he was at work that day. I imagined Roger returning, angry and ready to drive me back to my father.

When I saw Roger and Amanda walking across the lawn later, holding hands and smiling, I felt relieved, but still curious.

"We've got some good news, Chris, but you can't tell anyone for a while." she said.

"What?" I asked, my brow furrowing.

"I'm pregnant!" she blurted out, unable to contain her happiness.

I beamed a wide smile at my aunt and uncle and gave his hand a firm shake.

"Congratulations! I'm so happy for you guys."

"Thanks." Amanda said, clutching Roger's waist.

"Have you guys picked out names yet?" I asked.

"We're still arguing about that," my aunt said "Roger likes Katherine if we have a girl and I like Emily."

"And if it's a boy?"

"We've decided on Eric." she said.

Roger had dashed inside and was walking back towards us with a can of beer in each hand. He handed me one, still smiling.

"This calls for a celebration. He said.

I pulled the tab and knocked my can of beer against his. "Congratulations, guys. This is great news." I said.

"Just don't tell your folks or anyone else yet," Amanda reminded me "we want to wait a while before we tell everyone, just to make sure." Her smile faded for a moment and she looked worried.

"I won't, but I'm sure everything will be just fine." I told her.

That evening the barbecued chicken seemed to taste even better than the day before, but it was probably just because we were all in a wonderful mood after receiving Amanda's good news. Once supper was finished I did the dishes and let my aunt and uncle have some time alone in the livingroom. I went outside and listened to my ipod, staring up at the night sky for an hour or so.

I noticed that my uncle's behavior with Amanda lacked any of the risqué antics I had gotten accustomed to already. About an hour later they went to bed.

Chapter 5

The sound of the shower running as Roger got ready for work woke me again the next morning. I fell back to sleep, only to be woken by it once more about an hour later. Once Amanda was finished in the bathroom I decided to get up.

Amanda was in the kitchen having breakfast when I got down there later. She was drinking a glass of orange juice and eating cereal. I assumed she wanted to ensure she was eating healthy foods now that she was pregnant.

"Hey, how was your night?" she asked.

"Good. Yours?"

She nodded and smiled as she munched a mouthful of cereal.

I poured a glass of milk and discovered that there was some apple pie left, so that was my breakfast. I sat beside my aunt at the table.

"It looks like I'm going to have to make some more pies." she remarked.

"They're too good," I said "so they don't last long."

Amanda was wearing a blue dress with a row of buttons down to the waist, although I noticed that the top two were undone. When she got up to get more orange juice I saw the movements of her breasts beneath her dress and guessed that she was braless. As she sat back down she caught my eyes on her and smiled.

"I don't know how much longer I'll be able to fit into this dress, so I better wear it while I can." she said.

"It looks really good on you." I told her.

"You like it 'cause it's tight on top, don't you?" she surmised, sticking her chest out towards me.

"Guilty as charged." I replied.

Amanda was laughing at my reply as she undid another button on her dress. She opened it wider and waited for my reaction.

"How's that then?" she asked. Her dark eyes had a sexy glint in them.

"Better." I told my aunt, staring into her open dress.

Amanda finished her cereal and brought her bowl to the sink. I followed her with my eyes, staring at the side of her left breast appearing in the opening of her dress. It shook as she moved. When she turned around her eyes met mine, then moved down my body to the bulge in my jeans. She smiled.

"So, what are you plans for today?" my aunt asked me.

"Staring at you." I answered.

"I was thinking I'd start that book I borrowed from you," she told me "it's so nice out that I thought I'd sit in the sun and read."

Amanda left the kitchen and went upstairs. A few minutes later I heard her galloping back down the stairs and she returned holding my book. She went out on the porch and sat down in a folding chair in the corner.

I realized that my aunt probably wanted some time alone, so I decided not to interrupt her solitude. I got a book from my room from the ones I had brought and settled down on the couch to read. I soon became engrossed in the novel and forgot about Amanda momentarily.

It was shortly after noon when the sound of the screen door opening brought me back to the present. Amanda entered the livingroom. Almost immediately I noticed that she had buttoned her dress up again.

"Are you getting hungry?" she asked.

"Yes, a little." I told her.

"How about we go out for burgers and fries? My treat."

I flashed my aunt a wide smile, then dog-eared the page I had been reading. I tossed the book on the couch and followed Amanda out to her car.

"I have to make a quick stop at the post office to check the mail." my aunt said as she drove towards town.

I waited in the car while Amanda dashed inside the post office. She walked out a few minutes later holding a small stack of envelopes and fliers.

"This one is for you." she said, handing me a small white envelope.

I stared at the envelope a second before recognizing my mother's handwriting. When I pulled out the sheet of paper and unfolded it fifty dollars fell into my lap. I picked it up, wide-eyed, then read the note:

Dear Chris, I thought that you might need a little spending money while you're there. Just make sure your father doesn't find out. I hope all is well. Things here are fine. love, Mom

Amanda was smiling at me as I pushed the money into the front pocket of my jeans. She seemed as happy for me as I was.

"Well, it looks like burgers and fries are on me." I told her.

"No. Thanks, Chris," she said "but spend your money on something you want for yourself."

"I want to spend some of it on you, Amanda. Besides, I have some more. I sold some CDs and books I didn't want anymore before I came here."

My aunt smiled. She started her car and drove off.

"Thanks for buying me dinner." Amanda said as we ate our food.

I smiled at my aunt sitting across from me in the small booth.

"You're welcome," I said "I'm glad to be able to do something for you. You and Roger have been so good to me."

"We're more than happy to, Chris."

wearing eye shadow and eyeliner and some lip gloss. Just that little bit of makeup brought out her features and made her look even more alluring. My cock began to harden.

Amanda brought a French fry up to her mouth, then her eyes met mine. She grinned and her tongue darted out. She licked the French fry, then sucked it, watching my reaction.

"I'm used to having something a lot bigger than this in my mouth." she said with a provocative grin.

"Harder too, I bet."

Amanda nodded. I noticed her shift her hips a bit on the seat. A few moments later I felt her bare foot rubbing over my crotch. My cock grew harder, pushing towards the sole of her foot. I turned left and right to make sure that no one was watching but there weren't many people around. A teenage couple sat in the corner talking and behind Amanda there was an elderly man and woman.

Amanda pressed her foot harder against my erection and began rubbing it. I spread my legs and pushed my hips forward. The ball of her foot rubbed over the head of my cock. I quivered and worried that I'd cum in my jeans if she continued much longer. About a minute later she removed her foot and slipped it back in her sandal.

"Yes, I'm sure. Why?" I asked. My eyes narrowed and my brow furrowed as I wondered why my aunt had asked the question.

"Because you're sure not built like Bruce down there."

Now my eyes grew wide. I wondered how my aunt had come to know this, assuming she was correct.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Well... I don't exactly," she said with a shrug "I mean, I've never seen you, but I've got a good idea now."

"But what about dad?"

Amanda ate another fry and grinned.

"I was a curious girl when I was younger and Bruce was quite willing to satisfy my curiosity."

"You mean you and he..."

"No," she interrupted "we never went further than looking and touching. Sort of like how it's been with you and me. Well... maybe a little more than that sometimes."

My aunt let out a guilty chuckle and lowered her head to her food. My mind filled with dozens of ideas of the sort of illicit things that my father and his sister might have done when they were younger. Knowing dad as I did it was hard to believe though, but the thought of it aroused me.

"The next time Bruce is busting your balls over something, call him 'Woody'. That was my pet name for him because he was always hard when we were alone." my aunt informed me.

I let out a loud laugh as I wiped my hands on a paper napkin.

Amanda picked up her orange plastic tray. I trailed behind her to the garbage can, then out to her car. I was still hard, so I made sure I was a few steps behind her so she would not notice -- although she must have at least suspected it.

Amanda's car window was down and the breeze blew her hair about as she drove. I looked over to her and smiled. She glanced down to the bulge in my jeans, then tugged the hem of her dress up. It slid past her knees and over her thighs. When it was gathered around her hips she spread her knees apart and lifted her dress to show me her panties. They were a red pair that I had seen the day before on the clothesline.

"Do you like them?" she asked.

"They look a lot better on you than they did hanging on the line yesterday."

Amanda laughed as she watched the oncoming road.

When Amanda didn't turn right onto the road where she and Roger lived I wondered where she was going. I didn't ask, but as we got further out of town and the houses grew further apart I decided to ask.

"Where are we going?"

"Somewhere special." she said.

About five minutes later Amanda turned left down a narrow dirt road. It had wheel ruts and was lined with pines and alders. They scraped against the side of the car as she crept along the road, trying to avoid potholes.

We came to a clearing and I saw a large body of water. I could smell the salty air as the breeze washed over us. Above us a few seagulls circled.

"Where are we?" I asked.

Amanda got out of the car and began walking towards the water. She had parked in a clearing that had the remnants of a bonfire off to one side. Charred wood and ashes lay in the middle of a circle of rocks. Empty beer cans and wine bottles dotted a grassy area behind that beside some white birch.

There was a sheer bank leading down to the windswept beach that was strewn with rocks and kelp. To my left I saw a group of gulls walking about, pecking in the sand. Amanda stood at the edge of the bank and filled her lungs with the sea air, smiling. The wind was blowing her hair around. It had also stiffened her nipples.

Amanda reached her hand out to mine. She tugged me closer and put her arm around my waist. My arm went around her and she pressed herself against my left side.

"This is my favourite spot in the whole world," she sighed "no one comes here in the day because it's no good for swimming. There's just kids who come to party on the weekends."

I could easily see why my aunt loved the cove. It was beautiful and a ideal place when someone needed to be alone.

Amanda took a step to her right so she was standing in front of me. She pulled my arms around her waist, holding my hands in hers against the curve of her stomach. Her hips moved a bit, causing her firm ass to rub against the front of my jeans. I felt my hard shaft pushing at her ass. She let out a soft moan and pushed back harder, grinding her ass

against my hard cock. When she leaned over a bit and began moving her hips in a tight circle my heart began to race faster.

Amanda turned around and pulled at my hand. She walked me back to her car and leaned against the driver's side. Her thick nipples stood out from the front of her dress. I looked down at them.

My aunt began unbuttoning her dress while I watched. She smiled up at me -- a sexy smile like she had given me the evening she knelt at my feet in the bedroom. She took her time with the buttons, wanting to tease me and heighten my arousal, I suppose. Inch by inch more of Amanda's chest became exposed. I looked down at the cleft between her round breasts and the edges of them. Once my aunt had gotten her dress unbuttoned to her waist she shrugged it off of her shoulders and slid it down her arms. The top half of it hung limp down around her hips. I stared at her half-naked body. She was breathtaking.

"This is what you wanted to see, isn't it, Chris?" she said in a silky voice.

"Yeah..." I mumbled.

My eyes were fixed on my aunt's perfect breasts. They hung down a bit and turned up at the end so her thick nipples pointed towards my open mouth. They were harder and thicker now that they were exposed to the air.

"What else do you want to see?" Her voice was so sexy that I thought she could make me cum just by talking.

I was too shy and overcome by arousal to speak.

"This?" she asked, tugging at the bottom half of her dress.

I lowered my eyes as the hem of Amanda's dress slid up her tanned legs. She had spread her feet apart so her thighs were open wide.

"Want to see my pussy, Chris? It's so wet right now..."

The hem of Amanda's dress was inches below her panties. When she tugged it the rest of the way to reveal them I felt weak with lust. The thin red material was pulled tight over her mound and had slipped between her lips a bit.

"Roger didn't fuck me last night and I've been so horny all day." she said in a husky voice.

Amanda pressed her fingers to her panties and pushed down on her lips. She closed her eyes and moaned, then looked at me. She pinched the waistband of her panties in her fingers and slid them down her legs. They fell around her ankles. She picked them up and tossed them inside the car.

"Now there's something I've wanted to see." Amanda said.

I looked down as my aunt's fingers worked at the button of my jeans, then tugged the zipper down. She slid her fingers in my jeans over my hips and eased them down to my knees. My hard shaft stood out towards her inside my boxers. I felt silly and shy. Amanda's wide eyes were riveted to the tent in my underwear and she had an eager look on her face.

"Can I see it?" she asked, almost begging, as she tugged at the elastic waistband.

"Okay." I said with a nod.

My aunt tugged my boxers down over my hips. The cool air on my cock felt nice. It twitched and stood out from my body, pointing towards Amanda's stomach.

"Oh my... if I had've known your cock was so nice I would have done what I was thinking about that night in your room."

I smiled, wondering if she meant it or was just flattering me to put me at ease.

Amanda pulled me closer by my hips. The swollen head of my cock brushed over her stomach through her dress. She ran her fingertips down the underside, then back up. She held my balls, moving them around as if she was appraising their heft and size, then pulled her hand away, biting her lower lip.

I ogled Amanda's breasts as her hands roamed over my hips and ass. She pulled me to her body. My cock poked against her stomach and her bare breasts rubbed over my chest through my t-shirt.

"Ready to fuck your Aunt Amanda?" she whispered in my ear.

"Yes." I moaned.

"You've been ready for days, haven't you, Chris?"

I nodded and mumbled a reply.

"Me too." she breathed.

Amanda turned around and leaned over the hood of her car, resting on her elbows. She tugged her dress up until it was bunched around her lower back, then looked back at me. Her hair was around her face and she had a wanton look in her half-closed eyes. My eyes moved over her round ass, down to her glistening lips between her thighs. She spread her feet further apart while I looked at her wet pussy.

"Just don't cum in me," she said "only Roger's allowed to do that."

"Okay." I grunted.

My aunt's thighs and ass felt soft and cushiony as I pressed myself against her, holding her by her hips. I felt the head of my cock slide over her slippery lips. I pushed my hips, feeling my shaft move about. I felt embarrassed by my clumsy movements and waited for Amanda to ridicule me. Instead, she reached behind herself and took my swollen cock in her hand. She guided the head between her folds, moaning as the head slipped inside her.

"Fuck your slutty aunt, Chris." she moaned as she leaned over her car.

I gripped Amanda's curvy hips and began pumping. She was tighter and wetter than I could have imagined. I felt her squeeze my cock deep in her as my stomach pressed to her ass. Sweat was forming on my back as I thrust my hips harder, shoving my cock in her tight pussy.

Amanda was moaning and her breasts swayed beneath her as my cock slid in and out of her. I reached under her and squeezed her right breast hard. I pinched her nipple and gave it a tug. She cried out and clenched her fists as she pushed back at me.

"Jesus... fuck my cunt, Chris... shove your thick cock in me." my aunt cried out.

I was glad we were a long ways from the nearest house.

exquisite feeling of her body, was too much for me. I pulled my cock from her tight pussy, seconds before three thick streams of cum shot from it on the ground.

My aunt stood up and turned around. My cock was still somewhat hard and her eyes moved down to it. In an instant she was kneeling on the grass at my feet. She grabbed the base of my shaft and engulfed it with her warm, wet mouth. She moaned and sucked hard while I held her shoulders. As my cock began to soften Amanda slid her wet lips off of it. She leaned back, smiling up at me as she wiped her chin.

I helped Amanda to her feet. She pressed herself to me and kissed my cheek. I began pulling my underwear and jeans back up.

"You were so good, Chris."

I shrugged in disbelief. "I was too quick."

"I take that as a compliment," she assured me "if a guy cums fast it means he's turned on by me. If he takes a while, then I get to enjoy it longer. Either way is good for me.

Amanda had slipped her hand up under her dress to rub her pussy. I tugged the hem of her dress up to her hips so I could watch her play with herself. She spread her pink lips apart to show me her hard clit. It was shiny and she pressed down on it, moving her fingertip in a circle.

I pushed my aunt's hand aside and pressed my fingers to her lips. They felt full and wet. I slipped a finger in her and pressed my thumb to her pink button.

"Feel like playin' with it?" she asked in a shy, sexy voice.

Amanda leaned back on her car, holding her dress in her hands. She looked down, watching me finger her and rub her clit.

"When was the last time someone besides Roger touched you there?"

My aunt thought for a moment. "It's been years."

"Has dad?"

"Years ago," she admitted "but right now I want my favorite nephew to play with my pussy."

Amanda was holding my shoulders while I fingered and rubbed her. I leaned forward and sucked her right nipple between my lips. It felt good. I swirled my tongue around it as she caressed my back and moaned. Amanda was gripping my finger harder inside her and moving her hips to meet my thumb rubbing her clit. Her breathing was rapid and her moans louder.

My aunt let out a loud moan and dug her fingertips into my shoulders. I kept up the movements with my fingers until I felt her hand on my wrist, pushing me away.

"No... it's too sensitive... please... oh god." she moaned.

I slipped my finger from inside my aunt and rested my hand on her ass. She was panting now, using my shoulder to support herself. Soon she became calmer.

"Shit. I haven't cum that hard in months." she gasped, pushing her hair from her face.

I gave her a proud smile.

"We should probably be getting back." she said a few minutes later.

I stared out of the side window, not speaking, as Amanda drove back towards their house. I felt spent. What had happened was a wonderful experience -- the best that had ever happened to me and something I would never forget -- but I also felt an almost overwhelming sense of guilt.

"You're awfully quiet." Amanda remarked, glancing towards me.

I grunted.

"What's wrong, Chris? I thought you liked what we did."

"I did. It was amazing. I just feel guilty is all. I like Roger. He's been good to me."

Amanda reached over and gave my hand a gentle squeeze and rubbed her thumb over my knuckles.

"Don't worry about Roger. I love him with all my heart and we have a good marriage, but he knew he was playing with fire by bringing out my slutty side. We talked it over and made some rules for while you're with us. He was the one who showed you my tits, remember?"

"Rules? What rules." I asked, turning towards my aunt.

"Nevermind," she grinned "just have a good time while you're here because that's what Roger and I both want. I know we will."

"Okay." I told her, although I didn't completely understand.

I stared out of the car window again. Amanda had rested her hand on my thigh as she drove. It was soft and warm. I put mine on it and looked over at her. The smile on my aunt's face as she drove helped to reassure me that whatever happened that summer would be okay.

Naughty Nicole Part 1

Chapter 1

I was definitely not a planned baby. By the time I showed up my brother and sister, Kevin and Amy, were already in their early teens. I was born just two months after my mother turned forty-two. Dad was already close to fifty. Looking back, I suppose it was hard on them being older parents -- raising me when they thought that they had already finished having kids.

Eventually my brother got married, then my sister did two years after him. My father died when I was nineteen, two years ago. I wanted to move out on my own but I knew mom wasn't getting any younger and relied on me more with each passing year. My siblings felt the same. Whatsmore, them being married and starting their own families they gave me a huge guilt trip whenever I broached the subject of getting my own place. Because I was young and single it was my responsibility to not abandon our mother. I felt trapped at times.

It wasn't like I had to take care of my mother or anything -- just be there if she got sick or needed some help around the house. I had a job at a computer store in town, plus I was able to spend as much time with friends doing pretty much whatever I wanted. Life was sort of dull, but not bad.

One evening about two weeks after Halloween my cousin, Nicole, called. It had been close to three years since I'd seen her. She's eight years older than me. Our mothers are sisters. She and her husband, Mark, live about a three hour drive from us but it was not often that our family got together, which I regretted. Nicole and Mark had built an addition on their house and had brought her mother to live with them about a year ago after Nicole's father died. Nicole and her brother's, Dave and Brian, live nearby and help out as much as they can when needed.

It was at her older brother's, Dave's, wedding that I had last seen Nicole. At the reception that night after everyone had loosened-up from the punch and wine Nicole hauled me out of my chair to dance. Normally I hate dancing. I feel awkward and self-conscious, but it was a slow dance and I was not about to pass up an opportunity to hold my cousin close to me. She was the prettiest girl I knew and had a spectacular body -- 'all hips and tits' I once overheard Mark say.

That night as we moved through the crowd of people on the dance floor she rested her head on my shoulder. I could tell she had drunk more wine than she should have. So had I, although my mother never knew that. Feeling bold and horny I eased my right hand up Nicole's side, waiting for resistance. All she did was clutch my shoulders tighter. Soon my palm was cupping her breast. It was heavy and firm. I could feel her nipple harden and push into my thumb.

"Feeling a little frisky tonight, Alex?" was all she said.

"Sorry." I mumbled into her ear as I slid my hand down.

"It's okay. So am I." Nicole moved my hand back up to her breast.

That dance could not have lasted much more than five minutes but it was something I will never forget.

"How've you been? It's been ages." Nicole's voice was excited and as sexy as I recalled it as we spoke on the phone.

"Not bad. You?"

"Okay," she replied "How's your mom?"

"She's keeping well." I informed my cousin "getting old though. I hate to see it happen."

"I know what you mean. That's sort of why I was calling."

"What do you mean?" I asked, rather confused.

"Well," she began "I was thinking that my mom is getting older too and it's been so long since she visited Aunt Laura. They're getting old... you never know when something could happen. I was wondering if we could come down this weekend for a visit?"

"Sure, that sounds good," I told her, unable to hide my excitement "is Mark coming down too?"

"No, he'll be at a conference in Baltimore, which is why I thought that this weekend would be a good time to bring mom down. It would do me good to get away for a few days too."

"I know mom will be glad to see you guys." I told her.

"What about you -- won't you be glad to see us too?" she teased.

I laughed and assured my cousin that I would also be glad to see her and my Aunt Alice. If only she knew how glad I would be to see her I thought to myself.

"We'll see you Friday afternoon then." Nicole told me.

Chapter 2

I thought that Friday would never arrive. Although I only had to wait three days it seemed like three weeks. I hurried home after work to find my cousin's car in the driveway. When I walked in the house I could hear the chatter from the livingroom.

"Here he is!" My Aunt Alice got up from the couch beside my mother and walked towards me, arms stretched out. She gave me a hug and kissed my cheek, stepping back to look me over with a wide smile.

Over my aunt's shoulder I saw my cousin in a chair. She looked even prettier than she had the last time I saw her. Her jet black hair was longer now, several inches past her shoulders, and her eyes seemed even bluer than I remembered. She smiled at me as her mother hugged me.

Nicole was wearing a tight navy blue skirt with a slit up the left side that ran just above her knee and a white blouse with thin blue stripes. I immediately grew hard as my eyes moved up her legs to the curve of her breasts filling out her blouse.

"Good to see you again, cuz." Nicole said as she gave me a hug.

My hand slid up my cousin's back, feeling her bra beneath her blouse, then back down to her left hip. For a few seconds I felt her breasts pressed to my chest and I eased my hips away from her.

"It's good to see you too." I told her. Our hands were still on each-other's waist as we darted our eyes up and down. Nicole gave me a smile once my eyes met hers again and I wondered what she was thinking.

"Mom and I are taking you guys out to supper," Nicole informed me as she stepped back "so if you want to go get changed we'll wait."

Watching my mother and aunt talking and laughing at the restaurant that evening made me very happy. They were sitting across from me, Nicole was at my right. Just sitting beside her turned me on. I could feel her knee brush against my thigh a few times and I wondered if it was accidental. More to the point, I hoped it wasn't.

"So when will you be getting married, Alex? It seems the only time I get to see the whole family is at weddings."

I smiled at my aunt. "Not anytime soon, Aunt Alice."

"For god's sake, mom, don't rush him. He's young. Let him enjoy being single." my cousin interrupted.

"But a handsome young man like him -- there must be plenty of girls who would be eager to marry you."

"He is handsome, isn't he?" Nicole added. She flashed me a sexy smile, her sapphire eyes taking on a mischievous glint.

As Nicole spoke she draped her left arm around me, pulling me to her as she hugged me. Her left breast pressed into my side. Thankfully the table was concealing the tent in my pants. Once Nicole removed her arm from my shoulder she let her hand fall to her side. Under the table I felt her give my thigh a gentle squeeze. I nearly choked on a mouthful of baked potato. Nicole was stabbing a piece of chicken with her fork, but she tilted her head up towards me with a sly grin as she ran her hand over my thigh, then removed it.

During the ride home I was glad to be sitting in the backseat of the dark car so no one would notice the tent in my pants. Nicole was driving so I didn't have to curb myself from staring at her.

"That was marvelous. Thank-you, Nicole." my mother said as she took her coat off once we got home.

"Yes, it was. Thanks, honey." my aunt echoed, kissing her daughter on the cheek.

"It was great. Thanks." I chimed-in, feeling awkward and nervous around my cousin.

My cousin had taken her coat off and I noticed the effect the night air had on her nipples. They were thick and hard, two obvious bumps in her tight blouse. I cast a sideways glance at her and discovered that her eyes were already on me.

"Cold out tonight, isn't it?" she whispered, then winked.

We spent the remainder of the evening in the livingroom. The television was on but no one was paying any attention to it. My mother and aunt did most of the talking, save the occasional question about my work and social life from my aunt. My cousin had a peculiar smile on her face most of the time and I wondered what it meant. Her legs were crossed as she sat to my right and from the corner of my eye I could see most of her exposed thigh through her slit skirt.

"I could stay up all night talking, but I should be getting to bed." my aunt announced a few hours later.

"Oh, my! It's past eleven!" my mother exclaimed as she checked her watch.

After my cousin and I wished our mothers a good night we watched as they slowly climbed the stairs. I was finally alone with Nicole. I had been waiting for this moment, but I was also nervous. It seemed like hours before anything was said between us, although it was really only a minute or two.

"It's so good to see them together, having fun." she remarked.

"I know. I haven't seen mom this happy in ages."

"You know," my cousin said, her tone growing somber "this could always be the last time they get to see one-another, considering how seldom we all get together. You never know..."

"I know." I replied, not even wanting to consider it.

The room grew quiet as we thought over my cousin's comment. Then she gave her head a shake as if to clear her mind, then smiled. "But, enough of that. I plan on having fun this weekend. No depressing talk allowed."

I grinned. "Good."

"We should really try to get together more often though. How long has it been, three years?"

"Almost."

"Time flies," Nicole remarked, sounding surprised "you look different than the last time I saw you -- taller, more muscular too." My cousin's head moved up and down as she looked me over with a smile.

"You look the same, except your hair is longer." I commented, trying not to sound obvious about having been looking her over.

Nicole turned towards me. Her expression had changed. Now she seemed like she was about to laugh. "Remember that night at Dave's wedding?"

"Yeah." I replied as my face flushed.

"Wanna dance?" she asked, seeming excited and playful.

"Ah... no, that's okay." I stammered. Of course I wanted to dance with my cousin, as much as I had at the wedding reception, but I also wanted

to avoid any uncomfortable situations. My cock was twitching and I wanted to keep my distance from her.

"Oh, come on, Alex..." she coaxed, unswayed by my refusal.

Nicole lept from her chair and began searching through my CDs by the television. After a minute or so she let out a cry of glee as she found one she wanted to play. She put it in the player then adjusted the volume so it wouldn't wake mom or my aunt. Turning to me she kicked her shoes off and stood in her bare feet before me, her hands reaching outwards.

"One dance, Alex." she pleaded.

I knew there was no way I could refuse. I felt torn, eager to hold my cousin, but scared she would feel my erection against her.

Nicole's touch was gentle, sensuous, as her hands slid up my back. Her hair brushed over my cheek as she rested her chin on my shoulder. As her hips swayed I ran my right hand up her back and my other one down, stopping when I felt her skirt. My cock was throbbing as she pressed her breasts to me. They felt wonderful. Firm and round. I heard a faint moan as my cousin pulled me tighter as she nuzzled into my neck.

"The last time we danced you squeezed my boob." she whispered into my ear.

I had hoped that either she had forgotten that incident or would not mention it. Panic welled in my chest. "Yeah..." I mumbled.

As if she read my mind, or understood my feelings, Nicole gave my back a long slow rub. "Remember what I said?"

"Yeah... something about me being frisky."

"And?" she prodded.

"That you were too."

"Right," she breathed, her hot breath washing over my cheek, down my neck "I was feeling that way at the restaurant earlier. That's why I felt your leg."

"That surprised me." I admitted.

"I know," she said with a clipped laugh "I saw you jump. But I owed you one since last time we were together you felt me."

"I guess we're even then." I replied.

"For now."

Before I could ask Nicole what she meant by that comment her hand had slid down to grab my ass. She gave it a firm squeeze, pulling me closer to her. Her left thigh grazed my hard cock pushing out in my pants, then she pressed harder against it. I waited for her to make a comment, but all she did was keep swaying her hips, rubbing her leg over the bulge in my pants.

Once the song was over Nicole turned towards the CD player. She pressed the Back button to play the track again. She pulled me to her once more.

"I was so scared that you were going to be mad at me for copping a feel that night." I finally confessed to her.

"No, I liked it. It felt naughty being felt-up by my cousin with all those people around. Besides, you weren't the only one who did it."

"Really? Who else did?" I asked, wanting to hear more.

"Promise not to ever tell?" she said, leaning back to give me a serious look for a moment.

"Promise."

"Dave." she replied, sounding nervous.

"Your brother, Dave?" I exclaimed in disbelief.

"How many Daves were at the wedding?" she retorted with a giggle.

"I just wanted to be sure."

Nicole was still pressed to me but she had stopped swaying her curvy hips. "He had too much to drink." she offered.

I gave a sharp laugh. "Even sober, I couldn't blame him."

Once again my cousin's eyes met mine, but this time they were wider. "So you don't think it's weird or gross that he felt me up?"

"No, I'm your cousin and I did it too."

Nicole smiled, seeming relieved.

"Tell me something -- honestly."

"What?" she asked, leaning back a bit to face me.

"Was that the only time that Dave's felt you up like that?"

Nicole paused for a few seconds, looking pensive. Before she could speak the next song on the CD began to play. It was louder than the previous one. My cousin spun around and switched the stereo off.

"God, I hope that didn't wake them up."

"I don't think so. Not mom anyway -- she's a heavy sleeper."

"Good. Mom is too." she said.

Nicole was standing a couple of feet from me. She looked so enticing in her tight skirt that showed off the graceful curve of her hips and her blouse, with her nipples sticking out from it. But she still had not answered my question.

"So, was it the only time Dave felt you?" I repeated.

Nicole moved over to the sofa. She sat down on the edge, placing her hands on her thighs. "No." she sighed, her eyes meeting mine before moving down again.

My cousin's admission made me even hornier than I already was. A minute before that I would have thought it impossible. I sat down to her left, looking at her bare thigh, then her chest.

"Damn, I wish I was your brother instead of your cousin."

Finally she looked at me again, now with a grin. "Why's that? So you could feel me up more often than just at weddings?"

I gave her a nod and a smirk.

Nicole curled up on the couch, resting on her left hip, and slid closer to me. She leaned into me, placing her hand on my stomach. I put my arm around her, easing her tighter against me. Her delicate hand was moving over my stomach, toying with a button on my shirt. Her touch felt wonderful. My hand was resting on her side, just inches below her right breast. I fought the temptation to slide it up.

"You know," she began, slowly at first "I didn't mind you touching me that night, Alex. Actually, I liked it."

"So did I." I replied with a nervous laugh.

"Well, I still wouldn't mind." She raised her head so her eyes met mine.

Immediately my focus shifted to her chest. I glided my hand higher until I was holding her breast. I curled my fingers around it, feeling them sink into her firm mound. I pressed harder, trying to fit as much of it into my hand as I could. My fingertips found her nipple and I rubbed it, then pinched it.

"Does it feel as good as last time?" she asked.

"It feels bigger." I remarked.

"It is," she told me "I've put on some weight. Most of it went to my ass and boobs."

"Perfect." I exclaimed.

Nicole laughed and I felt her move against me. "My ass is too big. I need to join a gym."

I looked down to my cousin's round cushiony ass, covered by her taught skirt. To me it looked perfect. I slid my hand down over her hip to caress it, then gave it a squeeze.

"Feels great to me." I assured her.

"Thanks," she replied "Mark calls it a bubble butt."

"What does Dave think about it?" I asked, fishing to find out more about the nature of the relationship between Nicole and her brother.

"He likes it." she replied, not sounding hesitant to answer my question.

"Has he felt it?"

"What do you think?"

I slid my hand back up my cousin's body to her breast. She shifted to let me feel her. I could tell she was getting sleepy. I would be too if my libido wasn't in overdrive. Still, I didn't want to keep her up longer than she wanted.

"Getting sleepy?"

"Yeah, a little. Sorry." She gave me an apologetic look.

I removed my hand and sat on the edge of the couch for a few seconds then stood up. Nicole stared at the tent in my pants with a smile then raised her head.

"I bet I know what you're going to do when you get in bed." she teased.

My face felt hot and I frowned.

Nicole stood up and placed her hands on my hips. She pulled me to her so my hard cock was poking her stomach. She looked down as she swayed her hips, rubbing against it.

"I'll be doing it too." she told me.

Maybe I should not have been surprised by my cousin's admission, but I was. I gave her a look of surprise.

"Let's go." she said, taking my hand to lead me towards the stairs.

Chapter 3

My mother and aunt were already up the next morning when I woke up. I could hear their chatter downstairs. My cock was also up before I was too. I sat on the edge of my bed and slid my hand inside my boxers to give it a stroke. Deciding I would finish in the shower I got up. My bladder was crying out for relief as much as my cock. I stood before the toilet thinking the most unsexy thoughts I could, waiting for my erection to subside.

After I flushed the toilet I heard a light rapping at the door.

"Alex, you in there?" It was Nicole.

"Yeah." I told her.

"I need to pee." she said, her voice sounding urgent.

Nicole stood in front of the door with a shy grin as I opened it. She was wearing a light blue flannel pajama top with pink teddy bears on it. It came down just past her hips and my eyes fell to her bare legs, then up

to the shape of her breasts pushing out at her pajama top. They seemed bigger without a bra holding them in place and sloped down slightly.

"I'll let you in, but you have to pay the toll first." I teased.

A flirty grin appeared on her face. "Oh... and what's the toll?"

I took hold of her wrist and eased her into the bathroom until she was backed against the counter.

"This..." I said, my hands cupping her breasts.

My cousin's nipples swelled as I teased them through the soft flannel. Her breasts felt heavy as I pushed them up. She giggled as she looked down to my hands, then to my cock pushing out at my boxers.

"Okay... that's enough. I really have to pee. Just wait a minute." she said a few seconds later as she slipped from my hands.

As I turned to leave the bathroom I noticed her tugging her pajama top up and caught sight of her ass.

I heard the toilet flush and moments later Nicole opened the door.

"Thanks, I feel better now."

"You look great too." I told her.

"My hair's a mess." she sighed, running a hand through it.

"I never noticed."

Nicole laughed. "No, you're too busy staring at my tits."

The sound of someone coming up the stairs interrupted us. Nicole and I froze. Before I could dash back to my room my Aunt Alice had turned the corner. She stopped for a moment, obviously surprised to encounter me and my cousin, both in the bathroom.

"I just wanted to let you know that your mother and I were going for a walk." she told me.

Suddenly I was aware of my cock twitching in my boxers. "Uh... okay." I replied.

Aunt Alice turned to go, then stopped after a few steps. "We'll be about an hour." Her voice was calm as her eyes locked on mine.

Nicole and I never made a sound until we heard the door downstairs close. She exhaled. I brushed past her and peered out the bathroom window to see my mother and aunt walking down the driveway.

"Think she suspects anything?" I asked my cousin.

"Maybe. It doesn't matter though. What matters is that we have an hour alone."

Nicole pressed herself to me, running her hands down my bare back. I moved my hands up her back, feeling her pajama top slide up. I rubbed her firm ass and gave it a squeeze. My cock twitched.

"Mmm... no panties." I moaned.

"Nope... they were wet, so I took them off before I went to bed. Besides, they would have only been in the way."

"Did you?" I asked, knowing she would understand.

"Of course. Didn't you?"

"Twice." I told her.

"Mmmmm... you must have been really horny."

Nicole looked down to the tent in my boxers, now bigger than a few minutes ago. "It looks like you still are."

"It's all your fault." I told her.

"Then I better do something about it."

My cousin hooked a finger in the elastic waistband of my boxers. She tugged me into my bedroom, bringing me over beside my bed. Without saying a word she slid my boxers down to my knees. My cock sprang up, brushing over her flannel top. It felt good. Nicole ran her hands down my thighs as she knelt at my feet.

"I hope you saved some for your frisky cousin." she cooed, her eyes tilting up to mine.

Before I could answer I felt my cousin's tongue flick over the head of my cock, then her lips wrapped around it. They were soft and wet as she sucked on it before sliding them down my shaft. She gave my cock a hard suck as she moved her mouth back up, cupping my balls in her soft hand.

Nicole pulled her mouth off my cock. She licked her lips as she quickly unbuttoned her pajama top. She let it slide down her arms to the floor.

"Either." I croaked.

Nicole grinned and stood up. She Laid on my bed, smiling up at me. Her body looked perfect. My eyes moved from her hard pink nipples down her flat stomach to the thin patch of hair above her pussy. She parted her legs wide to show me.

"I know where you really want to put it," she said "but we better not. Mark and I have been trying to have a baby so I'm not on The Pill anymore."

I gave an understanding nod, too excited to speak.

"Come here," she urged, her hands reaching up "I want to suck that thick cock of yours."

I straddled Nicole as she pulled me closer to her mouth by my hips. I pushed to meet her waiting mouth.

"Fuck it as hard as you want, but I want you to finish between my tits, okay?"

I nodded as I pushed the swollen head of my cock into my cousin's warm wet mouth. She moaned and her lips felt wonderful on my shaft. She gripped my ass, pulling me deeper. Her mouth was hot and her lips were tight on my shaft as I pumped. I knew I could not last long

and wanted to finish between her breasts like she had asked. I pulled my cock from her mouth and slid down her body. Her soft skin on my legs excited me as she wiggled beneath me.

"Ready to fuck the twins?" she asked, squeezing her breasts together into two big orbs.

I loved hearing my cousin talk dirty, almost as much as I enjoyed what we were doing.

Nicole was pulling and twisting her nipples as I pushed my wet cock between her breasts. She was moaning, telling me how good it felt and to go faster. I leaned over her, watching my shaft thrust between her firm round flesh. Her breasts shook as my cock stabbed between them.

"Harder, Alex... fuck your horny cousin... shove that cock between my tits...yes." she cried out as she watched my cock piston between her mounds.

I think I might have been able to last a little longer were it not for Nicole's nasty talk, but it helped to send me over the edge. I let out a loud groan as I felt my cock twitch. The first stream of cum shot from me, splashing over her mouth and cheek, followed by two more that landed on her breasts.

Nicole licked her lips, then wiped my cum from her pretty face. She sucked her fingers into her mouth, moaning as she tasted me.

"It tastes good, cuz."

I looked down at my cousin under me, watching as she spread my cum over her breasts. She smeared it around her thick nipples, making them glisten. I moved off of her and sat beside her. I ran my hand up her right thigh to her pussy. It was hot and dripping wet. Nicole moaned and pushed her hips up as I pressed down on her hard clit. I slid two fingers deep in her, pressing my thumb on her twitching clit.

"Fuck, I wish that was your cock." she moaned through clenched teeth as she gripped my fingers.

"Who else felt you up at Dave's wedding, Nicole."

Nicole caught her breath before answering. "Uncle Tony... everyone wanted to feel me that night." Nicole said with a raunchy laugh.

I could feel my cousin's juice run down my fingers and knew I would have to change my sheet before mom saw it. Nicole was grabbing her breasts, pulling at her nipples as I fingered her. It was the sexiest thing I had ever seen and I never wanted it to end. I slowed down, easing my fingers from her.

"Don't tease me, Alex. I was so close."

"I know." I grinned.

"Please." she begged, tugging at my wrist.

Her pink lips were soft and slippery as I ran my fingers up them to her clit. Nicole pressed down on my hand, her ass lifting off the bed.

"What did Uncle Tony do at the wedding?" I asked.

"Grabbed my ass... rubbed his cock against me when we danced... I think he came." she said with a lewd giggle.

"Did you like it?"

"Yes... I felt slutty making my uncle cum... I was so wet."

"Mark must have had a great time when you got home."

"No... he was drunk... god, Alex, fuck my pussy."

"Did you play with yourself?"

Nicole looked up at me with a serious look which surprised me.

"I was a bad girl that night."

"What did you do?"

"Play with my pussy while I tell you... please."

Nicole opened her legs wider and pushed up to meet my fingers. I slid two in and pressed down on her clit once more with my thumb. She moaned and her breathing increased.

"How were you a bad girl, Nicole? Tell me."

"That night Mark was pretty drunk... me too... Brian said he'd drive us home since he wasn't as drunk. Mark stumbled to bed... I was so horny and wanted to be alone so I could rub my pussy... we were in the kitchen and Brian was teasing me about my hard nipples. I guess he was horny too... no... he definitely was... he grabbed my tit and pinched my nipple. I couldn't stop him... maybe I didn't want to... I didn't care that he was my brother. Wine always goes right to my clit, plus all you guys feeling me up at the reception turned me on. Brian asked to see my tits... he was so shy... nervous -- it was cute... so I unbuttoned my dress to show him."

"Had he ever seen them before?"

"No... not like that anyway... just peeks down my tops and stuff."

"What did he do?"

"He pulled them out of my bra and started feeling them... then he sucked on them... before I knew it his hand was going up under my dress... rubbing my pussy through my panties... he could feel how wet I was. He pulled them aside and shoved a finger in me... I could feel his cock poking into my hip. It was the naughtiest thing I'd ever done. He grabbed my hand and put it on his cock... it felt big and he asked if I wanted to see it... of course I did... he took it out and I stroked it until he shot all over my dress..."

As I listened to my cousin's tale of the illicit encounter with her brother I began getting turned on again. My cock twitched as I continued to play with her clit.

I leaned down and swirled my tongue around my cousin's clit, then sucked it between my lips hard. It was only a few minutes later that she cried out as she pushed her dripping pussy against my mouth. She held my head as she cried out in pleasure, then lay limp on the bed, smiling at me. Her chest was rising and falling as she slowly calmed down.

Chapter 4

Nicole and I had to hurry with our showers in order to be dressed and downstairs before mom and Aunt Alice returned. We wanted to shower together but realized that was far too risky.

When my mother and Aunt Alice returned Nicole and I were having breakfast, maybe seeming rather sheepish. Both of us felt nervous, fearing that anything we did or said might arouse suspicion, especially after my aunt finding us in the bathroom earlier.

Nicole was wearing a rose skirt that covered her knees and a knit cardigan. She had all but one of the buttons of her cardigan done up. I wished she was showing some cleavage, but I knew she didn't dare to since we weren't alone. As I walked behind her on my way to the fridge I managed to quickly run my hand down her back while our mothers talked. I was pleased to not feel a bra strap. She turned to smile at me as I refilled my glass with juice.

Mom and Aunt Alice went into the livingroom to talk for the next half hour or more while Nicole and I lingered in the kitchen. We exchanged knowing glances and grins, but it was understood that we had to behave. I found it frustrating and she must have too.

"That walk invigorated me but maybe I over-did it. I'm going to take a nap."

I nodded at my mother as she rinsed out her empty tea cup and placed it in the sink. Aunt Alice followed close behind from the livingroom.

"Did I hear you say you were going to take a nap?" my aunt asked.

"Yes. That walk played me out." my mother told her.

"I was thinking the same thing," my aunt replied "but I was afraid you'd find me rude if I went to take a nap."

"Nonsense," my mother told her, then turned to me "Alex, could you wake us in an hour, please?"

"Sure thing."

Nicole and I exchanged smirks as we heard the sound of footsteps upstairs. She pressed a finger to her full lips and got up. She sat on my left thigh, wrapping her right arm around my shoulder. She leaned on me, making sure her right breast brushed over my mouth.

"We'll have to be quiet, but maybe we can have a little fun." she said.

I pulled at the hem of her skirt, moving it up over her thighs. Her right thigh was silky smooth as my hand ran up it. When my fingers met her damp lips I realized she had no panties on. I gave her a wide-eyed stare. She giggled.

"I wanted to be ready in case you wanted to play with it." she explained in a sultry tone.

It wasn't long before my cousin's lips were slippery wet as I stroked them and pressed on her swelling clit. I slipped a finger in her, staring at her hard nipples sticking out from her cardigan.

"I loved you telling me about what happened the night of the wedding reception."

"I was scared afterwards that I said too much."

"No... it really turned me on."

"I guess we're just a naughty family." she concluded, pressing herself to my chest.

I tugged Nicole's skirt around her waist so I could see her pussy. Her lips were full and pink, wet with her juice. I stroked them before sliding two fingers deep in her. She gripped my shoulder harder as she gave a faint moan.

"Has Uncle Tony done anything else?" I asked.

"A couple of times."

"What?"

"One afternoon he stopped in to see mom, but she had gone for a walk. He had this look in his eye -- you know, horny. I was wearing shorts and a tank top and he made some sort of comment that he bet I had no bra on."

"Did you?"

"No... I hate wearing them. Anyway, I felt like being a tease so I turned my back to him and pulled my top up so he could see my back, but not my boobs."

"What did he do?"

"Dared me to turn around and do that." she told me with a sexy giggle.

"Did you?"

"Sort of... I slowly pulled my top up until just a bit of my boobs were showing -- right under my nipples -- then pulled it down."

"You are a tease...!" I exclaimed.

Nicole laughed and wiggled her hips.

"What happened after that?"

"Nothing. He was getting nervous -- probably scared I'd tell mom or Aunt Hazel -- so he left a few minutes later."

"Did he try anything after that?"

"Yeah... I think he caught on that mom always takes a walk around eleven each morning, so he showed up one day when she was out again. I was doing dishes and he moved behind me and ran his finger down my back. He said he was checking for a bra. It sort of gave me quivers and my nipples got hard. He noticed them and said it must be because of what he did so he started to rub my back. It felt pretty good and since it was only my back I decided to let him have some fun. I kept washing the dishes, but soon he moved his hand around and grabbed my tit."

"What did you do?"

"I told him he was being bad."

"But you never moved his hand away?"

"No... I told you, I'm a tease."

"What did he do?" I prodded.

"He kept feeling me. He was a little rough, but I started getting wet. He pulled at my blouse until a couple of buttons popped open so he could get his hand inside. By now I was just holding onto the counter while he played with my tits. He had both hands on them and I could feel him pressing his cock against my ass, humping me."

"Wow...that's bold." I hissed.

"I know," she said with a girlish laugh "I was looking out the window over the sink, watching to see if mom came back while he grabbed my tits and humping against me. It was almost like he was fucking me. I bent over and started moving my hips, helping him. Then all-of-a-sudden he stopped."

"Why?"

"I think he was getting close and didn't want to have to explain a cum stain on his pants to Aunt Hazel." she explained.

"What did you do?"

"I stood up and grabbed a piece of paper towel and lead him into the livingroom. My blouse was open enough that he could see my nipples if I moved the right way. I brought him over by the couch and undid his pants and pulled his cock out. I jerked him off till he came in the paper towel."

"I bet it didn't take long." I guessed.

"No... not quite a minute. He left in a hurry after that. I guess he was scared. Since then he only comes over when mom is home. God, telling you these things makes me so damn horny. I've never told anyone about this stuff before."

"It turns me on too." I told her, still rubbing her clit.

Nicole gave my cock a squeeze through my pants then ran her fingers over my balls. "I wish I could play with it but we probably better not."

"I know..."

I reached up and squeezed my cousin's right breast, feeling her hard nipple through her cardigan. She let out a soft moan.

"That feels so good, Alex. God, I love being a bad girl."

"When was the last time you were a bad girl?"

"It was Thursday night. Mark had already left for Baltimore and mom had gone to bed early since we were leaving for here the next morning. I was still up, having a glass of wine while I watched tv. I already told you that wine goes right to my clit..."

"Yeah... I interjected.

"Well, Dave showed up around ten-thirty. I had asked him to check on the house while we were away so he stopped in for a key."

"You must have known he'd try something."

"Little innocent me?" she cooed, trying to look coy.

I laughed.

"No, seriously," she told me "he hadn't tried anything since his wedding."

"What happened?"

"Well, when I turned my back to him to get the spare key from the cupboard he grabbed my ass."

"What were you wearing?" I asked.

"A dress -- nothing special. It's not short or anything. I turned around but he still kept feeling me. It surprised me because, like I said, nothing had happened since the wedding. But maybe that's because Mark or Jennifer are always with us."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing, just grinned. After a few seconds he stepped back and apologized. I told him it was okay and reminded him about what had happened at his wedding. He just smiled and said he'd had too much to drink at the reception, so I asked him what his excuse was that night.

He said that he and Jennifer had a fight a few days ago and she was still pissed so she'd cut him off. He was already horny, but when he saw how my ass looked in my dress he sort of couldn't resist he said."

"Who could blame him?"

"Thanks," Nicole giggled "so I took his hand and put it back on my ass and promised him that Jennifer would never find out. He was staring at my tits. My nipples were hard and I asked him if he wanted to feel them -- for old time's sake. He was unsure at first, but I unbuttoned by dress a ways and opened it. I was wearing a bra but it was pretty thin. Dave was kind of nervous, but after a while he got more turned-on. I asked him how long it had been since he and Jennifer had sex and he said a week or so. You know what else he told me?"

"What?"

"He said he wished that her tits were as nice as mine."

"Her's aren't bad," I commented "but he's right, you have nicer ones."

"I've seen her topless." Nicole divulged.

"Really?" I exclaimed as I recalled how Jennifer looked.

"Yeah, but one story at a time." Nicole looked over my head to the clock on the wall. "Shit! It's nearly time to wake them up."

I turned my head and discovered that nearly an hour had passed. Nicole slid off my lap and stood beside me.

"Want me to go wake them?"

"Sure -- may as well. It's been almost an hour." I told her, surprised and disappointed that our time alone had come to an end.

Once again during supper I had to make little effort with conversation. My mother and aunt took care of that. I caught my cousin's eyes darting my way several times and it was all I could do not to laugh.

"You two go sit in the livingroom while I load the dishwasher." Nicole said after supper was finished.

"Oh, let us help you." my mother insisted.

"No way, Aunt Laura. If I need any help I'll get Alex to."

I remained in my chair, following my cousin with my eyes as she cleared the table. I could hear the sound of the television and my mother and aunt talking in the livingroom. Nicole made a display of bending over as he loaded the dishwasher. Her ass looked inviting as she pointed it towards me.

Once my cousin was nearly finished at the dishwasher I eased up from my chair and stole behind her. I gave her ass a squeeze and she froze in place, looking back with a sexy smile. I pressed my hand between her thighs, rubbing her wet pussy through her skirt. She pushed back, then stood up.

"Tonight, after they go to bed, you can play with it some more. I've been wet all day, thinking about tonight." she whispered.

For the rest of the evening I alternated my eyes between my cousin sitting across from me and the clock on the table to my left. I thought that bedtime for my mother and aunt would never arrive. Because they had both napped I was afraid they'd be up later than usual.

It was nearly ten-thirty when my aunt decided to go to bed. I could tell that she and my mother were getting sleepy but I suppose they wanted to spend as much time together since my aunt and cousin were leaving the next day. Suddenly I felt guilty for being in a hurry for them to go to bed.

"I don't want to, but I need my rest before the drive back home tomorrow." my aunt remarked as she got out of her chair.

"It's past my bedtime too." my mother chimed in, standing up beside her sister.

My cousin tugged me over to the couch and pulled me down to her left. Like the night before she curled herself against me, her hand running up and down my right thigh. I had been waiting for this time for hours. I turned and began unbuttoning her cardigan.

"My... aren't you bold tonight." she exclaimed in mock surprise as she looked down to my hands.

"I've been waiting to do that all day." I told her as I pulled her cardigan open to expose her perfect breasts. Her nipples stood out, begging to be sucked.

Nicole leaned on me once more as I put my arm around her. I slid my left hand inside her cardigan to feel her breasts. She let out a soft moan as she shifted her hips.

"So when did you see Jennifer topless?" I asked as I toyed with her hard nipple.

Nicole thought for a moment. "You've been asking all the questions. I have one for you."

"Okay, shoot."

"Has anything ever happened between you and Amy?"

"No." I told her, which was the truth.

"Ever think about it?" she asked as she prodded me with her elbow.

"Sure... sometimes." I confessed.

"I don't blame you, she's really pretty. And since you like boobs so much you must like hers."

I gave Nicole a nod and a guilty smile.

"The day of Dave's wedding she and Randy came over -- I guess you and your mom were still at mom's. She came up into my bedroom while I was getting ready and asked if she could change into her dress for the wedding."

"Did you see much? When she changed, I mean."

Nicole shot be a wide grin. "Just about everything. She took her blouse off, then her jeans. I was sitting on my bed trying not to stare too much, then she took her bra off too. She's got a great body, Alex. Nice tits."

"They're not as big as your's." I added.

"Not quite," she agreed "have you ever seen them?"

I hesitated. "Kind of -- just peeks down her tops... you know."

"Any feels?" she pressed.

"A few quick ones... like when she'd hug me I'd brush my fingers over one or whatever."

"Guys always think we don't catch on to that." Nicole said with a quick giggle.

"Guys have done that to you too?"

"Of course," she said "I think the first one to do it was my dad."

"Uncle Frank?"

Nicole gave me a tight-lipped nod. "Back when I was younger. He'd sneak a feel now and again. I didn't mind and never told mom."

"You know who really surprised me by doing it though?"

"Who?"

"Jennifer."

"Wow... when was this?"

"A few days before her and Dave's wedding. I stopped by to drop off our wedding gift. When she hugged me and thanked me for the gift I felt her fingers slide up the side of my boob."

"And it wasn't an accident?"

"No way, but since then I've done it to her too."

I smiled. "I wouldn't mind doing that too."

Nicole slid her hand up my thigh to my balls. She rubbed them then traced her fingers along my hard cock.

"Take it out. I want to play with it." she said.

"But mom and Aunt Alice might catch us."

"You worry too much."

Nicole sat up and straddled my lap, tugging her skirt up towards her hips. Her breasts swayed in front of me, inches from my mouth. I leaned into them, running my tongue over her left nipple. Nicole

cupped her breast, holding it to me. I sucked hard at her nipple, tugging at it with my lips, nipping at it with my teeth. I slid my hands over her hips and took hold of her ass to pull her closer.

"Would you like to do this to Amy?" she asked, her voice heavy with arousal.

"Mmmm..." I moaned, not taking my lips from her thick hard nipple.

"Jennifer too?"

"Yes." I said, moving my mouth to her other nipple.

"Me too." she replied, holding her breasts in her hands, offering them to me.

I moved my hand over my cousin's body until my fingers found her wet pussy. I pushed two in her as she moved her hips, sliding up and down on my fingers. Soon her juice was running down towards my wrist.

"When did you see Jennifer's tits?" I asked.

"About a week before the wedding. She invited me over to see her wedding dress. We were in her room and she asked if I wanted to see it on her. I wanted to see her, so I said 'yes'. She got undressed in front

of me. She had to change into a strapless bra because of how the dress left her shoulders bare so I got to see them."

"Lucky you."

"Lucky Dave too." she shot back.

Nicole slid down my lap and knelt on the floor between my thighs. She unbuttoned my pants and tugged my zipper down. I was too horny to care about us getting caught. As she tugged at my pants and boxers I lifted up from the couch. She pulled them down past my knees then gave the base of my cock a firm squeeze. Her tongue flicked out over the slit, tasting my precum.

I could feel my cousin's hot breath on my cock, then her lips. She eased her mouth down, sucking hard, then back up.

"I want you to cum in my mouth this time." she said before going back down on me.

I had been horny all day and knew I would not last long. So did Nicole, apparently. Her head bobbed up and down quickly as her left hand went under her skirt. My fingers ran through her thick black hair as I held her head. It was just a short time later that I felt myself cum. I pushed up, shoving my cock deep in Nicole's mouth, shooting my cum in her. She held me between her lips a while after, then slid them off my shaft. Looking up to me she licked her lips.

Nicole got back on the couch while I pulled my pants back up. She was still smiling. "That's the third cock I've sucked this week."

I thought about it for a moment. "I know one must be Mark, but who was the other?"

"Dave."

"When?" I asked.

"Remember me telling you this afternoon how he came over to get the key from me and started to feel me up?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I ended up giving him a blowjob in the kitchen." she explained.

"Was that the first time?"

"yeah, but hopefully not the last."

"Damn, I wish I had a sister like you!"

I put my arm around my cousin and pulled her to me. Her hand stroked my thigh as she rested her head on my chest. I slid my hand down her back to her ass. I rubbed it all over, then gave it a squeeze. Tugging at her skirt I pulled it up until it was around her waist. Her skin was soft as my hand stroked her hip, gliding down over her ass.

"Do you really like my ass?" she asked, sounding doubtful.

"Of course." I assured her, giving it a light slap.

Nicole jumped, then smiled up at me. "I think it's too big, but guys seem to like it. It got grabbed a few times at Dave's wedding."

"By who?"

"You already know about Uncle Tony... Dave and Brian did too, plus a few others: Mark's brother, Richard, and their dad. Then when I was at the punch bowl... there was a crowd... someone gave it a squeeze as they went by."

"Who"

"I don't know. That was the exciting part. I thought it might have been you."

"No. Not me."

"I'd never been felt-up by so many guys that night. I felt like a naughty slut and loved it."

My hand was still roaming over my cousin's ass as she spoke. I slid my fingers down, pressing until they were on her wet lips. She moaned, then she moved onto her knees, leaning over me. Her breasts fell from her cardigan, swaying as my fingers slid into her wet hole. Her hair hung down around her face as she gripped the arm of the sofa. Her hips moved back and forth, meeting my thrusting fingers. She felt so tight and I tried to imagine what my cock would feel like in her.

"Harder, Alex."

Nicole's breathing was quick as I worked my fingers in and out of her, listening to the wet sounds they made. I slid my other hand down her stomach, reaching for her clit. I pressed and rubbed on it as she moaned through clenched teeth. A few minutes later I felt her grip my fingers tighter, holding me deep in her as she came. She pressed her face into the arm of the sofa to smother her moans, then collapsed on my lap. I ran my hand over her ass, up her back.

"If you can make me cum that hard with your fingers imagine what your cock would do to me."

Nicole slid down so her head was laying on my thigh as she stared up at the ceiling. "I wish we didn't have to go tomorrow." she said, bringing my hand inside her cardigan.

"I know. Me too."

For about the next fifteen minutes my cousin and I never spoke. She lay there, eyes closed with a smile as I caressed her.

"I don't want to, but I should get some sleep since I have to drive back tomorrow."

I nodded and removed my hand from Nicole's breast. She got up and buttoned her cardigan, then held her hand out to me. She tugged me off the couch and pulled me to her. Nicole's moist lips met mine as she gave me a lingering kiss, her tongue darting out to tease mine. She sucked on my bottom lip before easing away. She licked her lips as she smiled then held my hand.

Nicole lead me upstairs, stopping outside her bedroom door, holding my hands.

"I'll never forget this weekend, cuz." she whispered.

"Me either."

Nicole planted another quick kiss on my lips before slipping into her bedroom.

Chapter 5

"Alice and I are going to church."

The sound of my mother's voice woke me from a dream about Nicole. I rolled over in bed and squinted.

"Alice and I are going to church," she repeated as she poked her head in my room "we'll be back a little before noon."

"Oh... okay." I mumbled, glancing over at the clock on my nightstand.

Once my mother closed my door I got up and sat on the edge of my bed. I listened for the sound of the door downstairs close then hurried to the bathroom. Looking out the window I saw my mother and aunt walking down the driveway. I used the toilet then quickly brushed my teeth.

I turned the knob to Nicole's bedroom door and poked my head inside. She was asleep, her back to the door, wearing the same pajama top as the other morning. I approached the bed and softly called her name. She rolled over, smiling up at me.

"Morning." I replied, reaching down to hold her breast.

Nicole looked down at my hand then back up to me. "Better be careful. We don't want to get caught." she whispered.

"They just left for church," I informed her, rubbing her stiffening nipple "they won't be back till around noon."

Nicole bolted up in bed, a smile appearing on her face. "Let me go pee. I'll be right back."

As my cousin slid out of bed her pajama top moved up her thighs. I watched her dash out of the room.

A few minutes later Nicole returned. She smiled when she saw me sitting on the edge of the bed in just my boxers. She stepped over to me and placed her hands on my bare shoulders, running them down my back.

"So, what do you feel like doing?" she asked with a smirk.

I placed my hands on her thighs, just above her knees, and ran them up over her hips to grab her ass. "You." I told her.

Nicole laughed. She unbuttoned her pajama top and let it fall to the floor. "That could be arranged."

I stood up, my cock reaching out at my boxers towards my cousin. She hooked her fingers in the waistband and tugged them down. Once my boxers were off she knelt down, holding the base of my shaft in her fingers as her mouth slid down over it. She sucked hard, making it thicker and wet. Then she stopped.

"I want it in me, cuz." she said, her eyes looking up to me.

"But you said you weren't on The Pill."

"Let me worry about that. Mark will be home tonight and I know he'll want to have sex." She got on the bed, bending her knees and parting them as she looked up, waiting.

"Are you sure?" I questioned.

"Perfectly sure. Come here."

I climbed between my cousin's open thighs as she pulled me closer by my hips. Her pink lips were wet and parted, waiting for me. Nicole held the base of my cock, guiding me towards her wet pussy. I groaned when I felt the head slide in. She pushed her hips up, meeting my cock.

"God, it feels so good." she moaned, clutching my shoulders.

My cousin's pussy was wet and tight as I pushed deeper into her. She gave my cock a squeeze as I began pumping, slowly at first.

"Fuck me, cuz... fuck my pussy hard." she cried out.

I gripped her shoulders and began to pump my hips faster, feeling my cock plunge into her hot wet pussy. It felt wonderful and her moans spurred me on.

"Oh god... fuck me, Alex... slam your cock in my wet cunt..."

Nicole had her legs wrapped around me, holding me to her as her fingers dug into my back. Her breasts shook as I pounded into her, pushing her onto the bed with each thrust. I could feel her gripping my cock.

"Oh god... shit...Alex... fuck me... fuck your slutty cousin... harder..." she cried out, then moaned.

I could feel sweat form on me and I felt like my cheeks were on fire. Now Nicole was grabbing at her breasts, squeezing them and twisting her hard nipples as my cock worked in and out. I grabbed her hips and lifted her up, looking down at the expression on her face. Her eyes were closed and she was moaning louder, urging me on. My cock was slick and shiny with her juice. I felt it run down over my full balls. I knew I couldn't last longer.

"I'm getting close." I warned her.

"Me too..."

"Where do you want my cum... your tits?"

"No... my pussy." she panted, barely able to speak.

"But..."

Nicole interrupted me by locking her legs around me tighter and pulling at my hips.

"Cum in me, cuz...fill me with it..."

It's impossible to be horny and have good judgement at the same time. Moments later I felt my cock twitch as I shot my seed deep into my cousin. She squeezed me, holding me deep in her as her heels pressed into my lower back. Then she cried out, cursing as she orgasmed -- once, then again. After she relaxed I rolled off of her and layed down. She turned onto her side with a blissful look. She ran her hand over my cheek.

"I wanted you to," she said, her voice weak "let Naughty Nicole worry about it."

Nicole and I lay together for a while, seldom talking, just touching and smiling. After a while she sighed and frowned.

"I suppose we should shower and get dressed. Do want the bathroom first?"

"No, ladies first." I told her.

Nicole got up to go shower.

While my cousin showered I went to my room and got some clean clothes out, then waited for the bathroom to be free.

By the time my mother and aunt returned from church my cousin and I were dressed and in the kitchen, hopefully appearing much more innocent than we were.

Epilogue

The visit from my aunt and cousin had done my mother a lot of good. Me too. Mom was sad to see them go, but she and Aunt Alice began keeping in touch more often than they had before, exchanging phone calls at least twice a week.

One evening a few weeks after my aunt's and Nicole's visit the phone rang. I could tell from my mother's happy tone of voice that it was my aunt. I smiled to myself as I watched television.

"That was Alice." mom told me when she returned to the livingroom after the call.

"How is she?" I asked.

"She doing good and she had some great news to share."

"What's that?"

"Nicole's pregnant!" she exclaimed.

My head spun. "That's great," I replied, trying to appear calm.

"She and mark had been trying for so long. They had thought there was something wrong with him but I guess not."

"How far along is she?" I asked, trying to sound casual.

"Not far. Maybe a month. They think it happened right after their visit here." she explained.

My mother went out to the kitchen to make a cup of tea while I stared at the television, wondering if I was going to be a father.

Naughty Nicole Part 2

Chapter 1

It had been five months since my Aunt Alice and cousin Nicole had visited. I hadn't spoken with Nicole since then, but her mother was still calling mom frequently so I got updates on how my cousin was doing. Her pregnancy was progressing well and everything seemed normal. Both she and the baby were healthy Aunt Alice assured my mother. This was a huge relief for me

One Sunday while mom had gone to church the ringing of the phone woke me. I rolled over in my bed and reached for the phone on my nightstand.

"Hello." I said in a groggy voice.

"Did I wake you, cuz?"

"Nicole?" I exclaimed, bolting up in bed.

"The one and only."

"Is everything okay?" I asked, scared she was calling because her mother was ill or something.

"Of course everything is okay, Alex," she told me "does something have to be wrong for me to call my favorite cousin?"

"No. I was just afraid your mom might be sick or something."

"No, she's fine, but that's why I'm calling."

"What?" I asked, now confused.

"I was thinking of bringing her down for a visit again next weekend, if that's alright."

"Of course it is."

"Good," she said "something told me you wouldn't mind seeing me." She let out a sexy laugh and I felt my cock begin to swell.

"Never, not my favorite cousin."

"In case you're wondering -- Mark can't make it. He's been working on a major proposal for a client and they have the presentation next Monday in Boston. I told him I know how important it is, so if he wanted to stay home he could. That also means we can stay a day longer this time since Mark doesn't get back till Tuesday night."

I laughed. "That was so thoughtful of you."

"Ain't I a great wife. "

I laughed, feeling more than a little guilty. "So everything's okay? With the pregnancy, I mean."

"Okay, except that I feel fat and I have to pee every ten minutes." she lamented.

"I bet you look great."

My cousin let out a giggle that made my cock twitch. "Well, one thing I know you'll like is that my boobs have gotten a lot bigger."

I slid my hand inside my boxers to hold my balls, then gave my cock a squeeze as I listened to my cousin's soft, sexy voice. "How much bigger?"

"You'll see..."

"I wish I could see right now." I told her.

"Maybe you'd like what you saw if you were here right now." she teased.

"Why's that?" My hand moved over my cock as I waited for her reply.

"I just got out of the shower and I'm sitting on my bed in just a bathrobe. It's kind of open at the top."

"How far?" I prodded.

"Far enough... I can almost see my nipples."

I could feel precum start to leak from my cock. I smeared it over the head as I listened to Nicole breathing over the phone.

"Okay... now I can see them...I opened it some more."

"I bet they look nice."

"They're hard," she said, arousal now showing on her voice "but they're hard all the time lately."

"Are you playing with them?"

"Mmm-hmm..." she cooed.

"Where's Mark?" I asked, now afraid that she would get caught.

"He's downstairs, probably still reading the paper."

I tugged at my boxers, pulling them down to my knees to free my cock. I tried to be subtle about it but Nicole must have heard me shifting about.

"What are you doing?" she asked, sounding suspicious.

"Getting comfortable." I replied, trying to be coy.

"Stroking your thick cock, I bet." she retorted.

"Well, you're not here to do it." I joked.

My cousin let out a sexy moan. "I will be soon, cuz."

"Good."

"I'm so wet right now, Alex. I thought I was a nympho before, but being pregnant has made me ten times as horny."

"Really?" I exclaimed, surprised. My mind filled with all sorts of lewd thoughts.

"Yeah... I want it all the time now. You better get some rest before I get there."

I laughed, listening to my cousin. There was a few seconds of silence as I pictured her on her bed with her robe pulled open.

"What are you doing?" I asked her.

"Rubbing my clit... dipping a finger in... I'm so wet."

I kept stroking my cock as I listened, forming a mental image.

"Are you stroking it?"

"Yes." I grunted, feeling my arousal building.

"I want to hear you cum, Alex. Stroke that nice cock for me."

"I am."

"I'm sitting on my bed... my robe is open while I'm rubbing my clit... my tits are uncovered... they're so big now. Wait till you see them, Alex."

"I want to." I told her, my voice hoarse.

Nicole let out a long soft moan. "I feel like being so bad today. Mark's going out to watch a ballgame at a friend's. Maybe I'll just play with my pussy all afternoon."

"I wish I could watch."

"Just watch? Wouldn't you help?"

"I'd do whatever you wanted." I told her.

"I've missed you, cuz." she told me in a breathy voice.

"I've missed you too," I replied "I think of you all the time."

"I hope you get hard when you do." she teased.

"Always."

There were several seconds of silence, then I heard my cousin let out a faint gasp, then a moan. As I imagined her rubbing her pussy as she came I felt my cock twitch as my cum splashed over my belly. I let out a loud moan, listening to my cousin respond.

"I wish that was shooting on my tits. But next weekend it will be."

I can't wait."

"I should get going before Mark wonders where I am," she told me "but I'll see you Friday afternoon. Oh! Remember that restaurant we went to last time?"

"Yeah." I told her.

"Make reservations there for Friday night. I want to take you guys out again."

"Okay, thanks. I will."

"Bye, cuz. See you Friday. I love you."

"Love you too. Bye for now."

Chapter 2

My mother seemed as happy and eager about the impending visit of my aunt and cousin as I was. All that week she was cheerful as she busied herself cleaning the house and getting ready.

I threw myself into work, trying to keep busy in hopes that the time would seem to pass more quickly. I had some sick days saved up at work so I told my boss that I would need the following Monday off for a doctor's appointment. That meant I would be able to spend more time with Nicole.

Finally Friday arrived. As I expected my cousin's car was already in the yard when I got home from work. I raced inside and followed the sound of voices coming from the livingroom. My mother and aunt were on the sofa but Nicole wasn't there. I was puzzled. I turned around and saw two suitcases in the hall.

"Where's Nicole?" I asked, neglecting to greet my aunt first.

"She went up to use the bathroom." my mother told me.

"It's so good to see you again, Alex." My aunt got up and gave me a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

"It's good to see you too, Aunt Alice. How have you been?"

"Can't complain," she replied, tilting her head to one side "some arthritis in my hands, but it's all part of getting old, I suppose.

I gave her a sympathetic nod.

"Alex, would you mind taking those suitcases up to their rooms? We didn't want Nicole carrying them up in her condition. The purple one is Alice's." mom interrupted.

"Sure. No problem."

I hurried upstairs with the suitcases, eager to see my cousin. I brought one into the room where my aunt was staying then went to Nicole's room. I placed her suitcase beside the bed. I smiled and felt my cock twitch as I thought back to what Nicole and I had done on that bed the last time she was here.

"Hey, cuz."

I spun around towards my cousin behind me, standing in the doorway. Although I knew she was more than half-way through her pregnancy I was still somewhat taken aback by how she looked. Even pregnant she still looked lovely.

Nicole was wearing a pale blue dress with tiny flowers on it. It came down just past her knees and had white buttons down the front. It did nothing to hide her Rubenesque figure. Her round stomach stood out from it and her heavy breasts pushed outwards. My cock thickened as I stared at her. She smiled.

"I told you they were a lot bigger."

"Yeah... wow." I said in a breathy voice.

My cousin chuckled as she stepped towards me. She pulled me to her, pressing her body against me. She kissed my mouth, then glanced down to the growing bulge in my pants.

"You're making me wet." she whispered.

"Good." I said, reaching up to her left breast, feeling how heavy and firm it was.

"Go easy -- they're really tender these days."

"Okay... sorry."

"It's not fair," she remarked "they're bigger and everyone wants to feel them, but they're so sensitive."

"Everyone?" I questioned.

"I'll tell you later. Did you make the reservations at the restaurant?"

I nodded. "Yeah -- for seven-thirty."

"Good. Thanks. We better get back downstairs now."

I followed my cousin down the stairs. Her steps were slow, cautious. I kept a wary eye on her, afraid that she might trip. I followed her into the livingroom and sat down adjacent to her.

"So, what's new with you, Alex? Still not married?" my aunt asked.

"Still not married. Sorry."

I told my aunt that essentially nothing was new in my life since she had last seen me. She seem satisfied with my answers to her questions and I was glad when she eventually returned to talking with my mother.

"It's almost time to be going to the restaurant." Nicole announced later, interrupting the conversation as she looked at her watch.

My mother and aunt got up and made their way to the kitchen. I followed them, Nicole coming behind me. She reached out and gave my ass a hard squeeze as she giggled.

I slid down in the back seat of Nicole's car as she drove us to the restaurant, my mind filled with many thoughts and questions. My libido was also surging.

way with a brief grin while we ate. My cock twitched in my pants as I anticipated being alone with her later.

"Thank you again for a wonderful meal, Nicole," my mother said as she took her coat off after we got home "I seem to eat better than usual when you visit."

"I'll have to visit more often then, Aunt Laura."

"Thanks, Nicole." I said, smiling over at her.

I found it to be another tedious hour or more while we sat in the livingroom the rest of the evening. Mom insisted on Nicole sitting on the couch because it would be more comfortable, which gave me a good vantage point to look at her. Her posture only seemed to accentuate how much more busty she now was compared to when I last saw her. I had to force myself to not stare when my mother and aunt were around.

"I'd stay up all night talking if I could, but I just can't." my mother said, sounding regretful.

I turned towards the clock on the table beside me. It was just past ten-thirty.

My mother walked over to Nicole and kissed her cheek, looking her over with a smile. "Pregnancy suits you, dear. You look lovely."

"Thanks, but I don't always feel it." Nicole shot back as she looked up to my mother.

I bid my mother and aunt a good night, then watched as they left the room. When I turned towards my cousin on the couch she had a mischievous smile and was beckoning me over with her finger. She moved aside to make room for me to her left.

"So... happy to see me?"

"Of course." I assured her.

"Let me check." Nicole glided her hand up my thigh. Her fingers ran over my balls and she rubbed my cock through my pants. "Mmmm... you are." she said in a hushed voice.

I twisted on the couch to face Nicole, parting my legs so she could continue to rub my swollen cock. Her nipples stood out from her dress. I ran my fingers over her left one, feeling how thick it was.

"Want to see?" she offered.

"Of course."

Nicole looked up at the ceiling, listening to the sounds of footsteps in the upstairs bedrooms.

"Better wait a few minutes." she concluded.

I nodded, running my hand over her full breast, weighing it in my palm. "I bet Mark has a lot of fun with these." I remarked.

Nicole frowned and shrugged.

"What?"

"I don't know," she sighed "ever since I got pregnant Mark has been treating me different."

"Bad? Has he hurt you?" I asked, feeling myself getting angry.

"No," she blurted out, holding her palm up to me "nothing like that. He's wonderful. It's just that he seems turned-off by me now, or something. We haven't done it in weeks. He says it's because he's worried it could hurt me or the baby but I don't know." There was sadness in Nicole's voice as she spoke. She sounded dejected.

"That could be." I offered.

"No," she said "I asked my doctor. He said that as long as it doesn't hurt that sex during pregnancy is good -- to have as much as I want. I don't know what's wrong with Mark."

"Maybe he's scared of hurting you or something." I suggested.

"I don't know," my cousin sighed "all I know is that I'm horny all the time and he's not interested."

"The fool!"

Nicole laughed as she leaned on my shoulder. I rubbed her back and kissed her rosy cheek. She let out a soft murmur.

Sounds from upstairs had now ceased, so I cupped my cousin's left breast in my hand, amazed by it's size and firmness. She unbuttoned her dress as far as the top of her round belly, then pulled it open. Her breasts overflowed from the white bra she was wearing, I stared for a while before touching her, making sure my touch was gentle. I slid my hand down her right one, then inside her bra. My fingers brushed over her swollen nipple and she shuddered.

"God, they're big."

"Are you kidding?"

Nicole continued to rub her hand over the bulge in my pants as I fondled her from inside her bra.

"Upstairs you said that everyone wanted to feel them," I reminded her "like who?"

"Dave and Brian have a few times when we've been alone."

"You mean quick feels, or more?"

"Sometimes more."

"Like what?"

"Well, for example, a couple of weeks ago Brian stopped in while Mark was at work. I think he planned it that way. I was wearing one of Mark's shirts and a pair of shorts. I could tell Brian was staring at my tits. It was really making me wet. I asked if we could go sit on the couch because it was more comfortable for me. He kept sneaking looks at them, so finally I just came out and asked him if he liked them and if he wanted to see them."

"Not Brian," she exclaimed "so I unbuttoned the shirt part way and opened it. He started touching them and I could see the lump in his pants so I gave his cock a squeeze. That really surprised him. But then I told him if he let me give him a handjob he could cum on them."

"What did he do?"

"He wasn't sure at first, but I unbuttoned the shirt the rest of the way and pulled them from my bra so he could see. I told him to stand up. I undid his jeans and pulled them down. His cock was already leaking precum so I licked the head and stroked him. He gave my tits a good cum bath."

Nicole had a dreamy look on her face as she recounted her exploits to me. My cock was twitching as she rubbed it.

"How would you like one now?" I asked, deciding to push my luck.

Nicole's eyes widened and the corners of her mouth turned up. She pulled the top of her dress open wide and slid to the edge of the couch. "Stand up." she ordered.

I got up and faced my cousin. Her eyes were on the tent in my pants. Her nimble fingers unbuttoned them and she pulled my zipper down. My cock rose towards her face as she slid my boxers and pants down to my knees. She straightened her back, thrusting her chest towards my twitching hard-on.

"Cum on me, Alex."

I had needed to cum for quite a while now and knew it wouldn't be long before I did. I gripped my cock hard, stroking it as I stared down at my cousin's chest. She was holding her breasts, pushing them up from her bra as she waited.

"Stroke that nice cock, cuz... shoot your cum all over my big tits." she said in a soft voice, watching my hand move over my cock.

Not quite two minutes later my cock twitched as a stream of cum shot from it. It landed just below Nicole's neck and ran down into her cleavage. That was followed by two more that hit her round breasts, running down them as she watched. I leaned into her, spreading my cum around with the head of my cock, pushing it between her breasts before it began to soften.

Nicole was busy spreading my sticky juice over her as I got dressed again. I sat down and she turned and leaned her back on my chest, sliding her fingers inside her bra to paint her nipples with my jism. I watched over her shoulder.

"This weekend is going to be so much fun." she sighed, wiggling as she leaned back on me.

I tugged at the cup of her bra, peeking inside at her left nipple. I slid my hand in. It was hard and slippery as I rolled it between my fingers.

Nicole closed her eyes as I held her. Soon I noticed her yawn.

"Getting tired."

"I'm afraid so," she replied "I get tired so easily now."

"It's okay," I told her "it's important you get your sleep."

I eased my cousin upright and got off of the couch. I held my hand out to her and she steadied herself with it as she stood up. I held her for a moment, then kissed her before leading her upstairs.

Chapter 3

I made sure I was up early the next morning. I didn't want to waste a minute of time that could be spent with Nicole. It was a much nicer day than I anticipated and my mother and aunt were outside on the deck drinking tea and talking.

Nicole wasn't up yet as I had hoped. I made some toast and poured myself some juice. While I was eating I heard the sound of the shower upstairs and I smiled to myself.

"You're up early." my mother remarked as she and my aunt came inside.

"It's too nice a day to sleep in." I explained.

"That's what we were thinking," mom replied "Alice and I are going for a walk. The farmer's market down the road opened for the spring last weekend and we thought we'd go take a look."

I waited a few moments, then went to take a look out the kitchen window, watching my mother and aunt walking down the driveway.

The shower was still running as I bolted upstairs to Nicole's room to wait for her. She was startled to see me sitting on her bed as she walked in, drying her hair with a towel. She was wearing a white terrycloth robe and I assumed it was the one she had on last Sunday morning when she called.

"They just left to go to the farmer's market down the street." I grinned.

"How long will they be?" Nicole asked, tossing her damp towel down beside me. I could smell her shampoo on it.

"I don't know."

I reached out to Nicole's hands, drawing her to me. Her robe fell open as I tugged at the belt. Her round stomach as inches from me and I ran a hand over it.

"When did I get pregnant?" she surmised.

I nodded.

"I honestly don't know, Alex. But I've had all sorts of tests. I'm healthy. The baby's healthy -- no signs of problems or abnormalities." she assured me.

I was more than relieved and it must have shown on my face. Nicole ran her hand through my hair as she smiled at me.

"Want to know if it's a boy or a girl?" she asked.

"Do you know yet?"

"Yes."

"Tell me." I exclaimed.

"A boy." she announced.

"Have you been thinking of names yet?"

"We've already picked one out -- Alexander, but we'll end up calling him Alex."

I can't explain the feeling that went through me at that moment. It was a mixture of pride and surprise, tinged with some guilt and worry. I stroked my cousin's stomach some more, bending down to kiss it. Nicole cradled my head in her hands, holding my cheek to her as my hands went around to her back.

Nicole sat down beside me on the bed, leaning back a bit as my eyes moved over her body. She looked beautiful. Her breasts hung down slightly and her nipples were thick and long. I bent down to swirl my tongue around her right one, giving it a gentle suck. Nicole rubbed my back as she let out a soft moan. Her hand glided up my thigh to rub my hard cock, straining my jeans.

"Think we have time for some fun? I want to feel your cock in my mouth."

"We should." I said.

I stood up and began to undo my jeans, but the sound of the door closing downstairs nearly made my heart stop.

"Anybody home?"

"That's Amy." I whispered.

"Tell her I'll be down in a few minutes." Nicole replied.

I know I must have had a guilty look on my face when I greeted my sister in the kitchen. She smiled, then glanced down to my crotch. I could feel my cock pushing out at my zipper.

Amy tossed her purse on the table then opened the fridge, looking for something to drink. She was wearing jeans and a peach t-shirt. The way she looked did nothing to help me lose my erection. As she bent over to look in the fridge I noticed her breasts sway under her t-shirt, indicating she was braless. She turned her head towards me as I leaned on the counter, pushing her brown hair from her face, then looked back into the fridge with a smile.

I decided I had better go sit down at the table.

"I wanted to stop in to see Aunt Alice and Nicole since I missed them last time. Mom called a few days ago to tell me they'd be visiting." my sister explained.

"Mom and Aunt Alice just left for the farmer's market and Nicole just got out of the shower." I said, watching her take a drink of soda.

While she waited for Nicole to join us Amy asked me about work and how mom had been doing lately. It was close to ten minutes later when Nicole appeared. She was wearing a jade-colored dress with a scoop neck and a row of buttons down to the waist. I forced myself not to stare as I imagined the view of her cleavage I would have if she bent over.

"Look at you. You look like you swallowed a watermelon." my sister joked as she looked our cousin over.

Nicole laughed as she sat down next to Amy at the table. "And to think I have four more months of this. I'm going to be huge."

Amy grinned. "You look good though. If being pregnant would give me boobs like those I think I'll start trying this afternoon."

I let out a nervous laugh and my sister looked my way, then smiled at me.

"Looks like you've already got enough there, Amy. Don't get greedy," Nicole remarked with a friendly smile as she looked at my sister's chest "don't you agree, Alex?"

I looked across the table to my sister. Instead of seeming shy she cast me a smirk, then straightened her back. Her nipples were now standing out from her t-shirt.

"Well, more than a handful is a waste they say." I responded, thinking that much was safe.

Nicole's hand darted across the table towards Amy. She gave my sister's right breast a quick squeeze, then snatched her hand away before Amy could react. She squealed and raised her arms to her chest but it was too late.

"Yeah... she's definitely got more than a handful there, Alex." Nicole remarked, her laughter ringing out in the kitchen.

My sister had a look of shock on her face as she looked my way, then turned to our cousin.

"Hey -- don't grab my boobs in front of my little brother!" Amy exclaimed, but I could tell she wasn't genuinely angry.

Nicole was still chortling, seeming quite pleased with herself and my sister's reaction. "Would you rather he grab them instead?" she taunted.

Amy was too flustered to speak.

Nicole stopped laughing and stood up. "I better go pee again. If I laugh any harder you guys will have to mop the floor."

Amy and I watched Nicole leave the kitchen then looked back to each other. I was nervous.

"She's quite something, isn't she?" Amy remarked after several seconds of tense silence.

"Yeah, she's a lot of fun."

"Fun, huh? I can think of two reasons why you like her and both are right under her chin." my sister retorted.

I blushed and avoided my sister's piercing stare.

"So what was going on before I showed up?" she asked, sounding accusatory.

"Nothing. Nicole was in the shower and I was checking my e-mail in my room."

Amy gave a disbelieving nod. "I never heard the shower, little brother, and judging from the lump in your jeans when you ran down here that must have been some exciting e-mail."

"What are you doing staring at my jeans for anyway, Amy?" I snapped, hoping to shame her into backing off from her line of questioning.

I sighed and sat back in my chair. I knew I was losing the argument and had better give up while I could.

"Nicole's right though," Amy continued, her voice softening "they are more than a handful. Quite a bit more."

My cock was throbbing but I didn't dare show any interest. "Oh... okay." I grunted.

"Okay? I guess I'm no competition when Nicole's around with her big rack." she grumbled, acting hurt.

"It's... it's not a competition, Amy."

"I guess you're right," she conceded "who says you can't like hers and mine too, right?"

I heard the toilet upstairs flush and looked up, then over at my sister.

"Has she let you feel them yet?"

"No, of course not!"

"Liar." she sneered.

I could hear Nicole walking down the hall upstairs and knew she would be back in a few moments.

The expression on my sister's face changed, as if she was contemplating a riddle. She got up from her chair, then with one quick motion pulled her t-shirt up towards her chin as she faced me with her brown eyes locked on mine. Her breasts gave a quick bounce as her t-shirt moved up them. I stared in disbelief at Amy's bare chest. Her breasts weren't round like Nicole's. They hung down some and turned up a bit. Her light brown nipples were hard, standing out against the lighter rings surrounding them. A few seconds later Amy pulled her t-shirt back down then sat down in the chair as if nothing had happened. I could hear Nicole coming down the stairs.

"That feels much better," Nicole exclaimed as she joined us again, resting her hands on her stomach "I should warn you, Amy, I don't know if bigger boobs are worth having to run to the bathroom a million times a day."

Amy nodded. "Maybe I should just be happy with what I've got."

Nicole tilted her head down, then smiled. "Judging from how you fill that t-shirt out I can't see why you wouldn't be."

"Thanks."

My cock was still throbbing and my mind was on Amy having flashed me moments before Nicole returned from upstairs.

Amy looked up to the clock on the wall. "I should be going. I still have to go get some groceries. Tell your mom I'll stop in before she goes." She stood up and slipped her purse strap over her shoulder.

"It was good to see you again, Amy."

"You too. Try not to corrupt my little brother too much while you're here." she teased.

"Is that your job?"

"Maybe. Bye, Alex."

"See you later."

Nicole was staring at me as I listened to the sound of Amy's car in the yard. I turned and was surprised to see the expectant look on my cousin's face.

"What?" I demanded.

"I was about to ask you the same thing," she replied "did I miss something?"

"You sure did. While you were upstairs she flashed me."

"What?!" she exclaimed.

I nodded, my eyes widening.

"And?"

"And that was it. She just flashed me, really quick."

"So what did you think?" she pressed, her voice growing sexy.

"She's got really nice ones."

"It felt nice when I grabbed it," she said "really firm. I wish she'd flash me too."

"I couldn't believe you did that." I laughed.

"I couldn't resist," Nicole giggled "they looked so good in that t-shirt."

"Have you ever done it with another girl?"

"Sort of... just kissing and touching." she told me.

"I'd love to see that."

"Me and Amy?"

"That would be so hot."

I could hear the sound of my mother and aunt outside coming up the walk. I gestured towards the door to alert my cousin. She gave me an understanding nod.

"What a beautiful day." My mother took her coat off and gave me and Nicole a warm smile.

"Amy stopped by, but she couldn't stay long. She had to go grocery shopping." I informed her.

My mother frowned. "I'm sorry I missed her."

"She said she'd stop in again before Aunt Alice and Nicole left."

"Good. I hope she does." mom said

Mom got out a tin of cookies she had baked in preparation for her sister's and Nicole's visit. She put them on the table then rinsed out the teapot to steep some more.

"I thought you guys might like a snack so I baked some cookies."

"Thanks, Aunt Laura, I've been eating everything in sight lately." Nicole told her.

My mother and aunt went back out on the deck to drink their tea and enjoy the nice weather. Nicole and I made ourselves sandwiches for lunch and exchanged glances and stifled laughs as we ate.

Once Nicole had finished eating she brought her plate and glass to the sink then approached me. She stood beside my chair and leaned over me, her eyes not leaving mine. I looked down the front of her dress to her breasts, nearly falling out of her bra. They swayed a bit as she moved her shoulders.

"Going to cum on them again tonight, cuz?" she whispered.

"On them, or wherever you want."

"Mmmm... I'll have to think this over."

"I wish it was tonight already." I lamented.

"Did Amy flashing you get you all worked-up?"

"Yeah... but I was before that because of you."

"Promise you'll let me know what else happens with her."

"Sure," I said "but I don't know if anything else will."

"Right. She flashed you, but is going to leave it at that. No way."

"You really think so?"

"I'm sure of it." she told me.

"I hope you're right."

Nicole let out a groan, then stood up. "Sorry, my back is killing me." she said as she eased herself back into the chair.

1612 I gave her a sympathetic smile.

"I'm going to go sit on the couch," she announced "it's more comfortable. Come on."

I followed Nicole in the livingroom and joined her on the couch.

"Turn around." I told her.

Nicole turned her back to me and I began moving my hands over it, hoping to make her feel better. I could feel her relax. She let out a soft groan. After a while she leaned back on my chest. I lifted the front of her dress away from her, looking down to her cleavage. Her chest rose and fell with her breathing. I could tell she was getting sleepy so I kept quiet, letting her drift off in my arms.

When I heard my mother and aunt coming in from the deck later I gave Nicole a gentle shake. She stirred and mumbled something.

"Nicole, they're coming in." I whispered.

My cousin sat up and slid herself over on the couch, running her hands through her hair.

"I'll be starting supper in a while," my mother told us as she stuck her head around the corner "you must be getting hungry."

"I always am lately." Nicole told her.

"Good."

Dinner was good and I surprised myself by how much I ate. As had become the routine we all wandered into the livingroom after we had eaten and my mother had cleared the dishes away.

"How are you at backrubs, Alex?" Nicole asked as she sat on the couch, wincing as she arched her back.

"Okay, I guess." I stammered.

"Mine's killing me. Let's see how talented your fingers are."

I clenched my jaw to hide a smirk as I sat behind my cousin on the couch. I looked over her shoulders to my mother and aunt. They were talking, not seeming the least bothered by us on the couch. Maybe it was just my guilty conscience or paranoia, but I was afraid that they might find our behavior inappropriate.

Nicole writhed as I rubbed her back, working my fingers into her shoulders. My cock was twitching in my jeans. After a while I eased myself closer to her so I could rub it against her ass.

"Mmmm... that feels good." she groaned when she felt my hard cock pressed to her.

I lowered my head so my aunt and mother couldn't see me grinning.

When my mother and Aunt Alice finally decided it was time for them to go to bed I suppressed a happy look. Nicole and I waited for all sounds from upstairs to stop before we embraced on the couch.

"Thanks for the backrub." she said as she sidled up beside me.

"My pleasure." I replied.

"Yes, I could tell when you started rubbing your cock against my ass."

I ran my hand over Nicole's hip to her ass. I stroked it then grabbed a handful. Her hand went to the button of my jeans, then she tugged my zipper down.

"Let's play. I feel like being bad." Her voice was excited as she tugged at my jeans.

I lifted my hips up as my cousin pulled my jeans lower. She slid off of the couch and knelt between my parted knees. Once my jeans and boxers were past my knees she looked down at my cock, pointing up towards her chin.

Nicole began to stroke my cock as she studied my expression. "Would you like to cum all over her tits like you did to mine?"

"Yes." I groaned, picturing how my sister's breasts looked that afternoon.

My cousin bent down to tease the head of my twitching cock with her tongue. She swirled it around the head then ran it along the underside of my shaft.

"Or would you rather just fuck her?"

My cousin's words, coupled with her sultry voice was bringing me closer. I could feel myself breathing harder, moving my hips to meet her soft hand as it moved over my cock. Her breasts shook as she stroked me faster.

"I'm close." I warned her.

Nicole slid her hand all the way down my cock, then engulfed it with her mouth. She slid her lips down, sucking hard. My fingers ran through her dark hair, grabbing fistfuls as I began thrusting my hips. My cock pumped in and out of my cousin's wet mouth as she sucked harder. I heard her moan as the first stream of cum shot from my cock.

Her lips tightened around me as she waited for me to finish.

"Mmmm...I needed that as much as you." she sighed, running her hand over my stomach. Her tongue ran over my spent cock resting on my thigh.

Nicole sat down again while I pulled my boxers and jeans back up. I pulled her to me, tugging her dress up over her thighs. Her skin was hot and soft as my hand moved up to her panties. I could feel how wet she was through them and I pressed my fingers down between her lips.

Nicole moaned. "It's been so long since anyone has touched me there. God, that feels good, Alex."

I managed to tug my cousin's panties aside and slide a finger in her soaking pussy. She pushed up to my hand. Her hand was clenching my thigh as she began to writhe more.

"God, I wish that was your cock in me."

"Or Dave's or Brian's?" I countered.

"Maybe all three," she suggested, laughing through her arousal "I could be your sex slave for a night."

"Would you let them fuck you?"

"I've thought about it plenty of times."

I pushed a second finger in my cousin's dripping pussy. She moaned as I filled her and began pumping harder into her. Her breathing was rapid and I knew she couldn't last longer. my palm slapped against her clit as I thrust my fingers deep in her. Soon I felt her pussy tighten. She clenched her jaw and fought back a loud moan as she came. I left my fingers deep in her until she had relaxed then eased then out. Licking them, I smiled at her.

Nicole rested her spent body against mine. I knew she would be getting sleep so rather than keeping her up longer than she should be I asked her if she was tired.

"A little. Plus I came really hard and that drained me."

I stood up and held my hands out to her, bringing her to her feet. Her round stomach pressed against mine as I kissed her, running my hand over her back.

"Will they be going to church tomorrow?" she asked.

"Mom would go every day if she could."

Nicole laughed. "Then wake me as soon as they're gone."

Chapter 4

I made sure I was awake early the next morning, waiting for my mother and aunt to go to church. I stayed in bed, pretending to be asleep while I waited for my mother to let me know they were leaving. After they left I bolted to the bathroom to make sure they were walking down the driveway.

Nicole was still asleep when I crept into her room. Her back was to the door and I could see her bare shoulders above the sheet and blanket that covered her. My cock hardened even more as I realized she was naked.

"Morning." she said in a groggy voice as she rolled over to look up at me. I was running my hand over her shoulder, enjoying the feeling of her bare skin. "Have they gone?" she asked.

"A few minutes ago."

"Good," she smiled "give me a few minutes."

The sheet and blanket slid from my cousin's naked body as she sat up on the side of the bed. She stretched and pushed her hair back from her face. Her pendulous breasts shook and swayed as she moved. I was mesmerized.

"God, you're beautiful." I intoned as my eyes moved over her ample curves.

"Thanks, but right now I don't feel it. I'll be right back."

I watched my cousin's hips and breasts sway as she left the room.

My cock was threatening to rip a hole in my boxers so I decided to take them off. I knew I would be in a few minutes anyway and I wanted to surprise Nicole when she returned. I kicked them aside and sat down on the bed, leaning back so she could see my erection rising from me when she walked back in. I stroked it a few times while I waited.

When Nicole entered the bedroom she stopped in the doorway when she saw me. She let out a weak gasp of surprise, then grinned as she approached me.

"It looks like you're ready for me." She reached down to run her hand over my cock. She held my balls in her fingers, then drew her fingertips along the underside of my shaft, watching it twitch.

"I have been for hours."

Nicole sat down beside me, stroking me as she rubbed her breasts over my arm and chest. I ran my hand over her back, stroking it as I kissed her cheek.

"How do you want to do it?" I asked, looking down at her stomach.

"You mean which position?"

"Yeah."

Nicole slid over to the middle of the bed. She turned over she was on her knees and bent over. Her breasts swayed beneath her as she pointed her wet pussy up in the air, waiting for me. I moved behind her. I ran my hands over her ass, sliding one down to run my fingers over her moist lips. She wiggled her hips and moaned. I could feel my fingers getting wet with her juice.

"Is this position more comfortable for you?" I asked.

"I can't remember." she said with a rueful laugh.

"I just wanted to make sure."

"Yes, it is," she assured me "unless you'd rather me get on top, but you might find me too heavy."

I chuckled as I slipped a wet finger in her.

"I'm ready, Alex. Just push it in."

Nicole's wet pussy gripped me as I buried my cock in her. She was hot and tight. I gripped her hips, watching her breasts shake as I began pumping harder into her. They seemed even larger as they hung down towards the bed.

"This time you don't have to worry -- just cum in me." she breathed as she grabbed fistfuls of the pillow beneath her.

I ran my hand up her spine and wrapped my fingers around her hair. I tugged at it, drawing her head up. My stomach was slapping against her ass as I pumped harder into her.

"Fuck my cunt, Alex. God, that feels so good."

I felt myself getting close, but wanted to make this last as long as possible. I slid my cock from my cousin, holding her hips as I calmed down.

"Why... why did you stop?" she panted, turning back to me with a look of disappointment.

I was panting as I clutched her hips. "I want to make it last." I breathed.

"No... just fuck me." Nicole reached behind and took hold of my cock. She tugged at it, guiding it back inside her wet hole.

I began pumping again. My stomach slapped against my cousin's ass as my cock thrust in and out of her. Soon I felt my body spasm as my shaft twitched. As I cried out and dug my fingertips into my cousin's soft hips I filled her pussy with my hot cum. I held onto her until I felt myself relax, then slipped my spent cock from her wet hole. I collapsed on the bed beside her.

Nicole crouched over me, running her hand down the centre of my chest. Her breasts swayed above me.

"You came so hard," she remarked "were you saving it up since my last visit?"

I laughed. "No, just since yesterday."

Nicole rolled over onto her back. She bent her knees and parted her legs wide. Her fingers inched towards her soaked pussy. She slid two inside her, feeling my cum soaking her walls.

"I'm so fucking horny." she moaned.

I knelt between my cousin's legs, pushing her knees apart. When my tongue darted over her hard clit she moaned and grabbed a handful of my hair. I pressed my thumb to her clit and pushed two fingers of my other hand deep inside her. I began working my fingers in and out of her dripping pussy as I sucked on her clit. I could taste our juices and it excited me. Nicole pushed up from the bed, her fingers grabbing at my hair. A few minutes later she cried out as her back arched. I could

feel her grip my fingers tighter as I held her throbbing clit between my lips. I waited for her to relax before I moved away from her.

"If you weren't my cousin, I'd marry you." she said as she rolled over to face me.

"Cousins can get married." I reminded her.

"But I'm already married. Besides, isn't it more exciting this way?"

I nodded with a grin.

Nicole and I lay together for the next fifteen minutes. We never spoke as our hands roamed each-other's naked bodies.

"I suppose we should get dressed before they get back from church." she said as her fingers tugged at my left nipple.

"I guess." I said as I sat up in her bed.

I watched as my cousin got out of bed and went to the bathroom to shower. I waited in my room, then took a shower while Nicole got dressed.

innocent than we were. Nicole was wearing a light blue dress with flowers covering the upper half. It had buttons down the front and accentuated the shape of her body, but at this point I couldn't imagine any clothes on her that wouldn't.

The afternoon and evening were monotonous for me. Neither my mother nor aunt decided to take a nap as I had expected, or hoped. They sat out on the patio drinking tea and talking. Nicole and I huddled in the kitchen and livingroom, talking and sneaking a few feels of each-other while our parents sat outside a few feet away.

I was growing tired that evening. I fought off sleep as I checked the clock on the table periodically. When my mother yawned and stretched I was relieved. Nicole and I gave our mothers each a hug and watched as they climbed the stairs.

"I can still feel your cum in me." Nicole said as she slid closer to me on the couch.

My cock stiffened as I reached for her right breast. I ran my fingertips over it, bring her nipple to it's full size.

"You're amazing, Alex," she whispered "I haven't been fucked like that in such a long time."

I smiled, pleased by my cousin's compliment as I squeezed her left breast.

"I wish we didn't have to leave tomorrow." she lamented.

"Me either." I sighed.

"I want to feel you in my mouth one more time before I go."

My cousin's hands were unbuttoning my jeans then pulling my zipper down. I could feel my cock pushing upwards as she gripped it through my underwear. She pulled my jeans and boxers down to my knees, smiling as her mouth hovered over my erect cock. Her hand wrapped around my erection then began gliding up and down it.

"Want another blowjob from Naughty Nicole?" she cooed.

"Yes." I groaned.

My cousin's tongue flicked over the head of my cock, running down my slit to taste my precum. She looked up at me with a grin as she squeezed the base of my cock. I knew she was in the mood to tease me. I placed my hand on the back of her head and pushed down but she moved aside.

"Who was the last guy you sucked?" I asked.

I straightened my back as my eyes widened. "What happened?"

Nicole drew in a deep breath before she spoke. "It was a few days ago... no, more like a week. He had called Mark to ask if he could borrow his electric chainsaw. Mark told him it was out in the garage. I was taking a nap on the couch when I heard him at the door. By the time I got out to the kitchen he was inside. As soon as I walked in the room I could see his eyes on my tits. I was wearing one of Mark's shirts and a skirt. I asked him what he wanted and he said he'd come for the chainsaw, then said something about my shirt being too small for me. I could feel myself getting wet as he stared."

"What did he do?"

"Nothing at first, but I knew he wanted to. He was staring at my tits. I was so wet."

I began tugging at the buttons of my cousin's dress, opening it as far as her waist. Her breasts hung down inside her bra, swaying above my twitching cock. I squeezed her left one, feeling how heavy it was, then rubbed my hand over the other one.

"Suck me." I told her.

"Make me." her tone was defiant, yet playful.

I wrapped my fingers around my cousin's thick hair and tugged hard, bringing her head up. She gasped as her wide eyes met me.

"Suck my cock." I told her.

I pushed my cousin's head down and her lips wrapped around my shaft. They slid down as I pushed on the back of her head, holding her by her hair. She moaned as she sucked me deep into her mouth. I pushed my hips up to thrust my cock deeper down her throat.

"What happened next?" I asked, pulling Nicole's mouth off of my cock with a tug at her hair.

Nicole caught her breath as she licked her wet lips.

"He walked over to me and grabbed my tits. He didn't say anything -- just reached out and grabbed them. He was rough and it sort of hurt, but it felt good too, you know?"

I nodded, rubbing her left nipple through her bra.

"He felt them for a while, then asked if he could see them. I guess he could tell I was horny and probably wouldn't say 'no'. So I unbuttoned my shirt and opened it up so he could see them. He started pulling at my bra, trying to pull it down off of them."

Nicole wrapped her wet lips around my cock again and began sliding them up and down over it. Her mouth was hot and warm and I knew that I would cum soon if she kept doing what she was. After seconds later she raised her head and smiled.

"You're turning me into a little slut, Alex."

"Haven't you always wanted to be one?" I asked.

"Who says I'm not already."

Nicole's lips were wrapped around my cock again, sliding over it. I tugged at her hair, bringing her mouth off of me as my breathing was heavy. She grinned up at me.

"Want to cum, cuz?"

"I want to hear what you did to Uncle Tony." I told her.

Nicole licked her lips, her eyes watching my twitching cock. "I could feel Uncle Tony's cock poking into my leg as he played with my tits, so I undid his pants and took it out. I thought he was going to cum right there while I stroked him. I knew I had to be quick, so I got down on my knees and sucked him while he came."

"Stand up." I told my cousin.

Nicole stood in front of me, looking horny and curious about what I was planning. I slid my hands up her legs under her dress until I reached the waistband of her panties. I pulled at them, bringing them down until she stepped out of them. I took hold of her soft hand and pulled her across the room towards a green wingback chair beside the couch.

"Get on the chair." I told her.

Nicole sat down facing me and spread her legs as she tugged the hem of her dress up over her knees. Her sultry eyes were locked on mine.

"No. Turn around. Bend over." I told her.

A flicker of understanding flashed in my cousin's eyes. She turned around and knelt on the chair, clasping the back of it as she bent over.

"What if they hear us?" she asked.

"They won't."

I tugged my cousin's dress up her thighs until it was gathered around her waist. I stared at her round ass and wide hips as I held my shaft in my hand. I pushed her legs apart as I stepped between them. Nicole's wet lips stood out from her backside as my cock moved towards them. Her pussy was hot and tight as my cock glided inside her.

"Oh god, Alex... fuck me." she moaned, gripping the back of the chair.

My cousin pushed back towards me as I pumped my cock deep into her. I could see her heavy breasts shake inside her bra with each thrust.

"Who was the last guy to fuck you?" I asked.

"Mark. But that was a while ago." she breathed.

I could hear the sound of my stomach slapping against my cousin's ass as my cock pumped into her tight wet pussy. She was moaning louder and I was afraid she would wake my mother and aunt. I slowed down my thrusts, then gave her as a hard slap. Nicole flinched then turned her head around to face me.

"Going to spank me, cuz?" she breathed.

"Maybe you need a spanking." I told her.

"I... I haven't been spanked since I was a little girl," she told me "dad was the last one to do it."

I gave my cousin's round ass another hard slap. It rang out and her skin began to feel hot.

"Hasn't Mark even spanked you?" I asked, giving her ass two more hard slaps.

"No, but maybe he should," she panted "I'm such a nasty slut. I made my brothers and uncle cum."

My cousin's ass was beginning to turn red. I ran my hand over it then gave it another slap, listening to it echo in the livingroom. She flinched, then moaned. Her pussy clenched my cock tighter.

"Let Kevin and Dave fuck you when you get home." I told her clamping my hand on her breast as she cried out.

"Should I?"

"Do you want to?"

"Right now I don't care." she moaned.

I couldn't take any more of the dirty talk between Nicole and I. I gripped her hips and began pounding my cock in to her, crashing into her round ass with each thrust. About two minutes later my body stiffened as my cock twitched, spraying my hot cum in her soaked pussy.

"That was nasty, cuz." Nicole grinned as she turned around on the chair. Her dress was still around her waist and I could see our juices running down the inside of her left thigh.

"Did you like it?" I asked.

Nicole sat down to face me, her eyes on my spent cock. "I loved it."

My cousin looked incredibly sexy. She also looked tired. I felt guilty for wanting to keep her up later but decided I better not.

"Time for bed." I told her, taking her hand in mind.

Nicole seemed reluctant but knew I was right. She was beginning to fight sleep and knew it was important for her to get her rest -- especially since she and her mother would be driving home the next day. We crept up the stairs, mindful of not waking our parents. Outside her bedroom door we shared a kiss before she went into her room.

Chapter 5

When I woke up the next morning I could hear the rain splattering against my bedroom windows. I frowned and tugged the covers around my chin. I knew that my mother and aunt would not be taking a walk, which meant that Nicole and I would not have any time alone before she left.

I could hear the shower running and assumed it must be either my mother or aunt. I was in no hurry to get up so decided to stay in bed until they had both finished showering. About a half hour later after whoever was in the bathroom had exited I heard someone else enter, then the sound of the shower once more.

Once the upstairs was quiet I took a shower then got dressed. I could hear people talking in the kitchen as I descended the stairs. I was surprised to see Nicole sitting at the table having breakfast with her mother and mine. It was raining even harder than it had been when I woke up.

"Well, he's back from the dead." my cousin teased as I got myself a bowl of cereal.

I smiled over at her as I poured milk into the bowl.

"So, mom and I have been talking it over," Nicole began "this rain doesn't look like it's going to let up and since we have a long drive home we decided we better leave early so I can drive slow."

I shot Nicole a disappointed look across the table.

"I know," she said with a sympathetic smile "but I hate driving in weather like this and since I'm pregnant I'm even more nervous. I'm going to want to go slow, but I don't want to get home late either."

"I know." I gave her an understanding nod.

My aunt had already gone upstairs to pack and mom was in the livingroom finishing her tea. Nicole gave my hand a squeeze as she looked into my eyes.

"It's not like we'd get any time alone anyway. They won't be going for a walk today."

"I know. But any time with you is great -- alone or not."

Nicole smiled, squeezing my hand harder.

"But it's more important that you guys -- all three -- have a safe trip home." I said, glancing down to her round belly.

Nicole got up and leaned over, kissing my cheek. "I'm glad you understand. I'm going to go pack. I love you."

I returned the sentiment as I looked into her shimmering eyes.

I pushed my half-eaten cereal away from me, frowning, although I knew the change in plans were for the best.

I could hear my aunt and mother talking in the livingroom so went in to join them, waiting for Nicole. About fifteen minutes later Nicole joined us.

"Alex, would you mind bringing my suitcase down?" she asked.

I dashed upstairs to her room and returned with Nicole's suitcase. Everyone was in the kitchen, hugging and saying their good-byes. I sat my cousin's suitcase at her feet. She thanked me then gave me a long hug and a soft kiss on the cheek, stroking my back.

"It's been great to see you again. I hope we can make it again soon." she told me.

I smiled at her innuendo. "So do I."

A few minutes later my mother and I stared out the window, watching the rain roll down it as Nicole and my aunt drove off.

Naughty Nicole Part 3

Chapter 1

The rain lashed against the windows and bounced off of the pavement on the street outside of our house. The wind had grown stronger too. As I looked out of the living room window I saw the two birch trees on our front lawn swaying back and forth.

I slumped down on the couch with a scowl, trying to find something at least somewhat interesting on television to watch. Mom had gone upstairs to take a nap shortly after my Aunt Alice and cousin Nicole had left and I was in a foul mood.

When I heard the back door open about an hour later I grew excited, hoping that Nicole and my aunt had returned. I dashed out into the kitchen to find my sister, Amy, standing there. She was shaking off her wet coat, then hung it up. Her shoulder-length brown hair was damp.

"Hey, Alex. I stopped in to see Aunt Alice and Nicole before they left." she explained.

"They just left a while ago. Nicole decided that since the weather's so bad she'd have to drive slow and wanted to leave plenty of time to get home.

"Damn, I missed them again!" Amy exclaimed with a pout.

I nodded.

"So where's mom? Did she go with them too?"

I laughed "No. She's upstairs, taking a nap."

Amy wandered into the living room and sat down on the couch. I joined her. The peach-colored skirt she wore barely covered her thighs and I ran my eyes over her legs as she crossed them. I tried my best to not stare at her, but her breasts pushed out at her tight grey blouse, making it nearly impossible.

"I bet you miss Nicole already." my sister teased.

"Oh shut up." I snapped.

Amy chortled at my embarrassment.

"Come on, Alex, you can't deny it was nice having some big boobs to look at for a change." she remarked.

I smirked, but never replied.

Amy slid closer to me. She was smiling as her brown eyes fell to my crotch for a moment. "I guess you'll just have to settle for staring at mine now that Nicole's gone." she taunted, reaching up to cup her left breast.

I was both shocked and excited by Amy's bold display. There was no way I could not look down as she gave her breast a squeeze. My mind filled with the image of how they looked the day she had flashed me.

"I've wanted to ask you something," I said "what made you decide to flash me the other day?"

"Didn't you like it?" she asked.

"One question at a time." I interjected.

Amy laughed at my shrewd comeback.

"It was a spur of the moment thing," she said with a shrug "after I caught you looking at them when I was at the fridge, then Nicole grabbed one, I was feeling kind of... well, turned-on. I felt like being a little bad."

Amy gave me a shy smile as my cock twitched. I let out short laugh, trying to mask my nervousness.

"Yeah..." I confessed before I could bite my tongue.

Amy never seemed surprised or bothered by my answer. I could tell she was thinking as she gave me a blank stare.

"Hey, I've got an idea," she blurted out a few seconds later "how about we all visit Aunt Alice and Nicole sometime? I'll drive you guys up. Mom never gets to go anywhere, so it would do her good, and I know you won't mind seeing Nicole again." She grinned as she pushed her elbow into my side.

"That sounds like a good idea," I told her "I know mom would love to get away for a few days."

"Okay. Tell mom to call Aunt Alice sometime and make plans, then let me know."

"Okay. But it will probably be a while though since they just left."

My sister looked at her watch, then got up from the couch. "I should get going. I told Randy I wouldn't be too long."

I followed Amy into the kitchen, staring at her chest as she pulled her coat on. She glanced up at me and smiled.

"Yes, I'm wearing a bra," she grinned "that's what you were wondering, right?"

I shook my head. "No. I can tell you are."

Amy's expression changed into a sexy smile. She stepped closer until she was almost pressed to me. "Want a peek?" she offered, toying with the top button of her blouse.

"Uh... sure." I mumbled, unable to hide my surprise.

My eyes widened as I watched Amy unbutton her blouse down to her stomach. She pulled it open, her eyes locked on mine. She was wearing a silky black bra that pushed her breasts up into two firm orbs. Her thick nipples stood out from the thin material and I recalled how they had looked when she had flashed me -- thick and dusky.

"Sexy bra." I remarked in a low voice as I stared at my sister's partially exposed breasts.

Amy ran her fingers over her bra. "I love wearing it," she said "it feels so good on my nipples."

"I can tell." I laughed.

My cock swelled as I stared at my sister's exposed chest for close to a minute as she held her blouse open for me. Then without saying anything she pulled it closed.

"Okay, time to put them away. I have to get home."

I frowned as I watched Amy button her blouse. She gave me a sympathetic look. She placed her hands on my shoulders and kissed my cheek.

"Make plans for some weekend, then let me know." she reminded me.

"Okay."

My cock was throbbing as Amy's car left the yard. I returned to the living room and rubbed myself through my jeans, wishing it was my sister's hand on me.

As soon as my mother awoke from her nap I told her that Amy had stopped in and relayed her suggestion that we all visit Aunt Alice and Nicole some weekend. I could tell she was as happy with the idea as I was.

"That would be wonderful," mom said "it would be so nice to be a guest for a change so I wouldn't have to cook and get ready for company."

"That's what she and I were thinking." I told her.

"It's too soon to plan a visit since they only left today," mom said "but one of these days I'll call Alice."

Chapter 2

A little over a month passed without my mother mentioning Amy's offer. I had thought she had forgotten -- although I certainly had not. Then one Sunday morning she mentioned it.

"It's been a while since Alice and Nicole visited. I think I'll call them tonight and ask if it's okay that we visit them." she told me.

I must have had an ear-to-ear grin. "That sounds good," I told her "it would be nice to see them again and you deserve to get away for a while."

That evening I listened to my mother talking to my aunt on the phone as I sat on the living room couch. After a few minutes I gave a smile of relief. Judging from my mother's comments it seemed as though plans had been made. The next hurdle was to see if Amy could take us.

"Alice and Nicole said they'd love to have us visit next weekend, if it's okay with Amy. They haven't seen her in so long and were glad she wants to come. There's just one small problem."

"What?" I asked, feeling my heart sink.

"Mark has turned one of the guest bedrooms into a nursery for the baby, so you might have to sleep on the couch. Nicole said to warn you."

"Oh, that's no problem." I replied. I would have gladly slept on the floor rather than miss the chance to see Nicole again.

"Okay -- good -- so, I'm going to call Amy and see if next weekend is alright for her." mom told me as she left the living room.

Once again I waited, eavesdropping on my mother's phone call. A few minutes later I was relieved once again after listening to my mother talking with my sister.

"Amy said she can go next Friday afternoon, but Randy isn't going." mom announced after she hung up the phone.

"How come?" I asked as my brow furrowed in confusion.

My mother rolled her eyes. "There's a golf tournament that everyone in his office is taking part in and he doesn't want to miss it." she explained, sounding annoyed.

"Oh." I grunted.

"I don't know what the matter is with him sometimes," she said "golf isn't more important than family."

"I know." I agreed with a nod.

As mom went to the kitchen to make herself a cup of tea I smiled. I was secretly glad that my brother-in-law would not be joining us because it meant I might get some time alone with my sister.

Throughout the week all I could think of was the next weekend when I would get to see Nicole again. I was excited and horny nearly all the time.

That Friday morning I packed some clothes and toiletries into a duffel bag, then waited for noon to arrive when Amy would pick us up. I was watching television when I heard her car in the yard. I lept from the couch and raced out to the kitchen. Amy was already leaning against the wall beside the kitchen table.

"All ready to go?" my sister asked, sounding like she was teasing me after noticing the eager expression on my face.

"You bet."

Amy laughed as she looked around. "Where's mom?"

"Still packing," I told her "I think she's bringing enough stuff to last a year."

Amy chuckled as she sat down, checking her watch. My eyes darted up her tight jeans to the pink sweatshirt she was wearing. She caught me looking and smiled.

"No." was all she said.

"No, what?" I asked, puzzled.

"Bra." she grinned.

I felt myself getting hard as Amy straightened her back, pushing her breasts out at her bulky sweatshirt. She smiled up at me as I watched.

The sound of our mother coming down the stairs from her bedroom interrupted us. Amy adjusted her sweatshirt and slouched a bit in an effort to make her bust less obvious.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," mom said as she placed her suitcase beside the kitchen table "I think I packed too much, but at least I'll have enough clothes."

"Yeah, for a month." Amy retorted as she picked up the suitcase.

I followed Amy out to her car, then waited in the back seat while she put mom's suitcase in the trunk and mom locked the house.

During the drive to Nicole's house I never spoke much. I stared out of the window, thinking as I watched trees and houses pass by. I was content to let my mother and sister talk. Several times I noticed Amy looking at me in the rearview mirror and I wondered what she was thinking.

By the time we arrived at Nicole's and Mark's house I was glad to be able to walk around and stretch my legs after sitting for hours. I also wanted to use the bathroom. When I returned from the bathroom everyone was busy talking. Nicole was standing beside Mark in the downstairs entrance to their house listening to my mother and aunt, deep in conversation. I was surprised by how much bigger Nicole was than the last time I had seen her. She looked as though she might give birth at any moment.

"It's good to see you again, cuz. How've you been?" Nicole asked as she hugged me, then kissed my cheek.

"You too," I said, looking her over "how are things?"

"Good. You can see I'm big as a house now."

I laughed, then wished I hadn't.

"Here, Laura, I'll show you where you can stay," my aunt told my mother "Mark and Nicole bought me a fold-out sofa so you can sleep on that."

Nicole and I watched as my aunt lead mom towards the section of the house where she stayed.

"I guess your mom warned you about the sleeping arrangements." Nicole told Amy and me.

"Yeah, she did -- that's okay." I told her.

"Well, let me show you the room, then you guys can fight over who gets the bed." Nicole said.

Nicole's movements were slow and deliberate as she climbed the stairs. I followed close behind, fearful that she might trip.

"So, this is it." Nicole said, pushing open the bedroom door.

I stepped inside the small bedroom with mauve walls and looked around. To my left was a neatly made bed beside a window that looked out on the street. Next to the bed was a wooden nightstand with a digital clock and lamp. To my right was a bureau and a white wicker chair with a matching table.

"You can have the bed. I'll sleep on the couch." I said, turning towards my sister.

Amy stepped closer to me. I felt her breast graze my right arm.

"That couch will kill your back, Alex." she said.

"It's only for a few days." I reminded her.

"But, still..." she insisted.

Amy sat down on the edge of the bed, looking it over, then smiled.

"There's no need for you to sleep on the couch, Alex. We can both fit in this bed."

I felt myself growing nervous. My sister had just suggested the very thing I feared that either she or Nicole might. I shook my head.

"No, it's okay, Amy. I'll take the couch."

Amy got up from the bed and stood beside me. She put her right arm around my shoulder, pressing her breasts to my back.

"Relax, little brother. It'll be okay. There's enough room for both of us."

From the corner of my eye I saw Nicole smirk. It was quite clear to me that she was enjoying my nervousness.

"You better agree to it before she changes her mind, cuz," Nicole teased "I don't know any guys who'd turn down a chance to sleep with a babe like Amy. I might even take her up on it if she offered. You can sleep with Mark."

Amy laughed as she ran her hand down my back.

"Okay." I relented.

"Don't worry, Alex, I won't tell any of your friends that you slept with your sister." Nicole teased.

Amy turned towards Nicole as she laughed, then back to me. Her eyes met mine with a glint of playfulness to them.

"Okay, now that that's settled I'm going to go start supper," Nicole told us "I'll meet you guys downstairs."

Amy watched our cousin leave the room. Her arm was around my waist as she pressed herself against me once more. "This is going to be a fun visit." she whispered.

I never replied.

"Let me show you something." she said as she stepped away from me.

Amy tossed her suitcase on the bed and rifled through it. She pulled a black bra from under a dress then turned back to me, holding it up to her by the shoulder straps as she grinned. I immediately recognized it as the one she had been wearing the day she was over after my aunt and cousin had left.

"I made sure I brought this," she said "tomorrow I'll wear it."

I smiled.

"It looked great on you the day you showed it to me." I told her.

"I like how it pushes them up." she said.

"Me too."

"Come on, let's get down there before Nicole comes to check on us." she said.

1651 What I found ironic was that when Nicole and my aunt would visit I could not wait until my mother and aunt went to bed so Nicole and I could be alone -- now I was anxious about that same thing, knowing I

would be sleeping with Amy. Actually, I had mixed feelings about the situation. Of course the thought of sharing that small bed with my sister turned me on, but I was unsure of what her thoughts about it really were and I was still quite scared of her realizing just how horny she made me.

It was close to eleven o'clock when I noticed my aunt yawn. "I wish I could stay up later, but I'm really getting sleepy." she apologized.

"You're not the only one, mom," Nicole replied "I seem to have no energy lately."

"We'll have plenty of time to talk," Amy said "you guys get your sleep."

Aunt Alice lead my mother into her bedroom while the rest of us went upstairs. While Nicole waited for Mark to finish in the bathroom she followed me and Amy into the guest bedroom.

"You guys have a good night," Nicole told us, grinning "and don't worry -- the walls are thick, so we won't be able to hear what you two do."

"You've got a filthy mind, Nicole." Amy said with a chuckle.

Nicole turned towards the hall when she heard the sound of the bathroom door opening. "G'night... have fun." she said before leaving us alone.

Amy seemed nervous as she closed the bedroom door, then leaned against it. "So, how do you want to do this?" she asked.

"Do what?" I asked as my eyes narrowed.

"Get changed, I mean."

"Oh... well, I want to use the bathroom after Nicole's finished, so you can change while I'm in there."

"Okay," my sister said "once I'm done I'll open the door a bit so you know it's safe to come in. Not that it really matters, I guess."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, you've already seen my tits, so there's not much point in us making a big deal about getting changed in front of each-other."

The sound of Nicole leaving the bathroom, then closing her bedroom door, was a relief to me. "I'll be back in a bit." I told my sister.

I took my time in the bathroom, wanting to give Amy enough time to get changed. When I returned to the bedroom the door was ajar. I peeked in and saw her sitting on the edge of the bed. She was wearing a dark pink cotton pajama top that covered half of her thighs. When

she stood up and stepped closer I noticed that she had left the top button undone. I could see a bit of her upper chest showing through the opening of her top.

"My turn to use the bathroom." she said as she walked towards the hall.

I quickly pulled my jeans off and changed into a t-shirt before getting into bed. My cock swelled and pushed out at my boxers as I thought about how my sister looked in the pajama top she was wearing. I hoped that she was tired and would quickly fall asleep.

A few minutes later Amy returned. She closed the door and turned off the light. A streetlight shone through the window by the bed and I could see Amy as she walked towards me. The mattress moved as she sat down and moved beside me. I think I could hear my heart pounding. I rolled over on my left side facing her to make sure my erection didn't make a tent in the sheets.

Amy's face was a little more than a foot from mine as we lay together. She was smiling. My eyes drifted down to the opening in her pajama top. Now I could see some of her cleavage in the opening.

"Enjoying the view?" she asked.

My eyes darted up to hers as I grinned.

"I thought I'd give you a little something to look at." she said, almost whispering so Nicole would not hear her.

"They're not little." I told her.

Amy stifled a laugh. "They are compared to Nicole's."

"Yours would probably be that big if you were pregnant." I commented.

"I don't think I'd want them to be quite that big," she replied, then paused, thinking "so, tell me -- honestly, little brother -- has she let you see them or feel them?"

I gave a guilty nod.

"I knew it! I knew something was going on that morning I showed up."

"You can't ever let on you know though." I cautioned her.

Amy nodded. "So, what were you guys doing?"

"She was letting me feel her tits." I lied.

"Want to know something?" she asked.

"What?"

"I wouldn't mind feeling them either." Amy admitted.

Amy's revelation both surprised and excited me. "Really? Have you ever fooled around with another girl?"

"No, but I've thought about it a lot."

Amy studied my expression as my mind filled with images of her touching, and being touched by, another girl.

"Wish you could watch?" she surmised with a grin.

"Of course. Besides, she grabbed one of your boobs, so she owes you a feel."

The bed shook a bit as Amy giggled.

"She told me it felt good when she felt you." I told my sister.

"Really -- she did?" Amy sounded surprised.

"Yeah... she said it was firm."

Amy looked down at her chest. "I guess they are," she said, sounding unsure "maybe I'll let you decide for yourself before we go home."

"Huh?" I grunted, confused by Amy's remark.

Amy gave me an enigmatic smile. "Get some sleep for now, little brother." She raised up and kissed my cheek, then turned over with her back to me.

I eased away from my sister, inching towards the edge of the bed to make sure that my erection didn't rub against her round ass. I could feel her body heat radiate from her beside me as my cock throbbed. I wanted to reach inside my boxers and stroke it, but knew there was just no way I could without Amy realizing what I was doing.

Eventually the rhythm of Amy's breathing changed and I could tell she had fallen asleep. I closed my eyes and soon drifted off.

Chapter 3

The sound of doors opening and closing, then the shower running, woke me the next morning. I rolled over and looked at the digital clock on the nightstand beside the bed. It was 8:37. I groaned.

I turned towards my sister sleeping beside me. I gave her slim shoulder a gentle shake. "Hey... someone's up. The shower's running." I whispered.

Amy let out a soft groan as she rolled over to face me. She squinted as her eyes adjusted to the light, then smiled. I saw part of her breasts in the opening of her top. My cock began to swell.

"Morning..." she whispered in a soft, sexy voice.

"Someone's up. I can hear the shower running." I repeated.

Amy slid closer to me. I could feel my hard cock poke into her stomach and although it felt wonderful I felt embarrassed and ashamed. She flinched when she felt my erection press against her and looked down, then smiled.

"It feels like you're up too, little brother." She pressed her stomach against my cock again, harder this time. "But I think I'm going to have to stop calling you 'little brother' from now on".

I blushed, although I was flattered.

"Didn't you take care of this last night?" she asked.

"No," I blurted out "not with you lying next to me!"

"Well, I guess you'll have to do it in the shower then."

Amy's bawdiness excited me, but it also made me uncomfortable. Despite my forbidden attraction towards my sister things between us had never been anything but proper -- until lately anyway. Her recent behavior around me, as much as I enjoyed it, surprised me because she had never once given any indication that she harbored any incestuous feelings for me. Now I was not so sure.

The sound of the shower stopped. Amy and I cocked our ears in the direction of the hall -- listening to the sound of the bathroom door opening and a bedroom door closing.

"Let me go pee, then you can have the shower." she said.

Before I could reply Amy had pulled back the covers and was out of bed. I was glad that the sheet and blanket were over me as I watched her move towards the door. My eyes moved up her bare legs to her breasts as they shook a bit with each step she took. My cock throbbed and I wished I could stroke it as I watched my sister walk. Before she opened the bedroom door she gave me a tempting smile, then walked into the hallway.

The hot water cascading over my naked body felt wonderful later as I stood in the shower. My cock was still twitching and I wrapped a soapy hand around it as I thought about my sister. I recalled how she looked and the feeling of her curved stomach rubbing against my cock earlier. It wasn't long before an orgasm surged. I braced my hand against the wall as my hot jism shot out from my cock and was washed down the drain.

Amy was still in bed, half asleep, when I returned from my shower. I got dressed quickly, then went down to the kitchen. I found Mark sitting at the kitchen table reading the morning paper. There was a mug of coffee to his right.

"Morning, Alex. Have a good sleep?" he asked.

"Yeah... I did, thanks."

"I told Nicole to sleep in, so you'll have to fend for yourself for breakfast," he told me "but help yourself. Your mom and Alice are already up. They're outside on the patio."

I nodded and let out a grunt as I moved towards the cupboard. I brought out a tumbler, then went to the fridge to pour myself a glass of orange juice. After some searching I found some bagels and cream cheese, then joined Mark at the table again. I kept silent, not wanting to interrupt his reading of the paper. I was also preoccupied with thoughts of Amy.

"There's a game on later," Mark informed me as he folded up his newspaper "feel free to join me in the living room if you want."

"Thanks." I said as I watched Mark leave the kitchen.

I was glad for some time alone as I finished my breakfast and sorted out my thoughts. Once I finished my bagel I poured myself a bowl of cereal and began eating that.

The sound of the shower upstairs told me that Amy must be up. When it stopped I waited for her to join me, feeling anxious and excited.

When Amy walked into the kitchen I forced myself to not look up from the bowl of cereal in front of me. I cast my eyes to my right as she walked towards the fridge. She was wearing a white sundress with blue flowers. It had narrow straps and her shoulders, upper chest and back were exposed. My cock thickened as I looked her over. Her hair was in a ponytail. It flounced from side to side as she sat down at the table across from me. I could see the black straps of her bra rising over her shoulders. The front of her dress had a scoop neck, which revealed some cleavage, as well as the top of her bra when she leaned over.

"Where is everyone?" Amy asked as she sliced a grapefruit in half.

"Mark's watching TV, I guess, and mom and Aunt Alice are out on the porch. Mark said he let Nicole sleep in." I informed her.

Amy nodded as she sprinkled sugar over the halves of her grapefruit.

I finished eating a bagel, trying to force myself to not leer at my sister.

A while later Nicole joined us. I was surprised to see her up so soon, since Mark said that she was sleeping in. She was wearing a white dress with blue and yellow flowers. Her breasts and belly pushed out from it and I made an effort not to stare.

"Morning, folks." she called out as she waddled towards the fridge.

Amy and I replied in unison.

Nicole poured a glass of milk and buttered a bagel, then sat down beside Amy.

"Did you guys have a good sleep?" Nicole asked with more than a hint of innuendo.

"Yeah. You?" Amy replied, munching on a piece of grapefruit.

"Yes, for the first night in a while," she sighed, then smiled "I bet you guys know each other a lot better after sleeping in that little bed."

"Yeah. I found out that Alex snores." Amy shot back, then laughed.

Amy seemed to be ignoring Nicole, but as she ate her grapefruit she had a smirk on her face, as if she was expecting Nicole's bawdy personality to manifest itself. Eventually it did.

"Nice dress, Amy." Nicole remarked as she gave a blatant stare into her cleavage.

"Thanks." Amy said, seeming oblivious to her teasing.

Nicole frowned as she looked my sister over. "I'll probably never be able to fit into something like that again."

"Well, definitely not your tits." Amy chortled, glancing over at Nicole.

"Yeah," Nicole agreed "I can't remember when I wore a B-cup, like you."

"Hey," Amy snapped with a faux indignant tone "these are a C." She pushed her chest out to emphasize her point.

I stared at my sister's chest, trying not to be too obvious so she or Nicole would notice my leering.

Nicole, brazen as ever, leaned closer to my sister. She hooked her index finger in the front of Amy's dress and tugged it away from her chest, peering down the front. She smiled.

"Cute bra, Amy, but if I were you I would have gone without one with that dress."

Amy giggled as she looked over at our cousin. "If I did, they might fall out."

"Alex would love that, I'm sure. But I bet he saw everything last night anyway."

Amy gave Nicole a cryptic smile before speaking. "What if Mark sees them though? He'll never want to touch those funbags of yours ever again."

My sister's retort seemed to wound Nicole. The smug grin on her face vanished in a moment. I noticed it and Amy must have too.

"What's wrong?" Amy asked, noticing the dejected look on Nicole's face.

"I don't know," Nicole said with a sigh "now that I'm pregnat -- really pregnant, I mean -- it's like Mark doesn't want anything to do with me. He says that he's afraid that us messing-around could hurt the baby, but I really think it's because he's not attracted to me anymore. Let's face it, who wants to fuck someone who looks like a whale."

I could tell from the look on Amy's face that she felt genuine compassion for Nicole; so did I.

"Oh, geez, Nikki, don't feel that way," Amy said, trying to console her "it's probably just that he's scared that having sex could hurt that baby. Have you discussed it with your doctor?"

"Yes," Nicole said "and he told us as long as it doesn't hurt -- which it doesn't -- that having sex is okay, even healthy."

"I don't know what to say. Maybe after the baby is born things will get back to normal." Amy suggested.

"I hope so," Nicole said "'cause I'm tired of taking care of myself, if you know what I mean."

"Welcome to my world, cuz." Amy retorted with a shy laugh.

I felt my cock twitch at the thought of my sister masturbating. Images of her lying in bed, legs spread as she pushed her fingers deep in her tight pussy filled my mind.

"Yeah, well, I'm hoping that things get back to normal after the baby's born," Nicole said "I really need some sex. I'm spending a fortune in batteries."

Amy and I laughed at our cousin's brash remark.

Nicole gave an understanding nod. "Mark's never been as horny as me though." she said.

"No one is." Amy remarked with a laugh.

Nicole nodded in agreement as she ran her eyes over my sister once more. "I bet you'll get his attention with that dress though." She sounded more than a little jealous.

"I'm not trying to, Nicole." Amy said, seeming to want to stem any misconceptions.

"I know," our cousin said "but you look damn hot, Amy."

"Thanks... I guess." Amy seemed nervous at Nicole's compliment.

"What's the matter -- not used to hearing that from other girls?"

"Well, not my cousin anyway." Amy said with a sly grin.

Nicole let out a sharp laugh, then shot Amy a twisted smile. "What about your brother then?"

"What? Alex has never said anything like that." Amy snapped, sounding defensive.

I grew even more uncomfortable, dreading where the conversation seemed be heading.

"No, of course not. He wouldn't dare. But I bet he likes getting an eyeful when you wear dresses like that." Nicole spat out, pointing towards Amy's cleavage.

"Of course not; he's my brother." Amy asserted.

I kept my mouth shut, hoping to not get drug into the conversation. Unfortunately that was a vain hope.

"Okay, Alex, be honest -- tell me what you think of Amy's dress." Nicole asked.

"Ahh... it looks good." I said, hoping my answer was sufficient to placate Nicole.

Amy flashed me a nervous look.

"What about now?" Nicole spat out. A split second later she hauled the straps of Amy's dress and her bra down off of her right shoulder, revealing most of her breast.

I stared dumbfounded at my sister's partially exposed breast. It was not foreign to me, but there was no way that I could ever grow indifferent to Amy's body. My cock swelled and throbbed as I stared at her exposed breast. Seconds later Amy squealed as she tugged her straps up over her shoulders to cover herself again. But I could tell that her reaction was purposely delayed.

Nicole let out a gleeful laugh, then stopped when she heard a cell phone on the counter ringing. "Mark, your phone." she called out.

"I got it." Mark said as he entered the kitchen.

The conversation around the table ceased during Mark's conversation. We turned our attention to our food, trying to act innocent.

"Fuck, the server at work is down again," Mark spat out as he ended the call "I'm going to have to go in to the office."

"Will you be long?" Nicole asked.

"I don't know; I hope not," her husband told her "it depends on the problem. Last month it was hacked. I hope it's not that again because they fucked up a lot of files."

"I'll be back as soon as possible. If you need me, I've got my cell." Mark told his wife.

"Okay, bye, honey." Nicole said.

Nicole looked glum as we listened to the sound of his car leaving the yard. "Sometimes I want to smash that damn cellophane," she said, very irritated "I expect him to get called in to work while I'm in the delivery room."

Amy and I looked at one another, trying to think of something to say to cheer our cousin up.

"I'm sure he hates having to go in on a Saturday as much as you do." Amy said.

"Yeah, I guess," Nicole agreed "I'm probably just being selfish. Being pregnant has really made me needy." She frowned, seeming disappointed with herself.

Amy reached over and gave Nicole's back a rub as she smiled.

"Trying to sneak a feel, Amy?" Nicole teased, her mood changing.

Amy let out a soft chuckle as she rested her hand on Nicole's back. "Wouldn't you expect me to feel your front instead of your back though?" Amy shot back.

Nicole turned around on her chair to face my sister. I could tell by the look on her face that she had something lewd in mind. But when didn't she? Nicole pushed her ample chest towards my sister.

"Want to feel them, Amy?" she offered, sounding serious rather than teasing.

I saw my sister's wide eyes move to Nicole's large breasts straining the front of the dress. Amy stared, not moving. It seemed as though she was tempted to accept our cousin's offer though. Nicole must have thought the same thing because she reached out for Amy's hand and drew it towards her right breast. Amy never resisted as Nicole pressed down on the back of her hand and began moving it around.

"Ever feel tits this big, Amy?" Nicole grinned.

Amy shook her head, but never spoke.

"Want to see them?" Nicole asked.

Amy raised her head to meet Nicole's eyes. "Uh... okay." she said in a soft voice.

I don't think I had ever seen anything as erotic as watching Nicole open her dress to show my sister her breasts. Their knees were touching as Amy's eyes focused on Nicole's round breasts, rising from her white bra. Her nipples were thick and hard, pointing towards my sister's open mouth through the bra. Amy licked her lips and swallowed.

"Feel them." Nicole encouraged in a thick voice.

My sister reached out and placed her palms on the undersides of Nicole's breasts. She pushed up and squeezed, then reached away.

"They're really firm." she whispered.

I could see my sister's nipples standing out from the front of her dress. She let out a quiet gasp and looked down to them when Nicole reached out and gave them a gentle tug.

"Have you ever let another girl feel you?" Nicole asked.

"No." Amy murmured. She gave me a shy glance, then smiled, probably realizing how excited I was.

Nicole reached out and gave my sister's breasts a gentle squeeze. She cupped them in her hands, rubbing her thumbs over Amy's nipples, then pulled away.

"Did you let Alex feel them last night?" Nicole asked.

Amy shook her head. "No, of course not."

Nicole smiled. "You should. The poor guy is probably ready to explode."

Amy giggled and shot me a quick look. "Really, should I?" She sounded unconvinced still.

"Sure, what's the harm? Let him have a look at them." Nicole insisted.

Amy gave our cousin a half-sneer. "Easy for you to say, Nicole. he's not your brother." she spat out.

Nicole paused, thinking for a while, then smiled. "I've let Dave and Brian feel mine." she divulged.

Amy gasped in surprise, or perhaps shock. Her jaw went limp. "You let your brothers feel your tits?" she asked, as if she wanted to make sure she understood properly.

Nicole gave Amy a guilty nod, then a shameless smile.

"Holy shit." Amy hissed.

Nicole giggled. "You make it sound like a big deal. They just felt me up a little."

"But they're your brothers." Amy insisted.

Nicole shrugged and let out a playful laugh.

I studied the reaction on my sister's face, trying to gauge how she felt about our cousin's incestuous encounter, hoping it might tell me whether or not I stood a chance of eventually feeling her. She seemed surprised, but not disgusted. I was encouraged.

The sound of the patio door opening interrupted my thoughts. I looked up and saw my mother and aunt entering the kitchen. My cousin and sister straightened their backs and turned towards me, trying to appear innocent. I smiled to myself, knowing they were anything but innocent.

"It's beginning to look like rain," my Aunt Alice said "so we decided to come in."

"The wind's really picked up out there." Nicole commented.

My mother nodded as she placed her mug of tea beside the sink.

the living room to watch television. My mood must have been especially obvious as I slumped down in the couch. I folded my arms, scowling.

Sometime before supper Mark returned from work. Nicole seemed happy to see him and hurried out to the kitchen to greet him. A short time later she began preparing supper. I was not hungry. My lust and arousal had overwhelmed that. I pushed my food around on my plate and made conversation, pretending to eat.

That evening Nicole suggested we all gather in the living room to watch television. I did not want to, but one form of killing time was as good as another I concluded. I looked at the clock on the VCR throughout the evening, marking time until I would be alone with my sister. Finally, everyone decided to go to bed. I followed my sister, Nicole and Mark upstairs, wondering what lay in store once Amy and I were alone.

Amy closed the bedroom door behind us. I could feel my heart beating as I listened to Nicole and Mark talking down the hall. Amy smiled at me as she sat on the edge of the bed. I wondered what she was thinking while I hoped that she could not read my thoughts. Eventually the sounds of Nicole and Mark's conversation ended and we heard their bedroom door close.

"Can I use the bathroom first?" my sister asked.

I nodded, then watched Amy breeze past me. Once she returned I took my turn in the bathroom.

When I re-entered the small bedroom from the bathroom I saw Amy already lying in bed. She was wearing the same pajama top that she had on the night before. She smiled up at me as I walked towards the bed. I sat down with my back to her and took my jeans off, then slid under the covers as fast as I could.

"Think Nicole will get laid tonight?" she asked.

My sister's question stunned me. "I don't know." I told her.

Amy giggled. "She really seemed like she needed it today."

"Yeah... I guess." My cock began to rise as I recalled the day's events.

Amy rolled over. I could feel her hand on my arm. "Was I too bad today?" she asked.

"No. Why?" I replied, turning towards her.

"I don't know," she said with a shrug "I just wondered if you thought I went too far with Nicole."

"No," I told her "did you think you did?"

My sister smiled. Her dark eyes met mine. They seemed even darker in the moonlight of the bedroom. I found that they had a murky, sexy quality to them.

"No," she whispered "I liked feeling Nicole. I've never done that to another girl."

"I bet she liked it too." I added, not mentioning how much I enjoyed it.

"Do you really think she was serious about Dave and Brian feeling her?"

I nodded.

"And how do you know?" my sister asked, intrigued.

"She told me before," I said "but you can't ever admit that you know that."

"That's so naughty." my sister gushed.

"But you flashed me..." I reminded her.

"But it's not like I let you feel me." my sister countered.

"Yeah... true." I drawled, wishing she had let me feel her.

It's always been said that women are more intuitive, but I've often thought that they're actually psychic -- although my thoughts were probably easy to read from the look on my face. Amy smiled as she stared at me.

"You pervert!" she giggled.

"What?" I exclaimed, surprised by Amy's reaction.

"You were just thinking about feeling me, weren't you?" she exclaimed.

I lowered my head as a guilty smile appeared on my face.

"Would you tell Nicole?" she asked.

"What?" My sister's question confused me. I looked back over at her lying beside me.

"If I let you feel my boobs -- would you tell Nicole?" she explained.

"Ah... no... of course not. I'd never tell anyone about that." I told her.

"I don't want her to have anything to hold over my head," my sister said "she gives me a hard enough time as it is."

"She likes you though." I told her.

"I guess," Amy conceded "but she's got a funny way of showing it sometimes."

"I think she showed it well this morning." I joked.

"That was such a turn-on." my sister admitted.

"Yeah..." I said, almost moaning.

Amy raised up, resting on her elbow as she looked at my lying next to her. Her chest was in front of my face and after a few moments my eyes moved up to hers.

"So... Nicole will never find out about this?" she asked.

"What?"

"You feeling my boobs." she explained.

"Are you serious?" I asked.

"Yes," Amy said "but you have to swear that you'll keep it to yourself."

"Of course." I promised with a nod. I would have agreed to anything at that point for the opportunity to feel my sister's breasts.

"Okay then," she whispered "go ahead."

My sister arched her back a bit, pushing her breasts towards me. I sat up and stared at the shape of them through her pajama top for a moment. Her nipples had begun to push out at the cotton. I felt my hand tremble as I moved it towards her left breast. I cupped the underside of it in my palm. It felt firm and heavy. I pushed up and squeezed. Amy looked down, watching me fondle her. Her nipple swelled and pushed out at my fingers. I brushed my thumb over it through her top, feeling how thick and hard it was, then gave her breast a hard squeeze. Although I tried, I could not fit all of it into my palm. It felt wonderful and I never wanted to let go.

"How does it feel?" my sister asked, seeming nervous.

"Great... wonderful," I told her in a thick voice "but I better check the other one too."

Amy giggled. "Here, just a second."

My sister sat up on the bed and turned so she was facing me. I felt her bare knee brush over my thigh. Her skin was soft and hot and I wanted to feel her there too. She placed her hands on her thighs above the blanket.

"Okay..." Now the tone of my sister's voice had changed and I could tell she was horny too.

I reached out with both hands and pushed my palms into Amy's breasts. They were firm, but shifted about as I squeezed and pushed them upwards. I found her nipples through her top and gave them a gentle pinch, then pulled at them. She moaned and arched her back, pushing her breasts into my hands.

"I love having my nipples played with." she said in a breathy voice.

"I'll do it all night if you let me." I told her.

"I couldn't last all night," she said "I might... well, you know."

"Cum?"

My sister nodded as she gave me a shy smile.

"Let's find out." I suggested, not entirely seriously, as I continued to tease my sister's swollen nipples through her pajama top.

Amy let out a gasp of surprise. Her eyes widened. "No, Alex... we can't do that."

"Why not? Nicole will never know." I replied.

"But we will." she said.

"So?" I asked, still toying with her engorged nipples.

"So, aren't you worried about how it would change things between us?"

"What about what we're doing now?" I replied.

"I see what you mean." my sister said.

Rather than debating with my sister any more I began unbuttoning her pajama top. I fully expected her to try to stop me, but all she did was lower her eyes and watch as I worked at the buttons. Once I had gotten her top completely unbuttoned I pulled it open. Her breasts rose and fell as she breathed. Her stiff nipples pointed towards my waiting mouth. I bent down and sucked on one. Amy moaned as she held me to her. I clutched her breast hard in my hand, pushing it up towards my mouth as I tugged at her nipple with my lips.

"That feels so good." she moaned as she stroked my back.

I turned my head and ran my tongue around my sister's right nipple. She shifted, pushing her breast into my face. I sucked at her nipple harder as I groped her left breast. I could hear her moan softly as she grabbed a handful of my hair.

"You're driving me crazy, little brother." she whispered.

I looked down to my sister's lap. The blanket covering us had slid down so I could see the top of her blue panties above her hips. I pulled the blanket lower. Her thighs were parted and I could see the outline of her mound against her tight panties. When I pressed my fingers to it my sister gasped and clutched my hand. I could feel her wetness through her panties.

"No... you can't touch me there." she said, almost begging me to stop rubbing her wet lips.

"You're wet." I commented as Amy eased my hand away from her pussy.

My sister let out a shy giggle. "Just my tits -- okay, Mark?" she told me.

The last thing I wanted was to argue with my sister and have her call a stop to our playing. I never replied, but my hands went back to her breasts. I gave them a hard squeeze as I wrapped my lips around her left nipple once more. She relaxed and ran her soft hands up my back with a sigh.

I lost all track of time as I fondled my sister and tugged at her nipples with my wet lips. Her breathing was rapid and she let out soft moans as I played with her. When I heard a door open down the hall I froze and looked up at Amy. She opened her eyes and seemed scared.

"Someone's up." she whispered.

"It's probably Nicole going to pee." I told her.

"Pretend you're asleep in case she comes in." Amy whispered.

Before I could respond Amy had laid down with her back to me. She pulled the blanket up to her shoulders. The sound of the bathroom door being closed echoed down the hall.

I laid down and slid closer to my sister, staring at her back. She was motionless. I pushed my hips forward until I felt my hard cock push against her ass. She moved her hips but did not make a sound. I draped my arm over her and slid my hand up until I was holding her left breast. I gave it a squeeze, waiting for a response, but got none. When I pushed my cock harder against her cushiony ass I felt her move her hips, responding to my humping.

"You're so bad, little brother." she whispered.

"I'm horny." I whispered into her ear.

"Mmmm... I can tell." my sister moaned as she wiggled her hips, grinding her ass against my stiff cock.

I grabbed my sister's breast harder as I humped her ass. She was breathing faster and let out faint sighs of pleasure as I rubbed my cock against her. The sound of the toilet flushing and the bathroom door interrupted us. We froze, listening until we heard another door close.

"Are you close?" she asked.

"Getting there." I groaned.

Amy rolled over on her back. She smiled up at me. Her eyes were half-shut and looked murky. I looked down at her breasts and pulled her pajama top open completely to uncover them fully. Now I could see her nude body as far down as her navel. Her thick nipples rose from her round breasts. I bent down to suck one, pulling at it with my lips. My sister moaned and arched her back to meet my mouth.

While I played with Amy's breasts she slid her hand down her stomach, then under the blanket. My eyes followed her hand. I tugged the blanket past her hips to her thighs. She was rubbing herself through her red panties.

"I'm bein' bad." my sister whispered, then shot me a mischievous grin.

"Be as bad as you want," I said "as long as I can watch."

"Don't you want to do it too?" she asked.

I nodded.

"Take it out, Alex. I want to watch you stroke it."

I wanted to stroke my cock more than anything at that moment. Hell, I needed to. Still, I grew modest and shy about doing it with my sister watching. She must have understood this from my expression.

"Don't be shy, Alex," she said in a soothing tone "you can shoot on me if you want."

"Really?" My cock twitched at the thought of cumming over my sister's exposed breasts.

Amy gave me a nod. "Yeah... cum on my tummy," she suggested, then gave me a wicked smile "unless you'd rather cum on my tits."

I ran my eyes from my sister's face down her chest. I licked my lips as I stared at her round breasts, imagining my cum smeared across them. Amy cupped them in her hands, pushing them into round globes.

"Go ahead, little brother. Cum all over my tits if you want." she moaned.

face. She smiled as she looked at it. Her eyes moved down my shaft to my balls.

"Wow... you've got a nice one, little brother." she whispered. now her eyes were wider. "Can I feel it?" My sister looked up at me with pleading eyes.

"Sure." I mumbled.

The words had barely left my mouth when I felt my sister's fingers run down the underside of my cock. It twitched. She traced her fingertip over the slit, smearing my precum around. She smiled, then curled her fingers around my shaft and squeezed. I gave a deep moan as she began to stroke me.

"I wish I had've known you were this big years ago," she lamented "we could have had a lot of fun."

I gave Amy a nervous smile, wishing the same. I pulled my underwear off and dropped them to the floor beside the bed.

My sister pulled at my left hip, coaxing me closer. She rubbed the head of my cock over her right nipple, then the other. They glistened with my precum. She moaned as she rubbed my cock over her breasts as she glided her hand over it. A few seconds later I felt a wave of pleasure coarse through me as I came. I watched as a stream of thick cum shot from my cock, spraying over my sister's right breast and neck. Two more followed, splashing over her breasts. Amy continued to stroke

my cock as she watched my cum run down to her thick nipples. She smiled.

I fell back on the bed beside my sister, breathing hard. She was busy spreading my cum over her breasts and pinching her nipples. She slid her right hand down her stomach to rub herself through her damp panties. I watched her masturbate, overwhelmed by how erotic the scene was.

"Take your panties off." I said.

"No..." she said, almost begging in a shy voice.

"I'm naked under here..." I reminded her.

I watched as my sister reached under the covers. She lifted up from the bed. When she withdrew her panties I smiled. I snatched them from her damp fingers and brought them to my nose. I inhaled, feeling her juice on her panties.

Amy's hands slid under the covers once again. I smelled and licked her pantie while I watched her play with herself under the covers. Soon I heard her gasp and arch her back. Her eyes were closed and her mouth open as she moaned. One hand was clamped to her breast and the other was pushing her panties between her wet lips. After a while her body relaxed and she looked up to me.

"I came so hard," she breathed "I haven't cum like that in a long time."

"You looked so sexy." I told her as I dropped her damp panties on to my underwear.

"Thanks." she said, now seeming shy.

Amy pulled the blanket up to her shoulders to cover us again. She rolled over on her side to face me. It seemed as though the smile on her face would never leave. She looked blissful.

"I suppose we should get some sleep." she said.

"Yeah." I grunted.

My sister rolled over with her back to me. She pulled my arm over her and brought my hand to her breast. She held it there as she sighed. I gave it a squeeze, feeling my sticky cum on it. I ran my finger over her nipple as she pushed her ass against my spent cock. Amy let out another contented sigh as she fell asleep.

Chapter 4

I had no idea what time it was when I heard the bedroom door open. My hand was still on my sister's breast as she slept. I could feel my cock twitch against her firm ass.

"Time to wake up, lovebirds."

I rolled over and saw Nicole approaching the bed. She was wearing a white robe with embroidery down the top left half. Her breasts shook as she walked and her round belly filled the robe. I rolled over, letting go of Amy. Nicole stopped and smiled, then inhaled deeply.

"It smells like sex in here." Nicole remarked with a smug grin.

Amy was now awake. She rolled over, then realized that her pajama top was still unbuttoned. She pulled it closed as she gave our cousin a frightened look.

"So, what did I miss last night?" Nicole asked as she sat down on the bed beside me.

"Nothing." I claimed.

Nicole laughed in disbelief, then looked over at Amy, who was buttoning her pajama top. She reached out and held my sister's hand, then smiled.

"Don't bother, Amy," she said "you've got nice tits. Let me see them too."

Amy gave Nicole a nervous glance, then relaxed. She looked down as Nicole pulled her pajama top open wide, then began to fondle her right breast. Her nipple hardened as Nicole rubbed and tugged at it.

"It looks like Alex gave you a cum bath last night." Nicole remarked, running her fingertip over my dried cum on my sister's breasts.

Amy looked up at our cousin. She never spoke, but had a guilty look on her face.

"Don't worry," Nicole said "what happens at Nicole's, stays at Nicole's."

I felt a sense of relief. I knew that Amy felt that Nicole was eager to know some guilty secret to hold over us, but I knew far too much about our cousin for her to ever try to blackmail us or use what she might know to her advantage. Nicole had more to lose than me or Amy.

My cock was hard as I watched Nicole grope my sister. Amy never protested. I don't know if it was because she enjoyed what Nicole was doing, or she felt as though she had no option but to allow her.

"It looks like you like to watch, Alex." Nicole remarked, looking down that the tent I was making in the blanket.

"Take your robe off, Nicole." I said.

"But... I'm only wearing panties under it." she said, attempting to act far more modest than either of us knew she was.

"Then take them off too." I said "show me and Amy what a naughty slut you really are."

Nicole let out a quiet sigh of pleasure as she listened to my command. She untied her robe and slid it down her arms. I stared at her breasts as they came into view. They were bigger and heavier than I had ever seen them. Her stomach was round and hard. I looked down at her blue panties, watching as she tugged them down her thighs, Her brown nipples were almost as large as my fingertips. I stared at them as licked my lips. From the corner of my eye I noticed Amy eying them up too. I could tell that she was thinking the same thing as me.

"Feel them." I told my sister.

Amy gave me a nervous glance, then looked at Nicole, as if seeking permission.

"She'll let you," I assured my sister "she'll do whatever I tell her to."

Amy's hands moved over Nicole's firm breasts. She tried to hold them in her palms, then settled for grabbing one handful after another. Nicole moaned and slid her arm around my sister's back. She pulled her closer.

I cupped my hand under Nicole's right breast and pushed it up inter her thick nipple brushed over my sister's wet lip. Amy smiled at me, then wrapped her full lips around it. She seemed tentative at first, then drew Nicole's thick nipple deeper into her mouth. Nicole moaned as she cupped the back of my sister's head.

"She's good, Alex," Nicole moaned "has she ever sucked your cock."

I shook my head, then realized that I was frowning.

Nicole broke free from my sister's embrace and pushed me down on the bed. She pulled the covers down, exposing my hard cock. It pointed towards the ceiling. I was breathing hard as I felt my cousin's warm, wet lips wrap around my swollen cock. She slid them down, giving the base a squeeze. When I turned my head to the left I saw that Amy was watching our cousin suck me. Amy's hand was beneath the covers and I knew what she was doing.

Nicole slid her lips from my hard shaft. It was shiny and wet. and I felt it throb.

"Your turn, Amy." Nicole grinned.

"No... I've never." Amy demurred.

"Not Alex's." my sister elaborated.

"Well, now's your chance..."

Nicole pulled on my sister's shoulder, guiding her head down towards my erection. I was surprised that Amy put up no resistance. I could feel her hot breath on the head of my cock a second before she wrapped her lips around it. Her hair fell down and tickled my stomach. Nicole brushed it aside, over Amy's shoulder while she watched. I moaned when Nicole grabbed a fistful of my sister's hair and pushed her mouth down further on my cock. I pushed my hips up, burying my shaft in Amy's mouth. She moaned and sucked harder.

"Doesn't your baby brother's cock feel good in your mouth?" Nicole asked as she reached under my sister to cup her swaying breast in her hand.

Amy moaned and sucked harder at my hard shaft. I lifted my hips, pushing my cock into her eager mouth. I wasn't sure if enjoyed what was happening any more than Nicole.

When Nicole slid her hand down my sister's back and pushed two fingers into her pussy I heard Amy moan louder. She gave my cock a squeeze with her hand and sucked harder.

"She's ready for you, Alex." Nicole said as she fingered my sister.

I gave my cousin a surprised look, but knew what she meant. I wanted that more than anything.

Nicole tugged at my sister's hair, pulling her wet mouth off of my cock. Amy seemed disappointed. Nicole slid Amy's pajama top over her shoulders and down her arms. She tossed them aside.

"You want to be fucked, don't you, Amy?" Nicole said.

My sister nodded, unable to admit to it out loud.

"Do you want to feel your brother's cock in your tight cunt?"

"Yes." Amy admitted in almost a whisper.

Nicole pushed on Amy's shoulders until she was lying beside me. I looked at my naked sister on the bed next to me. She bent her legs and turned her head towards me, then smiled.

"Are you sure, Amy?" I asked.

Amy nodded, still unable to speak for a moment.

1694 I felt Nicole's soft hand glide down my back as I moved between my sister's open legs. Amy smiled up at me, running her hands up and down my arms. Her dusky nipples were as hard as bullets and her lips

were shiny and wet as she parted her legs for me. Nicole's fingers teased my balls, then she gripped my shaft, guiding the head towards my sister's waiting lips.

Amy felt so tight as my cock sank into her. She was tighter than Nicole, but I would have never said that to anyone. I could hear moans as my cock began to move in and out of my sister's wet pussy, but I was unsure if they were coming from her or our cousin. I felt hands caressing my arms and back. After a while I closed my eyes, unconcerned with whose they were. Amy gripped my cock harder inside her and wrapped her lean legs around my lower back. I began to pump harder and deeper into her, listening to her moans grow louder. The overwhelming mixture of sensations was too much for me and I knew I was going to cum soon. So did my sister and cousin.

"Cum on her tits." Nicole encouraged.

I moaned as I pulled my cock from my sister's tight, wet pussy. I gave it a few quick strokes, then watched as my cum shot from it in three or four quick spurts. They sailed towards Amy's chest, smearing her breasts with streams of hot, thick sperm.

I rolled over on the bed beside my sister. My cum was running down her round breasts. It left streaks across her hard nipples. She and I smiled at one another.

1695 Amy seemed surprised when she felt Nicole climb atop her, but moaned when she felt her tongue begin to lick my cum from her breasts. Amy cupped Nicole's head in her hands and arched her back.

Nicole's tongue ran over my sister's rounded breasts, licking up every bit of my sticky cum. Amy moaned as Nicole trailed her tongue down her stomach. When Nicole began to tease her clit and wet lips with her tongue Amy seemed surprised, but in ecstasy. She let out a loud moan and grabbed a handful of Nicole's hair.

"Have you ever had your pussy licked by another girl?" Nicole had a devilish smile on her face as she looked up at my sister.

"No." Amy gasped, looking shy.

Nicole pushed two fingers deep in Amy's pussy. She began moving them in and out fast, watching as Amy writhed beneath her.

"But you've thought about it..." Nicole surmised.

My sister nodded, running her hands over her stiff nipples.

"Have you ever wanted Naughty Nicole to do that to you?"

Amy opened her eyes and smiled up at our cousin.

"Shut up and eat me." Amy clutched the back of Nicole's head and pulled her mouth down between her open thighs.

Amy moaned loud and cried out as Nicole's tongue darted over her hard clit and pushed between her wet lips. Amy lifted her hips up and ground her wet lips over our cousin's mouth.

When Nicole felt my fingers push into her wet pussy she cried out and looked back at me. I gave her round ass a hard slap. She flinched.

"Lick her cunt, Naughty Nicole." I said,

Nicole parted my sister's glistening lips wide with her thumbs. Her tongue swirled around Amy's clit then she sucked on it hard, making Amy cry out and arch her back again. I fingered Nicole's pussy harder, watching her breasts sway as she leaned over my sister.

I don't know who came first. Both my sister and cousin were moaning loud as the three of us licked and groped one-another on the bed. Amy and Nicole looked sexier than anything I had ever imagined.

Amy let out one final loud moan as she thrust her hips up. She was holding Nicole's head. At almost the same moment I felt Nicole grip my fingers harder inside her. I pushed them deeper and left them there until she rolled over beside Amy, panting. Her heavy breasts heaved as she smiled, feeling the aftershocks in her engorged clit.

I ran my hands up the insides of my sister's and cousin's parted thighs, looking down at their wet pussies, wondering where I should put my rising cock next.

No Expectations

"You can't be wise and in love at the same time." - Bob Dylan

Nestled in the woods of Essex County is a small two-bedroom camp. It's situated on two acres of land and overlooks picturesque Douglas Lake. The camp was built by my father and his father almost ten years before I was born. They intended it to be a place to go in the summer to fish and to hunt in the winter. Then once us kids started arriving it became a place for us to go camping each spring and summer.

Those weekends at the camp with my parents, brother and sisters are some of the happiest memories of my life. Every July Dad would take a week's vacation from his job at Hewitt's Hardware in downtown Mason Springs, where we lived. I especially looked forward to this extended stay at the camp each summer. We would help him load the station wagon with sleeping bags, blankets, boxes of canned food and everything else we needed for the trip.

For ten days every summer we would spend our days swimming, hiking or playing cards and board games if it rained. Dad had built a barbeque pit in back of the camp where he cooked chicken that Mom had packed in bags of ice. Sometimes Dad caught a few trout in the lake and we had those as a treat. Then some nights once it grew dark and we didn't feel like playing Scrabble or Monopoly us kids would sit on the floor in front of an old plaid couch that Dad had bought at a yard sale and he would tell us ghost stories by the light of a kerosene lamp. Mom would sometimes scold him for frightening us, but I loved

hearing those creepy tales of ghosts or escaped lunatics whom Dad swore roamed those woods at nights.

Once I reached twenty I came to believe that our little camp really was haunted by ghosts. No, not the kind like poor Ebenezer Scrooge was visited by on Christmas Eve, nor the type that terrorize families whose houses are built on ancient burial grounds. These ghosts were the kind that dwell in our own minds and haunt us day and night, but are of our own creation.

They say that Heaven is full of people who are forgiven and Hell is full of people who can't forgive themselves. The latter applied to me, and I was only eventually freed from the hell of my own making by the love and understanding of my younger sister, Lori. She felt responsible for my plight, but I honestly never blamed her. Still, I will be forever grateful for her having shown me how to forgive myself and love her in a whole different way.

###

By the time I was twenty-five there had been many changes in our family -- not all of them welcome ones. My grandfather had been gone for fifteen years and Dad had died of a heart attack almost two years previously. Mom was fifty-seven and still living in our childhood home. My older brother and sister were thirty-somethings. Justin was a lawyer, married, with a two-year old son and living with his wife in Austin. Michelle was married too. She and her husband, Gavin, lived a few blocks from Mom. She was a nurse and Gavin was a veterinarian. They had a daughter, Kelly, who was four.

Lori, the youngest of us kids, was twenty-two. She was still living with Mom while she completed her final year at business school. Lori wanted to move out, but was forced by finances to remain at home. I was happy about this; I think Mom was too. Mom wasn't getting any younger. Her arthritis had gotten worse over the years and she was glad to not be living alone. I was very glad that Lori was there with her.

I had fulfilled my strongest ambition once I reached my early twenties. When I was twelve my parents gave me a camera for Christmas. That began my life-long passion for photography. I had gone to art college in Kensington after finishing high school and earned a B.F.A. in Photography. At twenty-four I began working with a portrait photographer in town. Eventually I started shooting weddings and other stuff on my own most weekends for extra money. I had a small apartment, a car that I leased. I was making a pretty good living. Life was good. Life would have been perfect were it not for the tense relationship I had with Lori. Then one Saturday my mother told me something that ended up changing that for good. It was the second week of July and I had stopped in to visit Mom, like I always did once or twice a week.

"David, I've been thinking about selling the camp," Mom said. We were sitting at opposite ends of her kitchen table. She was having a cup of tea and I was eating banana bread she had made and drinking a glass of Pepsi.

"Uh... okay," I said, somewhat surprised.

Mom let out a heavy sigh. "It's just that we haven't used it since your father died and probably won't," she said. "I've talked it over with your brother and sisters and none of them want to buy it and they agree with me. Soon it will need repairs, so it's best to sell it before then."

I nodded, feeling a lump growing in my throat. Memories of summers past flashed in my mind. The thought of letting the camp go saddened me. But once I reconsidered it I admitted to myself that I only wanted to keep the camp out of sentimentality. The cold hard reality was that I hadn't wanted to go up there in the past year or so. Neither had anyone else. Even once the camp was sold I would always have my memories and photographs of the times we had spent there. There was also one other important consideration: Mom needed the money that selling the camp would bring in.

"I think that's a good idea, Mom," I said. "It's only going to be a money pit in a year or so anyway. It's best to sell it now, while it's still worth something." When I saw a smile on my mother's face it relieved me. I thought for a few seconds, then said "But before you sell it, I'd like to go up there one last time. There are some things I'd like to take out of it. None of it is really valuable -- mostly pictures and stuff, but it all reminds me of my childhood. Plus, it would be fun to spend one last weekend there. You can come if you want."

Mom reached inside the sleeve of her purple cardigan. She pulled out a piece of Kleenex and wiped her teary eyes with it. She shook her head. "No, I don't want to go back there," Mom said. "I want to remember it as it was. But you go ahead, David -- stay as long as you want." She gave me a weak smile.

"Thanks, Mom," I said. "I can probably go up there next week. I have some sick days accumulated at work, so I could stay about five days."

"Go where, Dave?"

I turned my head and saw Lori standing in the entrance to the kitchen. Her hands were in the pockets of her shorts and she looked curious. Her blue eyes were glued to me.

"Up to the camp," I told my sister. "I want to get some things out of it before Mom sells it and I thought it would be fun to spend a little time up there while I'm at it."

Lori thought about what I had said for several seconds, then smiled. "Cool!" she exclaimed. "That sounds like fun. When are you going? I want to go too."

I winced, then hoped neither Mom nor Lori noticed. I forced a smile. "Sure. If you want to," I said half-heartedly. "I didn't think you'd want to go though."

Lori walked over and pulled a chair away from the table. She sat down between me and Mom. "Are you kidding? I loved that place when we were kids," she said. "I'm sad that Mom's selling it, but I understand why." A frown appeared on her face for a moment, then vanished. "And one last camping trip would be a blast," she added, sounding excited once more.

"I thought I'd leave on Wednesday and come back on Sunday. If I can clear it with Malcolm," I said. "Things have been slow at the studio, so he shouldn't have a problem with it."

My sister nodded. "Okay. Whenever you want to go is fine with me. I'm sort of at loose ends till school starts again," Lori said with a nervous laugh. She gave Mom an apprehensive look. Lori hadn't found a summer job and that had been a sore point between her and our mother. I thought that a few days apart might do them both good.

"Okay. I'll give you a call once I make some plans," I told my sister. I got up and fished my car keys from my pants pocket. "I should get going. I want to take some photos on the beach at sunset."

Driving back to my apartment I felt disappointed with myself. No, I had not told Lori that she couldn't come with me to the camp, but I probably didn't make her feel especially welcome either. How long could I punish her for my guilt and insecurities, I wondered, mentally scolding myself. She hadn't been so excited about going to the camp since we were kids, and here I was wishing she wasn't going with me.

I felt like a turd. It wasn't Lori's fault that I was apprehensive about spending a week alone with her. I promised myself that I would do my utmost to make sure she had a good time. I wanted her last memories of the camp to be good ones, and I wasn't going to let my hang-ups spoil that. I loved my sister. That was sort of part of the problem though. Over the years that love had turned into desire. I knew exactly when I had begun to feel that way about her too, and she would know as well if I was perfectly honest with her about how I felt. But I couldn't even be perfectly honest with myself, let alone with Lori.

###

After discussing the situation with Malcolm, the owner of the portrait studio where I worked, he agreed to let me take half of the week off. I think he was actually secretly glad because business was so slow that month. I called Lori that Monday night and told her. She was even more excited now that plans had been made.

"That's great, Dave," she said. "I can't wait. This is going to be so much fun!"

My sister sounded like an excited girl a few days before Christmas. I smiled as I listened to her animated voice over the phone. "I'll pick you up Wednesday morning around ten," I told her.

"Okay, I'll be ready," she promised. "What should I bring?" she asked.

"The usual stuff we brought when we were kids," I said.

"Like that big orange squirt gun I had?" she teased.

"Uh... you can leave that behind, Lori." I smiled as I spoke, thinking of how my little sister used to chase us around, or lie in wait behind patches of alders and blast us with streams of lake water with that plastic gun. "I'll be bringing food and stuff, so all you'll need is clothes -- those sorts of things," I told her.

"Well, not too many clothes. I'm going to spend most of my time swimming or getting a tan," she said, then let out an excited giggle. "Maybe I'll just pack my bikini."

My cock pulsed and began to harden as I recalled the last time I had seen my younger sister in a bikini. She had been eighteen then. The bikini was turquoise and barely covered her where it should have. Actually, it didn't cover her very well if she bent over, or lept from the lake suddenly. More than once I saw a good portion of her firm ass or an errant nipple peeking from her bikini top as she waded out of the water, dripping wet, or rolled over while sunbathing. Mom admonished her for wearing something so revealing more than once -- "almost indecent" was how she referred to it. But Lori laughed defiantly and said she saw no harm in her bikini, since we were all family and she knew she was safe around Dad, Justin and me. Mom glowered, and in retrospect I think she was shrewder than Lori.

"Okay, whatever you think you'll need. We'll be there for five days," I reminded Lori. Now I was excited, but in a much different way than my sister.

By the time I hung up the phone my cock was tenting my trousers. I rubbed it through them. Lori's haunting voice echoed in my head and images of how she had looked in her bikini flashed in my mind. I began to mentally prepare myself for five days of torment. I would have to be careful to not let my little sister realize just how horny she made me. But her mention of bringing a bikini told me that was going to be difficult, if not impossible. The last time she had caught me with a hard-on had almost destroyed our relationship. I began to worry.

###

I got up early Wednesday morning to finish packing and load the car. The night before I had tossed some clothes, a few toiletries and other things in a duffel bag. I had also half-filled some two liter pop bottles with water and put them in the freezer. Now that they were frozen they would keep the chicken and cold cuts I was bringing cold. Still, those items would have to be eaten first. I put the perishables and ice in a Coleman cooler. I loaded the boxes of food and other things in the back seat of the car -- along with empty boxes to bring things back from the camp in. I took one final look inside the car and gave the list of items to bring that I had written another scan. It seemed as though I had packed everything.

I drove to Mom's to pick up Lori with a little trepidation. When I arrived there Lori was waiting in the kitchen for me. She was sitting on a chair wearing blue shorts and a red tank top. Her legs were crossed and she was impatiently swinging one foot. Her brown hair flowed over her shoulders and she was wearing a baseball cap. She looked very cute, but I tried not to dwell on that aspect of her.

"I haven't seen her this excited since Christmas Eve when she was six," Mom teased. She was drinking tea and eating a bagel with cream cheese. Although she seemed amused, I got the feeling that underneath that she was a little annoyed with Lori's impatience.

even somewhat relieved to feel how heavy it was. Maybe my little sister had packed more clothes than I expected her to after all. Hopefully she would wear them and spare me a lot of torment.

"You guys have fun," Mom said as she handed me the key to the camp and followed us to the door. "But be careful. You're in the middle of nowhere. If you get hurt, help might not arrive in time."

I tried not to roll my eyes. "We'll be just fine, Mom," I assured her. "I have my cell phone if there's an emergency."

Mom gave me a relieved smile. I hugged her and kissed her cheek, neglecting to add that there was no cell service in the middle of Harrison County, deep in the woods. Mom stood at the door waving as Lori and I drove off. She was acting like we were explorers setting out for The New World.

I had only driven to our camp once. That was when I was seventeen, and Dad had actually only let me drive half way there. But I had made the journey enough times with the family to know it well. It was about a forty-five minute trip outside of Mason Springs, to the east. You head down Greenway Road, then left on Bishop Road for about five miles until the pavement ends. Then turn left and drive almost another two miles along a dirt road that's all mud in the early spring once the snow melts and a sheet of ice in the winter. The sign beside the gravel road says Jackson's Glen, but there isn't even a post office there, so I don't think it's an official town. But that was where the camp was -- down a cow path that served as a driveway.

We had only been on the road about twenty minutes when Lori began to seem bored. She was punching the buttons on the car radio, jumping from one station to another. Static greeted her with each push of the button, except once. Eventually she gave up with a loud sigh of frustration when she discovered that the only station that came in clearly played nothing but country music. She switched the radio off and slumped back in her seat, arms folded as she stared at the oncoming road.

"Want me to take you back home?" I asked, turning to grin at her.

"No -- don't you dare," she said, looking at me wide-eyed and worried. "I was just hoping to find some good music on the radio instead of that hillbilly stuff."

I laughed. "You'll have better luck once we get to the camp," I told her. "You can get stations from upstate New York there. I bought one of those wind-up radios that doesn't need batteries a couple of days ago. It's in my duffel bag."

Lori twisted in her seat and her face lit up. "Thanks," she gushed. "You really do think of everything, Dave."

I smiled, feeling a little smug. "Well, someone has to, since you're such an airhead," I teased.

my arm a swat, then laughed. She turned her head my way a little and smiled. It was almost a flirtatious smile and made my cock began to stiffen. I returned her smile, then focused on the road again.

When I saw the sign that said Jackson's Glen I was relieved. That meant that we were almost there. It also meant I hadn't gotten us lost. There had been little rain that summer and the road was packed as hard as asphalt, but full of potholes. I dodged as many as I could but it was impossible to miss them all. Lori let out a few grunts as the car hit especially deep potholes. She braced her right hand on the dashboard, leaning forward a little. I took a quick glance at her and noticed how her breasts bounced inside her tank top as I navigated the rutty road. My cock hardened again and I let the wheels drift a little to the left, towards a big pothole as I stole another look at my sister's quivering mounds.

When I pulled up in front of our camp I smiled in relief. I stopped at the edge of the gravel driveway rather than venturing closer and risk starting a fire in the grass with my hot muffler. My back was sore and my legs ached from sitting in the car. I needed to get out and walk around a bit. I think Lori did too because I heard her groan as she gingerly swung her legs out of the car.

I stood beside my car, looking the camp over. I didn't see any broken windows or anything else awry. I was relieved, because people sometimes broke into vacant camps during the winter, hoping to steal whatever they could, or even cause damage just for the sick fun of it. Our little white camp with blue trim looked just as we had left it.

I began unloading boxes of groceries from the back seat and brought the cooler from the trunk. The grass was ankle-deep and I walked through it towards the verandah on the front of the camp, facing Douglas Lake. I climbed the three steps and sat the box down by the door, then went back for another. I met Lori carrying our duffel bags. She followed me back to the car and we carried the last two boxes and the cooler to the camp.

The rusty hinges of the screen door squeaked as I pulled it open. I unlocked the inner heavy wooden door and gave it a push. It was stuck a little, but a kick made it swing open. I stepped inside and looked around. The place smelled musty from having been closed for so long. I put the box I was carrying on the counter and opened the window behind the hand pump. Fresh air began streaming in. I drew in deep breaths, thinking the air smelled better here than at home.

"This place looks exactly as I remember it," Lori remarked, sounding surprised.

I turned around towards my sister. She was standing at the front half of the camp, which was covered with old green carpet. In the far corner to my right was a wooden shelf. She was scanning it's contents as though for the first time. It contained books, magazines, old copies of Reader's Digest and board games. Those things had kept us entertained many rainy days and nights during our camping trips. Beside the shelf was a card table with Scrabble and Monopoly games on it. Four folding aluminum chairs were arranged haphazardly around the table. Off to one side was an old gold-coloured platform rocker where Mom often sat reading books or magazines.

The front door was flanked by large picture windows on either side, providing a perfect view of the lake and surrounding woods. Upon entering the camp was the old plaid couch to the right. I looked it over, thinking of the many times I had slept on it. A few feet in front of it was a low rectangular table. There was a cribbage board and a deck of cards on it.

Behind the couch were the two bedrooms, taking up the rear quarter of the camp. Dad had not constructed a ceiling in the camp. He had just left the roof beams exposed. Above them was the pitched roof. Because of this design the bedrooms were more like dressing rooms in clothing stores. They had eight foot walls, but no ceilings. Each bedroom had a window of about two feet square, covered by a sheer white curtain. The front bedroom belonged to Mom and Dad when we stayed there because it had a bigger bed. Us kids seldom argued over who would get the second bedroom, which had two folding cots. We could sleep in beds the rest of the year. At the camp we wanted to use our sleeping bags, or sleep in the small beige canvas tent that Dad had bought Justin for his fifteenth birthday.

On the opposite side of the camp, facing the bedrooms and couch, were a wood stove and a propane stove that Dad had bought a few years before he died. This half of the camp was covered with old blue linoleum. The floral pattern was worn off in places from years of walking on it and the edges were cracked, but it served its purpose well.

"I'm going to bring those other boxes in," I said.

Lori walked out on the verandah ahead of me and brought our bags with clothes inside the camp. She dropped them on the couch, then went back for the cooler. She put it down on the floor in front of the counter.

"Man, you brought enough stuff," she said, turning towards me.

"I guess," I said with a shrug. "But I'd rather bring too much than too little. We can always bring some back home. Besides, it's not all food." I shot her a wide grin and lifted the top from the cooler and pointed to two dozen cans of beer.

My sister folded her arms and grinned. "Always prepared, huh, Dave?"

"That's me," I said.

"I'm going to go out to the well for some water to prime the pump," I said.

I got a pail with a length of rope tied to it's handle from under the sink. By the time I returned and got the pump working Lori was sitting on the couch, flipping through a copy of Newsweek. A young Jimmy Carter was on the cover, so I knew the magazine had been there a while. Her feet were up on the makeshift coffee table and she looked as content as a cat sleeping on a windowsill.

"So now what?" she asked, looking up from the magazine.

"We relax," I said with a wide smile. "Are you hungry?"

My sister gave her head a shake. "No, not yet," she replied.

I sat down on the couch beside Lori and looked around the camp, feeling waves of nostalgia wash over me. The dark wood paneling on the walls was adorned with posters and family photographs from over the years. It was things like that that made me want to come back one last time to retrieve belongings. As I scanned the room I felt Lori's hand come to gently rest on my right shoulder. Then her chin on my other one.

"Lots of memories, huh..." she said, almost sighing. Her warm breath bathed my neck. She sounded as melancholy as I was.

"Yeah," I said. I could feel her firm breasts pressing on my back and I began getting hard. It was this reaction to her that made me uneasy about spending the next four days alone with her.

"At least they're all happy memories," she said, giving my back a rub. "We can be grateful for that much. Not all kids have happy childhoods."

I glanced back at Lori and nodded. I must have looked as sad as I felt because she threw her arms around my neck and hugged me. "Cheer up, Dave," she said and gave my cheek a loud, smacking kiss. "Where's that radio you promised anyway? I want to hear some music."

"Hand me my bag," I said, reaching out with my left hand.

Lori pushed my duffel bag along the carpet towards me. I unzipped it and dug through clothes and pulled out the wind-up radio and a flashlight that recharges when you shake it. I placed both on the table in front of us.

"Do these things really work?" my sister asked skeptically. She gave the radio handle a crank, then turned it on. When static came through the speaker of the radio she seemed encouraged. After turning the dial for a little while she found a station she liked. They were playing a Bon Jovi song, and I hoped their selection of music improved soon. "Hey, this is cool!" she exclaimed, looking wide-eyed at the radio as she put it on the table.

"Ain't technology great?" I said.

The sun was climbing in the sky. I could see it shimmering on the lake as I looked out the window. A narrow path that was about fifty yards or so long lead down to the lake. On either side of that beech, spruce and white birch trees grew, providing a buffer when the wind came in off the lake. I looked at my watch. It was just past noon and already it was hot.

"How about going for a swim?" Lori suggested.

I hesitated, feeling nervous as I recalled her mentioning her bikini days ago. But I knew I could not avoid this for five days. "Uh, sure," I said.

Lori jumped up, clutching her bag. "Which bedroom do you want?" she asked.

"It doesn't matter," I told her. "You can have Mom's and Dad's; it's got a bigger bed."

Lori chuckled. "Thanks, but I'll be sleeping alone," she said.

I went in the other bedroom carrying my duffel bag and began getting undressed. The only swim trunks I had brought were cutoffs I had made from an old pair of jeans, but they would do just fine. I could hear sounds coming from the neighbouring bedroom as Lori changed. My cock stiffened as I thought about her on the other side of the wall getting undressed. I zipped my cut-offs up and looked down at myself, noticing how my erection was bulging the front of them slightly. I drew in a few deep breaths and focused my mind on other things until my cock began to soften.

Once I had changed I stepped out of the bedroom, wearing my cutoffs and a pair of sandals. Lori had not seen me this close to naked in years and I felt quite nervous, knowing it would be practically impossible for me to not to get hard around her. My nervousness increased when she walked out of the bedroom. She was wearing the very same turquoise bikini that she had worn the last time we were up there years ago. I turned towards her and my heart began to race. Her arms were crossed over her chest and the strings of her bikini top hung limp at her sides.

"Could you help me with this top?" she asked with a bashful smile. "I can't get it tied in the back."

My sister turned around and I walked over to her. She relaxed her arms and I could see the side of her left breast peeking out from the turquoise triangle of cloth covering most of it. My cock was hard again and I think my fingers began to tremble as I fumbled with the strings of her bikini top.

"Tie it tight so it doesn't come undone," she said and turned her head to give me a playful smile. "Remember how Justin was always trying to undo it when we were swimming?"

"Yeah," I said. I could feel my sister's soft warm skin on my fingers as I tied her top in a tight bow. "I think one time he actually got it undone," I replied, recalling the incident.

Lori turned around, tugging her top up higher. Her breasts grew rounder and fuller as she adjusted the tiny triangular pieces of cloth covering them. Less than two inches below the upper edges of the bikini top her nipples were poking out at the turquoise material. They were firm and thick. She looked down at herself, then locked her eyes on mine.

"Yeah... he got my top undone more than once actually," she said, seeming amused by the memory. "I could never understand why he did that to me and not Michelle, since her tits are bigger than mine."

I let out a laugh. "Because after the first time he did it to her she teased him about having a boner and Dad heard her."

Lori laughed and her breasts shook. Then she grew quiet and disappeared back into the bedroom for a moment. She returned holding two large terrycloth towels.

"I found these in the cabinet in there," she said, handing me a peach-coloured towel.

"Thanks," I said. I let the towel hang down in front of me, covering my crotch.

"Well, let's go," she said.

I followed my sister down the path towards the lake. Her bare feet padded lightly over the pebbles and twigs that were scattered over the path. I noticed the muscles of her calves and thighs as she walked and how her hips swayed. Her ass was round and firm. I thought that it looked a little bigger and that her hips seemed curvier since I had last seen her in the bikini. If so, it definitely made her look sexier. I was in a hurry to get in to the water, hoping it would quell my erection, or at least conceal it.

1718 Once Lori reached the edge of the lake she ran in the water up to her waist, then dove in. She swam out a ways, then began to tread water. "Hurry up!" she called out. "It's beautiful!"

I too was eager to get in the water, but for a different reason. I ran through it, making it splash up around my legs. Then once it was at chest height I began swimming. Lori was right, the water did feel great. It was refreshing and almost immediately I forgot about my erection or my concerns that my sister would notice it.

It had been years since I had been swimming and it wasn't long before I began to grow tired. Fearing I might get a cramp in my leg I swam for shore. I heard my sister calling to me as I waded out of the water. I turned to her.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Nothing," I said. "I'm just sore from sitting in the car all morning."

I spread my towel out on a little bank about thirty feet from the lake and sat down. I watched my sister swimming for a while, then my eyes shifted to the left. It was then that I could no longer force from my mind what had happened years ago, just a stone's throw from where I sat.

To my left was what us kids had always called 'the frog pond'. A small stream ran into the pond and every spring you could hear peepers at night. In the summer Justin and I used to catch frogs there to try to scare our sisters or mother with them. The summer I was twenty-one I was bored and wandering through the woods one afternoon. As I followed the stream down towards the pond I saw someone through the alders and limbs of a spruce tree. My heart began to race when I realized it

was my older sister, Michelle. I stepped closer, hoping to get a better look at her.

Michelle was wearing a red bikini and lying on her stomach. A large towel was spread out beneath her on the ground. She was resting on her elbows as she flipped through a magazine, probably Cosmopolitan. Beside her on the towel was her Walkman. The earphones covered her ears, which is why she hadn't heard me approaching. I squinted, trying to see better as my cock stiffened even more. I had been swimming earlier and was just wearing cut-offs without underwear. The sensitive head of my swelling cock rubbed over the denim and I winced a little.

Then I saw Michelle lick her finger and flip a page of the magazine. Her bikini top was untied and I could see the side of her left breast, almost right down to the nipple. It was big and round. It jiggled a bit and I held my breath as I watched, hoping she would sit up and give me a clear view of her heavy, round breasts hanging beneath her.

My erection was becoming uncomfortable so I unbuttoned my cut-offs and pulled the zipper down. I slid my hand inside and began to rub my shaft and balls as I ran my eyes down over my oldest sister's round ass to her long, tanned legs. I was weighing the risks of taking my cock out so I could stroke it properly when I heard a twig snap behind me. I whipped around, terrified. My hand was still inside my cut-offs, wrapped around my hard cock.

Lori was standing there, her tanned skin glistening with suntan oil. She was wearing her turquoise bikini and looking as nervous as I felt. Almost instantly she pressed two fingers to her lips to keep me silent.

She smiled as she stepped closer, staring at the front of my open cut-offs.

Lori's hand glided up my bare chest to my left shoulder. She leaned closer and I thought she was going to kiss me. Then she stopped, still peering over my shoulder, and her inviting lips turned into a broad smile. "So you were looking at her," she whispered in surprise. She was so close that I could feel her breath on my cheek.

I gave her a guilty nod as I eased my hand from my shriveling erection.

Lori leaned closer to me so she could get a better look at our sister. Her breasts rubbed over my chest and one of her thighs brushed against mine. Her skin felt so soft and warm. My cock was hard again in an instant. Lori's thigh rubbed over my shaft briefly, making it swell even more. I lowered my eyes to Lori's chest and saw that her nipples were very hard now. Even her areolas seemed to be pushing out from her bikini top. My mouth opened a bit as I stared at them, just inches from my wet lips. When her thigh pressed against my hard shaft again her wide eyes met mine. She smiled. No girl had ever smiled at me like that -- certainly not my sister.

"Where you rubbing it?" she asked in a hushed, thick voice.

I gulped, choking on words and nodded as my jaw tightened.

that, a bit of my hard shaft was showing. Lori's hand ran down my chest, stopping at my left hip, just inside my cut-offs. "What if I did it for you?" she asked in a breathy voice. Her eyes glimmered and her cheeks were pinker now.

"We better not." I forced the words out in one breath.

"Why not?" she asked, sounding more puzzled than obstinate.

"Because you're my sister," I said, looking down at her breasts again and wishing I could touch them.

"Oh... but that just means you can't put it in me," she asserted. "All I want to do is rub it and watch you shoot."

Lori's contorted reasoning was beginning to make sense to me. Or maybe all the blood rushing to my cock had impaired my thinking. Either way, I felt myself nod my head. "Okay," I said in a throaty voice, then waited a moment. "Under one condition," I added.

Lori was already reaching down towards my shaft. She froze, looking curious and wary. "What?" she asked as her eyes narrowed.

"If you let me touch your tits while you do it."

My sister considered my request, then frowned. "They're not that big," she said. It was her turn to be bashful.

"You're joking, right?" I said. "I think they're nice."

Lori's face brightened and she raised her chin. "Really?" she asked.

"Yeah... really nice," I insisted.

"Thanks," she said. "I wish they were big like Michelle's."

I had all but forgotten about our older sister, lying nearly topless just yards away. I took a quick glance over my shoulder. Michelle was lying on her back now, her breasts covered by her bikini top, but just barely.

"Do you want to watch her while I do it to you?" Lori asked.

"No," I said, giving my head a brusque shake as I turned back to her. "I want to see you, Lori."

Lori inhaled sharply and beamed a smile at me. She placed her hands on my shoulders and leaned in to me. She pressed herself to my chest and kissed my cheek. I could feel the curve of her stomach press against me where my cut-offs were open. "You're sweet," she gushed, looking into my eyes.

"Thanks... you're sexy," I told her.

My sister took a step back and hooked her fingers in her bikini top. She peeled it away from her breasts. They jiggled a little as they fell loose. Her pink nipples were almost as thick as my fingertip and her quarter-sized areolas were swollen too. I stared at her conical breasts, feeling lightheaded. When Lori tugged my cut-offs down to free my cock I heard her let out a faint cry of surprise.

"You've got a nice one, Dave," she said. Her mouth was agape as she stared wide-eyed at my shaft pointing up towards her chest.

I was about to say something when I felt her curl her fingers around my cock. She squeezed gently and began to stroke it. I put my hands on her bare shoulders to steady myself, then glided them down to her breasts. They were firm and I was surprised to discover that I couldn't fit them all in my hands. I rubbed and kneaded them then pinched her nipples.

"Mmmm... I like that," my sister moaned.

Lori was stroking my cock faster now and gripping it tighter. My hands were pushing up on her breasts so they were firm orbs with hard pink caps. It wasn't very long, less than a few minutes, before I felt my orgasm build to a climax. I squeezed my sister's breasts harder and moaned. My body tensed and I froze for a few seconds while I sprayed her stomach and thighs with streams of thick cum. It slowly ran down over her soft skin.

let go of my shaft. It was still somewhat hard and pointing towards the triangle of cloth between her soft thighs. I quickly stuffed my cock back in my cut-offs and zipped them up. Lori watched, looking disappointed. Then without a word, I hurried off into the woods.

That had been the most wonderful and erotic experience of my life, but it left me feeling guilty and confused. Lori sensed this and never once mentioned it, or even hinted at it. For the rest of our stay at the camp and for months to follow I avoided her as much as possible and spoke little to her. Soon I realized that my reaction to my guilt was hurting her. I'm sure she felt as though she was being punished for what had happened. I wanted to say something -- to try to reassure her. But whenever I came close to doing that, I panicked.

I stared at the pond as I recalled what my sister and I had done there almost two years previously. Maybe during this last trip to the camp was the right time for me to try to repair the damage I had done to my relationship with Lori, I thought to myself. My mind was reeling with a multitude of thoughts and memories when I heard her coming out of the water. I looked up at her. Water ran down her body in beads that looked like diamonds. Her wet hair clung to her skin. So did her bikini. It was like a second skin. I could clearly see the outlines of her breasts with their tick nipples and the soft mound between her thighs. I pulled my knees up towards my chest to hide my erection.

Lori picked up her towel and wiped her face and rubbed her hair with it. Her breasts quivered and I stared at them. When she was finished she folded the towel in a square and sat down beside me. "You looked depressed," she said.

"No, I'm fine," I told her.

"Well, it sure looked like you had something serious on your mind." She turned towards me, looking concerned.

"Just reminiscing," I told her.

Lori looked over towards the pond and an odd expression crept over her face. "Good memories, I hope," she drawled.

I looked up from my feet and smiled at her. "Yeah... great ones," I said.

Lori's thigh brushed against mine. Her damp skin was silky. I shifted my eyes to her, thinking how wonderful it would be to run my hands up the insides of her thighs to her mound. Her bikini bottom clung to her and I could see a hint of the cleft between her petals.

"Do those memories have anything to do with a girl wearing a turquoise bikini?" she asked in a lilting voice. Her eyes flickered as they locked on mine.

I let out a nervous laugh. "Is that the same bikini?" I asked, running my eyes over her.

"More than a little," I said as my eyes roamed to her breasts. "And I think it fits you better than ever," I retorted.

Lori giggled and pressed her shoulder to mine. She said nothing for almost a minute, but it was obvious that she was thinking. She was staring at the ground and tugging at blades of grass and tossing them aside nervously. Then she turned her head towards me. "Dave, are you still mad at me for... for what I did that time by the pond?" She sucked on her bottom lip while she waited for me to reply.

I drew in a deep breath slowly. This was perhaps going to be my last chance to mend our relationship and I knew I must not squander it. I turned towards my sister and met her eyes again. "I was never mad at you for that, Lori," I said. "I was mad at myself. I felt guilty and ashamed. But I was never mad at you or blamed you."

My sister knit her brow and gave me a confused look. "Mad at yourself -- why?" she asked.

I thought for a moment, then said "Because you're my sister -- my little sister. I thought maybe I had taken advantage of you, and... and because of the feelings I had for you."

"Dave, you never took advantage of me," Lori said in a calm voice. "And it wasn't like you were robbing the cradle either. I was eighteen. I would be nineteen that October. I knew what I was doing and I never

regretted it. Well... no -- that's not quite true. I regretted it because it tore us apart, instead of making us closer, like I hoped it would."

"Hoped it would?" I asked as my head lurched back a bit in surprise.

"Yeah. I guess I had a crush on you, but I always felt like I was competing with Michelle," she said.

My head was spinning as I listened to my sister's revelation. "No, it wasn't like that at all. It wasn't a competition," I told her.

For a minute Lori looked like she might cry. "You know, the weird thing is I realized it wasn't a competition that day, just before... before I... you know," she said as her voice grew softer.

"What do you mean?" I asked her.

"Do you remember when I asked you if you wanted to look at Michelle while I did it?" she asked.

I nodded, feeling embarrassed as she reminded me of what we had done.

"You said you didn't -- that you wanted to see me and feel me. That made me feel like I was the sexiest girl in the world." She gave me a proud smile and her eyes lit up.

"You are," I said.

"Not quite," she scoffed.

"Well, to me you are, and that's all that matters. How's that?" I countered.

She opened her mouth to speak, but all I heard was a soft gasp at first. "Still... even now?" she asked in disbelief.

I nodded, feeling guilty. But it was the truth. Or at least it was how I honestly felt and it was time for me to stop concealing my feeling with her.

"I thought that after what I did that day that you had lost all respect for me and thought I was skanky," she said, her voice faltering.

"No, Lori. I could never think that about you. I don't just respect you -- I love you," I told her. "I just haven't always been good at showing it though because I was scared."

"Scared of what?" SHE asked.

guess I ended up over-compensating and walled myself off, so I came off as cold and uncaring, so I ended up causing a lot of damage anyway. I'm sorry, Lori. I know how it seemed, but it wasn't how I felt."

My sister slid her arm around my lower back and rested her head on my shoulder. I put my arm around her, enjoying the feeling of her soft skin and her breast pressed to my side. When I looked down at her chest I noticed that the right half of her bikini top had gotten pulled aside as she shifted against me. Her nipple was uncovered completely. It was hard and pinker than I remembered it being. I wanted to touch it, suck on it, but thought I should say something for fear she would be mad at me for not alerting her when she eventually discovered it.

"Ah... Lori, you're having a wardrobe malfunction," I softly said, nodding with my head.

She gave me a puzzled look, then lowered her eyes to where mine were. She laughed and shrugged then said "So what... you've seen them before."

"Yeah, but I just thought that..."

"You've got to get over that," she interjected.

"Over what?" I asked.

"That whole 'I can't look or get turned-on because she's my sister' thing," she said. "I love it that I can turn you on."

"What are you trying to say, Lori?"

There was a long pause as my sister slowly drew in a deep breath, looking slightly nervous. "I wanted what happened at the pond that day to be the beginning of something, instead of the end. But I was so scared that I had screwed things up between us forever that I couldn't talk about it with you, or try to make things better between us." When she finished Lori's watery eyes met mine.

"No, Lori, don't blame yourself," I told her. "It's my fault."

Lori's mouth was closed tight and I saw a single tear roll down her left cheek. She wiped it away and forced her lips into a thin smile. Seeing her distraught like that tore me apart. I moved closer and put my arms around her shoulders and embraced her. Her skin felt soft and hot as she held me to her tightly. Her breasts were pressed to my bare chest and her hand was running up my back, but I tried my best to ignore the flood of sensations as my cock began to stiffen and swell.

"I love you, Dave," Lori said and kissed my cheek.

I pressed my lips to my sister's soft cheek and returned her kiss. "I love you too; I never stopped -- not for an instant, even though I tried to hide it," I told her. "I'm sorry I hurt you."

"Let's forget about all that for good, okay?" Lori leaned back a little ways and slid her hands down to my waist. "From now on, let's just enjoy our time together, with no expectations."

My sister's suggestion not only made a lot of sense to me, it also filled me with a great sense of relief. "I think that's the best way to approach it," I said. "If we have no expectations, we can't get hurt or disappointed like before. And if in time..."

Before I could finish my sentence she pressed her palm to my mouth and a smile appeared on her face. "Don't say it," she said in a hush. "You'll jinx us."

"Okay," I said.

Lori gave a nod. She smiled at me, then her shimmering eyes grew wide when they moved down towards my erection. "Wow, Dave... is that because of me?" she asked as she raised her head to me.

My smile vanished and I shifted uncomfortably, unable to look at my sister. "There isn't anyone else here, is there?" I mumbled in embarrassment.

Lori's touch was feather-soft as her hand glided down to my thigh. Her fingertips were inches away from where my hard cock was pushing up at my cutoffs. "No... we're all alone this time," she said, almost purring. She smiled seductively as her fingers began to caress my thigh.

"What?" I asked.

"We're all alone, Dave. How about we have a little fun, like we did over by the pond?"

I felt my cock twitch at my sister's suggestion and I stared at her, too surprised to speak.

"Let me, Dave... please," she said. "There's no one for miles around. No one will ever know. And we both want it. This is our chance to relive our past -- only we'll get it right this time."

"Are you sure, Lori?" I said. "I mean, I don't want it causing tension between us like last time."

Lori gave her head a quick shake. "It won't. This time we'll be honest about how we feel so there'll be no misunderstandings," she said, then paused a few moments. A brassy grin moved over her face. Her eyes flickered and she said "I'll let you feel my tits like last time, too."

Before I could reply to my sister's offer she was tugging at the strings of her bikini top. Within seconds she had it undone and tossed it onto the ground. She arched her back to thrust her round breasts out towards me. They looked perfect, quivering slightly as she moved, and with the sun shining on them. Her nipples were hard and thick and I wanted to take one in my mouth and suck hard on it.

"Do you still think they're nice?" she asked. Her voice had an air of confidence to it, as though she could tell by my expression that I thought she was beautiful.

"Yes. Absolutely. You've got a wonderful body, Lori," I told her as I moved my eyes over her.

"Thanks," she said. "Now let's get some more of your body uncovered so we can have some fun."

Lori crouched over me and began unfastening my shorts. Her heavy breasts swayed above my lap as her nimble fingers tugged at my zipper. When my sister began hauling my cutoffs down towards my knees I lifted up off of the ground. Moments later my hard cock was free and it began to rise, until it was pointing towards her slightly agape mouth. She dropped my cutoffs on the ground, staring at my rigid cock aimed up at her and twitching a little. She licked her lips and ran her hand up my right leg.

"It's even nicer than I remember it," my sister said as she surveyed my shaft.

"Thanks," I said, but the word barely came out of my dry mouth. I lay back on the ground, completely naked, leaning back on my elbows and breathing harder.

delicately ran her fingertips over my balls and up along the underside of my twitching cock to the head. I shuddered and lifted up a bit to meet her soft hand as her fingertip ran over the head of my shaft and down the slit. She smiled as she saw my reaction and leaned closer. Her breasts rubbed against my side and chest and she kissed my cheek.

"I love you, Dave," she said, as her fingers curled around my shaft.

"I love you too, Lori," I replied.

My arm moved around my sister's waist and I held her tighter as she began stroking my cock. Her eyes were locked on it as her fist moved up and down. Her breasts began swaying and I reached out and cupped her left one in my hand. It was heavy and felt firm. I gave it a squeeze and rubbed my thumb over her thick nipple.

"Mmmm... I want your hands all over me," Lori said.

My sister was squeezing my cock hard now and stroking it faster. My balls shook and I began moving my hips slightly, fucking her soft fist. My hands roamed over her breasts, caressing and groping at them. I tugged at her right nipple and gave it a little twist. She moaned and gave my cock another hard squeeze.

When I came my throaty moan echoed out over the lake and I lifted up, thrusting my cock into Lori's hand gliding over my meat. She let out a sexy moan of delight when she saw the first stream of cum erupt from my slit. It coated the back of her hand and left a thick white strip across

her soft thigh. Lori pumped harder, smearing my cum over my cock as she milked another thick jet of cum from it.

"Yes... cum on me, Dave," she said as she stroked me and looked down at my jism on her soft skin.

Once my cock began to wilt Lori slid her hand down it and ran her fingertip over the slit. She wiped a bead of cum from it and brought her finger to her mouth. She sucked on it as she gave me a wanton stare as she ran her tongue over her hand to lap up more of my cum. Then she ran the back of her hand over her left breast, spreading my cum over her firm mound. It glistened in the sun on her soft skin.

I was breathing hard and felt like the earth was rocking under me. I leaned closer to Lori and she held me to her and kissed my cheek. I melted into her soft curves, smiling and said "Thanks, Lori... god... that was fantastic."

"I've wanted to do that for years -- and more," my sister said as she rubbed my back. She wiped some of my cum from her thigh and licked it from her fingers hungrily, then reached for some on my thigh. "I could easily get addicted to this stuff of yours," she giggled.

"Well, I can make some more later on, if you want," I joked.

"Yes... please." She wiped more from my thigh and smeared it around her hard nipple, making it shiny and wet with my jism.

There was not a sound from the woods around us or from the lake as my sister and I held one another for five or so minutes. Not a word was exchanged between us as our hands ran up and down one another's backs. The past was not even a memory for us at that moment. We had the present and were confident like never before about our future. After a while she looked up at me and smiled.

"How about a dip in the lake to clean up a bit?" I suggested.

Lori gave her head a shake. "No, I like having your cum on me," she said. "In fact, I want more... everywhere."

"You'll get it," I promised her with a grin and kissed her rosy cheek.

"Mmmm... maybe I won't wash it off till before we leave," Lori cooed.

She turned with her back to me and I wrapped my arms around her. She leaned back against me and I brushed her hair aside and kissed her neck, then ran my tongue up it. She let out a soft moan and tilted her head to the right, baring her neck to me. I nipped at it with my teeth as my hands moved up to feel her breasts and pull at her nipples.

I had no idea what the time was because I had left my watch up at the camp, but after a while my stomach told me that it was time to eat. "Are you getting hungry?" I asked.

After a few seconds Lori said "Yeah, now that you mention it."

"Let's go," I said.

I stood up and pulled my cutoffs back on. I watched my sister's heavy breasts sway as she bent over to pick up our towels and her bikini top. She glanced at me with a sultry look as I watched her.

"I don't think I'll be wearing this the rest of the time we're here." She held up her bikini top for a second and began following me towards the camp.

While I started the barbeque Lori brought out the chicken and two cans of beer from the camp. She pulled the tab and held the can up to me.

"Here's to us, with no expectations," she said.

"Amen," I replied.

Lori and I sat on the grass while the chicken was cooking. She was between my legs with her back against my chest. My arms were around her when I wasn't stroking her back or breasts. When I ran my hand up the inside of her right thigh a ways she smiled at me from the corner of her eye. Her skin was so soft and my fingers inched higher with each upward pass I made as I caressed her.

"How wet?" I goaded her.

Rather than answering, Lori took my hand in hers. She tugged at the top of her bikini bottom and pushed my hand inside. I moaned in her ear as my fingers slid down her soft, wet lips. She pushed with her hips and my middle finger slipped between her folds. I pressed harder, drawing my finger back up to her clit. Lori began to softly moan and rock her hips as I rubbed her slick button. When I slipped a finger in her tight pussy and began grinding the ball of my hand hard against her clit her moans became louder. She squeezed my finger as I wiggled it a bit then began moving it in and out as I rubbed her clit harder with the heel of my hand.

"Oh god... shit... Dave, keep doing that," she said as she pumped her hips harder.

My hand was coated with her musky juice now and my finger was moving faster and deeper into her. I could feel my palm slap hard against her swollen clit as I fucked her with my finger. Lori's mouth was tight and it seemed as though she was trying to speak, but all I heard were moans. When she came her cries echoed through the trees and she writhed about, twisting to my left. I didn't relent. My finger kept moving as she rolled over onto the grass beside me.

"Oh fuck... Dave... I came so hard," she said in a series of gasps.

I could feel myself getting hard again as I watched my sister on her hands and knees beside me. I moved so I was kneeling behind her and tugged her bikini bottoms down past her knees. She gasped and looked back at me with a smile. Her breasts swayed beneath her and her hair hung down around her face. But what I noticed most were her firm ass she shiny wet pussy.

"Fuck me, Dave," Lori said as she lowered her head, resting on her elbows in the grass.

I quickly tugged my cutoffs down to free my hand cock and moved closer to Lori. I held my cock in my hand and ran the head over her wet, pink lips. She pushed back, sliding her wet lips over the head of my shaft. I gave her clit a slap with my cock she flinched and gave a deep cry of pleasure.

"Don't tease me... fuck my tight pussy..." she moaned. "Shove it in me, Dave..."

When my cock slipped inside my sister she moaned deeply and pushed back with her hips to receive me. She raised her firm ass higher and I gripped her hips tighter and began to pump, working my meat in and out of her tight pussy. She gripped me tight within her and matched my movements, as though she was eager to fuck me, just as much as I wanted to do it to her.

"Fuck, that feels so good,," Lori moaned. Her hair hung down towards the ground and her hips had begun moving in a slow, tight rhythm.

I stared down at her, watching her writhe under me and grabbed hold of her firm breasts. My fingertips sank into her fleshy mounds and I began tugging at her nipples as I watched my cock slide in and out of her. She was very tight, gripping me like a fist and I began fucking her harder and deeper. She moaned louder and clutched at the ground beneath her.

"God... Lori... you feel so good," I said.

"Fill me, Dave... shove your thick cock in me -- just like you wanted to years ago," she said as she glanced back at me.

My hand ran up Lori's spine and I grabbed hold of her hair. My fingers curled around it and I tugged at it, forcing her back towards me as my cock sank into her up to my balls. She let out another cry as her hips moved and responded to my thrusts. My cock was coated with her musky juice and even my heavy balls felt wet with it. I was getting close, but this wasn't how I wanted to finish making love to my sister for the first time. When I pulled my shaft from her she looked back in surprise.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Turn over," I told her.

Lori rolled over on her back and I held her legs under her knees and wrapped them around me as I lowered myself on her. She held on to

my arms and pushed up to receive me. She let out another faint moan as my shaft pierced her and she gave it a squeeze.

"Fuck me hard, Dave," she said. "I need it -- I have for years."

I did just that -- forcing my cock in her tight pussy as hard and fast as I could, watching her beautiful breasts begin to shake and the look on pleasure on her face. I rested on her and kissed her cheek as I ran my fingers through her hair.

"I love you, Lori," I said.

"I love you too," she replied in a breathy voice.

Lori's nails dug into my arms and her heels pushed into my thighs as I kept pumping and thrusting, stabbing at her with my rigid cock. The wet sounds of our lovemaking rang out and I looked down, watching my cock move in and out of her. When I knew that I could not hold out any longer I pulled from inside her tight walls and moved up her body. I wrapped my hands around my cock and stared into her eyes as as watched.

"Cum on me, Dave," she said. "I want your hot cum running down me."

I came with a loud groan and watched my jism shoot from my twitching cock. It splashed across Lori's flushed cheek and began running down towards her neck. Another blast of cum sprayed from

my slit a second later, coating her upper lip and mouth. Her tongue darted out to lick it up as a third and final bit of my jism landed just below her left eye. She wiped it away and licked it from her finger as the rest trickled down her pink cheek.

I rolled over, staring up at the blue sky and panting. I felt Lori drape her soft, hot body over me and kiss my cheek. Her face was shiny and wet with my cum. Streams of it ran down towards her mouth and jaw. I had never seen her look so beautiful. She smiled and kissed my mouth. I could taste myself on her lips and ran my tongue over them before pushing it between them.

"That was fantastic, Dave," she said. "I'm glad I had no expectations, but if I had, you would have exceeded them."

I smiled up at her. "You're amazing, Lori," I gasped. "We should have done that years ago."

My sister slipped her leg between mine, pushing her knee against my spent cock and kissed my cheek. My cum on her face smeared over my chin and she ran her tongue over it, not wanting to miss a bit of my seed.

"We've still got a few days to make up for lost time," she said. "By the time we leave I want your cum on me everywhere and your cock in places no one has ever been."

I wrapped my arms around Lori and kissed her. Finally the past was forgotten and our future full of promise. As I looked up at her pretty cum-drenched face I knew that soon there would be more on it and elsewhere.

"It's not just my cock that I want in you," I said as I lowered my mouth towards her dripping pussy.

No Hard Feelings

Almost twenty years ago I was an eighteen year-old Freshman. Still wet behind the ears and sitting nervously in my chair, waiting for my first class of Twentieth Century American Literature to begin on that first week of September. Ever since I had been sixteen it was my goal to get accepted at Lawton University. I could hardly believe that day had finally come.

Like many students who graduated from the various schools around Chatham County, I wanted to attend Lawton because it was close -- close enough for me to remain living at home with my parents where my meals were cooked for me and there was no rent. They had bought me a used Honda Civic shortly after my graduation from high school so I could make the twenty minute commute to school each day. Being their eldest son I must admit that it meant my parents spoiled me somewhat, not that I ever complained.

After my American Lit. class ended I was standing in the hallway of the Reece Building, looking over my class schedule. I had Introduction to Psychology next. It was in the Chalmers Science Center. Now, how to get there, I wondered.

As I was looking about I noticed a guy a few yards away from me, looking as lost as I was. He was a little under six feet, with short black hair and a blue knapsack slung over his shoulder. He appeared to be about my age. In his hands was a slip of paper. He raised his head, looking about with a bewildered expression. When my eyes caught his he gave me a weak smile.

"Hey, do you know the quickest way to the Science Center?" he asked as his eyes searched left and right.

I laughed, then said "I was just wondering that myself."

"Intro. to Psych.?" he asked.

I nodded. "Yeah," I said.

"It's my first day here, so I'm still trying to find my way around," he told me. "I'm Cameron, by-the-way -- Cameron MacDaniel."

"David Hansen," I replied, sticking out my hand to him. He gave it a brief, firm shake. Together, Cameron and I wandered the halls until we eventually found our classroom. We arrived there only minutes before our professor, Mr. Foley, walked in and began his lecture.

Later that afternoon as I was leaving the parking lot for home I turned on to Beech Street. Standing at a bus stop amongst a group of people, probably students, I assumed, I spied Cameron. I pulled over.

"Want a lift?" I called out from the car.

Cameron nodded with a grateful smile and hurried over to my car. He tossed his knapsack on the floor and got in. "Where you headed?" I asked as I pulled away from the glass-enclosed bus shelter.

"Home... Union Avenue." He gave me a nervous look, as if to ask if that was too far out of my way. "Is that okay?" he asked.

"No problem. I live on Church Street," I told him. That was only two blocks east of his place.

As I drove it occurred to me that it was odd that Cameron and I had not met before, at least at school, given that we were practically neighbours. "Did you go to Fillmore High?" I asked him.

Cameron turned from the side window and shook his head. "No, we just moved here from Dayton in July. Dad got a transfer when the insurance company he works for decided to open a new branch here. My mom's parents live around here and she'd been bugging Dad to move here for years, especially now that my grandparents getting older," he explained.

When I turned in to the driveway to Cameron's house my first thought was that selling insurance must be more lucrative than I had realized. Their two-story brick house had a sizable yard with a pool and well-tended shrubs bordering a garden. Parked outside the two-car garage was a cranberry-red PT Cruiser.

"Nice car," I commented as I shifted my rusty Civic into Park.

"It's my sister's," he said, seeming unimpressed. "Want to come in for a while?"

The interior of the MacDaniels' house was as impressive as the exterior hinted at. There were hard wood floors throughout and paintings -- real ones, rather than the lithographs my parents owned -- hung from the walls. I clutched the strap of my knapsack as I wandered around the kitchen and downstairs hall, wide-eyed.

From the living room the sound of a television drifted into the hall. I followed Cameron through a dark wooden archway into the room. Sitting on the black leather sofa was a girl of about twenty. I stopped dead in my tracks and felt my heart begin to race when my eyes encountered her.

The girl on the sofa had wavy raven hair that hung down past her shoulders. She appeared to be about six inches shorter than me and was wearing sandals, jeans and a mauve blouse, the hem of which hung down loosely around her slender hips. When she looked up towards Cameron and me her steel blue eyes moved up and down my body. I grew anxious and shy. She smiled.

"How was school, Cam?" she asked.

Cameron let his knapsack slide from his shoulder and down his arm. It fell to the sofa beside the pretty girl. "Okay, I guess. But it's too soon to tell since it was only my first day," he said. Then, almost as an

afterthought, he turned to me and grunted softly. "Oh... this is David. We're both in Intro. to Psych. this year. David, this is my sister, Shelly."

I mumbled a greeting at Shelly, or at least I'm sure I did. I stood there, mesmerized. I tried not to gawk at her as I surveyed her pretty face. Her full lips were fixed in a smile and her bright eyes seemed to glisten like jewels.

"Hey. Nice to meet you," Shelly replied in a friendly voice. "How much is my little brother paying you to hang around with him?" She gave Cameron a teasing grin.

"I, ah... no, I met him on the way to class this morning and saw him waiting for a bus a while ago, so I gave him a lift home." The words poured out of my mouth. I began to worry that I was rambling and making no sense whatsoever. I felt myself blush. Now my knapsack seemed ten pounds heavier and I hoisted it higher on my shoulder.

"Don't pay any attention to Shelly -- no one else does," her brother retorted. He slowly raised the middle finger of his right hand and directed it towards her with a sneer.

Shelly had gotten up from the sofa to stand beside Cameron. Her left arm slipped around his back. Her brother's raised finger was now less than a foot from her pretty face. "Don't show it unless you're going to share it, Cam," she said with a sly grin.

Almost instantly I felt my cock begin to thicken and swell at the thought of sharing my finger with Shelly, or any other body part for that matter. I stared at the oak-coloured hardwood floor as my cock swelled.

"Speaking of sharing..." she continued, darting her eyes towards me. "Make sure you get Cam to give you gas money if he's going to be bumming rides home with you, David. He's good for it and he'll never have a car of his own -- at least not until he gets a job or wins the lottery." She looked back at her brother, flashing him a smug grin.

Cameron winced visibly, seeming embarrassed by his sister's remark. He gave me a look that seemed apologetic.

"It's no problem. I just live a block or so away -- on Beech." I said. I was hoping to avoid getting caught in the middle of any sibling rivalry, not to mention wanting to make a good first impression with the lovely Shelly.

"Has Cam told you why he doesn't have a car of his own?" she asked me. Her eyes moved back to her brother.

I shook my head, giving Cameron a nervous glance.

"It's because he can't be trusted with one. Isn't that right, Cam?" Shelly's condescending tone made her brother frown. Now his middle finger was in her face once more. She let out a chortle. "Go on -- tell him about what happened last year, Cam," she prodded.

I gave Cameron a curious look, then regretted it. Whatever his sister was referring to, it was none of my business and I didn't want to fuel her hectoring of him. I clenched my jaw, then saw him turn towards me.

"Mom and Dad promised to buy me a car when I turned eighteen and started college. My birthday was a few weeks ago, but as you can see, I still don't have a car. And like Shelly said, it's probably going to be a long time before I do." Cameron seemed chagrined to have been forced to explain this bit of news to me.

"Oh... well, it's no problem for me to give you a lift to school," I assured him.

"Thanks," he said. "And I will help out with gas money."

I waved my hand, refusing his offer. "It's no problem," I said.

"What my little brother neglected to tell you was that the reason why he doesn't have a car, and isn't getting one -- at least not from Mom and Dad -- is because last year he came home from the prom, drunk as a skunk and puked all over his bed." Shelly gave her brother another grin as she related this information to me.

I shrugged, stifling a laugh. Then I noticed that Shelly's arm had slid down her brother's back. Now it was around his waist, hanging off of his left hip. Her posture had caused her blouse to be pulled tight over

her chest. I could see the shape of her firm breasts pushing out at the cotton. Nice... definitely more than a handful, I thought to myself.

"Can you stay a while?" Cameron asked, turning his head my way. "It's great to have someone to talk to besides my airhead sister for a change."

"Yeah, sure," I said with a nod.

Cameron went to the kitchen and returned with two cans of Pepsi. He handed me one, then I followed him up to his room. I dropped my knapsack on the floor beside his bed, looking around. He sat down at a desk, on which rested a computer. He booted it up. I sat down on a chair in the corner, over which a shirt and a pair of jeans were draped.

"Don't pay any attention to Shelly," he advised. "She's not always that much of a bitch."

"It's okay," I said, taking a gulp from the can I was holding. "She was probably just giving you a hard time since I'm here."

He nodded. "Yeah, she likes an audience."

Cameron and I discovered we were both taking another class together: European History. Our schedules were also similar enough to warrant him getting a ride with me to school on almost a daily basis. As he had promised, he gave me money for gas, although I'd assured him that wasn't necessary. Soon I was spending almost as much time at his

house as I was at mine -- mostly after our classes got out in the afternoon, but sometimes into the evening as well. I enjoyed hanging out with him, but the truth was I was also eager to be around Shelly whenever I could.

Eventually I learned that Shelly was twenty-one. She had been attending college in Ohio before they moved to Cedar Point, but had dropped out after one semester. Their father had arranged for her to get a job as a receptionist at the insurance company after they had moved, although it was only part time. I got the impression from Cameron that their parents were somewhat frustrated with his sister and were anxious about her settling on a career.

"She's a hot piece of property, but the attic's for rent -- if you know what I mean," was how he had described her.

I laughed, then worried that maybe I shouldn't agree so readily. "Sorry," I mumbled.

"No, don't be. Everyone knows it. She'll make a great wife and a good mother someday. God knows she won't have trouble finding a husband because she's sexy, but she'll never make it by using her brain," he said.

Later that night, when I was back home in my room doing homework, Cameron's comments about his sister came back to me. I'd had friends before who had attractive sisters, but none of them had openly commented on them in the manner that Cameron had regarding Shelly. Certainly none had called them 'hot' or 'sexy'. It wasn't that I disagreed with his description of her; it was that I found it quite odd for a brother

to be so frank when describing his sister. I shrugged it off though, concluding that everyone has different standards of what's appropriate. Besides, Cameron wasn't blind and there was no denying how enticing his older sister was.

###

One evening in late October when I was visiting Cameron there was an incident that made me further question the nature of his relationship with Shelly. He and I were up in his room. We were supposed to be doing research for a psychology essay that was due in a couple of weeks, but were listening to music and playing video games instead. Cameron's parents were downstairs watching television. Shelly was with them when I arrived, but about an hour later she stuck her head in the doorway to her brother's room.

"Will you guys be needing the bathroom for a while?" she asked. "I'm going to take a bath."

I looked up towards Shelly. She was wearing a knee-length white cotton bathrobe with pink flowers embroidered on the lapels. It was tied tightly around her narrow waist. I ran my eyes down to her half-exposed legs. They were smooth and tanned, even though it was fall and too cold to sunbathe. She must go to a tanning salon, I concluded. Further up, I noticed how her breasts seemed fuller than I had ever noticed before, probably because it was the first time I had seen her without a bra holding them in place. They jiggled slightly as she moved and her nipples made faint bumps in the robe.

"No, I don't need it. Go ahead," Cameron said, then turned towards me.

I shook my head, forcing my eyes up to Shelly's face. Her moist lips curled into a smile, which excited me and made me feel a little flustered. Words lodged in my throat.

Soon I heard water running, then the sound of it sloshing about. I pictured Shelly stepping naked into the steamy water and running soapy hands down over her breasts to her flat stomach before slipping them down between her lean legs. My cock stiffened and my pulse raced. A few minutes later I heard Shelly call out. Her soft voice echoed from inside the bathroom.

"Cam... you there?" she asked.

Cameron got up and went to the doorway. "Yeah, what is it?" he asked.

"I forgot my conditioner," his sister replied. "It's probably lying on my bed. Can you get it for me, please?"

Cameron disappeared and a few moments later I heard a click as he opened the bathroom door. Not having a sister -- only a younger brother, I wondered what the proper etiquette was in such a situation. I thought that Cameron might stick an arm in to the bathroom and toss the bottle of conditioner to his sister, or maybe he'd close his eyes as he approached her in the tub and reach out towards her blindly so she could grasp the bottle. When he closed the door behind him I sat in stunned silence. My jaw went slack in surprise. I could hear their

muffled voices coming from the other side of the wall, then her cheery laugh. I reached down to give my erection a quick rub through my jeans as I wished I was Cameron at that moment, or could at least see through his eyes. As the minutes passed, my arousal was tinged with questions and an overwhelming curiosity as to the status quo between Cameron and Shelly.

My mind filled with ribald thoughts. I knew that although it was forbidden, both socially and legally, incest did certainly happen. But my preconception of it at that time was of it occurring non-consensually -- usually between an older male relative and a minor. That scenario repulsed and angered me. I had read stories online in which it transpired in a loving and mutually consensual context between adults, but thought that was pure fantasy and totally divorced from reality. Still, the idea had always excited me. It gave me a forbidden thrill. Despite not having a sister and never having found my mother or any of my aunts attractive there was a cousin of mine, Krista, whom I only saw at weddings and funerals who I had lusted for.

When Cameron returned to his bedroom I noticed that his cheeks were slightly flushed. I wondered if mine were too. I thought he might comment on his lengthy stay in the bathroom with his bathing sister. He didn't and I did my utmost to act like it never happened. But the memory of that incident lingered in my mind for many weeks and never failed to turn me on.

###

was only in retrospect that I realized what a seminal moment it was. I guess that's how those moments usually are.

"Mom and Dad are going to Italy next week," Cameron said. He turned towards me, wearing a smile.

"Lucky them!" I exclaimed. The thought of being in a warmer climate made me wish I could join his parents. The trees were already bare of leaves and I knew that soon they would be laden with snow.

"Yeah, they go to Europe every year around this time for two weeks to celebrate their wedding anniversary," he elaborated. "Last year it was France."

"Think I could stow away in their luggage?" I joked.

Cameron laughed. "You could try, but I'd rather stay at home. I'm looking forward to a couple of weeks without them." He had a faraway look in his eyes as he spoke.

I nodded as thoughts of my friend and his alluring sister being alone for a fortnight filled me with arousal and envy. I gripped the steering wheel until my knuckles turned white. I wondered if I would see Cameron much outside of our classes during his parents' vacation. If I were him I wouldn't want anyone intruding on us.

As it turned out, Cameron's routine during his parents' absence never varied. I had also wondered if he might skip classes in order to stay home with Shelly. He didn't. The morning of the first Saturday after his parents had departed for Italy I got a call from him. He asked if I had any plans and invited me over.

When I arrived at Cameron's around noon Shelly answered the chiming of the doorbell. She greeted me with a warm smile and invited me in to the kitchen and offered me a chair. There was a greasy fry pan on the stove. On the table was a plate with remnants of egg and bacon grease coating it.

"Cameron will be down in a little while," Shelly said. "Would you like some juice? I'm afraid all the bacon and eggs are gone."

"No, thanks. That's okay," I said.

Shelly was wearing the same white robe I had seen on her the night she had asked Cameron to fetch her conditioner. Her damp hair hung limply down over her shoulder blades. But what I noticed most was how her robe was tied loosely around her and the narrow patch of tanned, smooth skin peeking out from between the embroidered lapels. Her breasts moved freely beneath her robe as she brought the fry pan to the sink and ran hot water over it.

Shelly pulled a chair away from the table. When she sat down and crossed her legs her robe fell open, revealing her silky smooth legs almost all the way up her thighs. If it bothered her, she never reacted.

"So, how's school going?" she asked.

"Not bad," I said. "We'll be having exams soon and I'm a little worried about those."

Shelly gave an understanding nod, then shrugged. "I'm sure you'll do well. You seem like a smart cookie," she said.

"You wouldn't say that if you saw my mid-term grades," I joked.

Shelly laughed and folded her arms on her lap. The movement caught my eye, but soon I was distracted by the curves of her breasts, sloping gently towards the belt of her robe.

I struggled to maintain a conversation with Shelly, all the while reminding myself to not lower my eyes from her face. When I heard Cameron descending the stairs about ten minutes later, relief filled me. He was wearing jeans and a t-shirt, but like his sister, his hair was still damp from the shower.

After greeting me, Cameron looked in the sink at the fry pan. He frowned as he turned back towards his sister. "Well, thanks for saving some for me, Shelly," Cameron said, his voice full of sarcasm. He opened the fridge and pulled out a container of yogurt, then began scooping it into his mouth with a spoon.

"Hey, ya snooze, ya lose, little brother," she replied. "Besides, I was hungry." She looked up, giving him an impish grin.

"Keep eating like a horse and you'll get a fat ass," he warned.

"Hey, there's nothing wrong with my ass - or any other part of me," she spat out indignantly. Then looking for a second opinion, she stood up and turned towards me. "Do I look fat, David?" she asked.

"Ah... no," I said, then gave Cameron a nervous look.

"See!" she exclaimed with a satisfied grin as she turned back towards her brother. "So you can kiss my ass, Cam!" She giggled as she leaned over, presenting her firm, round posterior to him.

Laughing, Cameron reached out and gave his sister's backside a hard swat. It rang out slightly and she flinched, letting out a soft yelp. "Hey, piss off!" she cried out, then gave him a hard shove, pushing him back towards the counter.

In a flash, Cameron placed his container of yogurt beside the sink, then lunged at Shelly. He curled a muscled arm around his sister's narrow waist, gripping her tight against him. With his left hand he delivered three more hard slaps to her ass through her robe. She giggled and struggled to break free from his clutch. Her breasts shook inside her robe. Soon her nipples began to stiffen and push out at the cotton. I watched, feeling my cock harden.

"Ready to apologize, fat ass?" Cameron jeered, still clutching her tightly.

"Bite me!" she spat out, wrestling with his arm.

Shelly's legs were spread apart as she struggled against her brother. I had been laughing to myself as I watched them, but my amusement soon turned to arousal when I realized that I could see her left thigh inside her robe. Her damp hair fell around her flushed cheeks as she tugged in vain at Cameron's arm, wrapped tightly around her waist. Seconds later I noticed that the top half of her robe had gotten pulled open wider, either by Cameron's arm or hand. Inside the wedge-shaped opening I saw her left breast, almost down to the hard nipple. It was slightly conical and tanned, like the rest of her body that I had seen. As she contorted her lithe body her breast shook and swayed. I stared at it, transfixed as my cock throbbed.

"Give up?" Cameron asked, obviously trying to provoke his sister.

Instead of answering his question Shelly moved her hips, grinding her ass against the front of his jeans. A pleased expression moved over her face and she looked back. "Getting excited, little brother?" she taunted, gyrating her hips some more. "Don't cum in your pants..."

Cameron's smile waned and he relaxed his arm, releasing his sister. He eased away from her, giving me a wary glance. Shelly straightened her back and pushed her hair over her shoulders. She turned, locking her eyes on the bulge in her brother's jeans. Her tongue darted over her curled lips as she stared at his erection.

"Once more, strength is no match for feminine wiles," she gloated. Her eyes moved from her brother to me.

It was at that moment I realized that Shelly was much shrewder than she seemed. Perhaps her cunning had taught her to come across as dumb in an effort to get the upper-hand in many of life's situations. My estimation of her changed and I had a new-found respect for her guile.

"My work here is finished," she announced with a triumphant smile. "Time to get dressed." With that, she turned and strode out of the kitchen.

Cameron was standing beside the sink once more, emptying his container of yogurt. When he finished he sat it down, then gave me a questioning look. "Hey, would you mind driving me to Wal-Mart?" he asked. "I'll give you money for gas. I need ink cartridges for my printer."

I refused his offer of gas money and Cameron and I walked out to my car. For part of the ride he seemed sullen as he stared out the window. I assumed he felt chagrined and more than a little humbled after what had happened in the kitchen with Shelly, so I never attempted to make conversation. Although my thoughts were filled with the erotic scene I had just witnessed.

new cartridge in his printer. When I walked in and stepped over towards the chair at the foot of the bed, which had become my regular spot when I visited, something unexpected caught my eye.

Lying on the floor beside his bed was a blouse belonging to Shelly. I knew this because I had seen her wearing it once before when I had been over there. Besides, it was white with pink pinstripes and the buttons were on the opposite side. It wasn't Cameron's and even if he was a cross dresser, it was too small for him.

As I watched Cameron exchanging printer cartridges I wondered how his sister's blouse had ended up on his bedroom floor. After considering a few plausible explanations, the only likely one that remained was that she must have taken it off there and left it behind, perhaps even forgotten about it. My arousal returned as I contemplated the events before and after Shelly's blouse fell to the floor.

I could hear music coming from Shelly's room down the hall. Cameron and I were discussing our classes and exchanging unkind words about our History professor, Dr. Roberts. When Shelly appeared in the doorway about a half hour later I didn't notice her at first. When I looked up I felt my cock twitch. She had changed in to a grey crop top and a denim skirt that came down just past her knees. Her hair was in a ponytail and it looked as though she'd put some lip gloss on too. I looked her over, thinking her attire was out of place for that time of year, then considered that she might have chosen it in an effort to tease either Cameron or me, perhaps both. Regardless, she looked incredibly sexy.

"Wal-Mart," her brother replied. "I needed printer cartridges."

If Cameron bore his sister any resentment over what had happened earlier in the kitchen, he never showed it. I was relieved. I didn't want to see a rematch between them. Shelly seemed relieved too. She sidled up beside his chair and placed a hand on his right shoulder.

"You're not still mad at me, are you, Cam?" she asked with a slight, endearing pout.

Cameron looked up at his sister. He smiled, then gave his head a shake. "No," he told her.

Shelly smiled. "Good," she said, then leaned down to kiss his cheek. "I wouldn't want there to be any... hard feelings." Her smile turned to a foxy grin as she drawled the last two words.

I heard myself snicker as I listened to Shelly and she shot me a teasing smile. Then I worried that I might have angered Cameron. Instead of seeming incensed, he turned and gave me a self-conscious laugh.

Shelly still had her arm around his broad shoulders and now she was leaning against him so her breasts were pressed to his arm. The contact had caused her nipples to harden. Cameron's right arm was around her and his hand was on the small of her back. As I observed the siblings sharing an affectionate embrace I saw Cameron's right hand slide up, under his sister's top, which barely covered her stomach. As his broad

hand climbed higher and he caressed her back I noticed her top ride up. Soon her flat stomach was exposed. I waited for her to resist, but she didn't.

"Still think I'm fat?" she asked in a husky voice as she looked down at her brother. Now she was swaying her hips a little.

"I never said you were fat," he corrected in a gentle voice. "I said you'd get that way if you kept eating like a horse."

Shelly giggled and her breasts quivered. Now the hem of her top was only a few inches from the outlines of her thick nipples. As my heart pounded and my cock swelled I wondered how much more of her sexy body I would be treated to. Her hand roamed her brother's broad back between his shoulder blades and her half-closed eyes flitted towards me a few times. I began to feel like I was intruding and thought I should make an excuse to leave. But I was glued to my seat, wondering what might transpire next between the siblings. When Cameron spoke I felt somewhat relieved, but even more horny.

"I told you she was hot," Cameron said, seeming to read my mind. He sounded vindicated and excited.

I nodded. "Yeah... she sure is," I agreed. My voice seemed deeper than normal and my tongue felt thick.

were thick and pink, with areolas the size of silver dollars, and only inches from her brother's mouth. My eyes widened as I looked over at her half-exposed breasts. She smiled and arched her back, thrusting them out and causing her top to ride up over them a little more. When Cameron leaned closer and pinched her thick left nipple between his lips and tugged at it she moaned and ran her fingers through his hair.

Cameron turned towards me, licking his lips, then said "I guess you can tell that Shelly and I trust you with our secret."

"Yeah," I said as I exhaled. My eyes were still on her bare breasts.

"Back in Dayton we had a friend who knew about us. Sometimes he joined in," he elaborated.

"Uh-huh," I grunted, almost giddy with arousal.

Shelly moved around the back of her brother's chair and sat down near the foot of the bed, close to the chair I was in. She folded her left leg under her right and leaned closer to me. Her top had slid back down over her breasts, but now I could see up her skirt. She wasn't wearing panties and I caught a glimpse of her soft petals, glistening with her juice.

"What Cam is trying to say, David, is we were wondering if you'd like to have some fun with us?" she explained. Arousal flickered in her eyes and I was drawn in.

I gave her an incredulous look, then worry must have shown on my face. I heard Cameron let out a soft laugh and I jerked my head towards him.

"Don't worry, man. I'm not gay -- not even close. She means fun with her, while I watch," he explained.

"Oh..." I sighed. I felt relieved, yet still nervous about the proposition, despite my raging libido.

Sensing my discomfort, Shelly slid from the bed. She knelt at my feet and tugged her top off. Her breasts moved as she tossed it aside. Then her nimble fingers began undoing the button of my jeans. I felt all apprehension fade. Her fingers brushed over my hard shaft as she tugged at the zipper. As though spellbound, I lifted up as she began pulling my jeans and underwear to my knees. I heard her give a faint moan once my cock was free. It pointed up towards her parted lips.

When I felt Shelly's warm, wet mouth envelop my cock I forgot all about her brother, sitting a yard or so away, observing us. She sucked harder as she slid her lips down towards my balls, then back up. My fingers raked through her hair as I held her mouth down on me, pushing my hips up to meet her. She let out another moan and I saw her hand disappear under her skirt. When she slid her hot mouth from my cock with a lewd sucking sound I gave her a disappointed look.

"How about we move this party to the bed?" Shelly braced her palms on my knees and stood up. Her breasts swayed and I followed them with my eyes.

After a little difficulty I managed to get my sneakers off, then removed my jeans and underwear the rest of the way. Shelly was already naked and waiting for me on the bed when I sat down. I leaned back on my elbows and she knelt between my open thighs. Her tight lips wrapped around my shaft once again and she sucked it deep into her mouth. I moaned and laid back on the bed, eyes closed. She squeezed the base of my cock with her soft fingers and worked her mouth up and down faster now.

I felt the mattress quake beneath us and opened my eyes quickly. I saw Cameron kneeling behind his sister. He was naked except for his t-shirt and clutching her curved hips. When I heard her loud moan and felt her wet lips vibrating on my cock I knew that he had entered her. Her body shook as he thrust his hips, pumping in and out of her. I was edging closer to an orgasm as I watched the siblings, joined together in a taboo act. As I let out a deep moan and my body tensed Shelly swallowed my cock, holding her lips around it tight until I had finished coating her throat with my hot cum.

Panting, I moved side and watched as Cameron continued to work his cock in and out of his sister. Her breasts shook as she bent over on the bed, clutching handfuls of the sheet beneath her.

"Oh god... fuck me hard, Cam... pound it in me," Shelly cried out. "Shit, your cock feels so good."

cry out louder as she urged him on. I reached under her and gave her left breast a squeeze, then pinched and tugged at her hard nipple.

"Mmmm... yeah...play with my tits, David... god, you guys are driving me nuts," she said through her clenched teeth.

I was holding both of her breasts in my hands now, squeezing and tugging at her thick nipples. They felt firm and heavy. A few moments later when she cried out and her body went rigid I knew she was cumming. Still I continued playing with her engorged nipples. A few minutes later I heard Cameron's final cry of pleasure. He held himself tight against her ass a little while, then slowly backed away.

Shelly rolled onto her back. She brushed her hair out of her flushed face and smiled up at me. "This makes you an honorary family member," she said in a ragged voice. Her lips felt hot and wet on my cheek as she kissed me.

I smiled. From the corner of my eye I saw Cameron drop the condom he had apparently been wearing into a garbage can by his desk. He tugged his boxers on and sat down at his sister's feet. He ran his hand up her quivering legs to her ass and back down.

I stood up and pulled my underwear and jeans back on. When I sat back down Shelly ran her hand up my thigh towards my spent cock.

"What do you think you're doing?" she asked jokingly.

"I thought I should get dressed," I explained.

Shelly raised up on her elbows. "Well, I hope you're not planning on keeping them on for long," she teased. "Mom and Dad won't be home for another week."

###

About a week after his parents had returned from Italy Cameron and I were sitting in the cafeteria of the student centre at school. During our conversation about our classes and plans for the summer he said something that nearly shocked me.

"You know, Shelly really likes you." He looked up from his paper plate of food on the yellow plastic tray.

"I like her too," I said.

"No, what I mean is she likes you," he repeated, placing special emphasis on the last two words.

The truth of the matter was that I had developed a crush on Shelly myself. But given that she was my best friend's sister and the nature of their relationship, I never allowed myself to imagine that things could be any different than they already were.

"Oh..." I said, trying not to sound too hopeful.

"What I'm trying to get at, David, is I was wondering if you were interested -- you know, in a real relationship with her." He gave me an anxious look. For a moment Cameron sounded more like a concerned father rather than her brother -- besides being her lover.

"Oh... man, I don't know," I sighed. "Shelly's great and I really like her -- a lot. But she's your sister, Cameron and -- "

Before I could finish he said "I know what you mean. It's pretty complicated, I know. But she and I have been talking it over and we decided that maybe we better cool it... you know. Mom almost caught us a few days ago. Besides, it's probably time we met other people. I love her, but things can't go on forever and I feel like I'm holding her back from meeting a nice guy." He paused and laughed. "Well, she already has, I mean. And you're like a brother to me. I don't know anyone I'd rather see her with."

I leaned back in my chair, fighting the urge to let out a yelp of joy and unable to hide a smile. "Really? You mean it?" I asked.

"Yeah, of course. Give her a call tonight. I already sort of promised her you would anyway," he said. "And if it doesn't work out with you guys that will have no effect on our friendship. There'll be no hard feelings." He grinned.

###

That conversation with Cameron and my phone call to Shelly that evening seem like a lifetime ago now. Some nights when I look at Shelly curled up beside me on the couch or in our bed, it seems hard to believe we've been married going on fifteen years. Then when I look at our son and daughter I'm reminded just how quickly the years pass by.

Cameron and his wife, Kathy, live in his parents' house on Union Avenue now that they've retired to Arizona. He and Kathy visit often and whenever our kids ask about what it was like growing up when we were younger he and I share a knowing smile with Shelly.

"Life was hard back then," I tell them. "Very hard..."

Kaitlin had a reputation at Cooperate Image Consultants for being a ball-buster. As an account executive it was her job to see that our advertising agency was being prudent with our clients' money and that every dollar was being spent wisely. This sometimes placed her in direct confrontation with designers and advertising executives like myself. We had to go to Kaitlin with our proposals and convince her that our ad campaigns were worthy of the budget we had submitted. She had the final say on everything and that caused more than a little resentment between her and us graphic designers.

In all fairness to Kaitlin, I realize that it must not be easy for a woman to be working in a male-dominated environment. She was walking a razor's edge -- be too friendly or pretty and she was perceived as an airhead or slut -- be too diligent and she was perceived as a bitch. There was no winning for Kaitlin and she probably lumped me in the same dung-heap as the other men at the company. I couldn't really blame her because I had made no effort to be friendly with her. Our relationship was strictly business. After work I would occasionally go out for drinks with the other guys in the company, but Kaitlin was never invited along. This was not simply an oversight on our part; we did not particularly like her and assumed the feeling was mutual.

I don't know if it was by design or just her nature, but the image that Kaitlin put forth at work helped to consolidate the perception amongst us that she was a cold-hearted harridan -- although this was probably just the perceptions of us insecure men in the company who resented having to seek the approval of a woman before proceeding with our ad campaigns, if the cliché was to be believed. But the fact that Kaitlin kept

her brassy hair pulled back tight and wore navy blue pantsuits did little to dispel the preconceptions that her co-workers had that she was an androgynous shrew.

Kaitlin and I only had reason to interact when it was time for me to submit my budgets for clients, then wait for her to approve them. Occasionally she would question my numbers for the cost of a photo shoot or commercial for television, but ultimately she would always approve my expenditures. She and I had a good working relationship and I respected her business-like demeanour. That was all I ever expected of her.

A few months ago I was assigned a new client, Intersat Technologies. They provided civilian corporations with satellite imagery and were about to start a nation-wide advertising campaign. I was tasked with going to their cooperate headquarters in Baltimore to over-see a photo shoot for a print campaign and production of a television commercial. This was all scheduled to begin on Monday and run till Wednesday. That Thursday Mr. Baldwin, the owner of the agency, called me into his office.

"I'm sending you and Kaitlin to Baltimore on Sunday for the Intersat shoots, Michael. Is that alright with you?" he asked.

"Yes, of course, Chester," I said.

"The only reason I ask is because, well - I've heard that Kaitlin rubs some people the wrong way and I wanted to make sure that you had no problems working with her," he explained.

"I've got no problems with her. Maybe you should ask her if she thinks I'm an asshole though."

Chester Baldwin laughed as he got up from his desk. He walked around to the front and sat down against it. "She has no problems with you, Michael. We've already discussed it. Go see her. She has your plane tickets and company credit cards. The reservations at the hotel have already been made."

It was with a little trepidation that I knocked on Katherine's office door; it always was the case. She had her head tilted down as she poured over paperwork. When she looked up her hazel eyes met mine. She smiled. This was a rare occurrence. I returned her smile, thinking that she looked pretty when her features softened.

"Come in, Michael," Kaitlin said. She dropped her pen and pushed herself away from her desk. "Chester said you'd be coming to see me."

"Yes. I guess we're going to Baltimore on Sunday," I said.

"Yeah... the Intersat account. That should be fairly straight-forward." Kaitlin reached into the top drawer of her desk and withdrew a plane ticket and credit card. She handed them to me. "I'll meet you at the airport at four o'clock. Here -- you'll be needing these."

"Okay, thanks. I'll see you then." I left Kaitlin's office, surprised by how short our meeting had been, but almost relieved.

###

That Sunday afternoon I wandered through the airport searching for Kaitlin. I was dragging my wheelie suitcase behind me and carrying a black case containing my company-assigned laptop over my shoulder. When I first spied Kaitlin at a distance sitting on a blue plastic chair I hardly recognized her. Instead of the usual drab, business-like attire she normally wore she was wearing a short-sleeved white floral dress and sandals. Her honey-blond hair hung loose over her shoulders, making her appear younger than she ever had at work. Although I did not know Katherine's actual age I had guessed her to be around my age -- a few years shy of thirty. When she saw me approaching she looked up and smiled.

"There you are. Our flight leaves in ninety minutes." Kaitlin's hazel eyes met mine and she smiled.

I would have been nearly mortified if my co-workers, especially the men, had have found this out, but at that moment when Kaitlin smiled up at me and our eyes met I felt my cock begin to stiffen.

"We should go get our boarding passes," I said, feeling uneasy.

I'm a nervous flier, to put it mildly. A few times a year I'll be assigned as art director for an job that involves flying to another city and I always dread it. If I can, I will take a train or rent a car rather than fly. Hell, walking would be preferable to flying. During our flight to Baltimore

Kaitlin and I discussed the advertising campaign I had planned, including my ideas for the print ads and television spots. On my laptop I had mock-ups of how I wanted the finished product to look to show the client. I had already emailed them copies, but I wanted them to see them again and okay them on Monday before we shot even a single frame. I also planned to show them to Kaitlin later so she would be familiar with what I had planned in case the client asked her any questions.

About an hour into the flight I found myself less nervous and more preoccupied with Kaitlin sitting beside me. As we talked I found my eyes moving from hers down to her chest. It was then for the first time that I noticed her breasts. They appeared to be sizable handfuls judging by how they filled out the taut front of her dress. This was the first time that I was actually aware that Kaitlin had breasts. It's not like that discovery surprised me, but their size and attractive shape certainly did. The clothes she wore at work definitely had done a good job to conceal just how nice her body was. Once again, my cock began to swell and stiffen. At one point we encountered some turbulence and I noticed Kaitlin's firm mounds give a noticeable bounce beneath her dress. By the time our plane landed I was horny. It was the first time I actually enjoyed flying.

"Are you hungry?" Kaitlin asked as our cab took us to our hotel.

"I wasn't till you asked," I replied with a laugh.

1777

"Let's grab something to eat after we check in," she suggested. "After that, I'd like to go over your mock-ups for the photo shoot tomorrow," she said.

"Sure. No problem."

By the time Kaitlin and I checked in at the hotel I was very hungry. She and I were given rooms next to one another and we headed directly to them. During the elevator ride up we agreed to meet back down in the hotel lobby in a half hour so we could go to the hotel's restaurant, after we each had a chance to freshen-up from our flight.

I was sitting on a leather sofa beside a large plastic plant in the lobby when I saw Kaitlin emerge from the elevator. As she strode towards me I wasn't sure if her gait was different than usual or my perception of her had changed. Whatever it was, I was taken with how her lithe body moved with each step she took. Her hair and breasts reacted to her movements and I found myself captivated as I watched her walk across the tiled floor. It was hard to believe that the enchanting young woman walking towards me was actually Kaitlin.

"Ready to eat?" Kaitlin asked.

I nodded, my mind still filled with somewhat lewd thoughts about my co-worker. "I'm starving," I mumbled.

Kaitlin and I made our way to the restaurant and found a table. I was hungry, but my desire for Kaitlin was also growing. When she began making conversation I was glad because it forestalled any awkward silence.

"So, how long have you been with the company anyway?" she asked.

"It will be three years next October."

Kaitlin nodded. "I'm coming up on two years, but I still feel like the new girl."

"Why's that?" I asked.

Kaitlin lowered her menu to her plate. Her eyes met mine and the right corner of her mouth turned up while she seemed to be thinking. "Let's just say I'm not going to be voted Miss Congeniality by the rest of the people in the office," she said with a frown.

I gave her an uncomfortable expression as I struggled for words to comfort her.

"It's okay, Michael. I already know that everyone thinks I'm a cold-hearted, fun-hating, bitch," she said with a sigh.

I gave Kaitlin a compunctious look, noticing her sad expression. "It can't be easy being one of the few women at the company," I remarked.

"No -- not at all. Sometimes I feel like I'm damned if I do and damned if I do," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, maybe it's just my paranoia, but I worry that if I'm too friendly people will think I'm flirting, or if I laugh too much they'll think I'm an airhead. I figure that it's best that I portray a strictly business-like image to avoid any misconceptions. That's why I dress like Hillary Clinton."

Before I could restrain myself I let out a short burst of laughter. I clamped my hand over my mouth and gave Kaitlin a guilty look. "Sorry," I murmured.

"It's okay, Michael. I know I'm at least partially to blame for everyone thinking that I'm either androgynous or a shrew. I can't blame you for thinking that," she conceded.

"No, I don't think that, Kaitlin," I lied.

"Which -- that I'm androgynous or a shrew?" Kaitlin gave me a foxy smile. Her eyes had a mischievous glint to them as they locked on mine.

I felt myself blush as I tried to think of a safe answer. "Uh... both," I said.

It wasn't like I totally thought that Kaitlin was a one-dimensional number-cruncher, but seeing another aspect of her personality was something I was not used to -- although I knew that I could easily grow to like it. When I saw a waiter approaching to take our orders I was somewhat relieved. The tone of the conversation had made me

uncomfortable because I feared that I would say the wrong thing and inadvertently over-step some boundary with Kaitlin. Although we were out of the office and technically not working that night she was still a co-worker and I wanted to avoid being accused of acting inappropriately.

"So, you've got all of your mock-ups and everything you showed them during the pitch on your laptop?" Kaitlin asked.

Our food had arrived and I was busy making my chicken alfredo disappear when Kaitlin spoke. I nodded as I wiped my mouth with a napkin.

"Yeah. It's up in my room," I said.

"Would it be okay if we went over it later? I've seen it all, but that was a month ago and I should take another look, so I don't look like an idiot if they ask me questions tomorrow," she said, then giggled.

"Sure. That's no problem. I was thinking we should go over it too," I replied.

My hunger made me momentarily forget my manners. I finished my food quickly, as though I hadn't eaten in a week. When I pushed my empty plate aside and sat back Kaitlin grinned.

"What?" I asked, noticing the look on her face.

"You made quick work of that," she remarked.

"Sorry... after living alone for so long I sometimes forget to bring my manners with me when I go out."

Kaitlin laughed. "That's alright. It's not that. I was just surprised by how quickly you finished, that's all," she explained. "Living alone really does change one's perspective on things though, doesn't it?" she remarked.

"It sure does," I agreed.

"Sometimes I'm afraid that I'm going to end up like one of those crazy ladies with dozens of cats you read about in the paper," she said with a frown.

"How many cats do you have?"

"Two... so far anyway," she said.

"The trick is to find a guy who likes cats," I joked.

"Or at least one who doesn't think I'm androgynous or a shrew," Kaitlin shot back with a smile, despite the tone seriousness in her voice.

"I don't think you'll have any problem with that," I said, daring to be that outspoken.

"Oh? Do a lot of guys like cats?" she quipped.

"What I meant was you being either androgynous or a shrew... sorry..." I mumbled. Once again I feared I had said the wrong thing and Kaitlin was using humor to rebuke me.

"Sorry for what?" she asked with a puzzled expression.

"I just thought that maybe I was being too forward with my comment," I said.

Kaitlin gave her head a shake and smiled. "No, not at all. I appreciate the compliment. You don't have to walk on eggshells around me, Michael; we're not at work."

"No, but you're still a co-worker and I want to make sure I act professionally."

"Would it be different if I were a man?" she asked.

I thought about it for a moment, then gave a reluctant nod. "Yeah, probably," I admitted."

"Well, at least you know I'm a woman." Kaitlin replied with a smirk, seeming pleased.

"And not androgynous...?"

Kaitlin's eyes darted up from the table as she gave me a bashful look and blushed. She nodded. "Yeah," she replied in a hush.

An awkward silence fell between me and Kaitlin. I glanced at my watch. It was a little past nine o'clock. It would take us a while to go over the files on my laptop and I wanted to get to bed early so I would be alert for the shoot the next day.

"You ready to go take a look at the presentation I put together?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied.

I paid for our meal, then Kaitlin and I walked to the elevator. I was glad that I had not unpacked or gotten a chance to mess-up my hotel room yet since Kaitlin was in it. Sitting on a desk opposite the bed was the carrying case holding my laptop. I took it out of the case and turned it on. While I was waiting for it to boot I looked inside the mini bar to see what was available in the way of snacks and drinks.

"Want something to eat or drink?" I offered. "We may as well help ourselves, since it's part of the expense account."

"What do they have?" Kaitlin had sat down in front of the computer and was staring at the screen.

"Ahhh... pop... juice... lots of snacks," I told her.

"Nothing stronger than pop or juice?" Kaitlin turned to look at me and furrowed her brow.

Kaitlin's question surprised me, but I took another look to see what they had in the way of booze. "There's some rum, vodka, wine..."

"I'll take the vodka -- unless you want it," she interrupted.

"No, thanks. I'm going for the rum."

I sat the two bottles of liquor on top of the bar and looked for some mix and glasses. While I was doing that I suddenly heard the unmistakable sounds of a couple having sex coming from my laptop speakers. I froze in terror, then turned towards Kaitlin. She slowly turned her head to give me an astonished look.

"You have porn on your company computer..." she remarked, sounding as shocked as she looked. "I thought that file was your Powerpoint presentation. Sorry."

and had never expected Kaitlin to be searching through those files. Even so, the files for the job we were on were in a folder on my Desktop. She must have overlooked it somehow.

The sound of an actress moaning in faux pleasure still filled the room. Instead of finding it erotic I feared that it signaled an end to my career once Kaitlin told Chester about her discovery.

"The files you're looking for are in My Documents," I said.

I had hoped that Kaitlin would take that as her cue to exit the movie viewer and close the porn scene. Instead, she stared at the screen with rapt attention and a faint smile.

Now I was more curious about her reaction than aghast, I slowly approached Kaitlin and stood behind her left shoulder. On the computer screen a brunette with big, fake breasts and nails that resembled claws was wildly riding a man with a cock almost as thick as my wrist. Her massive breasts shook and wobbled about as she slammed herself down on his thick meat repeatedly, crying out as she did so -- perhaps in discomfort, I guessed.

"Wow... that looks like it would be more fun than an E-ticket ride at Disneyland," Kaitlin said with a smirk. She turned her head to give me a quick glance and her eyes darted down to the growing bulge in my jeans for an instant.

Kaitlin was resting her chin on her right fist as she watched the couple on the screen. She was nibbling on her lower lip and running her tongue over it occasionally. Watching her was far more arousing for me than what was playing on my laptop. I noticed that her cheeks had a rosy hue that had not been there earlier. I ran my eyes down and discovered that I could see a hint of cleavage in the front of her dress as she leaned closer to the screen. Her breasts looked far more enticing than the plastic jugs on the actress who was riding Larry The Human Tripod.

Once the video clip was finished Kaitlin closed the movie viewer and opened the folder with the work files. I was relieved, but still anxious about how my erection was bulging out at my jeans. Although I could not measure-up to the actor we had just seen, I knew that if Kaitlin looked down at my crotch she would still realize I was horny.

"That was a pleasant diversion -- now to do some work," Kaitlin said with a giggle.

I pulled the other chair beside the desk closer to Kaitlin and sat down so we could look at the files together. Almost immediately my eyes were drawn to the outline of her hard nipples pushing out at the material of her dress. They appeared thick and I would have given just about anything to have been able to wrap my lips around them and suck hard.

For the next half hour or more Kaitlin and I looked through images and read copy that I had written for the print ads. I found that sitting so close to her while being so horny was distracting and frustrating. I

found it difficult to concentrate on work when all I wanted to do was unbutton her dress and fondle Kaitlin.

"I think I've seen enough to have a good idea what direction you're going in."

When Kaitlin spoke those words I was glad. I wanted to get some sleep, but first I really wanted to jerk off. I nodded in agreement with her and watched as she shut down my computer. She closed the laptop and rested her hands on it, then turned to give me a coy smile.

"Would you mind if I took this to my room... just in case I want to take another look at the copy on those ads -- in case they ask me about it tomorrow?" Kaitlin's eyes met mine and she gave me a sly smile.

"Sure... help yourself," I said, fighting a grin.

Kaitlin picked up the laptop and walked towards the door. I followed her, staring at her ass.

"Want to meet in the lobby around seven for breakfast?" she asked.

"That sounds good. It will leave us plenty of time before we have to be at the studio," I said.

"Good. Have a good night, Michael."

"You too."

I closed the door behind Kaitlin and locked it, then quickly got undressed. My hard cock tented the sheet as I laid in bed. I wrapped my hand around my shaft and began stroking it, thinking about Kaitlin and picturing her in my mind. A few minutes later when the phone on the night stand rang I nearly shot straight out of bed in shock.

"Hi... it's me."

I instantly recognized Kaitlin's voice, although I found that it sounded husky, probably from arousal.

"I'm sorry to bother you, Michael, but I need a password to boot your computer."

"Oh... yeah... sorry. I should have thought of that. It's sanchez -- all lowercase," I told her.

"sanchez?" she questioned.

"Yes, it's my mother's maiden name," I explained.

"Then that explains those cute brown eyes of yours," she replied.

Kaitlin's compliment surprised me, but it also pleased me just as much. "Yeah... I guess so. Thanks," I stammered.

There was silence for a while and I could hear the start-up sound as the splash screen displayed on the computer.

"So... if someone wanted to look at your collection of adult entertainment on here, where might they find it?" she asked, sounding coquettish and quite sexy.

"It's in My Documents, in a folder labeled NSFW," I told her.

"NSFW? What's that mean?" she questioned.

"Not Safe For Work," I said.

"Ahhh..." she exclaimed, then chuckled.

My hand was still gripping my hard shaft and I was stroking it a bit while I listened to Kaitlin's thick voice. A minute or so later I heard the familiar sounds of a woman moaning and knew that Kaitlin had opened a movie clip. I waited through several more seconds of silence, wishing I could see what she was doing right then.

"Oh...?" I grunted, curious to hear what else she was going to say.

"Yeah... the girl in the movie we watched was a brunette and so is the one in this clip. Big tits too. That must be what you go for in women."

Kaitlin's blunt remark shocked me, but it also fed my arousal. I guess I was not so naive as to think she was incapable of crude speech, but I was so accustomed to her professionalism that it was hard to believe what I had heard.

"Yeah, I guess I usually notice brunettes more than blondes or redheads, but not too big... in the chest, I mean -- not like those women. Besides, they're fake," I said.

"I wouldn't want boobs that big -- even if I could afford to buy them. What I've got is plenty for me," she said.

Kaitlin's candor was making me even more horny, but I didn't dare say too much, or be too eager to agree with her. "Ah... well, I guess it's good that you're happy with how you look. Those porn stars with watermelons look kind of silly anyway," I said, almost mumbling.

"Yeah... and if I had tits like that all the guys at work would probably be staring at them all the time. At least they look at my eyes when they talk to me."

"Well, your eyes are pretty." No sooner had the words left my mouth and I regretted my comment. Horniness had overpowered my inhibitions.

"Nicer than my boobs?" Kaitlin asked, then let out a sexy giggle.

"Oh, geez, Kaitlin, I have no idea," I replied, growing nervous as I listened to the sound of fucking coming from the laptop speakers over the phone.

"Am I shocking you, Michael?" Kaitlin's voice was soft and teasing.

"A little," I admitted, although that was an understatement.

"I'm sorry. I should let you get to sleep," Kaitlin said.

"No... it's okay..." I replied.

"When I called I wasn't sure if you'd still be... up," she cooed.

"Yeah..." I breathed, stroking my cock faster.

"Are you... up, Michael?" she asked with a soft lilt.

"Yes," I answered in a short breath.

"Do you wish you had the laptop instead of me?"

"No... it's okay... I can do without it for one night," I joked.

"Do what without it?" she countered.

I let out a quiet laugh at her question. "Use your imagination," I said.

"I don't have to; I'm looking at your porn."

"How do you like it?" I asked.

"To tell you the truth, it's a little too hardcore for my tastes," she replied.
"The guys are kind of good-looking, but... I think it would be a little uncomfortable for me."

My cock throbbed as I listened to Kaitlin and imagined sliding in her tight, wet pussy. "Guys built like that make me feel insecure," I admitted.

"No... don't feel that way. It's like grocery shopping when you're hungry: it all looks so good, but your stomach can only hold so much. I've never wanted to be with a guy that big -- honestly."

"What if he likes cats?" I joked.

Kaitlin chuckled. "Mmmm... I know one kitty that's purring right now," she said, almost moaning.

"Are you petting it?" I asked.

"Yeah..."

I drew in a deep breath and pulled the covers down to my knees. My cock was pointing towards the ceiling and I began pumping it harder with my hand. When I heard Kaitlin gasp and cry out in pleasure I knew it wouldn't be long before I came.

"You sound so sexy, Kaitlin."

"I... thanks... I can't believe we're doing this. I've never done it on the phone before," she said.

"Do you like it?" I asked.

"Oh yeah..."

"Oh god... Michael... I'm gonna..."

Kaitlin never finished the sentence before she let out a series of moans. I joined her, letting out a deep groan as my cum shot from my cock like geyser in a series of blasts. It splashed over my stomach and hand. I continued to stroke my shaft while I listened to Kaitlin cum, moaning and muttering words I could not make out. I had never heard anything or anyone as arousing as the sound of her having a series of orgasms.

Once Kaitlin caught her breath she let out a self-conscious titter. "I've been such a bad girl tonight," she said.

"I loved it. You sounded so damn sexy. I hope you're a bad girl every night."

"I just might be," she said, then stifled a yawn. "But I'm going to be a tired girl if I don't get some sleep."

"I know what you mean. I'll meet you downstairs at seven," I said.

"Better make it seven-thirty."

"Okay. Have a good night, Sexy," I said.

Kaitlin giggled. "Thanks. You too."

###

When I woke up the next morning I could feel my dried cum on my stomach and the sheet. I smiled, feeling my cock begin to stir as I recalled having phone sex with Kaitlin the night before. I got up and had a quick shower. I knew I had little time to waste, but I was also in a hurry to see Kaitlin.

As I stepped off of the elevator I saw Kaitlin sitting in a dark green wingback chair beside the sofa and plastic plant. The black case containing the laptop was resting on her thighs. She was wearing black slacks and a billowing white blouse. Her hair was hanging down loose and she almost seemed to have a smile on her face. When she noticed me walking towards her she smiled and stood up.

"Have a good sleep?" she asked, then smirked.

"Yes, and I had a wonderful dream about hearing the sexiest woman on the planet in the throes of ecstasy," I said.

Kaitlin smiled and blushed. She handed me the laptop. "You must have missed this," she teased.

"If every night from now on could be like last night, I'll never care if I see it again," I told her.

"Just don't get rid of it till this job is over." Kaitlin pressed herself against my side and ran her hand up my back.

I was hungry by the time our food was brought to us in the restaurant. My conversation with Kaitlin during breakfast was strictly business. I guess we both realized that this job was too important for us to let our libidos distract us.

In the back seat of the cab on the way over to the photo studio Kaitlin reached across to me and gave my hand a squeeze. I looked over to her and we exchanged warm smiles. They weren't the perfunctory smiles of co-workers anymore -- they were that of lovers. I brought her hand up to my mouth and kissed the back of it.

The photo shoot went well that day, but drug-on longer than I had expected. We ordered-out for food at lunch and by mid-afternoon I was hopeful that we could quit by five o'clock. The client was happy with what I had shown them, as well as the images that the photographer was getting that day. That much was a huge relief to me. I knew that despite everyone's best efforts sometimes there was just no satisfying a client -- especially when they were spending tens of thousands of dollars to market a product. More money always equals more pressure.

It was only during the cab ride back to the hotel that I realized I was tired. During the shoot I was running on nervous energy and coffee. With that gone I began to feel drained. I leaned my head back in the cab and closed my eyes. When I felt Kaitlin holding my hand I opened my eyes and smiled at her. Suddenly my vigor was renewed. She and I held hands until we pulled up at the entrance to the hotel.

Not a word was spoken between us as we rode the elevator up and walked down the hall towards our rooms. Kaitlin paused at the door to her room and gave me a nervous look.

"Do you want to meet down in the lobby later and get something to eat?" she asked.

I sidled up to her and took her hand in mine. "They must have room service," I said.

Kaitlin smiled. "Want to come in then? I'll call the front desk and ask."

I followed Kaitlin into her room. Her bed had been made by housekeeping service, but I noticed the dress she had worn the day before draped over a chair in the corner.

"Make yourself at home," Kaitlin said as she picked up the phone.

I dropped the case holding the laptop onto the bed then took my sport coat off. I tossed it beside the laptop and stepped closer to Kaitlin.

"Is chicken okay?" she asked, covering the receiver of the phone with her hand.

I nodded.

"Yes... that will be great, thank-you. Two orders of the chicken and what do you have for wine?"

Kaitlin looked up at me and winked.

"That sounds great. One bottle of that, please," she said, then hung up the phone.

"You wouldn't be trying to get me drunk, would you?" I joked.

Kaitlin slipped her arms around my waist and pulled me to her until our bodies were pressed together. "Would I have to?" she asked with a grin.

I shook my head. "No. I think I'm still hungover from last night."

"Well-hungover?" she asked with a wily smile.

I laughed. "Nowhere close to the guys you saw in those videos last night," I told her.

"Good," she said.

I bent down and kissed Kaitlin's full lips. She parted them and I felt her tongue darting over mine. She moaned softly as I ran my hand up her spine and tugged at her bottom lip with mine. Her breasts were pressed against my chest. They were firm and felt bigger than they appeared when she had worn the tight dress the day before. When my erection pressed against her stomach she gave a faint moan and looked down at the tent in my trousers. Her moist lips curled into a smile.

"At least one of us is far from being androgenous," she said.

"Yeah, but maybe I had better check you -- just to make sure," I replied.

When I began fumbling with the top button of Kaitlin's blouse she let her arms go limp at her sides. I tugged the hem of her blouse from her slacks and unbuttoned it the rest of the way. She was visibly nervous, but when I pulled her blouse open wide and smiled she seemed relieved by my reaction.

Kaitlin was wearing a white bra made of silky material. It held her breasts firmly in place and molded them into firm orbs. Through the fabric of the cups I could see the outline of her hard nipples. I ran my fingertips over her left one and watched her shudder. When I cupped her breasts in my hands and began kneading them she held onto my shoulders and bit the corner of her lower lip. As I began sliding her blouse off of her slender, delicate shoulders I felt Kaitlin's body tense. She gave me a wary look, so I stopped.

"They'll be bringing our food up in a while," she reminded me.

I tugged at Kaitlin's blouse, pulling her closer and kissed her forehead. "If you answer the door like this, you won't have to give him a tip," I teased.

"Tits instead of tips -- is that what you're saying?" she retorted.

I laughed. "Yes -- exactly."

Kaitlin and I kissed again. I ran my hands over her soft skin beneath her open blouse. She felt wonderful and I could not wait to explore every inch of her lovely body. I regretted ordering room service so soon. We were sitting at the foot of the bed, kissing and caressing one another when there were three loud raps at the door. Kaitlin froze and gave me a frightened look.

"Room service," came the young man's voice from the hall.

"Just a second," I called out.

I tugged at Kaitlin's hand, bringing her to her feet. Silently I motioned for her to wait in the bathroom. She hurried inside and closed the door.

I quickly ushered the bellhop inside and signed the bill, then gave him a tip. Seconds after I closed the door and locked it I heard Kaitlin's timid voice echoing from inside the bathroom.

"Has he gone?" she asked.

"No," I said. "He told me he likes cats, so I thought you'd want to meet him."

Kaitlin was laughing as she poked her head out of the bathroom door. Seeing that we were alone once more, she stepped out and into my arms. I kissed her as I eased her blouse off. This time she never resisted. I unhooked her bra and slid it down her arms, letting it fall to the floor beside her blouse. Her breasts swayed slightly as she moved. I stared at them, admiring their round contours and mocha nipples, surrounded by two-inch areolas. I took one between my lips and sucked, then swirled my tongue around it.

"Mmmm... you really know how to use your mouth," she sighed. "You could make a girl fall in love with you."

"Unless it's you, I'm not interested," I said.

"I see that tongue of yours is made of silver," she retorted.

Kaitlin began unbuttoning my shirt and tugging at it. She tossed it aside, then began unzipping my trousers. I kicked my shoes off and watched as she pulled my pants and underwear down. My hard cock rose and pointed towards her perfect breasts once it was freed from its confines. Kaitlin wrapped her soft hand around it and began stroking it. After a minute or so I tugged at her arm, bringing her over to the bed. I sat down and helped her take her slacks and panties off.

"God... you're beautiful," I said once she was standing naked before me.

Kaitlin gave me a bashful look and folded her arms under her breasts. I placed my hands on her gently curved hips and brought her closer until she was standing between my parted thighs. I gave her firm ass a squeeze and bent down and pressed my tongue to her clit. Kaitlin gasped and clutched my shoulders.

"Oh my..." she exclaimed.

I took her left calf and guided her foot up until it was planted on the bed by my right hip. Clutching her ass once more I slid my tongue up her wet pussy. I drew in a deep breath, savouring her musky scent, then pushed my tongue between her wet lips. She moaned and dug her fingertips into my shoulders.

Kaitlin's hips began to rock slightly as I licked her and sucked on her hard clit. I pinched it between my lips and slipped a finger inside her. She was tight. Very tight. I wanted my cock inside her even more than earlier. I began working my finger in and out of her as the tip of my tongue flicked over her swollen button. She was moaning louder and grabbing handfuls of my hair.

"Oh god... Michael... you're wonderful," she moaned, then pushed me down on the bed.

I looked up as Kaitlin straddled me. When she sank down on my shaft we both moaned. I held her by her hips and began pumping, working my cock in and out of her, feeling her grip me deep inside. It wasn't long before I could feel her juice running down my cock and over my balls. I knew that I would probably not last much longer. I was just too excited to be able to last as long as we both would have liked.

Gripping Kaitlin's hips tighter, I moved her onto her back in the middle of the bed. I crouched between her velvety thighs and kissed her ruby lips. When I pushed my shaft into her again she moaned and wrapped her legs around my lower back. She thrust her hips, matching my movements until we were both breathing heavy and moaning. When I looked into her half-closed eyes and eased away she knew I was very close.

"Fuck my tits... cum all over them," she told me.

Kaitlin cupped her heavy breasts in her hands and pushed them up into two firm mounds. I straddled her and shoved my cock between them. Her juice on my shaft made it easier to fuck them and I pumped hard. Kaitlin's tongue darted out, flicking over the head of my cock as I pushed it towards her chin.

When the first rope of cum shot from my cock Kaitlin stuck her tongue out to catch it. Some of it sprayed over her chin and left cheek. She gave my shaft a squeeze and aimed it towards her mouth, drinking my jism.

another's juices. I ran my hand over her smooth back and pulled her closer until she was resting her head on my chest.

"We'll have to eat that food before it gets cold," Kaitlin said about ten minutes later.

"I'd rather eat you, Sexy," I said, running my fingertips over her dripping pussy.

Kaitlin quivered and opened her legs wider.

We fell asleep like that for an hour or so, our naked bodies entwined. When we awoke from our naps we ate some supper and opened the wine. Soon I felt myself getting hard again. Kaitlin and I were sitting in the middle of the bed. When she saw my growing erection she smiled.

"You're going to wear me out, but I love it," she said.

I pushed on her shoulders until she was on her back. That night we made love until the sky began turning sapphire and we were spent.

###

On our first day back to work after our trip to Baltimore I was somewhat sheepish around Kaitlin. I did not want our burgeoning romance to end, but I feared that she might not feel the same. Nothing about her demeanour seemed to have changed and she was still

wearing one of her drab business-like outfits. It seemed that Baltimore would be nothing but a very fond memory for me.

As I was leaving the building that afternoon I was stopped by two co-workers, Kevin and John, who inquired about my plans for the evening.

"We're going out for some beers. Want to come?" Kevin asked.

"No, thanks. I'm pretty beat. I'm just going home," I told them.

The truth was I was feeling rather morose. Although I had not expected Kaitlin to be openly demonstrative or talk freely about what had happened during our trip, I did expect her to be a little friendlier than usual.

As I was walking towards my car I heard the sound of high heels on the pavement behind me. I turned and saw Kaitlin coming my way. I stopped and waited for her to catch up with me. As she got closer I noticed her smile, which buoyed my spirits.

"Hey..." Kaitlin said, seeming tentative.

"Hey yourself," I replied and smiled.

"Where are you headed?" she asked.

"Home, I guess." I shrugged, probably looking quite glum.

"Can I ask you something?" Kaitlin's eyes met mine and she cocked an eyebrow.

"Sure. What?" I replied.

"Do you like cats?" she asked with a grin.

A wide smile formed on my face. "I love them," I told her.

"Good. I've got a couple that I want you to meet."

Kaitlin took my hand and we walked towards her car.

Phonecest

I grew up in a tight-knit family in a small town named Waverly. Mom and dad were big on what some might call "traditional values". I was the youngest boy of three children. My sister, Traci, was three years older than me. Our older brother, Daryl, was seven years my senior. Growing up we were like the three amigos.

Growing up, I really looked up to Daryl. He educated me on things that I might have otherwise missed-out on, or only discovered years later. From sex to music, Daryl was my mentor and confidant. I knew that I could go to him with questions that our father could not answer, or that I did not dare ask him. I could seek Daryl's advice without fear of either ridicule, or receiving misinformation. He really helped mould me into the person I am.

My sister helped shape me too, although she never became aware of it till much later. Being the only girl, Traci was a typical tomboy when she was young. She was always eager to join in a game of baseball or touch football with us and the other kids in the neighbourhood. Once our sister reached puberty all of that changed. She began spending more time with other girls and took on interests that were different from mine and Daryl's. I was sad, thinking that Traci and I were growing apart. Ironically, the changes in both of us that transpired in the ensuing years ultimately drew us both back together once more years later.

break and summer vacation. Eventually Traci entered college too and her visits home became as infrequent as our brother's. It was during Thanksgiving weekend one year that Daryl made a comment that changed my life and how I regarded our sister.

I was eighteen and had just begun my first year at Waverly Community College. I was taking a degree in Journalism and was still living at home with mom and dad. Daryl had graduated and was working as a veterinarian in Ceder Falls, about a two hour's drive from home. Traci was in her second year of a Dentistry degree in Northridge, an hour away. Daryl and I were sharing our old bedroom that weekend. We had all gone to bed, although none of us were really tired. I was staring at the ceiling in the darkened room, wishing I could fall asleep, when my brother's voice cut through the silence.

"Traci really looked hot in that blouse today, didn't she?" Daryl said.

I thought for a moment until an image of our sister's blouse came to mind. It was light pink, tapered along the sides with a square hem so it hung down over the top of her paisley skirt. Actually, it was rather plain looking.

"I guess. I never really noticed her blouse much," I said.

"I don't mean her blouse, Ian," he said, laughing. "I meant how she looked in it. You could see her tits down the front of it when she bent over, and her nipples were hard when she came down from her room this morning."

"I never noticed," I repeated, trying to conjure mental images of what my brother was referring to.

"Well, check her out tomorrow. I wish she'd wear that blouse again -- only without a bra. Watch how her tits bounce when she walks."

"But, she's my sister," I said.

"She's my sister too, but she's still got the nicest tits in town," Daryl replied with a lecherous chuckle.

I guess I should have been shocked, maybe even repulsed or disgusted by Daryl's crude remarks about our sister, but for some reason I wasn't. My older brother's comment about our sister shifted the axis of my world. Never again could I regard Traci as simply my older sister. She had become a desirable young woman to me.

The next morning while I ate breakfast I was filled with an odd mixture of curiosity and arousal while I waited for Traci to join us downstairs. Daryl had already finished eating and was in the living room with dad. Mom was busy preparing the Thanksgiving turkey. When I heard Traci coming down the stairs my heart sped up. I stared at my bowl of Corn Flakes, trying to act disinterested.

1810 Traci's cheery voice greeted me and mom as she entered the kitchen. She gave mom a kiss on the cheek, then poured herself a bowl of cereal. She sat down at the kitchen table to my left and began eating.

I had looked at my sister thousands of times in my life -- maybe a million. But now I felt guilty as hell about it because my thoughts and intentions were far less than chaste. It was only a few minutes later that I summoned the nerve to give her a sideways glance, and then only under the pretext of reaching for the sugar bowl to add more to my cereal.

Traci's honey-blond hair was in a ponytail, which emphasized her high cheekbones and hazel eyes. She was wearing a green tank top and jeans, both of which clung to the curves of her body. The front of her top plunged a little so I could see some of her upper chest, just below her collarbones. I wondered how much more I'd see if she were to bend over.

When Traci reached across the table in front of me to reach for the sugar bowl I saw her right breast quiver and shake inside her top, less than a foot from my face. I had seen breasts before, but I had never wanted to see a girl topless as much as I did at that moment. Failing that, I would have gladly settled for the opportunity to get my hands on my older sister's breasts. They were obviously much more than a good handful and strained the material of her tank top as she leaned over. Seconds later, I realized that I had a hard-on. It was the first of many caused by my big sister.

I finished my cereal, but I had lost my appetite -- for food at least. I could feel my cock pushing at the front of my jeans. I needed to calm down before I could leave the table. I sipped my juice, trying to think the most un-erotic thoughts that I could imagine.

Once Traci finished eating she began helping mom peel potatoes, cut up a squash and chop carrots. I slunk off into the living room with dad and Daryl, hoping to get my mind off of my sister. They were watching a movie that dad had rented. It was one in the Godfather series, but I did not know which and cared less. I slumped down in a chair in a corner and pretended to be interested, while thoughts and images of Traci flooded my mind.

By the time mom announced that our Thanksgiving meal was ready my appetite had returned. It was late afternoon and I had been tormented by the smell of turkey and pumpkin pie for hours. Daryl was sitting next to me at the dining room table. Mom and dad sat at opposite ends and Traci was across from me and Daryl. This had been the seating arrangement for as long as I could remember. I was preoccupied with eating and paying little attention to the conversations around me.

It was when Traci asked Daryl to pass her a roll and he tossed one towards her that I looked up, laughing. The roll hit our sister in the head and bounced onto her plate. She flashed Daryl an indignant look. Mom was not very pleased either, but dad and I were grinning.

"I can see you've still got the manners of a pig, Daryl," she said, sticking her tongue out at him.

"Yes, how rude of me. I should have offered you some butter too," he replied.

Daryl scooped a dollop of soft butter on a spoon, then flicked it across the table at Traci. It splattered over her tank top. Actually, to be more precise, it landed on her left breast. She tilted her head down and frowned, then glared up at Daryl. Using her napkin, Traci wiped the butter off as best she could, but a noticeable stain remained on her tank top. It was just above her nipple. I could tell this because I was observing from the corner of my eye while my sister wiped the butter from her top. Her breast jiggled a bit as she rubbed the napkin over the greasy stain. Through the fabric the faint outline of her nipple appeared seconds later. I felt Daryl's elbow jab my ribs. I shifted my eyes towards him and he gave me a sneaky grin.

My thoughts had returned to Traci once more and they were as taboo as before. I finished my meal in near silence, almost too nervous to look at her.

Once supper was finished dad and Daryl returned to the living room. I think that dad had rented all of the Godfather movies and was intent on watching each in succession. Mom was loading the dishwasher while Traci put leftovers away in the fridge.

While everyone was busy doing something I went upstairs to use the bathroom. I had to use it, but it also gave me an excuse to be alone for a little while. I splashed some cold water on my face and looked at myself in the mirror, trying to gauge whether or not I appeared any different. Satisfied that I looked as though I should, and not as horny and flustered as I was, I used the toilet.

heart began to race and my cock began to swell. Standing there with her back to me was my sister. She was searching through an open suitcase that was on her bed. But what really caught my attention was that she was topless, except for a bra. I ran my eyes over her bare back, noticing the straps of her pale blue bra. Her silken hair hung down past her shoulders.

I stood there as though my feet were nailed to the floor, watching as Traci shifted through clothes in the suitcase. My cock throbbed and I felt light-headed. When my sister turned around and saw me she let out a startled gasp, then smiled as she exhaled. In her hands was a white blouse with a pleated front.

"I didn't know anyone else was up here," she said.

"I was in the bathroom," I explained.

Traci was holding the blouse up towards her chin, trying to cover her nearly bare chest. Her piercing brown eyes met mine and she gave me a nervous smile, but did not move. If she felt uncomfortable with the situation it never showed. I had never even seen my sister in even a bikini before. This was the first time I had seen her not completely dressed.

In retrospect, maybe Traci should have closed her bedroom door in my face, or at least turned around. She did neither. Maybe I should have turned and gone downstairs, but I stood there, transfixed. She smiled and I noticed her arms relax a little. It was as though this chance

encounter had awakened something in her, just as Daryl's comments about her had with me the night before.

"I wanted to change my top, since Daryl got butter on my other one -- the little shit."

That was the first time I had ever heard my sister use any sort of foul language. It surprised me, but paled in comparison to her standing there in just her skimpy bra and jeans.

"Good thing you asked him to pass you a roll and not the gravy," I joked.

Traci let out a laugh and nodded. As she moved, her right arm shifted. From beneath it her breast appeared, held snugly within her bra. Seeing my sister's breast, covered by just the thin pale blue cotton of her bra, made me realize that she was actually more buxom than I had surmised. I was used to seeing her wearing loose blouses, tank tops or dresses -- never anything as revealing or tight as that bra. Above the flimsy blue material I could see the rounded mass of her breast, pushed up by the bra. Her alabaster skin looked soft. Through the cotton her nipple pushed outward. My eyes locked on it, surveying its length and thickness.

It was only a matter of seconds that I was afforded this glorious view, but it seemed far longer. If Traci noticed, or cared, that she had inadvertently flashed me she didn't show it. Whats more, if she was bothered by me seeing her partially undressed she appeared unfazed by it. It was as though this was a common occurrence.

"I should be getting back downstairs," I said, my eyes meeting hers once more.

"Okay, I'll be down in a few minutes. As soon as I put this on."

Traci did not wait for me to turn towards the steps. She slid her right arm into the sleeve of the blouse and began pulling it on. My heart lept. I paused a fraction of a second, just long enough to see her breasts being thrust outward from her bra as she slipped into her blouse.

I descended the steps, not quite able to believe what had just transpired. Dad and Daryl were engrossed in a movie, so I was able to sit quietly in a corner, alone with my taboo thoughts. I sat in a chair and gave a blank stare at the television.

A few minutes later I heard Traci coming down the stairs. She paused in the living room doorway to see what we were watching. The white blouse that she had changed into looked nice on her. It made her dark eyes and hair stand out. She was so pretty. I looked her way for a moment, but was concerned that she might find my looks too lingering. When she smiled at me I felt myself blush. It wasn't just that she had smiled, but the sort of smile that she gave me that sent a jolt of excitement through me. It was a furtive, teasing smile -- as though she was reading my mind. A second later she disappeared into the kitchen with mom.

That night, after going to bed, I did not tell Daryl about my encounter with our sister upstairs that afternoon. My instincts and better judgment told me not to trust him to be discrete with my secret. Were the roles reversed I knew he would have told me, but I wasn't sure he would not mention it to Traci. I pretended to be asleep to avoid any conversation with my brother. Once he was asleep I jerked off, thinking about Traci

The rest of that weekend was uneventful. In fact, there was never another incident like that between me and my sister that I considered to be a turn-on, or what others might deem improper between siblings. Well, at least not during our visits back home over holidays.

###

One benefit about me and my siblings being raised by parents with conservative values is that they instilled in us the importance of family members remaining close. As the years passed and Daryl, Traci and I were living and working in separate parts of the country we all made a point of keeping in contact with one another. Not a week went by when I didn't send or receive either an email or phone call to, or from, my siblings. It helped us remain close since we only got together infrequently for holidays.

Hearing from Daryl was always fun. He never changed a bit over the years. His sense of humor and interests remained much as they were when he was a teenager. It was that stability and common ground that I relied on. No matter what, Daryl was someone whom I could always enjoy a conversation with.

I was always equally as glad to hear from my sister too, although for a much different reason most of the time. One thing about Traci that I never really noticed much until we began exchanging regular phone calls was that she has a very sultry voice.

Womens' voices were not something I had ever paid particular attention to -- unless they were shouting at me, very sexy, or annoying. It's ironic that it was only once we were living in different cities some years later that I came to find my sister's voice arousing, after finding the rest of her as such for so long.

I was twenty-five and working as a news reporter for the Waverly Times. I had an apartment across town from mom and dad. Traci was twenty-eight and was living in Denver. She had just begun a small dentistry practice there.

It was one night when I was especially tired and had gone to bed early that I came to find just how arousing my sister's voice could be. I was asleep, or well on my way, when the phone rang. My voice must have sounded groggy when I answered. The caller laughed and asked if she had woken me up. It took me several seconds to realize it was my sister.

"Oh... hi, Traci," I groaned into the phone.

"Were you asleep or are you drunk?" she asked, laughing louder.

"Asleep... well, almost," I said.

"Want me to let you go back to sleep?" she asked.

I sat up and leaned back on the headboard of my bed. I cleared my throat and ran my hands through my hair. "No, it's okay," I said. "I'm awake and don't have to get up too early tomorrow."

"I just wanted to call and see how things are with you."

"I'm doing good," I told her.

As my sister and I talked I realized I was paying more attention to the sound of her voice than to what she was saying. Over the phone her voice seemed to have a breathy quality. It was soft and sensual, although I knew that was far from her intention. It wasn't long before I felt my cock begin to stiffen. Being as quiet as possible, I slid my hand inside my underwear and began to slowly stroke it and fondle my balls. Soon my shaft swelled and grew. I stroked it slowly, listening to my sister and trying to keep up with the conversation.

After about ten minutes or so of conversation Traci decided she had better let me get back to sleep. I was disappointed because I would have been able to make myself cum had we kept talking a while longer. But I realized it was for the best that we rang-off when we did -- before Traci realized just how horny I was. I was not able to find sleep until after stroking my cock to orgasm while thinking about my sister and listening to her soft voice echo in my head. This began a trend that

continued during subsequent phone calls, and lead to an intimacy between me and my sister that to this day no one else knows about.

###

Phone calls from Traci were not out of the ordinary, but I began looking forward to them more than ever. If a week or so had gone by without us talking I would sometimes lie in bed, wishing the phone would ring, or I would call her myself. But I did not want her to suspect that my motives might be less than pure, so I did not call too often, for fear of raising suspicion in her. That was probably paranoia on my part though.

Over the weeks I grew increasingly turned-on during conversations with my sister. I found myself having to try to hide my arousal and make sure my voice did not give me away. Invariably, my hand always found it's way inside my underwear to my hard cock. I could feel my heart pounding as I spoke with and listened to Traci.

Maybe I had gotten too complacent or self-assured after so many phone calls with Traci that I grew careless. Maybe I assumed that she would never suspect that her little brother was capable of getting horny while we spoke. Regardless, one night my sister surprised me.

I had been in bed almost an hour one night when Traci called. I was not tired, so was reading a novel I had bought a few days before. When the phone rang my heart lept, hoping it was her.

"Hey, little brother, how was your day?" This was usually how Traci began her phone calls. As usual, she sounded chipper and friendly.

I was already sitting up in bed before I answered the phone. I had gotten in the habit of sleeping without underwear, which made stroking my cock much easier. That night, as soon as the phone rang my cock twitched in anticipation.

"I had a crappy day," she sighed. "I'm glad that it's over so I can relax."

"What's wrong?" I asked, growing worried.

"Oh, nothing's wrong," she said. "I'm just tired and a little frustrated, that's all."

I heard a loud clatter on the other end of the line, like the sound of something falling. I wondered what it was.

"What was that?" I asked.

"My shoes sliding across the hardwood floor," she said. "I'm getting comfortable."

"Oh," was all I dared say, although images of my sister getting undressed came to mind, making my cock spring to life.

"You're probably already in bed, so I may as well get ready too, right?" she said.

"Sure, go ahead," I told her, trying not to sound excited.

I could hear the sound of movement over the phone. This lasted for the better part of a minute. In my already aroused state I was easily able to imagine Traci in just a bra -- much like I had seen her that Thanksgiving weekend. Slowly, I drew in a deep breath as my hand slid down over my stomach towards my cock.

"Oh, shit... hold on..." Traci cried out, followed by the sound of something rustling, then some muffled cursing.

I laughed to myself, wondering what was happening. After a few moments my sister spoke once more.

"Okay... sorry about that," she said.

"What the hell was all that about?" I asked, quite amused.

"Well... I was trying to take my bra off and it got tangled in the phone cord. I nearly strangled myself, but it's finally off." She was laughing as she described her predicament.

"Oh...", I grunted, feeling my cock thicken and tent the sheet.

Although I tried to feign disinterest, my sister had piqued my curiosity and stoked my libido with her description of what she had been doing. I was torn in two -- growing increasingly horny, while trying to seem calm, like any normal brother should be.

"Well, you asked," Traci shot back. She had clearly mistaken my terse reply for embarrassment.

"Yeah, but I didn't mean to pry. Sorry," I told her.

"Don't be silly, Ian. It's not like you can see anything over the phone." She laughed again, amused by her own remark, then paused. "Anyway, you've already seen me in just a bra before, so it wouldn't be such a shock."

"I guess not," I said, growing more horny.

"Geez, I never knew you got embarrassed this easily."

"Normally I don't, but you're my sister," I said.

"Then you'll probably be mortified to know that right now I'm topless." Traci laughed as she spoke.

My sister's revelation, accompanied by her playful laugh fed my lust for her. A surge of excitement coursed through me. "Oh..." I mumbled, holding back all the things I wanted to say.

"Well, after the struggle with my bra, I decided to not keep you waiting any longer by going to look for pajamas," she explained.

"I'll wait if you want to go get some," I told her, although the thought of continuing the conversation knowing she wasn't wearing a top turned me on.

"No, it's okay. Normally I don't sleep like this, but it feels really nice." I could hear her shift about and let out a slow, breathy exhale.

I couldn't tell whether Traci was trying to entice me, or her candor was spontaneous and natural. Still, I hoped that she found our conversation as arousing as I did, although I considered it quite unlikely.

"I never wear a t-shirt to bed -- just boxers," I said, convincing myself that she might have a prurient interest in what I wore to bed.

"It's different with you though; you're a guy." she said.

"I don't see what difference that makes," I told her.

"Let's put it this way: right now my sheet is pulled up around me and it's cool on my skin, so there are two bumps sticking out in it." Traci's voice was soft, coy.

"Oh..." I said, noticing that I sounded horny now.

"That's what I meant when I said it felt really nice," she explained.

My cock was throbbing and fully hard. The head rubbed over the sheet, dampening it with pre-cum. My hand eased down towards it and I squeezed it.

"Can I ask you something?" she asked.

My sister's question made me nervous, but I couldn't refuse. "Of course," I told her.

"Remember that Thanksgiving weekend years ago when you walked in on me changing, after Daryl threw butter on my top?" she asked.

"Yeah... I'm sorry about that. I never knew you were in your room," I told her.

"It's okay, but... just how much could you see that day?"

"You were wearing a bra, so it's not like a lot was showing."

"Just a lot of cleavage," she surmised with a giggle.

"Well, some," I admitted, trying to sound reluctant hesitant.

I was stroking my cock slowly now while I listened to Traci's sensuous voice. I called to mind the images our conversation reminded me of. I had only had phone sex a few times in my life, but there I was: masturbating during a phone conversation with my big sister. I drew in a few deep breaths, trying to calm myself so she would not detect the arousal in my voice.

"You want to know something?" I offered.

"Sure. What?" Traci asked, obviously very curious.

"You were the first girl I saw topless," I revealed.

"Well, I wasn't exactly topless," she corrected.

"Close enough," I said with a laugh.

"Close enough for a horny teenage guy, huh?" she teased with a grunt.

I gave another nervous laugh, unwilling to openly agree with her. But now I was beginning to wonder if Traci was enjoying the conversation as much as I was, then concluded that was probably unlikely. I hadn't been so horny in weeks.

"Well, I hope that since then you've seen plenty of other girls topless, and moved on to bigger and better things."

"That would be difficult," I spat out.

"What?" she asked.

I sighed, regretting my comment. Now I was going to have to explain myself. "Can I be completely honest with you?" I asked.

"Of course. The way this conversation has been going I'd expect it," she told me.

"Well, what I meant was it would be difficult because you're pretty big up top."

"More than a handful, right?" she added, sounding sexy. "Is that what you're saying?"

"You're bad, little brother," my sister scolded, although she still sounded teasing.

"Sorry," I mumbled. I was unsure of just how serious to take her, so decided to err on the side of caution.

"No, don't apologize. I was just teasing you, Ian. I've wanted you to be bad for years now."

"Really? How?" My sister's admission gave me renewed hope that someday our relationship might take on a taboo nature.

"Okay, since we're being honest... can I tell you something?"

"Anything," I said, feeling my heart pounding faster.

"When you walked by my room that day when I was changing my top, didn't you notice how my arm moved down after a while and I didn't wait for you to leave before I started putting on the other blouse?"

"Ahh... yes," I admitted, as the image flashed in my mind.

"Well, I wanted to let you have a little better look," she admitted, sounding very sexy.

"Really? Wow!"

"Well, I noticed you looking at them when we were at the table and it made me feel like being a little naughty." My sister paused a moment, then let out a nervous titter. "Okay... really naughty. Being around you does that to me sometimes," she said.

"Really?"

"Yeah... like now..." she elaborated.

"Now?" My cock was as diamond-hard and tenting the sheet. My hand was still gripping it at the base. I began to slowly stroke it again and running my hand over my heavy balls.

"I mean, me telling you I don't have a top on now and mentioning that my nipples are hard... that's not something a girl normally tells her little brother, right? But I've always felt perfectly comfortable around you, Ian, and sometimes I've wanted to push things with us a little bit -- even though I knew it was a little... inappropriate."

I knew, or was at least fairly certain, where the conversation was going, but I still wanted Traci to drive it, for fear of pushing her boundaries too far. There was too much at risk for me to assume too much and be wrong. I was stroking my cock faster now as I listened to my sister's voice and pictured her in my mind. I knew my breathing had changed, so I moved the phone down from my mouth a ways. When Traci spoke again I realized that I had been lost in my own little world for a while.

"What are you doing?" Traci seemed almost as amused as she did curious, but now her voice sounded different too. It was thicker, husky. I found it sensuous.

"Nothing," I said, then cleared my throat.

"Uh-huh... me either." She sounded sarcastic. Cynical. But also arousing.

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked, growing defensive at her tone of voice.

"It means I think my little brother is being bad while he talks to me." Her voice was soft and teasing, not accusatory.

"No..." was all I could come back with.

"It's okay, Ian... I'm doing it too."

My sister's admission sent a surge of excitement through me. Thoughts and images of her masturbating filled my mind. I gripped my cock harder and stroked it a little faster. Now I cared less about whether she heard me breathing heavier.

"What?" I asked, hoping she would share details with me.

"My sheet slid down around my waist a while ago and I started touching them. But when I heard how your voice sounded and you were breathing heavy, it made me wonder if you were doing it too. After a little while my hand ended up under the sheet."

I cleared my throat and drew in a deep breath. I wanted to calm down so I could prolong this as long as possible. "Where under the sheet?" I asked.

"You know..." My sister sounded reluctant and shy as she drug the words out. Her coquettishness was very sexy.

"No, I don't... tell me, Traci."

"I'm touching my pussy," she finally admitted in a throaty whisper.

I lifted my ass up from the bed and pushed my shaft into my fist when my sister spoke those words. A moan sounded behind my tight lips that she must have heard.

"How does it feel?" I asked.

"Warm... and wet... very wet," she breathed.

I remained silent, listening to the sound of my sister's breathing, hoping to hear whatever else I might. This went on for a minute or so, until she spoke.

"Are you stroking, Ian?" she asked, sounding very horny.

"Yes," I said, almost grunting.

"Mmmm... I love seeing a guy do that. I always wondered if you did it that night after you saw me changing."

"Yes," I admitted.

"Damn... I missed it."

I continued to stroke my cock, faster now, listening to Traci's labored breathing and the sporadic faint moans she issued. She sounded as sexy as she always looked. A few minutes later she gasped and let out a long moan.

"Ian... oh god... I'm gonna cum, Ian," she cried out before moaning again, only louder and for longer.

Listening to my sister having a series of orgasms and moaning was more than enough to send me over the edge. I let out a deep moan and called out her name as I shot thick, hot cum up towards the sheet and over my hand.

Traci and I each took a little while to catch our breath and calm down. Once I did, I felt rather awkward. I had just had phone sex with my sister. Nothing can prepare you for how to handle a situation like this. I struggled for something to say.

"That was the wildest thing I've ever done in my life," I said, almost gasping.

"Me too." Traci giggled, but I knew her shyness wasn't affected now.

"You sounded so damn sexy," I told my sister.

"Thanks. I hope I didn't sound silly. You sounded great too -- like you came really hard."

"I did," I told her.

Traci and I talked for another ten minutes or so, but she soon became sleepy. I would have been more than happy to have kept talking in hopes that we might repeat what we had done, but I knew she needed to get to sleep.

"Sweet dreams, little brother. I love you," she said in a soft voice.

"I love you too. Have a good night."

I hung the phone up and rolled over in bed. I fell asleep with a smile on my face that I think was still there when I woke up.

###

Three days after me having phone sex with my sister I received a call on my cell phone from my mother while I was at work. She was crying and it took me a little while to calm her and get her to explain why she was calling.

"It's your father.... he fell... he was getting out of the tub. The ambulance just left. I think he broke his arm." Mom was heaving and sighing as she spoke.

I immediately raced over to my parents' house, then drove mom to the hospital. We waited quite a while until we heard any news on my father's condition. Thankfully he had only broken his wrist when he tried to brace himself during his fall in the bathtub, but he had bumped his head too. The doctor wanted to keep him in the hospital for a day for observation.

After I drove mom back home I realized that I would have to call Daryl and Traci to inform them of dad's accident. It would be the first time I had spoken with my sister since having phone sex with her and I felt more than sheepish. I stalled by calling Daryl first. He was concerned, but when I explained that dad had only broken his wrist and was otherwise alright my brother was relieved and glad that I had called.

Traci was surprised to hear from me, especially in the afternoon. She began crying when I told her what had happened to dad.

"I'll be there tomorrow night. I can catch a flight in the afternoon. I can rearrange my schedule for the rest of the week and stay with them for a few days," she said.

"Traci, I don't think that's necessary," I said. "Dad will be home in a day or so. He only broke his wrist; he'll be okay. There's no need for you to drop everything and come down here."

There was a long pause. "You don't want to see me. That's it, isn't it, Ian?" My sister sounded hurt and angry.

"No, Traci, that's not it at all. It's just that this isn't an emergency. Dad's going to be just fine," I explained.

"Is it because of what happened the other night?"

I sighed. My sister had mentioned the issue that was hanging over our heads. "No, it has nothing to do with that. Look, you can come down here if you want. I just didn't see the point in it."

"Well, I do," she snapped. "I'll be there tomorrow night."

A half hour later my cell phone rang. It was mom. She had spoken with Traci and was calling to tell me what I already knew. But she also said that she expected me to be at the house tomorrow night when my sister arrived. I dreaded that, but there was no way out of it.

Dad was released from the hospital the next afternoon, once they had determined that he had not fractured his skull or received a concussion from his fall. We gathered in the living room that evening, awaiting Traci's arrival. I dreaded facing her and hoped that I could find an excuse to leave early.

Traci took a cab from the airport. Once she arrived she spent some time fawning over dad, then talked with him and mom. I sat at the opposite end of the room, arms folded, listening to their conversation. My sister virtually ignored me -- even to the point of not looking my way.

Dad had been given painkillers at the hospital in case his broken wrist caused him discomfort. He had taken one a while after supper and became drowsy an hour or so after Traci arrived. Once my mother noticed this she quickly ushered him off to bed, joining him too. Now there was just me and my sister in the living room.

I had not counted on being left alone with my sister. I could have left immediately, but that would have been too obvious and probably would have probably just sparked another argument the next time we spoke. I noticed her looking my way so I turned towards her. When she smiled and I ran my eyes over her body my heart melted. It was hard to be pissed-off with her when she looked so damn pretty.

Traci's hair was curly now and longer than when I had last seen her. She was wearing a purple blouse that was a little tight on her and a knee-length black skirt. She looked as lovely as ever. My cock began to stiffen as I looked her over and recalled our last phone call.

"Mom and dad are really happy you came down," I said.

"Well, at least someone is." Her voice was cold and her mouth tight.

"Will you give it a rest, Traci. Please."

Traci's eyes met mine; she seemed nervous. She drew in a deep breath, then slowly exhaled. "I just thought that you wanted to avoid me now and thought that I was a horrible person after what I did," she said.

"No. No way, Traci. Never. Besides, I did it too. Remember?"

My sister slowly nodded, still watching me. "Then I guess we're both horrible people," she said. Her expression softened and she smiled. "I've never known anyone who's committed incest before," she said, sounding ashamed.

I flinched when I heard her use that word, then reconsidered what we had actually done. "All we did was have phone sex. I don't think that qualifies as incest."

"It's more like phonecest, I guess." Traci laughed hard at her witticism.

I was very relieved to hear my sister's cheerful laugh and see her smiling at me once again. This was the Traci I knew and loved so much. As watched her I recalled portions of our phone conversation and how she sounded when she came that night. My cock stiffened and my eyes moved to the curves of her heavy breasts straining her blouse. I imagined her touching them while she talked to me on the phone. She was still smiling at me, but her laughter had faded out.

"What? You're awfully quiet." She gave me a piercing stare, her eyes narrow.

"Sorry... nothing," I said.

"No, tell me, Ian. Let's not have any more misunderstandings. Please."

"Okay... I was just thinking about that phone call and how pretty you look right now," I explained.

Traci blushed and tilted her head down a bit, then smirked. "Thanks," she whispered. "What else were you thinking?"

"How nice your tits look with that blouse on." I gave her a bold grin, waiting for her response.

at my sister's chest with impunity. She seemed to enjoy being open about showing off for me as much as I enjoyed looking.

"You like?" she asked, fishing for another compliment.

"You know I do. I have ever since I was a teenager."

Traci stood up and walked over to where I was sitting. She stood in front of me and unbuttoned a few buttons of her blouse and pulled it open. She was smiling the whole time. Her eyes never left mine. Her blouse was undone almost to her navel now. She was wearing a black bra with floral lace on the cups.

"Is this better?" My sister gave me a teasing smile as she held her blouse open.

"Much," I said looking up at her chest.

Traci took another two steps towards my chair. She braced her left knee on the cushion between my thighs, then placed her palms on the arms of the chair. She leaned over me. Her curly hair hung down around her face and shoulders. I could smell her perfume; it was intoxicating. But what I was concentrating on were her round breasts, now barely a foot from my face. They swayed slightly, threatening to fall out of her bra. I stared at the outline of her thick nipples, wishing I could wrap my lips around them and wondering if she would let me if I begged her to.

"Damn, Traci -- you look fantastic," I said.

"I do, or my tits do?"

When I raised my eyes to my sister's face she was grinning, but her question struck a nerve with me. I love my sister dearly. She's a wonderful person and incredibly pretty. But I needed for her to know that my feelings for her went well beyond admiring her breasts -- they always had.

"Well, I did mean your tits, but -- you're so damn pretty, Traci. And that's just the beginning. You're funny and smart. Don't ever think that all you are is just pretty," I told her.

"You're so sweet, Ian," she gushed.

My sister threw her arms around mt neck. She bent down and kissed my cheek, clutching me to her. I placed my hands on her hips, then slid them around to her back. Now Traci's breasts were swaying just inches in front of me. My cock throbbed and began to tent my jeans. She smiled, her eyes darting down to her chest, then back to mine.

"How's the view down there?" she joked.

"Perfect. Just don't get any closer or you'll smother me with those things."

Traci's breasts shook as she laughed at my comment. She was still clutching my neck and following my eyes with hers.

"But can you think of a better way to go than being smothered by my tits?" She laughed again after she posed the question.

"No, but how would you explain it to the police -- or mom and dad?"

"They'd believe me after they saw the smile on your face, little brother."

Traci stood up and stretched. "Sorry -- my back was killing me," she explained.

I nodded, watching her. When she noticed my erection pushing up at my jeans Traci grinned. She stepped back to my chair. "Mmmm... looks like my little brother has a big problem," she purred. "How would you like for me to take care of that for you?"

Although I had fantasized about something like this happening many, many times, when my sister made her offer it stunned me. I looked at her in wide-eyed disbelief. "Traci... wow... thanks, but mom and dad are just upstairs. We can't. Besides, are you sure? That's a pretty big step for us to take. Wouldn't you feel weird about it?"

My sister sat down on the arm of the chair and looked at me. "No. I'd feel great about it. And wouldn't my hand on it feel better than yours? We've already broken the ice -- on the phone, I mean," she said.

"But in-person is something else entirely. Besides, if mom or dad get up, we'd be in so much shit.

The right corner of Traci's mouth turned up while she thought. She hooded her eyes, then smiled. "What if I called you when you got home?" she suggested.

"What?"

Traci ran the fingertips of her right hand up and down the inside of my left thigh. She looked down towards my erection, then back up to my face. "Feel like committing phonecest with your horny sister?" she asked in a sultry voice.

I didn't respond. Of course I wanted to, but after the tension it caused the first time I was reluctant.

"Come on, Ian. You know that as soon as you get home you're going to be stroking it, and I'll have already started -- maybe even finished. So how about we help each other and do it together?"

I smiled, then nodded. I got up from the chair. "Okay, give me a half hour to get home and get in bed."

"I'll give you twenty minutes," she said, then laughed.

Traci followed me to the door. She watched while I put my coat on, then tugged me to her by my arm. My hard cock pushed against her as she hugged me. She moved her hips, rubbing herself over my erection, then moaned.

"Some day, little brother..." she whispered in my ear, then kissed my cheek.

I never asked her what she meant; I already knew.

Traffic was seldom heavy in Waverly and since it was well past eleven o'clock there were even fewer cars on the roads. I drove as fast as I dared. My cock was still hard in anticipation. When I arrived at my apartment building I didn't bother waiting for the elevator. I bolted up the four flights of stairs. As soon as I closed my apartment door behind me I kicked my shoes off and began unbuttoning my shirt, pulling one button off in the process. I stripped naked and got into bed. When the phone rang I answered it even before the first ring was completed.

"What took you so long to answer?" my sister joked.

"I had to check the Caller ID to make sure it wasn't a telemarketer," I retorted.

"No... it's your naughty big sister calling for phonecest." Already Traci's voice was heavy with arousal. "Are you in bed?" she asked.

"Yeah..."

"I'm in your bed," she said.

"What?" I asked, momentarily confused.

Traci giggled. "No, not the bed you're in now -- although I wish I was. I meant your old bed, in the room you used to share with Daryl."

"Oh..." I grunted.

"How many times did you jerk off in this bed thinking about me?"

"I don't know... a few times," I admitted.

"More like a few thousand, I bet," she shot back.

I was rock hard. Although the conversation had not been ribald so far, just the breathy sound of my sister's voice was stimulating. I reached for my cock under the blanket and drew the tip of my finger over my slit, spreading pre-cum over the swollen head. It twitched and I resisted the urge to begin stroking it just yet.

"I'm naked," she said.

"Me too."

"And hard?"

"As a rock," I told her.

"Mmmm... it felt so good when I hugged you. I'm so wet, Ian. By the time you left, my panties were soaked. I'm going to have to change these sheets before mom sees them."

My fingers curled around my cock. I squeezed it, feeling it thicken, then began to slowly stroke it while I listened to my sister's voice. She became silent, except for her breathing. I would have given just about anything to have seen her at that moment.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Rubbing... dipping my finger in a bit and spreading it around. I haven't been this wet in ages -- not even the last time we did this."

"You sound so sexy when you're turned-on," I told her.

"Thanks. I'm glad I don't sound silly," she said with a giggle. "Are you stroking it?"

"Yeah... slowly."

"Damn... that should be me doing that for you. I would have, you know, if you had have let me when you were here," she said.

"I know... I just wasn't sure about it. Plus, I was nervous with mom and dad upstairs."

"The thrill of maybe getting caught just made it more exciting. I felt so wicked -- wanting to play with my brother's cock while our parents slept upstairs," my sister said.

The way Traci phrased it and the excited sound of her voice made my pulse quicken. I gave my balls a squeeze, then slid my hand up my shaft. A moan sounded in my throat as I did.

"You sound so horny... when was the last time you jerked off?"

"Last night... thinking about you," I said.

"It's been a couple of days for me. Last night I was too worried about dad to get turned-on. I'll make up for it tonight though. I just wish I didn't have to be quiet."

"Me too. You sounded so sexy the last time," I told her.

Traci grew quiet, then she let out a sexy whimper. Hearing it made my cock twitch and I began stroking it faster.

"What was that about?" I asked.

"I just slipped a second finger in and spread them apart a ways. God... I feel so full," she said in heavy breaths. "You should feel how wet I am, Ian. It's starting to run down my ass."

"I wish I could feel it," I told her.

"I'd want more than just your fingers in me though. Ever since I hugged you tonight I've been thinking about how your cock felt. You've got to let me feel it before I go back."

"We'll see...," I told her.

"Come on... I'll let you do it to me, or something else, if you want."

My sister's offer was one I knew I could not pass-up. I pumped my fist harder over my shaft as I imagined fingering her and playing with her naked body.

"Like what?" I asked.

"What do you want to do?" she asked in a sultry voice.

"Something I shouldn't," I told her.

My sister let out a soft moan and sighed. "Would you like to fuck my tight pussy, little brother?" she said in a breathy voice.

"Yes..." I moaned as I thrust my hips up to meet my hand.

"I'm so wet right now. Listen..."

After a second or two of silence I heard the wet sounds of my sister rapidly working her fingers in and out of her tight, juicy pussy. Her palm slapped against her clit a few times and she moaned. I pumped my cock in the same rhythm as her fingers.

"I wish that was your cock in me instead of my fingers," she said once she brought the phone back to her mouth.

"Me too," I sighed.

Traci grew silent. All I heard were the sounds of her breathing heavy and the occasional moan through her clenched jaw. I listened to her as she pleased herself and stroked my shaft. A few minutes later she let out a slightly louder groan.

"Oh god... Ian... I'm going to cum... ahhh... I want your cock so bad right now," she cried out.

I listened to my sister's stifled moans of ecstasy as she came. That was more than enough to make me finally cum. Three streams of jism sprayed from my cock in succession, coating my stomach and hand, but my sister wasn't finished yet.

"Jesus... oh god... I'm going to... oh shit... fuck... Ian, you've got to fuck me before I leave..."

I could hear the faint sounds of Traci's palm beating against her swollen clit as she brought herself to two more orgasms. I wasn't quite soft yet and kept stroking my cock as I listened to her cum. Once we had both finished we took a few moments to calm down, both panting.

"God... you make me so horny," she said after a minute or so.

"You've always made me horny," I replied.

Traci chuckled, sounding happy to hear that. "Then it's time I did something about it."

"Are you sure?"

"I've never been so sure about anything. I love you, little brother. Let me show you how much."

"I love you too," I said, smiling.

Traci and I were both spent from having cum so hard. I could tell by her voice that she was getting sleepy. I had work the next morning, but told her I'd stop in to our parents' house in the evening. After wishing each other a good night and reminding one another we loved them, we hung up.

###

Mom called my cell phone while I was at work the next day. She wanted to let me know that she expected me over to supper that evening. Since Traci was visiting she wanted as many of us as possible gathered there for one meal. I would never pass up mom's cooking. My only concern was mom suspecting that something was up between me and my sister. Mother's have an innate ability to know when their children are misbehaving, regardless of their age.

When I arrived mom was busy checking on the potatoes and chicken. Traci was setting the table in the dining room. I spoke with dad a while in the living room, finding out how his wrist was mending, then I went in to see Traci. She was wearing a loose-fitting knee-length tan skirt and a white blouse. Her hair was pulled back on the sides and clasped in back with a barrette. She looked as lovely as always.

placing utensils beside the plates on the table. I stood at a corner of the table, watching her. At one point she stepped in front of me, pausing briefly to rub her ass against my crotch. I grabbed her waist and pulled her tighter to me. I thrust my hips forward, pushing the bulge in my jeans harder against her ass. My hard shaft rubbed over her firm cheeks. She pushed back, then wiggled her hips. I ran my hand up her back, noticing that I could not feel a bra beneath her blouse. I gave her ass a squeeze, then she moved away from my grasp with a playful laugh.

Traci sat across from me while we ate, just like she had for over two decades. I missed not having Daryl to my right though. It was the first time that I could recall that both of my siblings weren't present for a meal in the dining room. My throbbing cock distracted me periodically during supper. Several times Traci lifted her eyes from her plate to meet mine. She would give me a sly smile, then look back to her plate. Mom and dad continued to talk, oblivious to Traci and me flirting right under their noses.

"Do you have any plans for tomorrow morning, Ian?" my sister asked at one point.

"No," I said, curious about her question.

"Would you mind driving me to the airport? My flight leaves at ten-thirty," she said.

"Sure. No problem. I'll pick you up around nine." The next day was a Sunday and I had no plans whatsoever. I regretted that my sister could not stay longer though.

"Thanks."

Traci gave me a peculiar smile, then resumed eating.

Once we all had finished eating Mom and Traci began collecting our plates. They deposited them in the dishwasher, then put the leftovers away. I joined dad in the living room. We watched television and talked a little. A short time later Mom and my sister joined us. I was sitting on the couch. Mom sat down in a chair beside my father's, directly facing the television. Traci sat down beside me on the couch. When she crossed her legs her skirt slid up past her left knee a ways but I tried not to be obvious about looking. I folded my arms and settled back on the couch, watching television. I had been fighting an erection all evening; now I worried that my parents would notice it.

When mom and dad announced that they were going to bed I noticed my sister's mouth form into a faint smile. She got up and gave each of them a hug, then watched as they made their way upstairs. She was standing in the middle of the living room. I was running my eyes up and down her body, now less concerned by the growing bulge in my jeans.

1852 My sister slipped off her shoes and turned the television off, then padded over the carpet towards me. She sat down on the couch again and leaned back on the arm, facing me. I turned towards her, feeling

my throbbing cock straining my jeans. Traci looked down at the bulge in the denim and smiled. She brought her bare feet up on the couch and slowly pressed the sole of her right foot against my crotch. She smiled and began rubbing it over my balls and hard shaft.

"Ever had a foot job, little brother?" she asked.

I shook my head. My sister's legs were parted slightly as she rubbed me with her foot. Now I could see up her skirt quite a ways. I stared at the inside of her thighs, wishing I could run my hands up them. When Traci saw me looking up her skirt she smiled and began slowly tugging it higher up her thighs, parting them as she inched the hem higher. Seconds later I could see her white panties covering her mound. They were sheer, with a triangle of silky white material clinging to her lips. Through the sheer upper section of them I could see a dark strip of hair leading down to her folds.

"Sexy panties..." I said, staring between her legs.

"I bought a few pairs before I came here. Just in case..." she said.

"In case what?" I taunted.

"In case my horny little brother felt like being a little naughty with me," she whispered.

"I always do," I confessed.

Traci tugged at the hem of her skirt until it was around her navel. She slipped her slender fingers inside her panties, locking her eyes on me and smiling. I could see her knuckles through the transparent material and watched the outline of her fingers through the silk as she rubbed herself.

"This is what you don't get to see when we talk on the phone." My sister looked at me through half-shut eyes and smiled, then bit the corner of her bottom lip.

I swallowed, pushing my hips so my erection pressed against her foot. She rubbed it harder and slid down on the couch a ways, opening her legs wider.

"Why don't you join me?" she urged.

I raised my eyes to my sister's face. Her cheeks were flushed and her mouth was open a bit as she breathed heavier. She looked positively sexy as she rubbed her clit and wet lips.

"What?" I asked.

"Take it out, Ian. Let's do it together -- like we do on the phone," she breathed.

"I don't know if we should," I said, although I wanted to jerk off more than I ever had in my whole life.

Traci stopped moving her hand and looked at me. "Why? Because I'm your sister, or because of mom and dad?"

"Both, I guess," I said with a shrug.

"But mainly mom and dad, right?"

I nodded.

"They'll never hear us, and if one of them gets up we'll hear them in time. Besides, they'll only be going to the bathroom. I want to watch you stroke it. Don't you like watching me?"

"Yeah..." I said in almost a moan.

Traci pulled her foot away from my crotch and bent her leg. She tugged her panties aside to show me her pussy. Her pink lips were shiny and wet with her juice. There were wisps of dark hair on either side of them that were also wet. When she spread her lips wide for me I saw her hard, pink clit. I wanted to run my tongue around it and suck it between my lips while I tasted her. She slipped her middle finger in deep, raising up from the sofa and clenching her jaw.

"I wish that was your cock in me," she moaned, working her finger in and out and wiggling it around her walls. "Stroke it for me, Ian... let's cum face to face just this once."

The house was silent except for my sister's laboured breathing. Knowing it was rather certain that our parents would not get up, much less come downstairs, I raised up on my knees and unbuttoned my jeans. Traci had an excited look as I unzipped them. When I pulled them and my underwear down to free my hard cock she let out a soft gasp, then a moan. She began rubbing her clit faster.

"God... Ian...," she moaned.

"What?" I asked.

"If I had have known you had such a nice cock I would have tried to see it years ago." Traci pulled her panties down to her knees and ran her palm down her wet pussy, then back up.

I knelt in front of my sister, bracing my hand on her right knee as I began to stroke my cock. She was massaging her clit with her right hand and pushing two fingers on her left one deep in her tight pussy, watching me intently. Soft cries escaped her mouth periodically and she thrust her hips a bit.

"You look so sexy," I said, looking down at her.

I feel so fuckin' slutty and I love it," she gasped, pumping her fingers harder.

My face was hot and my breathing was rapid now, like my sister's. I knew an orgasm was imminent. My sister must have realized it too. Her hands were moving more rapidly now and her mouth was tight. I could see her juice beginning to run down her.

"I want to taste your cum... cum in my mouth," she urged me with a tempting smile.

"Really?" I said, still pumping my cock in my fist.

"Come here... get on top of me." My sister reached out and pulled at my hips, tugging me on top of her.

I began stroking my shaft again, looking down at my sister's pretty face less than a foot from the swollen mushroom-shaped head of my cock. She was looking up as she reached down between us to rub her clit. She smiled as she watched my heavy balls swaying and my fist moving up and down. Her left hand ran up and down my left thigh and gave my ass a hard squeeze. She giggled.

"Cum in my mouth, little brother. Shoot it down my throat," she urged in a hoarse voice.

I felt light-headed as I got closer to orgasm. My sister's dirty talk was bringing me there faster. She gave a moan and cried out as her first small orgasm coursed through her. Seconds later I let out a deep moan. Traci pulled her hair back from her face and opened her mouth wide as a stream of hot, sticky cum shot out over her tongue. She moaned again and the second rope splashed over her lips and chin. I leaned closer and sprayed two last small ropes over her waiting tongue. She smiled and licked her lips.

My cock was still hard and I continued to stroke it as my sister came again, burying her fingers deep in her pussy as she arched her back. I leaned away, watching her as my cum ran down her chin.

Traci and I lay together on the sofa, breathing hard and smiling. She wiped her finger over her left cheek, wiping up a few drops of my jism. She sucked on her finger, smiling at me.

"I wish I could have sucked it out of you," she said.

"Wouldn't that be going too far though?" Despite what had just happened I still wondered where our boundaries were.

"Nothing could be too far with you, little brother. I love you."

"I love you too," I said and smiled.

Traci sat up and kissed my cheek, then held me to her. I slid closer, between her legs. My limp cock hung down just inches from her dripping pussy. My sister looked down and smiled.

"Mmmm... too bad you're not still hard. It would be in me now," she said.

My sister leaned on my shoulder, spent. I was too. We stayed that way for fifteen minutes or more, not talking, just enjoying the post-coital bliss.

"I should get to bed. It's late," she said after a while, sounding regretful.

I nodded and stood up. She watched as I pulled my jeans and underwear up and tucked myself in.

"Don't forget -- tomorrow at nine," she said.

"I won't."

Traci followed me to the door. We exchanged one last hug and kisses before I left. I was still smiling as I drove home.

###

I woke early the next morning and quickly got myself showered and dressed. When I arrived at my parents' house they and Traci were sitting in the living room. My sister was wearing a black tank top and a skirt. Beside the chair Traci was on was her light blue suitcase. I was sad that she had to leave so soon. It had been quite a while since she had visited and I was of course enjoying our late-night trysts after our parents had gone to bed. I hoped that we would see one another again before too long.

"Ready to go?" I asked her, checking my watch.

Traci nodded, seeming reluctant. She stood up and gave mom and dad each a hug and a kiss. I picked up her suitcase and began walking to the back door with her. Our parents followed behind us. They watched from the door as I put Traci's suitcase in the back seat of my car and she got in. As I drove out of the driveway they waved and smiled.

Traci was quiet as she sat in the seat next to me. I stole glances at her legs, partially uncovered by her pewter-grey skirt that reached her mid-thigh. Her legs were parted slightly and I could see the inside of her right thigh. My cock stiffened. When I turned the car blinker on to turn left off of Beech Street to take Westham Road to the airport she spoke up.

"No. I'm not going to the airport," she said.

I whipped my head towards her as my jaw went slack. "What? Where are you going?" I asked, then forced my eyes back to the road.

"Your place." She turned and gave me an impish smile.

"What? You said that --"

"I know. I told you guys my flight left today so mom and dad would think I've gone back to Denver. But it doesn't leave till tomorrow morning," she explained.

"But... "

"Just drive, little brother." Traci reached over and placed her hand on my knee. She ran it up the inside of my thigh and gave it a squeeze, just below my balls. She kept it there as I drove.

The only sound in the car was of the radio. Traci and I never talked. We both knew what was going to happen, but we never discussed it. I drove quickly, cursing under my breath when I had to stop for two red lights. Once I parked in the lot behind my apartment building I got my sister's suitcase out of the car. She followed behind me as I went inside.

During the elevator ride up Traci was leaning back on the wall of the car facing me. Her hands were folded behind her and she had a teasing smirk on her face. I wanted to take her right there. We hurried down the hall towards the door to my apartment. As soon as Traci closed it behind us she wrapped her arms around me, pulling me to her. I dropped her suitcase to the floor.

"Now we don't have to worry about anyone catching us," she said, breathing into my ear. "You can fuck me on the living room floor if you want."

"I have a bed," I joked, running my hands over her back.

Traci never answered. She let go of me and took a step back. With one swift move she pulled her tank top up over her head. Her breasts shook and jiggled as she moved. She dropped her top to the floor and smiled.

"God... you're beautiful," I said, staring at her perfect breasts.

"Thanks," she said, smiling.

Traci tugged my t-shirt up and off of me. She tossed it to the floor and ran her hands over my bare chest, teasing my nipples with her fingertips. She bent down and swirled her tongue around my right one, then looked up and grinned.

I ran my hands up my sister's bare back. Her skin was silky smooth. When I drug my fingernails up her spine she moaned, writhing her shoulders. Her light brown nipples had stiffened and stood out from her gently swaying breasts. I bent down and ran my tongue around her right nipple and two-inch areola, then sucked both between my lips.

Traci moaned and held me by my head, urging me on.

"I'm already so wet, Ian... you're going to drive me crazy," she said in a ragged voice.

I cupped her breasts in my hands, kneading them as my mouth moved from one thick, hard nipple to the other. Traci stroked my back while I groped her and teased her thick nubs with my tongue and lips. They darkened slightly with the flush of arousal and I tugged at one with my teeth, making her moan louder.

When she reached down and gave my balls a squeeze I groaned and looked up at her. She ran her fingers over my shaft through my jeans.

"Where's your bedroom?" My sister sounded like she was in a hurry to get there.

I lead Traci by the hand down the hall to my room. I pushed the door open with my foot and brought her in.

"It's kind of a mess. I wasn't expecting company," I apologized.

"I don't care." Already Traci was unzipping her skirt. "Get undressed. I need you to fuck me, Ian. I've wanted this for so long. I probably would have let you years ago if you had have really tried."

My sister was already lying back naked on the bed as I tugged my jeans off. Her smooth, tanned legs were bent and parted. She was resting on her elbows, smiling up at me.

When I got between Traci's open thighs she reached up and held my arms, guiding me down on top of her. I saw the same look of arousal in her eyes that I had seen the night before. I was exciting and made me want her even more. She wrapped her legs around me, locking me to her and pulling me closer.

When my cock slid between her wet lips we both moaned. I sank between her soft thighs and buried my cock in her tight pussy. She gripped me, holding me deep within her, then pushed up with her hips and wiggled them so I rubbed against her clit.

"Fuck me hard, little brother... we both need this so bad," she moaned into my ear.

I began thrusting my hips, looking down to watch her breasts quiver as my cock sank into her. Traci held my arms and ran her hands up and down them, looking up at me, smiling.

"Harder, Ian... fuck my pussy hard..."

I moved my hands down to my sister's hips and held onto them. I lifted her up from the bed and began shoving my cock faster and deeper into her, listening to her cries of pleasure grow louder. Her arms fell by her sides and she clutched the sheet beneath her, squeezing her right breast with her right hand.

"That's it... oh god... fuck your horny sister... shove it in me," she cried out.

I was moaning and grunting louder as I thrust my hips. My cock was slick with her musky juice. Traci was even tighter and wetter than I expected; she felt wonderful. Her round breasts shook as I pumped my shaft, slapping against her hard clit with each deep thrust in her. She moaned and pushed back. Her eyes were closed and her head was moving from side to side. She reached down and began rubbing her clit. Soon after that she cried out, squeezing my cock harder. I kept pumping, wanting her to keep cumming. When she came for the second time I knew it was my turn soon; so did she.

"Cum in my mouth... come all over my face like last night," my sister cried out.

I slid my cock from my sister's hot, tight pussy and straddled her chest. She looked up and wrapped her hand around my slick cock. Her juice made her hand glide over it as she stroked me fast.

"Cum for me, little brother. Your cum tastes so good..."

A few seconds later I let out a long moan and warned Traci that I was about to cum. She raised up and wrapped her wet lips around my cock, sucking hard. I felt my cock twitch and my body go rigid as I bathed her tongue and mouth with my cum. She kept sucking and pumping her hand over my shaft. I was still hard and she swallowed as much of my rod as she could, then slid her lips off of it and lay back, satisfied.

"Mmmmm... thanks," she grinned. "I needed that."

I swung my leg off of my sister and laid down on my left side facing her. She rolled over and smiled. Her lips glistened with our juices. I kissed her mouth, sucking on her bottom lip. She giggled, seeming surprised.

"You've never kissed me on the mouth before," she said.

"No, but I've never done a couple of other things I just did either," I reminded her.

"Well, we've got the next twenty-four hours, little brother, and there's still lots I want to do with you." Traci draped herself over me and kissed me hard.

It was going to be a good day.

Brian McKay sat in the back seat of his parents' van and stared out the window at the passing scenery. Ten days of peace and quiet at his aunt and uncle's house in the country lay in store for him and he was elated. He had just finished his first year of college and desperately needed a vacation of some sort. He had spent more time than he should have throughout the year partying and had a hard job catching up on his classes before exams. He made a vow to himself that next year he would do better. But for now he put all of that out of his mind. For the next week or so he planned to relax as much as possible, and spend time with his Uncle David and Aunt Judy. Judy was his father's younger sister and his favorite aunt. She never failed to forget him on birthdays and Christmas, and this year she promised that his visit would in-part be a belated birthday celebration, as well as a chance to congratulate him on finishing his first year of college.

"I'm so glad you wanted to come with us on this trip." Nancy said to her son as she twisted around to smile at him "Most nineteen year-old guys would want to stay home and party while their parents were away."

Brian laughed. "I did my share of that at school, mom. It will be good to relax for a while in the country."

Brian turned and looked out of the van window again. He was struck but the vast emptiness of the Wisconsin landscape. It seemed that they could drive for miles in-between houses. He appreciated it though, and was glad to get away from the noise and clutter of the city.

Gary McKay turned the van left and drove up a long narrow gravel driveway to his sister and David's house. He gave three short blasts of the horn to signal their arrival as he brought the van to a stop in front of the two-story pale blue house where his sister and brother-in-law lived. Moments later David and Judy appeared on the front veranda, smiling and waving as they descended the steps to meet them.

A wide grin appeared on Brian's face as he saw his aunt, and he felt his heart begin to race. It had been a year since he had last seen her and he found her as pretty as ever. Her shoulder length brown hair was blown back by the gentle breeze and she smiled warmly. Judy was wearing a loose-fitting green sweatshirt and jeans. Brian quickly guessed that from the movements of her breasts beneath it she was braless. He stared through the window for a moment at the outline of his aunt's round breasts as she walked towards her brother and gave him a hug, then he looked down to survey the curve of her hips and her round ass which were emphasized by the tight jeans she wore. His cock immediately began to stiffen and he took a moment to collect his thoughts before he exited the van with his luggage.

"I'm so glad you were able to come too, Brian!" his Aunt Judy said as she held his arms and pulled her to him. Her fingers ran up his back and through his shaggy black hair as she hugged him. Her body felt sensuous -- soft and curvy -- and Brian felt Judy's thigh pressing on the bulge in his jeans. "It's good to see you too." she said in nearly a whisper as her hazel eyes met his and she grinned. His cock twitched and he forced a smile, then turned his blue eyes from her.

"Let me help you bring your bags in," David Atkinson said as he picked up Gary and Nancy's suitcases "You guys must be hungry. Judy's been busy cooking all day."

Brian gripped the handle of his suitcase harder, feeling his palm begin to sweat as he watched his parents and Uncle Dave enter the house. His aunt was still holding his hand and he could feel her arm pressing against his. The scent of her perfume filled the air and it brought back memories of her and his Uncle Dave's visit to their house last year. It was during that visit that Brian began to see his aunt as a very sexy woman, and would attempt to catch glimpses down her top when she bent over, or stare at her as she walked by. In retrospect he realized that his leering was sometimes quite obvious and he was surprised that his aunt never reprimanded him for it.

"Let's go in." Judy said as she tugged at Brian's hand and lead him inside.

Brian watched as his parents got out bowls and utensils and began helping themselves to the chili that Judy had made. Up until their arrival he had been hungry, but after seeing his aunt once again lust had superseded hunger. He leaned against the small partition next to the fridge and watched everyone eating.

"Aren't you going to have something?" his aunt asked.

"No, thanks," he said, giving his head a shake "maybe later."

A few moments later Judy got up from the table to go to the fridge to refill her glass of ice tea. Brian felt her brush by him as she passed and inhaled deeply, drawing in her perfume. His parents and uncle were busy eating and talking amongst themselves and never bothered to look in his direction, for which he was grateful.

"Aren't you going to eat?" I spent all afternoon making chili." Judy said, sounding somewhat hurt.

"Maybe later. I'm not really hungry."

Judy reached up and wrapped an arm around her nephew's shoulder, pulling him to her. She kissed his cheek and slid a hand down his broad back. Her breasts were pressing into him and Brian's mind was filled with a mixture of lust and guilt. She smiled at him then returned to the table to finish her chili.

"That was great, hon." Dave said as he pushed his empty bowl away and smiled at his wife.

"Yes, it was," Nancy added "I'll have to get the recipe from you before we go."

"Let's go into the livingroom and sat down. It's more comfortable in there." David said as he brought out some beer from the fridge.

Brian followed as the rest of the family went into the livingroom. He sat down on a chair opposite his aunt, mindful to not be too obvious as he stole the occasional sideways glance at her as she sat next to his uncle on the sofa. For close to the next hour he answered questions from his aunt and uncle about how his school year went, if he had a girlfriend, and his future plans. As much as he liked them he soon found the attention uncomfortable and tried to change the subject of conversation to his father's promotion at work and their house renovations. As soon as he had the opportunity he decided to find an excuse for some solitude.

"I'm going to go out and have a cigarette," he announced as he reached into his jacket pocket for his lighter and cigarette pack "it looks like it's a really nice night out." He heard his mother make a comment about how she wished he didn't smoke but he ignored her as he walked towards the veranda.

The evening air was cool and crisp and Brian noticed how it smelled. Clean, he thought. He watched the smoke from his cigarette drip upwards towards the half moon shining in the sky. He followed it with his eyes and was amazed by how clear the sky was without smog and street lights. He couldn't remember seeing more stars than on that night. He listened to the chatter and laughter from inside as he sat down on a chair at the edge of the veranda. He heard his Aunt Judy's voice and smiled to himself. Closing his eyes he could picture how she looked that afternoon as she greeted them... hips swaying and breasts bouncing as she walked towards the van. He felt his cock harden and reached down and slowly rubbed it through his tight jeans. He wished he could take it out and stroke it, but knew that was out of the question given the circumstances.

Brian flicked his cigarette over the railing and slid down in his chair as he hand moved over the outline of his hard-on through his jeans. He lost track of time as his thoughts fixated on his sexy aunt. It was only when he heard her voice that his eyes snapped open wide and he snatched his hand from his lap.

"What a shame you have to do that for yourself. I'm sure plenty of girls would love to themselves." she said in a soft voice as she walked towards him smiling.

Brian stared at his aunt standing beside him, afraid of what she was about to say. She looked down at the bulge in his jeans and grinned.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to tell anyone." she said as she sat down on his thigh.

Brian looked up at his aunt and her eyes met his. He returned her smile, feeling somewhat relieved, yet embarrassed. Her arm was around his shoulder and she was slowly rubbing his back. Her ass felt good on his leg and he wished he could feel it. She leaned into him causing her breasts to brush over his arm. Now his cock was harder than before. Brain slid his hand down over his aunt's hip towards her firm ass.

"We probably don't have much time. Have a quick feel." she encouraged.

Brian slid his hand down over his aunt's round ass. It was firm and he gave it a squeeze, grabbing a handful of her pliant flesh through her jeans. She leaned against him, holding him tighter. Brian could now see her nipples poking out from under her sweatshirt and he wondered if that was because of the cool night air or him feeling her. He wished he could run his hand over them too.

"Trying to corrupt the younger generation too, I see..."

Brian jumped at the sound of his father's voice and jerked his hand away from his aunt. Turning to his left he saw his father standing there smiling at Judy.

"Don't worry, he's a lot more shy than you." Judy said as she slid off of her nephew's lap and walked over to her brother.

She leaned back against the railing of the veranda and pulled Gary to her by his waist. Brian watched as he father slid his hands up Judy's sides and stared at her chest. Judy's hand moved down her brother's back, coming to rest on his ass. She gave it a hard squeeze and pulled him to her. Brian watched in shock for a few moments until his father turned to him with a smile.

"Be careful around her, Brian, she's got lots of tricks up her sleeve." he said and laughed.

"I was just getting re-acquainted with Brian, that's all. I haven't seen him in a year and we have a lot of catching-up to do." Judy smirked.

"We're getting to bed. I just wanted to come out and let you know, and to say good-night. Your mother put your suitcase in your room, Brian, it's the second one to the left." Gary said.

"Sweet dreams." Judy said as she leaned towards her brother and kissed his cheek.

"Night, dad." Brian said.

"Night, Pinky." Gary told his sister as he reached up and gave her left breast a quick squeeze.

Judy let out a sharp laugh, then watched her brother go back inside. She listened for the sounds of footsteps upstairs before sitting back down on her nephew's lap. She gave him a warm smile and leaned into him as she wrapped an arm around his shoulder.

"Pinky...?" Brian quizzed.

It was then that Brian for the first time saw his aunt blush and suddenly appear bashful.

"Oh... it's just a nickname your father had for me when we were younger." she said, trying to be as vague as possible.

"Why?" Brian quizzed.

Judy never answered immediately so Brian gave her a gentle shake. "C'mon... why?" he prodded.

"Promise you won't tell anyone I told you -- especially your dad and mom?"

Brian gave an eager nod, anxious to perhaps hear some titillating piece of gossip. "Promise!"

"Well," Judy began "years ago when we were younger your father walked into my bedroom one day without knocking. I was changing so I... I never had a top on and he... saw me..."

"Your boobs?!" Brian interjected with surprise.

Judy nodded as she smiled at her nephew.

"And..." her nephew prompted.

was Pinky because of my nipples." She let out a nervous laugh and looked back to her nephew. "No one else knows this though."

Brian gave her an understanding nod and looked down at her chest and her nipples still poking out from her top.

Judy followed her nephew's eyes and smiled. "He might not call me that anymore if he saw me. They've sort of changed over the years -- gotten a little darker."

Brian felt his cock twitch at his aunt's candor and continued to stare down at her. "I saw him grab one when he was out here just now." he told her.

"Your father is a bad boy sometimes." she said, sounding amused "But I bet you're not much better." She winked at him and Brian blushed.

"Was tonight the first time he's felt them?" Brian asked.

"You're full of questions, aren't you." his aunt said, hoping to change the conversation.

"And you're avoiding my question." her nephew countered.

Brian shook his head. "I bet it wasn't." he said smirking.

"No one can know we had this conversation, Brain. You understand?" his aunt said, feeling nervous.

"Don't worry, I'll carry it to my grave."

Judy laughed at her nephew's reply and clutched him tighter. "It was all harmless fun, you know. Gary just liked to feel them, that's all." she explained.

"I don't blame him." Brian retorted, feeling emboldened by lust.

"Oh, and why's that?" his aunt replied in mock confusion.

"They're nice." he spat out, not taking his eyes from his aunt's chest.

Instead of replying Judy got up from Brian's lap and quickly walked inside. Brian felt his heart sink. He was scared that his candor had offended his aunt and she was about to report him to his parents. Instead, moments later Judy re-emerged from inside and abruptly tugged him from his chair by his wrist.

"Everyone's asleep, but be quiet." she said.

Brian briefly stumbled to regain his balance as she lead him off of the veranda then around to the side of the house. He squinted as his eyes adjusted to the semi-darkness, but soon discovered he could clearly see his aunt in the pale moonlight. Without saying a word his aunt hauled her top up over her head. Brian stood in amazement as he stared at his aunt topless before him, holding her sweatshirt in her hand and smiling.

"Wow..." was all he managed to say in a whisper.

His Aunt Judy reached out and pulled him to her so his chest was nearly pressing against hers. "Feel them." she said, her hot breath washing over his cheek and ear.

Brian reached up with both hands and cupped his aunt's breasts. They were firm and he squeezed them, trying to fit all of them in his hands. Her hard nipples grazed over his palms and fingers and he pinched one then tugged at it.

"Feels so good..." Judy said in a low voice as she clutched her nephew's shoulders.

Moments later Brian felt her hands rubbing his hard cock through his jeans. He flinched somewhat in surprise as his aunt began feeling him but soon relaxed again. It was only when she reached down to unbutton then unzip his jeans that he pulled away and looked at her in shock.

"It's okay... just relax." she said as she tugged his jeans and underwear down slightly.

Judy gave a slight gasp of lust as her nephew's cock sprang into view. "Oh my... like father -- like son."

Brian gave her a look that was a mixture of surprise and pride, then moaned as he felt his aunt's warm hand on his cock. She grasped it firmly then began stroking him. Her skin was soft and Brian felt light-headed with arousal. He stared at his aunt's breasts, jiggling slightly as her hand moved over his cock faster. Minutes later he shot a thick stream of cum onto the lawn and let out a heavy sigh.

"We better be getting to bed before someone gets up and wonders where we are." his aunt said as she pulled her sweatshirt back on.

"Ah... yeah..." Brian mumbled, his heart still racing.

Judy grinned as she watched her nephew fumble to get dressed again. She gave him a lingering kiss on the cheek and smiled.

"I'll see you tomorrow." she whispered as she walked back towards the steps. Brian was awoken the next morning by the movement of someone sitting on his bed next to him. He rolled over and saw his aunt sitting there. She was wearing a light pink blouse and a white skirt that barely covered her knees. His eyes darted over her and he smiled as he felt his cock jump to life.

"Have a good sleep?" his aunt asked.

"Yeah... what time is it?" Brian asked as he ran his hand through his hair.

"Almost eleven. We decided to let you sleep in since it was your first day here." she told him.

Brian nodded and sat up in bed. Judy's eyes ran down his bare chest and she brushed her fingertips over it, running them down the trail of hair towards his hard cock.

"Where's everyone else?" he asked, afraid that they would be discovered.

"Gary took your parents sightseeing. I got out of it my telling them I had to get supper ready. I have a roast in the oven."

"Sounds good." Brian said as he smiled at his aunt.

"That's not the meat I'm interested in at the moment though." she said as she slipped her hand under the sheet to feel her nephew's cock.

"Mmm... all ready for some action. No underwear either -- I like that."

Judy began quickly unbuttoning her dress half-way to her waist and opened it wide. "I couldn't get away with not wearing a bra with this, but..." she said grinning.

Judy pulled her dress up her legs to reveal that she wasn't wearing panties. Brian looked at the strip of dark hair leading to her wet pussy and smiled up at her. She took his cock in her hand and ran the head over her wet lips, grinding it over her throbbing clit. He felt hot and thick in her hand -- thicker than his father she noted and she felt herself getting wetter in anticipation.

"We shouldn't be doing this." Brian said as he felt his aunt's hot, wet pussy rubbing over his cock, making it wet too.

"I know," Judy said, her voice throaty with lust "but I think you want it as much as me, don't you?"

"Maybe more." he replied grinning.

Judy moved her hips up slightly so her nephew's cock was barely pressing against her slick lips. "Then push if you do." she said, squeezing the base of his cock.

Brian placed his hands on his aunt's hips and lifted up off the bed. He let out a deep moan as he felt his cock sink into her. She was hot and tight, and he felt her grip him inside her as she echoed his moan. He grasped her hips harder and began pumping. Judy braced herself on

his chest and answered his movements stroke for stroke. He watched her breasts quivering inside her bra, her hard nipples pressing out of the thin cotton and he grew more excited.

"Harder... fuck me..." his aunt cried out.

"I'm close..." Brian managed to say as he continued pumping his hips.

Judy slid off of her nephew and quickly repositioned herself of the bed. It was when Brian felt her wet mouth engulf his cock that he could no longer hold back. With one last thrust he pushed towards the back of his aunt's throat, filling her mouth with his hot cum.

Once Brian began growing soft again his aunt released him from her mouth and lay down next to him. He watched as her fingers darted over her hard clit, quickly rubbing it was her hips pushed upwards.

"Your turn..." Brian told his aunt.

Before Judy could ask him what he meant she felt his hot breath on her pussy and his tongue darting over her clit. She ran her fingers through his hair and lifted up off the bed to meet him. She cried out as he slipped two fingers in her and began sucking on her hard clit. It was more than she could take and soon she felt an orgasm build and overtake her as she covered her nephew's chin with her juice and gripped his fingers tight inside her.

"You're amazing..." she said soon after as she self-consciously pulled her dress back down towards her knees.

Brian looked down at his aunt lying next to him and gave her a pleased smile.

"I better get cleaned-up a little before they get back." Judy said as she stood up and adjusted her dress and opened a window "You better air the room out to. It must smell like sex."

Brian laughed and sat up on the edge of the bed. "Aunt Judy..." he said.

"What?" she asked as she buttoned her dress.

"Thanks. I'll never forget that. You know... I'd never..." his voice died out in mid-sentence.

"Never?" she asked out of surprise.

Brian shook his head, unable to face her.

"I would have never known. You were great!" his aunt said and kissed his cheek.

Gary returned. Brian was watching television and eating some leftover chili when the others returned home. His aunt was in the kitchen busy preparing supper, trying her best to not be distracted by his presence in the next room.

"Well, look who's back from the dead!" Gary said as they entered the house and he saw his nephew on the couch.

Brian laughed. "The smell of the roast woke me up. I was starving!"

"Typical male," his mother retorted "they only get up for food or sex."

Brian gave a nervous laugh and returned his attention to the bowl of chili. "So, did you guys have fun sightseeing?" he asked.

"I did." his father answered "The town has gotten bigger since we were here last year. It's a helluva lot bigger than it was when I was growing up here. Gary drove us by the farm that dad used to own. It's changed so much since Judy and I were kids."

"I'm sorry I missed that." Brian said "I've never seen where you grew up."

"I have to go out that way tomorrow. There's a lady out there who sells fresh eggs and I get mine from her. You could go with me if you want, Brian, but it'll mean you have to get up before the crack of noon." Judy said as she entered the livingroom, wiping her hands on her apron.

Brian smiled at his aunt. "Cool. Thanks, Aunt Judy. I'd like to see the place."

Judy smiled at her nephew and sat down on her husband's lap. "Supper should be ready in about a half hour. I hope everyone's hungry." she announced.

"Starving!" Gary said as he rubbed his stomach.

"I feel bad for not having stayed to help you, Judy." Nancy told her.

Judy shook her head. "Don't feel bad. All I did was throw a roast in the oven and make a few things to go with it."

"Looks like more than a few," Gary said as he looked into the kitchen at the table "Is that blueberry pie?"

Judy nodded and smiled.

"My favorite!" he exclaimed.

"I haven't forgotten what you like, big brother." Judy said in a coy voice.

Brian shot his aunt a sideways glance and suppressed a laugh.

Throughout supper Brian kept silent most of the time, listening to his parents describe their excursion that day and how much they enjoyed it. He did his best to not look at his aunt except when she was speaking, but he soon began getting distracted by his hard cock and thoughts of their encounters over the past twenty-four hours.

Once dinner was finished everyone went out to the veranda to enjoy the cool evening air. Brian purposely lagged behind and sat on a bench next to his father so he wouldn't be tempted to stare at his aunt.

"It really is nice out here at night. I can see why Brian liked it so much last night." Nancy said as she looked up at the first few visible stars.

"You don't get to see this many stars back home in Columbus." Brian said as he looked up.

"I think I should turn in. I don't want to be like Brian and sleep away my vacation." Gary said later in the evening after checking his watch.

"That's a good idea," Nancy replied "it's getting late."

"Brian, I plan to leave around nine tomorrow morning, so I hope you're up if you want to go with me." his aunt reminded him.

"I will be. I'm going to have one last cigarette then I'm going to bed." he told his aunt.

Brian bid everyone a good night as he lit his cigarette and watched them file into the house. As he leaned back on the bench and looked up at the moon he heard the sounds of people going upstairs and doors closing. He flicked his cigarette over the rail then went inside the house. After closing and locking the door Brian noticed the glow of the kitchen light in the dark house so decided to turn it off before going to bed. As he entered the kitchen Brian was shocked to see his Aunt Judy sitting on the kitchen table facing his direction, his father was standing between her parted legs with his back to Brian. It was immediately obvious to Brian that his aunt's dress was unbuttoned and his father's hands were roaming over his breasts. Brian stood dumbfounded for a moment then quietly backed away, but not before his aunt's eyes met his. Brian smiled at her and raised a finger to his lips, gesturing for her to keep quiet. Then he silently ascended the stairs to his room. Brian awoke early the next morning to the sound of talking and laughter coming from downstairs. He quickly got up and showered so he didn't keep his aunt waiting. He was looking forward to going out with her, but felt somewhat awkward after catching her and his father in the kitchen the night before.

"All ready for your tour?" his aunt asked as he entered the kitchen.

"Just about. I want to grab a bite to eat first." he told her.

His parents and uncle were sitting at the table as well, and Brian found it difficult to look at his father for fear he'd smirk at the thought of knowing a secret he knew had to be kept from his mother. His aunt was wearing a blue tanktop and paisley skirt that came down to below her knees. He guessed that she once again wasn't wearing a bra.

"Are you sure you trust your aunt's driving?" David teased.

Brian laughed as he chewed on a piece of toast and gulped orange juice. "I'll take my chances." he grinned.

"Brian's in good hands. I've never had an accident -- unlike you." Judy retorted as she stood behind Brian "Besides there's hardly any traffic on those back roads."

Brian tensed-up slightly as he felt his aunt's hand resting on his shoulder as she spoke to her husband. Her breasts grazed his shoulders and he immediately felt his cock stiffen.

"Almost ready?" his aunt asked as she checked her money in her purse and slung it over her shoulder.

"I am now." Brian said as he took one last drink of juice.

"We'll be back later. I'm not quite sure when. I have to make a stop at the hardware store too." Judy said as she pulled her car keys from her purse.

Brian followed his aunt out to the car and silently sat next to her as they left the yard. She tried her best to make conversation, but Brian could tell that she too felt nervous after the events of the previous night. After

about twenty minutes he decided to say something rather than have it hanging over their heads for the rest of his visit.

"You know, you don't ever have to worry about me telling anyone what I saw last night." he said, glancing quickly towards her then back out the window.

"Okay. Thanks." his aunt said as she stared at the road.

"I mean, it's not like we don't have our own secrets. Right, Pinky?"

Judy let out a loud laugh that was a mixture of amusement and relief. "I was afraid you might feel like you had to tell your mom." she explained.

Brian shook his head as he looked directly at her. "No. Never. Don't worry."

"Thanks, Brian." his aunt said as she smiled at him, then reached over and gave his thigh a squeeze.

Brian felt his cock stiffen and looked down just as she took her hand away. He reached out and took her hand in his and placed it back on his leg. Judy looked at her nephew and saw him flash her a wide smile. She ran her hand further up his thigh and traced her fingers over the outline of his hard cock.

"Are you wearing a bra?" he asked.

"No." she said grinning then quickly pulled her top up to show him her right breast, then covered it again.

"I didn't think so. What about panties?"

"Yes," his aunt said laughing "I thought I had better wear some today."

"Show me." Brian said.

"Here? Now?" his aunt said in surprise.

"Yeah. There's hardly any traffic. Besides, no one can see." he told her.

Feeling somewhat nervous yet turned-on Judy slowly pulled her skirt up until her white lace panties were uncovered. Brian gave her an appreciative smile then reached over to stroke her pussy through her panties. He could feel her heat through the cotton and soon felt her getting wet. He pressed his fingers harder against her and she let out a slight moan as she squirmed in the seat.

"We better behave. We're almost there." Judy said a while later as she pulled her skirt back down past her knees.

Brian frowned and slid back to his side of the car. His aunt turned left and followed a gravel driveway up to a small white house, behind which was a large barn and chicken pens. Brian followed his aunt inside where he was introduced to Mrs. Mullen, whom Judy regularly bought eggs from. Brian had never been on a farm before and wandered around while the women talked. Soon his aunt called to him, telling him it was time to go.

"Next I'll show you where your dad and I grew up. It's about a half-mile from here." she said as she drove.

Brian bolted upright in his seat ten minutes later as his aunt pointed to a two-story green house to his right, in back of which was a barn, only larger than the one he'd seen at Mrs. Mullen's.

"I don't know the owners, so unfortunately I can't take you in to show you around." his aunt said as she slowed down so Brian could get a good look.

Brian nodded. "At least I got to see the place. Thanks."

At the next driveway Judy pulled in and turned the car around and headed back. "Next stop: the hardware store." she announced.

Brian took in the scenery as his aunt headed back towards town, turning right onto a street that was lined with small shops. She parked in front of Jacobson's Hardware & Electronics and turned the car off.

"I'll only be a few minutes. About long enough for you to have a cigarette. You must be dying for one." she said with a smirk.

Brian laughed and got out and leaned on the side of the car facing the store. He stared at his aunt as she strode towards the store, watching her hips sway as she walked. Brian lost track of time as he surveyed the street with its small wooden stores. He really enjoyed being in a small town and was almost wishing he could stay.

"There. I hope I never kept you waiting too long." his aunt said as she climbed back into the car and started it.

"No." her nephew replied "I love it here. It's great to be out in the fresh air, and I can't get over how quiet it is here either."

Judy glanced at her watch and headed back to her house. Brian noticed that she was driving faster than she was earlier and assumed she didn't want to be late getting supper ready. Once they arrived back at his aunt and uncle's house Brian was surprised to see balloons and a cake when he entered the kitchen.

"Surprise!" everyone shouted at him.

"I know your birthday was a while ago, but you were at school and we wanted to throw you a birthday party." his aunt explained as she gave him a hug.

"Wow... thanks you guys!" Brian said with a big grin.

"And I know your parents already gave you their gift, but David and I wanted to get you something." Judy said as she reached in her purse. She handed him a small gift-wrapped box and a card "This is what I stopped at the hardware store for."

Brian quickly tore the wrapping from the box and opened it. Inside was a black Zippo lighter with the letter B in gold in the center of the case. He smiled at his aunt and uncle and thanked them as he flicked the top open and lit it.

"I know your parents don't approve of you smoking," his aunt said "but if you're going to you may as well have a nice lighter."

"This is great. Thanks!" Brian told his aunt and uncle.

"Now how about we have something to eat. I bet you're hungry, and now you have something to light the candles on the birthday cake I made for you." his mother said. A week later Brian and his parents were back home. On his first night back Brian stayed up late. Once his parents had gone to bed he went out to the back yard and looked up at the night sky. It was nowhere near as bright or star-filled as it was at his aunt and uncle's. As Brian thought back to his days there and his encounters with his aunt he reached into his jacket pocket and retrieved a cigarette from his pack. He smiled as he brought his new lighter up and turned the wheel to light it. Instead of a flame all Brian saw were sparks from the flint.

"Damn, out of fluid." Brian muttered to himself as he went inside the house.

He found the bottle of lighter fluid that his uncle had bought for him and tugged at the top of the lighter to pull it apart. He had never had to refill it since he had been given it, but his aunt explained how it was done. As Brian turned the inside of the lighter over to pour fluid over the cotton, he noticed writing etched into the metal. Turning it around he let out a sharp laugh once he discovered what had been engraved on the inside of his lighter:

To Brian

Love, Pinky.

Pleasing Andrea

I met Brian Carmichael in early July. I remember this because it was almost a week after my fifth birthday. I was in the driveway of our yard, playing with a Tonka dump truck and bulldozer that my Uncle Jake had bought me for my birthday. I looked up and saw a small black dog (a Labrador retriever, I later found out) run across our lawn. The dog wandered over to me, his tongue hanging out and his tail wagging. A minute or so later I noticed a boy of about my age walking towards me. He was holding onto the hand of a slender young woman with shoulder length black hair, wearing jeans and a beige t-shirt.

"Oh, there he is!" the woman exclaimed. "Come here, Bandit!"

The dog turned and scampered over towards the woman and child.

"Sorry about that; he got out of the yard again," she said.

"That's okay," I replied.

"We just moved in next door a few days ago. I'm Andrea. This is my son, Brian," she explained.

"I'm Nick," I said.

I said 'Hi' to Brian, but he seemed more interested in the dump truck and bulldozer beside me. He sat down on the ground and began ploughing a small pile of dirt with the yellow bulldozer.

"Brian, it's not polite to use other peoples' things without asking first," his mother said. "Ask Nick if it's okay if you play with his toys."

Brian and I became immediate friends and as close as brothers over that summer. I also liked his mom a lot. Andrea was a lot younger than my mom. She reminded me of my Aunt Pamela, who was Dad's youngest sister and almost like a big sister to me.

When I told my parents about having made friends with the new boy next door my excitement was tempered somewhat by my mother's reaction to Brian's mom.

"She's just a child herself. She's too young and irresponsible to be a parent," Mom said, sounding angry. "Mrs. Anderson said she saw her buying beer at the grocery store a few days ago. And look at the way she dresses..."

I listened to my mother's criticism of Brian's mom, although I did not understand why she objected to her so. I didn't like any of my mother's friends and concluded that if they disliked Andrea then she must be a nice person. Besides, I liked her very much. She was always nice to me whenever I visited Brian. She often had freshly baked chocolate chip cookies for us to eat and never complained that we were being too loud, or shouldn't eat or drink pop in the living room like my mom did. I saw nothing wrong with the way Andrea dressed either. It was only when

I grew older that I even noticed the clothes she wore, and then my reaction was far from disapproval.

One day when I was over at Brian's I spied fresh chocolate chip cookies cooling in a rack on the kitchen counter. My eyes grew wide and my mouth began to water as I stared at them from across the kitchen.

"Could I please have a cookie, Mrs. Carmichael?" I asked.

"Yes, you can, Nick. But I'm not Mrs. Carmichael," she said with a smile.

I tilted my head to one side and gave her a puzzled look. All of my friends' mothers were known by that epithet. At that tender age I assumed it was something that women added to their surnames once they became mothers. She understood the confused look on my face.

"You can just call me Andrea," she said.

I had been taught by my parents to never refer to an adult by their first name. Being given permission to refer to Brian's mom as Andrea made me feel special. I think it was at that moment that I began to develop a crush on her which lasts to this day.

Around the time Brian and I were eleven Andrea got married to a man named Richard. People started calling her Mrs. Amirault, but she told me to continue calling her Andrea. I was somewhat perplexed as to why Brian's last name did not change too, but never bothered to ask. I

never liked Brian's new dad much. He drank a lot and sometimes I heard him shouting at Brian and his mom when I was in my yard. One Saturday morning when I went over to visit Brian Andrea was sitting at the kitchen table. I was fifteen then. She was crying. When she looked up at me I noticed she had a black eye. After that, I never saw Richard again the times I went over to their house.

By the time Brian and I were eighteen our paths diverged. He had been accepted at a university in Michigan and I had begun attending Lawson College in town. Brian wanted to be an architect and I wanted to become a school teacher. I was still living at home with my parents and planned to for as long as I could. Things had changed -- not for the worse, but I lamented the passing of time. Bandit was gone now too and I missed him as much as I missed hanging out with Brian.

Brian and I kept in touch regularly through emails. He always wanted to know how his mother was keeping. Now that she was living alone he worried about her. I was busy with school and other things and Andrea was working at a daycare facility. With Brian away there was hardly any reason for her and I to see one another, although I would occasionally see her bringing in groceries or working in her garden. Andrea would always smile and wave whenever she saw me in the yard and we would talk briefly, mostly about the weather or what we had heard from Brian in his emails.

The truth of the matter was that I wished I had some excuse to pay Andrea a visit. The years had been kind to her. As she approached forty she seemed even prettier to me than she had nearly a decade earlier. Over the years she had let her thick, black hair grow down past her shoulders. She had also begun wearing skirts and blouses more often,

rather than the jeans and t-shirts I had grown accustomed to seeing her in. Regardless of her attire, Andrea always looked as lovely as ever. Her slender frame had filled out somewhat over the years. Her hips seemed a little more curvy and her backside was slightly plump -- just enough to set my mind reeling with nasty thoughts whenever I saw her walking to or from her car wearing a tight skirt or slacks. The ten or fifteen pounds that Andrea seemed to have accumulated over the years all seemed to have gone to the right places. Her hips and ass were rounder and I guessed that she had probably gone up a full cup size in her bust. I wanted her more than ever, but felt guilty about lusting over my best friend's mother.

Winter came early that year. I had grown used to either having a green Christmas or there being just a thin dusting of snow by mid December. But already less than a week before Christmas we got dumped on by a big storm. Schools and businesses shut down that Wednesday while everyone dug themselves out. I got up early that morning and began shoveling the driveway. Thankfully it was the light and fluffy kind of snow, not wet and heavy. I began at the foot of our driveway and started working my way up to the house. I noticed that Andrea had hired someone with a half-ton truck with a plough attached to clear her driveway. Unfortunately he had pushed a large pile of snow towards the walk leading to her door.

I had finished the driveway and had started clearing the walk when I noticed Andrea emerge from her house. She was wearing jeans and a navy blue nylon jacket. In her hand was a red aluminum shovel with a wooden handle. She stopped half-way down her snow-covered steps when she saw me and waved.

"How do you like this weather?" she called out. "At least Santa will have snow for his sleigh next week," she joked.

I nodded, watching Andrea push the snow from her steps. I walked across to her yard and stood in the knee-deep snow at the end of her walkway.

"You go back inside, Andrea. I'll shovel this for you," I said.

Andrea looked up from the snow-covered steps and smiled. The morning sun reflecting off of the ivory snow lit up her pretty face. Her hazel eyes sparkled and her hair shimmered as the sunlight hit her. She looked lovely. When she squinted from the glare from the snow and smiled I noticed faint lines at the corners of her brown eyes and at the edges of her full lips. Instead of making her look older I found that they highlighted her smooth cheekbones and the delicate structure of her jawline.

"Thanks, but you don't have to do that, Nick. I need the exercise anyway," she said.

"No, you don't," I said with a smile. "Besides, if Brian found out that I let you shovel he'd be mad at me. I'm almost done over at my place. It won't take me long to do this."

Andrea relented and leaned her shovel against the railing of her porch. "Okay. Thank-you. But come inside after you're done," she said.

I watched Andrea turn and go back inside, running my eyes over her firm, round ass and feeling my cock begin to stiffen.

It had been a long time since I had spent any time with Andrea and I was eager to finish shoveling so I could join her inside. The snow was packed hard where the plough had pushed it into a pile and it took me longer than I had anticipated. I was glad that I had offered to do it for Andrea. I knew she could have, but helping her appealed to what I considered to be my chivalrous nature. Besides, I did it out of friendship with Brian too.

As soon as I entered the back porch of Andrea's house I could smell the aroma of chocolate chip cookies baking in the oven. I smiled, feeling like a kid again. Andrea's cookies were one of my most pleasant childhood memories. I kicked my wet boots off and hung my jacket up.

"I'm baking cookies. It's been ages since you've had cookies over here." Andrea was at the sink, washing a large white mixing bowl and utensils.

I nodded, unable to hold back my smile. "Yeah... your cookies were always the best. I miss them," I said.

"Well, they'll be ready in a while. Have a seat, Nick. You must be tired from all that work. Thank-you so much," Andrea said, beaming me a wide smile.

"You're welcome. I would have been over here sooner if I had have known you were going to make chocolate chip cookies."

I listened to Andrea's cheerful laugh and ran my eyes over her as she stood with her back to me at the sink. Her jeans hugged her hips and cushiony ass. She was wearing a burgundy fleece pullover that seemed a little small for her. As she scrubbed cookie dough that was caked on the bowl I noticed her heavy breasts shake a little. They pushed out at the soft material of her pullover. My eyes moved along their rounded contours to the outline of her left nipple. I could tell she was not wearing a bra and wondered if she enjoyed the feeling of the soft fleece teasing her stiff nipples.

"I better check on the cookies so they don't burn." Andrea dropped the bowl in the soapy water and dried her hands off.

When Andrea turned and walked to the stove I followed her with my eyes. For a few glorious seconds I was treated to a perfect view of her heart-shaped ass when she bent over to take the cookie sheet from the oven. She placed it atop the stove and turned to face me.

"I haven't baked cookies for anyone besides myself in a long time. I'm glad you're here to help me eat them. Lord knows I don't need to put on any more weight than I already have."

Andrea frowned as she tossed her pot holder on the counter. I was thinking about her comment and eying her, but was too shy and nervous to make a remark. When Andrea noticed me looking her over she smiled.

"It's okay -- you can agree with me, Nick. I won't be mad," she said with a rueful look on her face.

"No, I wasn't thinking that at all. To tell you the truth, I was thinking that you look good," I said, although I feared that I had been too honest.

"You were always such a polite kid, Nick. I always knew you'd grow up to be a gentleman," Andrea remarked. She smiled and her eyes regained the lustre they had when she was outside.

"Thanks," I said.

Andrea let out a sigh as she sat down at the table to my right. "It's encouraging to know there are good men out there. It's just my luck that the only one I know is half my age," she lamented.

I let out a nervous laugh, although her compliment pleased me. "Don't give up; you'll meet a nice guy," I said, trying to sound encouraging.

Andrea shook her head. "No. I've given up. I keep picking losers."

"It's not your fault that Richard was an asshole," I sneered.

But I have Brian because of that experience, so I can't consider it all bad."

"Yeah -- Brian's a great guy," I chimed-in. "I miss him."

"Me too." Andrea sighed again. "There are so many things that he used to help me with around here."

"If there's ever anything I can help you with, just let me know."

"Thanks, Nick. That's kind of you," she said.

"I mean it, Andrea. When Nick emails me he always asks if I've seen you and how you're doing. He asked me to check on you sometime, but I would have felt like I was intruding, so I didn't," I told her.

"That's sweet, but it's not necessary. But you wouldn't be intruding; you're like family, Nick," Andrea said.

"Thanks." I gave Andrea an appreciative smile. "You've always been like a second mom to me. When I was a kid I wished that you could adopt me because you were cooler than my mom," I told her.

Andrea let out a soft laugh, then gave me a teasing smile. "I don't think that would have worked out so well," she remarked.

"No. Mom wouldn't have been too happy about it, that's for sure," I joked.

"What I meant was it would have been kind of awkward, since you had a crush on me." Andrea gave me a shrewd smile.

Instantly I felt myself blush and turned my eyes from Andrea. When she noticed my rosy cheeks and the abashed look on my face she frowned.

"Oh... Nick, don't be embarrassed. I thought it was cute how you used to follow me around and look at me like you did," she said, seeming happy as she recalled those days.

I was still blushing, so when Andrea got up and began putting the cookies in a tin box I was relieved to have her not looking at my expression anymore.

"There's milk and Pepsi in the fridge. Help yourself, like always," she said, turning her head towards me.

I brought the bottle of Pepsi from the fridge and poured myself a glass.

"Could you get me one too, please?" Andrea asked. "If I'm going to break my diet today I may as well go whole hog," she added.

"You don't need to diet, Andrea." I handed her a glass of Pepsi, then took a cookie from the tin. I smiled as I began chewing and savouring the familiar taste I had not enjoyed for a long time.

"That's easy for you to say. You don't need to lose weight," Andrea replied. She bit into a cookie, sucking on it for an instant as her eyes met mine.

"And neither do you," I retorted.

Andrea and I were standing at the counter, almost a yard apart. After I made my comment I realized that my eyes were roaming over her curves, lingering on her chest and ass. Once I stopped myself from ogling her I discovered that she had a smirk on her face.

"Still the same old Nick I see," she teased, grinning.

I smiled, not needing to ask what she meant. My erection was growing and pushing out at the front of my jeans. "That's 'cause you're still the same," I countered.

"Oh, I don't know. There's more of me now," Andrea replied.

"Yeah... and right where there should be." I was becoming quite horny and enjoying the risqué talk with Andrea. I took another glance down to her chest.

Andrea smiled as her eyes followed mine. She straightened her back slightly. It was then that I noticed how hard her nipples had become. They were thick and protruding from her pullover very noticeably now. Her sizable breasts strained the fabric so their proportions were obvious.

"You're making me feel very guilty right now, Nick." Andrea sounded timid, but she still had a faint smile on her face.

"Why's that?"

"Because you're Brian's best friend and in the back of my mind I still think of you as that kid playing with his toys in the yard," she explained.

"I know what you mean about being Brian's best friend; I feel guilty because of it too. But I'm not a kid anymore, Andrea."

"You just like to play with different toys," she teased with a sexy giggle.

I smiled, stealing another look at Andrea's bustline. "Yeah... bigger ones," I said, noticing that I sounded as horny as I was.

"How much bigger?" Andrea's voice was softer now and slightly huskier.

"About a C-cup..." I retorted, darting my eyes up to hers.

When Andrea let out a burst of laughter at my remark I noticed her breasts quiver from beneath her pullover. "Good guess, Nick," she answered with a wink.

There wasn't a sound in the kitchen for several seconds and the air was thick with sexual tension. I could feel my cock throb and wondered if Andrea was getting turned-on, or just having fun teasing me. When her soft voice broke the silence my heart began to pound as I listened to her speak.

"If I let you play with my... toys... do you promise to never tell a soul? If Brian ever found out..." Andrea's voice faded out as she gave me a wary look.

"I know... no... I'd never breathe a word of it to anyone, Andrea," I vowed.

"Come here..."

Andrea tugged at my hand and brought me into the living room. She stopped a few feet in front of the couch, still holding my hand. Her touch was soft and gentle and fed my arousal. She took a step closer and I felt the back of her hand graze my left thigh.

I gave her a guilty nod and a smile.

"It made me wet..." Andrea blushed and lowered her face, smiling.

"Like now?" I asked.

Andrea nodded without looking up at me. She sucked on the corner of her bottom lip and gave my hand a squeeze.

When I slipped my right hand under her pullover Andrea never resisted. Her stomach was soft and smooth as I glided my fingers over it's curve. I felt her quiver beneath my trembling hand as she began breathing faster. When my fingers stroked the underside of her left breast she gave a quiet gasp and looked down. Her tongue darted out and she sucked on her bottom lip. When I pinched her thick nipple and gave it a gentle tug she moaned and grabbed my hips.

"No one has played with them in so long... that feels so good, Nick," she breathed.

I slowly began tugging Andrea's pullover up. She watched as I uncovered her beautiful body, but said nothing. Once I had exposed her breasts she gave me a nervous look. Her breasts were lovely. They hung down slightly, but retained their nicely rounded shape. I licked my lips as I stared at her light brown nipples and large areolas.

"God... you're beautiful, Andrea," I said, not taking my eyes off of her bared torso.

"Thanks... I hope you're not disappointed. I mean, you've wanted to see them for a while, haven't you?" Andrea gave me a shy smile.

"For years..."

I cupped Andrea's heavy breasts in my hands and began kneading them and rubbing her swollen nipples. She swayed her hips a bit and closed her eyes while I fondled her.

"Suck on them..." she urged, cupping the back of my head in her hand.

Andrea's nipple felt thick between my lips. I sucked and tugged at it, then swirled my tongue around it, listening to her sexy moans. My mouth moved from one nipple to the other as I held as much of her breasts in my hands as I could. Andrea was holding onto my shoulders now. Her breathing was rapid and I was surprised by how turned-on she was. When I pinched her right nipple between my teeth and gave it a slight tug she cried out, digging her nails in my shoulder.

"Oh shit... we better stop, Nick... I'm sorry, but... oh god, that felt too good..."

"Sorry..." I mumbled.

"No... don't be, Nick. It... it was great... I think I had a mini-gasm..." Andrea let out a titter and grinned. She tugged her pullover down, then kissed my cheek. "If I didn't stop you now I would be begging you to fuck me in another few minutes," she breathed into my ear.

"Would that be so bad?" I smiled at Andrea and ran my hand over her back.

"It would be wonderful -- that's the problem," she said.

I gave her an understanding nod. "I should get back home. I have a little shoveling to finish," I said.

Andrea followed me to the door, watching as I put my boots and jacket back on.

"Nick, I hope this doesn't ruin things between us. Brian will be home for the holidays soon and I want you to come over and it not to feel tense between us," she said.

I nodded as I zipped my jacket up. "It won't... it's okay, Andrea," I said, giving her a reassuring smile

"Good." Andrea came over and kissed my cheek. "I loved it, Nick -- maybe too much and it sort of scared me. But I'm going to be tempted from now on."

I gave her a look of surprise and a wide smile. "Really?" I blurted out.

"Yes, but I can't make any promises and I don't want to tease you. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I said with a brusque nod and smiled.

"Good. Now get home before I drag you back into the living room."

I gave Andrea a quick kiss on the cheek, then left.

###

That Saturday afternoon I noticed Andrea struggling to get a Christmas tree from the trunk of her car. I pulled my boots on and grabbed my jacket. I would have helped her regardless, but any reason to spend more time around her was a good one. Mom was in the living room reading. I explained I was going over to help Andrea, then hurried out the door.

She looked up and pushed her hair out of her face. "I think you might have to," she said. "It went in there easily enough, but now it doesn't want to come out."

"It must be a male tree," I said with a grin.

Andrea laughed and shot me a flirtatious smile. "Brian will be home tomorrow and I wanted to have a tree so we could decorate it together," she said.

I tugged the spruce from the trunk of Andrea's car and stood it up by the butt. "Where do you want me to put it?" I asked.

"You mean the tree, right, Nick?" Andrea still had a teasing smile on her face.

"Yes," I grinned, feeling my cock begin to stiffen.

"I figured I'd better make sure, to avoid an embarrassing situation," she joked. "If you could bring it in to the living room, that would be great," Andrea said.

I picked the tree up and followed Andrea inside. I did my best to try not to stare, but as we were taking our coats and boots off I couldn't help but run my eyes over her body. Andrea was wearing a denim skirt that came down several inches past her knees and a blue knit cardigan. It was tight and the top three buttons were undone, giving me a view

of her upper chest and a bit of her cleavage. I was glad to be able to stand behind the tree so she could not see the growing bulge in my jeans.

When we got into the living room I noticed two large boxes containing Christmas decorations. To my left I saw where Andrea had moved a table and chair aside to make room for the tree against the wall.

"Where's the holder? I'll help you set it up," I said.

Andrea rummaged around one of the boxes, searching for the Christmas tree holder. I stared at her ass as she bent over. Once she found the tree holder she placed it on the floor where she wanted it. I sat the tree in it and held it while Andrea tightened the clamps to the tree trunk. She was kneeling at my feet so I was able to see down her cardigan a ways. Her firm, round breasts were held in a pink bra that I could see the edges of. They jiggled as she moved. Watching them move made my cock even harder, but now I hoped she would notice. When she finished with the holder she looked up and stared at the bulge in my jeans, then smiled.

"I see you're in the Christmas spirit already," Andrea said as she lifted her eyes to mine.

"I'm in the Andrea spirit." I extended my hand to her and she took it so I could help her to her feet. I pulled her to me and slipped my left arm around her waist.

"Be good, or you'll end up on Santa's Naughty List," she said.

"I don't care. It would be worth it," I said.

Andrea's stomach was pressed against my hard shaft and her hands were on my waist. I pressed on her lower back, pulling her tighter to me until her breasts touched my chest. I looked down at them and smiled.

"Your toys look bigger today," I remarked.

"It's an optical illusion," she said with a laugh.

"I better check to be sure."

As I slowly reached for a button on Andrea's cardigan she watched my hand move, but did not stop me. One by one I unbuttoned the cardigan, then pulled it open wide. Her bra was silky and pushed her breasts up into two firm mounds. I ran my fingertips of my right hand over them, teasing and stroking them until I noticed her nipples rising out at the silky pink material of the front panels. When I bent down to give each a kiss Andrea chuckled.

"Your whiskers tickle," she said.

When I slid Andrea's cardigan off of her shoulders she let her arms go limp at her sides. I pulled it off and let it fall to the floor behind her. Her heavy breasts gave a slight bounce as I tugged her bra down to free them. I ran my fingertips up the sides of them and down over her nipples, watching them thicken. Andrea closed her eyes and let out a soft moan.

"Can we sit down?" she asked, looking over at the couch.

Andrea lead me by the hand over to the couch. I sat down to her left and draped my arm around her waist, pulling her to me until her hip was pressed against me.

"God, you're sexy," I said as I ran my eyes over her.

Andrea gave me a modest smile as she ran her hand up and down my arm. "Thanks," she said. "You've become a great looking guy yourself, Nick."

When I leaned closer and kissed her Andrea was visibly surprised. She recoiled slightly, then smiled. When I pressed my lips to hers again her mouth opened to receive my tongue. I slid my hand up to cup her right breast as we continued to kiss. She moaned into my mouth as I pinched her hard nipple and gave it a tug. I sucked on her bottom lip and gave her breast a hard squeeze, making her softly moan again.

"Did you ever think we'd ever be doing this?" she asked.

"No, but I fantasized about it a lot," I admitted.

Andrea laughed. "Like after you went home after spending time here..." she surmised with a foxy smirk.

"Yeah. Especially when you wore loose tank tops without a bra."

"I knew where your eyes were -- naughty boy," she taunted.

"You did?"

"Yes, of course," she said.

When I placed my hand on Andrea's right knee and slid it up the inside of her thigh she reached down and held my wrist, giving it a gentle push. I stopped moving my hand but kept it on the inside of her thigh.

"Let me touch it," I said, almost begging.

Andrea gave me a nervous look. She was still holding my hand, but not pushing on it. Her cheeks were flushed and her breathing had accelerated. When I bent down and ran the tip of my tongue around her left nipple, then pinched it between my lips and pulled at it, she moaned.

"That feels so good, Nick," she sighed, running her hand up my arm.

I kissed Andrea's neck and nibbled at her ear as I stroked the inside of her thigh, inching my fingers higher. She tilted her head to her right, baring her neck to me. I drug my tongue over it, nipping at it with my teeth. When I moved my hand higher up the soft inside of her thigh she spread her legs wider.

"Can I touch it?" I breathed into her ear.

"If you don't, I will," Andrea said, then grinned.

"When was the last time you played with it?" I asked.

"Last night..." Andrea's eyes were shut and her moist lips were closed tight.

"What did you think about?"

"You... what we did the other day..." Andrea's hot breath washed over my neck as I licked her ear and nipped at her neck.

"How many times have you played with yourself since then, Andrea?"

"Show me," I said.

"What?" she asked, opening her eyes and turning her head towards me.

I kissed her moist lips, tugging her bottom one between mine. I slid off of the couch and ran my hands up her thighs to her panties. I hooked my fingers in them. She lifted up, allowing me to slide them down. They were white with lace trim and damp. I pulled them over her feet and pressed them to my face to breathe in her musky scent.

"Show me what you did last night, Andrea." I was kneeling at her feet and running my fingers up and down her smooth calves.

"No one has ever seen me do that," she said in a timid voice.

"You're beautiful and sexy... I want to watch you for a while... please."

Looking bashful, Andrea slipped her right hand under her skirt. I ran my hands up her thighs, pushing the hem of her skirt towards her waist. Her bush was jet black and quite thick. She covered her mound with her palm and looked at me.

"I never expected this to happen -- not today anyway. I would have shaved, but no one has seen me there in so long so I don't usually bother," she said, sounding embarrassed.

I took her hand and eased it away from her wet pussy. Her full lips glistened with her juice. I ran my thumb over them. She moaned and slid forward on the couch. When I pressed down on her clit with my thumb and began rubbing it up and down she writhed a little.

"Oh god... Nick," she moaned as she arched her back.

I squeezed Andrea's ass in my hands and bent down closer to her juicy pussy. When I ran my tongue over her lips to her clit she cried out and grabbed me by the head, pushing my mouth against her. I pushed my tongue in her as my nose hit her pink button. I could taste her sweet nectar and feel it begin to run down my chin.

"Shit... that feels wonderful, Nick," she said in a series of heavy breaths.

I slid a finger deep in Andrea and began sucking on her clit. I felt her squeeze my finger hard as she came, thrusting her hips up to meet my finger and probing tongue. When she came for the second time my mouth and chin were covered with her tasty juice. I licked my lips as I looked up at her and smiled. Her eyes were closed and she was running her fingers over her dripping pussy, spreading her juice around.

I pulled my t-shirt off and dropped it to the floor. When I laid Andrea down on her back on the couch and unzipped my jeans she knew what I wanted. She reached up and held my wrist as I began tugging at my jeans.

I got up and pulled at Andrea's hand, bringing her to her feet. I zipped my jeans again and fastened the button as I watched her breasts sway and jiggle when she stood up. I pulled her to me and kissed her, letting her taste her juice on my lips. She licked her lips and smiled. I held her hand and began walking up the stairs with her.

Once we got to Andrea's bedroom I pushed the door open and brought her inside. Despite being as horny as she was, I could tell she was also nervous. I was too. I smiled and cupped her chin in my hands and softly kissed her wet lips, then brushed her hair back over her shoulders.

"I've wanted you for so long," I told her.

Andrea smiled. Even though she had known that for a long while she still seemed pleased to hear me say it. I reached around her and undid the button on her skirt, then unzipped it. With a gentle tug it slid over the curve of her hips and down her legs till it was around her feet. She stepped out of it, supporting herself on my shoulders.

"Aren't you a little over-dressed for the occasion?" she joked, toying with the button of my jeans.

I smiled and let my arms go limp at my sides, signaling for her to undress me. Andrea seemed slightly nervous as she unzipped my jeans, but when she pulled them down and saw my hard cock tenting my underwear she smiled. After giving me another shy glance she slid my underwear down, tugging the waistband away from me to free my

cock. It rose and swelled until the mushroom-shaped head was pointing up towards her.

"I had forgotten how hard young men get," she said, staring at my shaft.

I took Andrea's hand and urged her to wrap her soft fingers around my cock. She gave it a squeeze, then a few slow strokes.

I stepped out of my underwear and jeans then kicked them aside. I could feel my cock bob and sway as I moved. Andrea's wide eyes never left it, even when I tugged at her wrist, bringing her over to her bed. I laid back on it, drawing her down beside me. I kissed her mouth and moved between her soft legs. She opened them for me and bent her knees.

"I'm not on The Pill or anything, so you'll have to --"

"I know... it's okay," I reassured her. "I'll be careful."

Andrea smiled and I heard her let out a faint laugh. "I don't know how we'd explain to Brian that he's going to have a brother or sister and you're the father," she said with a smile.

I ran my hands up Andrea's smooth thighs to her hips. I gripped them harder as the head of my cock slid into her wet pussy. She felt hot and tight. As my rod sank deeper into her she moaned and squeezed me harder deep inside her. When I began thrusting my hips and working

my cock in and out of her she closed her eyes and arched her back, letting out a louder moan.

"You feel so good, Nick..." she sighed.

I reached up and squeezed her left breast, kneading it and pinching her nipple as I worked my shaft faster in her tight walls.

"You look so sexy when you're horny," I told her.

Andrea smiled and ran her hand up and down my right thigh. "I haven't been this horny in so long," she said in ragged breaths. "Fuck me harder, Nick... please."

That was all the encouragement I needed. Holding onto Andrea's hips I lifted her from the bed a ways and began pumping my cock harder and faster. She reached down and began rubbing her clit. Our moans and cries of pleasure filled the room. I could feel her juice coating my balls and running down them. Andrea rubbed her swollen clit and squeezed her left breast while I fucked her hard, watching her writhe beneath me.

When Andrea came I felt her grip my cock harder. The feeling was wonderful, but it brought me closer to orgasm -- too close for me to remain inside her. Andrea watched as I slid my cock from her dripping pussy. My shaft was shiny and wet with her juice. I began stroking it, watching her play with herself.

"Cum on me, Nick... I want it all over me," she moaned.

I moved closer to her, just as the first rope of cum shot from my swollen cock. It splashed over her breasts and chin. Andrea moaned again. She began smearing my cum over herself, not stopping as I sprayed her with three more streams of my thick jism. It landed on her hand and stomach. She began spreading it over herself, stopping briefly to taste it on her fingers.

Andrea was still caressing her breasts and rubbing my cum over them and her stomach when I rolled over beside her. I kissed her cheek. It was hot and red, much like mine felt. She turned her head towards me and smiled.

"You're a wonderful lover." Andrea ran her fingertips down my cheek to my lips.

"That's because I had a wonderful partner," I told her.

"Hold me," Andrea said, cuddling-up to me.

I wrapped my arms around Andrea and pulled her close, feeling our juices on her soft, warm body. I kissed her forehead as I stroked her back.

"I know."

"But after he goes back..." she continued, giving me a foxy grin.

"After he goes back I'm going to be tempted to move in with you," I joked.

"I hope you plan on eating more than just my chocolate chip cookies." Andrea gave me a wide smile and winked.

"You can count on it," I promised her.

Relatively Good

"Thanks so much for inviting me and mom down to stay with you." Yvonne Evans said as she leaned back in the lawn chair, feeling the hot sun on her face.

Jack Clarke looked at his cousin as he sat next to her outside of his house and smiled. She was wearing a pair of blue shorts and a white short-sleeve blouse, and Jack moved his eyes over her, feeling himself getting hard. He took a drink of his iced tea and made sure his eyes were back on her face before she could catch him leering.

Yvonne ran her fingers through her dark hair and squinted as the sun shone in her green eyes. "Mom has been sort of directionless since dad died, so this visit will be good for her."

"You too, hopefully." Jack replied.

Yvonne smiled as she nodded. "Yes, me too. It's been a rough year... dad was sick for so long, then dealing with losing him has been hard on all of us. Mom and I both needed a change for a while."

Jack nodded. "Want some more iced tea?" he asked, gesturing at his cousin's empty glass.

"Please." he replied as he handed her his nearly empty tumbler.

Jack watched his cousin as she walked towards the house. His gaze immediately fell towards the curve of her ass. Some might have considered Yvonne's behind too large, but it was the part of her that Jack could never help but notice when he was around her. The tight shorts she wore showed it off even more and he reached down to briefly give his throbbing cock a quick rub before she returned.

"There you go." Yvonne said as she leaned over to hand Jack his refill of iced tea.

Jack peered into loose-fitting blouse and watched her swaying breasts, then looked up at her with a smile. "Thanks." he said.

"For what," she asked as she sat back down next to him "the iced tea, or the down-blouse view?"

Jack instantly felt his face flush. "Ahh... I meant the drink." he stammered.

Yvonne grinned at him as she took a sip of her drink. "Well, I hope the view was okay too."

Yvonne staring at him from the corner of his eye with a look of anticipation. "What?" he asked as he turned to her and smiled.

"I was waiting for your answer."

"Oh..." he grunted.

"And I still am..." she prodded. She had a playful smile on her face and Jack found it disarming.

Jack laughed at his cousin's persistence and chose his reply carefully. "The view was nice." he told her.

Yvonne gave a satisfied smile. "I just assume that now that I'm old, men don't look at me in that way anymore."

"Old? Thirty isn't old."

"You can say that," Yvonne retorted "but wait till you turn thirty."

Jack laughed. "Well, next year I will be. Besides, never assume..."

"It makes an ass out of you and me." Yvonne chimed in. As silly as the expression was, it never failed to make her smile.

"Exactly!" her cousin exclaimed.

"Let's not get started on my ass," Yvonne groaned "I need to lose half of what's there."

Jack rolled his eyes as he shook his head. "Some would disagree."

"Would that include you?" she queried.

"Absolutely." he told her, feeling less shy about the tone of the conversation.

"Look at this," she exclaimed as she stood up and turned with her back to Jack "tell me this isn't too big."

Jack stared frankly as his cousin bent over slightly to display her backside to him, giving it a squeeze and running her hand over it. His cock was now harder than it had been earlier, and he dropped his hands to his lap, clutching his glass.

"Looks fine to me." he told her as he let out a smile.

Yvonne turned her head around and looked into Jack's brown eyes. She could tell from the look on his face that he meant what he had said. She knew that this sort of behavior with her cousin was inappropriate, but the fact that it was excited her and she felt herself getting wet. She sat back down in her chair next to him. Her eyes followed his as they ran

down her body. She could feel her hard nipples brushing against her blouse and she regretted not putting a bra on that morning. She knew that her arousal was showing and hoped that Jack wouldn't comment.

"I hope you enjoy the scenery while I'm here then." she told him, feeling her mouth getting dry.

"I always do when you're around." he told her.

Yvonne opened her mouth to speak, but heard the sound of the back door to the house opening. She looked up to see her mother walking down the steps to join them.

"Did you have a good nap?" Yvonne asked.

"It was wonderful. Thank-you for having us here, Jack."

Jack gave his aunt a warm smile. "I'm glad to have both of you visit, Aunt Ruth. It's good to have some company for a change."

"Yes, I imagine it would be, especially now. I was so sorry to hear that you and Jane broke up; she seemed like such a nice girl."

"That's what I thought to." Jack replied, his voice tinged with bitterness.

"Do you have plans for later? I was thinking I could take you two out to dinner." Ruth said.

"Oh, you don't have to do that," Jack told her "I'll whip up something later."

"Nonsense," his aunt shot out in a cheery voice "you're kind enough to invite us here -- it's the least I can do. I'll enjoy it too."

"Thank-you then. I'd like that." her nephew told her.

"I'm going to go get changed then. I can't wear this to a restaurant." Yvonne said as she stood up, glancing down at her clothes.

Ruth and Jack nodded and his eyes followed her swaying hips as she walked to the house.

"I should change too, and wash up a bit." Jack told his aunt shortly after his cousin had left.

Ruth followed her nephew inside and waited in the living room while he and her daughter changed.

feeling it thicken. He wished he had more time so he could make himself come, but he knew he didn't.

Deciding that splashing some cold water on his face and brushing his teeth would help change his mood he walked towards the bathroom. The door was slightly ajar -- he pushed on it and walked inside. He let out an audible gasp when he stepped inside. Standing in front of the mirror was Yvonne. She was applying lipstick, and was only wearing a black skirt and a white lace demi bra. She turned towards him and smiled. Suddenly Jack's legs refused to move, and he stood there slack-jawed, staring at his half-dressed cousin as his cock began rising in his boxers. His eyes rapidly moved down from her slender shoulders to the firm mounds of her breasts, barely contained in her bra.

"Sorry...", he finally managed to say as he turned to leave "I never knew you were in here."

"It's okay. I'm all done anyway." Yvonne put the cap on her lipstick and placed it on the counter, taking one last look at herself in the mirror.

Jack felt her hand gently resting on his shoulder as she brushed past him in the tiny bathroom. Her breasts moved over his back and he glanced down at the growing tent in his boxers.

Yvonne paused in the doorway before she turned to go back to her room and tilted her head down to appraise her cousin's obvious erection. Her full red lips formed into a smile and her eyes met his.

"I'm going to enjoy the scenery while I'm here too," she breathed "hopefully you'll always be this happy to see me."

Before Jack could reply she was gone. He heard the door to her bedroom close. He quickly locked the bathroom door behind him and turned on the cold water tap.

"I'm so glad I was able to take you and Yvonne out to eat. I wasn't going to let you cook on our first night here." Ruth told her nephew as she sat at the restaurant table with them.

Jack smiled at his aunt and told her that he appreciated the gesture. Yvonne was sitting next to her mother, directly across from Jack, and he could feel her bare knee brush against his occasionally. At first he thought it was an accident, but when it continued to happen he realized that she was teasing him. His cock responded and he cast his eyes up from his plate, up over the tight pink blouse she was wearing. Images of her without it on earlier in the bathroom filling his mind.

"Mmm... this chicken breast is so tender." Ruth exclaimed as she sliced a piece of meat.

Yvonne smiled at her plate. "Why did you get the salmon, Jack? Don't you like breasts?"

Jack gave his cousin a knowing smile. "You're bad." he quietly scolded.

"If you want..." she retorted.

Ruth finished her salad without commenting on the innuendo hanging in the air, then smiled at Jack as she deposited her fork on the empty plate.

Jack followed his cousin and aunt out to his car in the parking lot. He opened the front passenger door so his aunt could get in, then went around to the driver's side. It was then he noticed Yvonne still standing by the back door of the car.

"Don't I get doors opened for me too?" her mouth formed into a girlish pout, her hands on her hips.

Jack gave her an amused grin, then went around to where his cousin stood and opened the door for her. She stepped in front of him to enter the car, then abruptly stopped and firmly pressed her round ass into his groin. Jack immediately became hard and could feel his throbbing cock jabbing into her cushiony rump as Yvonne made slow circular motions with her hips.

"Now that's more like it." she said as she turned and smiled at him before getting into the car.

"That meal was delicious!" Ruth exclaimed as she hung up her coat back at her nephew's house after they arrived back.

Jack nodded in agreement as he watched his cousin from the corner of his eye. As she sat down by the kitchen table and crossed her legs the hem of her tight black skirt climbed up her tanned thighs, exposing even more bare skin than when she was standing. Jack was anxious for her and his aunt to go to bed so he could relieve his built-up sexual tension caused by Yvonne.

"Oh my -- look at the time," Ruth declared as she looked at the clock on the wall "I should be getting to bed."

"But it's not even ten o'clock yet, mom." Ruth responded.

Ruth smiled at her daughter and gave her a hug and a kiss on the cheek. "When you get to be my age ten o'clock will be late for you too."

Yvonne gave her mother a warm smile and stood up to hug her. "Have a good night then, mom."

"You kids have a good night too." Ruth replied

Jack watched his aunt leave the kitchen and listened to the sound of her climbing the steps. He had mixed feelings about being alone with his cousin. He was excited by the sexually charged atmosphere, but hesitant. He had no idea where it might lead and wondered if Yvonne's teasing was just that, and not a indication of where it might lead. He was hopeful that their flirtations would escalate, but afraid to push things further. Instead, he decided to let her take the lead.

"Don't tell me you're packing it in early too." she said, smiling at Jack.

"No, not yet. It's way too early." he told her.

"Good," she replied "how about we watch some tv?"

Jack followed his cousin into the living room and sat down on the sofa. He turned the television on and flipped through the channels until Yvonne stopped him when she found a program she liked. Jack tossed the remote on the coffee table and glanced over at her sitting next to him. Yvonne felt his eyes on her and turned to smile, glancing down at his lap in hopes of telling whether he was hard. She had been wet since they were at the restaurant and her inhibitions were rapidly fading.

"Can I ask you something?" she asked, breaking the awkward silence.

Jack smiled at her with a nod. "Sure."

"This afternoon, just before mom came out, you said something about always enjoying the scenery when you're around me. What did you mean?"

Jack struggled for a moment to recall his comment, then his mouth formed into a nervous smile. "It's just that, well, I always thought you were really pretty." he told her.

Yvonne's eyes widened slightly and she gave her cousin a hug. "Thanks, that means a lot to me." she said as she clutched his arm and rested her head on his shoulder.

Jack shifted gently on the sofa as Yvonne moved her hand over his chest and held him tight, nuzzling into his neck. "You know what...?" she said.

"What?"

"It was sometimes lonely being an only child growing up. I always looked forward to when you and your folks visited. You were like the brother I never had."

"Really?" he asked, looking at her, somewhat surprised.

Yvonne sat up slightly and brought her legs up on the sofa, tucking her feet under her. She rested on her left hip and leaned into Jack again, draping an arm over his stomach. She ran her hand over him, feeling his firm muscles under his shirt. Then hoping he wouldn't notice, she pressed her thighs together and slowly moved them, enjoying the pressure on her clit that her movements caused.

"Plus I always thought you were really cute too. I used to love it when we all went out to the lake to swim because I got to see you in your swim trunks." she continued.

Jack laughed. "To tell you the truth, I liked seeing you in that red bikini you used to wear." he confessed.

"I know." she told him, her eyes meeting his.

"You do?" Jack replied, his surprise was obvious in his voice.

"I could tell you used to get hard around me. You'd always run into the water to try to hide it. It was funny." she recalled.

Jack let out a nervous laugh and kept silent.

"Oh, don't be embarrassed," his cousin reassured him "I liked being able to do that to you. I still do, you know."

"You tease..." Jack retorted, trying not to sound angry.

"I'm sorry, Jack, I know I shouldn't. I know guys hate teases. But, you know, now that we're older it doesn't have to be just teasing." she told him.

Jack pondered his cousin's comment then turned to face her. "What do you mean?"

stomach, her eyes moving between the lump in his pants and the surprised look on his face.

"We're adults, but we're still cousins. Besides, you're married." he reminded her.

Yvonne gave him a compunctious frown and Jack felt regretful, fearing he had offended her and hurt her feelings.

"I'm not saying I don't feel the same. I just feel guilty, that's all -- especially because of Gary. He's a nice guy and I'd have a hard time facing him."

Yvonne nodded. "But it's not like you're some guy I met in a bar. You're family. That makes it wrong, but in a weird way it makes it alright too." she reasoned.

"I don't think I follow that logic." he said and chuckled.

"Did your cock need logic when you walked in on me in the bathroom this afternoon?"

Jack let out a laugh. "I know... sometimes I think too much," he said "To be perfectly honest, I've sometimes wondered what it would be like for us to fool around."

Yvonne smiled at him. "Me too. And I can tell you're hard right now."

Jack gave her a guilty smile.

"It's okay," she reassured him "you're not alone... I'm wet."

"You were the first girl I saw topless you know." he blurted out.

"Really?" she said, surprised.

"Remember that time at the lake your top came off after you dove off of that rock?" he reminded her.

Yvonne laughed hard as she recalled the incident. "Yeah!"

"I didn't dare come out of the water for a half hour," Jack admitted "and when I did I looked like a prune."

"They've gotten bigger since then too." she teased.

"I can tell..." he told her.

"Today in the bathroom," she said "did they look okay?"

"Are you kidding?" he asked, his eyes moving down to her chest then back to her face.

"Maybe you'd like another look at them then." she concluded.

Yvonne removed her arm from around her cousin and sat up slightly, then unbuttoned two buttons of her blouse and pulled it open some to reveal her ample cleavage. She looked up at him, then returned her arm to around his midriff and leaned against him again. Jack could feel her breasts pushing against him and stared down into her open blouse. As she pressed into him her breasts were pushed up from her bra so more of them were exposed. He was tempted to tug at the lacy cups of her bra and uncover her hard nipples, but clutched her hip tighter instead.

"Was that time at the lake the only time you saw them -- I mean, before today?" she asked.

"Ya. That good a look anyway," Jack told her "I used to peek down your tops and stuff, typical guy things." he confessed.

Yvonne let out a girlish laugh. "How much could you see?" she asked.

"About as much as I can now." he told her.

"I used to love staring at your hard-on when we were swimming," she told him "it looked so thick. I used to want to give it a squeeze and feel it."

Yvonne pulled herself closer to her cousin and held him firmly. He wrapped an arm around her, his hand falling on her hip. She glanced down at his hand, wondering if he was going to move it lower, and smiled up at him.

"Have a feel, Jack. I know you want to." she said in a deep whisper.

Jack looked down at her as she smiled, and watched as she gave him an encouraging nod. Slowly he let his hand slide down over the curve of her firm ass. He felt her squirm against him and let out a contented sigh as he grabbed a handful and gave it a firm squeeze.

"How does it feel?" she asked a few minutes later.

"Great." he told her in a throaty tone as he continued to feel her.

"Your cock felt so good against it tonight by the car," she said "it's a good thing mom was there or I would have been so bad."

"We have to be good though." he replied.

Yvonne smiled. "Relatively."

Jack contemplated her reply as he felt her firm ass and hip, squeezing one handful after another of her flesh.

"Can I ask you something?" she asked, the look on her face suddenly appearing serious.

"Sure. What is it?" he asked, curious, yet somewhat apprehensive.

"Those times when you were around me and, you know, looked at me... did you ever think about me when you... ahhh... jerked-off?"

Jack was slightly shocked by his cousin's blunt question, and even more hesitant to answer her. He took a deep breath and gave a faint reply. "Ya." he told her.

"Cool...," she said in an excited voice "I used to think about you too when I did it. I kept hoping that sometime when we were alone you would touch my boobs."

"Really?" he asked, surprised at her revelation.

Yvonne gave a brisk nod as she looked up at him. "I used to see you look at them sometimes and I knew what you were thinking."

"You had the biggest ones of any girl I knew." he told her.

"Do I still?" she asked with a laugh.

"Almost," he said "but they're definitely the nicest."

"You're such a charmer." his cousin said, and reached up to kiss his cheek.

"I mean it!" Jack asserted as he stared into her open blouse and continued to squeeze her ass.

Yvonne felt herself getting even wetter as she watched her cousin ogle her. She sat up and turned to face him, then tugged her blouse from inside her skirt and unfastened the remaining buttons. She smiled at Jack and pulled it open wide as he watched.

"You may as well get a good look. Besides, You've already seen me like this." she said.

Jack smiled into her eyes then returned his gaze down to her chest. He estimated that Yvonne had more than a handful, and judging from how her nipples were protruding from the material of her bra they must be fairly thick. He smiled and wished he could take one between his lips.

"God, you're sexy." he intoned as he stared at her.

Yvonne gave him a smile and drew her fingers over her bra, feeling her hard nipple through the lace, then gave her breast a hard squeeze. She closed her eyes and concentrated on the feeling of her clit as it pulsed.

"Usually I don't wear a bra," she explained "or at least I like to go without one whenever I can."

"You look better without one." Jack assured her."

"I like the feeling," she said "plus, I'm a tease, you know..."

Jack laughed. "I've known that for about fifteen years."

"Is that so bad?" she asked "I know I shouldn't, but it gets me so hot."

"It's frustrating, that's for sure." he told her.

Yvonne gave her cousin a sympathetic smile. "I'm sorry. You were my favorite person to tease though."

"Really?"

"Definitely," she said as she nodded "part of me always wished you'd try something with me if I teased you enough."

Jack shrugged. "I was scared to."

"Are you still scared?" she asked.

"A little." he replied.

Yvonne smiled at her cousin's bashfulness and she shook her head. "Don't be." she told him. Her voice was calm and it soothed Jack.

"What do you mean?" he asked, wanting to be sure of her intent.

"Feel them."

Yvonne smiled at her cousin as he gave her a questioning look, then he reached out and cupped her breasts through her bra. They felt full and heavy in his palms as he pushed them upwards. Jack squeezed them hard and ran his thumbs over her hard nipples.

"Like them?" she asked in a nervous voice as she watched his hands on her.

Jack smiled up at her and nodded as he continued to feel her.

"We should have done this years ago, I guess." she told him.

"I wanted to." Jack said as he attempted to pinch her nipples through her bra.

"Me too." she said.

Yvonne eventually leaned back on her cousin's chest and he left his left hand on her right breast, holding it as he stroked her ass with his other hand. Her skin was warm and soft and Jack wanted to run his hands over her entire body.

Soon Yvonne drifted off to sleep. Jack never woke her, instead he continued to hold and caress her, enjoying the feeling of her luscious body against his. About fifteen minutes later she woke up and peered up at him with sleepy eyes.

"I'm sorry. I dozed off. It was a long drive here today, and I guess I was more tired than I realized." she explained.

"It's okay," Jack told her "you should get some sleep."

Yvonne gave him a reluctant nod and sat up. She looked down at her open blouse and smiled at Jack.

"Time to put them away..." she said as she began buttoning her blouse.

"Will you make a deal with me?" he asked.

"What's that?" she asked as she finished buttoning her blouse.

"No bra for the rest of your visit."

Yvonne gave him a sultry grin. "That would be so naughty."

"You said you like being braless..." he reminded her.

Yvonne nodded. "Okay, it's a deal!"

Jack gave his cousin a pleased smile and took one last look down at her chest. "I should be getting to bed too. Your mom will probably wake up pretty early."

Yvonne nodded as she stood up and tugged at her cousin's hand, pulling him from the sofa. Without letting go of him she lead him up the stairs, stopping at the bedroom where she would be sleeping.

"Promise me something..." she said as she tugged him closer.

"What?" he asked.

"Think of me when you jerk-off tonight."

Jack gave her a bashful smile, then nodded.

so turned-on." she said, then turned and opened the door to her bedroom.

Jack stood before the closed bedroom door for a few moments after his cousin entered, then made his way to her room where he kept his promise to her.

That night Jack slept more soundly than he had in quite some time. Being able to release his pent-up lust was a huge relief to him and once he finished he immediately rolled over and fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning the sound of activity in the kitchen some time before 9a.m. woke Jack. He rolled over to check his clock and groaned to himself. 8:47. He quickly got dressed and used the bathroom before going down to the kitchen. The smell of frying bacon greeted him as he descended the stairs, and as he turned the corner he saw his aunt at the stove cooking breakfast.

"Good morning," Ruth said in a cheery voice "did you sleep well?"

Jack nodded and grunted out an answer before stumbling to the fridge and pouring himself a glass of juice. He planted himself in a chair at the table and took a sip from the glass while he reflected on the events of the previous night. He was filled with dread at the thought of facing his cousin -- fearful that she would regret what had happened and be mad at him. It was about a half hour later that he heard signs of life upstairs and knew that Yvonne was getting up. Feeling anxious, he waited for her arrival in the kitchen as he ate the bacon, hash browns and scrambled eggs that his aunt had made for him.

"Morning, Mom. Have a good sleep?" Yvonne said in a cheery voice as she hugged her mother and looked in the frypan at what she was cooking.

Jack glanced up from his plate at his cousin. What immediately caught his attention was that she was wearing a tattered t-shirt with some a faded logo on it that barely fell down past her curvy hips. As she walked Jack could clearly see glimpses of her floral panties and he felt his cock twitch to life.

"Sleep well, cous?" she asked as she walked over to Jack and snatched a piece of bacon from his plate and began chewing it.

Jack looked up her and smiled. "Ya, like a log."

Yvonne flashed a smile at Jack and sat down on his left thigh. He could feel her round ass mould against his leg as she shifted to make herself comfortable and his cock instantly stiffened. He glanced down and noticed how her t-shirt had slipped up towards her hips to reveal her thigh all the way up to her panties.

"Honey, don't you think you should change?" Ruth suggested as she watched her daughter sitting on Jack's lap.

"Suit yourself." Ruth said before turning back to cooking breakfast.

Shortly after her comment Ruth placed a plate of food on the table and Yvonne got up from Jack's leg and sat down to have her breakfast. Jack finished his glass of juice and sporadically stole glances at Yvonne as she ate. Several times she glanced up at him and sent him a warm smile that to Jack seemed somewhat impish. He found it reassuring and returned the smile.

"That was good, thanks mom," Yvonne said as she pushed her empty plate away from her "I should go get dressed now."

Ruth looked up from her plate as she sat across the table and looked at her daughter, then watched as she left the kitchen. Jack toyed with a few remaining pieces of food in his plate, trying to avoid his aunt's gaze.

"Old sins cast long shadows." Ruth said, shattering the silence.

Jack nearly jumped at the sound of his aunt's voice and gave her a perplexed look. "What?" he asked, seeking clarification.

Ruth gave her nephew a somewhat frustrated glare. "I'm an old woman, Jack, but I was young once, and I'm not as dumb as you might think. I had a full life with your Uncle Harold when we were younger, and even before I met him. Make sure that you and Yvonne don't do anything you'll regret."

"What do you mean?" he asked, knowing full well what she meant, yet hoping to avoid the conversation.

"Maybe when you look at me it's hard for you to imagine that I was young once too, and even was pretty like Yvonne, but I was, and I have cousins -- brothers too. Enjoy your youth, Jack, but consider the consequences of what you do." she admonished.

Jack was shocked by his aunt's lecture and found himself at a loss for words. Instead, he stared at her, afraid to speak. Then he noticed her expression soften and a smile formed on her face.

"I'm sorry," she elaborated with a smile "I don't mean to be so harsh. I know you and Yvonne have always been close. I just wouldn't want anything to happen that would damage your relationship beyond repair." she told him.

Jack nodded and let out a grunt, but avoided eye contact with his aunt.

It was then they heard the sound of Yvonne coming down the stairs. Ruth picked up her plate and brought it to the sink. She began doing the dishes and kept her back to her daughter and Jack.

"So what are the plans for today?" Yvonne enquired as she sat down next to Jack.

"None really." he said with a shrug, still reeling from his conversation with his aunt.

"Maybe I'll just laze-around all day in the sun." she replied, grinning.

"Why don't you kids go outside and relax while I finish these dishes and tidy the kitchen." Ruth suggested.

Jack and Yvonne looked at one another and nodded in agreement. "Okay, mom, we'll be outside." she said before turning to leave.

Jack followed his cousin out the back door, staring at her as he walked. She was wearing a purple skirt that fell just past her knees, sandals, and a dark red t-shirt that was several sizes too large for her. He wondered if she had stuck to her bargain to not wear a bra, but he was unable to tell. Jack watched as she settled down into a lawn chair, then he took a seat in the one next to her. They sat silently for some time, enjoying the morning sun and the peacefulness before Yvonne spoke.

"I saw you looking at me. I know what you're thinking." she said.

"You do, do you?" he joked " so, tell me."

"You're wondering if I'm sticking to the deal we made last night..."

"No bra -- that was the deal." she reminded him.

"Yes, it was," he said "so..."

"So you'll just have to check for yourself to make sure." she said, taunting him.

"Like I can do that with your mother around." he said with frustration.

Yvonne shot him a flirtatious smile. "Then I guess you'll never know."

"You're frustrating, you know that?" he told her.

Yvonne gave him a smug grin. "Thanks. I try my best." she said.

Jack let out an exasperated sigh and slid down in his chair.

"Relax. The chase is better than the catch." she reminded him.

Jack and Yvonne spent the most of the morning discussing work, her marriage, and how life for each of them was going. The conversation helped Jack to focus on other things besides his raging libido, but he still found it impossible to look at his cousin without wondering what she was wearing under her clothes. Less than an hour later Ruth joined

them, pulling a chair up next to Jack and engaging him in conversation. At first he found this annoying, then he eventually welcomed the distraction.

"It's such a lovely day. I should go for a walk." Ruth announced shortly before noon.

"Do you want some company, mom?" Yvonne asked as she sat up in her chair.

Ruth shook her head. "No, that's okay. I try to get out for walks whenever I can. My doctor tells me it's good for my circulation, and I enjoy the time alone. You two have fun."

Jack felt his face grow warm as his aunt turned to him, directing her final comment at him. He smiled at her and told her to enjoy her walk, then watched as she strode down the driveway.

"Alone at last." Yvonne declared with a smile after her mother left.

Jack turned to her, feeling his cock twitch in anticipation. He ran his eyes up her body to her chest, wondering what was concealed beneath her t-shirt.

"So, maybe it's time that I found out if you kept your word."

"Maybe." she responded with a wry grin.

Jack got up from his lawn chair and stepped towards his cousin, but before he could reach out to her she suddenly jumped up and ran towards a row of shrubbery behind them. Jack watched her breasts jiggle beneath her t-shirt and realized then that she must not be wearing a bra. His cock thickened as he raced after her. He caught up with her behind a tall row of shrubs adjacent to his house. She was breathing heavy and smiling as she watched him approach.

"The chase is better than the catch." she said with a grin.

"We'll see." Jack told her as he placed his hands on her hips and pulled her to him.

"So, just what is it that you're curious about?" she said, her voice full of arousal.

"I want to see if you've kept the promise you made last night." he told her.

Yvonne's arms went limp by her sides and she grinned at her cousin. "Then check for yourself." she told him.

Jack pinched the bottom of her t-shirt between his fingers and slowly began pulling it up. As the curve of her bare stomach became exposed he looked into her eyes and waited for her to resist. When she didn't Jack continued to tug her t-shirt up towards her chin. Inch by inch more of his cousin's body was revealed, until he caught a glimpse of the

undersides of her pendulous breasts. He continued tugging at the t-shirt until her brown nipples came into view. They stiffened and grew thicker as the summer breeze washed over them.

Jack stared at his cousin's exposed breasts. They were round and hung down gently towards her stomach, capped with very hard brown nipples. He smiled as he looked them over, holding her t-shirt around her chin.

"Are they okay?" she asked, nervousness present in her voice.

"I love them -- they look great!" he exclaimed as he stared, unable to tear his eyes away.

"You're the first person besides Gary to see them in a long time." she told him.

"Since you've been married, has anyone else seen them?" he asked.

Yvonne nodded, avoiding his eyes.

"Who's seen them?" Jack asked.

Yvonne drew in a deep breath and sighed. "Dad." she said, looking up at him, somewhat ashamed.

"What?" Jack asked, unsure that he had heard her correctly.

Yvonne nodded. "I use to tease him a bit when mom wasn't around." She gave a guilty shrug and waited for his response.

His cousin's revelation was like a jolt of electricity to Jack's cock and he was eager to hear more. He reached up and pinched her left nipple between his fingers, tugging at it. He heard her let out a sharp gasp of pleasure and he smiled.

"How far did things with you and him go?" he asked as he continued to manipulate her hard nipple between his fingers, twisting and tugging at it.

"Not far," she said, her breathing becoming rapid "mostly it was me showing off to him. Teasing, like I did with you."

"Did he ever see you like this? Topless..." Jack prodded.

"Once. One weekend when Gary and I were visiting he walked in on me in the bathroom after I'd gotten out of the shower; sort of like you did." she explained.

"And..."

"All I had on was a towel... around my waist." she said as she grinned.

"Was it an accident, him walking in, or..." Jack asked.

Yvonne shrugged. "Doesn't matter. He got a good look anyway." The impish grin that Jack was so accustomed to appeared on her face.

Jack was getting even more turned-on as he listened. "What did he say?" he asked.

"Nothing. I guess he was speechless," Yvonne concluded with a laugh "and we never spoke about it after that, but..."

"But what?"

Yvonne's expression grew thoughtful and the corner of her mouth turned up. "Things were always different between us after that. I used to catch him looking at me times when he thought I didn't notice. Then sometimes when he would hug me his fingers would brush over them... down the sides of them or underneath."

"Wow..." was all Jack was able to say in response.

Yvonne still had a grin on her face, and Jack could tell she enjoyed recounting the events as much as he liked hearing them.

"Once in a while I knew he was hard. He would hug me longer, pull me closer." she added. Yvonne stared over her cousin's shoulder and smiled to herself, looking thoughtful.

"Did you like it? Did it make you wet ever?" he demanded.

"Always," she told him "one time when Gary and I were staying there over Christmas... I guess dad had too much egg nog... mom and Gary were in the livingroom watching tv or something... I was coming out of the bathroom and dad was there -- I guess he followed me up -- he gave me this look, sort of like you did sometimes when we were at the lake, then he hugged me. I knew it wasn't an innocent hug. He wanted to have a feel, so I let him."

"What happened?" Jack asked, his fingers working both of his cousin's swollen nipples.

Yvonne drew in a deep breath. "I pulled him to me," she began "and felt his hand slide up my side over my sweater. It was like electricity going through me. I could feel his fingers touching me, rubbing my nipple. It was so hard. He just held on... to my boob, you know, for a while. I let him. It was strange... it was like he needed that contact... maybe I reminded him of mom and I was a substitute for her. They were old, and I guess she wasn't interested in sex anymore. I let him mostly because I loved him."

"Sometimes I do... feel bad... dirty." Her voice began to tremble.

"Do you now?" he asked.

Yvonne shook her head. "No. I'll never regret anything with you, Jack. I swear. I probably would have married you if I could have."

Jack slid his hand down his cousin's left leg and tugged her skirt up. He ran his fingers over the soft skin of her thigh until they were pressing against her damp panties. He began rubbing her slowly as she held onto his shoulders, then bent down to take a hard nipple in his mouth. He sucked and licked at it as his thumb pressed on her throbbing clit, making her even wetter.

"Oh god, Jack." she moaned into his ear.

Jack began rubbing her faster, then felt her hands leave his shoulders then tugging at the zipper of his pants. She deftly pulled them and his underwear down. The open air on his cock felt good, but a moment later he felt Yvonne's fingers wrap around it. She squeezed it firmly, as if shaking his hand, then began stroking him. Jack slowly rocked his hips to meet her warm hand as he continued to massage her clit. Soon he felt her grip him tighter and her body tensed. She moaned and held his shoulder with one hand, not letting go of his twitching cock. This was enough for Jack -- seconds later he gasped and shot a stream of hot cum past his cousin onto the lawn.

"You don't know how much I needed that." she said as she released him and backed away slowly.

Jack smiled. "Me too." he said as he pulled his pants up and caught his breath.

Yvonne leaned into him and gave him a soft kiss on the lips and smiled. "We should be getting back closer to the house. I don't know when mom will be back."

Jack nodded and followed his cousin over to the lawn chairs and sat down, still breathing rapidly.

"That walk was invigorating. I feel great." Ruth said later as she sat with her daughter and nephew outside.

"I'm glad you're having nice weather for your visit," Jack told her "it rained part of last week."

Yvonne was sitting next to Jack, eyes closed as she listened to the conversation and enjoyed the warmth of the sun. Her mind could not focus on anything else other than what had happened while her mother had gone for her walk and she was afraid that the bliss was showing on her face.

Jack shook his head. "No, thanks. I'm still full from breakfast."

Ruth returned later with a egg salad sandwich and a cup of tea. "I found a church down the street during my walk," she told jack "I think I'll go there this Sunday."

Yvonne laughed. "Mom, you're on vacation. You can skip church for once."

Ruth shook her head in dismay and smiled. "Where did I go wrong with you? I tried to bring you up to be a good Christian."

"I'm a Roaming Catholic." Yvonne retorted with a laugh.

Jack laughed at his cousin's comment, but decided to not say anything for fear of offending his aunt any more than she may already be.

"Well, I'll be going to church, and I'll say a prayer for your soul." Ruth shot back.

Yvonne knew that her mother was being intentionally melodramatic, but she also realized that her faith was important to her and decided no to push the matter.

"I should do those breakfast dishes." Ruth said as she placed her empty mug down.

"No, leave them," Jack said "I don't expect you to work while you're here. I'll do them later."

"No, you won't," his aunt said in a good-natured tone "besides too much sun isn't good for a person. I should be getting in for a while."

Yvonne opened one eye slightly and watched her mother go into the house, then turned to Jack and smiled.

"Be good. She's just in there." he warned her.

"I'm always good."

Jack let out a guffaw. "I guess good is a relative term."

"Especially with relatives." she countered.

About ten minutes later Jack suggested that he and his cousin should go inside and spend some time with Ruth so she didn't feel neglected. Yvonne stretched and got up from her chair and followed him inside.

"Thanks for doing those for me, Aunt Ruth."

Ruth turned from the sink and smiled at her nephew. "You're welcome. It's the least I can do. I want to help you some while I'm here."

"But, mom, the whole point of a vacation is to not work." her daughter reminded her.

Ruth smiled as she pulled the plug to empty the sink, then sat down next to Yvonne. "I know. I'm going up for my afternoon nap soon so you shouldn't worry about me working too hard."

Yvonne smiled at her mother and gave her hand a squeeze.

Jack felt his heart race in anticipation of more time alone with his cousin while Ruth napped and he cast her a subtle smile. He listened as his aunt climbed the stairs, then waited for the sound of her bedroom door closing.

Yvonne smiled at Jack and slowly got up and sat down on his lap, sliding an arm around his shoulder and resting against him. Jack placed a hand on her knee and slid it up her thigh under her skirt, enjoying the feeling of her silky skin.

"I'm still so wet." she told him.

Jack grinned and moved his hand up to her panties to check for himself. Yvonne sighed as his fingers moved over the folds of her lips, pressing into them.

"I guess we have to be good." she said with disappointment.

"Relatively." he grinned.

Yvonne smiled then opened her legs wider for him and pulled her skirt up her thighs. Jack looked down and watched as his fingers rubbed over her wet lips.

"Damn, you're hot!" he told her.

"Still? As much as I was when we were younger?"

"Maybe even more." he told her.

"We'll have more time alone when she goes to church, you know." she said.

"That's a few days away. I'll explode before then if you keep teasing me."

"If your mother catches us, she'll kill us though."

Yvonne gave a worried nod. "I know."

Jack continued to play with his cousin as she sat on his lap, listening occasionally for sounds of his aunt getting up. They had lost track of time as they cuddled and fondled one-another. His hard cock was attempting to rip his zipper open and he twisted on his chair to get more comfortable.

"Want to stand up?" she asked.

Jack shook his head.

"It's okay... come here." Yvonne got up from his lap and sat down on the kitchen table, her legs dangling. She pulled her skirt up towards her waist and parted her legs wide, watching as Jack's eyes moved up her thighs to the outline of her lips beneath her wet panties. She pulled them aside to uncover her pussy. Her lips were swollen and shiny with her juice, and Jack reached out to feel her. She placed her hand on his, encouraging him to press harder. She moaned as he slipped a finger, then another, in and began working them in and out.

"I wish that was your cock." she breathed in his ear.

"So do I."

The sound of a door opening upstairs startled the cousins and Yvonne slid from the table and adjusted her clothes. Jack darted to the sink to quickly rinse his hand off, then turned towards his cousin and smiled.

"How do I look?" she asked, glancing down and twisting her skirt into place.

"Horny." Jack told her.

Yvonne laughed. "It's all your fault."

The rest of the week seem to pass unbearably slow for the cousins. Jack made his best effort to keep his aunt entertained and busy during her visit, as well as rein in his nearly uncontrollable libido. Unfortunately he and Yvonne seldom had more than brief periods of time alone, and even when they were alone after Ruth had gone to bed they were on guard for sounds of her approaching.

Jack never slept well Saturday night. He was filled with anticipation over being alone with Yvonne the next day. He awoke the next morning to sounds of his aunt getting up and using the bathroom. He pulled on a robe then went out in the hall to check on her and found her heading downstairs.

Jack smiled at his aunt and watched her descend the stairs. He went to use the bathroom and wash his face off. When he heard the door downstairs close he peaked out the window to see his aunt walking down the driveway. He waited until he saw her turn down the street in the direction of the church then left the bathroom. Yvonne was standing in the hall when he opened the door. She was wearing nothing but a pair of white panties and a wide grin.

"I heard her leave so I knew it was safe to get up." she told him.

"I like what you're wearing." Jack told her as he stared at her breasts, jiggling slightly as she moved.

"Finished in there?" she asked.

Jack nodded as stepped aside.

Yvonne never closed the door and Jack waited to one side until he heard the toilet flush then poked his head back in, watching her brush her teeth. He studied the curve of her ass as she leaned over the sink, then moved his eyes up to her swaying breasts, shaking to the rhythm of her arm as she moved her toothbrush. Jack walked into the bathroom and stood behind her. He untied the belt of his robe and placed his hands on her hips, pulling her to him and grinding his hard-on into her ass.

"Mmmm... someone's ready to have some fun." Yvonne said as she turned to face him. She looked down at the tent in his boxers and cupped him in her hand.

Jack reached out to cup her breasts and toy with her nipples as she gave his full balls a squeeze.

"Come here." he told her.

Jack took hold of his cousin's hand and lead her to his room. He slipped his robe off and it fall to the floor. Next came his boxers and Yvonne gave a pleased smile as she stared at him standing there naked. His cock twitched slightly and was pointing upwards -- ready for her. She excitedly pulled her panties off and tossed them on top of his robe and laid down on the bed, parting her legs wide. She smiled up at him as Jack knelt between her knees, running his hands over her body.

"Don't tease me this time. Please." she begged.

Jack took hold of her hips and lifted her up towards him, listening to her cry out louder than he had ever heard her before as the head of his cock slipped in her. He could feel her grip him, tugging him deeper in her. Yvonne wrapped her legs around him and pushed up to meet his thrusts.

"Harder, Jack... I've waited so long for this."

Jack clenched his eyes shut and began thrusting his hips. Pushing deep into his cousin with each stroke, listening to her sounds of pleasure.

Their lovemaking was even better than they had imagined it in their minds over the years, and neither wanted it to end. Eventually it did, finishing as Jack quickly withdrew from Yvonne. They both watched as he sprayed her chest with several streams of thick hot cum. She giggled in delight, then spread it over her breasts, noticing how they seemed to shine with his juice. She smiled up at him as she traced a circle around a nipple.

Jack laid next to her and ran his hand over her quivering body, smiling as he looked into her half-open eyes. He leaned over and gave her a tender kiss on her wet lips.

"Don't get up just yet," she pleaded, tugging at his arm "we have time before mom will be back."

Jack consulted his watch and nodded, then rested his head on her chest, playing with a hard nipple.

Yvonne let out a silky moan and cuddled closer to him.

"So, I hope you've been having a good vacation." he told her.

The cousins' laughter filled the room and mingled with the smell of sex as they enjoyed the little time they would have alone. Both wishing time would stop for them and this special moment would endure.

Renaissance of the Heart

It was the third of February on that night when the police officer came to our house. My tenth birthday had been three days earlier. Even now, decades later, the memories are still vivid in my mind. Some nights I still have nightmares about it.

My parents, George and Diane, had gone out that night to celebrate his parents' thirty-fifth wedding anniversary. My father loved his parents very much, and was excited about marking this milestone with them. He had even named me after his father, Douglas, although everyone called me Doug, or sometimes Dougie. They had driven to my grandparents' house in Ingleton, about an hour's drive from Welton, the town where we lived. It had been raining all day, but it got cold that night. I remember hearing the sleet and hail batter the windows. It sounded like the claws of a hungry monster trying to get in to devour me.

I was in the living room, sitting on the couch with my babysitter, Penny, watching "The Six Million Dollar Man". It was my favourite TV show when I was a kid. When we heard a knock at the door Penny got up to answer it. I kept watching the television, oblivious to the muffled voices in the kitchen. When Penny came back in the room a while later she looked ashen. She was shaking a little and she seemed like she was going to cry, or maybe throw up. She turned the TV off and sat down beside me on the couch. She just looked at me for a minute, hands trembling, before she said anything.

Penny reached out to hold my hand. "Dougie, I have some really bad news to tell you," she began in a halting voice. That's when I saw the tears start to run down her cheeks.

Neither Penny nor the rest of my family told me everything they knew about what had happened that night, not for years anyway. They thought I was too young and fragile to deal with hearing it all. They were probably right. It was only when I was a teenager that I was given the rest of the details. But essentially what I was told that night was that my parents had been in a horrific car accident while driving home. The roads had become very icy, and their car had skidded on a bend in the road and was rammed by an eighteen-wheeler in the on-coming lane. Dad was killed instantly. I also later found out that they tried to save my mother at the hospital -- that she was still conscious and asking for me -- but there was nothing they could do. By the time the sun rose the next morning, I was an orphan.

That night my mother's parents came and took me to their house, a few miles from where we lived. I stayed with them for almost a month, until other arrangements were made. My grandparents loved me dearly, but they had already raised three children of their own, and at their ages they were not prepared to care for another. What was eventually decided was that I would go live with my Uncle Wayne and Aunt Lisa in Walker Valley. They would be my new parents, my grandmother explained.

I cannot overstate just how tumultuous this period of my life was. Almost literally in the middle of the night I was taken from the only home I knew, then later uprooted from the town I grew up in, had gone

to school at, and where all of my friends lived. This, on top of coping with losing both of my parents.

Aunt Lisa was Mom's younger sister. They also had a brother, Uncle Kenny, who was the youngest of the three siblings. He was single and considered too irresponsible to be a parent at his age, so my Aunt Lisa and Uncle Wayne were the logical choice. They lived in Walker Valley, almost two hundred miles from Welton. Like most everyone there, they had gotten married the day after they graduated from high school, or so it seemed.

Wayne was a carpenter, and a good one apparently, because he got a lot of work. He was almost six feet tall, with short brown hair, broad shoulders, and arms that seemed to me at that young age like small trees. Lots of guys spend hours in a gym or take drugs to build muscles like that, but my uncle had earned his by swinging a hammer and carrying lumber most of his life. If you didn't know him he might seem imposing at first. But when you heard his laugh and saw his green eyes light up you could tell he was as gentle as a kitten.

Uncle Wayne and Aunt Lisa didn't have any kids of their own, but they wanted some very much. They had tried, but sadly both attempts had resulted in my aunt having miscarriages. The second one happened a few months after I had come to live with them. After that, my aunt's doctor cautioned her against getting pregnant again. He offered to tie her tubes, and seeing no other alternative, she reluctantly agreed.

suppose it was, but compared to Welton it may as well been another planet. You could drive for almost a mile in some places between houses, and it was so quiet that it was almost eerie. Welton was a larger town with more stores and a lot more people. I was used to hearing traffic at night, people laughing and talking as they stumbled home from bars, and the occasional wail of the siren of a police car or ambulance in the distance. Lying in bed at night at my new home I didn't hear a sound. I felt like the only person on Earth.

My aunt and uncle owned a spacious four bedroom house that his grandfather had built, located on six acres of land. It had a verandah facing west where the road ran by, and a patio in back where my uncle would barbeque steaks and chicken on weekends and some evenings as the sun set when the weather was nice.

One thing that pleased me as soon as I moved there was discovering that I would have a bedroom that was much larger than my old one in Welton. It was next to the bathroom and down the hall from my uncle's and aunt's room. When he showed it to me for the first time my uncle told me that it was all mine, and I could put posters on the walls and store my toys and comic books wherever I wanted. If I wanted another book shelf or stand for my model airplanes, he would build me one, he told me. He even offered to paint the walls a different colour if I wanted. None of that was necessary though. My new room was perfect as it was.

Although I was their nephew and not their biological son, Uncle Wayne and Aunt Lisa never once made me feel like a surrogate, or acted like they were doing me a favour or that they resented having parenthood thrust upon them. They doted on me, and showered me with as much

love as I imagined they would have any child that they had brought into this world. In fact, it sometimes seemed as though all the love they would have bestowed on the children they would never have was lavished on me.

About six months after I arrived, and had begun to grow accustomed to my new life and surroundings, my uncle got me a puppy -- a black Lab that I named Steve, after Steve Austin. Having a companion helped me to feel less lonely, and I suppose that was how my aunt and uncle had hoped I would feel.

Something I learned when I was a few years older was that a judge had ordered that my parents' house be sold, and all their assets be placed in a trust for me, which was to be handled by my grandmother. Once I turned twenty-one the money would be mine to do as I pleased, presumably for college. Until then, my grandmother could mete it out as she saw fit. This she did, giving some to my aunt and uncle occasionally to help with necessities like clothes, school supplies and gifts for me at Christmas and birthdays. One of the first things they bought me was a brand new red bike with a bell on the handlebars. This proved to be quite useful, since houses were so far apart and the nearest corner store that sold candy and pop was two miles down the road.

I guess I was more resilient than I realized because it wasn't long before I adjusted to my new surroundings. Walker Valley became my home, and Uncle Wayne and Aunt Lisa, my parents. The ache I felt over the loss of my parents never fully went away though -- even to this day. When I look at my children now sometimes I can see their grandparents' faces in theirs and I find it bittersweet.

Exploring our house, especially the attic and basement, always fascinated me for some reason. I suppose I was naturally curious, and my uncle's and aunt's house seemed expansive to me compared to the small two-bedroom home I had spent my first ten years in. One day, years later, while searching through the basement, I chanced upon a Playboy magazine that my uncle must have hidden. It was tucked in a pile of old newspapers on a shelf beside the chest freezer. As I flipped through those glossy pages of naked women my whole world seemed to tilt a little and expand. I felt a little dizzy and my cock was as hard as an oak tree.

I quickly unzipped my jeans and slid my hand inside to rub my shaft. I wanted to run up to my bedroom with the magazine, but decided it was best that it remain where my uncle had put it. If he saw that it was missing, or my aunt discovered it under my mattress when she was cleaning my room, I would be in a lot of trouble.

For the longest time that copy of Playboy was my best friend. Every Friday night or Saturday my aunt and uncle would drive to Ashton, a town about ten miles away, to buy groceries, and some evenings they would go out to visit friends for a few hours.

As soon as my uncle's blue Dodge truck had left the yard I would race down to the basement and take out that copy of Playboy. I must have shot a gallon of cum for all the times I stared at Miss July with that magazine spread out on top of the freezer. I was always careful to put it back in the approximate place amongst the stack of newspapers where I had first discovered it, but sometimes when I went for it I found it higher or lower in the pile than where I had left it. I would smile to

myself, thinking that my uncle must have snuck down there for a discreet rendezvous with Miss July, like I routinely did.

Why Uncle Wayne would need or even want to look at the women in that magazine bewildered me. My Aunt Lisa was the prettiest, sexiest woman in all of Chilton County. I'm not just saying this because she's my aunt and I love her (although I do). Nor do I mean to sound unkind to the other women in the area. But to me it was just a simple fact, like the sun rising and setting daily. I know I shouldn't even say that about my aunt at all, or think about her in that way. But I did. A lot. My heart had experienced a renaissance because of Aunt Lisa. I felt no guilt about it then, and I still don't.

It has always baffled me how a couple can make several children and have them all turn out so differently -- both in appearance and personality. Genetics really must be like a roll of the dice. My Aunt Lisa was nothing like my mother, although she was her younger sister. Mom was rather tall, for a woman anyway, standing at close to five foot nine. She had curly sandy-blond hair and brown eyes (two features that I inherited from her). My aunt was more slender than her sister was and about five inches shorter. She had jet black hair, which she always kept at a length that brushed her shoulder blades. She also had brilliant blue eyes that sparkled brighter than any gem, especially when she laughed, or her mood grew playful and mischievous. Her eyes reminded me of those mood rings that everyone was wearing back then. Their intensity varied depending on how she felt, although she always seemed good-natured and happy.

she was perfect. Actually, I preferred her natural beauty to the bottle-blonds and silicone sirens featured in that copy of Playboy, whose pages I had thumbed through countless times. My aunt's legs were slender and shapely from lots of walking and working in the yard, and her breasts were of a generous enough size for my taste. She could get out of bed in the morning and just run her hands through her hair and look lovely. She didn't need to spend time primping to look pretty. She already was, and more.

Spring and summer were always my favourite months -- not only because I had a reprieve from school, but mainly because my aunt got out her warm-weather clothes once again. That meant an end to her concealing her wonderful body beneath jeans and the loose, bulky pullovers that she wore during fall and winter. It also meant that I was in an almost constant state of arousal from being around her. I was always impatient for bedtime so I could jerk off in the privacy of my room.

It became second nature for me to steal sideways leers at my aunt's nice ass and tanned legs as she bent over, working in her flower or vegetable garden. Often I would slyly peer down the front of whatever top or dress she was wearing too, so I could snatch a glance at her breasts. I would become almost mesmerized as I saw them quiver or sway a bit as she leaned over, digging at the soil or tugging at weeds. On a few very memorable occasions I was even fortunate enough to see a hard nipple standing out from her breathtaking mounds. They were thick, and lighter than her tanned skin. Those few seconds I was afforded to see them was always far too short for my prurient desire though. I hungered to see her naked, but had long convinced myself that yearning would forever be relegated to mere fantasy.

With my uncle working daily, sometimes almost until sunset during the summer, I spent almost all of my time with my aunt. I had friends that I had made at school, and I would pedal my bike the mile or two to their houses after school and on weekend afternoons, but the bulk of my time was spent at home. Looking back, I think my aunt and I filled voids in each others lives. She became the mother I needed, and I was the son she wanted.

Once I reached the age of eighteen I think I became the young man she turned to when my uncle was working all day, and she became my ideal of femininity. It was a different kind of void that we each had by that time, and a much different bond that we shared, but just as strong. That was what caused us to grow closer in a way that few would suspect, and even fewer would condone, during my eighteenth summer.

###

Uncle Wayne was always an early riser. Even on weekends he didn't sleep in. He was a hard worker, ambitious, and always up before the sun. I really admire him for it. It wasn't long before I grew to ignore the sound of the shower most mornings soon after my uncle woke up. But on that Tuesday morning during the second week of July when the sound of the streaming water woke me for some reason I remained awake. Steve was sleeping at the foot of the bed, curled up like an ouroboros. I kind of envied him.

1981

I grew eager to begin the day and spend as much of it as possible with my Aunt Lisa. But that was nothing new for me. Shortly after I heard Uncle Wayne leave the bathroom I heard the door close again, then the

shower started up again. Probably my aunt, I thought. Knowing she was completely naked with just that wall separating us was vexing. My kingdom for x-ray vision!

After I heard the rumble of Uncle Wayne's truck later as he left the yard I got up. I showered quickly, then got dressed in a t-shirt and shorts. I tried to appear relaxed as I joined my aunt in the kitchen so she wouldn't realize how excited I felt, although she probably saw through my veneer years ago I admitted to myself. I was actually a little relieved when I saw that she was wearing navy shorts and a tan tank top -- nothing especially revealing to torment me all day. But her tank top had a scooped neck, so if she bent over the view would be riveting.

I think my aunt had put on a little weight during the winter because she was a noticeably more buxom than the previous summer. Her thighs seemed a little more cushiony too. I liked the result, a lot. No way would my hands ever accommodate her firm breasts now, I thought to myself the times that I stole glances at them.

"Morning," Aunt Lisa said. She looked up from her bowl of oatmeal with a warm smile as I entered the kitchen.

"Morning," I replied. I made my way to the cupboard for some Rice Crispies. I filled a bowl with some, along with milk, then poured myself a glass of apple juice. I sat down at the opposite end of the table from her and sprinkled sugar over my cereal.

When she got up to bring her empty bowl and the pot on the stove to soak in the sink I followed her from the corner of my eye. She walked behind me to the fridge and refilled her glass of juice.

"Want some more?" she asked, holding up the juice container.

"Yes, please," I said.

Aunt Lisa stood beside me, refilling my glass. When I felt her hip brush my arm I almost flinched. I could feel my cock react, rising inside my shorts. Once she sat back down I relaxed some and finished my cereal. I put my bowl in the sink and found her watching me when I turned around.

"Want to go out on the patio and finish our juice?" she asked. "It's going to be a beautiful day."

"Yeah. That sounds good," I said.

On the patio were several wooden chairs and two tables that Uncle Wayne had built. There was also a bench that was his creation too. I sat down on it, so the morning sun would be at my back. My aunt joined me, sitting down to my left. She crossed her legs and took a sip of her juice. My eyes shifted, locking on her silky, tanned thighs.

"Yeah, it's really nice out here," I agreed.

"Oh... I'm going to do some laundry later," she said. "Do you have anything that needs to be washed?"

"Yeah," I said. "A few pairs of jeans and t-shirts."

"Well, go gather them up in a while, and I'll throw them in with the rest of the stuff," she told me.

"Thanks." I looked at her and smiled. She looked lovely, and her hair gleamed like polished obsidian with the morning sun shining on it. I didn't realize how long I'd been admiring her until she turned her head towards me. Her eyes shone like sapphires as she gave me a curious smile.

"What?" she asked.

"Nothing," I said, noticing that I sounded defensive.

"I learned long ago that it's never nothing when a young man looks at me like that," she sardonically said.

I laughed, trying to lessen the tension I felt, then concluded that telling her the truth, or at least part of it, wasn't so bad after all. "I was just looking at your hair," I said. "And noticing how shiny it was."

Aunt Lisa smiled, seeming pleased by my comment. "Thanks, I've been using a different conditioner lately, so maybe that's it," she said, then paused as a peculiar smile formed on her face. "But you're the first guy in ages who's noticed my hair. Lately when I go out they look at my tits."

Before I could restrain myself, I let out a sharp burst of laughter at my aunt's comment. Then I quickly clamped my mouth shut, giving her a rueful look. "Sorry," I spat out. "You kind of shocked me with that comment."

My aunt was now laughing at my reaction. Once she had caught her breath she smiled at me and shrugged. "Well, it's true," she said. "I never thought I'd still have teenagers looking at me when I was in my thirties. Especially after the weight I gained last winter." Once she finished her eyes left mine and she frowned.

I watched as Aunt Lisa's expression turned gloomy, and I struggled to find something to say to make her feel better. A lot of things came to mind -- mostly that she was very pretty and looked even better with a few more pounds on her -- but I worried that she would either dismiss what I said as insincere flattery, or consider it inappropriate for a nephew to say to his aunt. Before I could gather any words she interrupted my thoughts.

"I should be doing laundry instead of sitting around feeling sorry for myself. Go get what you want washed and I'll do it," she said.

I hurried up to my bedroom, still dwelling on my conversation with my aunt, and gathered up some clothes for her to wash. I left my room, holding a few pairs of jeans, t-shirts, and underwear. As I was approaching the stairs I heard her call out to me.

"I'm in here," she said.

I turned towards her and Uncle Wayne's bedroom, and saw her in there. She was dropping a pair of my uncle's pants and a shirt in a yellow plastic laundry basket on the floor beside the bed. "Just put that stuff in here," she said.

I walked over to the laundry basket and dropped the bundle of clothes I was holding in to the basket. Just as I did that, my aunt tossed a blouse of hers and a bra atop the pile. I froze, my eyes locking on the bra. It was white, and the upper halves of the panels were made of lace. My cock began to stiffen as I imagined my her wearing it. It was only when I heard her soft laugh that I looked up again.

Aunt Lisa was picking up a couple of t-shirts from a chair in the corner to my left. She walked over beside me and dropped the t-shirts in the basket. "I thought men were only interested in what was inside my bras," she teased as her eyes grew a shade brighter.

I felt my cheeks getting warm, then I gave her a brazen grin. "I was just thinking that it doesn't look big enough to hold everything of yours," I retorted.

My aunt seemed surprised by my bold comment, but laughed. She glanced down at herself. "Well, it is a little tight, since I gained that weight over the winter," she admitted.

"Are you bragging or complaining?" I shot back.

Another laugh left her mouth, and Aunt Lisa said "Well, I'm not going to complain because by boobs have gotten bigger," she said with a sexy grin. "Some women have to pay to have that done."

"I bet Uncle Wayne hasn't complained either," I said.

Her smile faded and she sighed. "I don't think he notices anymore. Either that, or he doesn't care," she said, sounding melancholy.

"I find that hard to believe," I told her. "I would expect that he wouldn't be able to leave you alone for a minute."

"So did I, at first," she said. "But he barely shows any interest anymore."

"Don't be sorry; it's not your fault," she said.

"Well, it's not yours either," I assured her. I thought for a few moments, then decided to be perfectly frank. "I know I probably shouldn't say this, but I think you look great, Aunt Lisa."

Aunt Lisa's eyes regained their shimmer and the smile returned to her face. "Thanks, Doug," she said. "That's awfully sweet of you."

"I'm not saying it to be sweet. I'm saying it because it's the truth," I told her. Again, I struggled with my thoughts, then said "When we were outside, I wanted to say something when I saw how sad you looked, but I was afraid that you'd be offended, or think it was inappropriate for me to say to you."

Aunt Lisa's eyes widened in surprise slightly and she stepped closer, seeming curious. "No, of course I wouldn't be offended. You can say whatever you want to me, Doug," she said.

"Well, I was going to say that I think you're really pretty, and you look even better with a few more pounds on you," I said, then gave her a sly grin. "I mean, the extra weight definitely went to all the right places."

My aunt laughed. "You mean here and here," she said, pointing to her right breast, then her left, with her eyes and fingertip as she stuck her chest out for emphasis.

I felt my cock begin to stiffen as my eyes lingered on my aunt's ample bosom, filling out her tank top. I smiled and said "If you're going to gain weight, that's the place you want it."

I could feel the tension building as my aunt and I stood beside the bed. I was growing increasingly horny, and was afraid that she would notice it, or at least how my erection was beginning to push out at my jeans.

After a few more seconds of us struggling for something to say Aunt Lisa said "I suppose I should get this laundry started."

"Let me carry the basket down," I said as I bent down to pick up the laundry basket.

Just as I bent down to pick up the laundry basket Aunt Lisa leaned over to grab it too. Within moments I found myself staring down the front of her tank top. Her heavy breasts swayed a bit, held snugly by a plain white bra. I could feel my cock stiffen as I reached for the handle of the basket, still looking at her firm mounds, barely concealed by her thin bra.

"I'll bring this down to the laundry room," I said as I picked up the basket, avoiding my aunt's eyes.

I could feel the plastic basket pressed to my throbbing shaft as I brought the laundry down to the basement where the washing machine and dryer were. Aunt Lisa followed. I hoisted the basket up on the edge of the washing machine and took a step back.

One by one my aunt began removing the things from the basket and dropped them in the washer. When she picked up the white lace bra I'd been looking at in her room she stopped and smiled at me.

"Here's your favourite bra," she teased, holding it up for me to see. "Unless... you've found a new favourite one in the last few minutes."

"Huh?" I grunted as I hooded my eyes.

Aunt Lisa dropped the bra into the washer, then turned back to me. "I meant the one I'm wearing," she explained. "I mean, you must have gotten a pretty good look at it up there in the bedroom." She gave me a sultry smile as she folded her arms over her midriff.

"Oh... yeah," I admitted with a wistful sigh.

"And..." she prodded as her eyes widened.

"I still like the other one better," I said, then gave her a bright smile to hide my nervousness.

"Well, I'll wear it one of these days, just for you," she promised. "Now let's go back outside." She motioned with her head as she turned to leave the room.

When Aunt Lisa and I went back out on the patio it seemed even hotter than it had been earlier. She joined me on the bench again and stretched her legs out. When she noticed me running my eyes up and down them a wide smile broke out on her face.

"So, I guess you really think I look okay?" she asked timidly, seeming to need more reassuring, and maybe fishing for compliments.

I nodded. "Of course. A lot better than okay," I told her.

"Thanks, Doug," she said. Then a few seconds she rolled her eyes, seeming nervous. "I can't believe I'm doing this," she said.

"Doing what?" I asked, wondering if we were still having the same conversation.

"Turning to my teenage nephew for reassurance about how I look," she elaborated. "Don't you think that's a little.... weird?" She turned her head towards me, seeming worried or concerned.

I shook my head. "No, of course not," I told her. "We've always been supportive of each other -- ever since you guys took me in when Mom and Dad died. Do you think it's weird for me to think that you're pretty?"

Aunt Lisa's mouth tightened and there seemed to be turmoil in her sapphire eyes. "But that wasn't quite what we were taking about earlier... upstairs," she said, then pulled at the corner of her mouth.

"Sure it was," I insisted as I grew nervous, recalling the conversation.

"Yeah, but we were talking about my boobs too... after I caught you looking at my bra in the laundry basket," she said.

I let out a quick burst of nervous laughter, then said "But you are pretty, Aunt Lisa."

"Thank you, Doug. That really is good to hear," Aunt Lisa said then thought for a moment. "I guess I just feel guilty though." She was staring down at her hands and fumbling with her wedding ring as she spoke.

"Guilty? Why?" I asked.

She twisted around on the bench to face me. Slowly, her eyes moved up from her lap until they met mine. I expected to see sorrow or regret in them, but instead I saw longing. "Because... I kind of like the other stuff too." She spoke in a hush, as though saying the words pained her.

"What other stuff? I asked.

"Doug, you know..." she began, sounding a little irritated. "The way you look at me sometimes... the comments you make -- like earlier in the bedroom." She sighed, and it looked as though all her defenses were down. "And you know that it's not just over the past few days. You've been doing it for a couple of years."

Aunt Lisa's words stung. Not because she was being harsh or mean, but because she was right. "I'm sorry," I told her, feeling genuinely contrite. "I'll be good from now on... and watch what I say." I searched her eyes, hoping to find some sign of relief or forgiveness. Instead, I saw more turmoil.

"It's not that, Doug. I don't expect you to be sorry. I'm not sorry -- that's the problem," she told me.

"But it's not like you have anything to be sorry for," I told her.

Aunt Lisa turned her body towards me. She bent her right leg and brought her knee up on the bench. It rubbed along my thigh. Without even thinking about it I found myself staring at her soft, tanned skin. I followed it up to where her shorts were covering the most forbidden place for me to look, or even think about. I wondered what her panties looked like. I imagined them pulled taut over her soft, pink lips.

"Being a parent is a huge responsibility. I may not have given birth to you, Doug, but it's still up to me to do what I consider what's right, and what's best for you. And I don't think it's healthy for me to give in to the feelings you have for me," she said.

"You've been a perfect mother to me," I told her. "I can't imagine Mom doing a better job if she were still alive. So don't ever feel guilty, or question it just because I have feelings that I probably shouldn't. You never did anything to encourage me that way, and I'm eighteen; I'm not a kid." I stopped briefly and gave her hand a squeeze before continuing. "I'm just a pervert," I added with a laugh. "Besides, you're beautiful."

Aunt Lisa laughed. "Well, I don't think I'm beautiful, but thanks. And if you're a pervert, then you come by it honestly," she said. "I think there are a few perverts in the family." She became silent and thoughtful, then asked "Did you really mean it -- that I've done as good a job raising you as Diane would have?"

I gave her an emphatic nod. "Yes. Absolutely," I said.

In an instant I noticed tears pooling in my aunt's brilliant blue eyes. She fluttered them a few times and tucked her trembling lower lip into her mouth. She wiped the back of her forefinger over her watery eyes and smiled lovingly. "That's the nicest thing you've ever said to me, Doug," she said in a shaky voice. "Thank-you."

"It's true, Aunt Lisa. It's not flattery," I said. "Uncle Wayne has been a great dad too. He should be proud of himself."

My aunt's lip was quivering a little more now. She moved closer to me and threw her arms around my shoulders, clinging to me. She buried her face in my neck as her hand glided along my spine. I could feel her

tears on my skin, wetting my neck. Then she pressed her lips to my cheek and kissed me as she held the back of my head.

My arms were around her waist and I ran my right hand up her back, tenderly rubbing her as we embraced. My cock was throbbing as I concentrated on how her breasts felt against me and I began to worry that she would look down at my lap and notice my erection.

After well over a minute had passed my aunt said "This is so nice -- you holding me like this. I hate how some nights when I to go to bed and Wayne's asleep, or doesn't hold me."

"Oh..." I grunted, unsure of what else to say at first. "Well, I can imagine he's tired after working all day and --"

"Don't bother trying to make excuses for him, Doug," she said, cutting me off and sounding angry. Then she relaxed and said "Just keep holding me, please."

I did just that, wrapping my left arm tighter around her waist and running my right hand over her back. My cock throbbed in my shorts and I wished I could have reached down to rub it. She let out a contented sigh and settled into my embrace, more like a lover than an aunt.

My aunt and I remained there for about an hour, silently holding one another. It was only later when she glanced at her watch that she sat up, pushing her hair back over her shoulders.

"I better get that laundry hung out," she said.

I followed her back down to the laundry room, then carried the basket of wet clothes out for her to hang on the clothesline. I stood beside her, talking about all sorts of things while she pinned sheets and clothes to the line.

Once the clothes had been hung out we went back inside. My aunt announced that she was going in to the living room to read for a while. She said that she'd gotten a book from the local library and was eager to finish it. I thought that maybe her wanting some time alone had less to do with wanting to read than some solitude so she could sort out her feelings. Whatever the reason, I did not want to intrude, so went up to my room to listen to music.

When I heard my uncle's truck pull in the yard around suppertime I went down. I was beginning to get hungry and could already smell food that my aunt was cooking. The three of us had supper while my uncle told Aunt Lisa about his day. Once we had eaten and the kitchen had been tidied we went to watch television.

I watched television with my aunt and uncle that evening, but paid little attention to it. My mind was a whirlwind of thoughts, ideas and emotions. I was the last to go to bed that night. Later, as I lay in the semi-darkness of my bedroom, stroking my cock, I felt confident that Aunt Lisa and I were growing closer, although not in a way that was condoned by society.

###

The next day I was in my room, lying on my bed, reading a book and listening to music. It was around one o'clock and I was bored and horny. I wished that Aunt Lisa needed to go out for groceries or something so I could jerk off without worrying about getting caught. But when we ate lunch a half hour earlier she never mentioned having to run any errands. What I didn't plan on was something much better than time alone. Something that would be the beginning of the most glorious period of my life so far.

When I looked up from my book and saw my Aunt Lisa in the doorway to my room I felt my heart leap. She was wearing a pair of faded red shorts, pink sneakers with no socks, and a pale blue halter top. Her halter had a deep V-neck that displayed her tanned upper chest. Experience had taught me it would also provide a thrilling view of a good portion of her breasts when she leaned over. I had become familiar with Aunt Lisa's summer clothes, and that halter top was one of my favourites.

"Feel like picking some blueberries with me?" she asked.

"Sure," I said, dropping my book on the bed beside me.

At the southern side of the property was a field about two acres in size. My uncle never used it for anything or tended it. He sometimes talked about selling it as a house lot, but never did. In the summer the grass turned golden and dry, standing almost knee-high in places. There was a row of spruce trees that Uncle Wayne's father had planted as a

windbreak at the edge of the field, a couple of minute's walk from the house. In the field were bushes of wild blueberries that my aunt would pick every summer.

My Aunt Lisa loved to cook, and was very good at it. One of my favourite recipes of hers was always blueberry pie, made from the blueberries we picked in that field. She saved old ice cream containers, and we would go out to the field and fill them with berries. She would freeze some of the berries so we could have pies in the winter. That was a treat I always looked forward to.

Spending time with Aunt Lisa picking blueberries would be even more thrilling than staring at the well-worn pages of Playboy, and I followed her like a puppy down to the kitchen. We each got a large empty ice cream container from a cupboard below the counter and went outside.

Aunt Lisa's black hair was in a ponytail and she was wearing a baseball cap. Her skin was tanned from her time in the sun. She looked like a bronze goddess. My aunt's attire was nothing out of the ordinary though. She spent a lot of time in her flower and vegetable gardens, and loved being in the sun. Once spring arrived she seldom wore long pants and had a collection of tank tops, halters and sun dresses that got a lot of usage. What had changed though was how I took notice of her, and how my body responded to the sight of her. I had always found my aunt pretty, but it was in an innocent way -- like how someone admires their mother. Once adolescence had me in it's grip I began regarding my aunt in an entirely different way.

each working our way in different directions from one bush to another. Her back was to me, which meant she would not be able to see how my erection tented my shorts. After a while it died away and I concentrated on filling my ice cream container. But I still took the occasional look back at her as she bent over the bushes and ran my eyes up her legs to her firm ass. Her breasts hung down and swayed as she filled the plastic container in her hand. My erection returned and I wished I was standing in front of her so I had a better view.

It took me the better part of an hour to get my container a little over half-full. By then, sweat was beginning to soak my t-shirt and my back was sore. My muscles ached, but I kept reminding myself how delicious the pies that my aunt would bake would be. That was my motivation. She too seemed to be feeling the effects of bending over in the blazing sun. From the corner of my eye I saw her stand up and press her hand to her lower back. She let out a groan and moved her head in a tight circle, trying to loosen the knots in her neck.

"Are you okay?" I turned around to her, concerned by her cry of pain as she stood up.

"Yeah -- just kind of sore from all this bending over," my aunt said. "How many do you have picked?"

I walked over to show her my container. She surveyed it, then looked in hers. She had picked about as much as I had so far, if not a little more.

"That should be enough, for today anyway. I can make two pies with that, and we can come back another day for more," she said.

I was relieved by her decision, and sat down on the tall grass. I placed the container of berries on the dense grass to my left and stretched my neck and back. Aunt Lisa sat down to my right. She was sitting cross-legged, with her palms planted on the ground on either side of her. She arched her back and twisted her head about, wincing.

"It's a good thing I love blueberry pie so much, or this wouldn't be worth it," she said.

"I was kind of thinking the same thing a little while ago," I replied.

My aunt relaxed and rested her forearms on her bare thighs. She was leaning over a little, and from the corner of my eye I could see most of her right breast as I peered inside her halter. I noticed where the tan line was on her soft skin, just inches from where I guessed her areola began. Her nipple pushed out at the blue material covering it, and I wished I could see it too.

I stared in to her halter again, surveying her exposed breast. No way would my hands ever accommodate her firm globes now, I thought to myself, although I wanted to try. My cock was rock hard again, so I covered it with my folded arms. Aunt Lisa had closed her eyes as she basked in the sun and I became braver. My eyes never left the inside of her halter until I heard her speak.

"If Wayne saw you looking at me like that, he'd be jealous." Her voice was soft and teasing -- not harsh or angry, like I would have expected it to be if she caught me with my eyes where they shouldn't be. She also had a smile on her face.

"I'm sorry," I said. I looked down at the ground beneath me, wishing it would open up.

"You know, Doug, most people would say it's kind of gross and wrong for you to look at me like that." Her head was turned towards me, but her voice still had that same soft quality.

"Most people?" I asked, surprised by her word choice. I had thought that everyone but me would consider my taboo feelings to be perverted and disgusting.

My aunt thought for a few seconds, almost seeming nervous or confused. After a while she smiled again and said "Well, I don't think you're gross. I love you."

"I love you too," I told her. I reconsidered her comment for a moment, then asked "Does that mean you don't mind me looking at you?" I was hopeful, but still a little puzzled.

Aunt Lisa sighed and looked down at her feet for a while. "I should mind it," she said. "But to tell you the truth -- just between you and me -- I don't see any real harm in it. I know you're a normal, healthy young man, and it's only natural for you to look at girls."

2001 I was taken aback by her answer, but I was also equally happy and excited by it. I grinned and said "You're healthy too," as I took another look inside her halter to emphasize my point.

My aunt's delightful laugh rang out when she heard my pointed comment and followed my eyes. She looked down at her chest. Then her dreamy eyes met mine again. She slid closer to me on the dry grass and put her left arm around my shoulders. "You seem to notice me as much as Wayne does," she teased. "Maybe more lately."

"Uh... I don't know about that," I mumbled.

"I'm just teasing, Doug," she said reassuringly. "But I was serious about Wayne not liking it if he saw where your eyes were a little while ago, or if other people saw it. Do you understand?" Her words actually sounded more like a warning than censure.

"Yeah, I do," I told her as I nodded my head.

"Good," she replied. "But, we don't need to worry about that when we're here. No one can see through that wall of spruce." She gestured with her head to the trees to her left, then smirked.

It seemed to me that my aunt felt as though nothing more needed to be said about our new understanding because that was all she said about the matter. Maybe she was nervous about discussing it any further, like I was. We sat in silence for a while with her arm around me and leaning on my shoulder. I slid my arm around her and ran my hand up her back until it was half way up, where her halter didn't cover her. Her skin was soft and warm and I gave it a slow rub, wanting to feel as much of her as I dared.

"Mmmm... that feels good," she said. "My back is killing me from picking those berries."

Not waiting for an invitation, or bothering to ask permission, I continued to rub her soft back. She didn't protest, but instead tilted her head down and relaxed. My cock was trying to rip a hole in the front of my shorts, so I moved and sat behind her. There I could get better access to her back and she couldn't see my erection. I began working both hands over her back, pressing harder and moving up to her shoulders, then back down. The air felt charged, and all I could hear were songbirds in the distance.

After about five minutes my aunt straightened her back. "Okay, we better stop," she said.

Her choice of words made me curious, but I didn't question her about it. Although I wondered if maybe she felt the need to rein herself in because she was enjoying what I was doing as much as I was. But I convinced myself it was just wishful thinking.

My hands were on her bare shoulders when she had asked me to stop, but I slid them down to her waist. I left them there and she leaned back against my chest. I looked down inside her halter, at her perfect breasts.

"How's the view?" she asked after close to a minute, then twisted her head around to flash me a cagey look.

"Ah, good," I said, surprised by her blatant question.

I heard a soft titter leave her mouth and she crossed her arms under her breasts and pushed them up. They suddenly became sizable spheres that were barely covered by her halter. About an inch below the edge of the blue cotton I could see the outline of her stiff nipples. I was sure she must have been able to feel my heart pounding furiously against her back. I held her shoulders tighter as I looked down, awestruck by how big and round her breasts were as she pushed them together and up.

"Wow..." I breathed.

"Wayne likes watch when I do this to them too." She let out a sexy laugh, then added "But sometimes he likes to do something else with them too." Aunt Lisa gave me a sideways look, grinning as her eyes sparkled.

"Huh?" I grunted, not understanding what she was insinuating.

When she saw my puzzled look, the expression on her face changed. She seemed vaguely nervous and her eyes shifted. "If I show you something, do you promise never to tell anyone, especially Wayne?" she slowly asked.

"Yeah. Of course," I said.

Aunt Lisa turned around to face me. She removed her right arm from under her breasts and pushed her left forearm up higher, then brought her elbow in tighter towards her left breast. She clutched her right mound in her hand. Now her bosom had become two plump hills once more, rising from her top.

"Give me your hand," she said, reaching out for it.

I extended my hand to hers and she took my index finger and wrapped her lips around it. She sucked it into her mouth, making it slippery wet. The sensation of my aunt's pliant, wet lips wrapped around my finger was unlike anything I had ever experienced before. I felt my cock twitch and I became almost dizzy with arousal. I could feel her soft tongue as she slid my finger from between her pursed lips. It left her mouth with a lewd wet sound.

Aunt Lisa guided my wet finger towards her tight cleavage. Slowly, she slid it in between her breasts as far as she could. I could feel her firm breasts beneath the backs of my curled fingers and knuckles as my finger sunk deep between them. Her skin felt velvety soft, yet very firm. My aunt held my hand, pushing my finger in and out of her tight cleft. She was moving it a little faster now, so my hand and wrist pushed against her fleshy mounds harder with each inward stab of my slick finger. She was looking down, watching my finger moving between her orbs and smiling, seeming to enjoy it as much as me, if that was possible.

stopped moving my hand. My finger was still buried deep in her cleavage so the backs of my fingers were pushing on her firm orbs. I let my wrist go limp against her, intent on touching as much of her exposed skin as I possibly could. She looked back over her shoulder again, still smiling. Now her eyes looked a like the sky after a thunderstorm.

"Now imagine doing that with something besides your finger," she said in a husky voice and winked.

A broad smile formed on my face as the image formed in my mind. I looked down at my hand, resting on her breasts. They rose and fell with her breathing. I wiggled my finger around, deep between them, causing her to laugh.

"Okay, I think that's enough of you sticking your finger in there," she said as she removed my hand from her chest. "Didn't you know you could do that to a girl?" she asked, sounding surprised.

I shook my head, feeling very horny and bashful over my ignorance regarding sex.

"It's called 'tit fucking'," she told me.

My aunt seldom swore, and I had never heard her use vulgar language before, so hearing those words come from her mouth shocked me somewhat. But it also excited me a lot. I smiled at her. Her lips were still wet and glistening. She was tugging her halter up so her breasts

settled back into it. I watched, wondering if her hard nipples indicated that she was turned-on too. She raised her eyes to meet mine and gave me a wanton grin.

"You're so innocent, Doug... it's adorable," she giggled. "How'd you stay like that after all these years with Wayne and me?"

I felt the smile leave my face and I frowned at my aunt's teasing. I knew she didn't mean any harm, but it still made me feel very insecure. I grew silent.

It was then she saw somber my expression, and she frowned. Then she leaned in to me and pressed her dewy lips to my cheek. I looked down at the shiny wet spot on her breasts and wished it was my cum.

"I'm sorry, Doug. I didn't mean to make you feel bad," she said, sounding like I felt.

"It's okay," I said with a shrug.

"No, it's not okay. I'm sorry." She ran her hand down the side of my head to my neck, smiling at me. "Maybe I can corrupt you," she said. "Doesn't that sound like fun?" She gave me a bewitching smile and her eyes flickered.

"Good. I know I'll have a lot of fun doing it." My aunt leaned closer again and placed a soft, lingering kiss on my right cheek, then gave me a slightly worried look. "I hope I can trust you to keep this stuff between us though," she said softly, yet firmly.

"Yeah. For sure," I told her.

"Good. Thanks, Doug. Wayne doesn't need to know everything I do, does he?" she said with a devious grin. "Now let's get back to the house."

Aunt Lisa stood up and motioned with her head and eyes. I picked up the containers of blueberries and walked along with her. Her movements seemed more lithe as we made our way back to the house and I was captivated by the sway of her hips.

Once my aunt had washed the blueberries in a colander she tied an apron around her waist and began making two pies. I pulled a chair away from the table and sat down to watch her and talk with her. Music was coming from a clock radio in a corner on the counter but I paid no attention to it. Every one of my senses was focused on my aunt.

As she was flattening out the dough with a rolling pin, Aunt Lisa paused and looked over her shoulder, frowning and said "What we got today will barely make two pies."

maybe if we went back the next day my aunt might be in a playful, naughty mood again.

Her back was to me again and she said "Sure. If I don't use them right away I can always freeze them for winter," she said.

I smiled to myself as I went to the cupboard for a glass, then the fridge to pour myself some Pepsi. I sat back down, sipping my pop and running my eyes up and down my aunt's legs and ass.

###

That evening, while I ate supper with my aunt and uncle, I avoided looking at her as much as possible. I worried that if our eyes met my uncle might be suspicious. As it was, I had to force a smile from my face. After we finished eating my uncle and I went in to the living room to watch television. Aunt Lisa remained in the kitchen for a while, doing dishes and tidying-up.

My Uncle Wayne was on the couch drinking a beer. I was in an adjacent chair, more preoccupied with thoughts of my aunt and what we had done in the field than the TV shows that were on. After about an hour I went out to see what she was doing, under the pretext of getting myself a glass of pop.

She was sitting at the table looking at a flier from a grocery store. There was a pen in her hand and a half-finished grocery list to her right. She

looked up and smiled when I walked in. "We'll be getting groceries Friday night. Is there anything you want?" she asked.

"Ah... more pop, please," I said as I poured some Pepsi into a glass.

I walked over and stood beside my aunt, looking over her right shoulder at the flier spread out on the table. A few seconds later my eyes shifted and I peered inside her halter top at her cleavage. My cock stiffened, and soon my shorts felt very constraining.

As though she felt my eyes on her, she turned her head so she was facing the front of my shorts. Her full lips curled into a smile when she saw my package, then she raised her eyes to mine a few seconds later. She dropped the pen to the table and pressed her forefinger to her lips, reminding me to be quiet.

I nodded, seconds later my mouth was agape. Aunt Lisa cupped her breasts in her palms, squeezing them hard and pushing them up. This had the same effect as it did in the field earlier that day, but perhaps more breathtaking and spectacular. I stared at her firm orbs as she looked up, shooting me a tantalizing grin. A few seconds later she released her breasts.

"Now get back in there," she whispered.

I returned to the livingroom, feeling nervous about facing Uncle Wayne. But I was surprised and relieved to find him asleep on the couch. I sat down and quietly sipped my pop, watching TV.

Around nine o'clock my aunt joined us. I followed her with my eyes. Uncle Wayne had roused from his nap by then. She sat down beside him and took his hand in hers and pulled his arm around her, then settled back against his chest. I would have given anything to be him at that moment.

Around ten-thirty, when Uncle Wayne said that he was going to have a shower, then go to bed, I was glad. I wanted some time alone. I had found it stressful forcing myself to not steal glances at my aunt and appear indifferent to her presence. Then when she spoke up, I grew excited.

"I'll be up in a while," Aunt Lisa told my uncle. "I'm going to watch some more TV."

Her eyes darted my way and she grew silent until the sound of the shower could be heard.

She patted the couch cushion to her left. "Come keep me company," she asked in a tone of voice no man could refuse.

Even before I was sitting beside her my cock was hard. I shifted a bit and looked at her beside me.

"No problem," I said as I stole another glance at her cleavage. "It's worth it to have some pies."

"Plus you learned something today," she said. "I hope you had fun."

"Yeah, I did," I said. "Thanks."

She thought for a moment as her eyes darted left and right, then she said "To tell you the truth, I found it a lot of fun too."

"Really?" I wondered if she had enjoyed it too, but had not dared hope so.

"Yeah," she said with a nod. "I'm really getting to like being bad with you."

"Then be as bad as you want," I told her.

"I thought you'd say something like that. But... I'm still your aunt, you know..." she said, looking vexed.

I thought for a few moments, then said "Except in the field."

"My teacher," I said with with a bold grin.

Aunt Lisa laughed. "Well, the teacher needs to get some sleep," she said as she got up from the couch. As she was standing up she took a glance at my lap and smiled when she noticed that I was hard. "You should get to bed soon too. It looks like I gave you some homework to do."

I laughed as I watched my aunt leave the livingroom. After she went upstairs I went to the kitchen and cut myself another slice of her freshly baked pie. It was delicious, and I gulped it down quickly. About an hour was all I could stand to wait before I went up to my bedroom. I thought that by then my aunt and uncle would be asleep. I got into bed and immediately reached for my hard cock.

###

When I woke up that Saturday I stared at the ceiling, listening to the sound of the shower in the next room. My thoughts immediately went to what had happened the day before in the field with Aunt Lisa. My cock reacted instantly, stiffening and pushing up at the sheet covering it. I wrapped my hand around it and began stroking as I played the scene back in my head.

After I came I wondered what I was going to do that day. My aunt and uncle had gone for groceries the night before, so he would be home today. I felt very anxious about being around him, and I'm sure that having me around would make Aunt Lisa uncomfortable too.

Once I had thought about it a while I decided that I would pay a visit to one of my best friends, Brian, who lived about a mile away. I had met Brian in junior high and we had been friends for years. I spent many hours at his house listening to music. He had a great album collection -- so did his dad. That was always a big draw to his place. Another reason I liked going over there was because of his cousin, April.

April was a year younger than Brian and me, and lived nearby. On most Friday nights and weekends she would visit Brian's sister, Patti. Brian and Patti used to tease me that April had a crush on me, and that I should ask her out. The truth was that I really did like April a lot. She was really cute, smart and funny, but I guess my emotions were so wrapped up with my aunt that dating someone wasn't a big priority with me. But on that day I thought that getting out for a while and maybe even seeing April would do me good.

Once the bathroom was free I showered quickly, then went down to have breakfast. My aunt and uncle were already in the kitchen eating and they greeted me with warm smiles. I poured myself some cereal and sat between them, munching the bran flakes and avoiding their eyes.

"So, what are you up to today, Doug?"

I looked up from my cereal when my aunt asked me the question and gulped down a mouthful of cereal. "I'm going to go see what Brian's up

to after I finish this," I said. "We'll probably hang out and listen to music."

I finished my cereal quickly and put the bowl in the sink. As I was reaching for my jacket and getting ready to leave for Brian's, my uncle said something that made me regret my decision.

"I should be back by supper," he told my aunt.

"Where are you going?" I asked him, hoping to not sound overly inquisitive.

"Randy needs help building a deck on his house, so I said I'd give him a hand," my uncle explained.

"Oh," I grunted with a nod. I tried to not show my frustration, but had I known that he would be gone for the day I would have decided to stay home. But I'd committed myself and changing my mind suddenly would seem suspicious. I pulled a ball cap on my head and said "I'm gonna take off. I'll see you guys later."

I walked to Brian's place with my hands buried in the pockets of my jacket, head down, mentally kicking my ass for not asking what my uncle would be doing before divulging my plans. Well, maybe April would be at Brian's, I told myself, trying to make the best of a bad situation.

It took me a little over a half hour to make it to Brian's house, but it was a beautiful day and the walk gave me time to think and sort out my feelings. When time I got to Brian's and was greeted at the door by his mother I was at first disappointed all over again, then rather happy.

"I'm sorry, Doug," she said. "Brian and Patti have gone to their cousin's; it's her birthday. She turns eighteen today."

"Oh... that's nice," I said, feigning happiness for her. "Well, tell Brian I stopped by."

I walked down their back porch and ambled down the driveway towards the road. At first I was rather irritated at having walked all that distance for nothing, then a smile broke out on my face. With Uncle Wayne at his friend's place building a deck, I would get to spend the day with my aunt. I quickened my pace as I walked back home.

When I turned and began walking up the driveway I was glad to not see my uncle's truck in the yard. I almost ran the rest of the way and went inside. I was surprised to not see my aunt in the kitchen, but thought that she might be outside on the patio. I checked there, then the living room, but didn't find her.

Then, just as I was about to go upstairs to see if she was in her bedroom, I noticed that the cellar door was ajar slightly and there was a light on down there. Thinking that Aunt Lisa must be down in the laundry room, I started to make my way down the stairs. My heart began beating faster as I got closer as I thought about being alone with her.

As I was about to descend on the second last step I noticed something in the corner of my right eye. I froze, slightly started, and turned. My eyes widened and my cock was as hard as a coal chisel in seconds.

Crouched over the chest freezer was Aunt Lisa. Spread out on the freezer was the copy of Playboy that I'd discovered years previously. My aunt was wearing a light blue tank top and denim shorts. As I slowly approached her I noticed that her shorts were undone and her right hand was inside them. That was when she jerked upright and whipped around to face me. Her jaw went limp and eyes wide as she shot me an aghast expression.

"I... I thought you were going to Brian's," she said, her voice thick and shaky.

"He wasn't home." As I spoke I stared at my aunt's unzipped shorts. They were open wide enough for me to see that she was wearing silky red panties. They looked very sexy and her hand was still inside them. Then my eyes shifted to the open magazine. "Where did you find that?" I asked her. "Equally surprised and curious."

Aunt Lisa's eyes shifted to her right, then back to me as she gave me a mortified look. Slowly she slipped her hand from her panties. I noticed that a couple of her fingers were wet and glistening. "Can you keep another big secret, Doug?" she asked, sounding almost as though she was frightened.

"Of course," I said as I stepped closer. It was then that I noticed her nipples. They looked harder and thicker than I'd ever seen them before. Now I was less than yard from her, leaning against the freezer, the magazine between us.

Aunt Lisa drew in a deep breath, then sighed, sounding weary. "The magazine is mine," she said, then bit the corner of her lower lip.

"Yours?" I spat out in disbelief.

She nodded. "Yeah... I bought it years ago because I was... curious. Sometimes I like to look at it," she confessed. "Please don't tell Wayne - he'd freak out."

"Of course not. Don't worry -- he'll never know," I promised her, then took a quick look at the Playboy. It was open to a photo of a woman with auburn hair and breasts that probably cost her what could have been the down-payment on a car.

"She's pretty, isn't she?" my aunt remarked when she saw me viewing the picture.

I shrugged. "I guess," I said. "But no prettier than you. I don't know why you'd want to look at her when you can see much better by just standing in front of a mirror."

My aunt laughed and sidled closer to look over my shoulder. I could feel her breast on my back and I wanted to turn around and feel her. I could also smell a musky, intoxicating scent that was still unfamiliar to me, but not for much longer.

"She has such nice breasts," my aunt said in a soft, husky voice.

"I like yours better," I told her, turning my head to take a look at them.

Aunt Lisa smiled and gave my cheek a soft kiss, then ran her hand over my back. My cock throbbed and my eyes returned to the photo again briefly before I turned towards my aunt. "Can I ask you something? It's kind of personal though," I said, nervously.

"Sure... it can't be any more embarrassing than what you just caught me doing," she said with a rueful laugh.

"Do you shave down there... like the girl in that photo?" I asked, then waited for an indignant response.

Instead of being offended or angered, my aunt grinned. "You wanna see for yourself? she asked in a sultry voice.

My heart began beating so hard I was afraid that it might explode. "Uh, yeah... of course," I said, hardly able to believe she was serious.

My aunt spread her unzipped shorts open even wider, then gave me a shy smile. Then she hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her panties and pulled them and her shorts down over her hips to her thighs. I felt my jaw slacken again and my cock ache for release when I ran my eyes down over the strip of dark hair to the place where I was sure I would never get to see, yet longed to -- and more.

"Damn, you're beautiful," I said in a husky, breathy voice.

I thought that I could not have been any more horny than I was at that moment, but when my aunt slid her right hand down over her shiny, pink lips I thought I might cum in my pants. My eyes were riveted to her folds as she moved her fingers over them. She was stroking herself up and down, then began moving a fingertip in a tight circle as her breathing increased and her eyes narrowed.

"Was that what you were doing when I came down?" I asked.

My aunt nodded, giving me a wanton smile. Her cheeks were as red as summer roses as her fingertips continued moving in a circle down there. Then she raised her glistening fingers, examining them. Her eyes focused on them, then on me. She took a step closer and reached out with her hand, bringing her wet fingers to my mouth. I eagerly sucked them in to taste her nectar. It was my first taste ever, and I was instantly addicted.

"Mmmm... you taste so good," I moaned, licking my lips.

Aunt Lisa smiled, seeming pleased and maybe even a little relieved by my comment. "How would you like to do something for me, Doug?" she asked. Her eyes were half-closed and her voice was husky.

"Sure... anything," I said.

"Well... since you interrupted my fun," she began slowly with a foxy grin. "Maybe you could make it up to me by helping me finish what I was doing..."

I gave her a look of disbelief, almost unable to believe what she was implying.

"Have you ever touched a girl down there?" she asked.

I gave my head a regretful shake, feeling embarrassed by my lack of experience. "No," I muttered.

"It's okay," she said, sounding reassuring. "I'll show you what I like... it'll be fun."

My aunt let out a sexy giggle as she reached for my right hand. It trembled some as she brought it down between her thighs. When my fingertips met her silky, wet lips we both inhaled sharply. She felt so soft, and much wetter than I expected.

"Yeah... just like that," my aunt said as she let out a breath.

Aunt Lisa pressed down harder on my hand and I felt my middle finger slip between her wet lips. Then she eased my fingers up until I felt the tip of one move over her swollen nub. She gasped and her body tensed. I looked up, afraid that I'd been too rough and hurt her, but she began moving my finger up and down over her little button.

"Yeah... right there, Doug... touch me there... that feels wonderful. Rub it... harder."

I wasn't quite sure if I was doing what she wanted properly, but when I saw the look of pleasure on my aunt's face I was encouraged, and even more horny. I pressed down harder and began rubbing her a little faster. Her moans grew louder and her juice began to trickle down my fingers. The musky scent excited me and I wanted to taste it, but I didn't want to remove my hand from her either. She leaned into me, clutching my shoulders and pressing her breasts to me.

"Push your finger in," she panted in my ear.

I fumbled around a bit, feeling inept, and worried that I would hurt Aunt Lisa. But when I felt my finger slide between her slick petals and being gripped inside her I felt relieved. She let out a reassuring moan and gripped my shoulders tighter. I wiggled my finger around a little, surprised by how tight and hot she felt. When I felt her begin to move her hips I matched her rhythm with my finger, pushing it in deeper until my palm was pressed to her.

"Yeah, just like that," she said. "Fuck my pussy, Doug."

Hearing my aunt use such raunchy language spurred me on. I gripped her hip with my left hand and began working my finger in and out of her faster. Slapping my palm against her juicy lips occasionally. My hard shaft was rubbing against her and I wanted to take it out and stroke it while I finished her off. I moved my hips, grinding against her as her moans grew louder.

A minute or so later she let out another gasp and a loud moan. She said something through clenched teeth that I couldn't make out as she squeezed my finger harder. Her body grew still as she clung to me and I stopped moving my hand, leaving my finger buried deep within her. After another minute she loosened her hold on me and eased away.

"That was wonderful," she said, breathing hard. "You're going to be such a wonderful lover, Doug." She pressed her moist lips to my cheek and kissed me, then looked down between us at the bulge in my jeans. "I think it's your turn for some relief though," she said.

Before I could fathom her meaning, Aunt Lisa was on her knees in front of me, her panties and shorts still around her thighs. She unzipped my jeans, then slid them and my underwear down to my knees.

Once it was free, my rigid cock stood out from the thick curly tangle of dark hair at its base. The veins bulged and it twitched a little. A bead of precum shone at the slit. I breathed heavily.

Aunt Lisa slid her hands up my stomach, pushing my t-shirt up past my navel. She ran her eyes down the trail of hair leading to my rigid cock. A soft moan welled in her throat and left her parted lips.

"Mmmmm... you've got a nice cock, Doug," she said, almost moaning as she stared at it.

I don't know if I was more surprised by my aunt's compliment or her choice of words. Either way, my cock twitched when I heard her speak. I shifted, pushing my hips and shaft closer to her. "Thanks," I said in a throaty voice.

When my aunt curled her fingers around the base of my twitching shaft I heard myself moan. I clenched my fists and stared wide-eyed. A second later I saw the top of her head. Her hair hung down and tickled my bare thighs. When her hot breath washed over the head of my cock I drew in a sharp breath. She wrapped her soft lips around my cock, an inch or so below the head and began sucking. She squeezed the base harder and slid her wet mouth down my shaft, sucking as she engulfed it. Her head began moving up and down and she held my meat tighter between her soft lips.

My breathing was heavy as I watched my aunt suck and work her mouth up and down over my shaft. It glistened as she moved her mouth up towards the head, then back down so the head moved to the back of her throat. I took a look into her cleavage, then back to her full lips wrapped tightly around my shaft and her fingers gripping the base.

I wish I could say that that fabulous experience with Aunt Lisa lasted much longer than it did. But the honest truth is that it was just a few brief minutes before I could not hold back my passion any more. I felt my orgasm build and roil within me. As if of their own volition, my hands went to her head. My fingers raked through her thick black hair. I grabbed fistfuls of it as I thrust my hips upwards. I let out a loud, deep groan as my body spasmed and I shot streams of cum over my aunt's tongue and down her throat. I heard her cough a bit, but she kept sucking hard until my cock began to soften.

My aunt slid her tight lips from my cock. She wiped her lips and chin, looking up at the look of satisfaction on my face. She smiled and ran her hands down my thighs and leaned closer to my wilting cock, now slowly sinking down towards my spent balls.

"How was that?" she asked, sounding pleased with her accomplishment. She ran her right hand over my hip and under my t-shirt a ways.

"Wow..." I gasped, searching for words to express my total bliss, but found none.

Aunt Lisa straightened her back and slid her hands up towards my hips until her chest was pressed against my soft cock and the triangle of hair above it. She smiled up at me, her dark hair stroking my thighs.

"You better get dressed," she said. She stood up and tugged at her panties and shorts, watching me pull my underwear and jeans up.

Once we had finished getting dressed my aunt lead me by the hand back up to the kitchen. "Are you hungry?" she asked as she poked her head in the fridge.

"Yeah, a little," I said.

"I'm always hungry after I cum hard like that -- although it's been a while. Thanks, Doug," she said.

I gave her a look of surprise, wondering what she had to thank me for. What we'd just done had been marvelous, and incomparable to anything I'd ever even imagined. "Geez, don't thank me," I said. "You're amazing, Aunt Lisa. Thank you."

My aunt was making us ham and cheese sandwiches on the opposite end of the table. She looked up at me, smiling, and said "Well, something tells me that in a short time I'll be the one who's begging you for more."

I laughed at the thought if that, thinking it unimaginable.

Once we finished eating my aunt said that she was going to take a nap and to wake her later. I went up to my room while she laid down on the couch in the living room. By the time four o'clock approached I went down to wake her.

I helped my aunt get supper ready, then we sat at the kitchen table while the chicken cooked. We talked about all sorts of things, except our tryst earlier. Once Uncle Wayne returned home we ate. I did my best to avoid either of their eyes during supper. I ate quickly, eager to go in the living room and watch television where I wouldn't have to face either of them and possibly raise my uncle's suspicions with my grins or leers at my aunt.

Later that night when Uncle Wayne decided to go to bed early, and my aunt said she was joining him, I felt a sense of relief. I had found it nerve wracking to not betray any emotions that evening. Besides, I was eager to get in bed so I could jerk off.

###

Uncle Wayne belonged to an amateur baseball team in town. He played shortstop most of the time. His team was sponsored by Wilson's Lumber. They wore white uniforms with green trim, with Wilson's Lumber on the back, above each player's number. The other team in town was sponsored by Jacobson's Auto Supply. Ashton and other surrounding communities also had teams that were sponsored by local businesses.

Every spring and summer these teams would play each Saturday and Sunday, often traveling to neighbouring towns for games. At the end of the season there was a tournament. The winning team would receive a trophy and earn bragging rights till the next season. My uncle hadn't played in the game the day before though because he'd been at Randy's. I'd actually even forgotten about there being a game that Sunday at first.

When I walked in the kitchen that morning and saw my uncle having breakfast dressed in his baseball uniform I had to suppress a wide smile. I said "Good morning" to him and my aunt as I walked to the fridge to get some juice. I poured myself a glass, then got myself a bowl of cereal.

I sat at the table between my aunt and uncle, head down as I scooped spoonfuls of cereal in my mouth, imagining having fun with Aunt Lisa while Uncle Wayne was rounding third and sliding into home. I had a difficult time keeping my eyes off of my aunt though. She was sitting to my left and wearing a knee-length light blue skirt with tiny white flowers on it. But it was her top that really caught my attention. It was a pale orange short sleeved t-shirt with a scooped neck and a row of six or eight white buttons down the middle that stopped just below her breasts. Her top was especially tight on her, compared to the others that she regularly wore, and I couldn't wait for my uncle to leave us alone.

"When will you be back?" my aunt asked, looking across the table at Uncle Wayne.

He thought for a moment, then said "The game's in Ashton, so I should be back in time for supper. But I can get something when I get in if I'm late. Just leave me some leftovers."

My aunt nodded and resumed eating her oatmeal. But I was sure I noticed her eyes move my way for a moment and I wondered if her question was as much for my benefit as hers. I pretended to be disinterested as I finished my Rice Crispies.

Uncle Wayne finished his eggs, sausage and hash browns, then got up from the table. He went over to Aunt Lisa and kissed her cheek. "Have a good day," he told her. "Wish me luck!"

My aunt smiled up at him. "Yeah... break a leg, or a bat -- whatever is good luck for you guys," she said and laughed.

I wished my uncle good luck too, then watched him go to the door. I listened for the sound of his truck leaving the yard, then turned towards my aunt, trying to not appear overly eager, or horny -- although I was both by that point.

"What's that smile for?" she asked, seeming to enjoy teasing me.

"Can't I smile at you for no reason?" I replied.

Aunt Lisa laughed. "Of course, but it would be a first," she said. Then she got up and brought her empty bowl and the pot from the stove to the sink. She cleared the spot where my uncle had been sitting next.

I got up and brought my dirty dishes to the sink, standing to her left. I ran my eyes up and down her, then stared into her pretty eyes. She turned the water off, then looked at me.

"I didn't do anything," I replied, acting offended.

Aunt Lisa smiled incredulously as she dried her hands on a towel. She hung it back up on the holder on the inside of the cupboard door beside my left knee, then looked at me again. "No, you didn't do anything," she agreed. "But I know what that look on your face means." Then she left the kitchen.

I heard my aunt climbing the stairs, then listened to the sound of her footfalls upstairs in her and my uncle's bedroom. My cock throbbed again and I felt a devious smile creep over my face. I left the kitchen and ascended the stairs quietly.

When I looked in the bedroom my aunt had her back to me. She was stripping their bed. On the floor beside her was a sheet and comforter in a pile. I ran my eyes down to her hips and ass as I slowly approached. When I was less than a yard from her she heard me and turned around. She let out a startled gasp and stumbled slightly. I caught her by her waist and pulled her to me.

"Something tells me you didn't come up to help me gather laundry," she said with a wily grin as she looked down at the bulge in my jeans.

"No," I said. "I came up to gather you."

She laughed, bracing her hands on my shoulders. I looked down at the inch or two of cleavage showing above the neckline of her t-shirt. I

pulled her closer, pressing my hard shaft to her stomach. I felt her relax against me.

"I'm wearing your favourite bra today," she told me. "You know, the white one with the lace."

I nodded, ogling her full breasts again. "Show me," I demanded, not bothering to be polite.

Aunt Lisa gave me a surprised look, but didn't seem bothered by me telling her what to do, rather than asking. She actually seemed to like it because without further prompting she took a step back and began unbuttoning her top.

I ran my hands down to her hips as I watched her unbutton her top. She seemed a little nervous and glanced up at me a couple of times. She undid all the buttons, then pulled it open. Her firm breasts were large mounds, rising from the bra. I smiled, looking down at them taken by their size. Then though the lace I noticed a bit of her left areola showing. About an inch below, her nipple jutted out at the fabric.

"God, you're beautiful," I said as I raised my eyes and smiled at her.

My aunt's cheeks had turned pinkish and I wasn't sure if it was from embarrassment or arousal. She did seem rather bashful standing there, showing herself to me, but it made her look even more sexy. The open neckline of her top was covering the undersides of her breasts and I

hooked my fingers in it and tugged it down. Now her heavy breasts hung down over her t-shirt slightly, supported by the thin bra.

"There... that's better," I said.

My aunt looked down at herself, then raised her eyes. "It seems like the student has finally become the teacher," she said in a thick voice with a bewitching smile.

The glint in her eye told me that she was excited by the prospect of that, and I gripped her hips harder. I eased her backwards until she was against the bed. Then I gave her a harder push. Aunt Lisa fell back on to the bed with a throaty laugh, looking up at me.

I planted my left knee on the bed beside her right hip and crouched over her. Then I tugged at the hem of her skirt with my right hand, pulling it up her thighs. My hand went under her skirt and up the inside of her right thigh. When I began to rub her pussy through her panties she moaned. I could feel her heat and wetness through the material and smiled down at her. I found her clit and pressed down on it with my thumb and massaged it in a circle.

Aunt Lisa lay there for a minute or so, breathing heavily and softly moaning while I played with her pussy. Then when I began to tug at her panties she looked worried and grabbed my wrist. I stopped moving my hand and gave her a confused look.

"No. Not here, Doug," she said, "Not on this bed. Please." She thought for a moment, then said "Let me up."

I got up and stood beside the bed as my aunt sat upright. She got to her feet and took me by the hand. Without saying a word, she lead me down the stairs to the kitchen. When we got to the back door she stopped and let go of my hand, then began buttoning up her top again.

I reached out and placed my hand firmly atop hers. She looked up, seeming surprised. "No need to button that up. You look perfect with it that way," I told her, then grinned. "Besides, I'll only have to unbutton it again in a while."

My aunt let out a nervous chuckle as we stepped out on to the back porch. It was a beautiful day, with a slight breeze that blew her hair about. Aunt Lisa and I walked hand in hand towards the field. But this time neither of us held empty ice cream containers in our hands. We weren't in a hurry. We had plenty of time, and neither wanted to rush this.

There was no traffic going by the house, and except for birds chirping, not a sound could be heard. I glanced over a few times, watching my aunt's breasts bounce inside her bra as she walked. She smiled at me, seeming to enjoy the attention, then gave my hand a squeeze.

I never let go of my aunt's hand as we stepped beyond the row of spruce, and into what had become our own private sanctuary. Once we were a few yards inside the field, and hidden from the outside world, I

let go of her hand and placed my hands on her hips as she turned towards me.

Aunt Lisa smiled lovingly as she ran her hands up my sides and around to the small of my back. I pulled her to me until our bodies were touching, then bent down to kiss her right cheek. I felt her balk a bit and looked into her eyes. Then her right hand glided up my spine to the nape of my neck, and she gently pressed her moist lips to mine. After a few seconds I felt them part and she kissed me harder. Her tongue darted over my lips, then teased the tip of my tongue for an instant. I held her tighter to me as she pinched my lower lip between hers and sucked on it.

When she broke the kiss her lips and cheeks were ruby red. Her tongue ran over her lower lip and she smiled. "You don't know how long I've wanted to do that to you," she said.

"Probably for about as long as I've wanted it," I told her.

My eyes moved from hers, down to her chest. She watched me admire her for several seconds, then a soft laugh left her mouth. She tugged at the hem of her t-shirt and pulled it off. "I won't be needing that for a while," she said as she let it fall to the ground.

My cock throbbed as my eyes moved over her, wearing only her bra and skirt. I hooked my thumbs in the straps of her bra and slid them off of her shoulders, then down her arms. Her heavy, round breasts shook and swayed gracefully as she slipped her arms from the bra, then unhooked it. It landed on the ground between us, but I was too

preoccupied with her perfect breasts and thick pinkish nipples to notice.

"You're perfect," was all I was able to say as I looked down at her.

"No, but I'm happy you think so," she said.

When I felt Aunt Lisa pulling at my t-shirt I raised my arms so she could haul it off and it could join her clothes on the ground. She ran her hands up my midriff and bare chest, then held me to her.

The feeling of her bare skin on mine was sublime. I stroked and caressed her back as her firm breasts rubbed over my chest. Her nipples poked gently into my skin and I bent down to take her right one between my lips. I held her breast as I sucked and tugged at her hard nub with my lips while Aunt Lisa ran her fingers through my hair. I squeezed her breasts and moved my mouth from one hard nipple to the other. Her moans grew slightly louder as I sucked and groped harder.

"Mmmm... that feels so good, Doug. God, you're making me so wet," my aunt intoned. "Suck on my tits... yeah, that's it, squeeze them hard."

After another minute or so of me playing with my aunt's nipples she sank to her knees onto the grass. She ran her hands down my chest to the waistband of my jeans. She quickly undid them, then pulled them and my underwear down. Then she reached for my sneakers. I steadied myself on her shoulders as I stepped out of them, then my underwear

and jeans. I kicked them aside as my hard shaft and balls moved about. My aunt looked up watching as she smiled.

"Let's try something different today," she said.

When I felt my aunt's warm wet mouth sink down on my cock a moan welled in my throat and escaped my mouth. I held on to her head as she sucked hard, working her mouth over my shaft. I expected her to make me cum like this again, but after less than a minute she slid her lips up my shaft and off. She smiled up at me and cupped her breasts in her hands, holding them together tightly so they formed two firm hills.

"Fuck them," she said, looking up at me. "Fuck my tits nice and hard, Doug."

I took a step forward and slid my wet shaft between her breasts. She held them together tighter. I began moving my hips more rapidly, pumping my hard, wet cock in and out. I groaned as my cock sank faster and deeper between them. My aunt watched me move between her orbs, then bent down and flicked her tongue out. It brushed over the head of my shaft a few times as I pushed it up between her breasts. Once I began moving my hips faster she began moving her breasts up and down, stroking me with them.

"How's that feel?" she asked, sounding almost as horny as I was.

"Wonderful," I moaned as I held on to her shoulders. "God... this so hot, Aunt Lisa."

After another minute or so my aunt leaned back, breaking contact with me and releasing her breasts. I gave her a confused, disappointed look, but she smiled and stood up.

"Isn't there somewhere else you'd rather shove that nice cock of yours than between my tits?" she asked with a teasing grin.

I smiled. "Yeah, there is," I breathed as my eyes moved down her body.

Aunt Lisa stepped out of her sneakers, then pulled her skirt and panties down till they were around her ankles. She picked up her skirt and spread it out on the grass, then sat down on it. After seeing what she has done I handed her my t-shirt and she spread it out too, then rested her head down on it.

"Now come here," she said, reaching out for me. "Show your horny aunt how it feels to be a woman. It's been a long time for me, Doug."

I crawled between her open legs and let out a soft moan as she ran her fingernails lightly up and down my back. She held my shoulders, guiding me down atop her as she smiled up at me. I looked down between us at my shaft. The head rubbed over her soft wet lips and I moaned again, feeling my pulse quicken. Feeling rather awkward, I fumbled around slightly as my embarrassment grew. A few seconds later, without saying a word, my aunt gently took my cock in her soft

hand. Moments later I felt it sink in her tight, wet pussy. She raised up from the ground to meet me and I began slowly moving my hips.

"That's it... mmmmm... that feels so good," she said, apparently wanting to encourage me.

My aunt was looking up at me and smiling as she stroked my head. She ran her hand down my shoulder blades, then back to my shoulder where she held on.

"Harder, Doug," she urged me. "You won't hurt me, Honey. Fuck my pussy as hard as you want... it feels so good. Shove your cock in me. You've wanted this for so long -- so have I, Honey."

Aunt Lisa's patience and encouragement gave me more confidence and excited me. I held her shoulders and began pumping my cock harder and deeper into her hot, tight pussy. I could feel her grip me tight, massaging my cock inside her.

"Oh, Doug... God, your cock feels so good... fill me with it... shove it in me," she moaned as she began to writhe beneath me.

I looked down, noticing that my aunt's breasts had begun to shake as I pumped in and out of her harder. I took hold of her left mound and began to squeeze it and pinch her nipple. She let out a cry of pleasure, then bit the corner of her bottom lip.

My hips were moving faster now as I slammed harder into her. She must have known I could not last much longer because she began thrusting her hips, meeting my shaft as I worked it in and out. I looked down to the spot where our bodies met and saw how shiny my cock was with her juice. I recalled how she had tasted and told myself that I had to taste her again. Next time.

"Fuck my cunt... that's it, Doug," my aunt cried out, like a woman possessed.

She pulled her knees back towards her chest and looked up at me. I sank down atop her, pressing her harder into the soft grass as I kept pumping my cock about as hard as I could. I could hear it sliding in and out of her in-between her deep moans. About a minute later I knew I couldn't hold out any longer.

My aunt must have sensed that I was very close too because she spurred me on with her words. "Come in me, Honey. Fill my tight hole with your sticky cum," she said. "I want to see it running out of me -- down to my ass. Shoot it in me, Doug."

I was sweating and breathing hard. Then, as I listened to my aunt talking, I felt my body tense. I sank my cock in her once more, burying it deep as I came inside her. I could feel my cock twitch and I cried out one last time. She squeezed my shaft and held me inside her until I was spent.

with the afternoon sun shining on her naked body. I ran my hand over her as I kissed her cheek.

"I knew you'd be a wonderful lover," she said as she turned on her side to face me.

I shrugged. "I know I wasn't, but you're amazing," I said. "I love you, Aunt Lisa."

"I love you too, Doug." She cupped the back of my head and pulled me closer to kiss me.

Aunt Lisa and I lay there for as long as we dared, which was less than a half hour. Finally she reluctantly said "I suppose we should be getting back."

"Yeah... I guess," I said as I got to my feet.

My aunt and I got dressed, both of us still smiling and feeling blissful from our lovemaking. Once we were dressed again she reached for my hand. We began making our way back to the house as we had left it: hand in hand. What had changed was that we now shared a secret bond that was much stronger than ever before, and would remain for the rest of our lives.

Epilogue

"Daddy! Look at all the booberries I picked!"

I looked up from my computer in the livingroom and saw my daughter running in excitedly, carrying an ice cream container. Trailing behind her were her older brother and great aunt. I smiled at all three as I swiveled my chair around.

"It's blueberries, Honey," Aunt Lisa corrected with a laugh.

"Blueberries... look, Daddy!" Diane exclaimed again.

"That's great, Honey," I said as I looked inside the ice cream container. "If you ask Aunt Lisa nicely, I'm sure she'll make you a pie with those."

"Will you, Aunt Lisa?" she asked , looking up with wide, hopeful eyes.

"Of course, Honey," Aunt Lisa said. "I've made hundreds of pies in my life. Your father used to say they were the best he'd ever had."

"Were they, Daddy?" my daughter asked, turning to me."

"They sure were. Aunt Lisa makes the best pies in the world," I said.

Aunt Lisa walked over to the picture window in the living room. She held her hand out as she looked back, smiling. "Come here, kids. I want to show you something," she said. She waited for them to join her, standing on either side of her, then she pointed out of the window. "Do you see that big white house over there? That's where I used to live with my husband, Wayne, God rest his soul. When your dad was about as old as both of you, he came to live with us."

"You've told us this story before, Aunt Lisa."

"George, don't interrupt your aunt." his mother scolded.

"It's okay, April," Aunt Lisa said as she smiled at my wife, reading on the couch. She looked back down at the children flanking her sides, then back out through the window. "Where this house is now, there used to be a big field, and every summer your father and I used to come here and pick blueberries. There were many more blueberry bushes then than there are now. That was when I was much younger -- closer to your mother's age. I'd make pies for him and his Uncle Wayne, then freeze some berries so we could have pies during the winter."

"Will you freeze some of these, Aunt Lisa?" George asked, looking up at her.

"No, I'll make pies with them. But we'll get more berries, then well have plenty to eat when it gets cold," she explained.

"Okay, kids, time to get washed up for supper," April said as she got up from the couch. She waited for Diane and George to walk over, then lead them down the hall to the bathroom.

"Thanks for taking the kids to go pick berries," I said.

"No problem. I had fun," Aunt Lisa replied, then grew silent for a moment as a smile appeared on her face. "I always had fun picking berries."

"Me too," I said, looking into her eyes.

"You really are blessed, Doug," she said after a brief silence. "April and the kids are wonderful."

"You can say that again," I replied. "I can't believe how lucky I am. Asking April out turned out to be one of the best decisions I've ever made."

"She really is wonderful. I owe you guys a lot for inviting me to come live with you," she said.

"It was April's idea, actually," I said. "When you started talking about moving in to a retirement home -- that's when she suggested we build the addition on the house for you."

"Well, thank-you again." My aunt kissed my cheek, then cast a wary glance down the hall towards the bathroom. "April has always been so kind and gracious to me," she said. "I take it that she doesn't know..."

"About us?" I interjected, lowering my voice.

My aunt's cheeks took on a familiar blush and she gave me a shy smile. "Yes," she whispered.

I shook my head. "April doesn't need to know everything I've done," I said with a foxy smile.

"I told you years ago that I'd corrupt you," she joked. "It seems like I did a pretty good job."

"Yes, absolutely," I agreed. "You were the best, Aunt Lisa."

My aunt gave me a modest smile. "That's because I had an excellent and eager student," she said.

"Well, it's not just me who you helped." I said with a sly grin. "April will never know just how big a debt of gratitude she owes you too for what you taught me."

Aunt Lisa reached for my hand and gave it a squeeze. Her blue eyes had not lost their lustre over the years and they shimmered as they met mine. "Don't mention it," she said with a wink.

Restless Souls

I debated about what category to put this story in. I almost put it in Erotic Horror because it contains elements of the supernatural, but it's not scary. Essentially, it's a love story about the ghosts that haunt us all. I hope you like it.

"I know you're going to love it here in Gilcrest Falls, Mr. Baldwin. It's a beautiful town."

Craig Baldwin looked up from the duplicate copies of the lease that were spread out before him on the kitchen table. He smiled at Earle Jennings. "I know," Craig said. "I grew up here. My mother lives over on Fillmore Street."

"Oh, so you should feel right at home then," Jennings said. "You said that you're a writer?"

"Yes," Craig said with a nod. "I've written a novel, and a collection of short stories. I'm working on a new novel now, which is why I've moved back here. I'm hoping a small town will help me to concentrate."

"Well, if you came back here to write, I'm sure you'll find this an ideal setting," the realtor said. "As you probably know, this is a quiet town where not much seems to happen, so you'll get plenty of peace and quiet."

Craig smiled politely and nodded again. He stole a glance at his watch, hoping to finish the transaction quickly. He looked across the kitchen table at Earle Jennings, waiting for him to speak.

Earle Jennings fumbled with the gold-coloured pen in his hand. He was a portly man a few inches below six feet, with thinning black hair that was greying in spots. He pushed his glasses higher on his nose as his green eyes darted about for an instant. "How long have you been away?" he asked as he handed the pen to Craig.

"I've been in Sedona for the past ten years." Craig looked back down at the papers before him and added his signature to the lines at the bottom of each. "Is today the thirteenth?" he asked, looking back up.

"No. The fourteenth," Jennings corrected with a curt shake of his head. "July fourteenth."

"Shit, I should have remembered that," Craig said with a rueful laugh. "It's Woody Guthrie's birthday. If it weren't for him, Bob Dylan would be running a furniture store in Minnesota."

Jennings gave a polite nod and glanced at his watch.

Once Craig was finished adding the date beside his signatures on the documents he looked back up at the real estate agent. He reached his hand out to return the pen to him.

"You can keep it," Jennings said as he plucked his copy of the lease from the kitchen table. "I have two boxes of them back at my office." He gave a nervous laugh and picked up his briefcase from the table where Craig was sitting. "Well, if you don't have any more questions, I suppose I should let you get settled in," he said as he slid the lease into the briefcase.

Craig placed the pen atop his copy of the lease. He was surprised to see that Jennings had disappeared when he looked back up. When he turned to his right he saw the realtor advancing towards the door. Craig stood up and followed him, puzzled by the man's abrupt departure. "Thank-you again, Mr. Jennings," he said awkwardly.

"You're very welcome. I hope you enjoy your stay here. Welcome back to Gilcrest Falls, Mr. Baldwin."

Craig braced his hand on the edge of the open door, watching the portly man hurry to his black SUV in the driveway. It started with a roar, and within seconds Earle Jennings was gone. "Strange fellow," Craig muttered to himself as he closed the door.

It wasn't quite four o'clock yet, and Craig began wondering how he should spend the rest of his day. He knew what he should do: write. That's what he had returned to Gilcrest Falls intending to do. But for the past several months that endeavor seemed more like a chore with each passing day. Most would call his predicament writer's block, but to Craig it seemed more like author's impotence. His laptop had

become his nemesis, and knowing that his publisher had set a date for him to submit his second novel began to fill Craig with dread.

Craig began to pace towards the living room, thinking, as he buried his hands deep into the pockets of his trousers. After having lived in an apartment for a decade the two story house he had just moved into seemed cavernous. That would hopefully change once he had gotten the rest of his belongings moved in. The moving company was due to deliver the rest of his furniture, as well as almost everything else he owned, the next day. Until then, all he had with him was what he was able to pack in his car, including his nemesis: an Apple MacBook.

In the living room, sitting towards one end of a oak coffee table was the laptop. Craig walked over beside the coffee table and looked around the barren room. Earle Jennings had explained to Craig the first time he had shown him the house that it had become unexpectedly vacant when it's former resident had died. That was ten months ago. Now the real estate company was eager to rent it, rather than let it remain shuttered for another winter. As a result, they were willing to give Craig a good rate on a year-long lease. As an added incentive, the house came with some furniture, including the coffee table.

Craig began to wander through the house, just as he seemed to be wandering through life lately. Leaving the living room and walking into the downstairs hall, he entered a small room next to a half-bath on the south side of the house.

that had a view of the yard. Beside the window facing the driveway was a large wooden desk. Craig thought it might be oak, or perhaps mahogany. Jennings had told him that the desk would be remaining in the house. This is one of the things that appealed to Craig, and helped to convince him to rent the property.

Craig stared at the desk, imagining his laptop and printer on it, hoping that his writer's block would soon pass. As he thought, Craig's eyes soon were drawn to the other window to his left that faced the yard. On the floor in front of the window Craig noticed an object, and stepped closer to examine it. When he bent down he discovered that it was the shattered pieces of a black glass orb, held within a white mesh bag. He picked it up to examine it.

There were other such objects hung in windows throughout the house that Craig had noticed when Jennings had shown him the house for the first time. The only difference being that those glass orbs were a brilliant blue, rather than black, like the one that Craig was now holding the pieces of. Thinking nothing more of it, Craig placed the broken shards within the bag on the desk and left the room. He would dispose of it later, he decided.

Now that Earle Jennings had left, and Craig had the house to himself, he decided that it would be a good time to bring in the other things that he had packed in his car. His cranberry PT Cruiser could not hold many of his possessions, but he had packed a few suitcases and other essentials that he did not want to entrust the movers with.

lease, still sitting there where he had left it. Craig froze, feeling his pulse quicken as every nerve in his body seemed to fire. His hands went limp as he dropped the suitcases to his feet. As adrenaline raced through his veins, Craig reached for the lease and picked it up. His eyes grew wide and fear welled in him. Scrawled across the bottom in blue ink below his signature was GET OUT!.

Dropping the lease to the table, Craig whipped his head around, almost expecting someone to jump out from a hiding place and announce that he had been the victim of a practical joke. As his heart and breathing accelerated, Craig began to mentally retrace his steps. He had walked by the table minutes beforehand and had not noticed the writing on the lease. He had only been at his car for perhaps a few minutes. There was no way someone could have gotten in during that time un-noticed. Still, he was suspicious, fearful, and more than a little paranoid.

Looking around, Craig saw nothing that could be used as a weapon in case whoever had written the message on the lease was still in the house. He picked up the suitcases and cautiously walked towards the living room, scanning left and right as he advanced. His relief and puzzlement grew with each step he took and still saw no intruder. By the time he was upstairs in what he had decided would be his bedroom, Craig felt relieved. Still, the mystery of the scrawled message on the lease worried and confused him.

When he returned to the kitchen Craig picked up the lease from the kitchen table to examine the message below his signature once more. It appeared to have either been written by a child, or a right-handed person using their left hand. Craig searched his memory, trying to

think of any enemies he had, or of anyone who might either want to threaten or try to scare him. No one came to mind.

"Fucking strange," Craig mumbled to himself. He dropped the lease to the table and pulled the set of keys to the house that Jennings had given him from his pocket. He locked the door, then turned the knob, tugging at it to make sure it was secure, then he went in to the living room.

Craig sat down on the hardwood floor in front of the coffee table. He pulled his MacBook towards him, flipped the lid, and turned it on. He opened the document containing a portion of the novel he was working on and began reading. Soon a smile formed on his face. He was pleased with what he had written, and told himself that he was a good writer - - when he was capable of writing.

That first night in his new house Craig got little writing done. That neither surprised nor bothered him. It was becoming almost routine for him. Somewhere in the back of his mind was a thought that began gnawing at him more incessantly as weeks passed: that he would have to return the advance on his novel that the publisher had given him, and stop thinking of himself as a writer.

Deciding that he had best get some sleep because the moving company would arrive early the next morning, Craig shut off his MacBook and closed the lid. He slid into the sleeping bag he had brought in from his car and lay on the floor beside the coffee table. As he stared out of the curtainless windows at the moon, he tried to convince himself that moving back to Gilcrest Falls would bring about a turning point for him. But still, the gnawing self-doubt persisted.

###

The sun shining through the living room window woke Craig early the next morning. He groaned as he sat up. His neck and back ached from sleeping on the floor. Already he was looking forward to spending that night in his bed once more. Looking at his watch, he saw that it was twenty past seven.

Craig slid the sleeping bag down around his waist. As his eyes focused and adjusted to the morning light he became filled with the same bewilderment and panic that he had felt the previous night when he saw the message written on his copy of the lease. Turning towards his right, he was now facing the glowing screen on his MacBook. As he leaned closer, squinting, Craig saw that his laptop was on, and a new text document had been opened. It contained the message You are not welcome here, Mr. Baldwin.

After frantically climbing out of his sleeping bag, Craig pulled his laptop closer. For a few moments he had hoped that he had been dreaming, or that his eyes had been deceiving him. But as he looked at the text on the screen once more there was no way he could convince himself that he was mistaken.

"Jesus fuckin' Christ," Craig hissed. He saved the file and shut down his MacBook before closing it.

When he entered the kitchen and looked around it occurred to Craig that he should have gone out the night before for some food. All that he had to eat were two bags of chips and a bag of roasted peanuts that he'd brought from Sedona. Realizing that it was getting close to the time when the movers would be here to deliver his belongings, Craig decided it was best to not go out for some food.

Craig sat down at the kitchen table and began munching peanuts. Still lying there from the night before was his copy of the lease. He pulled it closer to examine the crudely written message on it, hoping to find some clues as to who wrote it. After staring at it for a few minutes he gave his head a shake. He folded the sheet of paper in half and pushed it aside, then finished eating his peanuts.

About a half hour later Craig heard the shrill beeping sound of a truck backing into his yard. He hurried to the door and unlocked it. He stepped out on to the porch and a broad smile broke out on his face when he saw the truck from the moving company in his driveway.

Two burly men wearing overalls, one carrying a clipboard, got out of the truck and opened the rear door. It wasn't long before they began moving Craig's possessions into the house one by one as he directed them as to where to put them.

Craig was surprised by how quickly the men from the moving company had unloaded the truck. Once he had signed the necessary forms that the man with the clipboard had presented him with, he stood in the middle of the living room, amid a sea of cardboard boxes. It wasn't quite two o'clock and Craig knew that he had a lot of work

ahead of him unpacking everything. Rather than beginning that task immediately, he decided to go out for groceries.

It was a beautiful Thursday afternoon and Craig was glad to be out in the sun and fresh air. As he drove he turned the radio up loud and sang along to a few songs he knew. Although he had not made a grocery list, it was not difficult for him to decide what to get once he was at the grocery store, since he needed everything. That errand took him longer than he had expected, and by the time he had returned home and had put away all of his groceries, Craig was tired.

Craig opened the fridge and took out a can of beer. He pulled the tap and took a long gulp as he sat down at the kitchen table. He sighed and smiled as he licked his lips. In the distance he could hear birds chirping and cicadas buzzing. Finally, the house he had moved in to was starting to feel like a home to him.

Craig was almost finished his can of beer when he heard what he thought was a car in his yard. He got up from his chair to peer out the door. As he approached the door, a woman with shoulder length brown hair and hazel eyes opened it. She stepped inside and walked up to Craig.

"Here," the woman said as she thrust a paperback novel into Craig's hand.

Wheeling around towards the pretty brunette, Craig said "This is my book!"

"I know. I borrowed it a few years ago," the woman with dazzling hazel eyes replied with a grin.

"A few? Closer to ten," Craig spat out.

"Ten years and eight months, but who's counting," she said. "I hope you don't charge late fees."

Craig walked towards the kitchen table and tossed the book down on it. "How the hell did you know I was here, Christine?" Craig asked, not bothering to try to mask his irritation at the abrupt intrusion.

Christine Glover sat down beside the table and crossed her legs. "Your mother told me," she explained. "I ran into her in the grocery store the other day. Oh -- and she said for you to give her a call, too."

"Great, now I'll have both of you nagging me," Craig lamented. He took another swig of beer, feeling the can begin to bend in his hand.

Christine laughed as she got up and walked towards the fridge. "She also told me that you ask about me when you call her -- that's so sweet of you, Craig," she cooed. "Mind if I have a beer? Thanks."

Craig could feel an odd mixture of anger and love welling within him as he watched his former girlfriend make herself at home in the house which was not quite even his home yet. "I've asked a couple of times if she's seen you and how you were -- that's all," he replied dismissively. "Hand me a beer, will you?"

Christine reached into the fridge again and passed Craig a can of beer. She sat back down and took a drink from the can she was holding. "I guess I shouldn't feel bad that you don't keep in touch with me when you only call your own mother every few months, and only visit her on Christmas," she said.

"You're exaggerating, as usual," Craig shot back. "I call her and visit more often than that."

Christine shrugged and took another pull from the can. "I suppose we can't expect you to grace us with your presence now that you're Mister Hotshot Author," she taunted.

"Look, Christine, what the hell do you want?" Craig barked.

"To see you. Why do you think I'm here?" Christine's smile faded as her eyes left Craig's and she brought the can of beer up to her full lips once more. "I've missed you, Craig," she said in a near whisper.

"Yeah... I've missed you too," he admitted as his voice softened. "I've thought of calling, or e-mailing, but, well -- you know..."

Christine nodded. "Yeah... I know what you mean," she sighed.

Craig leaned against the kitchen counter, looking around as he tried to think of something to say to break the awkward silence. When Christine spoke again, it came as a relief to him.

"So, when did you move in?" she asked, sounding cheerful again.

"Last night," Craig replied. "But my stuff only got here this morning. The place is a disaster area. I haven't even begun unpacking yet. I'd just gotten back from getting some groceries before you showed up."

"Well, how about I help you then?" she offered.

"No, thanks, that's okay."

"You're not getting rid of me that easy, Craig. You should know me better than that," she said. "So, since I'm here, let me help you move some furniture or something. At least show me around the place, for god's sake."

"Okay," Craig relented as he pushed himself away from the counter.

Christine trailed behind Craig, following him in to the living room. She let out a low whistle as she looked around. "Crap, you've got a lot of stuff to unpack," she said as she surveyed the boxes that were strewn about the room.

"Yeah," Craig said with a sigh. "I figure it will take me a few days to get everything done."

As Craig spoke, Christine walked across the living room floor towards a window facing the road going by the house. She pointed towards a blue glass orb in a white mesh bag hanging from the sash. "Where did you get the witch ball?" she asked, turning back towards him.

"The what?" Craig stepped closer to her as he furrowed his brow.

"This -- it's a witch ball," she explained, pointing towards the blue glass orb.

"Oh," he grunted, giving the blue glass ball another look. "They came with the place. I never brought them here. What are they anyway?"

Christine took a step closer to Craig and began explaining. "They originated in Europe ages ago. People used to hang them in their windows to either ward off evil spirits, or attract good ones," she said. "A spirit would become enchanted by the colourful glass and become trapped in them. If it captured a good spirit, the glass would turn white. But, if an evil one, or a demon, was drawn in and caught in it, then it would turn black."

company. "I've got a black one." he droned. His voice was quiet, but thick with tension.

"What?" Christine spat out incredulously as her eyes widened.

"I've got a black one," he repeated. "Well, kind of -- it's broken."

"Better call the Ghostbusters," Christine said with a laugh. . "Why? Is that bad?" he asked.

"Well, according to the lore, the witch ball turned black if it trapped something nasty," she reiterated. "But if the ball was broken, the entity could escape and cause all sorts of trouble."

Craig felt a chill course through him as he recalled the message written on the lease, and the text file he'd found on his computer that morning. "Do you believe in ghosts, Christine?" he asked.

"No. Of course not," she said. "I'm a sane, rational woman."

"That's a pleasant change in you," he scoffed.

"Places aren't haunted, Craig, people are haunted," Christine replied, ignoring his barb.

"Well, I think I have a ghost here," Craig said, sounding very serious.

"Yeah, you do now," she said with a laugh. "Me!"

Craig winced, knowing that on some level she was perfectly correct. "I mean a real ghost," he said. "Like the kind that those ghost hunters look for on reality shows. Here -- let me show you something."

Craig opened his MacBook on the coffee table and showed Christine the text file that he had discovered that morning. Once he had done that, he brought her in to the room where the desk was so she could see the broken black witch ball, then back out in to the kitchen. There, he presented her with the lease so she could see the scrawled message at the bottom.

"So, what do you think?" he asked, giving her an expectant stare.

Christine frowned and gave him a sympathetic look. "As a skeptic, I can't say that any of this is proof, Craig," she said. "How do I know you never wrote this on your lease, or made that text file? Do you see what I mean? Look at it objectively."

"Yeah, I know," he agreed with a frown. "But the broken witch ball..."

"It's just folklore," she interjected. "Just like broken mirrors, black crows, horse shoes, rabbit's feet, or any other good luck charm or ill omen. It's not proof. It's not rational. I don't mean to sound harsh, Craig, but you can see where I'm coming from, can't you?"

Craig begrudgingly nodded. "Yes, I can," he said. "But, you know me, Christine. I'm not the type to just make this stuff up. Something weird is going on in this house."

"Well, this house does have it's share of weird baggage and rumours," she said.

"What?" Craig blurted out. "What do you mean?"

"Didn't the real estate agent tell you about who used to live here?" she asked.

"No. He didn't tell me anything, except it's been empty for almost a year after the former resident died," he said.

"I guess they don't like to talk about those sorts of things," Christine said. She sat down at the table and gestured towards the fridge. "Get me another beer and I'll tell you."

Craig quickly brought out two cans of beer from the fridge. He handed one to Christine and sat down adjacent to her. He opened the other can and took a sip as he leaned closer, eager to hear what she had to say.

"The guy who used to live here before you was a man named Mattias Bertram," she began slowly. "I don't know where he was from originally, but he had an accent that sounded Eastern European."

Anyway, he owned a bookstore in town that sold new and used books, and it had a large occult section. I was in there a few times. People around here didn't like him much -- you know what this place is like. Bertram was a foreigner, and he sold books on witchcraft, magick, how to cast spells and conjure spirits -- that sort of stuff. If this were the Middle Ages, they would have burned him at the stake."

"It's a wonder they didn't anyway," Craig said with a laugh.

"Well, to make matters even worse, he used to hold what he called 'study groups' here, in this house, on something called The Western Mystery Tradition," Christine said. "He used to have a sign in his store advertising them."

"Did you ever go?" Craig asked.

"Are you kidding?" Christine scoffed. "I'm a rational person, remember?" She grinned, awaiting his retort.

"Oh, yeah, I forgot -- sorry," Craig said with a laugh.

Christine smiled as she brought the can of beer up to her mouth. "Anyway, this being a typical small town, people started spreading all kinds of bizarre rumours about Mattias, and this house. They accused him of being a Satanist -- some even thought he was The Devil incarnate -- and him holding those meetings here didn't help either. There was talk of strange rituals going on here some nights. Every time a cat went missing in the neighbourhood they blamed Mattias, and accused him

of sacrificing it. No kid in town would even set foot in his yard, especially on Halloween night."

"What do you think, Miss Skeptic?" Craig asked pointedly.

Christine took another drink of beer and wriggled her moist lips as she thought. "Well, Mattias was definitely one weird dude, at least by Gilcrest Falls' standards, but the few times I was in his store he was always very polite. You could tell he was erudite and cultured -- something else that made him an anomaly around here. But I never got the feeling that he was evil, or even dangerous. I think more than anything, he was the victim of superstition and xenophobia."

"The realtor seemed nervous when he was here for me to sign the lease," Craig said, then thought for a few moments. "Come to think of it, he seemed nervous the first time he showed me the house too."

"People don't like this house, Craig. It's got a spooky vibe." Christine rolled her eyes and laughed at the notion of what she had just said.

"Maybe they feel that way for a good reason though," Craig suggested.

"Because your roommate is the ghost of Mattias Bertram?" she replied sarcastically.

"Well, yeah," Craig said meekly, knowing how implausible that sounded.

Christine leaned forward. She reached across the table and gave her former lover's hand a gentle squeeze as she smiled at him. "I don't think that Mr. Bertram is the only restless soul roaming this house," she said.

Craig flinched when he felt Christine's hand on his, but he enjoyed the sensation. A flood of memories filled his mind and he smiled. Her skin was soft and warm, and her touch loving. Within seconds he could feel his cock begin to stiffen. "What do you mean?" he asked as his eyes narrowed.

"I mean you. You're a restless soul, Craig," she said.

Craig frowned and slid his hand away from Christine's. He folded his arms on his chest as he stared across the kitchen. Suddenly his self-doubt and insecurities about his writing returned as Christine's words echoed in his mind.

When Christine saw the expression on Craig's face change so rapidly she became filled with guilt. "God, I'm so sorry, Craig. I shouldn't have said that; it's not true," she said. "You're a successful writer -- all I did with my English degree was become a school teacher."

"That's a much more noble profession, Christine," he said. "All I do with my English degree is write silly stories."

"They're not silly, Craig. They're wonderful," she said. "That's why your first novel sold so well -- the same with your collection of short stories. I have both of them, and I love them. I read them over and over."

Craig's eyes widened and he felt happy again, although surprised. "You do?" he said, looking up at her.

"Yeah," she admitted sheepishly, then smiled. "Of course."

"Thanks, Christine. That means a lot," he said.

Christine cocked her head to one side and gave him a curious stare. "Why are you so surprised that I've read your books?" she asked.

Craig shrugged. "I don't know," he mumbled. "I guess I just thought that after everything -- you know -- that you had forgotten about me, or at least tried to. Mom said that you'd gotten married."

Christine's smile drained from her face and her eyes lost their lustre. She gave her head a feeble shake. "No, I didn't get married. I was engaged, but we broke up; that was a couple of years ago," she said. "I guess I'm not very good at keeping men." She gave a forlorn stare at her lap for a few moments.

"Oh," Craig grunted. "No -- don't say that. Maybe you're just not good at keeping the ones you shouldn't have met in the first place."

Christine smiled once more, pleased by his attempt to cheer her up. Him, of all people -- the one she had wounded so deeply. She thought for a few moments, growing nervous, then decided to speak her mind. "Why did we break up again?" she asked. "I mean, it all happened so suddenly, without warning. At least that's how it seemed to me. I never saw it coming, Craig. It was like you got scared and just ran away from me."

Craig sighed and his eyes shifted to avoid hers. "Let's not get into it, Christine. Please," he begged. "That's neither here nor there now. It's ancient history."

"No, seriously. Why did you dump me?" she pressed. "It's been over ten years, Craig. Can't we have a rational discussion about it now? Why did you do it?"

"Because you lied to me about another guy -- that's why," Craig snapped. His mouth tightened and his eyes narrowed as they locked on hers again.

Christine flinched when she saw the anger in his eyes, then she shrugged dismissively. "I didn't lie to you about him," she insisted with a slight smirk. "You just never asked me the right questions. Besides, you were a real jerk back then, Craig."

"Give me a break. I was just a kid," he said.

"Craig, we were twenty-five," Christine said, then began to laugh.

Craig's laughter mingled with Christine's for a few moments as they stared into one another's eyes. Once they stopped, they stared at one another in silence, still smiling.

"It's so good to hear your laugh again," Craig said. "I've missed it."

"Oh -- is that all you've missed about me?" she retorted with a wily grin.

Craig felt himself blush and avoided her pretty, piercing eyes again for a few seconds. "No, of course not," he replied. "I've missed just about everything about you."

"Just about?" she countered as she raised an eyebrow and laughed.

"You know what I mean," he said nervously.

Christine nodded as she raised her can of beer. She gulped down the last few mouthfuls, then placed the empty can on the table. "So, are we going to sit around drinking beer, or can I help you unpack, or move some furniture?" she asked.

Craig thought for a few seconds, then said "The only thing I need help with is putting the bed together. Everything else I can do on my own."

"The bed, huh?" she said with a shrewd grin. "I should have known you'd ask me to do something like that."

Craig shifted in his chair, feeling his mouth tighten. "Do you want to help me or not?" he said defensively.

"Oh, relax, Craig. I'm only teasing," she said as she got up from her chair. "Where is the bed? I'll help you with it."

"It's in my room," he told her.

Craig lead Cristine upstairs to the bedroom on the right. It was the larger of the two, and had windows facing west and north. Leaning against the wall were a mattress and box spring. On the floor beside those were the other pieces of Craig's bed, next to a bureau and several boxes.

"Oh, there are witch balls in the windows in here too." Christine stood in the middle of the room, looking left and right, looking at the blue glass orbs hanging from the window sashes.

"Yeah, at least they're still blue," Craig remarked with a weak laugh.

It took little time for Craig and Christine to assemble his bed, and he was grateful for her help. He thought that he could have done it on his own, but it would have been a struggle. Besides, he was glad to be able to spend some more time with his former girlfriend.

Once they had finished, Christine stood beside the bed, hands braced on her hips. She surveyed the room again, especially the blue witch balls gleaming in the windows as the sun hit them. "So, is there anything else I can help you with?" she asked, then let out a brassy laugh.

Craig felt his cock twitch and begin to stiffen as he listened to her, and ran his eyes down her curvy body. Her posture made her firm breasts push out at the green t-shirt she was wearing, and her jeans hugged her hips and firm ass. Memories of the times that they had made love returned to Craig and he wanted her more than he had ever had since they had separated. He moved closer and placed his hands on her waist, smiling.

"I don't know," Craig drawled. "Was there anything you had in mind?" He pulled her to him, so his hard cock was pressing against her.

Christine let out a giggle as her hands slid up Craig's back. She shifted her hips, rubbing herself against his hard shaft, feeling it grow to its full size. "Calm down, Craig," she teased. "Jumping into bed won't fix anything. Let's take it slow, okay?"

"Okay... I'm sorry," he mumbled as he shrunk away from her.

"Hey... it's okay," Christine said softly. "It's just that I've been single for a long time, and I'm kind of nervous, you know? Besides, you and I have a lot of baggage, and I don't want to screw things up. Plus... I

know you'll never be able to completely trust me again. I can't blame you, but that's a huge wall for us. Does that make any sense?" Her voice was tinged with compassion and sadness, but her brown eyes radiated love as she spoke. She kissed his cheek softly as she ran a hand over his back.

"Yeah, too much," he said, sounding sad.

"I'm not saying that I don't feel like you do," she said, then pressed herself harder against his erection and smiled. "And that includes how turned-on you are right now."

Craig's eyes left hers and roamed down to the front of her t-shirt. He smiled when he noticed her nipples pushing out from the green material. They were thick and looked very hard. "I thought you were just cold," he said as he stared at her breasts.

"No. I'm, uh, hot," she said in a silky voice. "And if I don't leave soon, I'm afraid we're going to do something we might regret."

"Okay, I understand," he said dolefully as he let go of her and took a step back.

Christine gave him a regretful look. "I'm sorry, Craig. I do want to see you again though. Would it be okay if I came over another day?" she said.

"Of course," he said emphatically. "Anytime!"

Christine chuckled at his obvious eagerness. "Yeah, you're thinking with your dick right now," she joked. "But, seriously, I don't want to be a pest. I know you've got writing to do, and I don't want to interrupt that. When is a good time to stop in?"

"Well, I don't think I'll be getting much writing done for a while," he told her. "I need to unpack, and get the house in order first. I'll be doing that for the next couple of days, maybe more. You can stop in tomorrow, if you want."

"Okay, I will then," she promised. "Thanks."

Craig lead Christine back down the stairs, then to the back door. They said nothing as they walked because each of them was lost in thought. When they reached the door Christine reached for the knob, then froze. A smile crept over her face as she turned back towards Craig. She cupped the nape of his neck in her palm and pressed her mouth to his. Her supple, moist lips parted and her tongue teased his. She pulled him tighter to her as she sucked on his lower lip, then tugged at it as she eased back.

"I love you," she said in a husky voice as she looked into his eyes.

Craig stood in stunned silence, feeling his cock throb. By the time he had opened his mouth again to speak, Christine was walking down the

steps. He watched her walk towards her car, his aching heart pounding in his chest.

###

Despite being in his own bed once more, Craig had a restless night. He woke a few hours before dawn and masturbated to thoughts of Christine. He hoped that it would help him to fall back to sleep, but all it did was make him long for her more, and the thought that the contentious issues of their past made a reconciliation seemingly impossible filled him with sorrow and regret.

When the first rays of the morning sun shone through the window facing his bed Craig decided to get up. He sat on the edge of the bed and stared at the witch ball hanging from the window sash. He felt a certain amount of relief when he saw that the glass orb was still the brilliant blue that it had been the previous day.

Once had had showered and eaten breakfast, Craig decided that his first task of the day should be to set things up in what would be his office. After all, his whole purpose in returning to Gilcrest Falls was to finish his novel, and he must not lose sight of that.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when Craig saw Christine's red Honda Civic enter the yard. He was sitting at his desk in front of his MacBook. To his left was a mug of coffee, his second that morning. To his right were his cell phone, and a stack of papers, which was the uncompleted manuscript to his novel.

A smile appeared instantly on Craig's face and his pulse quickened when he saw Christine's car. He quickly got up from his swivel chair and hurried to the back door to greet her. She was standing on the porch, smiling, as he opened the door.

"Good morning," she said. "I hope I'm not too early."

"No, not at all. I've been up for hours," he replied.

Craig turned and watched Christine as she walked towards the kitchen table. Her oak-coloured hair was pinned back on the sides, and she was wearing a navy blue t-shirt and a forest green skirt that left her knees bare. In her hands was a box that was wrapped in rose-coloured paper. She placed the box on the kitchen table, then gave him a smile.

"I brought you a house warming gift," she said.

"Thanks, but you didn't have to do that." Craig walked over to her and gave the box a curious stare.

"I know, but I wanted to. Besides, I'm kind of expecting you to share it with me. Go ahead -- open it," she said with an enigmatic smile.

"Okay," Craig drawled as he picked up the box.

Craig tore off the wrapping paper and opened the box. Inside, nestled in shredded paper that resembled straw, he saw a bottle of white wine. On either side of that were two wine glasses, below which was a corkscrew. He took the items from the box and placed them on the kitchen table.

"Thanks, Christine," he said. "And of course I'll share the wine with you."

Christine giggled as she picked up the wine bottle and moved towards the fridge. "I'll put it in here for now to chill," she said, then turned back to him after she closed the fridge door. "I wasn't sure whether or not you had a corkscrew, but I thought I should get you one anyway -- to replace the one I left in your heart."

Craig gave her a faint smile and laughed softly. "Thanks -- you're too kind," he said.

"So, what have you been up to this morning?" she asked.

"I got things set up in my office, and I've been doing a little writing," he told her.

"Can I see?" she asked, sounding eager and curious.

"Sure, if you want."

Christine followed Craig through the hall and into his office. She looked around, surveying the small room, then noticed the broken black witch ball lying on a chair in the corner across from the desk. "So that's the broken witch ball, huh?" she remarked.

Craig nodded, giving the shards of black glass a wary look. "Yeah. I should throw it out," he said. "But just touching it gives me the creeps."

As Christine was about to reply her words were interrupted by the sound of Craig's cell phone on his desk ringing. He picked it up and answered it. "Oh, hi, Mom," he said as he rolled his eyes at Christine.

Craig wandered out into the hall to finish his conversation with his mother. He paced about as they spoke. Once he had finished with the call he returned to his office. When he entered he halted and grew anxious. Christine was standing beside his desk, reading the manuscript to his unfinished novel. She looked up from the sheet of paper in her hand and smiled.

"Ah, that's not finished," he said hesitantly. "I wish you wouldn't read it yet."

"Craig, this is beautiful," Christine gushed.

"It's not finished -- not even close. I'll let you read it when it's done," he said.

The Pebble in His Shoe -- I think that's a great title for your new novel," she remarked as she placed the paper in her hand atop the others on the desk.

"It's only kind of a working title," Craig said self-consciously. "I might change it."

"Don't -- I think it's perfect. It's a metaphor for an ex-girlfriend, right?" she asked as her brow furrowed.

Craig gave a sheepish nod as he buried his hands in his jeans. "Yeah, it is," he told her.

"Well, write about what you know, huh?" she retorted.

"Something like that," Craig muttered.

Craig's gaze shifted about the room as he grew uneasy with Christine's pointed comments. Eager to change the conversation, he said "Have you eaten yet? It's getting close to lunch, and I wouldn't mind having something to eat."

"Sure, that sounds good," she replied.

arousal growing as he ran his eyes over her, and soon his cock began to throb.

Christine was standing beside the kitchen table, slicing a tomato close to five minutes later. As Craig passed by her on his way to the fridge she thrust her hips out, intentionally pushing her firm ass against his left hip. Craig stopped and turned to smile at her. She was standing with her back to him, pretending to be oblivious to his ogling as she continued slicing the tomato on the plate.

Without saying a word, Craig took hold of her hips and pressed himself to her firm ass. He could feel his hard cock throb as he pushed it against her rump. Her body felt wonderful and Craig wanted to pull her skirt up around her waist and bend her over the table that instant.

"Careful, I have a knife in my hands," she teased as she wiggled her hips slightly.

Craig ran his hand down the curve of Christine's right hip to her thigh as he slowly humped her ass. He no longer cared about the sandwiches they were preparing. Now he only hungered for her. "I just changed my mind about what I want to eat for lunch," he said in a husky voice.

Christine let out a sexy giggle and braced her hands on the kitchen table. She bent over slightly, grinding her ass harder against his thick cock. "You can eat me for dessert. How does that sound?" she asked, sounding as horny as he now was.

Instead of replying, Craig let out a throaty moan. He reached up and pulled her hair aside from her left shoulder as he pressed himself to her back. He kissed her neck, then ran his tongue over it before nipping at it with his teeth. When she let out a soft moan he reached around and cupped her right breast in his hand. It was firm and heavy, and larger than Craig recalled. He squeezed it hard through her t-shirt, feeling her hard, thick nipple with his thumb, then began to knead her heavy mound.

After almost a minute of allowing him to grope her and rub his hard shaft against her ass, Christine said "Okay, that's enough, Craig. Let me finish doing this."

Craig straightened his back and sidled beside Christine, admiring her. "God, you're beautiful," he said as his eyes moved over her.

Christine looked up from the table, smiling. Her cheeks were flushed and her nipples stood out against the material of her t-shirt. "Thanks," she said. "You ain't so bad yourself." She leaned into him and kissed his cheek. "You sure know how to get a girl worked-up, that's for sure."

There was little conversation while Craig and Christine sat at the kitchen table, eating their sandwiches. They glanced at each other periodically, exchanging loving smiles, both enjoying the erotic tension building between them. Their libidos were beginning to race beyond their control, but until they reached that point, each of them wanted to let the teasing and foreplay last for as long as possible.

Once they had finished eating, Craig gathered up the dirty dishes and brought them to the sink. As he was rinsing them off he felt Christine's hand caress his back. He froze as a slight shudder went through his body. His cock pulsed and he turned around to face her.

"So, did you have a good sleep in that bed after I helped you put it together?" she asked in a soft, lilting voice.

Craig placed his hands on her waist and pulled her to him until she was rubbing against his hard cock. He nodded. "Yeah, it was very comfortable," he said, looking into her sultry eyes.

Christine leaned into him, pressing her soft body against his. She ran her hand up and down his chest as her hips gently swayed. "It looked like it was a little big for just one person though," she said. "Weren't you lonely?"

"Very," he said. "Some company would have been welcome."

"How about you show me just how comfortable that bed of yours is then?" she said.

Craig smiled as Christine took hold of his hand and tugged at it. She led him from the kitchen into the hall and he walked beside her, feeling his cock throb in anticipation. Then, as they passed by his office, Craig halted, tugging at Christine's hand to stop her.

"Hold on, just a second," he said, his voice full of concern.

As Craig stepped in to his office he felt his mouth fall agape and he became filled with dread. He looked around in disbelief for a few seconds as his pulse quickened. "Holy shit," he hissed. He turned towards Christine, giving her a wide-eyed stare. "Tell me I did that," he said, pointing towards his desk.

Lying on the desk beside the computer was Craig's manuscript. It had been ripped to shreds and arranged in a cone-shaped, confetti-like pile.

"Jesus, Craig," Christine intoned as she walked towards the desk, almost cautiously. "Mattias?" she asked, turning back to him.

"Who else?" he replied. "He must be really pissed-off."

Christine was standing beside the desk, leaning over the computer. After a few seconds she looked up and her eyes met Craig's. They were filled with fear. "Craig, come see this," she said as she turned the laptop around to face him.

Craig walked over to the MacBook and looked down at the brightly lit screen. A new text file was open. It contained one terse line: Leave, and take Miss Glover with you.

"What are you going to do, Craig?" Christine asked. There was fright and worry in her voice. She ran her hand over his back, trying to comfort him.

"I don't know," he said with a weary sigh. "I've got the novel backed up on my computer, of course, but I don't know what to do to get rid of Mattias. But, now's probably a good time to open that wine," Craig said. "I could use a drink."

"You better make sure your novel is still backed up," she suggested. "If he can create a text file, he can delete one, too."

Panic filled Craig when he heard those words. He sat down in his swivel chair and frantically began searching the files on his computer. A few moments later he gave a relieved sigh. "It's still there, thank god," he said, looking up at her. "But I probably should burn it on to a CD, just to be safe."

"Good idea," she agreed. "While you do that, I'll open the wine."

Once Craig had finished burning his novel on to a CD he put the disc in a jewel case and brought it out to the kitchen, where Christine was. "Here," he said as he handed her the CD. "Take this home with you, where I'll know it's safe."

"Okay," she said. "Good idea."

Craig's gaze shifted from Christine to the kitchen table. In front of him were two glasses of wine, beside the partially empty bottle that she had brought with her. He picked up one of the glasses and said "Let's go in to the living room. It's cluttered, but the couch is more comfortable."

Christine picked up the other glass of wine and the bottle and followed Craig in to the living room. She placed the bottle on the coffee table and sat down beside him, tucking her legs under her. "To us," she said, as she raised her wine glass.

"To us," he echoed as he gave her glass a gentle knock with his own.

Craig took a sip of wine, then glanced to his left and down at Christine's lap. Her skirt had slid up her thighs several inches as she sat down, and he stared at her smooth skin. A few seconds later he reached out and slipped his right hand under the hem of her skirt. He ran his fingers along the inside of her right thigh, looking down at her smooth legs as his cock throbbed. When she parted her legs a few more inches he glided his hand up her thigh higher. Her skin was silky smooth and warm, but Craig knew that further up she was softer, and wetter. That's where he wanted to be.

"That feels so good, Craig," Christine said. She leaned back against the couch and watched the expression on his face as he stroked her thigh.

"You feel so good," he replied.

When Craig's fingers rubbed over Christine's moist lips through her panties she let out a soft moan. Craig pressed harder on her pussy, feeling her heat and wetness through the thin material covering her. He pushed his thumb to her clit and began massaging her button in a circle. Her lips felt soft and full, just as he remembered them, and he grew impatient to glide his tongue over them and taste her.

"If you keep doing that, you'll make me cum," she said in a ragged voice.

Craig pressed harder on her clit, and leaned closer to kiss her flushed cheek. "Were you still interested in finding out how comfortable my bed is?" he asked.

"Mmmm-hmmm," she moaned.

Craig stood up and took the wine bottle from the coffee table. "Let's bring this with us," he told her.

The two former lovers ascended the stairs, both filled with desire, and eager to rekindle their passion for one another. Craig stepped in to his bedroom and placed his wine glass and the bottle on the bureau. He turned towards Christine and took her glass from her hand and placed it beside his. He pulled her close and kissed her full lips tenderly as his hands caressed her back and sides.

Christine's coffee-coloured eyes darted down to the bulge in his jeans. She grinned, then looked back up at him. "I can tell," she said. Now her voice was thicker. "I've felt the same, Craig. I know it sounds so silly, but you've been haunting my mind for years too."

Craig swallowed hard. His cock twitched and he wanted to undress Christine. When she leaned closer and kissed his mouth he felt his cock throb even harder. He pulled at the hem of her t-shirt. She raised her arms so he could pull it off of her. He tossed it on the bed, then ran his eyes over her.

Christine was wearing a white push-up bra that made her breasts look round and firm. Craig ran his hands up her sides and cupped her full breasts in his hands, feeling her hard nipples beneath the cotton. She reached around and unhooked it, then let it fall to the floor.

"God, you're beautiful," he said as he admired her.

Christine shrugged. "I've put on a few pounds," she said, sounding bashful.

"Yeah... where it counts." Craig cupped her pendulous breasts in his hands. He squeezed them hard, then swirled his tongue around one thick, dusky nipple, then the other.

Christine laid back on the bed, her feet dangling over the side. Her mahogany hair spread out like a peacock's tail around her. She watched

as he tugged her skirt and panties down. She kicked her shoes off, lifting her ass from the bed to help him undress her.

Once she was naked, Craig ran his eyes down Christine's perfect body. He paused when he saw the narrow strip of hair above her soft, wet folds. He grinned. "That's new," he said, nodding down towards her moist petals.

Christine gave him a self-conscious look, running her hand down the curve of her stomach to her wet pussy. "Do you like it?" she asked with a shy look.

Craig gave her an emphatic nod. He knelt on the floor between her dangling legs. He clasped her hips tight in his hands and pulled her closer to him, dragging her along the bedspread. She parted her thighs and he slid his tongue up over her wet pussy, then he hoisted her calves over his shoulders. When she moaned and placed her hands on his head he pushed his tongue in her, deep. He felt her tighten around it and he forced it deeper until his nose was rubbing against her swollen clit. Her juice began to run over his face as he stroked her with his tongue as he inhaled her musky aroma.

"Oh god, Craig," she moaned, running her hands through his hair and clutching his head tight.

Craig reached up and began to pinch and tug at Christine's coppery right nipple. When he slipped a finger in her, then a second, she welcomed them by gripping them tight. Craig began to slowly work them in and out of her tight, wet pussy. As she writhed on the bed,

Craig bent down and began to flick his tongue over her hard clit. Christine moaned louder, raising up from the bed. He bathed her pink pearl with his hot breath, then wrapped his wet lips around it and began to suck.

"Oh god... shit... Jesus," she cried out, holding his head and grinding her wet pussy against his mouth.

Craig breathed in her wonderful scent and tasted her on his lips. When she cried out again he felt a gush of juice bathe his tongue and chin. He kept licking her clit and pumping his fingers in her tight pussy. When she came for the second time and collapsed back on the bed he raised his head. His tongue darted out, licking her nectar from his lips.

Craig tugged his sneakers off, then quickly pulled his jeans and underwear to his feet. He kicked them aside, then crawled between Christine's silky thighs. She looked up at him. Her cheeks were flushed and she had a blissful look on her face and in her eyes. She reached up for him.

"I want you in me. Now," she said.

Craig watched as Christine slid towards the middle of the bed, waiting to receive him. He knelt between her bent legs, resting his hands on her knees and pushed on them to part her thighs wider. As the head of his cock slid between Christine's juicy lips he felt her wrap her legs around him. She pulled him tighter to her, and deeper inside her. Craig began moving his hips, working his shaft in and out of her. She pushed back, meeting his thrusts.

"Mmmm... I've thought about us doing this a lot over the years," she cooed.

"Me too," he grunted.

Craig watched as Christine's breasts shook beneath him as he pumped his thick shaft in and out of her tight pussy. His heavy balls slapped against her and he began thrusting harder and faster, spurred-on by her moans.

"Oh, god, Craig... I've needed this from you for so long," she moaned. "Fuck me hard."

"I know... I've fantasized about this so many times over the years," he panted as he moved his hips faster.

Christine's fingernails ran down Craig's back and her heels dug into the backs of his thighs. He looked down into her eyes, then kissed her. Now they were joined everywhere -- just as they had longed to be for the past decade. Craig could feel her musky juice on his cock and beginning to coat his balls. He pistoned his cock faster, pushing her down on to the bed and making her cry out louder in ecstasy.

"Jesus, Craig -- that feels so good," she said in a hoarse voice. "Fill me with your cock... reclaim me as yours."

"I love you, Christine," he breathed as he looked into her eyes.

"I love you too," she replied as she pulled him lower to kiss him again.

Craig could feel himself getting closer as Christine squeezed his rock-hard shaft deep inside her. Their bodies were entwined and she was holding his shoulders as she massaged his shaft deep within her.

"I'm so close," he groaned as he continued to work his meat in and out of her.

"Cum on me," she said in a breathy voice. "I want it all over me. Mark your territory, Craig."

Hearing her bawdy request was enough to bring Craig to the edge. He slipped his cock from her. It was slippery, and shined with her juice. He gave it a few hard strokes, then watched as a ribbon of cum shot from it. It splashed over her stomach and up over her breasts. They rose and fell with her rapid breathing as his thick cum ran down towards her thick nipples. Two more quick spurts sprayed from his twitching cock. Some puddled in her navel, and the rest ran down towards her wet, pink lips. They were still parted and shiny with her musky juice.

Christine moaned and began spreading Craig's thick cum over her breasts and stomach. Her soft skin glistened with it. When she was finished painting herself with the seed of the man she had craved for so long, she pulled him down atop her. His body slid over hers, spreading their juices around. Craig could feel his spent cock slide over

her dripping pussy. He was still somewhat hard, and when he rubbed over her sensitive clit she moaned, pushing up towards him to feel his shaft slide along the length of her folds and stroke her clit.

Craig caught his breath and eased himself off of Christine. He lay on his side and pulled her to him on the bed. He wrapped an arm around her and kissed her moist lips. "I love you," he said.

Christine's half-closed eyes widened. She raised up on her left elbow. Her hair and breasts swayed beside him. "I love you too," she said.

Christine's soft body felt wonderful on Craig's as she lay across his chest, and he never wanted to let her go again. He ran his hand up and down her spine, making her shiver with pleasure. Then he grew surprised when she turned her head towards the window and bolted upright in bed.

"Look!" she exclaimed, pointing towards the window.

Craig sat up beside Christine, confused by her sudden outburst. "What? What is it?" he asked.

"The witch ball," she said, still gesturing with her forefinger. "It's turned black!"

his hand. Just as Christine had said, it was no longer blue, but a dark, foreboding black.

"Holy shit," Craig said as he released the ball and turned back towards her.

Christine had gotten out of bed and was standing beside him. She wrapped an arm around his shoulders and leaned against him, looking at the black glass with relief. "I guess ole Mattias is a voyeur," she said with a laugh. "We must have drawn him in while we were screwing."

Craig turned and pulled her to him. He kissed her forehead. "I think it's more likely that he was hoping to jump on you when I wasn't around," he said with a grin.

Christine wrapped her arms around Craig's waist. She pulled him tighter against her soft, warm body and rested her head on his shoulder. "From now on, the only one who's going to be jumping on me is you," she said. "I've spent ten agonizing years without you, and I'm not letting you go, Craig."

###

Craig could smell the aroma of coffee wafting in from the kitchen as he sat at his desk, typing on his MacBook. The morning sun shone through the windows, and in the distance birds were singing. A few minutes later Craig looked up and saw Christine enter the room, holding two

mugs in her hands. She handed one to him and stood beside him, peering over his shoulder at the screen of his MacBook.

"What are you working on?" She took a sip of coffee as she caressed his back with her other hand.

"Oh -- just something that came to me yesterday, after you discovered that the witch ball in our bedroom had turned black," he said, trying to sound cryptic.

Christine leaned closer, still staring at the screen of the laptop. "Restless Souls... what's this?" she asked.

Craig looked up at her, smiling. "I'm calling it a paranormal love story," he said.

"I hope it has a happy ending," Christine replied, looking into his eyes.

"It will -- as long as you stay with me for the rest of my life," he told her.

School Daze

During my final year of high school my English teacher, Miss Jacobs, became pregnant. This alone is not so remarkable. The problem, however, was that Miss Jacobs was a miss and not a missus. Once the members of the school board found out about Miss Jacobs' pregnancy she was given the option of pregnancy leave (firing her was only an implied threat), after which she was shunted off to another school. Those who banished her probably thought it magnanimous of them to not sew a red A to her blouse before sending her off.

Back then, in the late 1970s, an unwed, pregnant teacher offended the moral sensibility of the small, conservative community in which I grew up. It was as though Miss Jacobs might teach her perceived lower moral standards to us young, impressionable students, or we might somehow become infected with her so-called 'loose behavior'. The fact that the father of the child was our school principal was of equal concern -- although that was only whispered in corners by local gossips at Historical Society meetings and Garden Club shows.

I was born in late October. That meant that on the year that children in my age range began school I stayed home, having missed the minimum age requirement to enroll by mere weeks. My parents argued that there was no logical reason to make me miss an entire year of school simply because my birth date fell less than a month too late. They lost that battle. Rules were rules, and if an exception was made for me then it would have to apply to everyone and anarchy might ensue -- or so went the logic of the by-the-book school board.

At first I minded being the oldest kid in my class. Then as I grew older it was no longer an issue. I was perceived as being older, although it hardly mattered to me. I just wanted to fit in. By the time I began high school I was the tallest boy in our class and the first to begin shaving. As a teenager these things really mattered to me. As we all began our final year at Elston High I was eighteen -- weeks shy of nineteen. There was another guy in our class named Jason, so I eventually became known as Tall Jason to differentiate us, since I had hit six feet by then.

It was after we returned from Christmas break in January that year when Miss Peters arrived. Sometime later I found out that her first name was Lana. None of us were given any forewarning that Miss Jacobs would be replaced, or why -- although we all knew the sordid details from having over-heard our parents discussing it. We only found out about our new English teacher when we wandered into class one Monday morning and saw her sitting behind the pine desk in front of the chalkboard. After we all took our seats and settled-down Miss Peters introduced herself and informed us that she would be teaching us English from then on.

The first time I laid eyes on Miss Peters was one of those clichéd moments that everyone seems to have at least once in their life. I almost expected the world to shift into soft focus and hear violins playing as everything began moving in slow motion. At least that's how it felt to me. I was in a daze. My cock began to stiffen as I gazed upon the beautiful teacher standing at the front of the class.

For years, a friend and I had been secretly looking through his father's collection of Playboy magazines. The women I saw on those pages became my standard for beauty: blonde, thin, buxom; the stereotypical

Barbie doll type. Miss Peters was the antithesis of all that, yet she was equally as gorgeous, if not more so. She was only about seven years older than me, having just graduated with her teaching certificate. This was her first teaching job and I found that her sometimes nervous demeanour made her endearing and sexy. I hoped that she would never take on the stern, jaded characteristics of my older teachers. She made English fun and interesting -- something that I would have previously thought impossible. She was also far prettier than Miss Jacobs, or any other teacher at our school for that matter.

Miss Peters was rather short, just a few inches past five feet, with thick brown hair that hung down a few inches past her shoulders. Her brown eyes seemed to radiate whenever her full lips formed into a smile or she laughed. Miss Peters was thin, yet not skinny. She was svelte and lovely. Her vibrant personality and cheerful disposition made her even more enticing to me. She was anything but a Barbie doll. Usually she wore skirts or dresses, but on the rare occasions that she wore slacks I barely heard anything she said in class because I was too preoccupied with staring at the graceful curves of her firm, round ass and slender hips, or the outline of her thighs through the taut fabric covering them.

Something I noticed almost immediately about Miss Peters was her breasts, or the seeming lack of them. They appeared very firm and conical, yet barely a handful. Russ Meyer would have never looked at her twice, but I could have stared at her all day long. It was only when she wore sweaters or slightly tight blouses that I was treated to the sight of her exquisitely shaped breasts rising from her thin frame. Had she been born in another era her breasts would have been considered the epitome of how a woman's bust should look. I was reminded of how Napoleon supposedly modeled what became the standard for wine glasses based on the breast of one of his sisters. Had he known Miss

Peters, people today would be sipping from glasses whose size and contours were based on her enticing orbs.

English was always the one subject I struggled with throughout school. I tried to comfort myself with the fact that I always did well in other subjects such as math, chemistry and physics. I wanted to study engineering at college, so kept reminding myself that I would never need to know anything about poetry or great works of literature as an engineer. Still, I needed to pass English in order to graduate.

My lust for Miss Peters soon developed into a major crush. That helped cement my enjoyment of English and things that I had never cared about before. Still, my test scores were low. I had thought I was doing quite well in Miss Peters' English class, until the day I got a term paper back that I had written on Romeo and Juliet. I slumped in my seat, glaring at the red D that Miss Peters had written on the cover page of my essay.

"Could I see you after class for a few minutes, Jason?" Miss Peters said as she handed me my essay.

I scowled and let out a sigh. I looked up at Miss Peters standing beside my desk. I nodded. For the first time ever I dreaded the thought of seeing her later.

After English class ended that day and my classmates headed off to their next classes I trudged to the front of the room holding my term paper. Miss Peters was flipping through a book, preparing for her next class. Her hair was pulled back and held in place by a gold coloured

barrette. It accentuated her pretty face. For awhile I forgot about my term paper as my cock began to harden. She looked up at me and smiled. I noticed that she was wearing a bit of dark eye shadow and ruby lipstick, which made her even prettier.

"Now let's see that paper, Jason." Miss Peters reached across her desk and smiled at me.

I stood on the opposite side of the desk, feeling shy and nervous while she looked my paper over. She was wearing a long blue skirt and a pink blouse. The top two buttons of her blouse were undone, allowing me to see her upper chest, just below her collar bones a ways. Her skin looked soft and smooth. When my eyes moved further down I noticed that I could see the faint outline of her nipples pushing out at the pink material of her blouse. Up until that moment I had been hoping to think of other things in an effort to quell my erection. Suddenly it was harder than before. Now I feared that my teacher would notice a bulge in my jeans.

"What hurt your grade a lot was careless spelling errors, Jason. Come here and see what I mean." Miss Peters pushed her chair over, motioning for me to stand beside her to review my paper.

As I made my way around her desk I could feel my cock throb. I stood beside Miss Peters, my thigh brushing against the arm of her chair as I looked over her left shoulder. Her slender hand was resting on my paper. It was then that I noticed her light pink nail polish, which matched her blouse. When I shifted my eyes and ran them over her back I noticed how her blouse was taut and smooth against her body.

It took me a few moments to realize that she wasn't wearing a bra. My heart raced and sweat formed on my palms.

"Now, look here, Jason," Miss Peters said, pointing to words that she had circled with a red pen. "Look at all your spelling mistakes. Do you know how to use a dictionary?" Her question was out of concern, not sarcasm, judging from her gentle voice.

I nodded. "Yeah," I mumbled.

"Well, if you're not sure about how to spell a word, look it up. Or get your parents to proof read your work. Okay?" she recommended.

"Okay," I said with a nod.

Miss Peters flipped through the remaining pages of my term paper, scanning it for errors. I looked down at her, wishing I could stroke her back and slip my hands around her to cup her firm breasts. When my eyes returned to the neckline of her blouse I realized that I could see down the front of it as she leaned over slightly. It was then that I saw Miss Peters' right breast, sloping gracefully from her torso inside her blouse. I nearly let out a groan in surprise and pleasure as I stared at her perfectly shaped peak. It looked as smooth and firm as alabaster. It appeared to definitely be a good handful, I surmised. Her bronze-coloured nipple was hard and surrounded by an areola about the size of a quarter. My heart pounded and my cock throbbed as I ogled her.

"Jason, pay attention. I'm trying to help you," Miss Peters said, looking up at me. She sounded annoyed, a rarity for someone with such a pleasant disposition as her.

I had been oblivious to whatever it was Miss Peters had been saying since I had noticed her bare breast down the front of her blouse. She looked up towards me and caught me leering, then when she noticed the spellbound look on my flushed face she looked aghast. Her jaw slackened a bit and I heard her issue a faint gasp as her pretty brown eyes fell to the front of my jeans. She quickly gathered up the sheets of my term paper.

"I... I think that was all I wanted to point out to you, Jason. Try to be a little more careful about silly mistakes from now on." Miss Peters handed me my term paper without looking up from her desk.

"Ah... okay," I mumbled.

Students had begun filtering into the room for their class and I was eager to leave. I hurried back to my desk to retrieve my books and belongings, then dashed out of the classroom and down the hall towards the chemistry lab.

For the rest of the school year I had as little interaction with Miss Peters as possible. My feelings for her had not waned, but I was so ashamed and embarrassed about what had happened that I desperately wanted to avoid her as much as I could. Her demeanor towards me never changed, but I assumed that she must have thought I was a lust-crazed pervert and wanted as little to do with me as necessary.

Ironically, one fortunate result, if any, of all of this was that my grade in English got much better. In an effort to avoid another meeting with Miss Peters after class I studied a lot more. I also worked much harder on subsequent papers and assignments that I handed in to her. My endeavors paid off and I passed English that year with the highest grade I had ever gotten in that subject. My achievement had not escaped the notice of Miss Peters.

On the last half-day of school before graduation I went in to pick up my grades and clean out my locker. While I was standing at my open locker she noticed me and stopped. I felt anxious, but the warm smile on her lovely face put me at ease.

"Congratulations, Jason. I knew you could do it," she said, seeming as pleased for me as I was.

"Thanks," I said with a modest smile. "But I had a great teacher. You deserve a lot of the credit, Miss Peters."

"Thanks. I don't know if I deserve it, but I'll take it," she said with a laugh.

There was a lull in the conversation and I felt nervous. Miss Peters seemed anxious too because I noticed her eyes dart about and she began fidgeting with her wristwatch.

"So, what are your plans for the fall? College?" she asked as her eyes met mine once again.

I nodded. "Yes, I've been accepted at Elston Tech. to take engineering," I said.

"Congratulations! Your parents must be glad that they'll still have you home while you go there," she said.

I shrugged. "I don't know about that. I think they were sort of hoping I'd go to a school further away. But I'm glad. It's a good school and staying here will mean Mom will still cook for me and do my laundry," I said.

Miss Peters laughed, then gave me a lingering smile. I loved how she was looking at me; no girl had ever looked at me like that before. But it made me a little uneasy and slightly turned-on.

"Are you going to the prom?" she asked.

"Yeah, if I can scare-up a date," I said, then shrugged.

"Oh, I doubt you'll have any trouble with that," she blurted out, then seemed to be embarrassed by her remark. Her eyes shifted about once more. "I've been pressganged into being a chaperone for a few hours for it, so maybe I'll see you there," she added.

"I hope so -- if I can find a date, I mean," I stammered.

"Well, congratulations again on doing so well in my class, Jason. Bye for now."

"Bye..." I sighed, watching Miss Peters walk away.

Finding a date, for the prom or otherwise, had not really been a priority for me that year. I think my unrequited feelings for Miss Peters had rendered me blind to other girls. I had gone to a few parties and met some pretty girls-- even had a few intimate encounters with a couple - - but it never went beyond that. The truth of the matter was that I was still a virgin, and probably the only one in my class.

Over the next day I thought hard about who I might ask to the prom as my date. Having a date was actually less important to me than simply attending and being able to see Miss Peters there. One potential prom date came to mind: a girl named Krystal I had met months ago. She was friendly, pretty and had given me a half-hearted blowjob in the bathroom during a party one night at a friend's house a few months previous. When I called Krystal she was surprised to hear from me, but seemed happy about it. Luckily, for me anyway, she had not been asked to the prom yet and accepted my offer. I hung up the phone feeling relieved.

Once prom night arrived I was nervous. I had wanted to look my best because Miss Peters would be there. I had spent the money my parents and other relatives had given me as a graduation gift and bought myself a new black, double-breasted suit. Krystal seemed to like how I

looked when I picked her up at her house, so her reaction boosted my confidence. Hopefully Miss Peters would feel the same. I had borrowed my dad's car that night and as we drove to the hotel where our prom was being held Krystal's freshly manicured hand inched up my thigh towards my stiffening cock. She gave my balls a squeeze and smiled at me as she caressed my shaft through my pants.

After we arrived Krystal and I made our way over towards a group of classmates gathered around the punch bowl. From the corner of my eye I saw Miss Peters talking with a few other teachers off to one side of the room. She didn't notice me, which gave me the opportunity to stare at her a while. She was wearing a black knee-length dress with a plunging V neckline and black high heels. Her hair was done up on her head, with ringlets falling down around the side of her face. Up until that moment I could not have imagined her looking more beautiful than she already did, but that night she was absolutely radiant. The stars in the sky must have been jealous of her. I wanted to go over to talk to her so I could take in her beauty up close, but feared that would seem too obvious.

Krystal and I mingled with friends and danced a little bit over the next hour or so, but my thoughts and my eyes were mostly on Miss Peters. She had noticed me a while after we arrived and beamed me a friendly smile and waved. My cock throbbed as I admired her from across the room. I smiled and gave her a nervous wave.

When Krystal announced to me that she was going out to the parking lot to have a cigarette I was surprised. I had not realized that she smoked, not that I cared. I found an empty chair at the end of a long wooden table and sat down, watching the couples dance and wished

Miss Peters and I were one of them. I noticed her look my way a few times, then quickly turn her head when I made eye contact.

I had not really been keeping track of the time, but after a while I began to wonder where Krystal was. Bored and curious, I decided to get out to the parking lot to look for her. I followed the sound of a car stereo blasting Led-Zeppelin's fourth album. I found Krystal sitting in the back seat of a red Mustang with two other girls. They were passing a bottle of wine between themselves and two guys sitting in the front. I could tell from her speech and boisterous laughter that she was well on her way to getting drunk.

I went back inside and sat back down alone at a table. The DJ who had been hired to play records that night had chosen a good selection of songs. I listened to the music for a while, then grew bored. I was contemplating going home early when I saw Miss Peters approaching. My spirits lifted and my pulse quickened. I could feel my cock begin to stir.

"What happened to your date?" she asked, turning her head left and right.

"Right about now she's probably either puking up cheap wine in the parking lot or making some guy in a Mustang really happy," I said with a sneer.

"Oh... Jason, I'm sorry to hear that," Miss Peters said. She reached out gave my hand a brief squeeze.

It was the first time that she had ever touched me. Her soft skin on mine was electric. My cock reacted instantly and I smiled at her.

"Mind if I sit down?" she asked.

"No. Please..." I said, pulling out a chair.

"Thanks. These shoes are killing my feet," she sighed.

The music was loud, so it was difficult to make conversation, which did not bother me too much. I was nervous, but more than happy to just be able to sit with Miss Peters and bask in the glow of her beauty. About a half hour later the DJ began playing Nazareth's cover of "Love Hurts". Nazareth was one of my favourite bands and this power ballad of theirs was better than most of it's ilk.

"Would... would you like to dance?" I asked Miss Peters. I felt like I had nothing to lose since we might not see one another after that night.

Miss Peters looked almost as surprised as she did the day she noticed the bulge in my jeans as we looked over my term paper, but she smiled.

"I... I don't know, Jason. It might not seem proper, since you're my student." She was hesitant, but at least her answer wasn't an out-right refusal.

"I'm not your student anymore," I reminded her.

Miss Peters thought for a moment, then smiled. "Okay then," she said and stood up.

I followed Miss Peters out on to the dance floor. My cock was throbbing even before I placed my hands on her slender waist. She seemed nervous and hesitant at first. Several times I noticed her give a wary look over towards the other teachers. Once I lead her into the crowd of other couples dancing she soon relaxed. I pulled her closer until our bodies were touching. Her eyes met mine and she smiled as my hand slid over her lower back.

"You look handsome tonight," she said.

"Thanks. You look beautiful, but that's nothing new," I told her.

Miss Peters smiled. "You don't need to flatter me, Jason. You already passed the course," she said with a soft laugh.

"I mean it," I said. "You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen in my life, Miss Peters."

"But I'm almost old enough to be your --"

"Older sister," I interjected with a smirk.

Miss Peters laughed and wrapped her arms around my neck. It was then that I felt my hard cock press against her soft stomach, just as I had feared might happen when we began dancing. She let out a gasp when she felt it, then flinched slightly.

"Wow... I guess you really do mean it." Miss Peters smiled and moved her hips, rubbing the soft curve of her tummy over the bulge in my jeans.

"Sorry... I can't help it when I'm around you," I said.

"Like that day at my desk, when we were going over your paper?" she asked with a foxy grin.

"Yeah..." I sighed. "You looked so good in that pink blouse."

"There's nothing special about that blouse," she said, sounding perplexed.

"But when you leaned over I could see down the front of it," I confessed.

"You could?" She looked up and met my eyes.

She laughed, then frowned a bit. "Well, I'm afraid there's not much to see down there."

"There's enough for me. Besides, your nipples are really cute," I said.

"You saw my tits?" she asked with a wide-eyed expression.

"Well, just your right one," I said.

Miss Peters gave me another look of surprise, but seemed bashful. "So that's why you were so... worked-up," she concluded, giving me a wily look.

"Yeah," I sighed.

I wasn't sure how to react to that," she said. "It surprised me so much."

"How did you want to react?" I asked.

Miss Peters giggled, tugging me closer. "I wanted to do something that would have gotten me fired, or arrested, or both," she admitted.

"Well, I'm nineteen now and I'm not your student anymore," I reminded her.

Miss Peters leaned away from me. Her dreamy eyes met mine and she gave me a coy smile. "What are you suggesting, Jason?" she asked, now sounding as turned-on as I was.

"No one would miss us if we left now," I said.

Miss Peters took one final look through the throng of dancers amongst us, over towards the few teachers in the opposite corner. She gave me a teasing grin, then took hold of my hand.

"Come on," she said as she pulled me towards the exit.

Miss Peters and I never spoke as she drove towards her apartment. I stared at her, running my eyes up and down the body I had desired for so long. I reached out and ran my hand up her right thigh. She turned her head and smiled, then parted her legs, allowing me to slip my hand under her dress. I stroked her soft thigh and gave it a gentle squeeze. She sighed and smiled at me.

"You're making me so wet, Jason," she said, almost moaning.

"It's only fair, since you've made me so hard for months," I told her.

Miss Peters let out an impish laugh. "Well, this isn't the first time you've made me wet though," she admitted.

I looked up at her as I stroked the soft inside of her thigh. "Oh... when were the others?" I asked, surprised and curious.

"Well... that day at my desk. Then on the last day of school, at your locker. I wanted to give you a hug then -- sort of a farewell hug, but I was too scared to. I was afraid someone would see us or... or it wouldn't stop there."

When I began rubbing her pussy through her damp panties Miss Peters moaned and slid forward on the seat, pushing back against my fingers as I massaged her swollen clit.

"God, that feels so good," she said with a clenched jaw, gripping the steering wheel tighter. "But you better stop for a while, please. You're going to make me have an accident."

I laughed as I slid my hand from under her dress.

When Miss Peters turned in to the parking lot of an apartment building I was glad we had reached our destination. I jumped out of the car and followed her inside. During the elevator ride up I pulled her to me. I gave her ass a hard squeeze and pulled her soft mound against my thigh. She held my shoulders and moaned softly. I kissed her cheek. Her skin was soft and warm on my lips.

My hands were still on Miss Peters as she fumbled with the key to her apartment. Her ass felt wonderful and I couldn't wait to pull her dress up around her waist to see it. We hurried inside and she locked the

door. I pulled her to me and kissed her as she kicked her shoes off into a corner. She moaned as her tongue teased mine. I sucked at her moist lips and tugged at them with mine as I ran my hands over her, feeling her curves and soft body through her dress.

"Remember you asked what I wanted to do that day at my desk?" she said with a sexy glint in her eyes.

"Yeah," I said, breathing hard as I caressed her ass.

Miss Peters never replied. She unbuckled my belt and pulled at the zipper of my pants. She slid my pants and my underwear down past my knees, smiling. My cock swelled and rose towards her glistening mouth once it was free from my underwear. Miss Peters smiled and ran her fingertips along the underside of my hard shaft and fondled my balls. I felt it twitch as precum leaked from the slit.

"Mmmm... oh, Jason... if I had have known this was what you had, things would have been different with us months ago," she sighed, tilting her eyes up to me.

Seconds later I felt Miss Peters wrap her lips around my cock. She squeezed the base and sucked hard, taking as much as she could deep into her warm, wet mouth. I moaned, almost feeling dizzy. I held onto her shoulders as her lips glided up and down my cock. Her soft fingers rubbed my balls and she squeezed them as she continued to suck and work her tight lips over my rod. It may have only been a few minutes, although it seemed longer before I knew I couldn't hold back any longer.

"Oh shit... I'm gonna cum..." I groaned, gripping her shoulders harder.

Miss Peters kept her lips wrapped around my shaft, stroking it while I emptied my load into her mouth. I was still hard when she pulled her mouth off of me. I noticed a bit of my cum glistening on her lips and running down her chin. She looked perfectly wanton as her tongue darted out, licking my cum from her lips. She smiled, still caressing my cock as it began to soften.

"How was that, Jason?" she asked in a breathy voice.

"Wow... oh, god, Miss Peters," I gasped.

She pressed herself too me, still reluctant to stop rubbing my spent cock. "Call me Lana," she said, then kissed me.

"That was wonderful... wow, Lana," I said, unable to stop smiling. "I... I came so quick though... sorry," I said, feeling embarrassed.

"That's okay, Jason. We're just getting started," she said.

Lana pulled my suit jacket off and hung it on the doorknob. She pulled my necktie off and began unbuttoning my shirt while I fondled her breasts and rubbed her nipples through her dress. She pulled my shirt off and tossed it aside, then looked down to my pants and smiled.

"You better get those off," she said.

Once I was naked Lana ran her eyes over me. She smiled, then slid her hands down my chest and around to my ass. She squeezed it hard, pulling me against her until my limp cock rubbed over her. It left a damp spot on her dress as she swayed her hips, grinding against me. I reached around her and found the tab to the zipper of her dress. I pulled it down, then slipped her dress off of her shoulders. It slid down her body till it was on the floor. She was wearing matching black panties and a bra. They looked very sexy, but I wanted to remove them. When I pulled at the left strap of her bra she folded her arms over her chest, giving me a bashful look as her eyes locked on mine.

"They're small... you might not like them," she said, almost sounding frightened.

"They're not small, Lana -- they're average size and very nice. I've already seen them, remember?"

"You said you only saw the right one," she countered.

"Yeah, but I know I'll like the left one too," I said with a laugh.

Lana gave me a taunting grin and pulled the right panel of her bra down to reveal her breast. It looked as nice as it had the day I'd seen it down her blouse, if not even nicer. She ran her fingertips over it, stroking her stiff nipple. "Maybe I'll just let you see this one then -- since you've already seen it and like it," she teased.

"No," I pleaded, giving her bra strap a tug.

Lana giggled and darted past me. I chased her into her bedroom. Her bare breast shook as she climbed onto the bed, still laughing. I pinned her down and tugged at her bra while she giggled and wrestled with me. She rolled over onto her stomach. I straddled her, pressing my cock against her firm ass through her damp panties. She bucked her hips, pushing back at me. I slid my hands up her soft back and unhooked her bra, then pulled the straps aside. I leaned over her and kissed her neck, then nibbled at it. She moaned and writhed beneath me.

"Turn over, Lana," I whispered in her ear.

"Uh-uh," she refused with a grunt, sounding playfully defiant.

"Okay..." I said.

I tugged at her panties, sliding them over her hips and down her smooth legs to expose her lovely ass. I ran my hands over it then squeezed it hard, kneading it and pressing my fingertips into her pliant flesh. Lana moaned louder, moving her hips under me. I ran my fingertips over her pussy, spreading her juice over her soft petals and feeling my finger slide between them and over her clit.

When I began working a finger into her pussy Lana raised up on her knees. She was tight and wet. I felt her grip my finger as I pushed it deeper into her. Her bra had slid down her arms and her breasts shook a bit as she bent over for me. I reached up and squeezed her left breast as I began fingering her dripping pussy faster and listening to her moan louder.

"Turn over," I said, slipping my finger from her. "I want to see your face."

Lana rolled over onto her back. She smiled up at me and pulled her bra the rest of the way off and tossed it aside. I pulled her panties off and dropped them to the floor behind me.

"God... you're beautiful, Lana," I said as I ran my hands up her legs.

Lana bent her knees and spread her legs wide for me as she played with her left nipple. Her shiny wet lips peeked out through the patch of dark hair. I bent down and ran my tongue up them. Lana shuddered and pushed up towards my probing tongue.

"Oh shit, that feels good..." she cried out.

I began licking her soft lips, pushing my tongue between them and flicking the tip over her hard clit. When I pushed a finger inside her and began sucking on her clit Lana twisted her hips and moaned, then grabbed two fistfuls of my hair. I began working my finger faster and

teasing her clit with the tip of my tongue. She was breathing rapidly and lifting her ass up from the bed, grinding her clit against me. When she gave my finger a hard squeeze and let out another long moan of ecstasy I knew he was cumming. I laid down beside her, still stroking her soft, juicy lips.

"You're amazing," Lana sighed, then kissed my mouth. She licked her wet lips and smiled.

"Thanks, but I've got a good teacher," I said.

Lana chuckled. "I can't imagine being able to teach you anything. You probably taught half of the girls in your class everything they know," she said.

"No," I said as my smile vanished.

Seeming concerned by my dour expression, Lana raised up on her elbow and looked at me. "What? Did I say something wrong? I'm sorry, Jason." She held me by the back of my neck and kissed my cheek.

"No. It's not you, Lana. It's me," I explained.

"What? Is something wrong?" she asked, sounding, nervous.

"If I tell you something, do you promise not to laugh?" I asked, looking into her eyes.

"Yes, of course," she promised, giving my hand a reassuring squeeze.

"I've never actually gone all the way with a girl," I confessed, frowning.

I could tell that Lana was surprised by my revelation, but she showed little emotion. "Oh... well, there's no shame in that, Jason. I can tell from what we've done so far that you're a wonderful, caring lover."

"Thanks," I said, giving her a feeble smile.

Lana ran her fingertips over my thigh, stroking it while she looked down at my cock. I could feel it respond to her loving touch. It began to slowly thicken and swell. She caressed it, coaxing it to life.

"This time I want your thick cock in my pussy, Jason. Fuck me like you wanted to that day in the classroom when you were looking at my tits."

Lana's dirty talk was all the encouragement I needed to get rock hard. I rolled over and began squeezing her left breast and sucking on her right nipple. It was hard and thick as I pinched it between my lips. Lana stroked and squeezed my shaft while I played with her tits.

"Just one thing, Jason: I'm not on The Pill, so... you know... I don't want to end up like Miss Jacobs. So be careful, okay?" Lana looked into my eyes and let out a nervous laugh.

I cupped her jaw in my hand and kissed her tender lips, smiling. "If I get you pregnant, I'll marry you, Lana. Hell, I'll marry you even if I don't," I told her.

Lana chuckled. "Seriously... just be careful where you cum."

"I am being serious. I love you, Lana."

Lana drew in a sharp breath. "I... I don't know what to say, Jason," she stammered.

"It's okay. You don't have to say anything. Just let me love you."

Lana gave my mouth a soft kiss as she coaxed me between her silky thighs. She tugged at my hips, then reached down and took my hard cock in her hand. I felt the swollen head slide over her wet lips as she guided me inside her tight, wet pussy. I moaned as my shaft sank inside her. She held me tight inside her, then pushed up with her hips. She wrapped her silky legs around mine and held onto my arms.

"Love me, Jason, please," she breathed into my ear.

I began pumping my hips. The feeling of being inside Lana's velvety walls was like nothing I could have imagined. She stroked my back and thighs while I pumped in and out of her. When our breathing grew rapid and she began moaning louder I began thrusting harder.

"Mmmm... yes... that's it... god, you feel so good inside me, Jason. Fill me with your hard cock, Lover."

Lana's eyes were closed and she had a look of bliss on her face. Her breasts shook as I pushed her down onto the bed with each stroke.

"Harder, Jason... fuck me... please," Lana moaned, clenching her jaw.

"God... you're beautiful," I said, looking down at her.

Lana grabbed the back of my neck, pulling me down further. She kissed me, sucking on my tongue and thrusting her hips to meet my cock. She was gripping me, stroking my shaft with her tight pussy. When I felt myself getting close I slowed down and looked at her.

"I'm so close... I better stop," I said.

"No... cum in me..." she said.

"But you said..." I was still moving my hips while she massaged my cock inside her.

"Did you mean it, Jason -- about if you got me pregnant?"

"Every word," I told her.

Lana shifted her hips and wrapped her legs around the small of my back, locking us together. She began thrusting harder up at me.

"Fill me with your cum, Lover," she said.

I pumped my cock harder into Lana. When I let out a loud groan as I came she gave my throbbing cock a hard squeeze, milking my cum from my shaft so it filled her. She hugged me tight with her arms and legs, holding me to her soft, quivering body until I felt myself beginning to soften. I slipped out of her dripping pussy and laid down beside her.

"You were marvelous." Lana rolled over and rested her head on my chest, running her fingers over my stomach.

"That was unbelievable, Lana. God, you're an amazing woman," I said, still breathing hard.

"You bring it out in me, and it's been building for months," Lana said. She wiggled closer until she was pressed to me. "I've wanted you for a while. I just knew you'd be a wonderful lover."

I stared up at the ceiling, holding Lana to me and stroking her back.

"Great. But I bet you'll be an even better wife," I said.

Epilogue

When we're young we're told that our school days are the happiest days of our lives. If that's true for anyone, I pity them. My best days only began after high school. I got my degree at Elston Tech., then soon after that I began teaching there and consulting part-time for a few companies. Life for me had turned out better than I could have ever dared dream of.

One Thursday I was driving home after I had finished teaching for the day. The radio was on in my car but I was not really paying attention until "Love Hurts" came on. I turned the radio up, smiling to myself as my thoughts went back to Lana and me on prom night. I could feel my cock begin to harden as I recalled that glorious night, years previous.

After pulling into the driveway and parking the car I hurried in to the house. Lana was home, waiting for me, just like she had been every day since we had gotten married. She looked as beautiful as she did the day I first saw her in English class nearly ten years earlier. When I pulled her to me and kissed her moist lips she felt my erection pressing into her stomach, which was now very round as our second child grew inside her. She looked down at the tent in my pants and smiled.

"I'm always happy to see you. I love you so much," I said, then kissed her forehead.

"I love you too," she said as she kissed my cheek and ran her hand up my back.

I began tugging at the buttons of her blouse, not waiting to get her to our bedroom.

"My... you're horny today," she said, rubbing my cock through my pants.

"I'm always horny when I see you," I said, pulling at her blouse.

"Mmmm... feel like being a little naughty?" she cooed.

"How naughty?" I asked, cocking an eyebrow.

"How about we get out your Nazareth CD and you call me Miss Peters tonight..."

Snowblind

The snow seemed to be coming down harder than it had been about ten minutes ago, or maybe it was just being blown around more by the wind. Either way, I wished that I was home where it was warm.

"I can't believe I let you talk me into going out in this storm, Emma." I lamented.

"It wasn't this bad when we left home," my sister said "besides, you volunteered for this, Brad, so quit pissing and moaning."

My big sister was right, as usual. It had been her idea to go cut a Christmas tree that afternoon, and I was more than willing to help.

It was December 18th. Our parents had decided to spend Christmas and New Years with our aunt and uncle in Arizona. They had been gone two days. Now I envied them.

"Are you sure you two will be okay while we're gone?" mom had asked me and Emma a few days before they left.

"We're sure, mom," I assured her "you and dad have a good time; don't worry about us."

"We'll be fine, mom," Emma added "and don't worry, I'll keep baby brother here in line while you're gone -- no parties or rum in the eggnog for him."

Mom laughed as she placed clothes in a suitcase.

I did not laugh. I was eighteen and although Emma was four years my senior I resented how she pulled rank on me at times.

"Oh, shut up!" I snapped as I gave my sister a shove by her shoulder.

Mom gave us a worried look. "I hope I don't come home and find that you two have killed one another." she said.

"You won't," my sister piped up. "you might find Brad dead, but you can always adopt another son." Emma laughed as she wrapped an arm around my shoulders tight and ground her knuckles into the top of my head.

I felt a strange mix of sensations -- Emma's breasts pressed to my back and arm, as well as her hard knuckles rubbing on my skull. They hurt, but what concerned me was my growing erection. I broke free from my sister and gave her a glare as I brushed back my hair.

As I sat in the front seat of Emma's Buick watching large flakes of snow fall I wished I was with our parents, or anywhere warmer.

Despite her age, Emma welcomed the Christmas season with all the excitement and joy of a child. It was infectious. The biggest curmudgeon on the planet would get in the Christmas spirit after a few hours around Emma. At that moment that curmudgeon was me.

Emma's car sped along the narrow, snow-covered dirt road. The Christmas tree that my sister and I had cut stuck out a couple of feet from the trunk of the car. Banks of snow perhaps four feet high lined each side of the road from where the plough had pushed it aside after the last storm over a week ago. I thought that Emma was going too fast considering the snow and ice on the road, but given how stubborn my sister was I knew that if I had have voiced my concern she would have sped up. I kept silent and wished I had a St. Christopher medal, even though I wasn't Catholic.

When Emma and I were kids our dad and our Uncle Steve, dad's older brother, had built a camp on a piece of property about an hour's drive from our house. Once Emma and I grew older we lost all interest for camping; so did Uncle Steve's kids, Kelli and Brian. We found other ways to occupy our time. Spending a weekend camping with your parents in the back of beyond is not a cool thing to do when you're a teenager. Dad sold his half of what the camp was worth to Uncle Steve, with the agreement that we could still cut a tree each Christmas on the property. The two acres of land was dotted with pine and spruce which made excellent Christmas trees. It had become a family tradition to go up there each year and get a tree. This was the first year that we were not joined by our father.

"You're just figuring that out?" I snapped, watching the snow fall.

Emma turned her head and stuck out her tongue, then laughed. Her eyes stayed on me a while as she observed the frown on my face; too long.

I really can't blame my sister for not having seen the deer run across the road in front of us because I didn't either. It was as though it came out of nowhere. An instant later it was leaping over the bank on the opposite side of the road and into the woods.

"Look out!" I screamed as I pointed towards the buck with large antlers galloping across the road.

I heard Emma swear as she hit the brakes. I could feel the ass end of the car slide one way, then another. The bank of snow along the road to my right seemed to be charging towards the car. Emma turned the wheel and tried to correct her spin, but it was too late. The car fish-tailed once more before it careened into the wall of snow.

I managed to brace myself on the dash just as my side of the car slid into the snow at the edge of the ditch. For a moment I wondered if I was dead. Emma was gripping the steering wheel, staring straight ahead.

"Fuck!" she shouted, banking her fist on the dash.

My sister threw the car into reverse and pushed down on the accelerator hard -- too hard. I could hear the wheels spinning. For a moment it seemed like we were going to get out of the snow bank, then I felt the rear end of the car slide further to my right. Now we were deeper than before; maybe even in the ditch.

"Stop spinning, Em," I said "you're only making it worse."

"I know what I'm doing, Brad," she snapped "I've been driving longer than you."

I clenched my jaw and fought the urge to argue. That would not help.

"I'll get out and push." I said.

The passenger side door was up against the heap of snow. All I could see was snow as far as half-way up the window. Emma climbed out of her side to let me out.

I walked around the car, trying to figure out which direction would be the best to push. Either way seemed hopeless. The car was lodged in the snow bank pretty good -- maybe up to the axle on the back end. I lowered my centre of gravity and shoved as hard as I could on the front of the car while Emma gunned the engine. When I saw the back end slide and sink deeper on the snow I knew it was useless to push. I shook my head and walked around to the driver's side.

"It's no use, Em," I said "it would take at least three people to push us out. We need a tow."

"Shit." Emma spat out.

Once again my sister hit the dash with her fist. She turned the car off.

The sky had begun to turn dark. The wind had picked up too. I shoved my hands in my coat pockets and shivered.

"Call 911 and tell them we need a tow truck here." I said.

"Uh... you're not going to like what I have to tell you." my sister said with a nervous look.

"What?"

"My cell phone... it's home, charging." I think I saw fear in my sister's dark eyes as she waited for my response.

"Jesus, Em..." I snapped.

"Sorry. How was I to know we were going to get stuck? It's not my fault that deer ran out in front of us. We were only going a ways, so I didn't think I'd need my phone."

I looked up and down the narrow country road, hoping to see a vehicle. Not only was the road deserted for as far as I could see, we had not encountered another vehicle since we had turned off of the pavement about ten miles back. There weren't even any tire tracks in the snow indicating that anyone else had driven by.

"What do you want to do?" my sister asked.

"Go home where it's warm." I snapped.

"It's a ten mile walk to the main highway, Brad, maybe more, and it's getting dark. We could always sleep in the car and head out on foot in the morning." she said.

"Yes, and freeze to death out here, or get eaten by a bear." I said.

"Bears are hibernating now," she said "but it is really cold."

"So do you have any bright ideas, Miss My Cell Phone is Charging?"

The look on my sister's face told me that she was angry, but I could tell that she was also worried. She grew quiet as she looked out of the windshield. Already snow was accumulating now that the wipers were turned off.

"We could always walk back to the camp." she suggested after close to thirty seconds.

"That's over a mile. Besides, what do we do once we get there? It has no electricity or phone."

"Look, Brad, walking home in the dark during a blizzard is not an option," she said "neither is sleeping in the car. I don't have enough gas to run it and keep the heater going all night. That's a good way to die of carbon monoxide poisoning anyway."

"So..." I asked.

"So we walk back to the cabin, break in, and stay the night there. Tomorrow we can walk out to the highway. Maybe someone will drive by before we get there." she said.

"Break in?"

"It's an emergency. Uncle Dave will understand. We can close the door when we leave tomorrow and call him to let him know what happened."

I didn't like any of our options, but my sister's seemed to be the best of the worst. The wind was cutting through my jacket and walking back to the cabin to find shelter sounded better with each passing minute.

Emma hid her purse under the seat of the car, then locked the car doors. I had already begun walking. I heard her call out to me to wait for her. When I stopped and turned I saw my sister jogging towards me over the packed snow. Her breasts bounced and jiggled beneath her jacket as she ran towards me. In seconds my cock was hard.

Emma and I walked back from where we had come from in near silence. Neither one of us had planned on an expedition like this during a winter storm so we had not dressed for it. Besides boots and jeans, Emma and I were just wearing sweaters and jackets.

It took almost twenty minutes before we reached the driveway to Uncle Dave's camp. Already the tracks that our car tires had left in the snow down the driveway were beginning to fill in with freshly fallen snow. Emma trudged along beside me. I knew she must have felt as relieved as I did when we saw the camp. It was just a small bungalow with one bedroom, but it may as well have been The Promised Land at that moment.

"So, now what? How are we going to get the door open, Brad? You look like you're strong enough to kick it open."

I thought over my sister's words for a moment, then had a flash of inspiration and hope. Towards the other end of the small verandah was a wooden green box that was used to store firewood in. I raised the lid and shifted the wood about. When I found a small plastic bag towards the bottom of the box I smiled in relief. I pulled it out.

"Just a bag," I said as I reached inside it "but it's where dad used to hide the extra key."

The smile returned to my sister's face as she saw me produce the small brass key. I pinched it between my nearly-frozen fingers, feeling pleased with myself and very relieved.

Emma and I had not been in the camp in years, but it was exactly as I had remembered it. Knickknacks and other assorted kitsch lined the walls and shelves. Hanging from a wall was a large tapestry of a deer amongst snowy trees that looked much like the one that had run out in front of the car. On the other side of the room was a small wood stove beside a tattered plaid couch that dad had bought at yard sale years ago.

"I'll bring some wood in." I told my sister, watching her brush snow from her hair and shoulders.

When I returned inside with an armload of wood and some kindling I saw a stack of magazines dating back to the 1980s on a table beside the couch. I began tearing out pages and balling them up. I threw them into the stove.

"See if you can find some matches or a lighter." I told Emma.

returned shortly after with a box of matches. I struck one and smiled as I watched the flames envelop the pages of the magazine. I tossed a few more sticks of kindling in.

"I never knew you were such an outdoorsman, little brother."

I couldn't tell whether or not my sister was being sarcastic, but I assumed she was. I ignored her and got the fire going.

I was chilled to the bone, so it seemed like it was taking far too long for the fire in the stove to get going. The wood was damp, so I waited. When I felt heat begin to radiate from the cast iron stove I held my hands over it and stood as close as I could.

It was dark now, although it was still not quite seven o'clock. Moonlight shone through the windows but it hardly provided enough light. I searched through the cupboards and drawers until I found some candles. I pushed the base of one into a holder that was on the counter and lit it. Soon the yellow glow helped to light the room. I brought the candle over and placed it on the table where I'd found the magazines.

Emma was standing in front of the stove warming herself. When I turned and saw the golden light from the candle flicker over her face I was struck by how pretty she looked. It was not the first time I had been aware of how lovely my sister was, but there was something about the candlelight that softened her features and made her hair and eyes shimmer. My cock began to harden and I tugged my jacket down a bit.

"Thanks, Brad." Her voice sounded as soft as her skin looked and she was smiling for the first time in a while.

"For what?"

"For saving my life."

"Don't exaggerate, Em. All I did was start a fire." I said.

"Yes, but it's my fault that we're in this situation," she said "I know it was stupid of me to leave my cell home. I was driving too fast too, but I was in a hurry to get home."

"It's not your fault, Em; blame that damn deer. I hope his head ends up above someone's mantle."

My sister laughed hard.

"Come on over here and get warm. You look cold." she said.

Emma tugged at my arm, drawing me closer to the stove. She had unzipped her jacket. Her dark brown hair was still damp from the snow that had fallen on it and melted. As I held my hands over the stove my eyes darted towards her chest. She was wearing a red cardigan. Her round breasts pushed out at it. They looked firm.

Actually, I knew that my sister's breasts were firm. I was sure that Emma would have never allowed me to feel her, but there had been a few glorious times when I had been able to give the side of one a gentle caress with my fingers when we hugged. She never protested or reprimanded me so I assumed she either didn't feel it, or assumed it was accidental and remained silent to avoid an awkward moment.

"That little stove really gets hot." Emma remarked.

I nodded, then watched as my sister shrugged off her jacket and tossed it on the couch. Her breasts filled out her cardigan as she slid her arm from the sleeve of the jacket. Her nipples were hard and thick as they protruded out from the red material. I was still examining them with my eyes when Emma turned back to me. She followed my gaze and grinned.

"Okay, so I'm still a little cold," she said with a chuckle "I didn't wear my wool bra today."

I gave a nervous laugh as my eyes met hers.

"Maybe that's good. Wool is itchy." I said.

"Yeah... sometimes I sacrifice comfort for style, even if I end up freezing my tits off." Emma let out another giggle and I noticed her breasts jiggle.

I was getting even more turned-on now. My sister was not in the habit of making such brash remarks, but on the few occasions that she did I enjoyed it.

"Well, it doesn't look as though that's happened to you. Everything seems in order."

Emma tilted her head down, then peered left and right. She gave her breasts a quick squeeze and smiled.

"Yup... they're right where I left them." she said as her eyes met mine.

An uncomfortable silence fell between me and my sister. I stared at the top of the stove as I rubbed my hands. Finally they were warming up. I wanted to take my coat off, but felt more secure with it hanging down to cover what I was sure must be a bulge in my jeans. Although I was thinking about Emma I didn't dare look at her. It was only when she spoke that I turned my head towards her.

"I was the first girl you saw topless, wasn't I?" Emma had a devilish grin on her face that was enticing.

"I guess," I mumbled "mom used to let us take baths together when we were little."

"No, I mean way after that," she corrected "one of the last times we came up here with mom and dad you walked in on me changing into my bikini."

I recalled the incident and my sister's red bikini as vividly as if I had happened yesterday. Emma had gone into the bedroom in the corner of the camp to change because she was going out to tan. Mom and dad had gone for a walk and I thought my sister was elsewhere. She must have thought the same about me because the bedroom door was half-way open. I had left my Discman in there and wanted to get it. When I stepped inside the tiny bedroom Emma jerked around and gasped. She was only wearing her bikini bottoms and although she attempted to cover her bare chest she wasn't fast enough to prevent me from getting a good look at her breasts.

"Get out, you pervert!" My sister shouted as she shoved her hand into my chest, covering herself as best she could with her other arm.

I stumbled backwards out of the room, feeling horny and scared. Emma slammed the door shut. For the rest of that weekend I barely spoke to my sister, nor could I face her -- although I never looked at her the same way ever again.

"You called me a pervert." I reminded my sister.

Emma turned her head from the stove with an apologetic smile.

"Sorry... I was just so embarrassed about you having seen me." she said.

"It's okay," I said "I guess having your brother walk in on you when you're changing is bound to unnerve you."

"It wasn't so much that it was you," she explained "I've never been too shy around you, but back then I wasn't too comfortable about my body. I hated how small my boobs were."

My eyes moved to my sister's chest once more and I smiled to myself.

"What?" Emma spat out, wide-eyed.

"I was just thinking that you've changed a lot since then."

Emma pressed her left hip to me and slipped her arm around my shoulder. When she kissed my cheek I felt my whole body tense and my cock get harder.

"You pervert." she whispered in my ear.

My sister's voice was soft and teasing, like her hand was as it slid down my back. I smiled at her, then took another look at her swollen nipples.

"Still cold, Em?" I taunted.

"No." she said in a husky voice.

Emma removed her arm from my shoulder and sat down on the couch. She pushed her jacket aside and ran her eyes up and down my body. I liked it, although it made me nervous because of my erection.

I unzipped my jacket and tossed it over the back of a chair by the counter. I walked over to the couch, standing in front of my sister. She was bent over undoing the laces of her boots. Her breasts swayed as she pulled a boot off. I also noticed that as she bent over I could see a bit of her round breasts and the valley between them down the front of her cardigan. Emma looked up before pulling her other boot off and smiled. She tossed the boot aside, then leaned back on the couch.

I felt uneasy as I sat down beside Emma, but it was better than standing in front of her so she could see my erection pushing out at my jeans. The light from the candle flickered and danced over her high cheekbones and full lips. I wished I could have taken a picture of her at that moment.

"It's getting pretty warm in here." she said.

"Once the fire gets going it doesn't take much to heat this place up, but I'll have to put more wood on later." I said.

"I think I noticed some wood when I was bending over to take my boots off." she quipped and winked at me.

Up until that moment my face did not feel particularly warm. Now suddenly it felt as though it was pressed to the stove. I turned my head, avoiding my sister's teasing smile. I frowned.

"What? It's okay for you to tease be about my nipples, but I can't tease you?"

"It's not the same." I countered.

Emma curled her feet under her and slid closer to me. She leaned against my right arm and kissed my cheek.

"Relax, little brother, it's just teasing. I do it all the time with you."

The small camp grew quiet again, save for the occasional crackling of the fire in the stove. Emma was leaning against me and I wished I could read her mind. She definitely seemed adept at doing it with me, although my thoughts were more obvious most of the time.

"Damn, now I've got to pee." Emma said, sitting up with a frown.

"There's the outhouse up the trail." I reminded her, pointing with my finger.

"Just go around the side of the camp then," I said "no one will see you."

"Okay." Emma tugged her boots on, then stood up, staring at me.

"What?" I asked.

"Come on," she coaxed "come protect me."

"From what? I'm the only pervert around for miles."

"No. From bears, silly!"

"Bears are hibernating, remember?"

"Okay, well from cougars or coyotes or hyenas. Maybe even bigfoot or mothman. Some wild animal might eat me, Brad." she suggested in a begging tone.

"Nothing's going to eat you, Em."

A twisted smile crept over my sister's face and I realized just how lewd my comment sounded. I blushed.

"Just my luck," she pouted "I haven't been eaten in ages."

"You expect me to go out with you and wait while you pee...?"

"Come on, Brad," she said tugging at my wrist "just stand there with your back to me. It's dark and cold. Come protect your big sister." Her voice was pleading, but in an odd, sensual way.

"Okay." I relented.

Emma smiled as she clutched a wad of Kleenex she'd found in her coat pocket. I pulled my boots on.

Being in the cabin with only one candle to light it made getting used to the moonlight outside easy. I followed Emma down the verandah steps and around the side of the cabin. I turned around and stared at the moon as images of my sister pulling her jeans down less than a few yards behind me teased me. I waited, wishing she would hurry up.

"Okay, all done. Thanks." Emma said after a while.

I hadn't heard my sister step up behind me and her voice startled me.

"My turn. I'll meet you back inside." I said, watching Emma walk towards the verandah.

I was actually glad for the cold air on my bare cock as I tried to piss. It helped to quell my erection after a while. Once I had finished I joined Emma back on the couch. Her boots were off and she was curled up on the couch again.

"Are there any blankets around here?" she asked.

I took my boots off and pushed them aside.

"Probably in the bedroom. I'll check." I told her.

I returned with a large blanket that one of our aunts had made when we were kids. I handed it to my sister and sat down beside her. Emma spread the blanket out over us and cuddled beside me. Her thigh was pressed to mine and her breast brushed over my arm. Having the blanket to hide my erection was even more welcome than it keeping us warm.

"What time is it?" Emma said.

"Almost nine." I informed her after checking my watch.

"It seems later since it's so dark." she said.

"I think I'll sleep on the couch tonight." Emma said.

"You can have the bed." I offered.

"No. It'll be warmer here by the fire." she explained.

I nodded, concluding that my sister's reasoning made sense.

"Okay. I'll take the bed then." I said.

"No," she said, clutching my arm "stay here. You can keep me warm."

"Ah... okay." I agreed, although I had mixed feelings about it.

"When was the last time we slept together?" Emma asked.

"I don't know," I grunted "probably when we were five or six."

"That's another first I can claim then." she said.

"Huh?" I turned to give my sister a confused look.

"Not only was I the first girl you saw topless, but I was the first one you slept with too." Emma gave me a grin as her eyes met mine.

"Yeah, but not the last, thank god." I shot back.

"Oh... and how many have there been since me?" she asked. Her dark eyes narrowed as they met mine. She smiled.

"Not enough." I said with a guffaw.

"What ever happened to that girl you were hanging around with a few months ago... Kelly?" she asked.

"Keri," I corrected "she went back to her ex-boyfriend."

"I'm sorry. She seemed nice -- big boobs too." my sister remarked with a knowing smile.

I nodded and grinned.

"That's the first thing you notice about a girl, isn't it?" my sister asked.

"Don't all guys?" I retorted.

"True," she conceded "at least that's where their eyes go when they talk to me."

I grinned, but kept silent.

"What? What's that grin for?" Emma asked, giving my a quick shake by my arm.

"Nothing." I said.

"No. Tell me, Brad." she insisted.

"I was just thinking that it's not surprising." I admitted, then sighed.

"Are they really that nice?" Now my sister's voice didn't sound simply curious; it had a hint of arousal and flirtatiousness.

"Come on, Em -- you're my sister."

"So, when has that ever stopped you from staring at them?" she countered, still sounding excited.

I turned my head and gave my sister a guilty frown. When she looked at my face her expression changed. Now she seemed either sympathetic or understanding.

"I really don't think you're a pervert, Brad." she whispered.

"Lots of people would." I said, sounding chagrined.

"Well, in that case, I don't care if you are. You're my little brother and I love you."

"I love you too, Em."

Emma's hand was resting on my arm, just below my elbow. Her breast was pressed harder to it now too.

"You're not the only one who's a pervert anyway." she said, almost whispering.

"Yeah... the world's filled with them." I replied.

"No. I meant that I'm just as bad as you." she elaborated.

"I don't know," I said "that's none of my business."

"If I tell you something -- a confession -- do you promise not to get mad?" she asked.

"Uh... I guess." I said, although felt like I was writing a blank cheque.

"Earlier, when we went out so I could pee... I sort of peeked at you before I came back in." My sister's voice was low and tentative as she spoke.

"What?" I blurted out, unable to believe what I'd heard.

Emma nodded and gave me a weak smile.

"You mean you watched while I was pissing?"

"No... I came in before that, but I saw you, Brad..."

"You couldn't have seen much," I said "it was dark out."

"I saw enough," she grinned "there's a lot to see too. God, what made you so hard?"

I frowned and turned my head away.

"Me?" she asked, sounding surprised and hopeful.

"Can we forget about this, Em, please?" I begged.

"The first time you saw my tits -- could you forget about that?" she countered.

"The first time? That was the only time." I exclaimed.

My sister gave me a disbelieving smile. "Maybe the only time when I was completely topless, but there have been plenty of times you looked at them down my tops -- like when I was taking my boots off earlier."

I said nothing. I let my silence be an admission of guilt.

"I love you, little brother, and I'm glad that you're a pervert." Emma squeezed my arm and kissed my cheek.

"Why are you glad?" I asked.

"Because it means that I'm not the only one who thinks about us doing nasty things." she revealed.

"You..." I said, too surprised to finish the sentence.

"You didn't really believe that I can't go out and pee by myself, did you?"

"Yes... I thought you were scared."

"I felt so naughty pulling my jeans and panties down with you standing there." she said in a soft voice.

"My back was turned though..."

"I wondered if you'd take a peek at me."

"No. No way." I said, shaking my head.

"I bet it crossed your mind." she said in a long drawl.

I admitted to nothing. My jaw was tight as I looked into my sister's eyes. Her cheeks looked flushed, but maybe it was the glow of the candle coloring her soft skin.

"Or maybe you're just more interested in seeing my tits than my kitty." she suggested in a shy whisper.

I could feel my heart race. Illicit thoughts about my sister swirled around my head, feeding my arousal, but one question superceded them.

"Em, why are you talking like this? I mean, it's not that I don't like it, but... things with us have never been like this, you know...?"

Emma sighed and I felt her loosen her grip on my arm. She eased away from me a bit while she thought.

"I know... I know things between us have always been, well, proper -- for the most part anyway. But let's be honest, Brad, we've both thought about each-other like... that." Emma gave me a nervous smile, hoping I would understand what she meant, even if she couldn't bring herself to be more direct.

"Yeah... you're right." I admitted.

"I never planned any of this, Brad," she said "the deer running out -- us getting stuck here. It sort of all just happened. Maybe things happen for a reason. There are no coincidences. Call it fate, or whatever. But don't you find this romantic -- us cuddling on the couch in this little camp in the woods during a storm, with just a candle burning?"

Emma pulled me closer and rested her head on my shoulder. She closed her eyes and let out a soft sigh as she wiggled closer to me.

I had never considered myself the romantic type. None of the girls I knew had ever accused me of that. Sure, I had entertained many fantasies about my older sister -- some of them so raunchy I was ashamed of myself -- but that was just sex. I had never once elevated it to what anyone would consider 'romance'. But as I reflected on Emma's statement I think I understood what she meant. I was far from experienced sexually. The handful of encounters I'd had with girls had mostly been in my parents' car, although a couple had been in the bedroom of a girlfriend some afternoons. But I had never been in a

situation like I found myself in with my sister: a secluded cabin... snow gently falling... golden candlelight bathing a beautiful woman as we held one-another beneath a thick blanket, listening to a fire crackle in a stove.

If this was what romance was, I liked it. Maybe I liked it so much because my companion was my sister, but that did not matter to me at that moment.

"Yes, but I'm not really sure what counts as romantic." I told my sister.

"This." she whispered.

I slipped my right arm around Emma and held her to me. My hand glided up and down her narrow back. She draped her arm over my stomach and pressed her chest to me. It was as though she had read my mind once more. I closed my eyes and smiled. I breathed in the scent of her hair and concentrated on the feeling of her breasts on me and how her back felt as I rubbed it. Now I welcomed the silence. Our gentle touches said much more than our voices could have.

When my hand slid down the curve of my sister's hip to her firm ass I waited for her to protest. Instead, I felt her shift her hips and let out a quiet moan. My palm slid over Emma's round ass and I squeezed it. It was as firm as I had imagined. I could feel her body heat through her tight jeans as I cupped her ass in my hand.

"You've never touched me there before." she remarked, sounding pleased by my groping.

"There are lots of places I haven't touched you." I said, feeling no need to be shy or couch my words.

"Do you want to?" she asked.

"What guy wouldn't?" was my answer.

"A few weeks ago, when you hugged me that night in your room before I went to bed -- you touched my boob." she reminded me.

"Yes." I said, in a guilty admission.

"I thought for a minute that you were going to do more than just brush your fingers over it." she revealed.

"I didn't dare to."

"I would have let you." she said.

My mind reeled with the implications of my sister's revelation, but I was still too nervous or apprehensive to move my hand to her chest. Once again there was that silence between us. It was as though we were both trying to read each-other's mind. This was more than a dance. It

was more like a battle, where one person tries to anticipate his opponent's next move so as to not leave himself vulnerable.

"Yes." my sister said, as if she was conceding defeat.

"Yes, what?" I asked, hoping she meant what I thought.

"Yes, I'd let you now -- if you wanted to." Emma sounded shy and insecure.

"You know I want to, Em."

"Then go ahead, Brad, before I chicken-out."

Emma's right breast was firm and heavy as my palm pushed up at it through her cardigan. The few grief feels I had gotten as we hugged had not prepared me for this moment. I could feel the seams of her bra through her cardigan as I squeezed and rubbed her breast. Her hard nipple poked into my palm and I ran my thumb over it. Emma moaned and arched her back, pushing her breast into my hand. I gripped it harder, watching it mould into a firm, round ball.

"Here... just a sec..." Emma said as she leaned away.

upwards into two firm orbs. I licked my lips as I looked at her nipples outlined against the thin cotton.

Emma gave me a modest smile and appeared nervous. She placed her hands on her thigh and thrust her chest out a bit, displaying herself for me, waiting for my reaction.

"You're beautiful, Em." I whispered in a throaty voice.

Emma let out a bashful giggle.

"No, I'm not, but thanks." she said.

"No, you are. You're perfect." I told her.

Instead of waiting for me to do what I wanted to do my sister reached up and slid the straps of her bra from her slender shoulders. She reached behind her and unclasped it. As Emma's bra slid down her arms I noticed how her breasts shook a bit. They hung down with a graceful, upswept curve so her nipples pointed towards my wet lips. I gasped when I saw her hard nipples appear. They were thick and a light brown, with slightly lighter rings encircling them of about an inch in diameter. I needed to suck on them. I stared at my sister's bare chest. Although dozens of thoughts raced through my mind I was too overcome with arousal and enchantment to speak.

"I told you -- you look perfect." I said.

"Touch me, Brad. I won't stop you -- not tonight."

I placed my hands on my sister's waist. I had touched her there before, many times, but always through her clothes. I was overwhelmed by how soft and warm her skin was. I would have been content to just caress her sides, her back and flat stomach. She leaned forward and placed her hands on my shoulders. I saw her breasts sway as she moved. I cupped her left one in my hand. I squeezed it and ran my fingers over her silky, smooth skin. She shuddered and gripped my shoulders harder.

"Tell me something: how many times have you thought about doing this?" she asked.

"About as much as you." I retorted.

Emma laughed, then moaned when she felt my lips tugging at her nipple.

"Oh god, Brad." she sighed.

2155 My tongue darted out and swirled around my sister's left nipple. I pinched it between my lips and sucked hard as I gave her breasts a squeeze. Emma was breathing faster. When my mouth moved to her

other nipple she moaned and ran her fingers through my hair. She held my head in her hand and drew my closer.

"That feels so good," she breathed "keep sucking on them."

I was holding both of my sister's breasts in my hands, trying to hold all of them in my palms, although I couldn't. My mouth alternated from one nipple to the other. I licked and sucked at them, listening to her moan and feeling her hand stroke my back.

When I felt Emma's hand slide up my thigh and caress my hard cock through my jeans I flinched and pulled my mouth away from her bosom. My eyes met hers.

"Ever since I saw it outside when you were pissing, I wanted to feel it. No... long before that." she confessed with a shy smile.

Emma's hand rubbing my shaft through my jeans felt wonderful. I was overcome with lust and arousal, but I suddenly grew worried that I would cum in my jeans if she kept doing what she was. I pushed her hand away and gave her an apologetic smile. She seemed to understand, which I was both thankful and embarrassed about.

"Getting too excited?" she asked with an understanding smile.

Emma never said another word. When she pulled the blanket from over us and slid to the floor I still did not realize what she had in mind. It was only when her hands slid up my thighs to the button of my jeans as she knelt in front of me that I knew what she intended.

"Let me take care of it for you." she said as her eyes tilted up to mine.

When Emma pulled at my zipper I already knew what she was planning on doing. Girls had done this for me before, but I had never wanted any of them more than I wanted my sister.

"Lift up." Emma said as she tugged at my underwear and jeans.

I shifted my hips, pushing my swollen cock towards my sister's face. She pulled, dragging my underwear and jeans down towards my knees.

My hard cock began to rise once it was freed from my tight underwear and jeans. It rose until the swollen, reddish head was aimed towards my sister's slightly open mouth. She licked her lips as she observed it. I felt it throb. The head was shiny with precum and I wanted to stroke it.

Emma's fingers were gentle and soft as they glided down my shaft. She caressed my balls, then held them in her hand before giving my cock a squeeze.

"What do you want your big sister to do?" she asked as her dark eyes lifted up to my face.

"Whatever you want." I told her, breathing harder.

"Tell me, Brad." Emma's words sounded more like pleading than encouragement.

"Suck it." I begged.

When I felt Emma's warm, wet lips wrap around the head of my cock I moaned and lifted my hips from the couch. I felt my cock slide deeper into her warm mouth. She sucked harder and gripped the base of my shaft. My sister moaned as she moved her lips over my cock, drawing me deeper into her mouth. My hands went to her head and I felt her thick, dark hair become entwined with my fingers. I held her head, pulling her down on my engorged cock. My sister sucked hard, moving her wet lips up and down my thick shaft. She moaned as her tongue teased my cock.

"Oh, god, Em... I'm going to..." I moaned in a deep voice.

I never finished my sentence. Moments later I felt my muscles tense and my back arch. My cock felt thicker than ever before as I released one stream after another of my thick cum into my sister's wet mouth. Emma was still sucking on me as I began to grow soft. She moved her lips up my shaft. They slipped from the head with a faint noise as she broke the suction. She licked her lips as she looked up at me.

Emma sat back down on the couch beside me and pulled the blanket up over us. I was still catching my breath and calming down from my orgasm. My spent cock rested on my thigh, still wet from my sister's eager mouth. Her hand snaked over my thigh to my limp cock. She fondled it and my balls.

"Even when you're soft you feel great." she said.

"Thanks." I said, almost in disbelief.

Emma fondled my drained balls in her fingertips and ran her palm up my spent cock. I felt a surge of arousal, but it was not enough to make me hard again. My cock lay limp and shriveled against my inner thigh. I felt embarrassed and aghast as my sister played with it, trying in vain to bring it back to life. I tugged at my jeans and underwear, anxious to cover myself, but Emma stopped me.

"No, take them off." she said. Her eyes met mine and I saw lust in them for probably the first time.

I grinned.

"I will if you will." I said.

beneath the blanket. I saw her stretch her legs out and rise up. Seconds later she tossed her jeans towards the middle of the floor. A few seconds later her black panties flew through the air towards her jeans. My sister gave me a defiant smile, waiting my next move.

I had not expected Emma to welcome my challenge, but now that she had I had no other option. The thought of pulling my jeans and underwear off made me feel shy and nervous, but the thought of being naked under the blanket with my sister won out. I shrugged my jeans and underwear off and threw them atop hers.

My sister gave me an approving smile and leaned against me once more. Her hand slid over my stomach. She held me to her and rested her head on my shoulder. I slipped my arm around her and held her to me. I kissed her forehead. She tilted her head up and smiled.

"I love you too, little brother." she said, almost whispering.

I did not know what time it was. I wasn't paying attention as my sister and I embraced one another on that small couch beneath the blanket. It was dark outside and that had skewed my perception, but time seemed to stop that night as Emma and I lay together naked, covered by only the blanket. It was only when I felt the cabin grow chilly that I realized I should toss some more firewood inside the stove. Emma seemed half asleep and I hated to disturb her.

My sister sat up and leaned away from me. She brushed her tangled hair from her face and smiled.

"Okay." she said.

It was only when I sat up and looked at the wood lying on the floor beside the stove that I realized I would have to walk the few yards or less to them wearing nothing but my t-shirt. I looked back and gave my sister a nervous smile.

"Well, go ahead." she grinned.

"You pervert." I said with a laugh as I stood up.

I could feel Emma's eyes on me as I dropped more kindling and larger pieces of wood into the stove. I wasn't hard, not completely anyway, but I could feel my cock and balls sway and bounce as I moved. I knew that Emma was watching and I liked it. My shyness vanished and I took my time at the stove. I felt my cock begin to thicken and rise. By the time I turned to walk back towards my sister on the couch I was growing harder.

Before I could sit down on the couch Emma grabbed my hips. She tugged me towards her and began fondling my balls, watching my shaft swell and rise. Her tongue flicked over my slit and down my shaft, teasing me to a full erection.

"It looks like my big little brother is ready to have some more fun with his big sister." she said.

"I've been ready for years, Em. I said.

"Then don't keep me waiting any longer."

Emma stood up and pulled the blanket from the couch. She folded it in half then laid it out on the floor in front of the stove. If I had not been fully hard before that I certainly was when I watched her lie down on the blanket. She bent her knees and parted her legs as she smiled up at me. She looked more beautiful than any woman I could have ever imagined. Her firm breasts rose from her slim torso and her hard nipples pointed upwards.

"Come on." she beckoned as she reached her hands up towards me.

I knelt between my sister's knees. Her hands tugged at my arms, drawing me down on top of her. My cock felt as though it was hard as steel. I ran my eyes down my sister's exquisite body and noticed her wet lips between her soft thighs. They were parted slightly and I could tell that they were wet with her juice.

Emma ran her hand up my hard cock to my balls. She rubbed them and gave them a gentle squeeze before she gripped my shaft. She tugged at it, urging me closer.

"I want to feel this in me, Brad." she whispered.

When I felt the head of my cock slide over my sister's wet lips I moaned. I looked into her eyes and saw as much pleasure and excitement as I felt. I lowered myself onto her and pushed my shaft between her wet lips. She was tight -- much tighter than I had imagined -- and I felt her grip my shaft as it sank deeper into her.

"Oh, god, Brad." she moaned.

My sister clutched at my shoulders, urging me further down on top of her, deeper into her tight pussy. I began pushing my hips. My cock moved in and out of her and soon her moans grew louder.

"Oh god... fuck me hard, Brad." my sister moaned.

I could see Emma's breasts begin to shake and jiggle as I shoved my cock harder and faster in and out of her wet pussy. Her legs were wrapped around my back, holding me to her. I bent down and sucked hard on her left nipple. Emma arched her back to meet my mouth, pushing my shaft deeper into her.

"Don't stop, little brother," she begged "Jesus... your cock... I feel so full."

I gripped my sister's legs behind her knees and pushed them up until they were almost pressed to her chest. She was moaning louder and I was pumping my shaft in and out of her as hard as I could. We were

not just having sex or making love. I was fucking my sister and it was what we had both craved for years.

"Don't... don't cum in me, Brad... anywhere but my pussy." Emma's voice was breathy and ragged, but also pleading.

"Okay." I promised in a long breath, knowing I was getting close.

I pressed harder on the backs of my sister's knees. I looked down and watched my cock slide in and out of her tight pussy. Her juices were running down towards her ass and they had made my shaft wet and shiny. Emma's breasts shook harder and I loved watching them shake. I fucked her harder, watching her nipples move about.

"Oh god... Brad... shit... fuck my cunt, you fucking pervert. Fuck your big sister." Emma moaned.

Years of pent-up lust welled within me. I let go of my sister's legs. They fell down on either side of me. I pulled my cock from her wet pussy and stroked it. Seconds later one burst after another of my thick cum shot from my cock. It splashed over Emma's breasts and chest, leaving white streaks on her soft skin.

I leaned back, breathing hard, watching my sister spread my sticky cum over her breasts. She bent down and swirled her tongue around her left nipple, then smiled up at me.

"I've waited so long to see you cum." she said.

I never replied; I was breathless. Instead I laid down and pushed my sister's knees up towards her chest. When my tongue slid up over her wet pussy she moaned. I jabbed the tip of my tongue against her clit, then began to flick it over it.

"Oh god... Brad." Emma moaned, clutching my head.

I spread my sister's wet lips apart with my thumbs and began swirling my tongue around her hard clit. She moaned louder and lifted her hips up from the blanket, pushing her drenched pussy against my mouth. I sucked at her lips and her swollen clit, listening to her moan. I had expected it to be longer, but soon I heard Emma cry out and curse. Her fingers clutched my hair as she came, grinding her pussy into my mouth. I kept licking and sucking her pink button until she collapsed and pushed me away.

"No... please... I can't take any more," she said "god, your tongue feels so good."

I looked down at my sister and gave her a proud smile. She was breathing hard and looked more satisfied than any woman I had ever known.

"You are a wonderful lover, little brother," she gasped "I'm going to be spoiled from now on."

I laughed.

"Thanks. You were pretty amazing too, Em."

I stood up and tugged my sister to her feet. I drug the blanket behind us. We collapsed on the couch and I spread the blanket out over us. Emma hugged me and fell asleep resting on my chest

I wasn't sure what time it was when I woke up. The sky was beginning to turn blue so I assumed it was morning. Emma was still sleeping on my chest. I hated to wake her. I wanted this moment to last for the rest of our lives, but I knew we had to get up and begin our long trek to the highway.

"Hey, sexy, time to wake up." I whispered as I gave my sister a gentle shake.

"Morning, lover." she smiled as she sat up and brushed her hair out of her face.

I wanted to kiss my sister's full lips, but two things prevented me: I feared that my breath probably smelled like Keith Richards' socks and I had never kissed Emma on the mouth before. I was afraid of how she would react to it. I leaned back and smiled.

the culmination of all my hopes and desires, but I feared that my sister had regretted it come the morning. I needed to know how she felt, but did not dare ask.

It was only after I had locked the door to the camp and had hid the key back inside the wood box that she spoke.

"What's with you, Brad? You're acting like last night never even happened." Emma sounded confused and hurt.

I sighed.

"I'm sorry," I said "I was just afraid that you might regret it. It was wonderful. I've wanted that for years, but I wasn't sure how you felt. I hope you feel like I do."

Emma stepped closer and hugged me. She smiled.

"I'll never regret it, Brad, -- even if it never happens again -- but something tells me it will, or at least I hope." she said.

My sister wrapped her arm around mine as we made our way up the narrow driveway towards the road. I heard a snowplough go by. It gave me a sense of relief. At least the road had been cleared and that meant that there might be some traffic on it. Maybe Emma and I could catch a ride to the main highway with someone.

When I saw Emma's car in the distance I felt encouraged, then remembered it was stuck beyond hope. We still had a long walk to the highway.

"Hold on." Emma said as we approached her abandoned Buick.

Emma unlocked the driver's side door and reached under the seat for her purse. I pushed my hands in the pockets of my coat and waited. When my sister pulled her cell phone from inside her purse and began punching buttons my eyes grew wide. My jaw went limp, then I smiled.

"Hello? Yes," Emma spoke into the phone "we're stuck in a snow bank out here on Campbell Road and we need a tow truck..."

Stacey's Vacation Photos

Josh MacKinnon stared out of his office window, wishing 5 o'clock would hurry up and arrive. It was still only 3:38 on a Friday afternoon and he was eager to get off work. It had been a busier week than usual and he was looking forward to relaxing over the weekend. The phone ringing made him let out a groan. He was afraid it was someone from shipping with another order, which meant he would probably have to put in more overtime. That on a Friday was the last thing he wanted.

"Hey, big brother, how are things?"

Josh smiled at the sound of his sister's voice. "Good." he told her.

"I just got back last night and wanted to give you a call and let you know." she told him.

Josh's sister, Stacey, had been in The Dominican Republic for the past ten days. She and two friends of her's had pooled their money and rented a beach house for spring break.

Josh was the oldest of three siblings at twenty-four. Stacey was twenty-two, and working towards a nursing degree at a nearby college. Their younger brother, David, was eighteen and still attending high school. Both Stacey and David still lived with their parents.

"Did you have a good time?" Josh asked his sister.

"The best!" she exclaimed "I've got a bunch of photos to show you. The place is so beautiful! I thought maybe we could get together this weekend so I can tell you all about my trip and show you my photos."

"That sounds like fun," Josh exclaimed "what are you doing tomorrow night?"

Stacey paused for a moment while she thought. "Nothing," she said "how about I come over around seven?"

"That will be good," Josh told her "I haven't seen you in a while, so it'll be nice to hang out."

Josh was still smiling as he put down the phone. Now he had something fun to look forward to this weekend. Suddenly waiting the next hour or so until quitting time didn't seem so bad.

Saturday seemed to pass more quickly than usual for Josh. He slept in till 9:00 then went out that afternoon for some groceries and did laundry. He bought a pizza on his way home so he and Stacey would have something to eat, then stopped for some wine coolers for her and some beer for himself.

When the buzzer to the door of his apartment building sounded at 6:53 Josh knew it would be his sister. He pressed the button to let her in, then waited for her at the door.

"Wow, that's quite the tan you've got, Stacey!" he exclaimed as his sister entered his apartment. She was wearing a denim mini skirt that barely covered her thighs and a red t-shirt that left most of her midriff bare.

Stacey gave her brother a hug and kissed his cheek. Josh placed his hands on her waist, savoring the feeling of her soft skin. Her t-shirt climbed up her back as she raised her arms to wrap them around him and Josh slipped his hands around to feel her lower back, then up until he encountered her bra strap. She felt warm and soft and he wanted to move his hands over the rest of her body. His cock began to swell and his pulse quickened.

Stacey closed her eyes as her brother gently caressed her and felt herself becoming wet. She clutched him a little tighter than she intended to, wishing they could remain in the embrace longer than she knew it would last.

"Does I look okay?" She stepped back so he could look her over, trying to ignore her clit as it throbbed.

To Josh she looked better than okay, but he wasn't about to say that out loud, and certainly not to her. He noticed that her nipples had hardened and were protruding from her t-shirt, and he wondered if she had enjoyed their hug as much as he had.

"Yes... you look good," he said "the tan is nice."

Stacey was pleased with her brother's reaction and smiled. "I was able to get one all over -- well, just about."

Standing at about 5'5" Stacey was shorter than her brother, and slender. Her dark brown hair was pulled back on one side, held in place with a silver barrette. Josh ran his eyes over her as she tossed her purse on the sofa. He stared at her exposed skin, tanned and smooth. As she plopped herself down on the couch he noticed how her breasts bounced beneath her top. His cock began to stiffen and he felt nervous. She crossed her legs and smiled at him, her dark eyes moving up and down his body.

"Can I get you something to drink? I bought coolers and beer."

"A cooler sounds great." she said.

"I thought you'd want one. I got them for you."

Josh went to the fridge then returned with a beer and a cooler in each hand.

"You're too kind." she teased as she look the bottle from him.

"I also bought a pizza at a deli downtown," he added "all I have to do is throw it in the oven."

"Pizza sounds good. I never had much for supper." she said.

Josh returned to the kitchen and put the pizza in the oven. He was glad for a few moments alone so he could distract himself and allow his erection to subside.

"So tell me about your trip." he said as he joined his sister on the sofa.

"I took a lot of photos," she said "how about I show you them and explain as we go?"

Josh watched as his sister opened her purse and brought out four envelopes of pictures. She placed them on the coffee table and took a pile in her hand from the top envelope. One by one she showed her brother the photos as she explained where they were taken and told him about the sorts of activities she and her friends took part in during their trip.

Once Stacey had gone through the first group of photos Josh went to check on the pizza and get another beer and cooler for him and his sister. As he handed her the cooler his eyes once again moved up her legs to the curve of her breasts pushing out against her tight t-shirt.

"Do I really look okay with a tan?" she asked, her eyes catching his.

Josh nodded and grinned as he took a swig of beer. "Of course... you look great."

Stacey was still smiling as she resumed showing him the photos from her trip. Josh noticed that she was drinking her cooler faster than she had her first. He tried his best to pay attention to the photos and ignore how sexy his sister looked, but as she leaned over slightly he couldn't help but notice the occasional sway of her breasts beneath her top. They were round and firm, and he surmised that they probably would not fit into his hands were he to hold them -- although he wanted to try.

"Time for a break. I need to use the bathroom." Stacey announced once she was half-way through the second group of pictures.

Josh watched his sister walk towards the bathroom, captivated by the sway of her hips and her breasts gently bouncing with each step. His cock twitched and began to stiffen.

While he waited for Stacey to return Josh picked up the stack of photos from the coffee table and began thumbing through them. His heart instantly began to race as he discovered a photo that his sister had neglected to remove from the envelope before bringing them over. The photo was of Stacey sitting outside on a reclining chair with a drink in hand. She was topless, and wearing only a red bikini bottom. Josh's jaw dropped as he fixated on the picture of his younger sister. He was struck by how round and firm her breasts were. Her light brown nipples were hard and thick, surrounded by about a two-inch ring that was slightly lighter. As his cock throbbed Josh imagined cupping

Stacey's breasts in his hands, wondering how her nipples would feel between his lips, then what it would be like to push his hard cock between them.

The sound of toilet flushing startled Josh and his mind raced. At first he considered pretending that he had never discovered the photo, then realized Stacey would get to it eventually anyway as she showed him the others. He was resigned to having to be honest with his sister about his discovery. He took a deep breath and waited for her to return.

Stacey noticed the expression on her brother's face as she entered the room. "What is it?" she asked as she sat down next to him.

"Ummm... there's a photo in here that you forgot to leave out." Josh held the photo up for his sister to see what he was referring to.

Stacey gasped and covered her mouth when she saw the photo, then laughed.

"You think it's funny?" he questioned, perplexed by her reaction.

"Nicole took a few of me like that during our trip. I thought I'd gotten them all before I came over -- sorry." she explained.

"It's okay, but you might want to double-check before you show these to mom and dad and Dave." Josh told her.

"Yea," she laughed "dad would have a heart attack if he saw my boobs, and I don't even want to think about what Dave's reaction would be!"

Josh wasn't quite sure how to interpret his sister's comment. He gave her a puzzled look as she pulled the photo from the pile and deposited it into her purse, still with an enigmatic smile on her face.

"Okay, no more nudity in the rest -- I promise!" she assured her brother as she quickly flipped through the remaining photos.

"I don't mind nudity, providing it's not my little sister." he joked.

"Why?" Don't I look good?" She turned to him with a dejected look.

Josh was already flustered and her question only made it worse.

"Geez, Stace, it's not that, but... you're my sister!"

Stacey grinned. "So I do look good then..."

"Cut it out." he barked.

Stacey enjoyed seeing her brother shaken-up like he was -- especially given the circumstances. Growing up she had developed a crush on Josh, and although she knew she shouldn't give in to those sorts of feelings they had grown more sexual as she entered womanhood. Her

friends often commented on how good looking her brother was, and Stacey was always careful to not agree too strongly for fear others would realize her forbidden attraction to him. However, the truth was that she often imagined what it would be like if they were lovers. Her neglecting to remove the photo of herself was an honest mistake on her part, but a welcome one for her nonetheless. She hoped it was as enjoyable for Josh as well. What wasn't a mistake was her choice of clothes that evening. She had carefully chosen her short skirt and tight top hoping to get her brother to notice her, and judging from the lingering glances she had received from him she knew that she had definitely caught his attention.

"Come on," she prodded "if it wasn't me in that photo you'd still be drooling over it!"

Josh laughed. His sister was even more right than she realized. He imagined just how bad it would be were she to realize his honest reaction to looking at the photo.

"But it is you." he retorted, hoping to put the issue to rest.

Stacey saw the look of exasperation on her brother's face and felt bad. Besides, she didn't want to force things further and risk making him angry at her. A tense silence filled the room and she was afraid she had gone too far.

Josh felt a sense of relief wash over him and he smiled. "I'm not angry, Stacey, just kind of embarrassed, or something." He lowered his head and stared at his lap.

"Guilty?" she suggested as she cocked an eyebrow.

"What?" he spat out, jerking his head up to.

"Guilty... because you liked what you saw." she elaborated, her voice matter-of-fact.

Josh blushed and didn't know how to reply.

"It's okay," she reassured him "you can admit it to me, Josh."

"I can't even admit it to myself." he said, avoiding her gaze once more.

Stacey reached inside her purse and took the photo out. She held it in front of her brother, just above his lap, forcing him to look at it.

"Here... take another look." Her hand was now resting on his thigh.

Josh stared at the photo of his sister once more, feeling his cock swell. About ten seconds later he was able to pull his head up and look at Stacey.

"That's enough. Put it away, Stace." he said, his voice soft, defeated.

Stacey tossed the photo onto the coffee table then tucked her feet under herself and turned towards her brother.

"You can keep the photo. I won't be showing it to anyone else, and I already know what I look like." she giggled.

Josh opened his mouth to protest but she quickly reached out and placed her fingers on his lips.

"Keep the photo, Josh, and I promise I'll never bring it up again."

Josh nodded, noticing how soft his sister's fingers felt on his lips. She moved them slightly, brushing over his bottom lip and it felt sensuous.

"Now it seems to me you said something about pizza. What's a girl gotta do to get something to eat around here?" she joked.

"Believe me, you don't want to know," he retorted as he went towards the kitchen "but since it's you I'll make it easy on you."

Stacey followed her brother to the stove, watching him bend over and slide the pizza from the oven. She was tempted to grab his ass. Instead, she waited until he turned around and stepped towards him.

"Don't do me any favors, big brother," she said "besides, maybe I wouldn't mind so much."

Josh placed the pizza on top of the stove and turned around. He was surprised by his sister's flirtatious comeback and wondered if she was just joking or perhaps there was an undercurrent of seriousness to her comment.

"I already have a photo of you topless," Josh remarked "I think that's worth some pizza."

"I said I'd never mention that photo again."

"I know, but you're not -- I am," he replied, then paused "besides, I suppose it's better if we can joke about it rather than try to pretend it never happened. I mean, if you're comfortable with it that is..."

Stacey nodded. "I don't care. But do I have to bring the others with me the next time I come over if I want to get fed?" she teased.

Josh smirked. "It depends on how much you eat tonight."

Stacey was enjoying the banter between her and her brother. She stepped closer and placed her hands on his waist and looked up at him.

"So how many pieces of pizza is tonight's photo worth?"

"Oh, I don't know," Josh said "a couple I guess."

"Only a couple?" she exclaimed with a pout.

"Don't worry, they'll be big pieces." he assured her.

"They better be," she countered with an impish grin "since I've got big boobs."

Josh looked down as his sister clutched him tighter and pressed herself against him. Her breasts were pushing against his chest and he could feel the soft curve of her stomach on his. What concerned him the most was her right thigh pushed against his crotch. He smiled as he stared at her breasts filling out her top. He felt his cock twitch and swell and he eased away slightly from Stacey's leg.

"Yea... you do." he remarked.

"Did they look okay? In the photo, I mean." she asked.

Josh nodded, his answer barely audible, but his erection told her all she needed to know.

Stacey gave her brother a proud smile. "You should have seen the others," she told him "Nicole took some of me walking around in the kitchen of the cabin we rented. You can see them better in those than in that one."

Josh tried to imagine what the other photos must look like and felt his cock twitch as his sister's thigh pressed into it.

"What's with you? Why are you behaving like this?" he demanded.

"Because I love you, Josh."

"I love you too, but a guy shouldn't be seeing his sister's boobs."

Stacey giggled. "I know, but admit it -- you seeing that photo opened a Pandora's Box, didn't it?"

"I guess... sort of." he conceded.

"So what are we going to do about it?" she asked.

"Nothing -- that's what we're going to do!" he told her, his voice more emphatic.

Stacey thought the situation over for a moment before she spoke. "Can I admit something to you?"

"Sure. What?"

Stacey drew in a deep breath and collected her thoughts. "You're my brother, and I love you..."

"I love you too." he replied.

"Please, let me finish... this isn't easy for me."

Josh saw the serious look on his sister's face and grew concerned.

"I love you, Josh, but sometimes that emotion, that love I feel, hasn't always been what it should be. It hasn't always been pure or innocent." she confessed.

"What do you mean?" he asked, confused by her statement.

Stacey sighed. "My feelings for you are sometimes beyond what a sister should feel for her brother."

Josh was stunned by his sister's admission, and although he was quite sure he understood what she was getting at he still couldn't believe it. Yet it encouraged him and helped to assuage his guilt.

"You mean you're attracted to me like you are other guys?"

Stacey nodded. "Yea... and when I found out that you'd seen that photo, part of me hoped you'd feel the same -- even a little. I didn't mean for you to see it, Josh, I swear. Nicole took three or four like that. I thought I got them all before I came over."

Josh let his sister's words sink in while he grappled with his own emotions. It was a welcome relief for him to know Stacey felt the same, but he still felt that it was wrong and probably detrimental to their relationship in the long term. She was still holding him by the waist and having her breasts pressed to him was not helping him to think straight. Without realizing it he was staring at her chest as he thought.

Stacey was aware of where her brother's eyes were and it encouraged and excited her. She could feel her wetness beginning to soak her panties. She moved slightly, straightening her back to stick her chest out, not daring to speak and risk interrupt his leering.

"I don't know what to say." he finally said, his eyes meeting hers.

"How about that you feel the same?" she suggested.

Josh let out a nervous laugh and gave a quick glance down towards his hard cock as her thigh rubbed over it then back to her face. "You've probably already guessed that."

"I still want to hear it though."

"Stace, I think you're as sexy as hell, and if you weren't my sister I'd probably be tearing your clothes off right now, but I don't want us to rush into something we'll regret."

Stacey gave her brother an understanding nod. "I've thought about this a lot of times over the years though."

"Really?" he exclaimed.

"Sure. Be honest, hasn't it ever crossed your mind?" she prodded.

Josh furrowed his brow and twisted his mouth. "Maybe a few times..."

Stacey laughed. "Maybe more than a few I bet."

Josh couldn't help but chuckle. "Okay, but you're my little sister. I hated myself for having those thoughts."

"Do you still think I'm little after seeing that photo?" she joked as she twisted her shoulders causing her breasts to shake.

Josh let out a laugh at his sister's display, even though he found it very sexy. "No, you're definitely stacked!"

Stacey giggled and her eyes fell to her chest.

"How about we eat the pizza before it gets cold." he suggested, hoping to let the conversation die.

"Okay." she said, stepping away from him.

Josh cut the pizza and placed slices on plates for each of them. Stacey picked up a plate and went into the living room. Josh followed and sat down next to her on the sofa.

The siblings ate in silence for a few minutes while each contemplated the ramifications of what had just taken place and their conversation. Both were happy with the turn of events, but each was waiting for the other to make the next move.

"This isn't bad pizza." she said as she finished her slice.

Josh nodded as he chewed, then took a gulp of beer. "Yeah... I was hungry too."

Stacey went to the kitchen for another slice. Josh watched her walk back towards him, his eyes moving up her legs to her ass. He turned his head towards her as she sat down, watching her skirt slide up her thigh as she crossed her legs. She caught him looking and gave him a knowing smile.

"You've got nice legs." he told her.

"Really?" she replied, almost choking on a piece of green pepper.

"Really."

"I always wished I was taller so they'd be longer." she said.

"They're fine just the way they are." her brother assured her.

Stacey smiled, pleased by his compliment, and even happier that he felt comfortable enough to tell her such things.

"Guys never notice my legs," she said "they're always too busy looking at my boobs."

Josh laughed. "Well, I can't blame them."

Josh nodded as he swallowed a mouthful of pizza. "Of course. I mean, it's impossible not to in some of those tops you wear."

Stacey gave her brother a devilish smile. "Sometimes I like showing them off a little."

"Oh...?" he prodded.

Stacey took a drink of her cooler and placed her plate with the pizza crust on the coffee table next to the bottle. She brought her knees up on the couch and leaned back facing Josh.

"I have this tank top that when I bend over you can almost see my nipples," she told him "sometimes I like to wear it when I go to the mall and tease the cute clerks."

Josh was surprised by his sister's revelation and couldn't help but laugh. "Lucky guys...!"

"Not only guys." she revealed.

Josh raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Girls too?"

Josh mulled his sister's disclosure over, excited by the thought of her having sex with another girl and eager to hear more. He finished his beer and placed the empty bottle down next to his plate.

"You mean you and Nicole mess around?" he asked, turning to face her.

"Sometimes," she said "we had to be careful during our trip though because Meagan was there too."

Josh looked into his sister's face as images of her being felt-up by another girl filled his head.

"That's every guy's fantasy, two girls messing-around, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yeah, it is." he replied.

Stacey slid closer to her brother as she smirked. "I bet you'd love to be a fly on the wall when Nicole and I get together."

"What guy wouldn't!" he declared.

Stacey let out a loud laugh. "She's got nice boobs. You'd like them."

"As big as yours?" he asked.

"Almost." she tittered.

Josh grinned and cast his eyes down to his sister's chest.

"I have some of her topless too from our trip. I'll show them to you when you're over on Thursday night if you promise to never breathe a word about it to anyone." she offered.

"Thursday night?" he asked.

"Ya... it's dad's birthday. Don't tell me you forgot!"

"Oh shit," Josh exclaimed "I did. Thank god you reminded me!"

Stacey laughed at her brother's reaction. "Mom's having a party for him starting around seven."

"I remember now, but damn, I'd forgotten all about it. Thanks for reminding me."

"No problem," she said "anyway... do you want to see the photos of Nicole?"

"Sure, I'd love to," he told her "but are you sure it's okay? Wouldn't she be pissed if she knew?"

Stacey shrugged. "She won't know. Besides, she probably wouldn't mind. She thinks you're hot."

"Really?" Josh said, his voice filled with surprise.

"All my friends who've met you do," she said "she's asked if I've ever seen you naked, or if we've ever fooled around."

Once again his sister had stunned Josh and he knew it must have shown on his face. "You're not going to tell her about what happened tonight are you?"

"No," she promised "besides there's not really much to tell."

"I guess not." he concluded.

Stacey thought for a moment and Josh noticed her pensive look.

"Unless..."

"Unless what?" he asked, curious and somewhat nervous.

"Unless something were to happen..." her mouth formed into an impish grin.

"Stace..."

"Come on, Josh... I've seen how you've been looking at me. Want to have a feel?" she straightened her back and pushed her breasts out towards him.

Josh's eyes went to his sister's chest without him realizing it at first. He stared at them pushing out against her top and his cock throbbed. He wanted desperately to feel her but was hesitant.

"Of course I do, but..."

Instead of waiting for her brother to elaborate or explain Stacey reached out and took hold of his right hand. She placed it on her left breast. She held it there firmly as she studied his expression. Her nipple swelled and she began to move her brother's hand in a slow circular motion. Soon his fingers gripped her and he began squeezing, molding her flesh in his hand. She shuddered and removed her hand from his, still watching him intently as he felt her. Then a few seconds later he withdrew his hand and gave her a guilty look.

"You didn't have to stop." she told him.

"I didn't want things to get out of control." he explained.

"Did you like it though -- did it feel good?" she asked.

Josh guffawed. "Are you kidding?"

Stacey looked up into her brother's eyes. "Tell me something..."

"What?"

"Are you hard?" she asked.

Josh grinned "What do you think?"

"I just had to know for sure," she said "I thought maybe you stopped because you didn't like it."

"No way." he assured her.

Stacey gave her brother a relieved smile as he stared at her.

"You can feel them...it's okay, Josh."

"Absolutely," she told him "I've thought about something like this happening plenty of times. Haven't you?"

"Yeah... a couple of times." he admitted.

Stacey gave an incredulous laugh. "More than a couple I bet."

"Okay, more than a couple." he conceded.

"Like when?" she prodded.

"Like last month when I was over for Dave's birthday party." he confessed.

"Oh really..."

Josh laughed at her reaction. "That dress you had on... you looked like you were going to burst out of it any minute."

Stacey giggled. "I told you I like to show them off sometimes."

"But you weren't at the mall." he observed, almost as a question.

"I know," she said "but it was Dave's birthday and I wanted to make it extra special for him."

Josh gave his sister a surprised stare. "What?"

"After mom and dad went to bed I let him have a feel." she disclosed.

Josh inhaled deeply as he digested her admission. "You guys fool around?"

Stacey gave her head a quick shake. "No, but he's always looking at them when he thinks I don't notice, so I thought I'd give him a thrill for his eighteenth birthday."

"What happened?"

"I let him feel them, just through my dress though, sort of like you just did." she told him.

"Wow...," Josh breathed "that's all?"

Stacey gave her brother a guilty look and tilted her head down. "Not quite..."

"What else?" he asked.

"I gave him a hand-job..." her voice was faint and she was nervous about Josh's reaction.

Josh surprised his sister by letting out a sharp laugh.

"You don't think it's sick?" she asked, hoping to be reassured.

"No, actually I think it's sort of sweet in a perverted kind of way. I wish someone had've done that for me when I turned eighteen."

"Too bad we don't have an older sister." she joked.

"What else has happened between you guys?" he asked.

"Nothing. That's been the only time I've let him feel me, or I've felt him," she said "but since then he's tried to. A few nights ago he grabbed my boob when we were watching Leno after mom and dad went to bed."

Josh laughed. "You've created a monster."

"I know," she agreed "and I'm not sure what to do."

"What do you want to do?" he asked, suddenly sounding serious.

Stacey sighed as she thought about the question. "I'm not sure. If it were you I'd know for sure, but with Dave I don't know."

His sister's reply made Josh uneasy and he cleared his throat. "Better not do anything then."

"I know," she said, her lips formed into a saucy grin "but it's tempting. You want to know something?"

"What?" her brother asked, intrigued by what other revelations his sister might have.

"That night... while I was, ahh... stroking him... I wondered if you were as big as he is."

"Oh..." he grunted, not sure how to reply.

"Earlier, in the kitchen when I could feel it against my leg I thought about Dave and wished I could do that to you. I bet you're bigger."

Josh blushed and laughed to himself, but kept silent. Then he noticed the eager look of anticipation on his sister's face.

"What? How would I know? I've never seen Dave's cock."

Stacey let out a deep laugh. "I know... I'm just curious."

"Well, you'll just have to be curious." he said, trying to sound good-natured.

Stacey pouted and folded her arms, causing her breasts to be pushed together and upwards. Josh stared and she never moved, posing for him.

"How would you like a look at them in the flesh, so to speak." she offered, her fingers gripping the bottom of her t-shirt, ready to lift it up for him.

Josh stared at the curve of his sister's breasts straining her top. Her nipples were slightly hard and he recalled how tempting they looked in the photo.

"I think we've done enough for tonight. We have to get used to this... see how we both feel about it the next time we're around each-other. Besides, that will be at dad's party and I don't want it to be tense or weird with us."

"I guess you're right. But just so you know, I'm not going to regret tonight or feel weird about it." she reassured him.

"I hope not," he said "me either."

Stacey stared at her brother and gave him a relieved smile, then leaned into him and threw her arms around his shoulders.

"I love you so much, Josh!"

Josh was taken aback but put his arm around his sister's waist. He felt her breasts pressed into him and was tempted to move his hand up her front. Instead, he slid one under her t-shirt up her back. She held him tighter as she felt his hand on her bare skin.

"I love you too, Stace." he told her as he stroked her bare back.

Stacey pulled away from her brother but left her hands on his shoulders. He was still gently caressing her back. She looked down and saw that her shirt had been pulled up almost to her bra as his hand moved up under it and she grinned at him.

"Oops..." he said and tugged her t-shirt back down.

"It's okay... besides, I have a bra on."

"I know." he replied.

Stacey looked at her watch and realized it was getting late. She hadn't planned on staying as long as she had at her brother's but now she didn't want to leave.

"I should be getting home before mom and dad worry." she told him.

"I guess..." he replied.

Stacey arched her back and smiled. "Sure you don't want a peek under the t-shirt before I go?"

"I better not." he said, reluctance showing in his voice.

"I'm wearing a bra. It's not like in the photo." she reminded him, hoping to change his mind.

"Well... I guess a peek wouldn't hurt." he said in almost a childish tone.

Stacey laughed. She found her brother's playfulness sexy and her pussy responded. She threw her right leg over his lap and straddled him, steadying herself on his shoulders. Her chest was now inches away from his face.

"Go ahead... pull it up." she encouraged him, holding his shoulders and leaning closer.

Josh took the bottom of his sister's t-shirt in both hands and began to slowly pull it up, revealing her torso bit by bit. He smiled broadly as the bottom of her bra was exposed, and then the cups. He pulled it up

the rest of the way, almost to her chin. It was white, with lace covering the top half of the cups and a silky material at the bottom half. He stared at the orbs of his sister's breasts. They were round and overflowed at the tops of the cups leaving almost half of them uncovered. Through the lace he saw the distinct hue of her dark areolas and knew that less than an inch lower, covered by the silk, were her hard nipples. They were clearly outlined through the thin material and he wanted to trace his fingers over them.

"See... you can't see much." she commented.

Josh stared, his eyes locked on his sister's chest. "I can almost see your nipples through the lace."

"Almost?" she questioned.

Josh grinned. "I can see some of the brown-around."

"Just enough to tease you, huh? They're darker than normal because of my tan."

Josh nodded as he licked his lips.

Stacey reached down and pulled her skirt further up then lowered herself onto her brother. She inched forward until she felt his erection poking against her panties. She knew she was so wet he could easily slide into her with one deep thrust. She moved her hips in a small circle.

Josh was getting more turned-on than he had expected, and he knew that if he didn't say something he and his sister would end up doing something they might regret. He looked at her face, enthralled by how aroused she looked. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were nearly shut as she slowly swayed her hips.

"We better stop," he said as he pulled her t-shirt back down.

Stacey opened her eyes and frowned.

"I don't want to either," he assured her "but let's give it a little time so we both are sure about this, okay."

"Okay," she agreed as she climbed off her brother's lap.

Josh stared at the wall and thought while Stacey went to the phone to call a cab.

"I'll still see you Thursday night though?" she asked as she stood by the door.

"Of course," he said "don't worry."

Stacey gave her brother a wide smile then pulled him to her and kissed his mouth. Josh was unprepared for this and without thinking he responded, kissing her and sucking on her bottom lip.

"Wow...!" she exclaimed as she broke their embrace.

Josh licked his lips and smiled.

"I'll see you Thursday night." she said as she opened the door to leave.

"For sure." he promised.

Josh was glad that it would be the better part of a week before he would see his sister again. He knew that he wanted them to move further towards the forbidden, and that Stacey did as well, but he wanted to be sure that them becoming more intimate wouldn't destroy their relationship.

Once Thursday arrived Stacey was nervous with anticipation, as well as a good amount of sexual frustration. She knew that she and Josh would not get any time alone with their parents and brother around, but she was eager to tease him as much as she could. She decided to wear a knee-length skirt and a cardigan sweater, but no bra. Once she had gotten dressed she examined herself in the mirror. Her bare nipples rubbing over the soft cotton of the sweater made them stiffen and swell. She smiled to herself when she saw the effect in the mirror. By the time she heard the voices of her parents welcoming Josh she was already wet.

"How have you been? How's work? Are you sure you're eating well?"

Stacey heard her mother interrogating Josh as she descended the stairs and laughed to herself. She slipped into the living room as quietly as she could and sat in a chair opposite Josh. He was wearing a white shirt and tan pants, and Stacey was eager for him to stand up so she could see how he looked in them. She crossed her legs and tried to distract her mind from the pressure on her clit her thighs caused.

"Your father didn't want me to go to any trouble for his birthday, but I made a roast because I know that's his favorite." Mrs. MacKinnon informed Josh.

"That sounds great," Josh said "I'm starved."

"How about a beer before supper?"

"That sounds good, thanks dad." Josh told his father.

Stacey sat quietly observing Josh until it was time to eat. Several times their eyes met and they exchanged smiles. Once their mother announced that dinner was ready Stacey lagged behind somewhat, following behind Josh. Once everyone had turned to enter the dining room she reached out and gave his ass a quick squeeze. He stopped in his tracks and turned to give her a scolding glare, then laughed.

Josh sat across the table from his sister, which allowed him to glance up at her from his plate occasionally. He was sure she was not wearing a bra judging from how her breasts appeared, their curve obvious through her tight sweater. Several times he was sure he also noticed Dave staring at their sister as he sat to the right of Josh. It was all Josh could do not to smirk, knowing the history behind his brother and sister.

"I'll throw these dishes into the dishwasher," Mrs. MacKinnon said once everyone had eaten "then join you guys in the living room later."

"Mom, let me help, please." Stacey pleaded.

"If you want. Grab some plates and things." her mother said as she went towards the dishwasher.

Josh followed his father into the living room and sat down on the sofa next to him. A few minutes later David joined them and sat in a chair adjacent to the sofa, not making much conversation.

"Well, happy birthday, Dad! I hope you have many more."

"Thank-you. Would you like another beer? Two is usually my limit, but what the hell -- it's my birthday!"

"Just getting me and dad a beer." he told his sister as he entered the kitchen.

Stacey was loading the dishwasher and he noticed how tempting her ass looked as she bent over. She turned and smiled, gesturing behind him with her head. Josh turned to see his mother in the dining room folding the tablecloth. He opened the fridge door and withdrew two bottles of beer then turned around. Stacey was less than a foot from him.

"Meet me upstairs." she told him in nearly a whisper.

Josh nodded then returned to the living room. About ten minutes later he saw Stacey walk through the downstairs hall and go upstairs. Josh sipped his beer and waited another five minutes.

"Time for me to go get rid of that first beer," he told his father and Dave
"I'll be back in a bit."

When Josh passed his sister's bedroom he noticed her from the corner of his eye and stopped. She beckoned him in with her hand.

"We have to behave, Stace. Everyone's down there." he told her.

"I know," she said "but I have something for you."

Stacey went to her computer desk. She lifted up her keyboard and reached under it then turned back to her brother with her hand extended. "Here... I promised you these."

Josh looked down and saw three photos in his sister's hand. He took them from her and his jaw dropped. The first showed her from the waist up, topless and smiling. Josh flipped to the next and his cock swelled. That photo was also of his sister topless, but she was cupping her breasts in her hands, forming them into fleshy globes. Josh looked up at his sister in amazement then looked at the last one. It was again of her topless, sitting on a table. In all three her nipples were rock hard and she had a seductive smile on her face as she posed.

"Holy shit..." Josh said in a hoarse voice, looking up at his sister.

"Like them?" she asked.

"God, you look so hot, Stace!"

"Thanks," she said "put them in your pocket and make sure no one ever sees them. I don't want them around here anyway."

"Yeah," Josh agreed "if mom found them she'd flip."

"Nevermind mom," Stacey laughed "if Dave found them he'd probably put them on the Internet or hurt himself jerking-off to them."

Josh laughed aloud as he slipped the photos into his trouser pocket.

"How do I look today?" Stacey asked, placing her hands on her hips and sticking her chest out.

"Too good." he told her.

"I felt like teasing you a little."

"Yeah, well you're going to have Dave following you around too." he joked.

Stacey smiled. "He already grabbed my boob as soon as mom went into the diningroom."

"What did you do?" Josh asked, chuckling to himself.

"I told him maybe I'd let him have a feel after they went to bed."

"Are you going to?" Josh asked.

"I might," she said "I'm feeling pretty naughty today. I'd rather it be you though."

Josh stepped towards his sister. He took hold of her hips and pulled her closer, then ran his hands up her body. He cupped her breasts in his hands, squeezing them then brushing his fingers over her hard nipples through her sweater. Stacey moaned and clutched him by the waist. Then a few moments later he stepped back.

"I should get back down before they wonder where we are." he said.

Stacey nodded. "I suppose."

Josh hurried back down to the livingroom. His mother had joined his father on the sofa and they and David were talking. It wasn't long before Stacey returned from upstairs and sat down opposite Josh. He made an effort not to stare at her and interjected himself into the conversation.

"So who wants birthday cake?" Mrs. MacKinnon asked about a half hour later.

"I don't know, mom, I'm stuffed." Stacey replied.

"Just a little piece. It's your father's birthday so we have to cut the cake and sing. I have it all ready in the diningroom."

Josh followed the rest of the family as they gathered around the diningroom table while his mother lit the candles on the cake. They all

sang Happy Birthday, then Mr. MacKinnon began cutting pieces for them all.

"This really is good, mom!" David exclaimed.

Josh stood off to one side eating his piece of cake when he felt his sister brush against him. Her breast rubbed over his arm and she gave him a seductive smile. He grinned and ran his eyes over her. He enjoyed sharing a forbidden secret with her.

For the rest of his visit Josh was unable to get any time alone with his sister. He wished that he could, but also realized that maybe it was for the best considering his parents and brother were around. As he was leaving she gave him a lengthy hug, making sure her thigh was pressed against his cock as she felt it stiffen.

The next evening Josh was looking over some paperwork he had brought home for his job when the buzzer to his door sounded. The noise startled him and he wondered who it could be as he rang them in. As he poked his head out and looked down the hall he saw Stacey walking towards him. She had on a light blue dress and he noticed her breasts bounce as she walked.

"Hi." he said, surprised to see his sister, but happy.

Stacey entered his apartment and waited for him to close the door behind them. "I forgot to give you something." she told him.

"What?"

Stacey reached in her purse and brought out a half-dozen photographs. "Those photos of Nicole." she said, handing them to him.

"Oh." he said and immediately began flipping through them.

Stacey stood beside her brother, looking over his shoulder as he viewed the photos. She rested her hand on his shoulder and made sure her chest was pressed to his back.

"So, what do you think of her?" she asked.

"She's pretty."

"I told you she had nice boobs..."

Josh laughed. "They're not as big as yours though."

"I'm not wearing a bra." she whispered into his ear.

Josh turned to face his sister. Her dress had a row of buttons down the front, although she had left the top few undone. He followed the narrow strip of her exposed upper chest down to the swell of her breasts pushing out from her dress.

"Prove it." he dared her.

Stacey gave him a sexy smile as she slowly began unbuttoning her dress. She stopped once it was undone as far as her waist then pulled it open wide, showing her brother her bare chest. Her tanned skin was smooth and Josh's eyes went to her hard brown nipples.

"Believe me now?"

Josh nodded as he licked his lips.

"Come here." she said, tugging him by the hand towards the couch.

Stacey sat down and pulled her dress off her shoulders and down until it was gathered around her waist. Josh sat next to her, silently staring at her half naked body.

"I let Dave have a quick feel before I came over. It's your turn now." she said with a laugh.

Josh slid closer to his sister and ran his hands up to her breasts. He cupped them in his hands and began squeezing. He leaned down and flicked his tongue over her right nipple, then pinched it between his lips. Stacey moaned and her hand went to the back of his head, urging him.

"What did Dave to?" has asked, pinching her nipples.

"I was in my room getting ready to come over here and he came in. At first he just watched me while I did my hair, then he slid his hand inside my dress. I hadn't buttoned it up all the way yet. He started rubbing my boob and squeezing it."

"What did you do?" he asked.

"I let him," she replied with a chuckle "I was already kind of horny thinking about coming over here and what might happen, so I liked it."

Josh was busy playing with his sister's breasts, but hearing her talk about what had happened with their younger brother excited him even more.

"How far did you let him go?"

"He pulled my dress open and started licking my nipple and sucking on it."

Josh began sucking on his sister's right nipple while he rubbed and kneaded her left breast. He ran his left hand up her bare back. Her skin was soft and hot and he wanted to feel her entire body.

"Are you going to let him do more when you get home?"

"I might," she said "depending on when mom and dad go to bed. Dad gave me a funny look as I was leaving so I don't want to make him suspicious."

"A funny look -- like how?" Josh asked, bringing his mouth away from her and looking up.

"My dress was buttoned by then, but I know my nipples were hard as rocks. He kept staring at them the whole time I told him where I was going."

"Next he'll want to feel them like me and Dave." Josh joked.

"He already has."

"What?" he exclaimed.

"Not like you think -- I never let him. But a few times when he's hugged me his hand has brushed over them."

"Are you sure it wasn't an accident?" he enquired.

Stacey gave her head a shake. "No, once or twice he gave one of them a squeeze."

"Holy shit." he hissed.

"I know," she agreed "it shocked me."

"Is that all? I mean, would you actually let him feel them sometime?"

"Maybe." she grinned.

Josh let his sister's revelation sink in while he contemplated on it. His hands were resting on her waist, just above her hips.

Stacey gave her brother a worried look. "You're not mad or anything, are you?"

"No, just surprised that dad would dare do that."

"Good," she said "I wouldn't want you mad at him because if it. I don't care."

Josh nodded.

"Besides, I don't know if he'd really dare try anything too bold."

"Grabbing your boob is pretty bold." he reminded her.

"I know," she replied "but so far mostly all he's done is look."

Josh ran his hand up and over Stacey's right breast, drawing his fingertip around her nipple. "Has he ever seen them?"

"Not like this." she replied, then grinned.

"But..."

"He's seen me in a bra with no top a couple of times, and other things that sort of show them off."

Josh put his right arm around his sister and pulled her to him so she was leaning on his chest. He caressed her back as he massaged her breast.

"When did he see you in just a bra?"

"About a month ago," she told him "I was changing to go out and he and mom were downstairs. My door was open because all I wanted to do was put on a blouse real quick. When I turned from my closet I saw him standing there. I guess he was going to the bathroom."

"What did you do?" Josh prodded.

"Nothing -- just stood there. I figured I may as well give him a good look. He asked me where I was going, but I knew it was just an excuse to take a longer look at me."

"What else has he done?"

"A couple of days later was the time he gave one of them a squeeze when he hugged me."

Stacey saw the look in her brother's eyes as she spoke and surmised that he enjoyed hearing about their father's and brother's encounters with her. She slid her hand up his thigh and gave his cock a gentle squeeze. He was rock hard and she began to rub him through his jeans.

Josh parted his legs and maneuvered to give her better access to his crotch while he continued to play with her breasts.

"Let me see it." she said.

Josh gave his sister an unsure look, but before he could reply she was crouched on the couch, tugging at his zipper. He lifted up and allowed her to pull his jeans and underwear down. Stacey let out a moan as her brother's cock was exposed. She was pleased to discover that he was even bigger than their brother, and her hand immediately went towards it. She grasped the base of his shaft and began to stroke it in a long slow motion. She rubbed her thumb around the head, spreading pre-cum around and making it glisten.

"Your cock is so nice." she told him as she continued to stroke it.

"As big as Dave's?"

"Bigger... thicker." she informed him.

Josh leaned back and gently thrust his hips up to meet her hand as he rubbed her back. Her breasts swayed as she leaned over him and his eyes never left them. Stacey slid off of the couch and knelt between her brother's legs. Her mouth opened wide and she wrapped her lips around his twitching shaft and lowered her head. Josh moaned as his cock pushed towards the back of his sister's throat.

"have you ever done this to Dave?"

Stacey raised her head and looked up at her brother. "No."

"Do you want to?"

"Yes... eventually," she said, her hand moving up and down over his slick cock "but I want to tease him some more."

Josh reached out and placed his hand on his sister's head and eased it down back towards his cock. Her mouth was hot and wet as her lips slid up it. She sucked harder and began bobbing her head faster as his moans grew louder. Soon he cried out and Stacey quickly brought her mouth off of him. He gave his cock a hard squeeze and stroked it as she

aimed it at her breasts. She looked down and watched as he pumped three blasts of hot cum over her. It ran down towards her nipples and she spread it around with her hand.

"Oh, god... that felt great." Josh sighed as he breathed hard.

Stacey got back on the couch and rested her head on his arm. Josh looked at her breasts, shiny with his cum and smiled.

"I better wash them off first if I'm going to let Dave play with them later." she joked.

"Or dad..."

"You like the thought of that, don't you?" she asked.

"Sure, don't you?"

"Yes, but I was afraid to admit it to you because I thought you'd disapprove."

Josh kissed his sister's forehead and rubbed her back. "I think what you've done with Dave is hot, and it would be if it happened with dad too."

"Well, I don't know about dad. We'll see."

Stacey began pulling her dress back up and buttoning it. She saw the disappointed look on her brother's face.

"I should be getting home soon." she explained.

"I know. I wish you didn't have to though."

"I can come over tomorrow night if you want." she offered.

"Of course I want!" Josh pulled his jeans back up and stood up.

"Good," she replied as she stood up "but I have classes tomorrow so I should be getting back."

"Besides, Dave is probably anxious to see you."

Stacey laughed as she pulled her purse strap over her shoulder. "I'm so horny right now I may jump him as soon as I get home."

"I'm sorry," he apologized "you must think I'm so selfish."

"No, it's okay. I loved making you cum. There'll be other times."

Josh followed his sister to the door, but before she could open it he turned her around and pushed her back against it. He reached down and slid his hand up her right thigh until he was cupping her wet pussy in his hand. Her panties were damp. She clutched his shoulders and moaned as he pressed his thumb to her swollen clit. He pulled her panties aside and slid his fingers over her wet lips, pressing harder on her clit as he rubbed it in a circle. He could feel his sister's juice run down his fingers as he slipped one in her. She was tight and hot. Pressing himself against her Josh began to pump his finger in and out of her drenched pussy, then he slipped it out and resumed rubbing her clit. Her breathing was rapid and within minutes she cried out, digging her fingers into his shoulders as she had an orgasm, then another.

"God... you made me cum so hard." she panted.

Josh gave his sister a kiss on the cheek. "Good."

"I love you." she told him, then left.

Josh hurried home from work the next day. He ate a light supper then had a shower. His cock was already hard and ready even before the buzzer to his door sounded. He looked down the hall and a smile formed on his face as he saw his sister approaching.

Stacey brushed past him and dropped her purse on the couch. She was wearing a blue mini skirt and a red tank top.

"How was your day?" he asked.

"Too long. Yours?"

"The same. I thought tonight would never get here." he told her.

Stacey sat on the arm of the sofa facing her brother. She parted her legs slightly and smiled. He walked over and stood between her knees, placing his hands on her hips.

"So... are you wearing a bra tonight?"

Stacey gave her brother an enigmatic smile. "Maybe... maybe not."

"Maybe I should check..."

"If you want." she teased. She placed her hands on either side of her on the sofa and waited.

Josh hooked his index finger in the neckline of his sister's top and pulled it away from her. He leaned over her and peered inside. He was surprised to discover that she was in-fact wearing a bra. It was a dark blue and cut deep between the cups. Her breasts were pushed up into two round firm orbs.

"Yes, it's sexy. But I like what it's holding even better."

Stacey smiled. "It's the one I was wearing when dad saw me in my room changing. I thought you might like it on me too."

Josh held his sister by the hips and slowly rubbed them. "What happened when you got home last night?"

Stacey was amused by her brother's eagerness to hear her recount her ribald tales, but it also excited her.

"Mom was still up, watching the news. I went upstairs to wash myself and change. I decided to fool around with Dave later if he tried anything so I put on a blouse and a skirt."

"No bra?" Josh asked.

"No. No panties either. So I went back down and watched tv with mom till she went to bed. Dave came down later -- I guess he was in his room. I thought at first he wasn't going to try anything, but after a while he put his hand on my boob, you know, squeezing it and stuff."

"What did you do?"

"Let him, of course."

"Then what?"

"He started tugging at the buttons of my blouse, trying to undo it, so I helped him. It was the first time he'd seen my tits and I thought he was going to cum right then as he stared at them."

Josh let out a laugh. He slid his hand up his sister's stomach and began squeezing her left breast, feeling her nipple harden. She parted her legs wider and sighed.

"What did he do then?"

"The usual stuff," she said "he played with them and sucked on my nipples."

Josh took the hem of his sister's top in his hands and began to pull it up. She raised her arms as he pulled it off of her then tossed it on the couch. He ran his hands over her sides and up. He cupped her breasts, giving them a firm squeeze.

"What else happened?" he asked.

"That was all," she said "we heard dad get up to use the bathroom and Dave got scared and went to bed."

Josh pulled his sister's bra straps from her shoulders and down her arms as far as he could. Her breasts fell from her bra with a bounce and he held them in his hands, feeling their weight. He brushed his thumbs over her stiff nipples then gave them each a tug.

"You never asked me what happened this morning."

"What?" Josh grunted, looking up at his sister.

"This morning after mom and dad left for work Dave came into my room." she elaborated.

"And..."

Stacey was enjoying prolonging her story as long as she could, knowing it was turning Josh on even more.

"I was still in bed, not quite asleep, and he sat down next to me and started to pull the blanket down."

"What were you wearing?"

"Just panties," she said "but they were still kind of damp from the night before."

"Then what happened?" Josh asked, still rubbing and squeezing handfuls of Stacey's breasts.

"I rolled over on my back and let him pull the blanket down to my waist. Once it got that far I held it, wanting to tease him. But, get this, he was wearing a t-shirt and boxers. I could see his cock sticking up through them, making a big tent. He put his hand on my stomach and moved it up to my boob and started playing with it. So I reached out and gave his balls a squeeze. I almost thought he was going to cum right away so I eased off. He played with my tits for a long time -- maybe fifteen minutes."

"What did you do while he did that?" Josh asked.

"Laid there and enjoyed it," she said with a giggle "then I told him I wanted to see him jerk off."

"Wow... did he?"

"You bet! He pulled his boxers off right away. His cock was pointing up and it looked so good. I told him to kneel down beside me so I could watch. I started to squeeze my tits and play with my nipples. That really got him and he started stroking it. He didn't last long though, but did he ever shoot a lot of cum. It was all over me."

"Like where?"

"Mostly my tits, but some of it hit me in the face. He came so hard!"

Josh could feel his cock throb as he listened to his sister and needed some relief. He reached behind her and unhooked her bra and tossed it on top of her top. He ran his eyes over her, admiring her body. He pinched her nipples between his fingers and tugged at them, watching her areolas form into dark cones.

"What about dad? Did he try anything today?"

"No," she said "I only saw him for a while during supper. I was in a hurry to get over here."

Stacey undid the button on her brother's jeans then unzipped them. She thought for a moment then stood up.

"Come on." she said as she tugged at his hand.

Stacey pulled him into his bedroom and hauled his t-shirt over his head.

"Pants too." she ordered.

Josh sat down on the edge of the bed and pulled his jeans off then looked up at her standing in front of him. She stepped closer and slowly pulled her skirt up. As the hem of her skirt slid up past her thighs Josh saw that she had no panties on. Her hair was trimmed into a narrow

strip leading down to her wet lips. She rubbed her pussy as he watched then spread her lips apart. Her delicate pink skin was wet and glistening. She undid her skirt and let it fall around her ankles. Josh yanked his underwear down and dropped them on the floor. His rigid cock was pointing up towards his sister's sex.

Stacey pushed her brother down on the bed and straddled him. She gripped the base of his shaft and guided the swollen head towards her lips. Easing herself down she moaned as she felt him enter her. He stretched her and she loved feeling filled by him. Leaning over and supporting herself on his chest she began thrusting her hips, feeling her brother's cock move in and out of her. Her breasts swayed above his face and he reached up and held them.

"Oh god, fuck me, Josh." she cried out.

Josh moved his hands down to his sister's hips. He gripped them hard and flipped her off of him and down on her back.

"Is this how you want me?" she asked, opening her legs wide.

"I want you all ways."

"maybe this would be better." she suggested, rolling over and raising her ass up to him.

Josh knelt behind his sister and gave her ass a hard squeeze, then he slapped it. Stacey let out a yelp and looked back at him.

"The last person to spank me was daddy." she said.

"Was this recently?" he joked as he slid two fingers in her soaking pussy.

Stacey moaned as she grabbed fistfuls of the sheet. "No, when I was a little girl."

"Maybe he should do it again." Josh said. His hand landed on his sister's ass once more with a loud smack.

Stacey jumped and felt her clit throb. "Maybe he should. I am a naughty girl."

Josh pushed his cock deep in his sister and began pumping his hips as he held onto hers.

"Oh, yes, fuck me, Josh."

Josh stopped his movements and pulled his cock from Stacey's tight pussy.

"Don't tease me," she begged "fuck me. Please, Josh."

"Turn over." he commanded her.

Stacey rolled over onto her back. She planted her feet flat on the bed and opened her legs as wide as she could, waiting. Josh moved between her thighs and placed his hands on her knees, forcing them further apart.

"Are you going to let Dave fuck you?"

"If you want."

Josh grasped his cock in his hand and rubbed the head over his sister's throbbing clit. She moaned and lifted up to meet him. He gave her clit three quick slaps with his shaft and listened to her moan. He lowered himself down on his sister and pushed his cock in her with one hard thrust. He felt her grip him tight and he began pumping. Stacey lifted up to match his rhythm, clutching his arms. She wrapped her legs around his lower back, pulling him deeper into her. Josh knew he was getting close and it concerned him. He was glad when his sister let out a long moan and her pussy squeezed him tighter as she came. I slid his cock from her and stroked it. It was slippery with her juice and his hand moved over it easily.

"On my tits..." she told him.

nipples. Stacey smiled and smeared it over her, licking the remainder from her fingers.

Feeling spent, Josh collapsed beside his sister on the bed and rolled over to face her. She was still painting her breasts with his seed and he watched.

"That was amazing." she told him.

Josh gave her a pleased smile. "It was. I hope I didn't get too kinky there for a bit though."

Stacey shook her head. "You can get kinky with me if you want."

Josh checked his watch and realized it was getting late. "I suppose you'll have to be getting home in a while."

"Unfortunately."

"Dave's probably wondering where you are." he joked.

Stacey laughed and rolled over and rested her head on her brother's shoulder. "After this I don't know if I could handle Dave tonight."

"You'll find out when you get home, I guess." Josh teased.

"And I'll be sure to tell you all about it." she promised.

Josh pulled his sister to him and kissed her cheek, wondering what sort of encounters with their younger brother were in her future.

Survival of the Fittest

A bead of sweat ran down Scott Blanchard's forehead. He wiped it away before it could reach his left eye and pushed his black hair away from his damp forehead. He unbuttoned the top button of his shirt so he could loosen his necktie. It wasn't quite eleven o'clock and already it was over eighty degrees. Scott tugged his suit jacket off and tossed it through the open window on to the passenger seat of his black Volkswagen Jetta. He turned to his left and watched the amber digital numbers on the gas pump changing as it filled the tank of his car.

"Hey, do you know how to get to Grant Bradshaw's house?" Scott turned towards the man in the grey overalls with blue pinstripes cleaning his windshield. He had short salt and pepper hair and wore glasses with square, dark brown frames. Sewn to the upper left side of his overalls was an oval patch with OWEN embroidered in bright yellow thread on a white background with a red border.

"It's about three miles away," the man in the overalls told Scott. "Just keep going in the direction you were; you can't miss it. It's on the left, and the only place 'round here with a barn that's half burnt to a crisp."

Scott gave Owen a thin smile. He nodded. "Thanks. I shouldn't have any trouble finding it then."

Owen dropped the squeegee into a pail of murky brown water on the pump island and cast his narrowed brown eyes towards Scott suspiciously. "You a friend of Grant's?" he asked.

"No. I'm an insurance adjuster." Scott knew that the gas attendant's question was his way of probing him for information, but tried his best to sound friendly, without divulging more than he had to.

"I see. You must be here about his barn then," Owen said. "That was an awful thunderstorm we had. I heard it when it hit Grant's barn. I live just down the road from him. Made a hell of a crack, it did. I knew it musta hit someone's house or barn -- maybe a tree if they was lucky." The gas pump clicked off and he turned and pulled the nozzle from Scott's car. "I hope the insurance is gonna pay out on this. Grant didn't just lose his barn; he lost his tractor and a bunch of other stuff too."

Scott pulled his credit card from his wallet. "That's why I'm here," he said. "To look over Mr. Bradshaw's barn and settle his claim."

"Uh-huh... well, you can ask anyone around here -- they'll all tell you you won't find anyone in Knox County who's more honest than Grant," Owen said, sounding indignant. "He served with me in Korea. The guy's like a brother to me. They'll also tell you that storm was the worst folks has seen around here in years. You talk to Edith Baldwin; she lives across the road from Grant. She told me she was up that night. She couldn't sleep 'cause of the thunder, and she saw it hit Grant's barn. She'll tell you alright." Once he finished speaking, the man's thin lips grew taut and his eyes locked on Scott's once more.

Before Scott could reply Owen had snatched his credit card from his hand and strode inside to ring in his sale. Scott leaned against the side of his car, waiting for his credit card to be returned.

The air coming through the open windows of his car cooled Scott off as he drove along the narrow street running through downtown McAllister. His meeting with Grant Bradshaw wasn't until two that afternoon. That left Scott with plenty of time to get something to eat. He mentally scolded himself for having left Columbus so early. But until two days ago he had never heard of the town of McAllister and had wanted to give himself enough travel time so he would not have to risk getting a speeding ticket. Now he had almost three hours to kill. Still, that was preferable to being late for a meeting with a client. And Grant Bradshaw was an important client. This was the first insurance claim he had ever filed in twenty years and Scott expected it to be a routine interview and inspection, followed by him releasing a cheque to Mr. Bradshaw.

When Scott saw the diner to his left with the sandwich board on the sidewalk advertising lunch specials he slowed down. There were several parking spots available across the street from the diner and he pulled in to one of them. He pressed the button on the side of the door to close the windows, then stepped out of the car and locked it. Scott dashed across the street towards the front door of the eatery. Painted on the window of the door in navy blue lettering was BAXTER'S RESTAURANT. Below that were their business hours. He pulled the door open and stepped inside.

Scott found an unoccupied table towards the middle of the small restaurant -- far enough from the kitchen to avoid the noise and traffic of the staff, and far enough from the front door to escape the sounds and smells of the traffic on the street outside. Scott had a routine when he was working away from the office and his habits when at restaurants were an essential part of it.

Soon after he got settled at his table a waitress approached Scott. She was wearing black slacks and a white blouse. She appeared to be in her mid-twenties. The name tag pinned to her blouse above her left breast indicated that her name was Mary. Her dark blond hair was pulled back and silver hoop earrings dangled from her lobes.

"How are you today?" she said as she placed a menu and a glass of water on the table.

"Fine, thanks," Scott said. "But I won't need a menu. I'd like a clubhouse sandwich with fries and a Coke, please."

"A man who knows what he wants," Mary said with a foxy smile, running her hazel eyes down over Scott. "I like that."

Scott nodded and smiled uncomfortably.

"Are you in town on business?" she asked. Her blue eyes sparkled as they met his.

"Yes, I am," Scott said, nodding slightly.

"I thought so," she replied. "You look too young to be a cop."

Scott laughed. "I'll take that as a compliment."

"What? That you look young, or you don't look like a cop?" she asked, planting the palm of her hand on her right hip.

"Both," he replied. "And I'm an insurance adjuster, actually."

"And not a day over thirty I'd guess." The corners of Mary's mouth curled up as she met his gaze.

"I wish. I passed thirty just over six years ago," he said, frowning a bit.

"I'm dreading turning thirty," Mary said. "But it's a few years off yet, so I'm not worrying."

"More than a few, I bet." Scott smiled into her eyes and noticed how smooth her cheeks were.

"You keep handing out compliments like that and I'll have to be giving you a tip." Mary giggled as her cheeks turned red. "I'm Mary, by-the-way." She thrust her chest out and pointed towards her name tag.

"Nice to meet you," he said, noticing the faint outlines of her nipples pushing out at her taut blouse. "I'm Scott."

"So, you must be here about the fire at Bradshaw's barn then. If you work for an insurance company, that is," she said, her voice growing rapid and clipped.

"I really can't say who our clients are," Scott said. "I hope you understand. But I'm not saying you're wrong either." He shot her a boyish grin.

"I thought so," she said. "That was a huge fire. My uncle's on the volunteer fire department and he said it was about the biggest he's seen in fifteen years."

"It's a good thing no one was hurt," Scott said.

"No, no one, but they lost three barn cats. The poor things couldn't get out in time." Mary's voice faded out and she stared at the floor, looking forlorn, then cleared her throat. "I'll be back with your order in a little while," she said before turning and returning to the kitchen.

A clubhouse sandwich is the one thing that is almost impossible to ruin, and Scott virtually lived on them whenever he was on business trips. He had long ago convinced himself that they were even almost healthy. Or at least less hazardous to his health than eating at fast food burger places. Besides, he genuinely liked them and he had never been served one he considered bad. The one that Mary had brought him was no exception and he ate it quickly.

Scott was poking at one of his back teeth with a mint-flavoured toothpick, trying to dislodge a piece of bacon when Mary returned and posed her question. He looked up at her and smiled awkwardly. After getting her to list the types of pie available, he ordered a piece of banana cream. Scott rarely had desserts when he was on the road, but he was especially hungry and found it hard to resist when Mary asked. She was very pretty and had an enticing air about her which, no doubt, earned her many tips, he thought.

Once he had paid Mary for his meal and left a tip, Scott got back in his car. He began driving north. Keeping in mind the directions that Owen had given him, Scott scanned the oncoming fields and properties to his left for a burned barn. After driving for almost fifteen minutes he came upon what could only be Grant Bradshaw's farm.

Scott drove up the gravel driveway and parked in front of the charred skeleton of what was Mr. Bradshaw's barn. To his left was a spacious two-story white house with a large porch. Sheets and clothes hung from a clothesline between the house and barn, swaying in the afternoon breeze. In back of the house and the remains of the barn was a large pasture with cows grazing in it. Scott picked his briefcase up from the passenger seat and got out of his car. As he was walking towards what used to be the door to the barn he heard the sound of a screen door creaking open, then closing with a bang. Scott turned to his left and saw a man approaching him.

"You must be Mr. Blanchard," a man said.

"Yes, Scott."

"Pleased to meet you, Scott. I'm Grant Bradshaw."

Mr. Bradshaw smiled as he shook Scott's hand. He was tall, with a slight pot-belly. According to the file on him that Scott had in his briefcase, he was fifty-eight. He had a thin, neatly trimmed beard and greyish-blue eyes that peered from behind silver wire-rimmed glasses. His hair was grey, like his beard, and swept back over his nearly-bald head.

"I guess you'll want to take a look at the barn," Grant Bradshaw said.

"Yes," Scott said. "To be perfectly honest, it's really just a formality. We have the report from the chief of the fire department, and there are plenty of witnesses who've said it was lightning that struck your barn. I mainly want to take an inventory of what you lost and get some photographs."

Bradshaw nodded and lead Scott inside the remains of his barn. To his right Scott saw a green John Deere tractor that had been burned almost beyond recognition. It's tires had melted into the charred concrete. Beside the tractor was a disc harrow, a disc cultivator, and four-wheel ATV that Scott thought was once red. Like the tractor, it's tires had melted into the charred cement floor.

"I'll have to get pictures of these things," Scott said. He opened his briefcase and brought out a digital camera.

Grant Bradshaw stepped back, giving Scott room to work. He watched as Scott photographed the farm implements and tools that the fire had destroyed. Once Scott had finished he returned the camera to his briefcase.

"Do you have a list of what's in here?" Scott asked. "Receipts, serial numbers -- that sort of thing."

Bradshaw thought for a moment, then nodded. "Yeah, in the house," he said. "My wife usually takes care of that part of the business, so she'd know better than me where it's all at." He turned to leave the barn, then gestured with his head towards Scott. "Follow me," he said.

Scott stepped outside and stopped. He brought a cell phone from the inside pocket of his suit jacket and looked towards Mr. Bradshaw. "If you don't mind waiting a few minutes," he said. "I have to call the office in Columbus to tell them to release a cheque for you. I've seen all I need to here. All I need are those papers itemizing what was burned."

Grant Bradshaw gave a relieved smile as he watched Scott talking on his phone. Once Scott had finished his conversation Grant lead him to his house. They sat down at the kitchen table where Scott spread out forms and papers that Grant needed to sign. He could smell a roast cooking in the oven to his left and it made his stomach rumble a little.

with white curtains that looked out on the driveway and the road that ran by the house. Mr. Bradshaw disappeared for a few minutes, then returned with a small stack of papers that Scott had requested.

"I just need to get you to sign these, Mr. Bradshaw, so I can take them and the ones you just brought out back to the office with me," Scott said as he gestured at the forms with a pen. "Unless... you wouldn't happen to have a fax machine, would you?"

Grant nodded. "Yes. In the office," he said. "I never learned how to use the damn thing. My wife is the one who understands all that high-tech stuff. I can't even send an email." He smiled and turned towards his left. "Norma -- are you there?" he called out.

Scott could hear the sound of a television coming from the living room. Several seconds later a woman who appeared to be around the same age as Grant entered the kitchen. She was slender, with curly grey hair and alert green eyes. Her thin lips turned into a pleasant smile when she saw Scott.

"Scott, this is my wife, Norma," Mr. Bradshaw said.

"Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Bradshaw," Scott said.

"You too," Norma Bradshaw said. She walked over to her husband to see what he had taken her away from her soap opera for. She nodded, listening as he explained that he needed the forms on the table faxed to

his insurance company and pointed towards the number at the top of one of the pages where she should send it.

Grant smiled as he watched his wife leave the kitchen with the papers in hand. "I'd be lost without her," he said. "I rely on her to do all the paperwork and bookkeeping around here. She's really the brains of the operation."

"I guess it's true -- what they say about behind every successful man," Scott said.

"It sure is in my case," Grant agreed with a nod. "Norma and I have been married thirty-five years and they've been the best of my life."

As Grant spoke the sound of a car entering the yard, then the thud of a car door being shut could be heard. Grant craned his head to his right, looking towards the screen door. A few seconds later it creaked open, then shut with a bang.

Scott looked up from the kitchen table, unable to hide his surprise when he saw Mary enter the kitchen. His eyes grew wide as she smiled at him. She dropped her purse on the table and gave Grant a hug.

"Scott, this is my daughter, Mary," Grant said.

"We already met earlier, Daddy," Mary said. "Scott stopped in at the restaurant. And he's a good tipper!" She giggled as she looked across the table.

"I travel a lot, and I know how hard waitresses work," Scott said.

Mary picked her purse up from the table and took another look at Scott. "Well, I'll let you guys finish your business. I'm going to get changed."

Scott forced his eyes to not follow Mary as she left the kitchen. He had noticed how nice her ass looked with her tight slacks clinging to it, and how her firm breasts pushed out at her blouse and shook as she moved. But the last thing he wanted was for Grant to catch him leering at his daughter.

Grant looked up at the clock on the wall above the table. "It's getting close to supper," he said. "Why don't you join us, Scott?"

"Thanks, but I should be going soon," Scott said.

"Going where?" Grant replied. "You're all finished here, aren't you?"

Scott nodded.

"Well, thank-you, Mr. Bradshaw," Scott said. "That's very kind of you."

"Please, call me Grant. We've finished our business -- there's no need for formality." He got up from the table and went to the fridge. "How about a beer?" he said, holding up a can of Budweiser.

"Thanks, Grant." Scott stood up and took the can from Grant's hand. He popped the tab and took a swallow as he sat back down.

The two men nursed their beer and discussed their work, their lives, and eventually the weather until the time for supper drew close. Scott could hear the muffled sounds of two voices in the living room and concluded that Mary must have come back down from upstairs.

By the time Mrs. Bradshaw had set the table and was mashing potatoes, Scott was quite hungry. As Grant gestured for him to take a seat, Scott noticed Mary join them. She had changed in to a light blue dress and her hair was now loose around her shoulders. She sat down opposite Scott, watching him from the corner of her eye. Her breasts gave a slight bounce as she moved and Scott felt himself growing hard. He lowered his eyes to the plate in front of him, trying to concentrate on anything besides his growing erection.

"I hope everybody's hungry because I cooked a big roast," Mrs. Bradshaw said.

She placed a large bowl of mashed potatoes and a gravy boat on the table, then returned to the counter to begin carving the roast. Once she had finished, she placed a large platter with the meat on the table.

"Dig in, Scott," Grant said as he pushed the platter with the roast towards him.

Scott dropped three slices of meat on his plate and helped himself to two scoops of potato. As he was pouring gravy over his food Mrs. Bradshaw placed a bowl of diced carrots on the table beside the potatoes. Scott smiled at her and dumped a spoonful of carrots on his plate.

"Thank-you again for inviting me to supper," Scott said. "Everything looks so delicious." He turned to give Mrs. Bradshaw a grateful smile.

"You're welcome, Scott," she said. "We don't get many guests, so it's nice to have some company for a change. And the best way you can show your appreciation is to leave the table with a full stomach." Her eyes flickered as she spoke in a soft, almost maternal tone.

"That won't be a problem," Scott said.

Mary waited until her parents had filled their plates then scooped some potato and carrots on to hers. Scott tilted his eyes up from his food, giving her a furtive glance. The centre portion of the roast had gone untouched by Grant and his wife. Scott had avoided those slices as well because they were too rare for his liking. Mary picked up one slice, then

another with a fork and dropped them on her plate. They were pink in the centre and Scott could see ruby-coloured juice run over Mary's plate. He looked away, fearing he might lose his appetite.

As Mrs. Bradshaw had requested, Scott ate until he almost felt bloated. It had been a long day and his hunger had surprised him once he began eating. "That was a wonderful meal. Thank-you again," Scott said once he had finished. He wiped his mouth with a paper napkin and smiled at Mrs. Bradshaw.

"I'm glad that you liked it," she replied, looking pleased.

Grant stifled a belch and pushed himself away from the table. "If you're finished, come join me in the living room, Scott, while Norma and Mary finish up here." He stood up and went to the fridge. "Would you like another beer?" he asked, holding a can out towards Scott.

"Thank-you." Scott took the can of beer from Grant and followed him in to the living room. He sat down in a chair to the left of the sofa where Grant had sat down. He took a sip from the can and let out a contented sigh.

"She's a great cook, isn't she?" Grant remarked, turning towards Scott.

"Excellent," Scott replied. "I haven't had a meal that good in a dog's age."

Grant nodded and turned his attention to the evening news on the television.

The combination of the large meal and the beer made Scott slightly drowsy. He stared at the television, not really paying attention while his host drank his beer on the sofa and watched the news. It was only when Grant spoke some time later that Scott perked-up and felt more awake.

"Where are you staying?" Bradshaw asked, turning towards Scott. "You're not planning on driving back to Columbus tonight, are you?"

"Oh, no, I'm not," Scott said. "I haven't found a place yet though. Is there a motel somewhere around here?"

Grant Bradshaw gave a wary look out the living room window at the darkening sky. "Yup... there's one back that-a-way, about ten miles." He gestured with his thumb towards the south, in the direction from which Scott had come that afternoon. "But your best bet is to stay right here with us tonight."

"Thanks, Mr. Bradshaw. That's very kind of you, but I don't want to inconvenience you and your wife. I can get a motel and drive back in the morning," Scott said. He had always made it a practice to not impose on clients and was not about to break that rule now.

"It's no inconvenience to put you up for one night. Besides, you'll be safer here than out on the road. It'll be dark soon." Bradshaw's eyes grew narrow and his voice became somber as he leaned towards Scott.

"Safer?" Scott said. "Why do you say that?"

Grant Bradshaw gave a sigh and took another drink from his can. He leaned forward, resting his forearms on his thighs and staring at the floor for a few seconds. Then turned his head towards Scott. "Do you believe in the supernatural, Scott? Ghosts, demons... those sort of things that science can't explain and religion often ignores," Mr. Bradshaw asked.

"No, not really," Scott said, his voice faltering a bit in surprise at the question. "I've never seen a ghost or anything like that. Maybe if I saw one I'd change my..."

Before Scott could finish, Bradshaw interrupted him. "Something roams these back roads at night and it's worse than any ghost or demon," he said. "You'd be wise to stay here with us now that dusk is close."

Scott stared incredulously at Mr. Bradshaw. He felt his jaw begin to slacken and closed his mouth tight for a moment. "What... what are you talking about?"

moonlight as it ran off. But last spring it got one of my cattle, and other farmers have lost livestock too. But that's not the worst of it."

From the corner of his eye Scott saw Mary enter the living room. His eyes met the curves of her hips, then moved up to the front of her dress where her breasts rose out from it. "Oh, Daddy, you're not trying to frighten Scott with your scary stories about monsters, are you?" She looked at Scott and rolled her eyes.

"They're not stories, Mary. You know that," her father said curtly. "Remember what happened to that Baldwin kid last winter?"

"What happened?" Scott's wide eyes moved towards Grant. There was trepidation in his voice as he spoke.

"Something got him one night when he was walking home from his girlfriend's," Grant said. "It tore him up pretty good. They only knew it was him from what was left of his clothes and a tattoo he had on his arm." His eyes locked on Scott's as he spoke.

"Something -- like a wolf or a coyote you mean?" Scott asked.

"No wolf can do that to a body," Bradshaw replied in a dour tone. "Besides, the prints they found in the snow weren't from no wolf or coyote."

"What then?" Scott leaned on the arm of his chair. His grip tightened on the beer can in his hand until he felt the aluminum begin to bend.

Grant shrugged. "Folks aren't sure. But they found two sets of prints in the snow -- one belonged to the Baldwin kid, and the other... well, it was human too. Or at least it looked human. 'cept it was barefoot, and looked like it had long nails -- or more like claws."

Scott felt a shudder run up his spine. He had not felt like this since his days in the Boy Scouts when everyone would listen to ghost stories around a campfire at night. "And this is what attacked your cow too?" he asked.

"Attacked it... more like ripped it to shreds, yeah," Grant said. He took a swallow of beer and darted his eyes towards his daughter.

"That's enough, Daddy. You're going to frighten Scott," Mary interjected.

"No, it's okay," Scott assured her. "I haven't heard a good ghost story since I was a kid."

"Weren't no ghost that done that to my cow or that kid," Grant said, glaring at Scott for a moment.

Scott nodded and swallowed hard, avoiding Bradshaw's intense glare. He took a drink of beer and stared blankly at the television. "So, could it have been something like bigfoot?" he asked.

"Maybe so," Grant replied. "Like I said, no one's gotten a good look at it; only at what it's done to people and creatures. And I'm not the only one who's lost cattle 'round here, and that Baldwin boy, he isn't the only person who's met-up with it at night neither."

"Okay, Daddy, now you're beginning to frighten me," Mary snapped. Her face was ashen as she turned towards Scott with a frightened expression. "Daddy's right though, Scott. It probably would be best for you to stay here tonight."

"Alright, thank-you," Scott relented. "I just hate inconveniencing anyone."

"It's no trouble, Scott. The guest room is already made. All you have to do is turn down the blankets and fall to sleep." Grant smiled as he spoke. His voice was gentle now and he seemed relieved that Scott had accepted his invitation.

"I'll show him where the room is," Mary offered and smiled at her father.

Scott placed his nearly empty beer can on a table beside the sofa and followed Mary up the narrow wooden stairs towards the bedrooms.

His eyes focused on the sway of her hips and the curve of her backside as she ascended the stairs then turned the corner at the top.

"It's down here," she said, looking back over her shoulder briefly.

Mary lead Scott in to a small bedroom across the hall from the bathroom. It had hardwood floors and windows facing west and south. She stepped closer to the small bed in a corner and turned to face him. Her eyes brightened as she smiled.

"I hope this will be okay," she softly told him.

"It's perfect," Scott said. "Thanks, Mary."

"I'm glad you decided to stay." Her timid voice was alluring and Scott felt his cock stiffen as he listened to her speak.

"Your father didn't give me much of a choice," he said with a nervous laugh.

Mary moved closer and took hold of his left hand. She gave it a squeeze as her eyes met his. "Well, I'm glad you're staying because I was hoping to get to spend a little time with you after Mom and Dad went to bed," she whispered.

Before he could reply to Mary's comment she had brought his hand up and placed it on her right breast. She pressed down on it, pushing his palm into her firm flesh. "Touch me, Scott," she breathed.

Scott's finger's curled around Mary's firm breast. He squeezed it hard and rubbed his thumb over her stiff nipple. It was thick and rock hard, like his cock was now. Her open mouth met his and they kissed, their tongues darting about, lips pinching and tugging. When Scott felt her cup his balls in her hand and begin to caress his hard shaft through his trousers he reluctantly moved away.

"We... ah... better not," he said. "Your father would kill me if he caught us."

Mary frowned, still stroking his hard cock. "They sleep like logs," she said. "I'll visit you tonight." She pressed her moist lips to his again briefly and sucked on his lower lip. "Now go back down with Daddy."

Scott turned to leave, then stopped. He looked back over his shoulder and said "How come you never told me you were Grant's daughter at the restaurant this morning?" he asked.

Mary gave him an enigmatic smile. "I thought I'd surprise you," she said.

"You did that," he replied.

"I'm full of surprises," she said seductively.

Scott felt very nervous as he rejoined Grant in the living room. He sat down in the chair again and stared at the television. His heart was hammering and he could still feel his hard shaft pushing out at his pants.

"So, will the room be okay?" Grant asked, turning to look at Scott.

"It's great. Thanks again, Grant."

"You're welcome. There was no way I could feel good about letting you leave tonight -- not after all that's happened around here," Grant said with a weak smile.

Scott thought for a little while before replying, then said "How long have these attacks been going on anyway?"

"Most folks think it's been a couple of years, but I think it started long before that. The Shawnee and Chippewa have legends about creatures like this that go back to before white people ever set foot here. Folks had forgotten about it for generations, but never wanted to believe that it could be anything... unexplainable."

"Why do you say that?" Scott's interest was piqued once more.

"Well, people used to find a dead dog that had been tore apart, or some cats in the woods or a field and thought coyotes or a fox got them," Grant said. "Then it started happening to cows -- one or maybe two a year." He paused and let out a heavy sigh. "Then they found Edith Baldwin's son just down the road from here in a field." His eyes met Scott's briefly as his voice faded.

"So, whatever it is, it's hunting bigger game now," Scott concluded.

"Seems so," Grant said.

"Hasn't anyone tried to hunt it?" Scott asked.

"Oh -- they set out bear traps and snares for it. But the god's honest truth, if they were to come right out and say it, is that everyone's scared of it. They talk about wanting to kill it, but most of 'em would piss their pants if they came face to face with it."

Scott let out a quiet laugh. "I guess I can't blame them," he said. "Not after what you told me about what happened."

"I wasn't trying to frighten you, Scott, but I wanted you to realize that I was serious about what I said. Some folks might think all us country folks are backward and superstitious, but they haven't seen what I have," Grant said calmly.

As Grant spoke his wife entered the room. She gave him a curious look as she sat down beside him. Grant straightened his back, looking nervous, and turned his eyes back towards the television.

Scott's mind was a whirlwind after all he had heard, and especially after his encounter with Mary in the bedroom upstairs. He did his best to maintain a calm exterior for the rest of the evening while he watched television with Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw, but found it difficult. He wondered if Mary would join them, but as ten-thirty approached and she hadn't he concluded that maybe it was for the best that she didn't. He feared that he would find it nearly impossible to keep his eyes off of her and that would surely lead to a tense encounter with her father.

"Time for me to get to bed." Grant got up from the couch, looking back down at his wife. "You stay up as late as you want, Scott. I'm used to being up at six, so I need my sleep."

"I want to get an early start too, so I'll be going to bed soon too," Scott said. He looked at his watch and saw that it was a few minutes past eleven. "And thank-you both again for all you've done for me. Supper was wonderful, Mrs. Bradshaw."

Norma smiled warmly at Scott as she rose from the couch to stand beside her husband. "You're most welcome, Scott. If you're ever back this way again I'll be offended if you don't stop in for a meal."

"Well, you have a good night, Scott," Norma said. "I've enjoyed your visit with us."

Scott watched as Grant and Norma left the room, then listened to them ascending the stairs. Soon the house was silent and he managed to become absorbed with what was on television. Nearly an hour later he heard the sound of wood creaking as someone crept down the stairs. He turned and saw Mary approaching. Her smile widened and her eyes brightened as she grew closer to him. She pressed a finger to her curled lips.

"Come with me," she whispered.

Mary took Scott by the hand and brought him to the back door. She unlocked it and lead him around the side of the house amongst some shrubs where they were hidden from the road going by the house. She pulled him closer and pressed her soft, full lips to his. Her mouth opened and she snaked her tongue over his lips and deeper.

"I wanted you as soon as I saw you in the restaurant," Mary said in a breathy voice.

Her hands went to Scott's necktie. She tugged at it until it was undone and let it fall to the lawn. Next, she began unbuttoning his shirt, pulling at the buttons until it was open wide, revealing his bare chest. She moaned as she ran her hands over his torso and began kissing and nibbling at his neck, slowly moving her mouth down him.

Scott ran his hands down Mary's smooth back to her ass. He squeezed it hard, pulling her soft body tight against him. Her stomach pressed against his hard cock and he thrust his hips, grinding his hard shaft over her. He tugged at her dress with his right hand until the hem slid up over her hips and he ran his hand over her panties as he grabbed at her ass tighter.

"I want you in me, Scott," Mary breathed, bathing his chest with her hot breath.

She knelt on the grass, dragging her nails down his torso, then reached for his hands. She took hold of them and pulled him down beside her so he was on his back. Scott reached up and began unfastening the buttons of her dress rapidly until it was open to her waist. He pulled it apart to expose her chest. The light of the full moon shone on her firm breasts and hard, coppery nipples. He cupped her left breast in his hand and leaned closer, pinching her nipple between his lips. He began sucking hard and tugging at it. He could feel her hand rake through his hair as her other one began working at the belt around his trousers.

Scott reached down and unfastened his belt, then unzipped his pants. He slipped his hands back inside Mary's open dress and ran them over her warm, velvety skin, up to her breasts. He cupped as much of them as he could in his palms, moaning as he felt her nimble fingers snake inside his underwear and curl around his rigid shaft. She gave it a hard squeeze and began stroking it, bringing it to its full size.

"I need to have you, Scott," Mary growled. When she felt Scott's fingers rubbing her wet pussy she arched her back and cried out.

Scott's eyes grew wide as he looked up at Mary crouching over him as he stroked her lips through her thin panties. It was then that he realized that her appearance had suddenly and drastically changed. Scott felt a rush of adrenaline. Fear filled him and a scream welled in his throat. But before he could utter a sound he felt Mary's talon-like hands curl tightly around his windpipe, choking him. Her mouth opened wide and Scott saw razor-sharp fangs glistening in the moonlight.

Mary's rapacious, bloodshot eyes and pointed fangs were inching towards Scott's throat as she straddled him. He could smell her fetid breath wash over him as she let out a throaty growl. Panting harder, and struggling to free himself from her grasp, Scott looked up and saw saliva oozing over her pallid lips and dripping from her serpentine tongue. It felt hot and viscid as it landed on his bare chest and ran down towards his belly. He tried to scream, but fear choked his words. Then he heard a sound to his right. He turned his head and his wide eyes encountered Grant Bradshaw standing a few feet away.

"For god's sake... Grant... help me," Scott pleaded in panting breaths.

Grant stepped closer to where his daughter had trapped her prey. His hands were buried in the pockets of his pants and his eyes were filled with sadness, perhaps even guilt.

"It's nothing personal, Scott. I hope you realize that," he said. There was genuine compassion, tinged with regret in Grant's voice as he spoke.

"It's just that she needs to eat too. It's not her fault that she became like this."

"But why me?" Scott cried out. "Help me... please, Grant. I'm begging you. I'll never tell anyone about this. I swear! Just let me go."

Grant gave his head a shake. "It's not about that, Scott," he said, his voice now dispassionate. "It's about survival of the fittest."

Scott Blanchard looked up at the full moon. When he felt Mary's fangs tear into his throat he arched his back and cried out. Then he felt something warm running down his neck and chest. An overwhelming feeling of serenity filled him just before the world went black and he smiled.

When Krista DeWitt was woken by the phone ringing at nearly two that Thursday morning, she knew it was bad news. She was awake instantly and sat up in bed. She recognized her mother's shaky voice on the phone when she answered. But she was sobbing and heaving so much that Krista had difficulty making out what she was trying to explain.

"It's Ben. He's been in an accident. I know we should have never gotten him that damned motorcycle," Patricia DeWitt told her daughter before sobbing some more.

Krista learned that her younger brother, Ben, had crashed his motorcycle. It had been a gift from their parents on this twentieth birthday, not quite a month earlier. As far as Mrs. DeWitt knew her son had sustained back injuries, but had not been told many other details. The doctors did not know yet just how serious his condition was because he was still in surgery.

Krista quickly put some clothes on and drove to St. Mark's Hospital. It was a route she was very familiar with because she worked as a nurse there. She was twenty-five and had been a nurse for two years. Krista was accustomed to having to console distraught family members who were visiting someone who was her patient. Now she was in the same unfortunate situation as them. She choked back tears as she drove. Her parents were waiting for her in the Emergency Department waiting room when she arrived. Her mother was crying while her father held

her. Although he was trying his best to comfort her mother, Krista could tell that her father was just as emotionally fragile.

The wait seemed interminable for Krista and her parents as they sat in the Emergency Department, each silently praying to receive good news about Ben's condition. When a tall man with short greying hair and wearing green scrubs approached them over an hour later they stood up, almost frightened to hear what the doctor was going to say.

"Hi, I'm Dr. Green. I'm the doctor who performed Ben's surgery," he said. "He's got a long road of recovery ahead of him, but thankfully there was little or no nerve damage to his spine. He won't be paralyzed, but it will be a while before he's fully healed."

Krista heard her parents sigh in relief. She continued to listen to what Dr. Green had to say, then asked him several questions. She did not know the doctor well, but had met him a few times while tending patients of his. They got along well and had mutual respect for one another. He had a good reputation for being a skilled neurosurgeon, which was a relief to Krista.

"You guys go home and get some rest. There's no point in staying here. Ben's still heavily sedated," Krista explained to her parents. "I'm going to go up to his room and wait till he wakes up. I'll call you later and tell you if I learn anything more and to let you know how he is. The worst is over. You guys get some rest and come see him this evening. Besides, seeing you this upset will only worry him."

Krista hugged her parents, then walked towards the elevator. When she entered her brother's room and saw him lying in the hospital bed she felt tears flowing from her brown eyes. Her brother had cuts and scrapes on his chin and left arm. He was also in a body cast that covered his torso. Krista sat in a chair beside the bed, quietly sobbing.

Almost an hour later Krista saw her brother stir. She leapt to her feet and moved over towards his bed, clutching the side rail. Ben opened his blue eyes and squinted. He winced slightly. When Ben noticed his sister crying, he gave her a weak smile.

"Hey... no need to cry. The cat that ran out in front of me is fine; I swerved just in time. The PT Cruiser coming in the other lane didn't make it though." Ben laughed, then flinched in pain.

"It's not funny, Ben. You could have killed yourself. You're lucky to not even be paralyzed," his sister chided. "That motorcycle is going to be the death of you."

"You don't have to worry about that -- it's totaled," her brother said with a frown.

Krista was secretly glad, but tried not to show it. She gave her brother's hand a soft squeeze, wiping tears from her reddened cheeks. She brushed her long black hair from her face and smiled at him.

"Dr. Green had to put two rods in your back. Even once your cast comes off, you're going to need weeks of physio to help you regain your strength," she told him.

Ben nodded, seeming disappointed, then the corner of his mouth turned up. "I guess I shouldn't complain about that. I'm lucky that I'll be able to still walk," he concluded.

"Very," his sister said solemnly.

Ben's recovery was more rapid than his doctors expected. They attributed it to him being healthy and athletic. Soon he was allowed walk to the bathroom, although never without the help of a nurse. Ben hated having to be aided just to walk a few yards though. The bathroom was in the corner beside his bed and he saw no reason why he could walk there on his own. But it was better than the catheter that had been inserted during his surgery and had been left in for over a week after that.

Krista spent as much time with her brother as she could. She stopped in before or after her shifts at the hospital and on her days off. Once his cuts and bruises faded she grew more encouraged about his recovery.

One afternoon while Krista was visiting her brother she noticed a look of discomfort on his face. It worried her. She got up from her chair and stood beside his bed, looking down at him.

"Yeah... but... ah... could you get a nurse to come help me to the bathroom? I need to pee," he said, seeming embarrassed.

Krista chuckled. "I think I better ask Dr. Green if you sustained any brain damage in your accident, little brother," she teased. "In case you've forgotten, I'm a nurse. Here -- I'll help you walk over." She lowered the side rail of the bed.

Ben looked up at his older sister, now feeling more uncomfortable than he already had been due to his aching bladder. "Yeah, but you're my sister. Call one of the other nurses to come in," he said.

Krista gave her brother a scolding look. "Ben, they're all busy. I'm not going to take them away from other patients just so you can pee. I'll walk you over there."

Ben sighed. "I don't know why I can't just go on my own. It's close enough that I could practically spit at it from here," he said.

"Can you hit the toilet from here?" she taunted with a sharp laugh. "You've been lying in bed for a long time, Ben. You might not realize it, or want to admit it, but you're weaker than usual. If you trip or fall, you're going to hurt yourself. Badly. You may look okay on the outside, but your back is still healing. If you re-injure it, this time you could end up in a wheelchair for the rest of your life. Do you want that?" Krista's normally soft voice had grown stern.

Ben let out another sigh, louder this time. "Okay, I guess I don't have any choice," he conceded.

"No, I'm afraid not. Eventually your bladder will win out," she joked.

Krista helped her brother to sit up on the side of his bed. He was wearing a pale green hospital gown that barely covered his knees. She could tell that he was bashful about her seeing him wearing just that, judging from the way he tugged at it as he sat up, making sure he was completely covered.

Krista wrapped her right arm around her brother's waist and helped him from his bed. She could feel his cast beneath the thin polyester robe as she held him tight against her. She took his left arm and placed it around her to steady him as he stood up.

Ben clenched his jaw and let out a quiet groan as he took slow, tentative steps away from his bed. His sister was right -- he was rather weak and unsteady on his feet. Still, using a urinal or bedpan would have been preferable to Krista guiding him to the bathroom.

As they slowly made their way towards the bathroom in the opposite corner of the hospital room he could smell the scent of his sister's shampoo in her thick, black hair. He drew in a deep breath and smiled. Now he was aware of how his left hand was brushing the side of her left breast. His pulse quickened and he felt his cock twitch as his fingers rubbed over her firm mound. Ben shifted slightly, hoping to slip his hand lower on his sister's side.

Krista felt her brother move and stopped, giving him a worried look. "Are you okay?" she asked.

"Yeah," he replied with a grunt.

"Well, go slow, okay?" she cautioned.

Ben nodded and took another step towards the open bathroom door. Now Krista was holding him tighter against her. He was several inches taller than her and bulkier, so she struggled somewhat to help hold him. She had tugged his left hand more securely around her, making sure she was supporting him properly. When she repositioned herself it made Ben's nervousness increase. Now he could feel the back of his hand rubbing over the underside of his sister's heavy breast through her sweater. Ben tried to force himself to think of other things, but all he could focus on was the sensation of his sister's firm mound resting on his hand. It reminded him of the maxim to bathe in the Ganges, but not to think about elephants. He wondered if she felt him touching her there, and if she did, whether she enjoyed it as much as him or just didn't care. Maybe she just didn't care, given the situation, he thought. Still, felt himself getting hard by the normally forbidden touching of his sibling.

As Ben and his sister slowly moved closer to the bathroom his thoughts were filled with the times he had admired Krista's sizable and perfectly formed breasts when she wore tight or revealing tops. Occasionally he would catch glimpses of her rounded cleavage down the front of a blouse or loose tank top when she would bend over. Sometimes, on

rare occasions, he was even fortunate enough to snatch a look when Krista wasn't wearing a bra. The first time this happened Ben was a teenager. He was captivated as he stared at his sister's heavy globes, swaying slightly inside a blue tank top as she leaned over to tie her sneakers. It was a sight he had never forgotten and was the beginning of his forbidden desire for his sister. To feel her, or see her topless, had been his goal for years. Ben silently cursed the hand of fate for having decided that his first opportunity to touch his sister's breast would have to be at such an awkward moment. Be careful what you wish for, he thought to himself.

"Okay-- do you want me to turn the water on for you while you go?" Krista was still clutching her brother as they stood in the bathroom beside the toilet. His erection was beginning to tent his hospital gown and all he wanted was for her to leave the room.

"No, I'll be okay," he said, staring at the porcelain bowl.

Ben waited while his sister stepped away from him, then gave her an annoyed look when he saw her standing with her back to him at the closed door. "You can leave me alone, Kris. I'll let you know when I'm done," he said, sounding peevish.

"No. Sorry, Ben. I'm staying right here to make sure you're okay -- hospital rules," she said. "If you fall and hurt yourself, my neck will be in a noose. I could get fired."

breath. He struggled to think of anything or anyone else besides his sister as he held his shaft in his hand. He felt it twitch a bit when he touched it. The veins had begun to bulge. He tried to pee, but he was too hard.

"What's the matter, little brother -- got stage fight?" Krista giggled.

Just the sound of his sister's soft voice ringing out in the small bathroom made Ben's cock throb and thicken more. He looked at her from the corner of his eye, but as his gaze moved down her back to how her firm ass looked in her tight jeans he felt his cock rise even more. He looked back down at his erection and closed his eyes, breathing faster as his face became hotter.

Krista waited for the sound of her brother's bladder emptying as she stared at the wooden bathroom door. She smiled to herself as she surmised the problem, having felt his fingers rub over her breast as they made their way towards the bathroom. She had noticed the slight tent in his gown before she turned away from him and had to force herself to not stare at it. Her clit was swollen and she felt herself becoming wet while she waited for her brother to pee. After close to two minutes of silence Krista grew impatient. She began to worry that standing for so long would weaken Ben.

"Look, let me just turn the water on." Krista backed up towards the sink, staring straight ahead.

first. A sharp pain shot up his back and he cried out. "Fuck!" he exclaimed, clutching his lower back.

Krista whipped her head around from the sink towards her brother. She immediately saw the alarmed expression on his rosy face. His wide eyes met hers as he clutched his hospital gown in his left hand. When her eyes moved further down she saw his hard cock. It was thick and somewhat darker than his flushed cheeks. It stood straight out from a thick patch of dark, curly hair below his muscled abdomen. His heavy balls hung loose below his shaft and moved a bit when he did. Krista gasped, unable to move as her eyes slowly moved from the swollen mushroom head of brother's cock and up the thick shaft with bulging veins. She noticed it rise higher and twitch as he stared at her with a mortified look on his red face. Krista smiled at him.

"Now I see what the problem is," she said in a soft voice and grinned.

"Just leave me alone, Kris," Ben snapped, tugging his gown down over his erection and trying to cover himself with his hands.

Krista turned quickly and locked the bathroom door, then moved back over to stand beside her brother. He looked scared as she approached, but she noticed his eyes flit down to her chest. She smiled, running her eyes up and down his body. She could feel her hard nipples rubbing against the inside of her bra and wondered how obvious they were through her sweater. Apparently enough to get her brother's attention, she thought to herself.

Krista stood beside her brother and tugged his gown back up, clutching a fistful with her left hand. "Let me help you with that, Ben," she said, almost whispering.

"No... dammit, just go, Krista," he said, sounding angry.

"Sssh... someone will hear us," Krista said. She knew her brother was probably too excited to feel like resisting much. Plus, she had noticed him ogle her many times over the years and assumed that this was not the first erection of his that she had caused -- just the first that she was fortunate enough to see that wasn't hidden behind tight denim. And the first she intended to relieve him.

Ben could feel himself beginning to sweat. When he felt his sister's soft hand cup his balls and gently squeeze them he moaned. Her skin was soft and warm and her touch gentle as she fondled his sac. She squeezed them a bit and rubbed them with her palm. He felt weak when she gave his cock a squeeze, then began to slowly stroke it.

"Oh god..." he sighed.

"Ssshhh...", his sister hissed again. She ran her thumb over the head of his cock, spreading his precum around and smiled into his eyes. "Does that feel good, Ben?" she whispered.

"Uh-huh," he grunted, nodding his head.

"Relax and enjoy it, little brother. I will." Krista's soft voice was thicker now as she grew hornier.

Ben gripped a chrome metal bar affixed to the wall beside the toilet and breathed heavy. He looked down at his sister's hand as she stroked his cock and rubbed his balls. He could feel her breast rubbing against his right arm, which added to the overall sensuous experience. His eyes shifted to the right and he looked at her thick nipples pushing out at her sweater. He wondered if she would let him feel her, but did not dare do anything that might make her stop.

Krista stared at her brother's thick cock as she pumped it with her fist. She pulled at it so the swollen head was pointing up towards her. She licked her lips, and for a moment contemplated taking it in her mouth, then decided that was probably going too far with him. Besides, she wanted him to cum quickly. Having one of her co-workers discover her eagerly sucking her brother's cock was the last thing she wanted. She watched his balls shake as she jerked him harder and listened to him panting.

When Ben let out a deep moan and his body tensed Krista gripped his rod harder and stroked it faster. Seconds later she saw a stream of thick cum erupt from it, splashing over the toilet and landing in the bowl. Krista kept pumping her tight fist, smiling as he shot two smaller blasts of cum. She felt some land on the back of her hand and run down her fingers but she kept stroking him. Once she felt him relax and begin to soften she reluctantly let go of his spent cock, gliding her fingers over his balls one last time.

"Ah... yeah... thanks," her brother said with a sheepish grin.

Krista turned and went back to the sink, intending to wash her hands while Ben used the toilet. When she saw his thick cum glistening on her hand she darted her tongue out, licking it all up. After she lapped his cum off of her, Krista washed her hands, listening to the sound of him pissing. Once Ben had finished emptying his bladder, she took some paper towel and wiped his thick semen from the toilet before flushing it -- although she wished she could have tasted more of it.

After Ben was back in his bed he seemed anxious. Krista felt the tension too. She attempted to make conversation, but they both felt nervous and avoided one another's eyes. After close to a half hour Krista looked at her watch and stood up. She hoisted her purse over her shoulder.

"I should be going. I promised Mom I'd stop in later," she lied.

"Ah... okay. Well, thanks for... ah, stopping in, Kris," Ben said, giving his sister a nervous smile.

Krista nodded. "No problem. I'll try to get in again tomorrow."

That night Krista laid in bed and made herself cum over and over until her clit ached and her sheet was soaked with her juice. She imagined committing all sorts of obscene acts with her younger brother and allowing him to do things to her she had previously refused to allow boyfriends to do. The image and feeling of Ben's cock would not leave

her mind and she fantasized about it filling her everywhere and anywhere he wanted to put it.

###

When Krista woke the next morning her hand was still resting on her wet pussy. She smiled and moved her hips, feeling her clit swell. She had a shift at the hospital that night and planned to visit Ben before that. At least she would have an excuse to leave if she became too nervous around him. It was almost nine thirty that morning. Krista planned to do grocery shopping that afternoon, but there was still plenty of time to cum a few times, she thought to herself. She could not get the image and feeling of her brother's cock out of her mind and needed some release.

That evening after supper Ben was happy to see Krista enter his room. He was also relieved. He worried that what had happened in the bathroom would cause irreparable damage to their relationship. As much he had enjoyed getting a hand job from her, and would love for it, or more, to happen again, nothing was worth the risk of them being estranged.

"How have you been feeling?" Krista asked.

"Good. Dr. Green said I might be able to go home sooner than he thought," Ben replied.

"That's great. I bet you can't wait to get out of here."

Ben widened his eyes and nodded. "Oh, yeah!" he exclaimed.

Krista was wearing purple scrubs and sitting in the chair beside Ben's bed with her legs crossed. He did not want her to catch him staring, but could not help but notice how her bust filled out the tight purple top she was wearing. As soon as she had entered the room his cock had begun to stiffen, but it had been in that state almost constantly since he had last seen her. Even after quietly masturbating that night once the hospital grew dark was not enough to sate his libido. He wanted his sister with an even greater intensity than ever before.

What Ben found discouraging, however, was knowing that what had happened with Krista was the result of unusual circumstances and almost undoubtedly done out of pity for him. It was a once in a lifetime occurrence that they would probably try their best to pretend never happened, much less speak of or repeat. Still, he was glad to see and hear that she was not acting any differently towards him. She was as pleasant and friendly as always and he found that reassuring. He was also glad for her company. Now that he was recovering, he began to find the time in the hospital boring. Krista's visit that evening seemed to pass quickly and he was disappointed when it was time for her shift to begin.

###

One afternoon when Ben had been in the hospital for over two weeks he was surprised to see Dr. Green and his sister enter his room. He found that his doctor had a rather sombre look on his face and feared

that they had come to deliver bad news. He worried that perhaps they had discovered further problems with his back, although he felt fine and had no pain. Krista stood behind the surgeon, expressionless. After a few moments of silence Ben grew concerned.

"What's wrong?" he asked, darting his eyes from the doctor to his sister.

"Nothing's wrong, Ben," Dr. Green assured him in a calm voice. "Actually, I have some good news for you."

"What?" Ben asked, growing excited.

"Your sister and I have had a discussion and I've decided to release you into her care."

"What?" Ben asked, unsure of exactly what the man meant.

"Normally, a patient with your injuries and the type of surgery you had would remain hospitalized for some time longer. But Krista has agreed to take you in and oversee the rest of your recovery," he explained.

"Take me in?" Ben asked.

"You'll be staying with me for a couple of weeks while your back heals completely," Krista explained.

"What? No. Just send me home. I'll be fine with Mom and Dad. I'll sit on the couch all day and watch TV. I won't do anything I shouldn't. I promise," Ben said, almost pleading with his doctor.

Dr. Green sighed and looked at Krista.

"Ben, I've explained how crucial it is for you to take it easy and still have help with some things so you don't over-do it. Now, you can stay here and eat hospital food and watch Oprah and Wheel of Fortune every day, or come stay with me for a while. It's up to you." Krista folded her arms and gave her brother a smug grin.

Ben frowned and cursed under his breath. "Alright. I mean -- thanks, Krista. I know you're doing me a huge favour and I really appreciate it, but I don't need a babysitter. Besides, who'll be watching me while you're at work?" He gave his sister a cocky grin.

"It's taken care of. I booked some vacation time," Krista explained.

No... Kris, don't waste your vacation time on me." Ben looked up at his sister and frowned.

"It's my vacation time and I can waste it however I want," she said, then playfully stuck her tongue out and laughed.

"I know. You're welcome," she replied.

"Now, Ben, you must realize that you can't rush right back into doing all the things you did before your accident. That includes no walking up or down stairs in case you trip. I also want Krista to keep an eye on you when you get in and out of the tub, so you don't fall. I don't want to see you back here with another back injury. Do you understand?"

Ben laughed. "If you see me back here, it will probably be because of food poisoning from Kris' cooking."

Krista and Dr. Green laughed.

"Okay, I'll go sign your release form and get someone sent up to cut your cast off," Dr. Green said. "I'm sure you'll be glad to be rid of that."

"You bet," Ben replied.

After his doctor left the room Ben gave his sister a wide smile. "Thanks again for all this, Kris. I just don't want to be a nuisance though," he said.

Krista shook her head. "Don't worry -- you won't be. To tell you the truth, some time off will be nice. We can hang out and watch TV and movies. We haven't done that in ages. I stopped by the house and threw some things of yours in a suitcase. It's in my car."

"Wow... you think of everything," he said, surprised by his sister's thoroughness.

"I try to. If there's something you really need, we can get it. But there's enough stuff already packed to last quite a while," she said.

"Thanks again, Kris." Ben looked up at his sister and smiled. He already loved her, but he loved her even more for what she was doing for him. He knew it was a sacrifice and it meant a lot to him.

###

Ben was excited as his sister drove him to her apartment. He was glad to be wearing his own clothes once again, but even happier to be free of his cast and out of the hospital. Once all of that sank in he confronted the reality of living with Krista for a while. During their conversations they had not even hinted at the hand-job she had given him that day in the bathroom. Judging from her behavior and cheerfulness, she had either forgotten about it or it did not matter to her, he concluded. But it mattered a lot to Ben. He thought about it often, which never failed to make him hard. By the time he was following Krista towards the elevator at her apartment building there was a bulge in his jeans.

"Well, it's not fancy, but it beats a hospital, I hope." Krista sat her brother's suitcase down in the living room of her apartment and looked around.

"It's perfect. Thanks again, Kris," he said, beaming a smile at her.

"You're welcome." Krista gently put her right arm around Ben's shoulder. She gave him a weak hug and kissed his left cheek. She glided her hand down his back as she smiled at him.

Ben smiled at his sister, feeling nervous. He had put his arm around her as she hugged him and noticed that he could not feel a bra strap through her blouse. Now her right breast was rubbing over his left arm. He could feel it move slightly when she hugged him, which fed his erection. His eyes shifted slightly, just enough for him to be able to see the shape of her nipple pushing out from the light blue fabric of her blouse.

"So, you must be hungry. What would you like?" she asked.

Ben thought for a moment, then shrugged. "It doesn't matter. Anything will be better than hospital food," he said.

"Even my cooking?" she shot back with a chuckle.

"Ah... probably." Ben looked into his sister's shimmering brown eyes and smiled.

"Feel like ordering out? How's pizza sound? My treat," she suggested.

"Great. Thanks, Kris," her brother said.

Ben sat down on the couch and turned the television on while his sister ordered the pizza. Several times he stole glances at her, thinking how pretty she looked and how her tight blouse and black skirt hugged the prominent curves of her impressive body. When she turned to put the phone away he ran his eyes over her nicely curved hips and firm, round ass. Ben shifted on the couch as his erection grew.

"Okay, they said it should be here in forty-five minutes," Krista said. She sat down beside her brother on the couch.

Krista leaned back on the couch and crossed her legs. She felt the pressure of her soft thighs on her sensitive clit. It had begun to swell and tingle as soon as she and Ben had arrived at her apartment. Now she could feel her wet lips slide together, making her panties damp. It had been a long time since she and her brother had been alone together without their parents or someone else present. She was glad to be able to spend time with him, but wondered how giving him that hand-job had harmed their relationship. She had no regrets whatsoever and would be quite willing to repeat it if Ben was interested. But only providing that she was reasonably sure that it would not somehow have a negative impact on her relationship with her brother.

Ben and Krista talked and watched television while they waited for their pizza to arrive. When she heard the buzzer at her door sound she went to answer it. After paying for the pizza, Krista brought it over to the coffee table. She sat it down, then pulled the table closer to the couch.

"Thanks, Kris. I'm starving and this looks really good," Ben said.

"You're welcome. Enjoy!" she said.

Krista slid forward on the couch and pulled a wedge of pizza from the box. As she drug herself over the couch cushion she felt her skirt slide up her thighs. She tilted her eyes down as she took a bite of pizza. She noticed that more than half of her smooth, tanned thighs were now uncovered. For a moment she thought about tugging the hem of her skirt back down, then decided not to. From the corner of her eye she saw her brother steal a glance at her legs. It excited her and she wondered if he was getting hard. Now the image of his thick cock filled her mind, like it had so many other times recently. Despite it's girth, she knew that she was already wet enough for him to have no trouble to slide into her -- unless he would rather fuck her mouth, she thought to herself. Either way, she wondered if he would be inside her before his stay was over. The more Krista thought about it, the more she wanted it to happen.

"That was good," Ben said after he had finished eating. "Thanks again, Kris."

"You're welcome," his sister said, munching on her last few bites.

Ben leaned back on the couch and stifled a belch. Krista turned her head towards him and laughed. "I guess you're full," she joked.

Once she had finished her pizza Krista turned towards her brother. "So, how about I show you where I put your stuff?" she suggested.

"Sure," her brother replied.

Krista picked up her brother's suitcase and lead him into her bedroom. Ben followed, looking around her bedroom. It was tiny, with off-white walls and a window to the left. In the corner diagonally across from the door was a single bed in the corner. To his left Ben saw a bare pine bureau. Beside that, a full-length mirror was affixed to the wall. His sister walked over to the bureau and opened the top two drawers a few inches. They were empty.

"I moved some of my stuff around to make room for your clothes," she explained. "There's space in the closet too."

"Cool. Thanks, Kris," Ben said, looking in the drawers.

Krista smiled and pulled the third drawer open a ways. "These are mine. I better not catch you wearing any them," she teased.

Ben looked in the drawer and saw bras and panties of various colours and designs. Most looked frilly and lacy. He felt his cock throb at the thought of how sexy his sister must look wearing them.

"Don't worry, I won't. We're not the same size," he joked, snatching a quick glance at his sister's chest.

Krista laughed hard. She inched closer. Her eyes locked on his as she gave him a foxy grin. "No... I doubt you'd fit into any of my bras," she said.

"Hell, I don't even know any girls who would," he retorted, feeling bold and horny.

Krista laughed hard, growing more excited by her brother's pointed comment. "Oh, why's that -- do all the girls you know have bigger boobs than me?" Krista gave her brother a sly grin, hoping to entice him.

"You're kidding, right?" he replied.

Ben smiled as he listened to his sister's sexy laugh.

"Come on, mine aren't that big," Krista said. She straightened her back and looked down at herself.

Ben shrugged, but said nothing as he looked at his sister's breasts pushing out at the taut fabric of her blouse. When he raised his eyes and discovered her observing him, he blushed.

"I should probably unpack my stuff," he said, hoping to change the subject.

"Okay."

Krista was surprised and a little disappointed by her brother's abrupt change of topic. He seemed shy and she didn't want to do or say anything to add to that or embarrass him. She sat down on the bed, staring at the bulge in his jeans and recaling the look of what was causing it.

"I hope you don't find the bed too soft. A harder mattress would probably be better for your back though," she said.

Ben looked up from his open suitcase with a surprised look. "I thought I'd be sleeping on the couch," he said.

"Are you crazy, Ben?" she spat out. "Dr. Green would kill me if I let you sleep on the couch. No -- I'll take the couch. The bed is yours."

"Now I feel really guilty about you letting me stay here. I wasn't planning on taking your bed," he told her.

"Well, you are. And if you argue with me, I'm driving you right back to the hospital," she teased.

"Okay... okay," Ben said, holding his hands up in surrender.

"I'll just have to pop in here in the mornings for some clothes, but I'll try not to wake you," she said.

"Sure, no problem."

Once Ben finished putting his clothes away he turned to his sister. "So, feel like watching TV a while?" he asked.

"Sure." Krista got up from the bed and followed her brother back out to the living room.

Ben enjoyed his evening with Krista very much. He was glad to be spending time with her, as well as watching television shows that he had not seen since prior to his accident. By the time it drew close to ten o'clock he found himself getting tired. He was not used to so much activity after his stay in the hospital. He had also gotten in the routine of falling asleep early, sometimes just out of boredom.

When Krista noticed her brother yawn she turned towards him. "Getting tired?" she asked.

"Yeah, a little. I'm still on my hospital schedule," he said.

"It's important that you get enough rest so you can heal," she said. "So if you feel like going to bed, that's good."

Ben nodded, thinking. "So, am I allowed to use the bathroom on my own now?" He gave his sister a dubious look.

Krista nodded. "Yeah, that's fine. Just be careful walking around though," she cautioned.

"Okay. I'm going to use the bathroom, then go to bed," Ben said.

"I'm going to duck in my room and get something to sleep in while you do that," his sister replied.

Ben was relieved to find out that he did not need his sister's help walking to and from the bathroom. He went in and stood before the toilet. While in there, memories of what had happened in the hospital washroom came back to him. He could feel his cock swell as he held it in his hand. Finally, after concentrating on other things, Ben was able to finish in the bathroom and make his way towards his sister's bedroom.

As he walked to Krista's bedroom Ben was thinking that it would be a wonderful change to sleep in a comfortable bed and have some privacy so he could jerk off. When he walked in the bedroom he was surprised to find Krista in there. She was standing beside the bed pulling a blue plaid shirt, which Ben recognized as his, up over her shoulders. It was open wide and Ben could see her breasts in the open shirt. They were round, with pink nipples and areolas a few inches across which were a little lighter in hue than her firm nipples. His sister's breasts hung down a ways, swaying slightly as she moved.

"Oh shit! Sorry, Kris. I didn't know you were in here," he blurted out, turning around in the doorway.

"I thought you'd be longer in the bathroom, so I decided to change in here," she said.

"I'll let you finish then. Sorry," he told his sister as he stared down the hall.

"It's okay. I'm done," Krista replied as she buttoned the bottom three buttons of the shirt, leaving the ones above them undone. "You can turn around."

When her brother turned around Krista could tell how nervous he was by the expression on his flushed face. She wanted to put his mind at ease and walked over to him, smiling.

"Hey... Ben, you don't need to be so shy around me. We're going to be living together for a while and I know it might be a little awkward at first, but that's okay. We'll get used to it. Till then, don't worry about me getting upset over things like what just happened," she said.

Krista's voice was calm and soothing. It put Ben at ease and he smiled at her. "Thanks. I'm sorry about walking in though. Next time I'll knock or something," he said.

Krista shrugged. "If you want to -- it doesn't matter," she said and gave him a sly grin. "Now that you've already seen them."

Ben gave his sister a confused look, trying to figure out what she might be thinking. Krista's eyes met his and she gave him a look that seemed flirtatious. It turned him on, although he did his best to not react.

"What I'm trying to say is: I feel completely comfortable around you, Ben. If another guy had have walked in on me, I'd have been pissed, or at least embarrassed. But with you, it's different." Her voice faded out for a moment, then she said "To me, it's not that big a deal."

Ben gave his sister a look of surprise after hearing her remark. "But, I'm your brother though," he said.

Krista shrugged and curled the corner of her mouth up. "Besides Mom and Dad, who's the person you care about and trust most?" she asked.

"You, of course," he replied without hesitation.

"Exactly. And that's how I feel about you. So why should people find it strange that I don't mind it if you see me getting changed..."

Ben contemplated on his sister's rhetorical question. He smiled. The subtext of what she had said filled him with a mixture of emotions. It turned him on and bolstered his hopes that one day they might become intimate. But more importantly, it filled him with a feeling of love for

her to know that she cared for him as much as he did her. She had conveyed what he could not -- either from timidity, or a lack of being able to express himself properly.

"I never thought about it," he murmured, still thinking.

"About what -- seeing me topless?" Krista giggled and there was a glimmer in her eyes.

Ben blushed, but smiled at his sister's quip. "No. I meant about how you look at it, you know..."

Krista nodded. "But do you feel like I do though?" she asked, seeming nervous.

Ben smiled and nodded. "Yeah, I guess..." he said with a shrug.

Ben was too nervous to be articulate and he wondered if his sister really felt about him in the same way he did for her. He doubted it, considering how taboo his feelings for her were. Then he thought about what she had done in the bathroom at the hospital. He grew horny as he recalled her soft hand stroking his rigid shaft and wondered if her hand-job was done as a loving, erotic act, or merely a mechanical, emotionless way of helping him in a difficult and embarrassing situation.

"I wasn't sure, and to tell you the truth, I was almost too scared to ask," Krista said.

"Why?" Ben asked, cocking his head to one side.

"Well, I was afraid that you'd think I'm weird because you're my brother and it's..."

"Forbidden?" he interjected.

"Yeah... you could say that," she said. "Although it's not like we're actually doing anything. Besides, with us living together for a while we may as well just not worry about false taboos and modesty."

Ben could feel his cock throb as his sister's words sunk in. He was as happy as he was surprised that she was so open-minded about their relationship. He smiled at her. "I guess," he mumbled. "But I still don't want to be invading your privacy. It's your place."

"Don't worry about that. While you're here, it's as much yours as it is mine," she told him.

"Thanks, Kris. I really appreciate all you're doing for me," he said.

"No problem. You're welcome. Besides, you're my favourite brother," she said with a laugh.

Krista moved closer to Ben and gently put her arms around him. She eased him to her and rested her head on his left shoulder. When his strong arms went around her waist and he pulled her to him she sighed and felt her clit throb and her pussy react to his embrace.

Ben's hand slid up his sister's back as they held one another. When he felt her breasts pressing against his chest he drew in a deep breath and held her tighter, wanting to feel her body firmly against his. He ran his hand down her back again, breathing in her sensuous, feminine scent. He could feel his sister's tummy pushing against his erection, but was too horny to pull away from her wonderful, curvy body.

Krista seemed reluctant as she slipped her arms from around her brother and looked up at him. She had felt his hard cock pressing against her stomach as she held him and imagined it pushing into her. Now she was getting very wet and knew that if she grew any more excited she might do something impulsive that they'd both regret.

"I should let you get to bed. You must be tired," she said tentatively.

"Yeah, I am," he said.

"Have a good night." Krista kissed her brother's cheek before leaving the room.

softness and warmth of the bed. It was far preferable to the hospital bed he had laid in for weeks. Ben tugged his boxers down to free his throbbing erection then began stroking it. He closed his eyes, thinking about his sister. Masturbating in Krista's bed somehow seemed taboo to Ben and it turned him on even more. He imagined the many times she had probably laid naked in the same spot where he was, playing with her wet pussy and caressing her breasts. Despite being tired, Ben knew that he would not sleep well until he made himself cum. That night he had the best sleep in weeks, lying spent and smiling in Krista's bed after he came, thinking about her.

###

When Ben awoke the next morning he was disoriented for a little while. After so much time in the hospital it was disconcerting for a moment to find himself in strange surroundings. Then a smile came to his face when he realized he was at his sister's, lying in her warm bed. His cock began to stiffen and he rubbed it for a while, thinking about Krista.

Rather than finishing masturbating, Ben decided to get up and get dressed. He was looking forward to a hot shower. It had been weeks since he had been able to have a shower, instead of having sponge baths or baths with a nurse cautiously keeping an eye on him. He was also hungry and the thought of a real breakfast rather than hospital food spurred him out of bed. He found a t-shirt and a pair of green sweatpants and pulled them up over his boxers.

Ben's eyes ran up her bare calves to the swell of her breasts. Beneath her robe Krista was wearing a white camisole. Ben could see the lacy top of it between the open lapels of her robe. His eyes stayed on it for a few moments before moving down to the shape of her firm mounds. He was hard again by the time he sat down adjacent to his sister.

"Have a good sleep?" she asked, looking up from her bowl of cereal.

"The best in ages," he said with a wide smile.

"You must be hungry," she said. "Help yourself."

Ben looked in the cupboards, then the fridge. He decided to scramble some eggs with bacon and hash browns. He couldn't remember the last time he'd had a hearty breakfast like that and his stomach growled at the prospect of it.

When Ben was nearly finished his breakfast he looked up at his sister. She was reading the morning paper. "I was thinking of having a shower after breakfast. That's one thing I've really been looking forward to," he said.

Krista looked up from her paper and gave her brother a sympathetic frown. "No. I'm sorry, Ben," she said. "No showers until you're stronger and there's no danger of you slipping and falling."

"Jesus, Kris," he spat out, then gave her a devilish grin. "I should warn you -- if you don't let me have showers, I'm gonna start to smell pretty bad after a day or two."

His sister laughed and rested her arms on the paper spread out in front of her. "You can have baths, but there's a catch," she told him.

Ben sighed, dreading the answer to his question. "What's the catch?"

"I'm going to have to help you in and out of the tub," she said.

"Dammit, I'm not an invalid," he spat out. "I can get out of the damn tub by myself, Kris. You know, when I found out that I'd be staying here I thought that it would mean more privacy. Now I find out I still can't take a bath on my own."

Krista drew in a deep breath as she collected her thoughts. "You'll have privacy -- all the privacy you want. I'll leave you alone while you have your bath. Take as long as you want and let me know when you're ready to get out."

Ben winced slightly. That sounded a lot better to him than the procedure they had followed at the hospital. Still, the thought of his sister seeing him undressed as he got in and out of the tub made him uneasy.

As though she had read her brother's mind, or had at least discerned his reluctance from his expression, she said "Are you wearing boxers?" Her yes went to the front of his sweatpants.

"Ah... yeah," he grunted hesitantly.

"Then leave them on when you get in the tub and take them off after I'm gone," she suggested.

His sister's idea relieved Ben somewhat, but not completely. "What about when I get out?" he asked.

"I'll hold a towel up for you. I'll even close my eyes," she explained with a giggle.

Ben was still wearing a frown, but he was resigned to the situation because there was no other option. "Alright," he said and gave a heavy sigh.

"So, are you ready for your bath now, Mr. DeWitt?" Krista asked in the most professional tone she reserved for patients at the hospital.

"Yeah," her brother replied with a laugh. "Send in the sexy nurse to help me."

Her brother's retort made Krista laugh and she gave an exaggerated pout. "What? Aren't I sexy enough?" she asked.

Ben gave his sister a wan smile. It wasn't that she wasn't sexy enough, it was that she was too sexy, he thought to himself. "I never said that," he said.

"Okay, well, enough stalling, Ben. If you want that shower, let's go."

Ben trudged behind his sister to the bathroom. He stood awkwardly behind her as she filled the tub with hot water. Her hair hung down over her shoulders and her breasts swayed inside her robe as she leaned over to test the temperature of the water once the tub was full. Ben watched her heavy mounds shift beneath the pink cotton covering them and felt his cock stir.

Krista turned and smiled at her brother. "Okay, it's all ready," she said. "I'll help you in, then leave you alone. Let's get these off."

Krista reached for the hem of her brother's t-shirt. He raised his arms and she tugged it off of him, then tossed it on to the lid of the toilet. "These too," she said as her finger hooked in the elastic waistband of his sweatpants.

Ben looked down nervously, watching Krista as she slid his sweatpants down his hips. He could feel the waistband slide over his partially hard cock, then noticed the slight tent in his boxers once his sister had his sweatpants down to his knees. He looked down at her crouching before him. Suddenly the thought of tugging his boxers down to free his

twitching cock and pulling her mouth down on it came to him. He felt his shaft give a throb as it stiffened even more.

"Okay, now you can go, Kris," he said, turning his back to her to hide his growing erection. Then he flinched when he felt her soft hands on his right arm and side. She gave his elbow a squeeze and his cock throbbed again.

"Not until I get you into the tub, Ben," she said.

Ben gingerly stepped into the warm water, trying to ignore the feeling of his sister's hands on him and his cock pushing out at his boxers. He sat down, feeling less bashful once the water was covering his lap. He glanced down quickly to his erection, then gave his sister a shy smile.

"Okay, now do I get some privacy" he asked.

Krista grinned and gave her head a nod. "Yes," she said. "I'll be in the living room. Don't you dare try to get out without my help. Take your time, but let me know when you're done."

"Okay," he mumbled, then felt relieved when she left, closing the bathroom door behind her.

Krista sat back on the living room couch and parted her thighs. As her hand moved down to her wet lips she listened to the sound of water splashing around coming from the bathroom. She pressed down on her

clit through her panties and closed her eyes, recalling how Ben's hard cock looked pushing out at his boxers as she helped him in to the tub. She had noticed it when she was sliding his sweatpants down and it was all she could do to resist the urge to remove his boxers too and wrap her hand and lips around his thick shaft. The memory of stroking it in the hospital bathroom returned to her as she made herself come for the first time on the couch with her legs splayed and her panties down past her knees.

Instead of quelling her libido, two orgasms only fed Krista's yearning for her brother. She was still stroking her glistening lips and throbbing clit when she heard him call out to her. His deep voice echoed in the bathroom and just the sound of it thrilled Krista. She lept from the couch, tugging her panties up and quickly pulling her robe closed.

"Ready to get out?" she asked as she stuck her head inside the bathroom. She could see her brother sitting in the tub with his arms folded over his lap.

"Yeah... please," he said in almost a child-like voice.

Krista stepped over to the tub, then smirked when she discovered that Ben had pulled his boxers back on, or maybe had only slid them down to wash himself. Soaked with soapy water, they clung to him like a second skin. She could see the outline of his shaft through them and was disappointed to see that he wasn't hard. She wondered if he had jerked off in the tub and that thought made her clit throb in response.

"You look like you just finished a wet boxer-shorts contest," she teased, looking down at his lap.

"Shut up," he snapped, then chuckled nervously.

"Okay, let's get you out of here."

Krista leaned over and reached down and took hold of her brother's right bicep. His skin was wet and warm and she could feel his muscles flex in her hand. They felt good. Strong. She imagined his arms around her, holding her tight, as his wide palms roamed over her body.

As she and her brother both stood up, Krista's eyes moved to the front of his boxers. They lingered there as he turned towards her, so his cock was in front of her face. She felt his hands on her shoulders, clutching her tight as he steadied himself to step out of the tub. Her panties were becoming wet and she wanted to reach out and take his shaft in her hand, then her mouth. Krista straightened her back and slid her hand around her brother's lower back. She felt his broad chest brush over her hard nipples through her robe as he stepped on to the bath mat. It made her shiver and she held him tighter, now needing some support herself. When his cock pushed against her stomach Krista almost moaned. She looked down and saw that he was hard and tenting his wet boxers.

"Okay, you can let go now, Kris."

the tub. His hands were on her arms and his eyes were on her breasts. He felt his cock twitch and grow harder.

Krista noticed her brother's eyes on her and smiled. She looked down and saw how her nipples stood out from her robe and guessed what Ben was thinking. Then as she ran her eyes back up her brother's thighs she froze and felt her jaw slacken when she saw how hard he had gotten in the few seconds as she helped him from the tub. His shaft had thickened and grown so it pushed out at his soaked boxers clinging to it. She sidled closer to him, feeling the head of his cock graze her right thigh through her robe. Her hand glided down his side as she surveyed his erection. Then she slowly raised her head to look into his eyes. He looked scared and anxious, but turned-on and she felt her need for him grow.

"Mmmm... it looks like someone's a little excited," she purred, looking down to his shaft again.

Ben winced, giving her an almost wounded look. He looked to his left, avoiding her wide eyes and tempting smile.

"Maybe I should have stayed in here to... give you a hand," she drawled. "Didn't you take care of that while I was in the living room?" Her probing eyes met his with a curious look.

Ben shook his head. "No," he mumbled. "I tried, but... but I was too nervous. I thought you might come to check on me."

Krista stroked her brother's side, still admiring his hard cock. "It looks like I should have," she said. "But better late than never. Let's get these off of you so I can help you with that."

When Ben felt Krista pulling his wet boxers down over his hips his arousal was replaced by angst. He looked down and saw a tuft of curly dark hair peeking out above the waistband of his boxers, then gave his sister a wide-eyed stare.

"No, Kris. I... ah... can take care of that... later," he said, having to force the words out.

"But wouldn't it feel better if I did it?" she cooed. "Like I did that time in the hospital."

Ben winced again. This was the first mention Krista had made of the incident in the hospital bathroom and he had hoped that she had forgotten about it. "But that was different," he said. "That was... an emergency."

Krista laughed, still holding onto his hips. Now she was pressed against his hard cock and subtly moving her hips, making him even harder and bigger. "You liked it though, didn't you? I know I did," she said.

Ben's eyes widened in surprise. "I thought you just did it because... because you felt sorry for me and I..."

"Sorry for you?" she spat out and giggled. "I felt sorry for myself that that's all we could do without worrying about someone catching us."

Now Ben was even more shocked. Horny too. His body went limp as he looked into his sister's eyes, speechless. "Kris, you don't mean..." he began.

Krista untied her robe and shrugged it off. It fell to the floor at their feet. "I've got something that will feel better than my hand wrapped around your cock," she said as she ran her fingers over her dripping pussy through her panties. "Tell me you've never thought about it, Ben."

Ben let out a nervous laugh, watching his sister stroke her wet pussy. "Maybe a few times," he admitted, giving her a weak smile.

Krista slid her panties down her legs and stepped out of them. She reached out and pulled her brother's boxers down to his knees. She let out a moan of delight when she saw his hard, thick shaft pointing between her thighs. She cupped his heavy balls and gave his throbbing shaft a soft squeeze as her hand moved down towards the head. She stepped closer, still holding his cock in her hand and tugged at it so the head rubbed over her hard, pink clit. She moaned and braced her other hand on his shoulder as she pushed with her hips. When the tip of his shaft slipped between her petals she heard him groan. A second later his hands were clutching her hips.

"Want to push it in the rest of the way?" she asked, looking up at him as her fingers stroked the underside of his meat.

Ben nodded, looking down to where their bodies were joined in a forbidden coupling.

Krista stepped back and quickly pulled her camisole off. Her breasts jiggled as she lifted her arms and tossed it aside. Ben stared at his sister's bare chest, gazing at her perfect breasts and hard, pink nipples like he had longed to for years. He licked his lips and pulled her to him, feeling his hard shaft stroke her wet lips.

"Do you like my tits?" she asked, somewhat nervously.

"Yeah... they're beautiful," he said in a husky voice.

Krista took her brother's hands from her hips and brought them up to her firm mounds. She pressed his palms down on her soft skin, feeling his fingers brush over her hard nipples. She moaned and reached down to slowly stroke his cock and press it to her pussy, coating it with her juice.

"In the hospital... I felt your hand on one when we were walking to the bathroom and I wished you would grab it," she said as she moved her hips in a tight circle to rub her clit against the head of his cock.

Ben let out a muffled groan as he sucked hard at her right nipple. He had both of her breasts in his hands and was squeezing them hard as he pushed them up into firm mounds.

Krista looked down and ran her fingers through her brother's thick, wet hair as she held him to her bosom. She took his right hand from her and drew it down to press his fingers to her dripping pussy. "God, Ben... feel how wet you make me," she moaned, moving his hand so he rubbed her clit.

When Krista felt her brother's finger enter her she gripped it tight and rocked her hips to meet it as he began to pump it in her. She could feel his damp skin on hers as she stroked his back and arms. Her loud moan filled the bathroom as his thumb pressed down on her clit and his teeth pinched her nipple and tugged at it.

"Let's get out of here," she said breathlessly. "You've been standing too long anyway."

Krista stepped back and took Ben's hand in hers as she smiled into his eyes. She could feel her musky juice on his fingers and knew it would soon be coating his thick cock. She brought him down the hall and into her bedroom.

"I want you in me, Ben," she whispered. "I love you."

"I love you too," he said, staring into her eyes and smiling. He bent down and kissed her rosy cheek as his hand glided up her back to her ass.

Turning slowly, Krista guided her brother to the edge of the bed. Once he was sitting down she went to her knees and moved between his thighs. She ran her hands along his thighs, feeling his muscles and hair under her hands. Taking his shaft in her hand, she lowered her mouth down on it, breathing over it as she wrapped her lips around it. She heard him moan and felt his hands on her head as she began working her mouth up and down. She sucked at him hard, feeling his hot cock on her tongue and moving to the back of her throat. She gripped the base harder, feeling him thicken around her tightening lips as he moved in and out of her warm, wet mouth.

Krista wanted to taste her brother's thick cum, but there was something she wanted more. With a loud smack, she pulled her tight, wet lips off of his shaft and got on the bed. She lay back and bent her left leg, smiling up at him invitingly as she held her hands out to him.

Ben smiled and moved between his sister's soft, open thighs. He ran his hand up and down her left one and pushed on her knee to spread her legs wider. He looked down at her pink lips and the strip of dark hair leading to them. They opened to greet him as he pushed the head of his cock in her as she hooked her heels in his thighs and held onto his muscular arms.

"Show me how much you want me, Ben," she urged as her nails dug into his arms. She pushed up, moaning as his cock began to move in and out of her tight pussy.

"So do you... if I had have known, I'd have begged you to fuck me years ago," she said with a laugh as she began to writhe under him as his shaft began moving in and out of her faster.

"Like this?" he asked and began thrusting his cock harder and faster into her as he pushed her onto the bed.

"Oh shit... yes... like... oh... fuck me, hard, little brother," she cried out as she arched her back.

Ben's hand went to her left breast. He grabbed it, kneading it and pushing down so she was pressed harder onto the mattress by his weight atop her. Krista loved the feeling of total submission to her horny brother and closed her eyes as her first small orgasm swept over her. She released a gush of juice as she came, bathing his shaft with it so it ran down to his balls as they knocked against her.

Ben groped Krista's breast and pulled at her thick nipple as he continued to pump his rod in and out of her tight pussy. He watched the look of ecstasy on her face and her right breast shaking as he pumped into her hard. He knew he was getting close and wished that their lovemaking could go on for longer, but he did not want to finish inside her.

"I'm so close, Kris," he moaned, clenching his jaw.

Krista was rubbing her swollen clit, trying to make herself cum for a third time when her brother spoke. She looked up at him, pushing back harder to meet his thick cock, stabbing deep inside her. "Cum on my tits," she moaned.

Ben pulled his glistening shaft from her tight walls and began stroking it. The feeling of her juice on it excited him and he moved his fist faster. He looked down at his sister, cupping her rounded breasts in his hands and looking up expectantly at him. He let out a loud grunt as the first stream of cum shot from his cock. It splashed across her mouth and upper chest and she moaned in delight.

"Mmmm... cum all over me, Ben," she begged as she pinched her hard nipples.

With another deep moan Ben watched as another ribbon of cum, then another, landed on his sister. It covered her nipple and streaked her round breast, running down inside her deep cleavage. He leaned closer to her as his tight fingers moved down his softening cock and he wiped one final drop of his thick cum on her pink nipple, pushing the gaping slit hard against her stiff nub. Then with a sigh he rolled over and lay beside her.

Krista turned over on her right side and smiled. "God, Ben... you're amazing," she said, still breathing hard. "To think I've been missing-out on that all these years."

the same thing," Ben said. He gripped her ass hard as he leaned closer to kiss her pink cheek.

Krista returned her brother's kiss and lovingly ran her hand down his back. "How's your back feel?" she asked, looking concerned.

"Better than ever," he grinned.

"Well, next time, let me get on top and do all the work," she said with a wanton grin.

"Next time?" He cocked an eyebrow and raised up on his elbow.

"You don't think I can ever not want this to happen again, can you?" she said with surprise. "It was too good. You've spoiled me, little brother. I'll never want another cock in me beside yours."

Ben laughed as he pulled his sister to him so they were touching from head to toe. He pulled her silky thigh between his so her soft body was draped over his. "That's good, because I don't think we can turn back now. I know I don't want to now that I know how good and right this feels," he said. "And I'll never want or love anyone more than you."

Krista and Ben lay entwined in her bed for almost an hour, cuddling and talking, but mostly stroking and exploring each other's body as new lovers. Ben's damp body had dried-off, but Krista could still feel his thick, sticky cum on her breasts. His thigh was pressed to her wet

pussy and she shifted her hips, pushing hard to feel his hairy leg rub over her soft folds. Then she felt his cock move as it hardened against her hip.

"Getting ready to give it to me again, little brother?" she joked, looking down at his swelling shaft.

"Again and again," he said as he mounted her. "As many times as you want -- until I move out."

Krista wrapped her arms around her brother's back, pulling him on top of her. "Who said anything about you moving out?" she said.

That Which We Don't Speak Of

The breeze blowing in from Norford Bay was chilly. It blew my dirty-blond hair about and made me shiver a bit as I walked along the rocky beach. Ahead of me by thirty feet or so was my sister, Ashleigh. She was twenty and in her second year at art college. This year she was taking a course in jewellery making. Her latest phase was fashioning rings, broaches and pendants out of pewter with beach glass embedded in it. That was what had brought us to Watkins Beach on a Sunday afternoon in July.

Ashleigh was not just my sister -- she was my twin, born almost five minutes ahead of me. I often joked that I gave her a kick in the ass to get her moving because I wanted to get out to be fed. My sister resembled me, but were we not the same age few would guess that we were twins. After my last growth spurt I had reached just under six feet, which was a good six inches taller than my sister. While my hair was a murky, brassy colour, Ashleigh was adorned with golden, natural curls that trailed down past her shoulders by several inches. Her eyes, like mine, were hazel, but unlike mine, hers sparkled with a vitality that was captivating. In addition to these differences Ashleigh was also blessed with a distinctly feminine body. Everyone took notice of this fact, including me.

"Hey, Bryan, I found some more!" Ashleigh called out to me, obviously excited.

saw pieces of green, brown and red glass. Ashleigh was gathering them up and depositing them into a plastic bag in her hand.

"Look -- some blue pieces. That's rare," she said, sounding pleased with her find.

I squatted down beside my sister and began plucking pieces of glass from the damp sand and dropping them into the bag. Her hair was being blown about by the wind off of the bay. It brushed the side of my face, tickling me. I pushed it aside.

"What?" she asked, looking up at me.

"Your hair's in my face," I said.

Ashleigh pulled her corkscrew-blond hair back over her shoulder, then continued picking up the glass shards. She was wearing black shorts, sneakers and a navy blue tank top. Her top had a V-neck and narrow straps. It hugged her body, emphasizing her flat stomach and bustline. As I bent down to pick up pieces of glass my eyes strayed to the front of my sister's tank top as she crouched beside me. I looked at her breasts, half exposed in the V-shaped neckline as she leaned over. They swayed a bit as she moved. They were round, obviously more than my hands could hold, and firm looking. Her skin was tanned and smooth. It looked like it was still as soft as the day we were born. She smiled up at me.

"Quit staring at my tits and pick the glass up, Bryan. I want to get home so I can wash this stuff off and sort it out."

I smiled at my twin sister's scolding and shifted my focus back to the glass at my feet. Most brothers would no doubt be embarrassed or shameful at having been caught leering by their sister, but I wasn't. Ashleigh and I had a special relationship --although most would consider it unsavory, to say the least.

Growing up with a twin meant that I always had a best friend. When we were young there was no gender difference between us. Ashleigh was a tomboy and interested in many of the same things I was. We were always one another's confidante's and support system. Once we reached puberty some things changed, both about us as individuals and with regards to our relationship. I was given my own bedroom and my sister became modest about allowing me in her room, depending on what she was wearing. Eventually I began to take notice of the physical changes in Ashleigh. It was then that I also began regarding her as a very pretty girl, in addition to being my sister. She began to notice me in the same way too, although I did not realize that just yet.

"Let's go sit down. I want to look this stuff over," Ashleigh said.

I trailed behind my sister until she found a flat rock and sat down. I joined her on the rock. She was peering into the bag, as excited as we were as children on Halloween, rifling through our treat bags once we got home. I looked over her shoulder at the bits of coloured glass. Her hair was lashing my face once again and I pushed it aside. She smiled. We sat shoulder-to-shoulder as she examined the haul of glass we had gotten.

The wind had seemed to have picked up. I wrapped my arms around myself and leaned over, trying to keep warm. I noticed that my sister's nipples had reacted to the chilly breeze too. They stood out firm from the curves of her breasts, making two bumps in the blue material of her top that were almost as big as the tip of my little finger. I stared, trying to imagine how they would feel pinched between my lips.

"Can we get going, Ash? I'm freezing," I said.

"Aww... is my baby brother cold?," she said with faux sympathy. "Here, let your big sister keep you warm. I swear, you'd have died years ago without me around."

Ashleigh placed the bag of glass down on the rock beside her and wrapped her arms around my shoulders. She pulled me to her, holding me tight against her warm, cushiony chest and rubbed my back through my t-shirt. My sister relished playing the role of protectress and reminding me that she was five minutes my senior on every opportunity she got. Her body was warm and and felt wonderful as she held me tight to her. Her breasts were firm. She wasn't wearing a bra, so they moved freely beneath her top and rubbed over me as she moved her shoulders. My arm slipped between them as she shifted, making herself comfortable.

"Better? You warm now?" she asked, her hot breath teasing my neck.

"Yes," I said, nodding. "Can you hold me till it gets about ten degrees warmer?"

Ashleigh laughed. "No, we have to get back home. You'll have to get your cheap thrill somewhere else today, little brother."

Ashleigh let go of me and picked up her bag of beach glass. She stood up, extending her slender hand to me. She pulled me to my feet and tugged me towards the bank leading up from the beach to where our car was parked. As we navigated our way along the beach over rocks and through sand Ashleigh kept hold of my hand. Part of the reason was to steady herself as she stepped over water-weathered boulders, but it was also part of our spontaneous, habitual closeness.

Had anyone seen me and my sister they would have assumed we were lovers. Had they known that we were siblings, they would have found our hand-holding odd at best. Neither of us cared. It was something that had developed naturally, but was never spoken of or discussed. I think that acknowledging it would have somehow broken the spell and made it seem less special. The other reason could very well have been because we both knew it was unaccepted and forbidden by convention, so we did not want to analyze it. Still, physical closeness that at times bordered on intimacy and good-natured jibes from her about me ogling, or being aroused by her, were commonplace between us. It was just how things had evolved with us since adolescence. It never felt unseemly or unnatural to me or Ashleigh; quite the opposite, in fact.

and our respective jobs, although we occasionally squabbled over it when our schedules conflicted. Ashleigh had the radio turned up loud so I stared out of the window and didn't bother initiating any conversation.

Once we got home Ashleigh went straight up to her room with her bag of glass. I made a sandwich and poured myself a glass of pop. After I finished eating I went up to my room to download some music and play video games. Mom was busy outside in her flower garden and our dad was out somewhere, probably golfing. I could hear music coming from my sister's bedroom. About fifteen minutes later she wandered into my room. She sat down on the bed to my left, leaning back on her elbows.

"Whatcha doin'?" she asked.

"Checking out songs online," I told her.

Ashleigh grunted a reply, still holding her eyes on me. From the corner of my eye I looked at her tanned, lean legs and how her breasts rose from her chest, pushing out at her tank top. My cock was hard in seconds. I focused on the monitor's screen again, trying to ignore my sister and how sexy she was.

"If you're busy, I can go. I didn't mean to interrupt you," Ashleigh said.

"No, it's okay. I'm just killing time," I told her.

"I thought you might want to be alone so you could look at porn or something," she said, sounding somewhat serious.

"No," I snapped.

"I guess you would have at least closed your door then, so no one caught you jacking-off," she said with a giggle.

I turned and gave her an irritated glare.

"What? It's not like you're the only one who does it, Bryan. I always make sure my door's closed when I rub-off," Ashleigh said, sounding shameless.

I turned to her again, looking shocked.

"Come on. Don't look so surprised. Did you think I never did that too?"

"I... I don't know. I've never thought about you like that, Ash," I said.

"Yeah... right," she scoffed. "If I weren't your sister, you'd jump me right now." She let out a brassy laugh.

"If I weren't your brother, you'd let me," I shot back.

The smug expression faded from Ashleigh's face and she raised an eyebrow. "Touché," she said, grinning.

I smiled and turned back to my computer, wondering how seriously to take my sister. I could feel the sexual tension in the air, but it was far from the first time I could when Ashleigh and I were alone. While around other people, especially our parents, we had an unspoken understanding to never do or say anything that might cause anyone to call into question the nature of our relationship, but when we were alone the conversations were often somewhat vulgar and full of innuendo.

"So, are you up for more beachcombing next weekend?" she asked.

"Sure, if the weather's nice," I said.

"You pussy! I can't believe you found it too cold today," she jeered.

"You didn't?" I countered, turning my head towards her.

"Okay, so it was a bit nippily out." Ashleigh smirked, darting her eyes down to her chest.

"I noticed," I replied, grinning.

"You noticed more than just that when you were picking up glass beside me. I thought your eyes were going to jump down the front of my top." My sister laughed hard, making her breasts quiver.

I shrugged, not bothered by her teasing. "No, it didn't look like there would have been enough room for them. It looked pretty crowded in there," I said as my eyes moved to her chest.

Ashleigh let out a soft laugh that I found very sexy. Her bright eyes had a playful glint to them that they always seemed to take on as our lewd banter escalated.

"I guess this top is kind of tight," she said, wiggling her shoulders a bit.

"Yeah..."

I was growing increasingly horny. If my sister noticed, she never acknowledged it. But she had probably assumed I was; that was her intention. These sorts of conversations with Ashleigh always made me horny and usually resulted in me masturbating once I was alone. At times I noticed her disappear into her room for a while after our ribald exchanges and I guessed that she was as turned-on as I was. Sometimes I would imagine her rubbing and fingering her wet pussy just down the hall in her room while I jerked off.

"Doesn't it look good on me?" Ashleigh's voice sounded coy and insecure.

"Of course it does. Everything you wear looks good on you, Ash."

My sister smiled at my compliment. "But don't some things look better than others?" she prodded.

"Of course."

"Like...?"

I thought for a moment, then smiled. "Like that white dress with the blue flowers," I said.

"The sun dress?"

"Yeah..." I sighed. The image of seeing my sister's cleavage and bare legs the last time she had worn that dress filled my mind.

"I never wear it anymore. The last time I did, one of my boobs nearly popped out."

I laughed hard, trying to imagine the scene.

"I'm serious. It was last August, during Mom's birthday party, when we were out on the patio barbequing. I dropped my napkin and when I bent down to pick it up my right tit was practically hanging out. I

think that dad really got an eyeful." Ashleigh let out a nervous giggle, shifting her eyes from mine.

My salacious curiosity was piqued at my sister's comment. I felt my cock twitch and push out at my jeans even more. "How much did he see?" I asked, trying not to sound overly interested.

Ashleigh shrugged. "I don't know. I turned around as fast as I could and pulled my dress up, but he might have seen everything. He smiled at me when I turned around again and I caught him looking over a few times after that."

"It sounds like he wanted to see more."

Ashleigh's eyes met mine, then a shrewd smile came over her face. "You pervert," she said with a chuckle. "I bet you'd like it if I showed Dad my tits."

"Not as much as he would," I spat out.

My sister laughed again.

Not long after that we heard the voices of our parents downstairs. I grew nervous and my sister seemed to feel the same. It was getting close to supper time, so we decided to go downstairs and spend some time with our parents before they came looking for us.

###

My first class that Monday morning was at ten. Ashleigh didn't have to be at school until one o'clock, so she said I could have the car and she'd take the bus. By the time I got home that afternoon the house was empty. Mom and Dad were at work and my sister had not gotten back from school yet.

I went up to my room to check my email and look online for some information on Thoreau and Emerson for an English assignment. I enjoyed the solitude and the quiet house. After a while I grew bored and began searching through my Bookmarks for websites to visit. As was usually the case when I was in that sort of mood I ended up at a porn site. I hesitate to call it porn, but erotica, rather. The site featured pictures of beautiful young women undressed, posing provocatively, but not was blatantly lewd as on some other sites that seemed more like gynecology textbooks than erotica sites.

When I saw a model who reminded me of Ashleigh my cock was at full attention. I shifted in my seat as my erection strained my jeans. I unzipped them and tugged them down, not taking my eyes off of the woman on the screen who so resembled my twin sister.

Once my jeans and underwear were down around my knees my cock rose towards the ceiling, it's reddish head pointing towards me slightly. I began to stroke it, imagining the model was my sister and I was running my hands over her, groping and prodding at every inch of her.

I was lost in fantasy and driven wild by lust and arousal. A bomb could have landed on the house and I don't think I would have noticed. I was too consumed with my dirty thoughts as I stroked my cock. I closed my eyes and leaned back in the chair, breathing heavy. It was only a few minutes later when I opened my eyes slightly that I noticed a form from the corner of my right eye. I froze and turned my head, still holding my rigid cock in my hand.

Leaning against the doorway to my room with her arms folded and a smile on her face was Ashleigh. Her eyes were wide as they locked on my hard cock in my hand.

"Don't stop because of me," she said. Her voice was soft and almost pleading.

I leapt from my chair and wheeled around. Now my sister could see my ass, but that concerned me less. I struggled to pull my jeans and underwear up and stuff my hard shaft back into them. After a little struggle, and some grunting, I managed to dress myself again. Slowly, I turned around, red faced from mortification, and faced my sister. She had not moved. I could feel my still hard cock tenting my jeans. She looked down to it.

"Jesus, Ash, can't I have any privacy around here?" I spat out, glaring at her.

on the computer screen. "Hey, she's hot. I can see why you were so worked-up," she said.

I twisted my mouth, giving her an uncomfortable look. My cock was softening, but there was still a slight tent in my jeans -- enough for her to notice. I clicked the mouse and moved to my browser's Homepage.

"She kind of looks like me." My sister turned and gave me a shrewd look, then smiled.

I shrugged, not wanting to agree.

"Well, I should leave you alone so you can... finish. Or have I killed the mood?" She laughed, glancing down to my crotch.

"You killed it," I said with a faint smile.

Ashleigh moved her eyes back down to the front of my jeans. Her full lips curled into a smile and she looked back up at me. "I don't know... it doesn't look completely dead. With a little encouragement I'm sure it would come back to life."

I let out an embarrassed laugh. "Yeah... no... ah... it's getting kinda late anyway. Mom and dad will be home soon," I said.

"I'm sorry. I had no idea that you were... that you wanted to be alone," she said, sounding genuinely regretful. "You know I always respect

your privacy, like you do mine." Ashleigh seemed tentative after my outburst when she interrupted me masturbating.

"I know. I'm sorry for shouting at you. I was just embarrassed, that's all. Forgive me?" I gave my sister a sheepish smile.

Ashleigh slipped her arms around my waist and pulled me to her, brushing her stomach over the bulge in my jeans. "There's nothing you have to be forgiven for, and you have no reason to be embarrassed." she said, then kissed my cheek. "You've got a nice cock, Bryan," she whispered in my ear.

The combination of my sister holding me to her and whispering her salty comment in my ear made my shaft begin to harden again. My hands were on Ashleigh's waist. I felt her brush over the front of my jeans again. I moved my hips slightly, avoiding pressing my crotch to her.

"Thanks... I guess," I mumbled.

"You guess? What? Don't you like hearing a girl tell you that?" My sister leaned away from me, giving me a surprised look.

"Yeah, sure... I guess. I don't think any have, to tell you the truth. And I never thought I'd ever hear it from you."

"I never thought I'd see it again. I haven't in years. You've grown a lot since then -- a lot."

I let out a nervous chuckle. "So have you," I replied.

"In all the right places, I hope."

My sister leaned back and arched her back slightly. Her breasts pushed out at her black t-shirt, pulling the cotton tight over them. I noticed two faint nubs where her nipples had begun to stiffen.

"Yeah... right where it counts," I said, looking at her chest.

Ashleigh smiled in appreciation and pulled me tight to her once more. When she felt my erection pressing against her she looked down. "I told you with a little encouragement it would come back to life," she said, looking back up at me.

"Don't encourage me too much; Mom and Dad will be home soon," I joked.

"How much is too much?" she asked, sounding serious.

I shrugged. "I don't know. How much is too much for you?"

My sister's expression turned serious, thoughtful. I had broken our unspoken rule of not discussing our sexual behavior. Her smile vanished. She tilted her head to one side.

"I don't know. I've never really thought about it -- what's okay and not, I mean. We've never talked about it. But you've never done or said anything that I minded though. Have I? I hope not." She stared into my eyes with a concerned look.

I shook my head. "No. Never. I just wonder sometimes..."

"Wonder what?" she asked, squinting.

"What's okay with you. I sometimes worry that I push things too far."

Ashleigh shook her head. "No. I'd let you know if you did, but I don't think that will happen. Enjoy it, Bryan; I do." She kissed my cheek again and hugged me tighter.

I slid my right hand up my sister's back a ways, feeling her breasts pressed to my chest as she held me. Her hair caressed the side of my face. I brushed it aside and kissed her right cheek. It was warm and soft, just like I knew the rest of her body would be. My cock was throbbing and pushing against her soft stomach. She moved, rubbing over it subtly.

"I like hugging you like this when you're... excited," she said, then exhaled.

"I... sometimes I wonder if you think I'm weird because that happens," I said.

"No. Of course not. It's happened plenty of times when I've hugged other guys," she giggled. "It's a rush to be able to make that happen."

"But they weren't your brother," I reminded her.

"I'm glad. Yours is bigger than theirs felt." Ashleigh let out a sexy laugh and stole a glance down towards my crotch. She pressed on my lower back, pushing me into her.

When we heard the sound of a car door closing Ashleigh went to look out of my bedroom window overlooking the back yard.

"Mom's home," she said. "I'll go down. You better take a few minutes to calm down a bit," She took a last glance at the bulge in my jeans and smiled, then left my room.

###

that we both knew that we had to act completely proper. That meant no racy banter, teasing or leering -- although the latter was difficult for me at times.

Saturday night Ashleigh came home about an hour after mom and dad had gone to bed. She had gone out with a friend to see a movie. I was watching television, after having spent the evening at a friend's house. It was close to midnight. I looked up at my sister as she entered the living room. She was wearing tight jeans and a purple blouse. My sister always looked very pretty, but there were times, like that night, when she looked especially stunning. Her hair was in a ponytail and she was wearing lipstick and eyeliner, both of which made her full lips and bright eyes look even more alluring.

"How was your day?" Ashleigh dropped her purse on the coffee table and sat down beside me. She pulled her shoes off and curled up on the sofa beside me.

"Not bad. I hung out at Jason's place for a while and played Guitar Hero," I said.

My sister nodded. She leaned on my shoulder and pulled my right arm around her so it was resting on her stomach. As she guided my hand around her I felt my fingers rub along the underside of her right breast. It was firm and I could feel the material of her bra through her blouse. That brief contact was enough to make my cock begin to thicken and harden.

"I haven't been able to spend much time with you lately. I had an assignment for my Art History course and a project for Jewellery class," she explained.

"How did they go?"

"Not bad," she said. "My instructor likes what I'm doing with the beach glass."

"That's good."

Ashleigh nodded. "You still up for going with me tomorrow to look for more?"

"Sure. When?" I asked.

"After noon sometime."

There was a horror movie on television that looked about thirty years old. I had only been watching it to pass the time, but my attention was not on it now that my sister and I were cuddled on the couch. Her left elbow was gently resting on my right thigh, not far from the growing bulge in my jeans. I looked down, wondering if she had noticed my erection. Her thumb was slowly caressing the backs of my knuckles as she held my hand against her soft stomach. Her warm body felt wonderful against me. I wished she would allow me to run my hand over it, exploring her curves and crevices. After a few minutes of silence

she sighed and shifted her hips, nuzzling closer to me. My hand slid over her stomach as she moved her arm, still holding my hand. My right bicep was pushing against her breast. It moved slightly and I eased my arm tighter around her, pushing on her firm mound harder with my arm.

"Are you hard?" Ashleigh asked, sounding nervous yet curious.

Ashleigh was staring at the television, eyes half-closed. When she asked her question it surprised me and made me anxious, but I saw no reason to lie, given the nature of our relationship. Sometimes that sort of openness excited me because it's normally so forbidden between siblings.

"Yeah...," I admitted.

"Sorry," she said in a soft voice.

"For what?" My eyes widened and I looked at her.

She tilted her head up to me.

"I just feel bad sometimes when you get like that and can't do anything about it." Her eyes had a sympathetic look as they met mine. "I don't want you to think I'm just teasing you, or whatever."

"No, Ash...I know you're not. It's okay."

My sister smiled and rested her head on my chest. "I guess you could always go to your room and do what I saw you doing the other day," she said with a chuckle.

I never replied.

"Do you do that a lot?" she asked.

"What's a lot?" I countered.

"I don't know. Every day -- like me, except those times of the month when I can't. But then there's always the shower..." she said, then giggled.

My heart sped up and I felt my cock twitch when I heard my sister's admission. I tried to imagine her playing with herself, which made me even more horny.

"Yeah, I guess you could say I do it a lot," I admitted with a nervous laugh.

"Will you tonight?" My sister was staring at the television -- probably too bashful to meet my eyes.

"Ash... come on," I begged, growing uncomfortable.

My sister giggled at my sudden awkwardness. "I'm going to later," she blurted out, as if she had to force the words from her mouth before she lost her nerve.

I looked down, giving her a look of surprise. She smiled up at me and blushed. "Don't look so surprised, Bryan," she said.

"I... I guess I shouldn't be. I'm just not used to you talking about doing it though," I said.

Ashleigh shrugged and gave me a smile. "I know. But I feel like I can say anything to you and you won't mind."

"Yeah... that's true."

"Besides, it's your fault," she added with a nervous giggle.

"Mine?" I spat out.

My sister laughed at my shock. "Yeah... you touched my boob when you put your arm around me and it gave me naughty thoughts. And now your arm is rubbing against it.

"Sorry. I didn't mean to touch it," I said.

"I know... I guess," she said.

"You guess?" I exclaimed. "It was an accident, Ash. I swear!"

Ashleigh laughed at how flustered I'd become. "Okay..." she relented. "But I know that the other times your hand brushes over them when you hug me can't all be accidents." She looked up with a cynical grin.

"I have no idea what you're talking about," I contended with a defiant smile.

"Yeah... sure, little brother. It's okay though. I know you can't resist sneaking a feel now and again since they're so nice," she gloated, sounding uncharacteristically vain.

"What was it that you meant by it giving you naughty thoughts anyway?" I asked.

"Oh... I... umm... I meant because it was you who touched it -- it felt wicked... you know... naughty."

"Because I'm your brother..." I concluded.

Ashleigh gave me a shy nod and smiled. "Uh-huh," she grunted.

"Does this feel wicked?" I reached up and brushed my fingertips along the underside of her right breast. It was firm and shifted slightly as I stroked it.

"Stop that!" Ashleigh giggled and squirmed, grabbing my hand.

My sister was clutching my hand firmly in hers, but in doing so she had pushed it back up to her breast. My thumb and the backs of my fingers sank into her firm mound. I felt the tip of my middle finger rub over her nipple, making it harden and swell some more. I wiggled my finger, teasing her sensitive nub until I felt it thicken.

"Hey... quit rubbing my nipple... you pervert!" My sister squealed, writhing and giggling as she tried to pull my hand away.

"Ssshhh... you'll wake mom and dad," I hissed in her ear.

Ashleigh froze and clamped her mouth shut, still squeezing my hand against the mass of her firm breast. My left arm went around her waist as she leaned against my chest, holding her to me. I brushed my finger over her stiff nipple again. It felt thicker and longer now. When she looked up at me, sucking on her bottom lip, I noticed that her cheeks had begun to flush.

"I know what you're going to go do later," she taunted.

"Yeah... the same thing I caught you doing on Monday," she said.

"But you said you do it every day too. You're probably glad to feel a hand on your tit that isn't your own for a change," I shot back.

"You prick..." she spat out, sneering a bit.

Ashleigh laughed and elbowed me in the ribs, hard. I groaned. She struggled to free herself from my arms by twisting her body to the right. We hadn't wrestled for years and she was stronger and more limber now. The combination of her writhing and feeling my hands stray over her breasts excited me even more. When she turned with her back to me, trying to move to the other side of the couch, I reached out and grabbed her bra strap through her blouse. She froze, feeling me tugging at it.

"Trying to rein me in like a horse, little brother?" she gasped, still struggling, but smiling.

"Yeah..." I said in one breath. I was even more horny now and didn't care if she knew it. Maybe I wanted her to.

"Let go," she whined, trying to pull away from me.

bra unfastened. I was still holding the right side of her strap through her blouse. Ashleigh relaxed her body and I gently pulled her towards me by her broken strap. She leaned back against my chest.

"Damn... that was one of my favourite bras," she lamented with a frown.

"I'm sure you look better without it on anyway," I joked.

"Seriously, Bryan -- I paid almost seventy dollars for that bra."

"What?" I exclaimed, surprised by the price of womens' undergarments.

"That's cheap compared to some. Don't you think my tits are worth it?" Ashleigh smiled at me.

"Yes...every penny, and more. I'm sorry. I'll buy you a new one," I promised.

"Okay. But you'll have to let me pick it out," she stipulated.

"Why?"

"Because I can see you choosing something see-through for me to wear." My sister gave me a shrewd grin.

"So? It's not like I'll see it when you wear it." I countered.

Ashleigh gave me an enigmatic smile. "You never know..."

I tugged at the bra straps over Ashleigh's shoulders through her blouse. I stared down at her breasts as the bra cups slid up and over them. Her heavy breasts fell free with a pronounced bounce. Seconds later I noticed her firm nipples pushing out at the thin cotton of her blouse. Her bra was gathered around her upper chest, billowing out her blouse. It looked quite funny, I thought.

"It looks like you have four boobs now," I said, nodding down towards her chest.

My sister looked down and smiled. She arched her back, sticking her chest out. Her nipples looked thicker and longer now as they pushed out at the taut fabric of her blouse.

"Which pair do you like better?" she asked, smiling.

"The bottom ones. They have nipples... hard ones too."

"That's 'cause you were playing with them. Pervert!" she said.

"Only your right one..."

"Yeah... but it got the other one excited too." Ashleigh glanced down, then gave me a nervous smile.

"Are you excited, Ash?" I whispered in her ear, somewhat mocking, but very turned-on.

I slowly raked the backs of my fingernails on my right hand up her spine through her blouse, then back down again.

My sister writhed her shoulders and arched her back. "Stop that..." she murmured with a giggle.

"Why --- do you like it too much?" I taunted.

"It tickles..." she said in a soft, hoarse voice.

I placed my left hand on her shoulder and eased her back until she was resting on my shoulder.

"I'm sorry about your bra, but you look better without it," I whispered into her ear.

"Stop trying to sweet-talk me. I'm still pissed with you about that," she said.

"Was it a sexy one?" I asked.

"Yeah... want to see?"

"Sure," I said, surprised by her offer.

Ashleigh unbuttoned the top few buttons of her blouse and pulled it open. Her bra was bunched up around her upper chest, just above the top of her cleavage. It was black, with lace on the upper cups and silky material below that. My cock throbbed as I imagined her wearing it. She shifted her hips and I felt her ass pressed against my erection. Neither of us moved.

"It is sexy..." I said, still dragging my nails up and down her sensitive back.

"Uh-huh..." she grunted.

"It looks like you could see right through the lace," I remarked

"Yeah... but the black silk covers my nipples." Ashleigh's voice was soft and thick.

"Too bad," I said with a short burst of laughter. "I'll buy you another one like it," I told her.

"Thanks. If you're nice, I might even model it for you," she said, turning her head to smile at me.

"Really?" I was unable to hide my surprise and excitement over her offer.

Ashleigh chuckled at my obvious delight. "Just a sec..." she said.

My sister leaned forward and reached inside her blouse. She fumbled with the left side of her bra, pulling it down snug over her breast after a slight struggle. Once she had finished she turned and pulled the left half of her blouse away from her, smiling up at me. I stared at the black silky material stretched over her firm orb. Through the lace I could see the soft skin of her rounded breast. The black material covering her hard nipple looked like a second skin. I licked my lips, imagining sucking on it.

"How's it look?" she asked, sounding anxious.

"Perfect," I breathed, not taking my eyes away.

"My boob or the overall effect?" she asked, fluttering her eyes.

"Both," I said.

"I can tell," I said, then smiled.

"It was already like that before though... you know that."

My sister leaned on my chest, wrapping her left arm around my lower back. I continued to stare at her breast, now less than a foot from my face. I put my arms around her, keeping her against me.

"Can I see the other one?" I asked.

"I didn't put it back in the bra."

"So...?" I looked up and grinned.

"One at a time, little brother. I don't want to get you too excited," she teased. "Besides, I want to get to bed."

"Okay. I should too." I got up from the couch, watching my sister as she stood up.

Ashleigh pulled her blouse closed and placed her hands on my shoulders. She kissed my cheek softly. "Don't stay up all night jerking off. We have to get to the beach tomorrow." She gave me a teasing laugh, then made for the stairs.

###

I woke up that Sunday as our parents were getting ready for church. Ashleigh and I had not attended for years, but mom and dad were quite religious. They seldom missed church each Sunday. After that they would always go to a cafe for brunch and return home by mid-afternoon.

I waited until Mom and Dad had left, then got up. As I was finishing-up in the bathroom I heard Ashleigh's door open. I had just a towel wrapped around my waist as I dried my hair after getting out of the shower. I thought she must need the bathroom so I opened the door and stuck my head out.

"Did you want to get in here?"

My sister was wearing a pair of light pink pajama tops that came down mid-way over her thighs. The top two buttons were undone. In the narrow slit I could see her upper chest. Her hair was messy from lying on her pillow, but I found it attractive.

"Oh... sorry. I didn't know you were topless," she said with a nervous giggle.

"It's okay. Do you want the bathroom?"

My sister's eyes lingered on my bare torso, moving up and down my chest. She stepped closer and a faint smile appeared in her face.

"I don't think I've seen you without a shirt on since we were kids," she remarked.

"Well, now you have to return the favour," I shot back.

Ashleigh laughed. "No; that wouldn't be fair. I've got more to see up top than you do."

"Oh, really?" I grinned, eying her bust, filling out the front of her pajama top.

My sister laughed, taking another two steps towards me. "Yeah... I do. Your nipples are so small too," she said, sounding somewhat surprised.

"I guess," I said with a shrug.

"Well, smaller than mine, but not as dark," she elaborated.

"Especially when you're cold," I added, smirking. My cock throbbed at her description of her nipples.

Ashleigh let out a soft laugh, seeming bashful. Her breasts moved beneath her top. I had already assumed she had no bra on since she had just gotten out of bed.

My erection was swelling and beginning to push out at the towel around my waist. I pulled the towel tighter around me, hoping my sister wouldn't notice.

"I guess being twins doesn't mean that everything about us is the same. My hair is darker than yours and straight," I remarked.

Ashleigh nodded, then lowered her eyes to the towel around me. The corners of her mouth curled up. "I don't think that's all that's straight at the moment though," she said, checking out the growing tent in my towel. When her eyes met mine she giggled.

I felt myself blush and tugged the towel tighter. I gave my sister an embarrassed grimace.

"It's okay, Bryan. Don't be so bashful. This can't be the first time that's happened around me."

I sighed. "It's different with just a towel around me though," I said.

"Yeah... like me without a bra, only better." Ashleigh was still looking down at my growing erection as she spoke.

"It's longer than your nipples," I joked.

"Thicker too, I bet," she said, sounding breathy.

"A little," I teased.

My sister licked her lips as her eyes shifted between my face and my growing erection rising under my towel. "Is it getting thicker now?" she asked.

I nodded, starting to feel less awkward and more horny.

"Would you think I was sick if I said I wanted to give you a hug right now?" Ashleigh sounded as nervous as I was. Her eyes barely met mine.

"No, but I don't know if that's a good idea," I said.

"Do you like it when I hug you sometimes -- like on the beach when you were cold?"

I nodded and smiled.

"Then let me, Bryan. No one will know. Mom and dad won't be back for hours," she said.

When my sister placed her hands on my waist and eased me towards her I felt myself weaken. Her touch as gentle as her hands glided up my bare back and she pulled me to her. I put my arms around her and ran my hands over her lower back. When her breasts pressed against my chest I almost moaned. With only the thin cotton of her pajama top between us I could feel her hard nipples poking out at me. They felt as hard as the beach glass we had gathered the week before and thick. Her breasts moved when she shifted her shoulders, rubbing over my chest. When I felt my hard cock pushing against her stomach I eased away from her, but she pulled me back until my erection was firmly against her.

"Are we perverts?" Ashleigh sounded worried as she whispered into my ear.

"Most people would say that if they saw us now," I said.

"What do you think though?" she asked.

"I don't care what they think. I love you, Ash."

"I love you too," she gushed, clutching me tighter.

Ashleigh held me tight and moved her hips a little. The sensation of my hard shaft rubbing over her felt wonderful. I held her body against mine, resting my chin on her shoulder, and sighed. Her fingertips ran up and down my spine, adding to the wonderful sensations I was

already feeling. She began to sway her hips, grinding herself against my hard cock. I looked down between us and saw some of her cleavage in the opening of her pajama top. Her breasts were pushed up a bit as she hugged me, enough to allow me to see their rounded shape. She smiled when she noticed me looking.

"If we keep doing this, will... will you... get off?" she asked, breathing over my chest.

"Yes," I sighed.

"Do you want to stop then, or..."

"Do you?" I asked.

"No." My sister hugged me tight and moved her slender hips a little faster, massaging my erection with her stomach.

"What about you though?" I asked.

"I'm okay. It's alright," she said.

"That's not fair, Ash. You should enjoy it too."

"I am -- believe me," she said. sounding quite horny.

"You know what I mean," I said.

I pulled the bottom of the towel up my leg and slipped my right thigh between my sister's. Her skin was soft against mine as I pressed my thigh against her mound. The heat of her pussy radiated through her panties and they felt damp on my skin. I began rubbing my thigh over her soft lips and pressing harder on her clit. She moaned and clutched my shoulders, digging her nails in me a bit.

"Mmmm... you're being really naughty, little brother," she moaned.

"Do You like it?" I asked.

Ashleigh's reply was another moan as she leaned against my chest, still moving her hips and humping my leg. Soon she began thrusting her hips, rubbing over my thigh faster. I pushed back, feeling my shaft pushing against her stomach.

"God... you're practically fucking me, Bryan..." she moaned, gripping me tighter.

My sister's words excited me and fueled my lust. I slid my hands down and held her by her hips and began moving her over my bare thigh faster, shoving my cock against her harder as I moaned. Her juice was making my leg wet so she slid over me easier now.

"I'm so wet," she sighed. "Can you feel it?"

"Yes," I said, breathing the word.

Ashleigh reached down and pulled the hem of her pajama top up, then tugged her panties aside to uncover her pussy. When she pressed it to my bare leg we both moaned. Her lips were very wet and soft. She wrapped her arms around my neck and held on to me. I looked down between us, but her pajama top had fallen down again to cover her.

"Did you jerk off last night?" she asked, breathing over my cheek and neck.

"Yeah..." I grunted.

"I did it too... my panties were soaked when I took them off."

When I slid my hands under my sister's pajama top and ran them over her bare hips she never resisted. I squeezed them, working her pussy over my wet thigh as she moaned and bathed me in her hot breath. When she came a little for the first time she let out a louder moan and pressed herself to my leg harder.

"Keep going," she coaxed, grinding her soaking pussy against my leg.

her panties and I gave it a harder squeeze. Ashleigh whimpered into my ear and nuzzled against my neck.

When my sister arched her back and let out a loud, sexy moan I knew she was cumming again. Hearing and watching her in so much ecstasy was all I needed to climax too. I let out a loud groan as my body stiffened. I felt my cock twitch as I sprayed cum over the inside of the towel.

"Oh god... I love you, Ash," I moaned, holding her body against mine.

Ashleigh murmured a reply. I felt a small gush of her juice run down my leg as she writhed in my arms. She bit my shoulder, moaning as she came.

Only when I felt her trembling body relax did I ease my grip on my sister. I leaned away from her and pushed her hair back from her face. I kissed her forehead and smiled.

"I love you, little brother," she said in a shaky voice.

I kissed her pink cheek. "I love you too, Ash," I said.

My sister slid off of my leg and adjusted her pajama top, seeming shy. She pulled her hair back over her shoulders and looked down at the towel around me. There was still a noticeable tent in it. She smiled.

"Do you want to wash up some before I use the bathroom?" she asked.

I shook my head. "No, I'll just use the towel."

As I began to recover from cumming so hard I grew somewhat shy at the thought of what had actually happened between me and my sister. I gave her a sheepish smile. She seemed nervous and awkward too.

"So... do you still want to go to the beach later?" she asked.

I nodded. "Yeah... after I get something to eat," I replied.

"Cool. I want to have a shower and get dressed, then grab something to eat," she said, fumbling nervously with the hem of her pajama top.

I closed the bathroom door as I left. I went to my room to wipe my cum and my sister's juice from my leg and get dressed.

I was finishing my second bowl of cereal when Ashleigh joined me in the kitchen later. Her hair was still slightly damp from her shower. It looked attractive, falling over her back and shoulders. She was wearing a white, knee-length skirt with a blue batik pattern that reminded me of pictures of Tibetan mandalas I had seen. She also wore a beige tank top and sneakers. Her top had a square neckline and spaghetti straps that left her shoulders and upper chest bare. It was obvious that she was braless. Not simply because her top would not hide a bra straps,

but because of how her breasts looked and moved freely beneath her top. I smiled as I watched them bounce as she moved.

"I just want to have a bagel and some juice, then we can go to the beach," she said.

"Take your time. We have all afternoon," I said.

Ashleigh looked out of the kitchen window, frowning. The sky was covered with low, dark grey clouds. I had noticed them earlier and worried that it might rain. Now she seemed to have the same concern.

"I hope it doesn't rain," Ashleigh said.

"Me too. But we can stay until it starts, if it does."

I had been apprehensive about facing Ashleigh after I got dressed. Given the significant boundary we had crossed earlier in the bathroom I wasn't sure about what the status quo was anymore. She surprised me by behaving no differently than usual, as if it had been someone else I had just practically had sex with earlier. I was filled with an odd mixture of relief and puzzlement; I was also somewhat dismayed. It wasn't as though my sister was aloof or cold -- just seemingly unaffected by our encounter. I had expected her to behave differently after what was for me the best sexual experience of my life.

I finished eating while my sister sat across from me, munching on her bagel. She ate quickly, then handed me a plastic bag, which I tucked in the pocket of my jeans. We headed out to our car for Watkins Beach.

###

It was windy along Jackson Road as Ashleigh drove towards the beach. She had the radio turned up and seemed cheerful, which I found reassuring. The dark clouds had not dissipated, but at least it had not started to rain either. For that much, I was grateful. It was humid and I was looking forward to the breeze off of the bay for once.

Ashleigh drove down the narrow, tree-lined road towards the beach. Branches of pine and spruce trees rubbed along the sides of the car as she navigated the muddy path. She parked the car in a clearing amongst a thicket of alders and pine. We climbed down the sandy embankment towards the rocky, windswept beach.

"Let's go over this way this time," my sister said, pointing to her left.

I followed Ashleigh, watching her hair and skirt being blown about by the wind. Her nipples also had reacted to the breeze, swelling and stiffening to push out at her thin top. I smiled and quickened my pace to walk beside her. She turned and smiled, but said nothing. I knew what she meant and I gave her a wide smile. She chuckled and turned towards the water's edge.

Ashleigh and I began searching between rocks and kicking aside kelp and Irish moss, searching for pieces of glass.

"I found some," she said, squatting to pick some glass from the sand.

I pulled the plastic bag from the pocket of my jeans and held it open for her to deposit the glass in. I crouched down beside her and joined her in the search.

After about a half hour my sister and I had found almost a handful of glass. She was very happy. We turned and made our way up the beach in the other direction. The tide had gone out recently and the rocks were still wet. She reached out for my hand to steady her. I took hold of it and we walked along hand in hand. Now we genuinely felt like lovers to me.

"This is where we found some last week. Let's see if there's more," she said, tugging me towards a patch of gravelly sand.

My sister bent down, scanning the beach for glass. I walked ahead of her by thirty feet or so, doing the same. We had walked about a half mile from where we had descended the bank to the beach. Occasionally Ashleigh or I would stop when we saw bits of glass in the sand. She hurried to catch up with me. I turned, watching her heavy breasts jiggle, and smiled.

Ashleigh was out of breath when she reached me. She dropped a small handful of glass in the bag and smiled when she noticed me looking at her hard nipples.

"I can't wear a bra with this top; the straps are too thin," she said. "I saw where your eyes were, Bryan." She giggled and held my hand, pulling me against her right side.

We continued along the beach, not letting go of one another's hand. It was like all time had ceased and this was a world created just for us. When my sister saw some glass she tugged me along towards it, only releasing my hand long enough to bend down and pick the glass up.

When I felt the first few raindrops land on my face I wasn't sure if I was imagining them or not. Seconds later it began to sprinkle.

"We better get back to the car," I said.

Ashleigh and I turned and began walking back in the direction from which we had come. When the light shower turned into heavy rain my sister tugged at my hand and began to run.

"Come on, Bryan. Let's go!" she called out.

I gave a slow tug at her hand. "No, these rocks are too wet. If we slip on them and fall we'll split our heads open," I warned her.

Unhappy with my caution, but realizing I was right, my sister settled for navigating the smooth rocks as quickly and deftly as possible, using me to steady her. It was pouring now. My t-shirt and hair were getting soaked. So were my sister's -- although she looked much better wet than me.

Accepting that you can only get so wet and that it was inevitable, Ashleigh and I resigned ourselves to cautiously getting back to the car safely rather than dry. We dashed up the wet, sandy bank towards our car. Rain was bouncing off of the roof of it and running down the windshield. We jumped inside, slamming the doors shut, then sighed.

"I'm soaked," she said, frowning.

Once I had caught my breath I looked over at my sister sitting beside me. Her drenched hair hung down around her, far wetter than it had been earlier in the kitchen. Her wet t-shirt clung to her, making the size and shape of her breasts and hard nipples very noticeable. I stared as I smiled.

"I'm not going anywhere until this lets up. It's not safe to drive," she said. "I can't even see out the windshield."

I mumbled a reply, preoccupied with her clinging tank top. She turned towards me and smiled when she noticed me ogling her.

"Yeah..." I said, still smiling.

Ashleigh wrapped her arms around herself, giving me an apologetic look. "Sorry to spoil your view, but I'm cold," she said.

"Come here," I offered, extending my arms.

Ashleigh slid over and leaned on my chest. I put my arms around her wet body and held her tight against me. My cock had been hard for some time already. Holding her and looking down at her wet tank top fed my arousal. I ran my hand up and down her back, trying to warm her. She looked pale and was shivering a little.

"I bet you're sorry I'm not wearing a white t-shirt now," she remarked with a smirk.

"This top looks pretty good right about now though," I said.

Ashleigh gave me a flirtatious look, still smiling "Yeah, but remember how I said that my nipples are darker than yours..."

"How much darker?" I prodded.

Ashleigh pulled her top away from her chest. She peered down inside it, darting her eyes left and right with a smirk. "A bit right now, since they're excited," she said, looking back up to me.

My sister's finger was still hooked in the neckline of her top, tugging it away from her chest. I reached out to it and gave it a slow tug with my finger, waiting for her to react. She smiled as I pulled it lower over her upper chest. My left arm was around her waist, holding her to me. I craned my head, attempting to peek down her top. She giggled, sounding quite sexy.

"Want a better look than that, little brother?" she cooed.

The rain was still beating down on the car and running down the windshield and windows. They were beginning to fog and I couldn't see out of them. I smiled at my sister and nodded.

"Yeah... can I see?" I asked, perhaps begged.

Without a word my sister tugged her top off, giving her tangled hair a shake to free it from the straps. Her breasts swayed and shook as she moved. I ran my eyes over them, licking my lips as I stared at her chestnut-colored nipples and the slightly lighter rings surrounding them. Ashleigh ran her hands over her damp breasts and cupped them so her thick nipples pointed towards me. She was so close that they almost grazed my chest.

"God, Ash... they look nice," I gasped, as I admired her full breasts, overflowing from her hands.

My sister gave me a pleased smile and brushed her thumbs over her hard nipples. She bent down and swirled her tongue around her left one, looking up to see my reaction.

"I love being able to do that," she said and smiled, licking her lips.

"So do I..." I grinned.

Ashleigh giggled. "But I never said you could, little brother," she taunted, still holding her heavy orbs in her hands.

When I drug my fingernails up her bare back Ashleigh closed her eyes and squirmed a bit. She leaned forward so her breasts rubbed over my chest.

"No fair... you know that gets me going," she moaned.

"What else gets you going, Ash?" I asked, still running my nails up and down her tender spine.

"Letting my brother hump me in the bathroom and showing him my tits." Ashleigh's voice was soft and sexy.

"You're twice as sexy when you're horny," I told her.

"Like now..." She opened her eyes and gave me a wanton smile.

I pulled her to me. Her breasts pressed against my chest and her damp hair brushed the side of my face. I pushed it aside and kissed her damp cheek.

"Want to borrow my leg for a little while?" I asked, my lips brushing over her soft neck.

"Do you feel like doing it?" she asked sounding nervous.

I took her hand and placed it on the bulge in my jeans, pressing down on it so she could feel my erection. "Yes, I do," I said.

"Oh my... Bryan..." she gasped as she began rubbing my hard cock through my jeans.

I began tugging at Ashleigh's skirt, bringing it up her thighs. She was fondling my balls when I saw her panties come into view. They were pink bikini cut. I could see the outline of her lips and a damp spot where the material covered her mound. She gave me a nervous look when she saw where my eyes were.

I quickly unfastened my jeans and tugged them down past my knees. My underwear did little to hide my hard shaft. It tented them out,

making a wet spot of pre-cum on them. Ashleigh looked down at the outline of my cock, covered by the stretchy cotton.

Once I had pushed my jeans down towards my calves I put my hands on my sister's hips, guiding her to straddle my bare thigh. She raised up on her knees, bracing her hands on my shoulders. I tugged her skirt up towards her waist so it would not get between us. Her breasts were in my face and I leaned over a bit and ran my tongue over her right nipple.

"Hey..." Ashleigh exclaimed with a giggle.

"Does that get you going too?" I asked.

She nodded.

Still holding my sister by her slender hips I wrapped my wet lips around her left nipple and began to suck and tug at it with my lips. She gripped my shoulders tighter. I moved my mouth over to her right one, sucking and pinching it between my lips. When Ashley lowered herself onto me I felt my shaft press against her pussy. Only our underwear separated us. She gasped in surprise and lifted up. I smiled at her.

"Didn't you like that?" I asked.

"I... yeah... I just wasn't sure if... if it was okay..." she stammered.

"It's better than okay."

I rubbed my hard cock through my underwear a bit while my sister watched. When I pulled them down towards my jeans and my erection began rising towards the roof of the car her eyes grew wide and her mouth fell open.

"WOW... Bryan..." was all she said.

"You've seen it once before," I reminded her.

"But your hand was covering it and I wasn't this close."

I guided my sister back down to my thigh. I gathered her skirt around her waist and pushed it aside. Now I could see her damp panties clearly. When she pressed herself to my thigh and I began moving her over it she let out a quiet moan. The heat and dampness of her pussy radiated through her panties on my leg. The underside and head of my cock rubbed against her as she slid up my leg. She had one hand on the car seat and the other on my shoulder. I squeezed her firm ass, grinding her pussy against me harder.

"Mmmmm... that feels so good, little brother," she moaned.

I grunted and nodded, watching her breasts quiver. I sucked a nipple into my mouth again, opening wide to wrap my lips around her areola too. She gasped and let out another soft cry.

"Want to pull them aside, like last time?" I asked.

"Huh?" My sister looked at me with a confused look.

"These..." I said, tugging at the waistband of her panties.

Ashleigh thought for a moment, then the corners of her mouth curled up and her eyes flicked. "No...just a second," she said. She slid back on the seat and pulled her panties off completely, then tossed them behind her. "That's better," she said.

I smiled, looking at the sparse, triangular patch of hair, one shade darker than that on her head. Her pink lips were shiny and wet. I looked down at them as she lowered herself back onto my leg. I held her by the hips and slid her higher on my thigh. Her musky juice wet my skin and helped her to move.

"This feels so good, Bryan," she said.

Ashleigh moved her hips and leaned forward to grind her clit on my leg. Her hair and breasts hung down towards my chest and moved in rhythm to her sexy body. The head of my cock brushed over her bush, just inches above her dripping pussy. The sensation was nice, so was the thought of knowing I was so close to being inside my twin sister.

I began to slowly stroke my cock, rubbing the head against her hair and soft thigh occasionally. Ashleigh had begun sliding down towards my knee, so I gave her ass a squeeze, pulling her closer. When she lifted up to reposition herself I saw her soft, wet petals. I held her tighter, keeping her wet pussy above my leg and pulled her towards me.

When she felt the head of my cock slide over her wet lips and rub on her clit she moaned and looked down. She gave me a look of shock, then a lusty smile. I held the base of my cock and slapped the head against her swollen, pink clit. She gave a sharp inhale and a soft moan.

"Going to spank my naughty pussy, little brother?" she goaded in a husky voice.

My reply was to slap my shaft against her sensitive button two more times, making her gasp and moan. She moved her hips and I rubbed the head over her wet lips. They were silky soft and parted slightly as the swollen head pushed between them. My sister's eyes widened as she looked down at my cock pressed to her wet folds.

"More..." she moaned, looking int my eyes.

"What?" I asked.

"I want to feel more of it in me, Bryan... push it in... don't tease me. I'm so horny."

"Are you sure, Ash? We can just keep doing what we did before."

My sister shook her head. "We've been teasing ourselves and each-other for too long, Bryan. This is what's natural for us -- even if it isn't for other people."

Ashleigh reached down and curled her soft hand around my rod. She gave it a squeeze as she guided the head inside her. As my shaft filled her she let out a soft cry of pleasure, lowering herself onto me. She gripped the car seat and my shoulder harder and began to glide up and down on my cock slowly.

I held my sister's hips, helping her to fuck my hard cock. Her breasts began to shake as he moved faster, riding me hard. Her jaw was tight and she was looking down, watching me move in and out of her tight pussy.

"God... little brother... shit, your cock feels so good," she groaned.

My hands were holding my sister's ass while she moved up and down. I grabbed handfuls of her cheeks and helped her work her wet pussy on my cock. Her juice ran down my shaft onto me as she squeezed my cock tight deep within her.

"Let me know before you cum," she said in a series of gasps.

I nodded and grunted, still helping her to ride my shaft. My hand slid around to her front, down to her clit. I pressed my thumb to it and rubbed. She moaned and squeezed my meat harder. When she came for the first time I felt her juice running down to my balls. I rubbed her button faster.

"I'm... oh god... fuck me hard, little brother," she cried out above the sound of the rain beating on the car.

When I knew that I could not hold out any longer I reluctantly moved my sister off of my cock. I wrapped my hand around it and stroked, sending a blast of cum over her stomach and thigh. She wiped it up and licked her fingers, just as two smaller ropes splashed over my thigh.

I collapsed against the car door, trying to catch my breath. Ashleigh was rubbing her clit and licking cum from my leg. She had one final orgasm, crying out so loudly that I worried people down the road might hear.

My sister and I lay together, satisfied and covered with one another's juices. Ashleigh rested her head on my chest. It was quiet now. The rain had stopped -- as though mother nature was as spent as we were.

"Storm's over," she said.

"For now," I said.

Ashleigh picked up her panties and t-shirt and put them back on. I tugged my underwear and jeans back up, then opened the car window. I was surprised to see that the sky was blue once again.

My sister opened her window and turned on the fan to clear the windshield of condensation. We held one another, looking out over the bay. Ashleigh leaned on my chest, running her hand up and down my thigh. After a few minutes she sat up and pointed.

"Look," she exclaimed. "A rainbow."

The Birthday Present

It was a dreadful storm. The fierce, howling winds had already taken down a limb of an old beech tree in front of my house. It laid across my front lawn like a dead soldier. The rain was pelting down, lashing against the windows and bouncing off of the pavement on Bellevue Road running by my house. It was the worst storm in years. We were getting pommelled by the tail-end of Hurricane Cathy -- hard. It was also coinciding with my thirtieth birthday.

It was only a quarter past four that afternoon, but with the sky filled with billowing dark clouds blocking out the sun it seemed much later. I peered out of the kitchen window for about the tenth time. When I saw the flicker of car headlights in the driveway I watched in near disbelief as the black Audi moved up the driveway.

"You're insane to be out in this weather," I shouted above the howling wind as I opened the door.

"I told you I'd be over. You only have a birthday once a year and I'm not going to miss it," my sister called out as she dashed from the car.

Sara ran up the porch steps and scurried past me. Her auburn hair was drenched and hung limp over her shoulders. She was wearing a navy blue nylon jacket, which was also soaking wet.

Sara walked towards the kitchen table. In her hands was a birthday cake, encased in a clear plastic case. The cake was coated with white

frosting, with blue trim around the circumference. Written in red frosting on the top of the cake was Happy Birthday, Chaz!. Over her shoulder hung the thin strap of her purse. Dangling from her slender left wrist was a white plastic bag, which obviously contained something. She dropped it and her purse on to the table.

"Happy birthday, little brother." Sara's bright blue eyes met mine as she turned from the kitchen table.

"Thanks, Sara, but I never really expected you to come out during this storm; it's not safe," I said.

"You think I'd miss my little brother's birthday? It's not every day you turn thirty." she shot back. "Brad would have come over, but he said that it wasn't safe to bring Jacob out, so he's at home with him."

At least my brother-in-law knew better than go out in this storm; especially with their four year-old son. I appreciated the effort my sister had made to acknowledge my birthday, but I feared that she had put herself in danger by going out during the height of the storm.

Sara was thirty-three. She was my big sister and always would be -- something she would never let me forget. She relished playing the role of my older, wiser sister, and never failed to forget one of my birthdays. Whether I was in college, or she was doing her Master's degree in Social Work hundreds of miles away, Sara never let one of my birthdays pass by without acknowledging it. Us being the only children in the family meant that Sara's attention and doting did not have to be divided amongst other siblings, which was something I reveled in at times.

"Happy Birthday, Chaz." Sara leaned towards me and kissed my cheek. Her full lips were wet from the rain, but also very soft.

I felt myself blush as I cast my eyes over my sister. She looked lovely. No. She was much more than that. She looked sexy. Desirable. Any man who saw her would have felt the same, but being her brother I felt a pang of compunction as I felt my cock stir at the sight of her. Those were familiar feelings and ones I had grappled with for years.

Sara had taken her rain-soaked nylon windbreaker off and hung it on the coat tree in the corner. Now she looked even alluring. She was wearing a white blouse and a short burgundy skirt made of stretchy, knit material. It barely covered her knees and clung to the curves of her hips and ass. Both were firm and made me wish I could run my hands over them and give them a squeeze. It was my birthday after all. Perhaps she would allow me that one discretion, I fantasized.

My sister's blouse had a scooped neck. The row of white buttons began several inches below her upper chest, which was left exposed by the low neckline of the blouse. As Sara bent over to retrieve her birthday gift to me from the plastic bag I could see her delicate collar bones and bra strap. It was thin and white. I wondered what the rest of her bra looked like.

Sara was slim -- maybe about a hundred and ten pounds or so. No one would ever describe her as "stacked", or consider her buxom, but her breasts were still significantly more than a handful. I knew this based on the perhaps hundreds of times that I had appraised them through

her tight blouses, tops and dresses over the years. There were even times that I was fortunate enough to catch glimpses of them down the front of her blouse or dress as she leaned over. Although her magnificent globes were most often held within a bra during the times that my wandering eyes moved down towards them, I could nonetheless tell that my older sister had near perfect breasts that my sweaty palms would not be able to fully hold with ease.

It wasn't just my sister's breasts that made her pretty, attractive or arousing though. She had long, lean legs that were muscled from years of jogging. Her exercise regimen had kept her body in good shape, even after giving birth to Jacob. That, coupled with her bright sapphire eyes and comely smile, ensured that she caught the attention of every man within eyesight of her, including me. For years I was well aware of just how sexy Sara was. It's not something I'm proud of. My carnal thoughts for my sister were something I had wrestled with for close to fifteen years. For a long time I fought my emotions, then realized it was a losing battle. Ultimately I settled for rationalizing that I would never be able to act upon my feelings and that they were a private matter, so I was harming no one with my forbidden lust for my older sister.

Sara pulled a box from the white plastic bag. The box was wrapped in dark blue tissue paper. Tied around it was a white ribbon. A blue bow was affixed to one corner. She presented me with the gift, beaming a smile at me.

"Happy Birthday!" Sara's voice was full of excitement and a tinge of apprehension. She always worried needlessly that I would like what she had chosen as a gift for me on birthdays and Christmas. The truth of the matter was that her taste in gifts was always perfect.

I sat down on a chair at the table and gave the box a shake. I heard nothing rattling inside. Sara laughed as she watched me. Wanting to prolong the process, I carefully tore the bow from the perfectly wrapped gift and placed it on the table. As I was removing the white ribbon from the box the sound of Sara's cell phone ringing in her purse interrupted me.

"That's probably, Brad," she said. "Wait till I'm finished with this before you finish unwrapping it."

I sat with my gift on my lap, looking up at my sister while she spoke into the phone. As she had predicted, it was her husband calling, or at least I surmised as much based on the snippets of her conversation I overheard. Once the conversation ended she placed the phone on the table and gave me an apologetic look.

"That was Brad, alright. He said that he heard on the radio that they've declared a state of emergency up in Cedar Falls. The police are telling people to stay off of the roads, unless it's an emergency. He said I should stay here the rest of the night till the hurricane passes. Sorry."

Sara's eyes met mine with a regretful look. It crushed me because the thought of having her spend the night, especially on my birthday, excited and gladdened me, but if she did not feel likewise, or dreaded it, I did not want her to have to endure being storm-stayed with me.

"Well, maybe it's not that bad out. You still might be able to make it home, if you drive carefully," I told her.

"Maybe, but it's not that," she said. "I just don't want to be an inconvenience, or mess up your birthday by hanging around."

I let out a loud laugh at the irony of her comment. "Mess up my birthday? Do you think I had plans? Geez, Sara, you're the only one who even remembered it was my birthday, besides mom and dad. I just feel bad that you're stuck here is all."

Sara stepped over to me. I felt her knees rub against my right thigh. She leaned over and threw her arms around my shoulders. Her soft cheek brushed over mine as she hugged me. Her silky golden-brown hair tickled my neck and face. The scent of her musky perfume filled my nostrils and fed my arousal. I drew in a deep breath and closed my eyes for a moment, relishing the sensations.

"Stuck here? I would have planned on staying longer if I knew I could have. I promised Brad I'd be back in an hour or so because he was planning on going out with friends tonight. Now that he can't, I'm free to stay with you -- which is what I really wanted." She kissed my cheek as she held me tighter.

I felt myself blush and my heart accelerate as my sister embraced me. I ran my hands up from her slender waist towards her shoulders. I could feel the strap of her bra beneath her blouse, pulled tight across her back. When my eyes drifted down from her delicate neck I discovered that I could see down the front of her billowing blouse. Her round breasts

quivered noticeably within her white bra. They were pushed upwards into two firm mounds, separated by a deep cleavage. Her skin was tanned and smooth. Through the silky cups of the bra I could see her stiff nipples protruding. I swallowed hard, wishing this moment could last an eternity.

A sharp report of thunder startled Sara. She lurched back, breaking her clutch on me. She turned around towards the window behind her. Lightning lit up the sky, followed by another clatter of thunder seconds later.

"It's getting closer," she observed, sounding frightened.

I nodded, more preoccupied with my lust than the storm. If a vengeful god was going to smite me with lightning for my incestuous thoughts, now was the ideal time, I thought to myself.

Another brilliant flash of lightning lit the sky, followed by a roar of thunder that seemed to shake the house. The lights flickered and winked-out for a moment before returning. Sara cast her eyes towards the ceiling fixture, looking concerned.

"You better go find a flashlight or something in case the lights go out," she suggested.

I could feel my hard cock pushing out at the front of my pants as I stood up. I quickly turned away from Sara so she could not see how turned-on I was by her. In a drawer at the corner of the counter I found a

flashlight, matches and three candles amongst the clutter of screwdrivers, pliers and sundry other items I seldom used. I placed them on the kitchen table and sat back down.

"Finish unwrapping your gift," she coaxed, sounding excited.

Being less meticulous than earlier, I tore the wrapping from the box on my lap. Sara observed me, looking anxious. Within the box were two objects, both wrapped in the same blue tissue paper that had covered the exterior of the box. One was a smaller box, while the other was soft and pliable. I placed them on the table and dropped the box they had been in to the floor.

"Open that one first," my sister said, pointing towards the thin, rectangular box. "I don't know if you'll like the other one." Once more, she seemed nervous. She was chewing on her bottom lip.

I unwrapped the gift and gave a gasp of surprise, then smiled. It was a black ipod -- something I had been considering buying for myself. I smiled up at my sister.

"How did you know? I've wanted one of these for months!"

"It was Brad's idea," she said. "He said he'd heard you say you were thinking of getting one."

"Thanks, and tell him I said thanks too," I gushed. "It's exactly what I wanted."

"You're welcome. I'm glad you like it." Sara paused, eyeing the other gift, still wrapped and lying on the table. "That other one was my idea. Brad doesn't even know I got it."

I picked the gift up. I guessed that it was clothing -- possibly a tie or t-shirt, judging from it's size and feel. When I tore at the tissue paper I discovered something made of black, silky material inside. I tugged at it, removing it from it's wrapping. Once I had removed the article from it's wrapping I discovered that I was holding a pair of black silk boxer shorts. I held them up, hopefully looking more surprised than disappointed. I smiled up at my sister.

"Every guy needs a pair of silk boxers," she said with a devilish grin. "Women love them and I hear that they feel really nice too." She gave me a sly smirk.

"Thanks, Sara. I don't know if anyone will ever see them on me though."

My smile faded for a moment as I contemplated the reality of my comment. It had been just under eight months since I had broken up with my girlfriend of three years, Krista. I had spent several months recovering from that relationship and I was still at the point where I feared that I would never meet anyone else -- at least not as special as Krista was.

Sara gave me an encouraging smile and sidled closer to me. She draped her left arm over my shoulder, looking down towards me.

"Have some faith in yourself, Chaz," she said. "You need to get out there and start looking. Krista was nice, and I liked her, but there are tons of great women out there. You'll meet someone, if you'd only give them a chance and stop comparing them to her."

I looked up at my sister with a dubious expression.

"Besides, even if no one sees them on you, you'll like how they feel. Trust me; I know." Sara gave me wide grin and winked.

My sister's remark puzzled me. I cocked an eyebrow as I looked into her dreamy eyes. She understood my perplexed expression and smiled.

"Want to know something?" she asked, sounding secretive.

"Sure," I said.

"I have this pink silk blouse. Whenever I wear it without a bra it drives me crazy because it always makes my nipples so hard." Sara let out a sexy giggle, looking somewhat coy.

"Oh..." I grunted, fighting the urge to lower my eyes to her chest.

"So, I was thinking you'd like the silk boxers because they would... you know... do something similar to you when you wore them. Even if no one sees them you can still enjoy them. Maybe you can wear them to sleep in" Sara's eyes met mine with an immodest glint as she smirked.

"Well, I... uh... don't know. I've never had a pair of silk boxers before so I don't know if --"

"Don't worry, little brother. I'm not going to ask if you get a boner when you wear them the next time I see you," she interrupted, giving me a teasing look.

I was struggling for words when another clap of thunder rang out, shattering the tense silence between me and my sister. She flinched and jumped towards me, wrapping her arm around my shoulder. I eased my arm around the small of her back, pulling her closer as she clung to me. Moments later the lights flickered and went out. This time they stayed out.

"Crap!" I spat out, peering into the darkness.

"Scared of the dark, Chaz? Don't worry, I'll protect you." My sister's voice was both taunting and seductive. I held her tighter to me as she held on to my shoulders.

"Good thing I got the flashlight and candles out," I remarked.

Outside, the rain was still pouring down. The house seemed quieter now without the constant whirring of the fridge and other appliances that one normally disregards the sounds of. I was keenly aware of the feeling of my sister's body pressed to my right side and the scent of her perfume. I was also glad for the darkness to conceal my erection.

"Do you have a candle holder?" Sara asked.

"Somewhere, I guess."

Sara turned the flashlight on and began searching through cupboards. She found a saucer she walked back beside me. She lit a candle and held it upside-down, letting the wax drip into the saucer. Once a small puddle of wax had accumulated she affixed the bottom of the candle to it.

The golden glow of the candle flickered in the kitchen. It's radiant light illuminated Sara's face, making her appear more like an image of a goddess in a temple than my sister standing in my kitchen. The candlelight shimmered on her hair and eyes, making her appear even more enticing. I silently admired her beauty, feeling overcome by a mixture of lust and ardor.

"The lights will probably be out for a while. Want to go sit in the living room?" Sara asked.

"Sure," I said.

Sara slung her purse over her shoulder and picked up the candle. I gathered up the other two candles and the flashlight and followed her.

The living room was somewhat darker than the kitchen, but the candle on the coffee table a few feet in front of the sofa provided enough light for us to see. I sat down to the left of Sara, feeling thankful for the semi-darkness because it concealed the bulge in the front of my pants.

"I guess this isn't how you planned on spending your birthday," she said.

"No, but you had planned on being home by now; sorry." I cast her a doleful look.

"Hey, I already told you -- this is what I would have wanted to do. Well, except for the power being out." Her voice was soft and sensuous.

Sara smiled and slid closer to me. She kicked her shoes off, then tucked her feet under her as she leaned towards me. I felt her hip press against mine and her arm brush over me. We sat in silence for close to a minute. I wondered what she was thinking and feeling. After a little while she rested her head on my shoulder and wiggled closer.

Without any encouragement I eased my arm around her waist, resting my hand on the curve of her hip. She sighed. My fingers came to rest on her ass, just below the flare of her right hip. I contemplated moving them higher, then decided not to.

"You probably wish it was Krista here instead of me," she said, sounding sad.

"No. I don't wish she was here at all. I'm over her. I'm glad you're here," I said, hoping I had chosen the right words.

"Thanks, little brother. You always know just what to say to make me feel good."

Sara's words flustered me. The truth of the matter was that I was over Krista. Completely. Whats more, I did not know another woman besides my sister whom I would rather be cuddling with on the couch on the night of my birthday, or any other night. My only regret was that I could not fully express to her just how special that moment was to me. I searched for words, hoping to reassure her without giving away my illicit desire for her.

"No, it's not like that. I mean it, Sara. You're the one I want to spend my birthday with. Not her. Not anyone else." Once spoken, the words sounded a little too intimate to have been said to my sister. I cringed, glad that she could not see my expression.

"Really?" Sara straightened her back and looked at me with a smile.

I gave her a bashful nod, still fearing that I had overstepped the bounds of propriety between siblings.

My sister's hand was gentle on my left cheek as she cupped my face in her palm. She tugged me closer and pressed her full, moist lips to my left cheek to kiss me. It was a tender, lingering kiss -- one like she had never given me before, and one I would have to struggle to recall ever having received from another woman before. Her breasts pushed against my arm and chest. They were round and firm. My senses were flooded by the feeling of her pliant lips on my cheek and her breasts on me. My cock began to swell as I leaned closer to her, wanting to feel more of her body against mine.

"I love you," she whispered into my ear, then rested her head on my shoulder.

"I love you too," I replied, not as a perfunctory response, but because I meant it more than I thought she could ever imagine, or wanted to know.

"You never have to say it, Chaz. I know you do," she said, sounding wistful.

I gave her a questioning look. Her eyes were on mine again, half closed, with a dreamy look to them. She either looked aroused or sleepy -- although I would have wished for the former, I guessed the latter.

"You do?" My eyes narrowed as they met hers.

"I've known it for years," she said. "And I mean a special kind of love. Not like how mom and dad love me, and not like Brad does. It's different, isn't it?"

My heart sped up and I felt myself growing nervous as I looked at my sister. "What do you mean?" I asked, almost dreading the answer.

"The way you look at me," she explained, then cocked her eyes to one side for a moment. "No, more like where you look sometimes. How you look at me. No one looks at me like you do, Chaz." Now she had a seductive look on her face.

"Huh?" I grunted, growing more tense.

"Come on, little brother," Sara said, smirking. "There's no need to play dumb. There's just you and me here. No one will ever know what we talk about tonight -- not Brad or anyone else." She inched closer, till her thigh rubbed over mine.

"I'm not playing dumb," I insisted, trying to sound believable.

"I saw you peeking down my blouse earlier in the kitchen -- naughty boy." Her voice was soft and taunting, but also very sexy in a coquettish way.

"I hope you got a good look at them," she added.

I cast her a dumbfounded stare, unable to believe that she seemed to enjoy my illicit leering.

"I... ah... yeah, I did," I finally admitted.

Sara let out a giggle. "Good. You deserved a little something special on your birthday."

Emboldened by arousal and my sister's frank talk, I smiled and decided to speak my mind. "There's nothing little about them," I countered with a smirk.

Sara tilted her head down, turning it left and right before meeting my eyes once more. "I'm glad you think so. I always wished they were bigger."

"They're just right; big enough," I assured her. "Plus, they've gotten bigger since you had Jacob."

Sara smiled, seeming pleased by my observation, albeit improper coming from her brother. "So you noticed?" She shot me a teasing smirk, but seemed flattered.

"It's hard not to," I said, running my eyes over her chest.

"What's hard?" she shot back, her voice full of innuendo.

Once more I was keenly aware of my erection. I shifted, hoping to hide what I feared was a tent in my pants. "Nothing," I said, sounding shy.

"Well, maybe if you were wearing those boxers something would be..." Her soft voice faded out as her eyes flitted down to my lap.

I let out a nervous laugh. "I don't think I'm going to let anyone see me in those," I said.

"Not even me?"

"Especially not you," I exclaimed.

Sara pouted, then rested her head on my shoulder again. "But you got a look down my blouse earlier," she countered.

"That's different."

"Why? Don't you think it's a fair trade? A down-blouse look for me seeing you in those boxers."

"No, it's not. I'd be getting the better part of the deal," I said with a laugh.

"See, you always know just what to say." Sara gave me a hug.

"I'm not just saying it; I mean it," I asserted. "Besides, I shouldn't even be saying it to you."

"And I shouldn't be giving my baby brother silk boxers." Her eyes met mine as she smirked.

"That's not so bad," I said, unable to see how inappropriate her gift was.

"How about me thinking that wearing them will give you a hard-on then?" Her eyes were wide as she grinned.

"That's a little different," I said, feeling nervous again.

Sara let out a delicious laugh. Her breasts shook a bit as she moved her shoulders. I watched them, wishing I could squeeze them in my hands.

"How about you try them on so I can see how they look on you?"

2388 I leaned back and gave my older sister an astonished look at her suggestion. I was already hard. No way was I about to let her see me parading about in a pair of silk boxer shorts with a tent in them.

"No way!" I gasped.

Sara laughed once more, only louder. "I guess I'll have to settle for how you fill out those pants then."

I shifted my eyes towards Sara and saw that she was looking down at my lap, focused on the noticeable bulge in my pants. I squirmed, but realized it was too late to try to hide my erection.

"I like being able to do that to you," she whispered in my ear, bathing my neck with her hot breath.

"But... it's not right," I said.

"It's your birthday. To hell with what's not right," she said. "Relax and have some fun, little brother."

The silence between us was awkward. It made me tense and I wished that the television or a radio was on to fill the gaps in conversation. Sara's body against me was blissful though and I soon relaxed and enjoyed it. After ten minutes or so she raised up a bit and looked down at my lap. I knew what she was interested in and I grew uncomfortable once more.

"You're still... excited," she said and winked.

I squirmed and gave her a faint nod.

"But aren't you uncomfortable?" she asked, sounding concerned.

"I'm fine, Sara," I snapped.

She must have understood my defensiveness because she remained calm. "What about if I... helped you with it?" she looked into my eyes, letting her expression say more than her words. The look on her face was almost pleading, but it was also very inviting and teasing.

"Sara... geez... I can't believe you just said that!"

My sister shrugged and shot me a playful look. "Consider it a birthday gift from your big sister."

"Sara, stop it," I demanded.

I was shocked by her offer, but more than that I was tempted. Very tempted. Still, I feared the effect it might have on our relationship, or her marriage if somehow Brad ever found out -- not to mention the shame if others knew. I had to resist and not reveal even the slightest interest.

"What if you let me do it as a favor -- like an early birthday gift to me?"
My sister glanced up at me, looking hopeful.

I had been using every ounce of willpower to resist her charms, but now that she was stroking my thigh it made it twice as difficult, and me twice as hard.

"Sara, we can't," I said, almost begging her to relent.

"We can do whatever we want, Chaz. There's no one here to stop us. And all I'm talking about is... you know... just my hand. Nothing else." She let out a nervous giggle after she spoke.

I drew in several deep breaths, trying to calm myself, to no avail.

"I don't want you to think it's not that I wouldn't like it," I said, fearing I had hurt her feelings.

"I know. I'd like it too," she said.

I looked at her. She must have been able to tell how surprised I was by her admission, given the look on my face.

"I don't know. I never thought about it," I said.

"Well, I would... a lot... maybe as much as you." Her fingertips inched up my thigh, closer to my hard cock. "I can tell that you're... that you've got more there than what I'm used to. Brad's a great guy, but..." Her voice faded out, leaving me to assume the rest.

"You keep saying things that shock me," I said, then laughed out of nervousness.

"I'm sorry. I meant it as a compliment," she said.

"I know. Thanks. But you don't even know if it's true," I said and grinned.

"I'm pretty sure. Those pants are pretty tight on you, Chaz, and you look like you're even more... excited now."

"Well, you keep rubbing my leg," I said, trying to explain myself.

"You like that then?"

I never answered, but I shifted my hips a bit, trying to get comfortable.

"I think you do. Just relax, little brother. I want to make you feel good. Would you like it better if I let you touch me while I did it?" she offered.

"Sara... my god. No!"

Undaunted, my sister shrugged. "What if I let you see me?" She straightened her back and undid a button of her blouse.

"Sara, damn it, stop," I said.

Sara frowned, but stopped. "I thought that maybe after we had talked about you looking down my blouse, that if I let you see some more while I did it you'd like that better."

"It's not that I wouldn't like it -- "

"It's that we can't," she interjected, mocking me.

Sara leaned back on my shoulder. I looked down at her blouse. I could see her cleavage down the front. Her firm breasts were pushed up and together by her bra and her arm as she leaned on me. They looked magnificent.

"Aren't you going to do your blouse back up?" I asked.

"No. And I'm not going to tell you not to look either." She looked up with a defiant glint in her eye.

I sighed, feeling her fingers on my thigh again.

"I hope you at least enjoy the view," she said.

I laughed.

"What?" She looked up at me, seeming confused or offended by my nervous laugh.

"Nothing... yes, the view looks very nice." I assured her. I did not want to hurt her feelings, but it was also the truth. In fact, it was an understatement.

"Thanks. I like what I see too -- although I wish I could see a little more."

"It's not like there's a lot to see," I told her.

"I already told you, I think there is." Sara raised up and looked into my eyes. "You've got a nice one. Chaz. I just know," she said, almost whispering. Her eyes had a glint of arousal to them which made them even more alluring.

My sister's voice was soft and sexy. It turned me on more than I already was. The sultry expression on her face was as exciting as looking down her blouse was. I smiled at her, feeling a rush of excitement.

"You've got a dirty mind, young lady," I teased.

"I can be really naughty when I want," she told me, sounding impish.

"I think I know."

"Oh... why is that?" she countered.

"Well, any girl who offers to... help her brother -- that's naughty," I explained.

"What about guys who look at their big sister's tits?" she countered.
"That's naughty too."

"Their big sister's tits, or their sister's big tits?" I quipped, smirking.

Sara let out a loud laugh, then looked down at her open blouse.
"They're not that big," she said.

Sara sat up facing me and unbuttoned her blouse the rest of the way, then pulled it open. Her white bra pushed her breasts up so most of them were uncovered. I could clearly see the outline of her thick nipples through the silky fabric.

"What the hell are you doing, Sara?" I demanded.

"I knew that if I offered to show you, you'd just refuse, so -- " She grinned at me, looking pleased with herself.

"You're cagey," I told her.

"Naughty," she corrected.

"Yes, that's it: naughty. It's my birthday, but you're the one who deserves a spanking," I said with a burst of laughter.

Sara let out a sharp gasp and looked at me. She smiled. The look in her eyes had changed. It looked wanton. "Maybe I do then, little brother. I haven't been spanked in a long time and I've been a naughty girl," she said in a husky voice. She gave my thigh a squeeze.

Sara's expression and remark turned me on more than I already was. Her disclosure about being spanked surprised me, but she had stumbled on another one of my secret kinks, besides wanting her. My resistance crumbled. I was almost dizzy with arousal. Spanking my sister would be an even bigger turn-on than her giving me a hand job.

My twisted logic convinced me it would be less intimate too -- somehow almost not incestuous or wrong.

"When was the last time you were spanked?" I asked, unable to hide my interest.

"Years ago, when I was seeing someone before Brad; not since then. Do you think I need one?" She almost pouted as she posed the question.

I nodded, too nervous and excited to speak.

Sara turned so she was facing the back of the couch. She rested on her elbows and leaned over. I ran my eyes down her slender back to her firm, round ass, covered by her tight skirt. She was watching me, looking anxious and horny. When she reached back and began to tug the hem of her skirt up I felt my hands tremble. Slowly she inched the tight skirt higher up her parted thighs as my excitement grew. When her black panties came into view I almost gasped. They were a lacy bikini cut.

Sara observed my reaction. The look on her face told me that she knew I wanted this as much as her, probably more. She bit her lower lip, looking nervous, then gave me a flirtatious smile. I was staring at the curves of her ass and hips as she bent over. She ran her hand down over them.

"I trust you, Chaz," she said. "Do whatever you want. I'll say 'stop' or get off the couch if you go too far, but I don't think you can." She smiled, reassuring me that she would enjoy it too.

I nodded. "Have you been a naughty girl, Sara?"

Sara nodded. "Yes. Very. Don't you think I have?"

I ran my hand up the inside of her right thigh. She gasped and smiled, then spread her knees further apart on the couch. My hand slid up over her ass. It was firm and her panties were soft. I gave her a hard squeeze. When I began to tug at the waistband of her panties she appeared shy and shook her head.

"No." she said, but I could tell she was being coy.

"They have to come off, Sara," I said.

"But... you'll be able to see... everything," she said.

I pulled her panties down to her knees. Her ass looked perfect. It was curvy and smooth. I ran my fingers over her panties and felt that the crotch was damp. I smiled.

"Yes..." she admitted.

"What caused that?"

"I... I was thinking about you," she confessed.

I gave her ass another slap. It rang out and she moaned. She lowered her head to the back of the couch and her hair fell around her face. I brushed it back so I could see her expression.

"What were you thinking about?"

I ran my hand over her ass -- caressing it and noting how firm it was. I gave it another slap, only harder. It was beginning to redden. Sara wiggled her hips and moaned through her clenched jaw.

"I... I was thinking about sucking you," she said.

"What else?"

"I liked letting you look down my blouse to see my tits. It made me so horny."

"You're a naughty girl, Sara." I slapped her firm ass another time.

"I know. I can't help it. I like being slutty sometimes."

I slapped her ass hard again twice, making her groan, then ran my hand down between her cheeks. When my fingers slid down over her wet lips she gasped and looked back at me. I gave her ass another hard slap and pushed a finger in her wet pussy. It was tight. She moaned and gripped my finger. I began working it in and out.

"Your pussy is nice and tight, Sara," I said.

"Thank-you," she said in a meek voice.

I slapped her ass twice, making her flinch and cry out. Her cheeks were even redder now, and hot. I rubbed them and gave one a hard squeeze.

"What were you thinking about besides sucking my cock?" I asked.

"About you cumming on my tits -- maybe my face," she said.

"You like that then?"

"I guess... no one ever has, but I've thought about you doing it."

I slipped a second finger in her and worked them in and out faster, teasing her clit with my thumb. She was breathing faster and clutching the back of the couch. Her juice was running down my fingers towards my palm. I tugged at her hair as I fingered her harder.

"Oh god... that feels so good... fuck my cunt hard, Chaz. I'm so close," she gasped.

I pulled my fingers from her and gave her ass another slap. Sara turned her head around, looking disappointed.

"No... don't tease me... please..." she begged.

"What do you want?"

"I... I want to cum... please, Chaz," she begged, breathing hard.

"When was the last time you came?" My hand came down on her rosy ass again and she moaned.

"This morning... in the shower," she said.

"Were you alone?"

"What were you thinking about?" I was stroking her swollen clit gently up and down, teasing her with my fingertip. Her pink lips were wet and shiny and I could smell the musky scent of her pussy.

"About being alone with you today... about teasing you -- trying to get you to notice me. I didn't want to wear a bra, but I was too nervous. I was afraid that Brad would be suspicious." She forced out the words in heavy breaths as she pushed her hips back to meet my fingers.

"Do you think about me other times when you play with yourself?"

"Always. It's always you I think of when I play, when I can get time alone," she said, her voice deep with arousal. "But... sometimes when I'm with Brad, you know, I imagine it's you." She turned her head and gave me a nervous look.

"That's very naughty," I said.

Sara nodded in agreement. I slid my finger from her clit. I gave her ass another slap. She groaned and wiggled her hips. After I caressed her ass I slid my fingers back down over her wet pussy. Her clit was hard. I rubbed it, spreading her juice over it and listening to her moan. She had been teased enough and it was time I gave her release.

2402 I slipped two fingers in my sister's tight pussy and began working them in and out. With my other hand I reached under her and began rubbing her hard clit. I moved my fingertip in a circle, then strummed it up and

down. Sara moaned and moved her hips in a slow circle. When she began pumping them back to meet my hand I knew that she was close. I pressed down harder on her clit and rubbed faster. She let out one final gasp and moaned. Her tight pussy gripped my fingers as she came. She grabbed the back of the couch as she cried out. I slipped my fingers from her and waited for her to recover.

"I... oh my god... that was amazing, Chaz." Sara turned and slumped back against the couch, facing me. Her knees were parted and her damp panties were still past her knees. Her skirt was bunched around her waist. Her wet lips were parted. I looked down to them and the thin strip of hair just above.

Sara gave me a modest smile and began tugging her panties up. I reached out and took hold of her slender wrist, stopping her.

"I never said you could pull them back up," I said, looking into her eyes.

Sara smiled, relaxing her arms. "You really do want me to be slutty tonight, don't you?" she teased, sounding intrigued and horny.

"Don't you want to be?" I asked.

She nodded.

Sara eased her panties down to her ankles. She slipped out of them and dropped them to the floor.

"What about my skirt? Can I pull it down?" she asked.

"For now," I grinned.

"Thank-you," she said, tugging her skirt down towards her knees.

Sara slid closer to me. She clutched my arm and leaned on my shoulder. After a few seconds she kissed my cheek. "Thanks, Chaz," she whispered.

"For what? I asked.

"For the best night of my life. I love you, little brother. Happy Birthday." She gave me a wink, then leaned on my shoulder again.

I leaned over and kissed her flushed cheek. Thanks. I love you too," I said.

The rain and wind had stopped some time ago, but I had been too preoccupied with Sara to have really noticed. It was only when we were resting quietly together that I realized that the storm had passed. It was nighttime now though.

"I guess the storm's over," I said, looking towards the darkened window.

"I wish they'd get the power back on though," Sara said.

"The lightning might have hit a transformer, or maybe falling limbs took power lines down. It can take a while sometimes to repair it. And remember, while we're sleeping, those guys are out working," I said.

Sara nodded. I never thought about that."

"The power probably won't be on till morning," I told her.

Sara clutched my arm tighter and leaned on it. "It's getting late. I guess we may as well get to bed if the power's not going to come back on anytime soon," she said.

"Yeah, you're right," I said.

I was torn. I would have loved to have stayed up later and spent more time with Sara, but going to bed meant that I would finally be able to jerk off -- something I really needed to do after everything that had happened.

she returned. She was holding the pair of boxers she had given me as a gift in her hand.

"You said you'd wear these tonight," she said, handing them to me.

"I forgot about them," I told her.

"I hadn't," she giggled. "Let's go, birthday boy."

I got up and Sara lead me upstairs with the flashlight. We stopped outside the bathroom and she turned towards me.

"You can use it first. Guys always take less time. I'll wait here," she said.

Sara was in the hall, leaning against the wall when I left the bathroom. She stepped closer and smiled. "Happy Birthday, Chaz -- although I think I had a better time than you." She gave me a modest smile.

"No, believe me, you didn't," I told her.

Sara wrapped her arms around my waist and hugged me. She rested her head on my shoulder. Her breasts pushed against me and I felt my hard cock rubbing over her. She backed away a bit and looked down towards it.

"I should let you get to bed. You probably want to be alone for a while. Just make sure you wear the boxers, okay?" she said.

I nodded.

Sara went in to the bathroom and I went to my room. I quickly undressed. It felt good to have my pants and underwear off. My hard cock stood out from me and I gave it a few slow strokes, then pulled the boxers on. The silky material felt wonderful on my cock. I rubbed it through them, enjoying the feeling of it on my swollen head. I got into bed wearing only the boxers and stared at the ceiling. I really wanted to jerk off, but decided to wait till Sara had gone to bed so I would be assured of privacy.

I was surprised to discover that there was some moonlight shining through the open window illuminating the room. Now that the storm had passed the sky must have cleared, I thought. As my eyes adjusted I found that the room was not as dark as I had expected. I settled down in bed, waiting for Sara to finish in the bathroom.

A few minutes later I heard the bathroom door open and saw the beam of the flashlight as Sara approached. She stepped into the doorway of my bedroom. Immediately I noticed that she had taken her skirt off. Now all she wore was her white blouse, but the first few buttons were undone.

"Did you put the boxers on?" she asked.

"Yes," I told her.

"And...?"

"They fit," I chuckled, looking over towards her.

"Not that, silly! How do they feel?" she asked with a laugh.

"Nice... really nice," I said, probably sounding horny.

"I told you they would. I wish I could see," she said.

Sara walked over to my bed, running her eyes up and down me. Her eyes lingered on my bare chest. It had been years since she had seen me without a shirt on and she seemed to like how I looked.

"Can I stay here with you tonight, Chaz?" she asked.

"The spare room's made up," I told her.

"I know. It's just that it's pitch black up here. I can't sleep when it's like that," she lamented.

"Not scared... just uncomfortable. Chaz, please." she pleaded

"You've got the flashlight, Sara. Use that."

"That will kill the batteries in no time. Then what will I do if I have to go pee later, or you do? Come on, Chaz."

I did not know if it was just a ruse, but I decided to relent. Sleeping beside my sister would be the most erotic thing that I had done in a very long time. I just hoped to keep a little distance between us so she didn't realize how horny I was.

"Okay, come on," I relented. "But if you snore, I'm kicking you out."

Sara laughed as she slid under the blanket beside me. She wiggled closer and I felt her bare thigh against mine. Her skin was soft and smooth. Her touch made my cock twitch and I turned on my side a bit, facing her. The right side of Sara's partially open blouse hung down, revealing her breast. She had taken her bra off. Now I could see more than just her cleavage. I stared into her open blouse at her partially exposed breast.

Sara rested her arm across my chest. She slid her hand down over it until her finger brushed over my right nipple. She stopped and traced her finger around it. It began to stiffen. I liked the feeling but was too nervous to admit it. When she gave it a pinch and tugged at it I flinched.

"Hey, behave!" I reached over and gave her ass a slap.

"Ow... be gentle... it still stings from earlier. I don't want to have to explain any bruises to Brad," she said, rubbing her hand over her ass.

I gave her a worried look. "Is it bruised? I'm sorry, Sara."

"No... relax. I'm fine. Besides, even if you had have left a bruise, Brad wouldn't have seen it." she told me.

"Why not?"

"Lately I just haven't been interested in Brad in that way. He's a great guy and treats me well, but I'm happier with my toys."

"Toys?" I questioned.

"I have a couple of vibes," she explained, looking shy.

Sara's hand was still on my chest. She started running her finger around my nipple again, making it hard. She brushed her fingertip over it, smiling.

"Have you ever wondered why guys have nipples?" she asked.

"No. Not really," I said.

"They serve no purpose like womens' do," she remarked.

I didn't reply.

"Yours are a lot smaller than mine."

"I can tell," I said, smiling as my eyes moved to the front of her blouse where her hard nipples were poking out.

Sara looked down at herself, then to me. "Yours are darker too," she remarked.

Hearing my sister talk about her body was exciting. I turned to face her, moving my eyes up and down her as we laid facing each-other.

"I guess... I mean, I don't know if they are," I said.

Sara seemed surprised by my revelation. Her eyes widened a bit and she raised her head a few inches from the pillow. "You've never seen them? Not after all those times you've looked down my tops?"

"No, not even once," I told her.

"Well, that will have to change!"

Sara looked excited and teasing. She pulled her blouse aside to expose her left breast to me. It hung down as she laid on her side, but looked firm. Her nipple was a pinkish-brown and thick. The lighter ring surrounding it was small compared to the others I'd seen on other women. It made her hard nipple look more prominent against her breast and I found it very cute.

"Want to see the other one?" she offered, looking very tempting. She knew the answer before I even opened my mouth.

"Of course I do," I told her.

Sara giggled and shifted onto her back a bit. She pulled her blouse away to show me her other breast. Her chest rose and fell as her breathing grew heavier. She looked beautiful lying there with the moonlight coming through the window shining on her.

"God, you're pretty," I said, running my eyes up and down her.

She turned back on her hip. She met my eyes with a warm smile that was unlike any she had ever given me before. It was more like the ones that girlfriends I'd had in the past had given me on occasion, although it meant more to me than all the others combined.

"You ain't so bad yourself," she grinned.

Sara slid closer. She draped her arm over my chest and rested her head on my shoulder. I turned and kissed her forehead. She smiled and wiggled closer. As she did my hard cock pushed into the curve of her stomach. The combination of the silk and her supple body felt wonderful, but I pulled away out of embarrassment.

Sara's pretty eyes widened and she let out a funny sounding gasp of surprise. She raised up on her elbow and looked at me. Her left breast swayed in front of me and I wanted to take her nipple in my mouth.

"I... I thought that you took care of that while I was in the bathroom," she said.

"No... I was afraid you'd come back," I explained.

"Oh, Chaz," she said, sounding sympathetic.

I waited for her to say more, but she didn't. Instead, she rested on her side again and slid closer. My cock was rubbing over her stomach once again, feeding my arousal. Sara began rocking her hips, humping gently against my hard shaft. It rubbed against the silk as it slid over the soft curve of her stomach.

"Great..." I moaned.

"If I keep doing this will you cum?" she asked, not bothering to be subtle anymore.

"Yes," I said, almost moaning.

"Good." Sara was beginning to breathe faster. Her hips were pushing towards me harder now. She had slid her hand down my chest to hold onto my hip, tugging at it to pull me towards her.

My hand was on my sister's hip. I clutched it tight as I thrust against her. Her breath washed over me and I could detect the faintest scent of her pussy. It excited me even more and I began to hump harder against her. When she stopped moving I was disappointed, fearing she had suddenly become uncomfortable with what we were doing.

"Just a second," she said.

Sara rolled over on the bed with her back to me. She slid closer until our bodies were pressed together from head to toe. Her cushiony ass rubbed over my hard cock. She reached down and pulled the bottom of her blouse up around her waist, uncovering her rounded ass.

silk on my cock and her yielding body was amazing. I knew it wouldn't be long before would cum.

"Does this feel better?" my sister asked. She took my hand and slid it up from her hip to her left breast. She pressed it there firmly, holding my palm to her mound. I could feel her hard nipple as I rubbed and squeezed her supple flesh.

"Oh god, this feels great," I moaned.

"Good," she cooed.

Sara began gyrating her hips slowly, matching the rocking motions of my own. The length of my cock moved over her ass. I felt the head slip down over her wet lips. She gasped and froze for an instant, then pushed back harder.

"Oh god... shit... fuck my ass, Chaz... your cock feels so good... push your big cock against me harder," Sara moaned, pushing back and moving her hips in a tight circle.

I was squeezing my sister's breast harder and pinching her nipple as I humped against her. The head of my cock dipped between her cheeks occasionally as I pumped. Even there she felt tight and warm.

Listening to my sister talking dirty was enough to send me over the edge. My body tensed and I let out a throaty moan as I came. My thick cum splashed over the inside of my boxers and ran everywhere. Soon I felt it soaking through the thin silk. Sara was still rubbing her cheeks against me and moaning while my cock softened.

"Mmmm... your cum is making my ass wet, little brother," she said.

"Oh.. sorry," I said, easing away from her.

"No... don't," Sara said, grabbing my hip and pulling me to her. "I want it on me. I want it everywhere, but this is a start." She continued to move her hips, smearing my cum over her as it soaked through my boxers.

Sara and I fell asleep like that -- me holding her breast in my hand and her pressing her sexy ass to my spent cock and cum-soaked underwear.

I had no idea what time it was when I woke up. I craned my head to look towards the window. The sky was the colour of Sara's eyes, so I knew the sun was beginning to come up. She was still sleeping beside me. My hand was cupping her breast. Her ass was pressed tight to me. Seconds later my cock began to swell. It stiffened and poked into her through my boxers. I didn't want to wake her because she looked so content and peaceful, but I was becoming very horny.

As gently as I could I began to hump my sister's ass while she slept beside me. I groped her breast and rubbed my cock over her ass. Soon I felt her stir. She let out a soft moan and pushed back against my hard shaft.

"Mmmm...I wish I could wake up like this every morning -- feeling your thick, hard cock," she said, sounding sleepy and turned-on.

Sara rolled over on her back and smiled as she looked up at me. I brushed her hair out of her face and kissed her flushed cheek. My cock was pressed to her hip now and I was still moving my hips slightly.

"Have a good sleep?" I asked.

"Mmmm...wonderful. You?"

I nodded.

"I can tell. You're well-rested and ready for more," she said.

Sara pushed her hip into my erection and smiled. She sat up and straddled my left thigh. I could feel her wet pussy rub along my leg. Her soft lips separated as she moved her hips. Soon my leg was getting wet with her juice. I looked up and noticed the aroused look on her face. She was bracing her hands on my chest and leaning over me a bit, rocking her hips faster as she pressed her clit harder to my leg. Her

breasts fell from her open blouse and swayed as she moved. I held her hips, looking down to her wet pussy sliding along my leg.

"I think you should take these off." She tugged at the waistband of my boxers, staring at the outline of my cock through the thin silk.

"I don't know about that," I said with a weak smile.

"But how are you going to get this in my wet cunt if you don't?" She ran her hand along my cock through the silk, then curled her slender fingers around it. She gave it a squeeze and a few slow strokes.

I moaned and lifted up from the bed, pushing my cock into her hand. She lifted herself from my leg and shifted her hips until the head of my cock rubbed over her pussy. She moaned, squeezing my shaft tighter in her hand as she guided it to her hard clit. She reached down and spread her lips apart as she manipulated my cock with her other hand. A few moments later I felt the head of my cock slip inside her, just barely, but enough to feel her tightness around it. I gasped, both from pleasure and shock. Sara released me from her hand and looked down, giving me a slutty grin. Her hands were resting on my hips. I felt my cock brush the inside of her soft thigh.

"How did it feel to have your cock in your big sister's pussy, Chaz?"

"I bet you'd like to shove it in me all the way, but not with your boxers on." She ran her fingers up and down the trail of hair in the center of my chest, stopping when she reached my boxers.

I swallowed and nodded. "Yes..." I said, watching where her hand was moving.

"My pussy's so wet... it would slide in me so easily..." Sara ran her fingertips over her glistening pink lips, then moved her hand to my mouth. She wiped her juice over my lips. I licked her fingers and sucked them clean.

When Sara began tugging at my boxers I was too horny to care what was right or wrong. I loved her. I knew this was something we both wanted equally and were old enough to decide what was best for us. When the elastic waistband of my boxers slid down my cock Sara let out a throaty moan. She finished pulling them off then dropped them to the floor. She drug her fingertips along the underside of my cock and cradled my balls in her hand.

"Will you cum on me when you finish?" she asked, looking into my eyes and fondling my heavy balls.

"Sure... if you want me to." I gave her a brusque nod.

"I do. I want you to mark me with your cum, Chaz. Claim me."

Sara moved onto her side, still observing me. "I want you on top of me since it's our first time. After that, you can do whatever you want with me."

I crawled between my sister's parted thighs, feeling her smooth, hot skin against my legs and hips. She reached up to me, urging me down onto her, tugging at my forearms. Already she was trying to wrap her legs around me, locking us together in an incestuous embrace.

When the head of my cock brushed over Sara's parted lips to her clit she moaned and pushed up to meet me. I guided my cock inside her, watching it sink between her tender petals. She held me tight within her and I began thrusting.

"Fuck me as hard as you want, little brother. I can take it. I've needed this for so long." Already her voice had taken on a heavy ragged sound.

Sara's breasts shook as I pumped my cock harder in and out of her wet pussy. Her heels pressed into the backs of my thighs and her fingernails dug into my back. She moaned into my ear. I looked down at her, loving the look of pleasure on her face and feeling glad to be responsible for it. I thrust my hips faster, pushing her into the mattress and making her body shake with my movements. I could hear the sounds as our bodies met each time I shoved my cock deep in her tight pussy. My shaft glistened with her juice and already my balls were coated with it.

"Oh god... shit, your big cock feels so good," she cried out, clenching her teeth. "Fuck me hard, little brother...fuck your slutty sister... fill my cunt."

Sara's eyes were clamped shut and her head was thrown back. I grabbed her left breast and gave it a hard squeeze. When I pinched her nipple she cried out louder and opened her eyes for a moment, watching me fuck her.

"I love you, Chaz," she said.

"I love you too, Sara," I said, almost panting.

"Are you going to cum on me?"

"Yes," I said. "Where?"

"Everywhere... my tits... my face... I want your sticky cum all over me," she said, looking eager.

I was getting close and the thought of shooting my hot cum over my sister was enough to bring me there. I pulled my cock from her dripping pussy. I stroked it, watching my cum spray from the slit in three heavy streams. It splashed over her left cheek and mouth, running down to her moist lips. The rest landed on her breasts, coating them and her hard nipples with puddles of my hot seed.

Sara's tongue darted out. She licked my cum from her lips, then smiled as more trickled down to her chin. She wiped some of it from her cheek then licked it from her fingers.

"Mmmmm... next time I want you to cum in my mouth," she said.

I was kneeling between her bent knees, breathing hard and watching her. She looked so sexy with my cum running down her chin and breasts. I stroked her thighs while she painted her breasts and nipples with it, tasting some off of her fingers occasionally.

"I'm going to have a shower. We should get dressed. Brad will be expecting you home," I said.

Sara frowned and gave me a reluctant nod.

While I dried off after my shower and got dressed Sara showered. I watched her getting dressed afterwards, wishing we could spend the entire day naked in my bedroom, making love in-between short periods of resting.

Later, I followed Sara down to the kitchen. She was planning on calling Brad to tell him she'd be home later, after we had breakfast. When she entered the kitchen she burst out into laughter.

"Your birthday cake; we forgot all about it." She pointed towards the cake on the table.

"Oh... I'll have some later, unless you want some for breakfast," I told her.

"We should have had some last night." she said. "Don't you at least want to put some candles on it so you can make a wish when you blow them out?" she asked.

I tugged my sister to me by her hips. I softly kissed her moist lips, then smiled as our eyes met.

"No. Because what I would have wished for last night already happened this morning," I said.

The Carnal Cottage

Julie Curran stared out of the window of her parents' car, watching for miles as nothing but trees and the occasional meadow could be seen. She folded her arms and frowned as she glanced over at her brother sitting next to her in the back seat.

"I still don't see why I had to come with you guys this week. I would have been fine by myself at home." she said to her mother, Christine, sitting in the front seat.

"Julie, we've been through this countless times." her mother said as she turned to face her "We're going to Paul and Karen's cottage to celebrate her birthday. We do this every year -- you know that. They're expecting you and Andy to come too. This year will be even better because Paul's finished building his new cottage. I hear it's really nice. He's been bragging about it for months."

Christine's brother, Paul, had gotten rich investing in internet companies years ago before the bottom fell out. One of the things he did with his money was buy several acres of land in the middle of nowhere and build a rather luxurious cottage on a lake for his family to vacation at.

"Well, I'm twenty-one now, Mom. I'm an adult, and can stay on my own. Andy's only eighteen so he still needs a babysitter." she said and grinned at her brother.

Andy glared at her after that comment and raised his middle finger towards her.

"It has nothing to do with age, Julie. This is a family get-together and they expect you. Keep an open mind about it and you'll have a good time. And be nice to your brother. You and he are going to have to share a tent this week so I don't want you killing one-another." her mother said with a laugh.

"Share a tent -- why?!" Julie snapped.

"Because your cousin Diane and Rob are coming too and there aren't enough bedrooms for everyone." she explained.

"That's just great!" Julie snapped.

Andy glanced over at his sister then smiled to himself as he looked back out the window again. He was actually looking forward to sharing a tent with his sister, whom he thought was the sexiest girl he knew. For well over a year now she had been the inspiration for most of his lewd fantasies -- although he would never dare admit it to anyone of course. He looked at her again out of the corner of his eye as she sat next to him. Her long blonde hair was pulled back in a ponytail and she was wearing a tight tanktop and shorts. Andy felt his cock swell as he noticed the curve of her breasts and he shifted slightly in his seat. She turned and her brown eyes met his and she smiled.

"Here we are!" Julie's father announced a some time later as he turned off the road onto a narrow tree-lined driveway.

"Holy crap, some cottage!" Andy exclaimed

"Wow... Uncle Paul really must have struck it rich!" his sister added.

The four of them got out of the car and surveyed the cottage, which was a two-story A-frame with a veranda and a balcony above that. To their right they looked down a walkway leading to a large lake about two hundred yards away. Paul had built a small dock jutting out into the water where 2 canoes were tied-up.

"Hi... it's great to see you guys!" Paul shouted as he and his wife, Karen, walked towards them.

The couples exchanged greetings then Paul began helping them bringing their luggage inside.

"So, what do you think of the place, Ted?" Paul asked.

"Are you kidding? It's amazing! This isn't a cottage; it's nicer than some homes." Julie and Andy's father said.

"How's my little sister?" Paul asked as he turned towards Christine.

"Good, and you?" she said as she gave him a hug.

Julie was standing next to her brother and watched in surprise as she saw her uncle's hand slide up her mother's side and squeeze her breast. Julie's head snapped to her right to look at Andy who'd also turned to her with a look of surprise on his face. Julie then watched as her mother quickly kissed her brother's cheek and slowly moved his hand back down to her waist as she smiled at him.

"Here, let me show you guys where the bedrooms and everything else is around here." Paul said as he turned towards Ted who was staring out the window at the lake past a thicket of white birch.

Everyone was very impressed with the cottage. It had all the conveniences of a home, including electricity and running water. Towards the back there was a small patio with a barbeque, as well as several chairs and a large wooden picnic table.

"We want you guys to make yourselves at home while you're here." Karen said as she smiled at Christine and her children "If you can't find something you're looking for just ask, and feel free to use whatever you want."

"I guess your parents warned you that you're going to have to stay in a tent." Paul said to Julie and Andy.

"Ya." Julie said, still not sounding happy.

"Oh, it won't be so bad. Here, I'll show you where it is." he said.

Paul led the siblings out through the patio where he'd set up a tent off to one side a ways away from the cottage.

"I put air mattresses, pillows, and blankets in there for you guys, but there's more inside if you need them." he said as he held the flap open for them to see.

"Thanks, Uncle Paul." Andy said as he stuck his head in.

"Ya, thanks." his sister said.

"You guys are probably getting hungry. I'm going to fire up the barbeque in a while and cook some steaks and chicken. Karen's making potato salad and coleslaw." he said.

"Thanks, that sounds great." Andy said.

They walked back to the patio where the others had sat down to talk and have a few drinks. Julie sat off to one side next to her brother and tried to ignore the conversation between her parents and aunt and uncle.

"I know." she said as she smiled at her brother "This place is really nice. I just need to chill-out I guess."

"The lake looks great. Tomorrow I think I'll go for a swim and check out those canoes." he said.

"Wanna go check it out now while supper's cooking? We can get away from the old folks." she asked with a laugh.

"Ya, sure." her brother said as he got out of his chair.

"Mom... Andy and I are going to go check out the lake. We'll be back in a while." Julie said.

"That's fine, honey. Just be careful." her mother said.

"And make sure you're back in about a half hour or so because these steaks will be ready." their Uncle Paul chimed-in.

Andy had already begun walking towards the lake and Julie hurried to catch up with him.

"Hey! Wait for me!" she called out to him.

Andy turned to see his sister jogging towards him. Her breasts reacted to her movements and Andy stared at them as they bounced. He felt his cock getting hard and hoped she wouldn't notice. She caught up to him and as they walked Andy glanced sideways at his sister and noticed that her nipples were hard. They walked out to the end of the small pier built over the lake and sat with their backs to the cottage. For several minutes they never spoke, until Julie broke the silence.

"This place is so peaceful. I can't get over how quiet and beautiful it is. After a week here I might want to go home." she said as she looked across the lake.

"Sure it's quiet -- if you get far away from Uncle Paul." Andy said with a laugh.

Julie turned to her brother and laughed out loud.

"Ummm... was I seeing things earlier, or did he really cop a feel with Mom?" he asked, then felt his face flush and regretted mentioning it.

"I saw that. Wasn't that wild?!" his sister said.

"Wild?" Andy asked as he gave her a puzzled look.

"You know..." his sister said "I thought it was naughty... sexy... to think that Uncle Paul was sneaking a feel of Mom's boob. And you know

what -- she never seemed pissed-off at him for doing it. I bet she liked it."

"But, she's his sister. That'd be like me grabbing your boob." her brother said.

"So, what's your point?" she said with a smirk.

"Don't you think it's... weird?" her brother asked.

"All he did was feel her boob, Andy. There's no harm in that. I can't blame him -- Mom's got nice ones."

"I can't believe you just said that." her brother said.

"Why? I've seen you staring at mine plenty of times so you must think the same about me, don't you? I bet you've thought about feeling them just like Uncle Paul did with Mom." she said as she smiled then winked at her brother.

Andy felt his face flush, but he never answered.

"Well..." she said as she nudged her brother with her elbow.

"Well, what?" he asked not daring to look her in the eye.

"Quit avoiding the question, Andy, you chicken-shit." she said as she turned around completely to face him, grinning.

He quickly glanced down at his sister's breasts then back up to her face. "Ya, I think they're nice." he said then stared out over the lake.

Julie watched her brother and could tell he was nervous and embarrassed. She felt bad because there was no need for him to be. She had caught him staring at her many times and it always gave her a rush of excitement and guilty pleasure knowing she turned him on. Many times she had fantasies of seducing him but wasn't sure how to go about it and was scared their parents would find out. She slid over closer to him so her bare thighs were pressing against his leg.

"Andy..." she said in a soft voice as she touched his leg with her hand.

Andy turned towards his sister and she gently took his hand and brought it under her tank top and placed it on her left breast. She held it firmly against her and began moving it around. He could feel her hard nipple through her bra and brushed his thumb over it, then squeezed his sister's breast. He cupped as much of it in his hand as he could, but discovered that it was larger than he'd guessed.

"How does it feel?" she asked as she leaned into him more.

"Great..." he said as he stared at her chest and slid his fingers over the bare tops of her breasts above her bra cup "but we better stop before we get caught."

"I guess..." his sister said with a tinge of disappointment in her voice as she pulled away and adjusted her top.

Julie and her brother sat side-by-side looking out at the lake, talking about how nice their uncle's cottage was, and their plans for swimming and canoeing over the next week. Around five minutes later they heard noises coming from the woods to their left and looked to see their cousin Diane and her husband, Rob, emerging. Andy's cock was still throbbing and he stared at his cousin as they approached. She was about 5'5 with short black hair and dark eyes. She was wearing a thin sundress that came down slightly past her hips. It was tight with a scoop neckline and he could immediately tell she wasn't wearing a bra as he watched her breasts move as she walked.

"Hey, when did you guys get here?" Diane said as she and Rob sat down next to Andy and his sister.

"An hour or so ago I guess." he said as he glanced down at her hard nipples.

"We were out on a nature walk." Diane said as she sat down next to Julie.

Julie laughed. "Ahhh... you've got some grass and twigs in your hair and dress in back." she said as she pointed and winked, then brushed off the back of her cousin's dress.

Diane ran her fingers through her hair and giggled. Rob looked at her and smirked.

"Well, she IS a beauty of nature." Rob said as he kissed his wife's cheek.

"Is that a barbeque I smell?" Diane asked as she ran her fingers through her hair.

"Your dad's cooking supper. We should be getting up there soon." Julie said.

"I'm starving. Let's go!" Rob said as he tugged at his wife's hand.

Julie and Andy followed them up towards the cottage. As she walked she stared at Rob's ass and muscular hairy legs. She soon found herself getting even wetter. She then ran her eyes down Diane's back and noticed a small damp spot on the back of her dress from where she'd been sitting earlier. She immediately had thoughts of Diane's pussy being full of her husband's cum and how it might taste. Diane was twenty-five, but people often mistook her for someone in her late teens because of the way she dressed and her demeanour. Julie certainly found her very sexy.

"Your timing is perfect." Paul said as they all arrived "The food's almost done."

"Great. I'm starved." Rob said as he sat down at the picnic table.

Everyone grabbed disposable plates and utensils and began helping themselves to the food that Christine and Karen had prepared, as well as the meat that Paul had cooked. Paul brought out more beer and offered it around, but Julie could tell that he had probably already had enough because he seemed rather drunk. Julie and her brother ignored the conversation around the picnic table as much as they could. Their brief encounter on the dock was on each of their minds, and they wondered how things were going to play out later in the tent once everyone else had gone to bed -- although neither had definite expectations.

Once everyone had eaten and the table was cleared off they sat around on the patio talking, then moved around to the veranda to watch the sun set over the lake.

"This is absolutely beautiful." Christine said as she leaned back in her chair nursing a beer.

Rick and Diane slipped away and walked hand-in-hand down to the lake and sat on the dock.

"Ted, we should be getting to bed soon." Christine said some time later "I'd like to get up early and walk through the woods -- it's so beautiful here. Tomorrow's going to be a full day."

"You're right. Paul says there are trout in the lake, and he and I plan to do some fishing." he said as he got up from his chair and stretched.

Karen looked over at her husband and smiled. "What you say we get to bed too?" she said and winked.

"That sounds good to me." he said as he rose from his chair and steadied himself on the veranda railing and wobbled inside.

"I think he's had a few too many beers. Work has been stressing him out lately and he needs to let his hair down. He's not usually like this." Karen said with a nervous laugh as she followed her husband.

Julie and Andy followed everyone inside. Both were secretly eager to get out to the tent away from everyone and have some time alone.

"I'll leave the patio light on so you guys have some light in case you need to come in and use the bathroom or whatever." Karen said to Julie and Andy.

"Thanks, Aunt Karen." Andy said and smiled at her.

"You guys have a good night." Christine said as she hugged her children.

"Thanks, Mom. You too. You know, I like it here. This is going to be fun." Julie said and smiled.

"I'm so happy to hear you say that, dear! I thought you'd enjoy it after a while." her mother said as she hugged her.

Julie and Andy watched as the two couples walked upstairs, their Uncle Paul assisted somewhat by Karen. They waited until they heard the bedroom doors close then turned to one another and smiled, both feeling nervous.

"So... have you ever slept in a tent before?" Julie asked her brother, hoping to avoid the uneasy silence.

"Ahhh... a couple of times. It's not so bad." he said.

"Let me grab a t-shirt out of my bag and I'll meet you out there." his sister said.

"Okay." Andy said and headed towards the patio and outside.

anticipation of him and Julie perhaps continuing what had happened at the lake, but he was also nervous. A short while later the flap of the tent opened and Julie crawled in and sat down on the air mattress next to his. She squinted as her eyes grew accustomed to less light and she peered around.

"Man, it's pretty dark in here." she said.

"Does this help?" Andy said.

He sat up and unzipped a flap on the wall of the tent next to him to reveal a clear plastic window. Now more light from the patio streamed into the tent. He looked over at his sister and realized he could see her much better than before. She was still dressed, but holding a large t-shirt on her lap.

"That's a lot better. Thanks." she said as she unbuttoned her jeans and began pulling them down.

"Ummm... do you want me to turn around while you change?" he asked after a few seconds.

"Nope." she said as she tossed her jeans aside and kicked her sandals off.

breasts. He had peeked down her top many times, but had never seen her this close to naked. She sat there in just her bra and panties and smiled at him.

"Here, would you like to do the honours?" she said as she turned her back to Andy and pulled her hair over her shoulder.

"Huh... what?" Andy said as he stared at his sister's back.

"Unhook my bra, silly..." she said laughing as she turned back to smile at him.

Andy slowly took the straps of his sister's bra in his fingers and fumbled with the hooks. He was nervous, but loved the few quick feels of his sister's skin against his fingers that he got. He unhooked it and let the straps fall, his eyes roaming over his sister's bare back.

"Keep going. Take it off." she said as she lowered her hands.

Andy slid his hands up his sister's back to her shoulders and glided his fingers under the straps of her bra. Her skin was warm and softer than anything he'd ever felt in his life. He slowly ran his hands down her arms, savouring the feeling of her skin as he slid her bra off. As her bra fell down her arms Julie slowly leaned back against her brother until her back was resting against his bare chest. Andy peered over her shoulder as she pulled her bra the rest of the way off and tossed it on top of her jeans. She took his hands in hers and brought them up to her breasts.

"Feel them." she said as she pressed her palms against the backs of his hands.

Andy cupped his sister's breasts in his hands and squeezed them hard. Julie moaned softly and leaned back against him more as she felt his fingers rubbing and tugging at her hard nipples.

"Mmmm... ya... that's it... pull on my nipples, Andy." she said as her hand slipped inside her panties.

Andy continued to squeeze his sister's breasts and rub her nipples as he rested his chin on her shoulder, watching her rubbing her hard clit inside her panties. As she leaned back he could feel her pressing against his hard cock within his underwear and he moved his hips, pressing it into the small of her back.

"God, I'm so horny." Julie said as she moved her hips to meet her hand.

Andy continued playing with his sister's breasts, then abruptly stopped and placed his hands on his lap. Julie turned around to face him, with a look of surprise on her face. For the first time ever Andy got a look at his sister completely topless. He stared down at her firm round breasts swaying slightly, and her hard light-brown nipples.

"I'm just scared we're going to get caught. Do you know how much trouble we'd be in?" he said.

"We're not going to get caught. It's okay, Andy." she said as she brought his hands up to her breasts.

"Do you like 'em?" she asked as she ran her hands up and down his arms.

"You kidding? They're amazing." he said as he smiled and continued to fondle her breasts.

Andy bent down and took a nipple in his mouth and began to suck and lick it. Julie ran her hands over her brother's back and around to his chest as she moaned softly. She slid a hand down his stomach and removed the blanket that was covering his lap and felt his hard cock through his underwear. Andy jumped slightly when he felt his sister's hand on him then drew in a deep breath.

Julie pulled away from him and looked down. "Let me see it." she said as she tugged at his underwear.

"Are you sure? I mean, is this okay with you, Julie?" he asked.

His sister gave a faint laugh. "Of course it is. I wouldn't ask to see it if it wasn't. Andy, I'm not going to regret anything that happens between us this week, ok. I just hope you don't either."

"No. I just don't want to get caught, or for this to make things, you know... weird with us after we go back home." he said.

"Oh, you're sweet." his sister said and gave him a hug.

Andy slid his arms around his sister's back, feeling her smooth warm skin. She pressed herself against him harder and he could feel her breasts against his chest. She reached down and felt his hard cock, and slipped her hand inside his underwear to stroke it slowly. Suddenly the patio light went out and the tent was much darker than before. Julie snatched her hand from her brother's underwear and quickly pulled her t-shirt on.

"What the hell was that?" she whispered.

"The light went out. Maybe someone's up." he said.

A few moments later they heard the patio door slowly open then close, and quiet whispers and laughter. Andy turned and peered out of the plastic window of the tent. In the dim glow of the moonlight he began to make out two people standing by the wooden picnic table kissing.

"It's Diane and Rob. Check this out!" he whispered to his sister.

rubbing against his back. The siblings watched as Rob ran his hands over his wife's thighs, then slipped them under her dress, pulling it up around her hips. His hand slid between her legs as she reached out and undid his shorts and pulled them and his underwear down to his knees. Julie gasped slightly when she saw Rob's hard cock sticking straight out from his body. He lifted his wife onto the picnic table and pulled her panties off. She wrapped her legs around him as he pushed his hard cock deep in her.

"Jesus, this is so hot!" Julie whispered in her brother's ear.

Julie reached down and pulled her panties down to her knees and rubbed her wet pussy, pressing her fingers hard against her throbbing clit. She slid her other hand around her brother and down to feel him through his underwear. He was harder than before, and as she squeezed his cock she felt it twitch. With both hands she slowly pulled his underwear down to his knees. She could barely make out his hard cock in the semi-darkness of the tent and she let out a slight moan. She cupped his balls in her hand and looked back out the window at her cousin and Rob having sex.

While Julie watched she continued to rub her pussy, slipping a finger in occasionally, and slowly stroking her brother's twitching cock. Andy never said a word, but she could tell by his breathing that he would cum soon so she slowed down a little. She could feel her juice begin to run down her fingers as she looked out the window at Rob pumping his cock faster into Diane, and she increased the pace of her hand on Andy's cock. Soon she felt her brother tense up and his cock get thicker as it twitched in her hand. She squeezed it harder and stroked it faster as he shot a load of his cum against the wall of the tent. She kept

rubbing him until she felt him getting soft, then wiped his cum off her fingers on her t-shirt then ran her hand over his back. She pushed two fingers deep in her pussy and began working them in and out as she felt her brother's body. She watched Rob's hips moving faster, then they suddenly stopped and he held Diane tight against him. He slowly moved away from his wife and reached down and pulled his shorts back up and kissed her. They soon went back inside and the patio light came on again.

Julie and her brother quickly ducked down and moved away from the plastic window and sat in perfect silence for several minutes before they felt it was safe to talk in whispers again.

"Holy shit, that was the hottest thing I've ever seen!" Julie said as she watched her brother pull his underwear back up.

"Ya, it was. And... ahh... thanks... wow... I didn't expect you to jerk me off." he said as he smiled broadly.

"Did you like it?" she asked as she slid closer and leaned against him.

"I loved it!" he said, then glanced down and saw that his sister's panties were still pulled down.

Julie looked down at her neatly trimmed pussy and smiled at her brother as she ran her hand over it.

"Wanna play with it?" she asked as she opened her legs wider.

Andy reached out and placed his hand just below his sister's navel and slowly slid it over her thin strip of hair down to her wet lips. He was surprised by how wet she was and pressed harder as he rubbed. Julie pulled her panties down to her ankles and spread her legs wider. She lifted her hips up to meet his fingers and moaned as she felt him rub her clit. She pulled her t-shirt up to her chin and squeezed her breasts and tugged at her nipples while her brother rubbed her. Andy slipped a finger deep in his sister and began pumping as he pressed down on her clit with his other hand and rubbed her throbbing clit. He began moving his fingers faster as her moans became louder. He looked up at her and watched as she brought her left breast up to her mouth and licked her nipple. He continued watching the expressions on her face as he played with her pussy. As he thought she was getting closer to cumming he slipped a second finger in her and worked them in and out. She released her breast and gripped the blanket under her as she lifted her hips up in the air. She bit her lower lip and moaned softly. Andy felt her squeezing his fingers and pushed them in deep one last time and held them there, feeling her pussy tighten as she orgasmed. Once she relaxed she slowly pulled out of her and smiled as he looked into her eyes as he licked his fingers.

"Oh my god. That was amazing, Andy." she said as she caught her breath.

Andy licked his fingers and smiled down at his sister.

"We're going to have so much fun this week." she said as she looked at him and pulled her panties up.

"We'll just have to be careful not to get caught though." he said as she watched her.

"You worry too much." his sister said as she turned and smiled at him
"There are plenty of places for us to be alone around here."

"I guess, but ya never know who's around. Just be careful, okay, Julie." he said.

"Get some sleep, Andy. They're probably going to be up early, and hopefully we can sneak off and have some fun tomorrow." she said as she leaned over and kissed her brother's cheek.

Andy smiled at his sister and pulled the blanket up around his chin as he watched Julie settle-in for the night.

"Sweet dreams." she said as she closed her eyes and fell into a contented sleep.

Andy watched his sister falling asleep, feeling both excited and nervous about what adventures lay ahead for them over the next week. One thing he was sure of -- there was no turning back now.

The Legend of The Pit

Chapter 1

Mark Withers sat on the edge of his sofa in his living room, leaning over the coffee table in front of him. On the floor between his feet was an open cardboard box. Strewn about on the coffee table were letters, photographs, greeting cards and various other momentous that his ex-girlfriend, Denise, had given him. He and Denise had broken up just over a week previous, ending their three-year relationship. Now Mark was left alone in the house that they had been renting, with nothing but a collection of objects and memories. Relics of their relationship. Mark had gathered up all of the cherished souvenirs and gifts Denise had given him over the course of their relationship, intending to throw them away.

Picking up a birthday card that Denise had given him two years ago on this twenty-first birthday Mark scanned the note she had written at the bottom of the card. He scoffed as he read "Love always, Denise". He dropped the card into the box, atop the other things he had deposited in it as tears welled in his dark eyes. With a heavy sigh Mark slid the remaining items on the table towards him. One by one they fell from the coffee table into the cardboard coffin at his feet.

As Mark was folding the cardboard box closed on his lap the doorbell rang. His heart began to race as his immediate thought was hope that it might be Denise. He dropped the box on the coffee table and dashed to the door.

When Mark opened the door he discovered one of his best friends, Kevin Craine, standing there. He and Kevin had known each other since they were seven years old. Kevin had always been one of Mark's most loyal and dependable friends.

"Hey, man, how's it going?" Kevin asked. He walked past Mark and took a can of Pepsi from the fridge.

"Okay, I guess." Mark replied, pushing his hands deep into the pockets of his jeans as he forced a smile.

Kevin went into the livingroom and sat down in a chair beside the coffee table. Mark followed him and sat on the sofa. As Kevin gulped his Pepsi he peered over to the box. His green eyes narrowed and he was filled with curiosity.

"What's in the box?"

"Stuff that Denise gave me," Mark replied "I gathered it all up so I can throw it out next garbage day."

"So you think that's going to make you feel better?" Kevin asked in disbelief.

"It can't make me feel any worse." Mark countered.

"Are you sure about that? What if a month, or a year, from now you want those things back?"

"I won't, Kevin. Believe me. They're just painful reminders."

Kevin placed his Pepsi can down next to the box as a smile appeared on his face. "Then what you need to do is take them to The Pit." he told his friend.

"The Pit?" Mark questioned.

"You've never heard of The Pit?" Kevin asked, quite surprised.

"No, what is it?"

"It's sort of like Mel's Hole." Kevin explained.

"Mel's Hole," Mark laughed "is that a porn movie you saw recently?"

"No," Kevin replied, sounding quite earnest. "

Kevin leaned back in his chair. His eyes moved to the wall opposite him as he grinned. It was a few moments before he spoke. "Do you know where Sullivan Road is, Mark?"

"Yeah, but I haven't been out there since I was a kid." Mark replied.

"Well, if you follow Sullivan Road down along St. Joseph's Cove it will take you to The Pit. After the pavement ends, follow the dirt road for about another mile."

"So? Then what?" Mark prodded.

"Then you'll see a line of trees," Kevin continued "there's a path that leads into the woods for about a hundred yards -- inside is a clearing. That's where The Pit is. You can't miss it. It's surrounded by a rock wall about waist high that someone built years ago -- although it might not be there anymore. It's been years since I've been there."

"What am I supposed to do?" Mark asked.

"You have to go there the night of Valentine's Day, after dark, before midnight -- no later. Throw the box of things that Denise gave you into The Pit." Kevin explained.

Mark sneered. "I don't see how that will make me feel better than putting it out with the trash next Monday morning. Besides, Valentine's Day is almost a month away."

Kevin gave an understanding nod. "You're just going to have to trust me on this, Mark. I did it, and it was the best decision I ever made. My

grandfather said he went out there years ago. I think even my dad did too."

"How did you hear about all this anyway? It sounds like one of those urban legends to me."

"My grandfather told me about it when I was a kid. I guess he heard about it from his grandfather." Kevin explained.

"So what exactly is The Pit anyway?"

Kevin shrugged. "No one really knows for sure. Some say it's an abandoned well -- others think it's an entrance to an old mine shaft from when they used to mine coal out there years ago. Some even say it goes down all the way to Hell. It's been there forever. No one who's alive now can remember when it wasn't there."

Mark had rarely smiled since he and Denise had broken up, but as he listened to his friend he felt the corners of his mouth turning up.

"It sounds like those stories you hear about someone selling their soul to The Devil at the crossroads at midnight. Are you sure I don't need to take the bones of a black cat or something like that with me?" he asked with a laugh.

you did -- believe me! You were just going to throw the stuff out anyway. What have you got to lose?"

"An evening when I could be doing something else -- that's what I've got to lose."

Kevin shot Mark a snide grin. "Like you have plans for Valentine's Day now. What are you going to do -- drink beer and listen to sad songs while you hope that Denise calls?"

Mark bristled at Kevin's words. His mouth grew tight as he glared at him with narrow eyes.

"Okay, I'm sorry, Mark. That was harsh. But I'm serious about you taking this stuff to The Pit. The worst that can happen is you'll have a story to tell your kids years from now."

Mark thought for a while weighing his friend's words carefully. Despite his skepticism and misgivings he was swayed by the emphatic manner in which Kevin had encouraged him to take the box to The Pit. After close to a minute he looked up to Kevin with a smile and nodded.

"Okay... I'll do it."

"Great," Kevin exclaimed "you won't regret this, Mark. It will make you feel a hundred percent better. I promise."

"Yeah... and come February fifteenth you can laugh at me for being gullible."

"No," Kevin said with a shake of his head "you won't hear me laughing."

"We'll see. Your life is great, Kevin. You and Brenda have a perfect marriage and a baby on the way. I'm the broken-hearted fool."

"Do you think that my life was always like this, man? I've gone through what you are right now -- which is why I'm telling you to go to The Pit. It helped me."

"Okay... okay. You've made your point." Mark exclaimed, raising his palms towards Kevin.

Kevin gestured towards the box on the coffee table between them. "So, have you put everything in there that you wanted to get rid of?"

"Yeah." Mark nodded.

"Good." Kevin replied as he stood up. He picked the box up from the table and tucked it under his left arm. "I'm taking this with me so you don't throw it out. I'll be over the night of the thirteenth with it so you can take it to The Pit the next night."

Mark followed Kevin to the door, feeling rather silly. His better judgement told him that he had fallen for one of Kevin's jokes, but he was desperate for any sort of relief from the aching and longing he felt. Kevin had been so adamant about The Pit that Mark decided he had better give it a try -- if only out of desperation.

"I'll see you on the thirteenth," Kevin promised "but if you need to talk, or want some company before then, give me a call."

"Thanks. I will." Mark replied before closing the door.

Chapter 2

It was just over a week before Mark forgot about the box that Kevin had taken home with him. He had not forgotten about Denise however. People had told him that the pain would go away in time, but time was passing too slowly for him.

It was only when Mark saw displays for Valentine's Day in stores that he remembered the box that Kevin had taken home with him. He snickered to himself, thinking that Kevin too had no doubt forgotten all about his promise to return it the night of the thirteenth. One of these days Kevin would return the box, then he could put it out with the rest of the trash at the curb Mark told himself.

home from work. When his doorbell rang Mark jumped. He placed his glass of Pepsi on the coffee table and marched to the door.

When Mark opened the door he found Kevin standing there, arms outstretched, holding the cardboard box he had taken home with him during his last visit.

"You thought I forgot, didn't you?" he grinned.

"Well..."

Kevin pushed the box into Mark's hands and walked inside. He took a can of Pepsi from the fridge and began to nurse it, still with a smug grin.

"So, you know what you have to do, do you?" Kevin asked.

Mark went into the livingroom and placed the box on the floor beside the sofa. He took a bite from the slice of pizza on the plate as he nodded.

"Yeah... go down Sullivan Road to the end and walk into the woods. Toss the box into The Pit, then come home and wait for you to call so you can laugh at me."

"You got it right, except for the part about me laughing at you," Kevin replied "oh... and make sure you bring a flashlight because it's dark out there. You better wear warm clothes too. It gets pretty cold at night."

He took a slice of pizza from the open box on the coffee table and bit into it.

Mark nodded, chewing on his pizza.

"If you don't have a flashlight, I'll loan you one." Kevin offered.

"I've got one in the tool drawer in the kitchen." Mark said.

"Good. You'll need it."

"I gotta tell ya, Kevin, this whole thing seems pretty damn silly to me." Mark said.

"I know," Kevin replied, chewing on the pizza "I know exactly what you're thinking. I thought it all too the night before I went out there."

"When did you go anyway? You never told me about it before."

"Close to three years ago," Kevin said "Brenda and I had broken up and I was going through what you are now."

"Oh..." Mark grunted, not wanting to pry, although his friend's disclosure came as a surprise to him.

"I'm going to have to go," Kevin interrupted "I told Brenda I'd pick up some Haagen-Dazs for her and that I wouldn't be too long."

"Okay." Mark replied, following his friend to the door.

"So, you're sure you understand all my instructions?"

"Yeah... it seems pretty straight-forward." Mark replied.

"Good," Kevin said "have fun!"

Mark gave Kevin a puzzled look as he watched him walk towards his car. As he held onto the door, watching Kevin drive off, Mark could not help but smile as he imagined the teasing he was going to have to endure in a day or two when Kevin called to ask how his trip to The Pit went.

Chapter 3

When Mark arrived home from work at the end of the next day, Valentine's Day, he saw the cardboard box containing the things that his ex-girlfriend had given him sitting on the coffee table. He sighed, knowing that he had promised Kevin that he would deposit it into The Pit that night and that Kevin would probably call the next evening wanting to know if he had done as he had promised. This night was his only opportunity for the next year to do this.

Mark made himself a sandwich and ate it as quickly as possible. The sooner he got this over with the sooner he would be back home he reminded himself. He pulled on a black fleece coat and rummaged through his kitchen drawer for a flashlight. After making sure the flashlight worked Mark brought the box out to his car to begin his journey.

As Mark drove along Langfield Street he could see the moonlight shining on the water of St. Joseph's Cove. It looked picturesque, but Mark never concerned himself with that. He had a mission to accomplish so he could get back home as soon as possible. He turned right onto Sullivan Road, knowing he was getting close. When the pavement ended Mark slowed down, navigating the dirt road with care to avoid potholes and ruts. He reached into his left pocket to reassure himself that his flashlight was there.

When the rutty path came to an end Mark pulled his car over to the right. His headlights shone on a cluster of pine trees about fifty feet in the distance. He knew he must have found the right place. Mark shut his headlights off, then turned off the car engine. He picked up the box on the passenger seat beside him and stepped out of the car.

The moonlight helped to illuminate the path before him, but Mark was still grateful for Kevin's advice to bring a flashlight. He aimed the bright beam on the ground ahead of him as he made his way towards the narrow path in the distance.

small hill to a flat open area. There he could see a clearing just as Kevin had described. He shone the flashlight around -- searching left and right. Now the half-moon was clearly visible once more. Moments later Mark saw something a ways away that he was sure must be the rock wall surrounding The Pit, as Kevin had described. Mark quickened his pace, eager to get back to the warmth of his car. Mark could see the vapor from his breath in the night air as he marched towards The Pit. He tugged the zipper of his jacket higher towards his chin.

As Mark approached The Pit he directed his flashlight into the murky darkness. He could see nothing. Once he was about ten feet away a stench rose from The Pit, filling his nostrils and lungs. He felt his throat tighten and feared he was going to vomit. Mark stepped away, gasping for air as he bent over. Drawing in another deep breath of fresh air Mark approached The Pit once more -- holding the cardboard box tight in his hands, prepared to toss it into the inky abyss. As Mark hoisted the box towards his shoulders he heard the sound of rustling dead leaves on the ground and twigs snapping behind him. Thinking that a racoon, or perhaps a porcupine, was approaching Mark lowered the box and turned around. He aimed his flashlight out towards the row of pine trees behind him.

"Hello there."

Mark could hear the voice, but it was a moment before he saw the dark figure approaching him. Mark's heart raced, sending adrenaline to every muscle and nerve in his body. As the elderly man drew closer Mark realized that he was too old and frail to be a threat; he relaxed.

"So what brings you out here tonight?" the old man asked.

Mark shone the beam of his flashlight over the intruder. His dirty grey hair was pushed back on his head and hung down towards his slight shoulders. He was wearing a blue plaid flannel shirt, over which was a brown suede jacket. His jeans were dirty and there was a hole in the right knee of them.

"What do you want?" Mark demanded, trying to sound menacing.

"I was just wondering what you were doing," the old man replied "I mean you no harm."

Mark could feel his muscles relax as he looked into the old man's face. His blue eyes seemed kind and he had a friendly smile. He looked gentle Mark thought to himself. As he moved closer Mark detected a familiar scent. At first he could not place it, then he could not believe his senses. It was roses. The old man smelled like roses. But how could it be?

"I came out to The Pit." Mark explained.

"Ahh... yes... The Pit," the old man sighed, sounding weary "every year on this night I see people just like you -- young men mostly -- throwing their love away into The Pit."

"Do you honestly think that will make things better?" he asked Mark.

Mark shrugged. "A friend of mine told me that's what I should do."

"Yes. I see," the old man said "so, that box... you have all the things she gave you?"

"Yes." Mark replied.

"What's her name?" the elderly stranger demanded.

"Denise." Mark answered.

The old man nodded, looking back over his shoulder. "I have a fire going over there. Will you care to join me for a while? It's such a cold night."

Mark felt empathy for the stranger. Like him, he too was alone on Valentine's Day, and probably reminiscing over lost loves. The least he could do was spend a little time with him and perhaps cheer him up. Mark could also feel the cool night air slicing through his fleece jacket and the thought of sitting by a fire for a while appealed to him.

The old man turned and lead Mark towards a thicket of pine trees behind them. Behind the trees was a small clearing where a fire was burning within a circle of rocks next to a grassy embankment. The old

man sat down a few feet away from the fire, leaning over as he held his wrinkled hands towards the flames as they rose into the darkness.

"This is nice. I seldom get company." the old man remarked, smiling.

Mark sat down, placing his box on the ground between himself and the old man. He smiled as he reached his hands out towards the crackling flames. Soon Mark could feel the heat of the fire radiate through his clothes and warm his body. He smiled.

"My name's Mark." he said, glancing towards his right.

"Nice to meet you, Mark." The old man never looked up from the fire in front of them.

"And you're...?"

An enigmatic expression crept over the old man's face. He turned to face Mark, his blue eyes moving up and down. Mark noticed the deep lines around his eyes, illuminated by the fire. On either side of his mouth lines formed as his thin lips formed a smile. They appeared like deep shadows on his face.

"People call me by a lot of names," he said "but I'll answer to anything."

Mark thought for a moment, wondering if his new acquaintance was a fugitive from the law who didn't want his true identity known. He decided it was probably best to not pursue the matter.

"Well, since this is Saint Valentine's Day, how about I call you Valentine?" Mark suggested.

"Perfect! Valentine it is! Although I don't know how many people would call me a saint." His laugh echoed amongst the trees.

Mark lowered his head, glancing down towards the box between him and Valentine. The heat from the fire was soothing and Mark did not want to get up, yet he knew that his purpose there was to deposit the box into The Pit.

"So, what do you have in the box?" Valentine asked.

"All the things she gave me." Mark mumbled.

"Yes, but what exactly? Will you show me, please?" Valentine prodded, leaning closer to Mark.

Despite his reluctance and embarrassment Mark pried open the ears of the box, revealing it's contents to Valentine.

Valentine bent over, darting his eyes inside the box. Mark noticed the lines on Valentine's face deepen as he squinted, peering inside to

survey the contents of the box. The orange light from the fire bathed Valentine's face and Mark guessed his age to be close to eighty -- although he may have just appeared older than he actually was. He had probably had his heart broken many times throughout his life Mark thought to himself as he frowned. Now he was old and alone on Valentine's Day. Suddenly his own plight did not seem so bad to Mark.

As Valentine leaned over the box Mark noticed what appeared to be two small gold medallions hanging from chains around Valentine's neck. They looked valuable and seemed out-of-place, worn by someone who appeared to be a vagrant. Mark wondered if they might have been gifts from a past lover, or perhaps a wife Valentine had years ago.

"What's this?" Valentine asked, interrupting Mark's thoughts. His crooked finger pointed towards a greeting card in the box. His yellow fingernail was long and dirty.

"A Christmas card she gave me last year." Mark explained.

Valentine nodded, his head moving left to right as he surveyed the contents of the box.

"And this box at the bottom? What is this?"

Valentine inched his hand inside the box, gauging Mark's reaction.

"May I?" Valentine asked in a soft voice.

Once Mark nodded Valentine brought the small blue box up to his lap.

"And what are these?" he asked Mark, examining the box in his hands.

"Scented candles she gave me for my birthday." Mark explained.

"May I?" Valentine asked, his long dirty fingernail moving towards the upper flap of the box.

"Go ahead." Mark said with a smile.

Mark watched as Valentine pried the box open. He tilted it so one of the mauve candles fell into his hand. He brought it up towards his nose. As Valentine closed his eyes and inhaled the scent of the candle a look of perfect contentment came over his cragged face. When he opened his blue eyes they appeared to have a glimmer that was not there before.

"What a wonderful scent," Valentine exclaimed as he cupped the candle in his hands, as if it were as fragile as a robin's egg "it reminds me of summer. How I miss summer."

Mark was amazed by the amount of joy that the candle gave the old man sitting beside him. Denise had given him those candles nearly six months ago and up until he had tossed them into the cardboard box

they had remained at the bottom of a drawer of his bureau, along with socks and underwear. He felt guilty.

"You can have them if you want." Mark said.

Valentine lowered the candle from his face as he gave Mark a wide-eyed smile. Mark was amazed by how happy his offer seemed to have made the old man.

"Are you sure? You were going to throw these into The Pit."

"I'm sure," Mark assured him "they make you happier than they ever made me. No sense in throwing them away."

"Thank-you very much, Mark." Valentine said, placing the box of candles on the ground to his right.

Valentine leaned towards the box once more, his eyes roaming over it's contents.

"Is this Denise?" he asked, pointing towards the edge of a photograph sticking out from between letters and other objects.

"Yes." Mark plucked the photograph from the box and handed it to Valentine.

"She's very pretty." Valentine remarked, squinting as he turned the picture towards the fire.

"Yes, she is." Mark agreed with a nod.

"And this... what is this?" Valentine asked, gesturing towards a neatly folded letter bound by a red ribbon.

"A letter she wrote me last year."

"May I read it?" Valentine asked.

"I don't know... it's kind of personal." Mark demurred with a shrug.

Valentine gave Mark a knowing smile "Yes," he said in almost a whisper "everything in this box is. I'm just trying to get a better understanding of how much you love Denise and how much she loves you."

"Loved me." Mark corrected, sounding bitter as he sneered.

Valentine sighed as he shook his head. "No, Mark... she loves you. What's in this box proves it."

"Let me demonstrate..." Valentine exclaimed.

As Mark watched, puzzled, Valentine picked up the box of candles beside him. He opened the box, tilting it so a candle slid out into his dirty palm. Holding the candle in his fingers Valentine raised it above his head, then released it from his grasp. It fell to the ground and rolled towards the fire.

"Why did the candle fall?" Valentine asked.

"Gravity." Mark answered, sounding annoyed.

"So, you believe in gravity then?" Valentine countered, cocking his left eyebrows up. He picked the candle up from the ground and brought it up to his nose, closing his eyes as he drew in a deep breath.

"Of course I believe in gravity," Mark snapped "Newton proved that it exists in the seventeenth century. What's your point, Valentine?"

Valentine opened his eyes, lowering the candle to his lap.

"But you don't have a photograph of gravity in that box, do you? You can't see, hear, or taste gravity. Still, you know that it exists by the affect it has on objects. It's the same way with love, Mark. I know that Denise loves you, just as you love her, by what that box contains."

Mark reflected on Valentine's words for a while before replying. "If she loves me, then why isn't she with me tonight?"

"Why aren't you with her?" Valentine countered with a glare.

Mark's lips tightened as he avoided Valentine's questioning eyes. It wasn't that he wanted to avoid arguing with the old man, but because he had no satisfactory answer. There had been many times when he had reached for the phone, intending to call Denise, but stopped out of pride or stubbornness. Mark felt his body go limp as he leaned back against the knoll behind him as Valentine's eyes followed him.

"When something dies it leaves behind a foul odor," Valentine continued "that's what you smelled when you stood by The Pit. The death of love."

Mark looked up, giving Valentine a puzzled look.

"Don't let love die, Mark." he urged.

Mark nodded, pretending to understand.

"Will you show me more of what's in the box, please?" Valentine asked.

it to Valentine. Mark watched as the old man's expression changed to happiness as he read what Denise had written.

One by one Mark brought out the contents of the box to show Valentine. He handed them to the old man to read, pleased by how happy Valentine seemed as he read the cards and letters and gazed at the photographs. The night passed quickly it seemed.

Before Mark realized it the black sky had turned to sapphire. The moon and stars had vanished and Mark knew that the sun would be coming up soon. It was no longer Valentine's Day. He had to be at work in a few hours. The fire beside them was beginning to die. All that remained were glowing embers and coals from the wood that had been burning.

"I should to be going, Valentine. I have to be at work in a few hours."

Valentine nodded, dropping a photograph of Mark and Denise into the box. He tilted his head up and smiled.

Mark folded the box closed and stood up, clutching it in his hands.

"Thank you for your company, Mark," Valentine told him "I haven't spent such a wonderful night in a year."

"No need to thank me. I enjoyed it as much as you. You gave me a lot to think about." Mark told him.

"Before you go, Mark, there's something I want you to have." he said.

Valentine reached for the gold chain around his neck. He pulled it over his head and extended his hand towards Mark.

"Please, take this locket, Mark." he said as the gold trinket swayed at the end of the chain.

"No... thank-you, Valentine, but I couldn't." Mark replied with a brusque shake of his head.

Valentine took Mark's hand in his and dropped the locket into his palm. He pressed on Mark's fingers, curling them closed.

"I want you to," he insisted, clutching Mark's fist "you gave me the candles -- it's more than fair. Wait until you get back to your car before you open it in case you drop what's inside."

"Okay," Mark stammered "thank-you very much, Valentine. Take care of yourself."

"I will." Valentine promised, "you take care of Denise." He watched as Mark hurried away.

back home, or to wherever he was going. He turned around and sprinted back towards where he and Valentine had been sitting.

"Valentine," Mark called out "hey... can I give you a drive home?"

Mark rounded the corner behind the line of pine trees where he had left Valentine. He stopped, looking bewildered. His jaw went slack. Within the circle of rocks where the glowing embers of the fire had been minutes before there were now cold dead ashes and charred wood. Mark turned left and right, searching about.

"Valentine?" His voice echoed, but there was no reply.

Mark heard nor saw nothing. He listened for Valentine's voice as he stood in the silent woods. He gave his head a perplexed shake, then turned around and began to make his way back to his car.

Mark tossed the cardboard box onto the passenger side of the seat and pulled the car door closed. He was glad to be back in his car -- at least it was slightly warmer. He started the engine and turned the heater up as high as it would go, smiling as the blast of warm air hit him. He reached into his right jacket pocket and felt the locket that Valentine had given him. It dangled from the gold chain as Mark held it up, examining it closer.

Now that he was able to inspect it closely in the light Mark discovered that the locket was shaped like the left half of a heart -- as if someone had snapped it in two, leaving a jagged edge that ran down along the

right edge. With his thumb nail Mark carefully pried the locket open. A small folded piece of paper fell out onto Mark's right thigh. He picked it up and unfolded it, bringing it closer to his face so he could read it. Written in blue ink was a note.

I love you with all my heart, Mark. Meet me back at the house.

all my love,

Denise

Mark stared in disbelief. The handwriting definitely belonged to Denise. It matched that on the cards and letters in the box that she had written perfectly. He read the note again.

"What the hell?" Mark muttered to himself as he pushed the open locket and note in the pocket of his jacket. He started his car and turned it around.

As Mark sped back towards town the sun shone in his eyes. He glanced down at the clock on the dashboard of the car then pressed harder on the accelerator.

Chapter 4

Mark pushed the door to his house open wide and marched inside. He dropped the cardboard box on the kitchen table and walked into the

livingroom. He could hear the sound of his television, but was surprised because he had not turned it on before he had left. As he rounded the corner he discovered Denise, asleep on the couch. Her brown hair was covering the side of her face and she was curled up like a cat. When she heard him approach she raised her head, pushing her hair aside.

"Hi." she mumbled, smiling as she looked up through half-closed eyes.

"Hi..." Mark mumbled, shocked at discovering his ex-girlfriend sleeping on his couch.

Denise sat up, brushing her long brown hair over her shoulders. She wiped the corner of her mouth, then looked up, smiling.

"I still have a key, so I let myself in," she explained "I'll give it back before I go."

"No, that's okay, Mark spat out "what are you doing here?" He found that his voice sounded abrupt and he smiled, attempting to comfort her.

"I had this horrible dream, Mark," she began, then tilted her head to the left "well, more like weird, I guess... I dreamt that I saw this filthy old man with long grey hair. He was wearing a blue short and jacket and jeans. He looked like a homeless person. He told me to meet you here. It was so vivid that I couldn't just ignore it."

"Oh..." Mark grunted, now intrigued.

"But that's not all -- here's the weird part." Denise continued. She reached for her purse on the coffee table. Reaching inside she slowly pulled out a gold chain. Swaying at the end of the chain was an open gold locket.

Mark stepped closer, his eyes growing wide as his jaw fell. He reached out towards the locket, taking it in his palm. Once he closed it Mark discovered that it was the matching half to the one Valentine had given him, complete with a jagged left edge. Together, they made a complete heart shape.

"I found this inside." Denise said, picking up a piece of paper on the coffee table. She reached out for Mark's extended hand.

Mark was hardly surprised when he read the note in handwriting that matched his.

I love you with all my heart. Meet me at the house.

love,

Mark

"I was so scared when I was coming over," Denise said, her voice shaky "I was frightened that something had happened to you -- then I was scared even more scared that you weren't alone." She tilted her head down, avoiding his wide eyes.

Mark slumped down on the couch beside Denise. "I love you." he said, his eyes meeting hers.

"I love you too, Mark." she gushed, throwing her arms around his shoulders. She pulled him tight as tears began to stream down her soft cheeks.

Epilogue

A week after Mark and Denise returned from their honeymoon in The Dominican Republic they arranged an appointment with the man who had photographed their wedding so they could see the photos he had taken. Both of them were very eager to see how the pictures had turned out.

"So, here are your photographs." John Sedgewick told the newlyweds, sliding a large manila envelope across the coffee table.

Mark tore the envelope open. He began flipping through the stack of photographs as Denise glanced over his shoulder. Soon his mouth widened and his arms went limp. He pushed a photograph towards his wife.

"That's the man in my dream!" Denise exclaimed.

"You mean the old guy in the dirty clothes?" John Sedgewick asked.

Denise and Mark looked up at the photographer, nodding in unison.

"I thought he must be a relative -- maybe an uncle of either one of you," John suggested "he's in almost all of the pictures, but I don't remember seeing him there. I mean, I would have noticed him, considering how he's dressed." He blushed, realizing he might have offended Mark or Denise.

Mark continued looking through the photographs as Denise leaned over his shoulder, awestruck. In nearly every photograph, whether it was at the church or the reception, Valentine could be seen standing beside Mark and Denise.

Mark and Denise turned towards one-another, smiling in wonder.

"So, is he an uncle or grandfather of either one of you?" John prodded. His eyebrows raised and his eyes grew curious.

Denise looked up towards John Sedgewick. She let her hand fall to her lap as she held a photograph. She cleared her throat.

"He's our guardian angel." she said.

The Lost Weekend

Kirsten Channing grinned in surprise and sat upright in her lawn chair, nearly spilling her wine cooler. "Did you see how Alex was checking you out?" she said in an excited voice as she turned to her left.

"You're out of your mind," Erin Armstrong told her friend "more likely he was checking you out." She twisted in her seat and demurely pulled her light green mini skirt down towards her knees.

"No, I'm not. But I guess I can't blame him for looking when you're sitting there with no bra wearing a tight tank top and that short skirt." Kirsten countered with a chuckle.

Erin laughed. "So it's my fault for being braless then?"

"No. All I'm saying is that a guy would have to be blind to not notice you right now considering what you're wearing, and your brother is no different." Kirsten explained as she looked down at her friend's chest and grinned. She had always been envious of Erin's full breasts, and then there were times that those feelings had strayed towards lust, but she was always reluctant to act upon those urges. Instead, she masked it as envy and admiration.

Erin took a gulp of her wine cooler and slid down in her chair next to Kirsten's. She didn't want to sound too defensive or continue the conversation because she knew that Kirsten was right. For a little over a year she had noticed that Alex had begun to look at her in a way that

she assumed brothers don't normally look at their sisters. It was more than looking. Actually more than often it was blatant leering. At first Erin told herself she was imagining it, but shortly after Alex turned eighteen his furtive glances at her turned into lingering stares -- especially as she bent over in front of him, or when she wore certain tank tops or short skirts. She could no longer fool herself into thinking anything other than she was the object of Alex's lust. At first this realization upset Erin and made her very uncomfortable. After all what was happening was incestuous, and forbidden by any the status quo of any civilized society. Soon she consoled herself by rationalizing that Alex was simply looking, and it was perfectly normal for teenage boys to look at girls, perhaps even their sisters. At that stage in their life (if not well into adulthood) they are ruled by their hormones and not always in control of their lustful tendencies she reminded herself.

"No way," Kirsten continued "he was definitely gawking at you. Besides, Alex doesn't like blondes. He likes brunettes with big boobs, like you."

"And just how do you know what my brother's type is anyway?" Erin asked with a nervous laugh.

"Randy told me." Kirsten explained.

Intrigued, Erin sat her glass on the table between the chairs and turned to face her friend. "Okay... and just how does your brother know this?" she demanded.

Kirsten gave Erin a smug grin as she brought her glass down from her mouth. "He told me about a conversation he and Alex had a while back. He knows I think Alex is hot, and he said I'd stand a better chance if I dyed my hair brown... and padded my bra." her voice faded out as it filled with regret.

"Oh, don't listen to him," Erin said, trying to sound reassuring "you're plenty big up there," She took a quick glance at her friend's chest and lowered her gaze to her glass on the table, then picked it up "what does Randy know about what's in your bra anyway?"

"Plenty. He's seen them." Kirsten divulged without couching her words, not daring to look at Erin.

"What?" Erin exclaimed, incredulous "He's seen your tits?"

Instead of replying Kirsten simply gave her friend an embarrassed smile and took another drink of her wine cooler.

"Holy shit, Kirsten! I can't believe you just told me that!" Erin blurted out, wide-eyed.

Kirsten shrugged and forced a smile. "It's no big deal. It's not like we go all the way or anything. It seems kind of natural really. Just don't tell anyone I told you though, okay? Promise?"

Erin nodded, still quite unable to digest her friend's sudden revelation. If she were to be perfectly honest she would have admitted that there had been times when she wondered what it would have been like for Alex to feel her. She knew from the look on his face as he stared at her that he wanted to, and there were times when Erin had considered letting him. Still, society's mores had prevented her. As her brother's leering had grown more overt Erin found herself enjoying it. She loved the attention and the power it gave her. Soon she began purposely wearing clothes while at home that Alex seemed to enjoy seeing on her, especially tops and skirts that showed more of her body than she would normally feel comfortable displaying in public. She began dressing provocatively in hopes of enticing her younger brother, especially when their parents weren't around -- taunting him in hopes he might escalate their game to another level -- something she never dared do.

"You mean you and Randy mess-around?" Erin asked, seeking clarification and hoping to hear some titillating accounts from Kirsten.

Kirsten shifted in her chair feeling uneasy "Ah... yeah... I guess... just touching... you know. Nothing major." she explained.

Erin nodded as she listened and thought of her own brother feeling her. She could feel her clit twitch and began getting wet at the thought of Alex running his hands over her willing lithe body.

"You must think I'm a horrible slut." Kirsten mumbled as she stared at the glass in her hands.

"NO!" Erin exclaimed "I'm surprised, that's all. But I don't think badly of you, honestly, kirst!"

Kirsten gave Erin a relieved smile.

"Besides, Randy's really cute. I can't blame you." Erin added with a giggle, trying to reassure her friend.

"Well, so is Alex," Kirsten countered "What would you do if he tried to feel you?"

Erin stared off at the setting sun over the river and contemplated her answer. For a long time she had known that if her brother had crossed that line she would not stop him, but admitting it out loud to someone was difficult.

"I don't know," she mused "I might let him. But that's just 'cause I've had too many wine coolers."

The girls laughed aloud in unison at Erin's reply, then gave one-another a serious glare.

"Really -- you'd let him?" Kirsten queried.

"So...?" Kirsten prodded.

"I just don't know, Kirst. What if I'm wrong? What if mom and dad catch us? It's not something you jump into, you know?"

Kirsten gave her friend an empathetic nod. "I know," she began "but you don't have to worry about whether or not he's interested. I've seen how he looks at you, and I bet you have too. You know he's interested, Erin."

Erin nodded in agreement.

"So," Kirsten continued "just be careful so your folks don't find out. When will they be back?" "They're in Vermont celebrating their anniversary. They'll be back on Tuesday." Erin explained.

"Then that gives you three days," Kirsten told her "that's more than enough time."

"For what?" Erin asked.

"To have some fun with Alex!" Kirsten declared.

"Oh geez, I dunno, Kirst," Erin countered "this seems so sudden."

"Sudden? How long has he been looking at you like that?" Kirsten inquired.

"I don't know -- a year, maybe more." Erin answered.

"So what's sudden about that?" Kirsten explained "I say you should make the most of this weekend."

Erin shrugged as she pondered her friend's advice. She took another drink of her cooler and brushed her long brown hair away from her face as she stared out at the setting sun.

"Maybe." she told her "Hey, how about another cooler?"

Kirsten nodded in agreement and followed Erin inside to the kitchen. She retrieved two more bottles from the refrigerator and handed one to Kirsten.

"Cheers -- here's to you and Alex getting it on this weekend!" Kirsten exclaimed as she knocked her bottle against Erin's.

Erin gave a bemused smile as she took a drink. "I'm not so sure about that." she countered.

Erin laughed at her friend's remark and rolled her eyes. "Feel like watching some tv, it's getting cold outside." Erin replied.

Kirsten nodded and followed Erin into the living room, sitting beside her on the sofa. For the next few hours the two friends watched television, commenting frequently on the programs, but much to Erin's relief the conversation never returned to her brother or his lustful feelings for her. It was close to 11 pm when they heard a car come into the driveway and the sound of a door closing.

"That must be Alex..." Kirsten announced.

Erin nodded, not taking her gaze from the television. Some time ago she had realized she had drunk more wine coolers than she should have. She knew she was drunk, but had tried her best to hide it from Kirsten. The sound of the back door opening then slamming shut made her nervous. She knew that Alex was home and wondered what might happen upon his arrival -- especially since Kirsten was there.

"Hi, Alex." Kirsten said in a pleasant tone as he entered the room. She glanced at Erin and waited for a reply, then frowned after not hearing one.

Alex smiled at Kirsten and his sister and settled down in a chair adjacent to them. He directed his attention at the television and forced himself not to steal a glance at Erin. He had immediately noticed her as he entered the living room. He thought she looked sexy in the short

skirt and tank top she was wearing and surmised that she must not be wearing a bra.

Erin slid down in the couch and watched Alex from the corner of her eye. It had been somewhat of a relief for her to have confessed to Kirsten about Alex's apparent feelings towards her, and now she regarded him differently than before because of the conversation earlier. Now that things had been voiced openly it changed her perception of the situation.

Alex was a good six inches taller than Erin, reaching nearly six feet, and in contrast to her long brown hair his was black which he kept short. Blue eyes were the one trait they had in-common, and she had peered into his quite often. Many times when Erin had caught her brother's eyes focused on her she would simply smile at him. This always seemed to make him nervous and he would soon find an excuse to leave the room, often much to Erin's disappointment. As she sat on the sofa she concluded that somehow she must find a way to reassure him that she wasn't bothered by him looking at her the way he did.

"I bet you'd love to hook up with someone who looks like her, huh, Alex." Kirsten announced suddenly as she pointed to the woman on the television screen.

Erin rolled her eyes and was filled with a sense of dread, wondering just what her friend was up to. She kept quiet and stared straight ahead at the television.

"Ah, yeah... she's hot." Alex replied, somewhat surprised by Kirsten's comment.

"Nice tits, huh?" Kirsten added.

Alex gave a wide grin but never replied.

"Think she's as hot as Erin?" Kirsten prodded.

Erin shifted uncomfortably in her seat and wished Kirsten would change the subject, but knew that wasn't going to happen.

"Geez, Kirsten, I don't know. Erin's my sister. She doesn't count." Alex replied, feeling very nervous.

"But, if she wasn't your sister -- what would you think?"

Both Alex and Erin were now quite uneasy with where the conversation was going and they quickly exchanged nervous glances. Erin was a very sexy young woman, but Alex was not about to admit to thinking that about his own sister. Erin watched her brother as he shifted in his chair and nervously ran his fingers through his dark hair as he contemplated a response. Erin couldn't suppress a smile as she watched him. She felt bad for his predicament, but at that moment she also found his shyness cute. Now she too was anxious to hear his answer.

"I don't know," Alex stammered "she is, so it doesn't matter."

"Well, maybe this will help you to decide." Kirsten exclaimed.

Maybe it was because Erin had too much to drink, or maybe it was the swiftness of Kirsten's actions, but Erin was totally unprepared for what happened next. Without saying another word Kirsten turned towards Erin and deftly hauled her tank top up over her breasts so it was around her chin -- exposing her completely to Alex who sat wide-eyed, staring at his half-naked sister with a mixture of shock and amazement on his face. It was a matter of moments before Erin realized what had happened. She struggled against Kirsten's grip and eventually pulled her top back down to cover herself once again. But it was too late. She saw the expression on her brother's face as he stared at her agape while Kirsten's gleeful laughter over what she had done filled the room.

"Damnit, Kirsten, have you lost your mind?!" Erin spat out "What the hell did you do that for?"

It was a few seconds before Kirsten could quell her laughter and reply. "I thought that might help Alex decide whether or not you're as hot as the girl on tv." she said with a smirk. She took another drink of her cooler and glanced over at Alex who was obviously uncomfortable

"It's getting late. Why don't you just go home?" Erin told her friend as she stood before her, her hands on her hips and a look of anger on her face.

Kirsten realized the angry expression Erin's face was genuine and that she had gone too far. Feeling sheepish she made her way to the back door, followed by Erin.

"I know you're really mad at me right now, Erin," she offered as she stood in the porch by the back door "but some day you'll thank me. All I was trying to do was sort of break the ice between you and Alex."

"Don't you think you went a little too far though?" her friend replied.

Kirsten shrugged and gave her a smile. "Maybe, but I couldn't resist. Besides, you know what -- you've got a really nice rack, Erin! I wish mine looked like yours."

Erin smiled at Kirsten then noticed her staring at her chest. She had thought she had caught Kirsten staring at them earlier when they were outside, but convinced herself she was imagining it. Now it was obvious she was and Erin felt herself getting wet.

"Thanks." was all Erin was able to say after a few seconds of awkward silence.

Kirsten raised her eyes up to meet Erin's and returned her smile. Then without another word Kirsten slowly reached out and gave Erin's right breast a gentle squeeze, cupping as much as she could in her hand, her slender fingers wrapping around it. Erin gasped slightly and looked down at her friend's hand on her, then back up to her face. Kirsten

smiled at Erin as she toyed with her hard nipple. Then she reluctantly withdrew her hand.

"You were looking at them this afternoon, weren't you?" Erin asked.

Kirsten gave her a shy nod.

"I thought it was my imagination." Erin told her with a laugh.

"I wasn't." Kirsten replied.

"I never knew you were like that... you know."

"I'm not, really." Kirsten replied "I guess I was always sort of curious. They really are nice, Erin."

Erin smiled at her friend, then glanced down at her chest. "Ya, I guess."

"So you're not mad at me?" Kirsten asked "I mean for what I did in the living room, and just now...?"

Erin gave Kirsten a warm smile and shook her head. "No. I guess I'm just surprised, that's all."

"At what?"

"Mostly you feeling my boob..." Erin's voice faded.

"Sorry," Kirsten offered "I won't ever do it again. I promise. I just hope we can still be friends."

"I never said you couldn't do it again." Erin retorted with a smirk.

Kirsten laughed and placed her hands on Erin's sides and pulled her closer, then ran one up her waist to cup her left breast. She squeezed it, harder this time, and ran her thumb over the hard nipple. Erin watched Kirsten's hand manipulate her breast for a while then slowly pulled away.

"I should get back in there before Alex comes out." she said.

Kirsten nodded. "Call me and let me know how the rest of the weekend went." Kirsten said.

"I will, and don't worry... we're still friends." Erin reassured her.

"Good!" Kirsten said then opened the door to leave.

Erin locked the door and leaned against it. Her mind was in turmoil and she dreaded facing Alex. It was only when she looked up that she discovered that he had followed her out into the kitchen to make sure

Kirsten had left. He was leaning against the counter in the entranceway smirking.

"There's two wine coolers left. You want one?" she asked her brother as she looked in the fridge.

"Yeah, I sure could use one." he replied as he reached out for the bottle in his sister's hand.

Erin returned to the living room and fell into the couch. She took a big gulp from her bottle. Alex sat down beside her, staring at the floor.

"The coolers were Kirsten's idea. Usually I drink vodka and orange juice." Erin explained, hoping to break the uneasy silence.

"They're not too bad." her brother replied as he read the label in an effort to avoid looking at her.

The siblings sat silently for close to two minutes until Alex spoke. "Just what the hell was that all about anyway? What's with Kirsten?" he demanded.

Erin shrugged. "I don't know. I guess she wanted to mess with us or something." she said as she quickly glanced to her brother then back towards the television.

"You two never planned that?" he asked.

"No!" his sister spat out with anger in her voice as she whipped her head around to glare at him "I was as shocked by it as you."

"I just thought that you two might have wanted to yank my chain some; have some fun at my expense." he explained.

Erin gave her head an emphatic shake "No way. Do you really think I wanted that to happen?"

"I don't know," he countered "It all happened so fast. I thought maybe you guys planned it before I got home."

"Well, we didn't, okay!" his sister spat out in a defiant tone.

"Okay. You didn't."

Alex eventually gave his sister a slight smile and lowered his eyes briefly to her chest. Her nipples were hard and he immediately felt his cock responding. Erin's eyes followed her brother's and she felt her clit twitch to life.

"I saw you guys in the porch..." he told her.

Erin was afraid that her brother had been standing there long enough to have seen Kirsten feeling her, and his admission made her blush. "Kirsten had too much to drink."

"Well, you didn't seem to mind." he countered.

"Damnit, Alex, just drop it. This evening has been fucked-up enough as it is." she hissed.

Alex jumped at his sister's outburst and put his bottle down on the coffee table with a loud bang. "Fine. I'm going to bed." he barked then marched out of the room and up the stairs to his bedroom.

Erin heard the slamming of his bedroom door upstairs and settled back on the couch with a sigh. She ran her fingers through her hair as she collected her thoughts. She didn't know where to begin sorting out her feelings about the night's events and decided that a good sleep might help.

Alex awoke early the next morning and quickly took a shower then got dressed. He was hoping to be able to leave the house before his sister got up so he could avoid another confrontation with her about the events of the night before. Thoughts of his Erin's bare breasts still consumed him, and despite having jerked off twice after going to bed he was still aroused by the images of her that filled his mind.

As he was cooking a breakfast of bacon, eggs, and toast for himself he heard the shower running and knew that Erin was up. He resigned himself to having to face her afterall and continued cooking.

"So, what's for breakfast?" Erin asked a while later as she entered the kitchen.

Alex looked up from his plate to see his sister standing there dressed in only a blue plaid flannel shirt -- his shirt, that he had been looking for recently.

"So that's where my shirt went!" he said with a laugh as he looked at her.

Erin grinned at her brother. Alex ran his eyes up and down his sister's body and felt his cock begin to rise. His shirt was too big for her, but still barely covered the upper part of her tanned thighs. Erin had only buttoned the bottom three buttons so a good amount of her upper chest was uncovered. Alex could tell by the gentle curve of her breasts beneath the shirt that his sister hadn't bothered to put a bra on.

"Doesn't it look better on me than you?" Erin teased as she slowly turned around as if to model the shirt for him.

"I want my shirt back, Erin." Alex said as he swallowed a piece of bacon.

"Now?" she asked in a coy voice and grinned as she pretended to unbutton the few remaining buttons.

"Funny."

"I thought maybe you'd rather I just stand here in my panties." she teased.

"Cut it out, Erin!" her brother snapped.

Erin laughed and sat down on her brother's lap. Using her fingers she began eating pieces of bacon from the plate in front of Alex. He could feel her thigh rubbing against his erection and desperately wished she would move before she felt it pressing into her. But it was too late.

Look, Alex, I'm sorry about last night -- about snapping at you like I did. I just had a lot on my mind and was upset." she told him.

Alex smiled at his sister. "It's ok. I don't blame you."

Erin gave her brother a warm smile and hugged him, giving him a quick kiss on the cheek. "Thanks." she said.

Alex could feel his sister's breasts rubbing against his chest and he knew that it was impossible for her to not feel his erection under her.

"So, is that my breakfast I feel poking against my ass?" she asked as she smiled at him and wiggled slightly.

Alex grew flustered and tried to push his sister from his lap, but she held onto his shoulders and giggled. Her eyes met his as she smiled.

"Relax," she said as she leaned against his chest "no one else is here. We're not going to get caught."

"That doesn't matter -- that's not the point." her brother said.

Erin took her brother's hands in hers and wrapped them around her slim waist. Alex automatically began to slowly move his hands up his sister's back, feeling the soft material of his shirt glide over her curves. She wiggled again and her firm ass massaged his thickening cock. He could now see the top of her left breast as the shirt pulled open as his hands caressed her sides. He lowered his eyes and enjoyed the view, hoping her nipple would be revealed.

"Last night wasn't my idea," she told him "I had no idea that Kirsten was going to do that."

"Sure." he replied, unconvinced.

"Seriously! I was as shocked as you." she declared.

"I was -- shocked, I mean." he said and smiled.

Erin laughed as she continued to hold onto her brother's muscular shoulders. "You should have seen the look on your face, Alex!"

"Mine?" he retorted "You looked pretty shocked too."

The siblings smiled at one-another as they laughed at the situation. Alex could still feel his twitching cock pressing into his sister's ass and shifted slightly. Erin looked down then smiled.

"Want me to move? Is it uncomfortable?"

"Yes." he told her as he attempted to push her from his lap.

"No. You're not getting rid of me that easy," she told him as she slid down his leg slightly "there, is that better?"

Alex gave a silent nod as Erin glanced down at the noticeable bulge in his jeans and gave him an appreciative smile. She noticed his expression and wanted to reassure him.

"Don't be embarrassed, little brother," she told him "from the look of that lump in your pants you don't have anything to be embarrassed about."

Alex smirked and turned his eyes from her, but was secretly pleased by her comment.

"Tell me something." he interrupted.

"Sure. What?"

"Was last night the first time that Kirsten did that to you... felt you, I mean." he enquired.

Erin nodded. "Ya. It was. It totally shocked me."

"But you still let her..." he continued.

"It didn't seem so weird compared to her flashing my boobs to my own brother." she explained and grinned.

Alex laughed and caught himself staring at her breasts which were inches from his chest. Erin watched her brother as he looked at her and felt her clit begin to throb. She was getting wet.

"Now you tell me something." she said.

"What?" Alex asked, afraid of what the question was.

"So... what did you think?" she asked in a hesitant voice, looking into his blue eyes. Her voice was much softer than before.

"About what?"

"About my boobs, of course..." she elaborated, grinning.

"God, Erin, could we just forget that last night ever happened?" he said, turning away from her.

"We could try, I guess, but we both know you're never going to look at me the same. I saw you take a look at them just now. We may as well be honest with each-other about it."

Alex let out a frustrated sigh.

"Don't worry, mom and dad will never find out," she said as she slid closer to him and placed a hand on his shoulder. She could feel his taught muscles beneath her palm and gently rubbed his broad shoulders. "This will always be between you and me, Alex. I won't tell Kirsten either."

Alex looked at his sister and she instinctively knew from the look on his face that he needed reassurance.

"Promise." she said in a serious tone as she raised her right hand.

Alex laughed at her earnestness and gave her a warm smile. "Okay." he said.

"So..." she prodded.

"What?"

Erin let out a exasperated laugh. "So how did they look?"

"Nice." he replied, unable to suppress a smile as he glanced at them briefly.

Erin looked down at her chest, feeling pleased with her brother's response. "Well, hopefully that satisfied your curiosity."

"What?" he asked.

"Don't you think I've never noticed all the times you stared at them," Erin told him "last Tuesday I caught you looking when I was bending over to tie my shoes."

Alex felt himself blush and clenched his jaw.

"It's okay, Alex," she continued "I'm not pissed, and I won't tell mom or dad either."

Alex gave his sister a surprised look, but felt a huge sense of relief. "I'm sorry, Erin. I know I shouldn't look. I..."

"Just can't help it." she interjected.

Alex let out a laugh and nodded. "Yeah..."

Erin leaned into her brother, pressing her shoulder against his, and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. "I'll take it as a compliment."

Alex laughed and slid his hand up his sister's back.

"So, does your shirt look better on me than you?" she asked as she sat upright.

"Of course...!" he replied, staring at her chest. Her nipples were poking from it and he resisted the urge to reach out and rub one.

"It feels nice against my nipples." She quickly glanced down then smiled at him.

"I can tell." he said with a laugh.

Erin laughed and leaned back on her brother's chest, draping an arm around his shoulders. "Isn't it better to not have to pretend you don't notice?"

"I guess... it's weird though." he told her.

"If that hard-on is any indication, it's a good weird though." she said, her eyes dropping to her brother's lap.

Alex forced a smile and gently pushed his sister from his lap. "Seriously, time to get off. I have to put these dishes away."

Erin frowned and slid from her brother's lap. She watched as he put the dirty dishes in the sink, staring at the outline of his still hard cock through his jeans. She had been wet for some time, and as she watched Alex walk around the kitchen she could feel her clit throbbing, begging for attention. She wished she could reach down and press her fingers against it, but that would have to wait. She leaned against the counter, still eyeing her brother, then as he walked by her she took hold of his wrist and abruptly pulled him to her.

Erin's sudden movement caught Alex by surprise and he briefly stumbled, falling into her. He felt her slender hands hold his hips and she tugged him towards her. His erection was pressing into the subtle curve of her stomach and he felt her squirm slightly, pressing herself harder against it.

"Feels nice." she said as she tugged at his hips causing him to thrust towards her more.

Alex never answered, but placed his hands on her hips. He could feel their gentle curve and the elastic of her panties beneath the shirt she was wearing. Slowly he glided his hands over her hips and up to her waist, holding her tight.

"Do I always make you this hard?"

"Sometimes." he admitted.

"Like when?" she coaxed.

"I don't know. It depends." Alex was still very reluctant to divulge much to his sister about his lust for her.

Erin slipped her bare thigh between her brother's and rubbed it over his throbbing cock. "Like when you look down my top when I bend over?" she prodded.

"Yeah." he said, not taking his eyes from her swollen nipples jutting from the shirt.

Erin gave a pleased smile and followed her brother's eyes. She reached up and pulled the shirt to one side, exposing her left breast to him. Alex stared in silence at his sister's naked breast as it swayed slightly with

her movements. It was slightly curved upward and her light brown nipple was as hard as a bullet, surrounded by an areola slightly bigger than a silver dollar. He licked his lips and imagined sucking at it.

"Feel it." she said in almost a whisper.

Alex reached up and cupped his sister's breast in his palm. Her skin was soft, yet firm, and he could feel her hard nipple graze over his fingers. He pinched it slightly, giving it a gentle tug, watching her as she smiled with closed eyes.

"Did you like Kirsten feeling you?" he asked.

Erin gave an embarrassed nod. "Ya, once I got over the shock."

"Are you going to let her do it again sometime?" Alex tugged at his sister's nipple as he spoke.

"Probably. If she wants to." Erin's breathing had quickened and her voice was hoarse with arousal.

Alex was consumed with arousal as he continued to fondle Erin. It was only when he felt her give his hard cock a firm squeeze through his jeans that he was brought back to reality.

Erin laughed at the look of shock on her brother's face and gave a half-apologetic shrug. "You didn't think you were the only one allowed to have some fun, did you?"

Alex smiled at his sister. "I was just surprised, that's all." he explained.

Erin was still rubbing Alex through his jeans. "I've wanted to feel this for a long time," she confessed "and I'm not disappointed."

Alex was unable to conceal his surprise. "Really?"

Erin nodded as she cupped his heavy balls. "Remember that time last summer when I walked into your room looking for the car keys...?"

Alex nodded as he recalled the incident.

"You were just wearing your underwear -- those ugly tighty-whities," she continued with a giggle "I could tell you were staring at me..."

"That's 'cause you just had a towel wrapped around you." he interrupted.

"I'd just gotten out of the shower... anyway, I could tell you were getting hard. It looked good, and I wanted to feel you then and there. But mom and dad were downstairs."

Alex nodded and grinned. "You're such a tease!"

Erin let out a guilty laugh. "I guess I sort of hoped you'd make the first move if I tempted you enough."

"No way!" Alex countered "Do you know how much trouble I would have been in?!"

Erin shook her head. "I'd have never told on you, little brother. I was as horny as you were."

Alex pondered his sister's sudden revelation with a smile, then realized he was still clutching her bare breast. He relinquished his hold on her, slipping his hand down her soft skin inside the shirt. Erin watched his hand glide down her body, enjoying the feeling of his touch, and gave him a mock frown.

"Tired of feeling me already?" she asked.

"I just thought maybe I should stop." he explained.

Erin guided his hand back up to her breast, pressing it firmly into her warm flesh. "We've both waited too long for this to stop now."

The corner of Erin's mouth turned up as she hunched her shoulders. She was at a sudden loss for words. "I guess what I mean is we both want this, so why not?"

"But what if mom and dad find out?"

"You worry too much, Alex. I'm not going to tell them we messed-around while they were away, are you?" his sister replied.

Alex's laughter followed by silence was all the answer that Erin needed. She pulled her brother close to her, pressing herself tight against his muscular torso, and ran her hands down his broad back. She could still feel his erection pressing into her stomach, and she allowed herself to imagine how it might feel inside her. She was now so wet that it would easily slide in. She reached for his hand and guided it down until she felt his fingers stroking her wet pussy through her panties. She gasped sharply as he pressed into her tender moist lips, fumbling around until he was rubbing her throbbing clit.

"Play with it... rub it... like that... yes." she breathed.

Alex continued to rub his sister as she held onto his shoulder and fondled his hard cock through his jeans. He could feel her wetness seeping through her panties and pressed harder. Erin began gyrating her hips, rubbing herself into her brother's fingers as she felt her climax build. Her body abruptly tensed-up and she held onto her brother tighter as one wave after another washed over her. She let out a loud moan then loosened her grip on Alex and smiled up at him.

"Wow... that was great!" she gasped as she caught her breath.

Alex smiled at her and placed his hands on her hips, holding her to him. He slowly began moving his hips, grinding his erection over her stomach. Erin looked down between them and smiled, then quickly turned around and pulled a chair towards her and sat down in front of her brother. She deftly unzipped his jeans and pulled them and his underwear down to his knees, smiling broadly as she stared at his twitching cock pointing towards her chin.

"Oh my... you do have a nice one..." she intoned as she drew her fingers over it slowly. She could feel it twitch and she knew she wouldn't have long to play with it.

Alex moaned deeply when he felt his sister's warm wet mouth on his cock and grabbed handfuls of her hair. Then Erin released him from her lips and leaned back. She quickly unbuttoned her shirt completely and opened it wide, exposing herself to Alex. Taking hold of her brother's cock with a firm grip she began to stroke him, teasing the head with her tongue occasionally. Moments later she felt it swell in her hands as Alex shot streams of hot cum towards her. Erin leaned closer, watching the ropes of cum splash over her breasts and upper chest. Giving it one final squeeze she saw a drop run from the widened slit and she smeared it over her hard nipple, then briefly took him in her mouth again, stroking it with her wet lips until she felt him become soft once more.

Alex leaned back on the counter and pulled his jeans up as he caught his breath and watched his cum trickle down his sister's gently swaying breasts. He stared as she wiped some off with her finger then slowly sucked the finger into her mouth. She flashed him a smile.

"Look at the mess you made, little brother," she cooed "now you're going to have to clean me up."

Alex laughed at her remark, but was surprised when she leapt from her chair and began tugging him out of the kitchen.

"Where are we going?" he asked in surprise.

"Upstairs," she informed him "I need a shower, and you're going to help me!"

"No... wait, Erin. Isn't this going too far?"

"It's just a shower, Alex. We've already seen each-other. It'll be fun -- come on!" she encouraged.

Alex never replied as he tried to keep pace with his sister climbing the stairs. Once inside the bathroom she quickly shrugged off the shirt she was wearing and let it fall to the floor, then hauled her panties down and stepped out of them. Alex stared at his sister standing before him completely naked. His eyes ran down her body and fixed on the thin

strip of hair leading to her drenched pussy. He looked back up at her with a big smile.

"Come on, your turn!" she said as she began tugging his t-shirt up over his head.

Erin ran her eyes over her brother once he too was naked and licked her lips. Even soft his cock looked nice and she reached out to cup his balls and press herself against him. His body felt firm and she was anxious to run her soapy hands over it.

"I hope you like a hot shower." she said as she adjusted the water.

Alex watched as Erin tested the water with her fingers then stepped into the shower. He followed her and reached for the soap, building up a good lather in his hands. As Erin wet her hair under the spray of hot water Alex ran his hands up her stomach towards her breasts, washing his cum off of them. He cupped them and ran his slippery hands over her soft skin. Erin's hands gliding up his hairy legs felt good and he pressed himself to her as she cupped his firm ass. The siblings never spoke while they explored one-another's bodies in the shower; their smiles and gentle touches said more.

It was only once they were drying off that Alex spoke. "That was fun... more than fun... you know what I mean."

Erin smiled at her brother and pressed her body to him. "Yes, I do." Then she looked down in surprise as she felt him beginning to grow hard again. "Wow... so soon..." she said in amazement.

"It's all because of you." he told her.

Erin reached out to hold her brother's slowly hardening cock and gave it a gentle squeeze. "Maybe I can give you a little encouragement."

Alex ran his hands over his sister's ass while she stroked him. Soon he was fully erect and she pressed herself to him, enjoying the feeling of his hot cock rubbing over her. She could feel herself getting wetter as she gave his swaying balls a gentle squeeze.

"Maybe there's no need to get dressed." she said with a smirk.

"We better, in case someone comes over." he told her.

"Spoil sport." she said with a frown and turned towards the mirror and began coming her damp hair.

Alex ran his eyes down Erin's back towards her ass and stared while she examined her hair in the mirror. He stepped towards her and took hold of her hips, pressing himself hard against her firm body. The feeling of his hard cock pressing against her ass felt good and he gently rocked his hips, slowly humping her. Erin dropped her comb and braced herself on the counter as she pushed back towards him. When

she felt his hands roam up her body and cup her breasts she moaned softly and began moving her hips in a circle slowly and bent over, resting her elbows on the counter. She could feel the length of her brother's cock slide over her slippery lips and she wondered for a moment if he was going to push it in -- then she wished he would.

"God, it feels so good, Alex. I want to feel it in me." she said in a breathy voice.

His sister's words caught Alex by surprise. He stopped moving and pulled away from her.

"What's wrong? Why did you stop?" she asked as she turned around to face him, disappointment showing on her face.

"We can't go that far, Erin." he told her.

"I'm sorry," she said "I guess I got too excited. What you were doing felt so good."

Alex beamed a smile at her. "I loved it too. It's great, but..."

"I know." she concurred.

"I suppose we should get dressed." Erin said a while later as she pulled away and looked up at Alex.

"ya." he agreed with a nod.

"I'll meet you downstairs." she said, then left the bathroom.

Alex quickly dried his hair then went to his room and got dressed. He was in the living room watching television by the time Erin was dressed. She joined him on the couch, settling close to him and leaning on his shoulder. Alex looked his sister over and felt himself getting hard again. She was wearing a pale blue sun dress with spaghetti straps and was obviously braless. Erin noticed him staring and slowly turned around to show herself off to him.

"Like it?" she asked, already knowing the answer.

Alex could feel his sister's thigh pressing against his and he ran his eyes over her. "Ya... you look great!" he exclaimed "No bra, huh?"

"Nope," she answered as she shook her head "no panties either -- just in case you feel like a little more fun."

2515 Alex looked down at his sister's lap as she pulled her dress up around her waist. He stared at her thin strip of hair and pouty lips as she opened her legs wider and flashed him a lusty grin.

"So... what do you want to do today?" she asked with a sly grin.

Alex shrugged. "I don't know. It's nice out -- how about we barbecue?"

"Sounds good! How about I go pick up some vodka and juice while you get the barbecue going?"

"Are you sure that us drinking is a good idea after what's happened?" her brother told her.

"How much worse can it get?" Erin replied "I'll be back in a while."

Alex laughed at his sister's comment and went outside to start up the barbecue. He heard the car leaving the driveway as he waited for the coals to light, then went inside to bring some meat out. He lost track of time as he prepared the food and thought about the events of the past day. Before he realized it Erin had returned and was calling to him from the kitchen.

"I'm out here!" he shouted.

Erin joined her brother. She had a drink in each hand and handed him one. "Cheers!" she said before taking a gulp from her glass.

Alex took a drink and smiled. I was stronger than he had expected but he didn't mind. He sat his glass down and turned the chicken over while he watched his sister from the corner of his eye sitting in a chair close to him.

"I feel really good about this... about us." she said.

"What do you mean?" her brother asked, turned around to face her.

"What's happened... we've both wanted it for a long time, right?"

"Yeah... I guess." Alex concluded.

"You guess?" his sister queried.

"I do, feel good, I mean," Alex reassured her "it's just sort of weird after having to hide my feelings and being ashamed of them for so long, you know?"

His sister nodded. "I know. I feel the same, but I love it."

Alex smiled and nodded in agreement.

2517 Erin walked over to her brother and slid her arms around his waist, pulling him to her. "Once mom and dad get back we'll have to be really careful," she said "but until then let's just enjoy the time we have."

Alex looked into Erin's eyes and smiled at her. He ran his hand down her back to her ass. He gave it a firm squeeze, pressing his hard cock into her hip.

"That's more like it!" she said as she shifted her hips to grind against him.

"I better keep an eye on the chicken so it doesn't burn though." he said as he turned his attention back to the barbecue.

Erin let go of her brother and watched as he carefully flipped the meat over on the grill. She could feel her wet lips sliding against one another as she ran her eyes down her brother's back to his ass. She reached out and grabbed a handful, laughing as he whipped his head around in surprise at what she had done.

"Time to eat...!" Alex announced about 10 minutes later as he placed several pieces of chicken on a plate.

Erin speared a piece with a fork, and after placing it on her plate she went over to the table to sit down and eat. She watched as her brother sat down across from her and began tearing his piece of chicken apart and eating. She smiled to herself as she leaned back in her chair and draped her right leg over the arm, then reached down to pull her dress up over her thighs. Alex looked over at his sister. Immediately he cast his eyes downward to discover her wet pussy was clearly visible. He

felt his cock lengthening in his jeans as he stared at her wet lips parting slightly as Erin opened her legs wider.

"You're driving me crazy." he told her as he divided his attention between her wet lips and his food.

"So, what else is new?" she said with a smirk.

Alex continued to glance occasionally at his sister as she exposed herself to him while they ate, and she did her best to divert his attention to her -- teasing him with her wet pussy.

"Tell me something..." she said as she leaned forward to place her empty plate on the table.

"What?" Alex asked, his mouth still full of chicken.

"Have you ever thought about me when you jerked-off?"

Alex nearly choked on his food. His sister's blunt question caught him by surprise, but he gave her a guilty smile. "Plenty of times."

Erin gave him a pleased grin. "I've thought about you too." she revealed.

"Really?" Alex was genuinely surprised at her admission.

"Of course," she added "

Erin got up from her chair and sat down on her brother's lap. She wrapped an arm around his shoulder and leaned against his chest. Alex slid his left arm around her waist and laid the other over her stomach, gently rubbing it as he stared at her breasts, inches from his face.

"You really like them, don't you?" she asked.

Alex smiled as he nodded, reaching out to cup her left one.

"Well, from now on you can feel them whenever you want."

"Except when mom and dad are around..." he added.

Erin laughed. "Yes, except then. I don't want to have dad chasing me around the house trying to feel me up too."

"Dad?" Alex replied, shocked by her comment "You don't think he's try that do you? I mean, do you think he notices you?"

Erin shrugged. "Sometimes I've wondered." was her enigmatic reply.

Alex was intrigued by her response. "What do you mean?"

"Well," she began "sometimes I notice him looking at me like you do."

"Like when?" Alex realized he was now rubbing his sister's hard nipple. It felt good and he gave it a gentle pinch through her dress.

"Like when I wear a dress like this," she explained "one day he came in my room when I was only wearing a skirt and a bra."

"He just came in without knocking?" her brother spat out, incredulous.

Erin let out a guilty laugh. "No, he knocked, but I said he could come in. I felt like giving him a little show."

The look of surprise on Alex's face was obvious. "You're bad." he told her.

The corner of Erin's mouth curled up as she rolled her eyes. "But don't you like it when I'm bad?"

Alex slid his hand down his sister's bare thigh as he smiled at her. "But what if dad tried something -- would you let him?"

"I don't know." she replied "He hasn't so I guess we'll see when it happens."

Alex was getting increasingly turned-on at the thought of their father trying to feel Erin. "But has he... ever tried to feel you?"

"I don't know... maybe a couple of times. It could have been an accident though." was her reply.

"Like when?" Alex was now squeezing his sister's breast harder and it was causing her clit to throb.

"You like hearing about this, don't you?" she accused.

"Yea... sort of."

Erin gave her brother a lusty smile and caught her breath. "A few times when he's hugged me," she began "his hand has brushed over my boob. But I've never been sure if it was intentional or not."

"Do you think it was -- on purpose, I mean?"

Erin shook her head. "yes."

Alex's eyes widened as he digested what his sister had just revealed to him. "Wow..." he said in a long breath.

"You know what else...?" she added.

"What?" Alex asked, eager to hear more.

"A few weeks ago when he gave me a hug he was hard."

"How could you tell?" her brother asked.

"I could feel it pressing against my stomach. I gave him a big hug." she replied with a grin.

"You really are bad...!" her brother replied.

"Well, if he likes my boobs there's no harm in giving him a little thrill." Erin retorted with a wide grin.

"Mom's got bigger ones," Alex countered "you'd think he'd be happy with those."

Surprised by his comment, Erin leaned back and stared her brother square in the eyes. "And how do you know?" she demanded "Have you been staring at mom's boobs too?"

Alex gave his sister a guilty smile. "It's hard not to notice."

"Ya, I bet it's hard alright!" she shot back.

Alex smiled, but never replied.

"So you've got the hots for mom too, do ya?" his sister said.

"Let's just say I've noticed her." Alex told his sister.

"Have you ever seen them? Do you stare at her like you do me?" Erin prodded.

Alex regretted his honesty, but knew there was no way he could avoid his sister's question. "Sometimes." he admitted.

"You naughty boy!" Erin exclaimed "so how much have you seen?"

"A lot." was all Alex would admit.

"How much is a lot, Alex?!"

Alex gave his sister a smug smile, knowing she was as eager to hear his revelations as he had been earlier. "I've seen her topless once, and close to it a few times."

"Tell me..." she encouraged as she turned on his lap to face him directly.

"A few months ago you and dad were out somewhere and I was in my room... I saw her running from the bathroom after a shower with just a towel around her waist."

"Did she know you saw her?" Erin asked.

"No," Alex replied "I guess not. But she must have known I was in my room."

"Maybe she wanted you to see.." his sister concluded.

"That's what I thought."

"God, this is such a turn-on..." Erin said as she looked at her brother.

Alex never replied, but gave his sister a surprised look as she reached out for his hand and placed it on her wet pussy. She opened her legs wider and pressed her hand into his, causing his fingers to brush over her swollen clit. She closed her eyes and began moving his hand over her slippery lips.

"What about the other times?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" Alex asked as his fingers slipped between his sister's swollen lips.

"When else have you seen her tits?"

"Just times whe4n she was bending over. You know, like when I've looked at you." he replied.

Erin nodded with closed eyes, enjoying the feeling of her brother rubbing her wet pussy.

"One time she came into my room wearing just a bra and slacks." he added.

"What? What happened?" she asked in an eager voice.

"This was last weekend... she wanted to remind me that I had promised to mow the lawn." he told her.

"And, what happened?" Erin goaded.

"I guess she could tell I was staring," Alex added "because she smiled and asked if she looked ok."

"What did you tell her?"

"I said she did -- what do you think?" Alex said with a laugh.

"And... then what?" his sister said in an eager tone.

"She sort of hugged me and gave me a kiss..." Alex's voice faded as he recalled the incident "then, get this... she sort of held her boobs in her hands and said something like she looked a lot better when she was your age, but having two kids changed that."

Erin let out a hearty laugh. "I bet you were horny as hell after that."

Alex nodded. "I think she could tell too, because she was looking down at it."

"So, what did she do?"

"Nothing," Alex told her "she turned around and went to her room."

"Holy shit, Alex... that's so hot!" she hissed.

Alex nodded in agreement.

"What do you think she would have done if you had've tried to feel her?" Erin wondered aloud.

"I don't know," Alex replied "I didn't."

"Want to?" his sister asked in a mischievous tone.

Alex suddenly felt very bashful. "I don't know." he lied.

"Honestly..." his sister added.

"Yea... I suppose." he admitted.

"Then go for it!" Erin told him "From what you've said it sounds like she'd let you."

"Really?" Alex asked, seeking reassurance.

His sister gave an eager nod. "Definitely!"

"I just don't know... what if I'm wrong?" Alex countered.

"Based on what's happened so far, do you think you're wrong?" his sister asked.

Alex thought her question over and shook his head. "No, I don't think so."

"Me either." she replied "just promise me something."

"What?" her brother asked.

"That you save enough energy to still have some fun with me, and you tell me everything that happened between you and mom." Erin implored.

Alex laughed. "I'll always have enough energy to mess around with you!"

"And what about the rest of it -- will you tell me what happens between you guys?"

Alex nodded in agreement. "Ya, I will. As long as you promise never to tell anyone else -- especially Kirsten."

"I promise." his sister affirmed.

Alex smiled and continued to stroke his sister's wet pussy. Erin let out a contented sigh and settled back on his chest. She closed her eyes and relished the feeling of his hand on her and the pleasure it gave.

"Let's go inside." she said a few minutes later as she stood up, tugging at her brother's hand. His fingers were wet with her juices and she enjoyed the feeling.

her. With only a smile she took him by the hand and began to lead him upstairs to her bedroom. A multitude of questions and reservations flooded Alex's mind, but he pushed them all aside as he and his sister ascended the stairs. He knew where this was leading and did not want to stop it. Erin turned to smile at him as she opened her bedroom door and tugged at his hand, leading him towards her bed.

Alex stared at his sister as she slipped the straps of her dress off of her shoulders and let it slide down her waist. She smiled up at him as she pulled it down further until it fell at the floor around her feet.

"Your turn." she said in a hushed voice as she reached out to tug his t-shirt up over his head.

Alex quickly reached down to undo the button and zipper of his jeans and tossed them aside. he could feel his cock throbbing as he gazed down at his sister's wet pussy and imagined how good it would feel to slide into her.

Erin reached into her purse lying beside the bed and retrieved a small box from it. Alex soon realized she was holding condoms and he reached out for the one in her hand and quickly put it on. Watching as Erin laid back on the bed with her legs open wide he settled down between them and bent down to take a hard nipple in his mouth. He felt her fingers running through his hair as she pulled his head down towards her chest. Then her hand slid down his muscular back to his hips as she pulled him towards her wet lips.

Alex gasped in pleasure as he felt the head of his engorged cock slip between his sister's wet lips. She was tighter than he had imagined and he groaned as she gripped him firmly.

"Harder, Alex..." she encouraged.

Alex began thrusting his hips, stabbing his sister's hot wet pussy again and again with his hard cock as she lifted her hips up to meet him. He could feel her heels pressing into his lower back and her nails digging into his shoulders as he pumped harder and harder into her -- deeper with each thrust.

"I hope I'm as good as mom will be." she breathed into his ear.

Alex closed his eyes as he felt his orgasm build, and wondered.

The New Guy

The young man parked his red Vespa by the sidewalk and turned it off. He brought the plastic glass of iced coffee in his hand up to his mouth and pinched the straw between his lips. He took a long sip, looking out at the Pacific Ocean where the water met the sky. Blue on blue. The sky was much bluer back in Nevada, he thought to himself. Refocusing his blue eyes, he surveyed the people on the sandy beach, enjoying the early July sun. Most were lying on towels, basking in the afternoon sunshine. Their bronze bodies glistened with oil. Others were playing volleyball or throwing Frisbees back and forth. He knew none of them and doubted he ever would. Once again, he was The New Guy.

The New Guy. That's what his birth certificate should have said. Instead, neatly typed on it in bold capital letters was Ansel Stevens. Below that, his date of birth indicated that he had turned nineteen years old five months previously. In his short life, Ansel had lived in seven cities or towns and had attended five different schools. He was perpetually The New Guy, living a semi-nomadic life because his father's job demanded that he transfer often. Ansel craved stability and a town he could call his own. One where he could make lifelong friends and grow old. Instead, he had gotten used to pulling up stakes and moving on with his parents when his father's latest assignment dictated they do so.

He took another sip of iced coffee, looking down at the scooter between his legs. It had been a gift from his father shortly after his sixteenth birthday. They had found it at a yard sale in Flagstaff. Or was it Tempe? That was two moves ago, including this latest one to Sequoia Hills just

four days ago. He thought he was going to like California, as well as he liked any place, that is. New Hampshire was still his favourite place so far. Probably because they had stayed there the longest, although that was only just shy of three years.

Ansel looked up Market Street, studying the rows of businesses lining the road. About twenty yards ahead was an elderly man sitting on a wrought iron bench in front of a store. He was reading a magazine and the afternoon sun made shadows on his craggy face. His grey hair was combed straight back over his head. It looked greasy and flowed over a tan overcoat that looked as old as the man wearing it. Ansel thought that the man looked like Charles Bukowski, but knew it couldn't be him. Chuck had been dead for fifteen years after all. Still, Ansel wondered if the old derelict-looking gentleman might be a poet, or a university professor. Maybe even a physicist working at JPL. One thing he had learned at a young age was that people are seldom what they seem to be. Suddenly, his musing was interrupted by the sound of a excited female voice coming from his left.

"Cool wheels!"

Ansel turned in the direction of the girl's melodious voice. Standing on the sidewalk less than six feet from him was a pretty girl, slightly taller than five feet, with honey blond hair. Her thick hair shimmered in the California sun. She squinted as she looked at him, but he could still see how her blue eyes sparkled. They were bluer than his own and even more brilliant than the Nevada sky that he now missed so much. He recognized her from the cafe down the road where he had bought his iced coffee. She had been waiting on another customer and was wearing a blue bib apron then, but it was definitely her.

"Thanks," Ansel said, returning the girl's smile.

"You lost or something?" she asked.

He gave his head a puzzled shake. "No, just killing time," he told her.

"Oh," she grunted. "I noticed the Nevada license plate and thought you must be a tourist," she explained.

"Oh... that. No. I just moved here with my folks this week," he explained. "We were living in Reno."

The pretty blonde girl nodded. She tugged at the purse strap hanging over her left shoulder and gave her head a shake, tossing her long hair back from her face. "I'm Maria Mitchell," she said, extending a slender hand to him. Her nails were long and painted a light pink.

He gave Maria's hand a shake, taken by how soft her skin was. "I'm Ansel Stevens," he said, then waited.

Inevitably, whenever Ansel introduced himself to someone for the first time he then had to explain that his father was an amateur shutterbug and had named his son after his favourite photographer. Now he waited for her to ask how he got saddled with such an unusual name.

Maria slowly withdrew her hand, grazing her fingertips over his palm. She folded her arms around her waist. It was then that Ansel's eyes lowered. When he had seen her from the corner of his eye in the cafe earlier he had thought that she was rather flat-chested. Now, with just a red tank top covering her upper body, he found that her breasts reminded him of martini glasses in size and shape. Very nice, indeed. He felt his body begin to respond and he shifted on the black leatherette seat of the scooter as his erection grew.

"Ansel -- like the photographer?" she asked, cocking her right eyebrow.

"Yeah," he replied, surprised and impressed by her recognition. "My Dad's hobby is photography. Ansel Adams is his favourite photographer."

"We studied him in my photography class at Sequoia Art College," she said.

"Are you taking Art or Design?"

"Art," she said. "Like I'll ever get a job doing it." She tossed her head to one side and chuckled.

Ansel nodded. "I'm thinking of applying to their Design program in the fall," he told her. "I'd like to become a graphic designer."

"Get your application in soon because it fills up fast," she advised, then looked at her watch. "Well, it was nice to meet you, Ansel. Hopefully I'll see you around again."

"Yeah... you too," he replied, then drew in a sharp breath. "Hey, where you headed?"

"Home," Maria said. She took a step, gesturing to her right with her head.

"Want a lift?" he offered.

She gave him a suspicious look, then grinned. "Are you sure you're not a serial killer or something? she asked, furrowing her brow.

"Actually, I am," he said with a smirk. "But Tuesdays are my day off, so you're safe with me."

"At least for today, huh?" she retorted as she hooded her shimmering eyes.

Maria laughed. She adjusted her purse strap so it lay diagonally across her chest. Now it was taut between her conical breasts, pulling her tank top tight over them. He stared, noticing for the first time that she was braless. Her firm mounds were capped with a slight hint of thick nipples. Ansel unhooked the spare helmet attached to the side of the scooter and handed it to her.

"Okay, Cowboy, let's go," she said as she climbed on, wrapping her arms around him tightly.

It had been a long time since Ansel had driven his scooter with someone on back. And longer still since his passenger had been a girl. He drove slower than he normally would have -- both out of caution and wanting to feel Maria pressed to him for as long as possible. The insides of her thighs rubbed against his and her breasts felt firm on his back. His cock throbbed and he looked down at it for a moment, noticing that her hands were holding onto him less than a foot above it.

"Turn left here," she said as they approached Dunlap Street.

Ansel made the turn, feeling her slender body shift and rub over his back. He gripped the handlebars tighter and smiled. After they had been driving for another few minutes she spoke again, drowning out the whine of the machine beneath them.

"I live here, on Seymour," she said, releasing her grip long enough to point to her right. "In the blue house on the right."

They stopped in front of a single story light blue house that Ansel had at first thought was white. He listened to the motor idle as Maria climbed off. Her hair had been whipped about in the breeze and now her nipples had swelled so they stood out much more noticeably from

the red material stretched over them. She pulled off the helmet that he had given her and returned it to him.

"Thanks for the lift," Maria said with a smile. She pushed her hair back over her shoulders and shot him a nervous look. "Hey... ah... want to come in for a while? I mean, since it's your day off 'n' all."

Ansel laughed. "Thanks," he said. He turned his Vespa off and followed her up a short cement walk to the white front door of the pale blue house.

"Mom's at work. She has the day shift today, so the place is kind of a mess." She gave him an embarrassed glance as she opened the door and lead him inside.

He followed Maria in to a small kitchen. Several plates and a glass pot lay in the sink. There were crumbs from toast on the table. Beside those was an open jar of strawberry jam and the cap belonging to it. When she opened the fridge and leaned over to peer inside his eyes moved to her. Her tanned legs were muscled and her black denim skirt hugged her firm ass. Ansel pushed his hands deep into the pockets of his jeans and his eyes wandered up to her breasts. They jiggled a bit as she moved.

"Want a Pepsi?" She had pulled her head from the fridge and was meeting his gaze.

She took two cans from the fridge and handed one to him. "Come on," she said, gesturing with her head. She pulled the tab on the can she was holding.

The small living room had white walls from which hung a few photographs -- mostly of birds and lighthouses. They reminded Ansel of the type of photos his father sometimes took. Maria stopped in front of a stereo and after sorting through a stack of compact discs for a minute she placed one in the tray and pressed the play button. The sound of a muted trumpet filled the living room.

"Do you like Miles Davis?" Maria had sat down on a dark green couch across from the speakers. She placed the helmet she had been wearing on a coffee table in front of the couch. She slid over and patted the cushion beside her, inviting him to join her.

Ansel took his helmet off and put it down beside the other one. He sat down next to her and took a sip from the can, staring at the speakers. "I don't know," he said. "Is this him?"

Maria nodded, lowering the can to her lap. "Yeah... Kind of Blue. This album always relaxes me after a busy day at work. It's my favourite one of his."

He nodded, finding the music soothing. He could understand why Maria liked it so much. Already he was beginning to feel his nervousness dissipate. "I can tell why," he remarked.

"So, what brought you to California?" she asked. "Did you kill everyone in Nevada, or are you on the run from the cops?" She giggled and her brow wrinkled a bit.

Ansel shook his head, almost choking on a mouthful of pop as he fought a laugh. "Neither. My dad got transferred here," he explained.

"What's he do?" Her curious eyes met his once more as she turned on the couch to look at him.

"He's a consultant for the government."

"Like with the IRS or something?" she asked.

He grimaced slightly and gave his head a slow shake. This was another question that was always asked when he met new people and he dreaded it somewhat. "No. He works for the MBI," he said.

"What's that?" Maria had straightened her back and her eyes were wide with curiosity now.

"The Military Bureau of Investigation," he explained. "They're the military branch of the FBI."

"Never heard of them." She took another sip from the can she was holding, sounding quite eager to hear more.

"Good. That's the way they like it," he said with a laugh. Something else that Ansel had learned years ago was to not ask his father too many questions about his job. They were always met with curt, cryptic answers or non sequiturs.

"Consultant," she said as her eyes locked on his. "Is that a fancy word for a spy or assassin?"

Ansel deflected her pointed question with a laugh. "Not quite," he said.

Sensing his reluctance to elaborate, Maria leaned back on the couch. She took a quick gulp of pop, then said "Maybe I better not ask any more questions or I'll get a visit from some men in a black SUV with tinted windows tonight." She chuckled, but apprehension showed in her eyes.

He shrugged and smiled. "No. Nothing that drastic," he assured her.

"Did you grow up in Nevada?" she asked, wanting to change the subject.

"No," he said. "I grew up everywhere. Dad gets transferred every couple of years, so we've moved a lot." Sadness showed on his face. He

turned his doleful eyes back towards the stereo speakers, concentrating on the sounds of Billy Cobb's drums emanating from them.

"That's got to be hard on you. It must be difficult keeping friends," she said sympathetically.

Ansel nodded, darting his eyes back to her. "Impossible," he lamented.

"So, do you have a girlfriend back in Nevada?" Her question sounded like it was more than just idle conversation.

He shook his head once more. "Around the time I was fifteen I learned not to get too attached to people because I wouldn't know them too long."

Maria frowned. She felt bad for his plight and wanted to give him a hug. "Mom and I moved out here a few years ago, just before I turned seventeen" she said, trying to sound cheerful. "Mom grew up in Sacramento and wanted to get as far away from my father as she could. He's in jail now, back in Vermont. It's a long story; I'll tell you sometime. She's a nurse and works shifts. That's where she is now and why the house is such a mess." Her eyes moved towards the kitchen for a few seconds.

Ansel looked into her eyes and gave her an understanding nod. Everyone has dark secrets. This was another realization he had even before he was a teenager. And it was best to not force them to divulge their secrets until and unless they're ready.

The topic of conversation abruptly turned to music. Ansel learned that Maria was a bit of a jazz aficionado, especially when it came to the music of Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Thelonious Monk and Chet Baker. He listened to her, rapt with the lilt of her voice and knowledge of jazz musicians.

Once Maria had finished her Pepsi she placed the empty can beside his on the coffee table. As she moved back towards the couch she leaned into Ansel and pressed her soft lips to his cheek. Her kiss was tender and lingering. Ansel was nearly overcome by the feeling of her moist lips on his cheek and the scent of her perfume. He jerked his head slightly, giving her a look of surprise. He wondered if her kiss was motivated by attraction or pity, although he hoped it was more of the former. Maria frowned when he moved away.

"Oh shit. I'm sorry, Ansel," she blurted out. "I shouldn't have done that. But you looked so sad that I thought... I'm really sorry." She gave him a downcast look.

"It's okay, Maria," he assured her, now smiling.

"I'm not usually this bold -- really," she spat out. "But you seem like a lost soul. I'm sorry if I offended you. I mean, if you're gay or whatever, I don't care -- that's none of my business." She realized that she was rambling now and clenched her jaw before she could make an even bigger fool of herself.

"No, I'm not gay -- believe me," he chuckled. "I was just surprised, that's all."

A relieved smile appeared on her pretty face and she dared look at him once more. "So... you didn't hate it then?" she asked, sounding tentative.

Ansel laughed. "No. Quite the opposite," he said.

The sound of Miles' trumpet cut through the silence and Ansel slid his right arm around Maria's slender shoulders. He pulled her to him and kissed her left temple. Her soft hair grazed his cheek. When he felt her relax against him he slid his arm down to her waist, resting his hand on the curve of her right hip.

"You're scared, aren't you?" she said after a minute.

"No," he replied, but thought he sounded defensive.

"I don't blame you, Ansel. As soon as you start caring for someone, you have to move and never see them again." Her voice as soft and calming. Her eyes shifted towards him, full of compassion.

Ansel could almost hear the sound of his own heart breaking above the music wafting from the speakers. He held Maria tighter and began to fall in love.

When the CD ended Maria seemed reluctant to move. Ansel hoped that she wouldn't get up to put another one on. All he wanted to do was hold her and spin away from his past -- as far away from the years of loneliness, disappointment and hurt as he could possibly get. Holding Maria, he felt safe. Grounded. They were emotions that always had seemed to elude him.

It seemed like only a few minutes, but in reality was closer to an hour when he looked at his watch. "I should be getting home," he said. "Mom's expecting me for supper."

Maria sat up. Her eyes looked dreamy and wistful. She nodded, brushing her hair from her left cheek. "My shift tomorrow finishes at three," she said.

"Need a ride home?" he asked with a hopeful smile as he picked the helmets up from the coffee table.

The left corner of her mouth turned up and her eyes narrowed. "Yeah, but tomorrow's not your day off. Don't you have serial killer stuff to do?"

"I only work at night," he retorted. "That's one of the perks of the job: I can set my own hours."

Maria got up and walked him to the door. She opened it, leaning on the knob and ran her eyes over him. "So, tomorrow at three?" she asked.

"You bet," he said with a quick nod, noticing her dazzling eyes on him.

He walked out to his scooter and noticed that she was still watching him from the threshold. What he didn't notice was that she watched him drive off until he turned the corner before she went back inside.

###

That night and the following morning Ansel was filled with nervous energy. He wanted to see Maria again. Not only that afternoon, but for every day to follow. He understood and accepted that when the time came for them to move on to wherever his father's next posting took them that he would mourn leaving Maria behind. But he was already getting way ahead of himself. The inevitable transfer of his father would be well over a year away and much can happen in that time.

The sun was hot on his back that Wednesday as he drove his scooter towards The Smoking Dog Cafe, where Maria worked. He was early, so went inside to get an iced coffee. She looked up from the cash register when he walked in and a smile immediately appeared on her lovely face. Her reception excited him and almost made his heart ache at the thought of never seeing it again someday.

"Hey," she said. "I still have about ten minutes left to go."

"That's okay. I'll have an iced coffee while I wait," he said.

Maria turned and filled a glass from a container on a counter behind her. When she returned she pushed the plastic glass towards him, then darted her eyes right and left. "It's on me," she said in a hushed voice.

Ansel winked and took a sip from the straw. He found an empty table near the back and nursed his drink while he watched Maria. Her movements were graceful. It was as though she floated inches above the floor with ease. Later, as she approached him, he noticed how her breasts bounced beneath her white blouse. She was wearing black shorts and his eyes slowly moved down to her bare legs. They were tanned and silky smooth.

"Okay, let's get out of here before they find something else for me to do," she said with a sigh.

Outside, Ansel handed her a helmet. He donned one too and started his Vespa. It rocked slightly as she climbed on, then he felt her body pressed to his. She held on tighter than the day before and he wondered, or hoped, if it was out of something else other than nervousness about his driving.

"Where to?" he asked.

"Home," she said. "Unless there's some other place you need to go."

Ansel drove faster than the day before. He was now familiar with the route, but he was also in a hurry to get to Maria's. Her curvy body felt wonderful against him and he wished that someday they could be

joined together like this, only face to face. He parked in front of her house and followed her inside.

"Pepsi?" she asked, searching through the fridge.

"No, thanks. The iced coffee was enough," he told her. "Thanks for that, by-the-way."

"You're welcome."

Maria put her helmet on the kitchen table beside his and lead him into the living room. After choosing a CD to play she sat down on the couch, giving him an inviting look.

"Miles again?" he asked as he sat down to her left.

"Chet Baker," she said.

"Don't feel like you need to relax today?" he asked.

Maria gave him a wily smile. "Chet's sexier," she said.

Ansel felt a rush of excitement as he stared at the speakers. His cock began to stiffen. When he felt Maria's hand rest on his knee and slide up his thigh he felt his erection twitch. He turned to her and her lips met his. Her kiss was tender at first, then she parted her lips wider,

flicking her tongue over his. Ansel's hand slid over her blouse, stroking her back through it as they kissed passionately.

A soft moan welled in Maria's throat and left her lips. She slowly leaned back on the cushions of the couch, pulling him atop her. Her legs parted, her right one dangling over the side of the couch. He settled between them and began sucking on her bottom lip and stroking her left side. When he cupped her left breast through the white cotton she moaned louder, kissing him harder. Her nipple was hard and thick. When he pinched it that elicited another moan from Maria and she cupped the back of his neck tighter. She arched her back, pressing her soft stomach against his hard shaft.

After a few minutes she broke their embrace, looking up at him. Her glistening lips were parted and her cheeks rosy. "Sorry... I just don't want to rush into this, you know?"

Ansel nodded. "Yeah," he said, his voice hoarse.

"I don't usually get this worked-up so fast, but... if I tell you something, do you promise you won't think I'm weird?" Her eyes were wider now, filled with arousal.

"Sure. What?" Ansel was still crouched over her, his eyes moving between her face and the outlines of her hard nipples.

"That scooter of yours is like a vibrator on wheels." She nervously bit the corner of her lower lip, staring into his eyes. "It's more like an orgasmatron than a scooter."

He smiled, fighting a laugh. "I would have never guessed that," he said.

"Yeah... well, you're not a girl." She paused and her eyes slid down to the outline of his shaft through his jeans. "But I can already tell that," she added with a grin.

He gave her a shy smile and shifted his hips. "You're not the only one who's worked-up," he said. "I'm sorry if I'm too... eager."

Maria grinned. "No, don't be sorry. It's a compliment," she said, then gave him a shrewd look. "Been a while, huh?"

Ansel gave her a pained expression. "Something like that," he mumbled.

"What?" Maria asked. She sat up and leaned back on her elbows, giving him a worried look.

Ansel sighed. "Now it's my turn," he said.

"If I tell you something, do you promise you won't think I'm weird?" he asked.

She gave her head an earnest nod and reached out to give his hand a reassuring squeeze. "No, of course I won't. What?" she asked.

"Yes, it has been a long time for me," he admitted. "Nineteen years, to be exact."

She gasped in surprise, holding his hand tighter. "You mean you're -- "

"Yes," he blurted out before she could say any more.

"Oh, Ansel... that's okay," she said. Once more her voice was soft, comforting.

"Well, it's not something you admit -- if you're a guy anyway. But I like you, Maria -- a lot -- and I don't want to have any secrets with you," he said.

Maria wrapped her arms around his neck and eased him back down onto her. She shifted on the couch, making room for him. "Thank-you," she said in almost a whisper. "I like you a lot too, Ansel. And what you told me doesn't change a thing. Besides, I have a feeling that soon it won't apply anymore."

"Don't get too excited, Cowboy," she giggled. "I didn't mean today."

Ansel laughed and kissed her warm, pink cheek. "I know," he said. "And, honestly, even if it's never, I won't care as long as you're still in my life. There are things more important than that."

"I wish I had have met you three years ago," she said ruefully as the smile drained from her face.

"All that matters -- to me anyway -- is that you did meet me." He kissed her mouth and wiggled closer to her.

"Me too," she whispered into his ear as she embraced him.

Ansel could feel her hand gliding over his back, stroking it and caressing his spine. Her touch made him even more horny. When his hand went to her right breast she moved her arm, granting him easier access to her firm flesh. He kneaded and rubbed it, paying attention to her hard nipple -- enjoying her sounds of pleasure. She was kissing and nibbling at his neck as she writhed under him.

When the CD ended the only sounds that filled the living room were the heavy breathing and moans of pleasure of the two young lovers. Ansel realized that it was probably getting close to when he was expected home for supper.

"I'm going to have to go in a few minutes," he said, bathing Maria's tender neck with his hot breath.

She frowned, looking up at him, then gave him an understanding smile. "I know," she said in a husky voice, running her hand through his black hair.

Ansel sat on the edge of the couch. When he felt Maria's arm around his waist and her cheek resting on his shoulder he kissed her head. "Can I see you tomorrow?" he asked.

"And tomorrow and tomorrow and..." she said with a smile.

Maria followed him to the door, where they shared another parting kiss. "Are you off at three?" he asked.

"Yeah," she said.

"I'll see you then." Ansel sauntered towards his scooter. He blew her a kiss before he drove home, where he wished he could speed up time.

###

The cafe was crowded when Ansel entered the next afternoon. Maria was busy serving customers and didn't notice him for a little while. When she did, the dour expression on her face bloomed into a wide

smile. She pushed a length of hair away from her right eye and turned back towards the espresso machine.

Ansel took a newspaper from a metal rack and managed to find an empty table. He feared that she would have to work past three since it was so busy. Fifteen minutes later when he heard her voice he looked up from the paper, surprised.

"Ready to go?" he asked.

"I was about three hours ago, but I couldn't." She took him by the hand and hurried him out towards his scooter.

"The place was busy today," Ansel said. He was driving down Market Street, the breeze hitting his face.

"It gets busier as we get closer to weekends," she said. "Then it's a madhouse. I'm glad I only work throughout the week."

As he drove he could feel her rubbing his stomach. Then he felt her press her lips to his neck and kiss it softly. His cock swelled and he sped up a little as he got closer to Seymour Street.

The familiar sound of Chet Baker's trumpet and smoky voice filled the living room. Ansel smiled, hoping that Maria's choice of music boded well for the rest of the afternoon. When she approached the sofa and straddled his lap he smiled up at her.

"I'm afraid I'm not as exciting as my scooter," he joked apologetically.

Maria shrugged. "We'll see... I'd ride you anyway," she said, then kissed him.

He placed his hands on her hips, pulling her to him so her breasts grazed his t-shirt. Already her nipples were straining against her white blouse. He rubbed one, then the other. She looked down, watching his fingers, then looked into his eyes.

"I wish my boobs were bigger," she said, unable to mask her regret.

"I don't," he told her. He cupped them in his hands, staring at her nipples poking out between each thumb and forefinger.

"You're sweet," she said, running her palms over his chest and rocking her hips.

"I mean it."

Ansel tugged at her blouse, pulling open the top button. His heart raced and his eyes moved from her chest to her face, anticipating her to stop him. Her lusty expression emboldened him and he continued.

Once he had unbuttoned her blouse down to the waistband of her skirt he pulled it open. Even without a bra Maria's firm breasts stood out from her chest like two peaks. Her thick nipples were slightly dusky and surrounded by areolas barely two inches around. He leaned closer and swirled his tongue around her right one. When he heard her moan with delight he began to suck and cupped her other breast in his hand.

"Mmmmm... I'm keeping you," she said. "I bet your scooter can't do that to me."

Ansel raised his eyes and smiled, then returned to teasing her nipples. Her hands were stroking his back and chest and her hips undulated. He ran his right hand up her left thigh until it met the material of her shorts, then he gave her ass a squeeze.

"You're beautiful, Maria," he said.

"Thank-you," she replied in a shy voice. "You're pretty hot yourself."

Maria unbuttoned her blouse the rest of the way, then pulled the hem from her skirt. She took it off and dropped it down beside him. When her fingertips slipped under his t-shirt he raised his arms so she could pull it off. Seconds later, it lay atop her blouse. He pulled her to him so she was pressed to his chest. Skin on skin.

"Your skin is so soft. I want to touch you everywhere." His hands were roaming down her back, then around to her stomach and back up again. As he caressed her he continued flicking his tongue over her

swollen nipples and tracing tight circles around them. Soon her areolas had grown puffy and darker. He wrapped his lips tight around them in turn and tugged. When she slipped from him and stood up Ansel gave her a confused look.

"Let's go to my room," she said.

Maria plucked her blouse and his t-shirt from the couch. She led him down a narrow hall and into her bedroom. The room was small with an unmade bed in the corner. Right of that was a bureau. The white walls were adorned with posters of various jazz musicians. Ansel studied their faces but the only one he recognized was Miles Davis, having seen his photo on a CD of Maria's.

"Who's that?" Ansel asked. He gestured towards a black and white poster of a man with short, swept-back hair and chiseled features holding a trumpet. The man vaguely reminded him of the man on the bench he had seen the day he met Maria.

"That's Chet Baker," she said, then pointed to another poster next to it. "The guy playing the double bass is Mingus."

"Who?" he asked.

"Charlie Mingus. I'll play some of his stuff for you sometime."

Ansel nodded, still surveying Maria's bedroom. She had stepped in front of him and pulled his arms around her waist. Her firm ass rubbed against his hard cock and he pushed back, grinding himself against her firm rump. When his eyes shifted towards the bookshelf to his right he noticed a trumpet. It was resting on it's bell and the brass gleamed in the sunlight streaming through the window beside it.

"You never told me you played the trumpet," he said, surprised and curious.

Maria shrugged and said "I don't, really. I was taking lessons for a while, but stopped because I couldn't afford them anymore once I started school." Her voice was soft and tinged with regret.

"Play something for me," he asked.

Maria turned to face him. She held him by his hips and frowned slightly. "Am I really that ugly?" she asked, pouting slightly.

"No -- of course not! Why would you say that?" he blurted out.

"Well, you're with a half-naked girl in her bedroom and you want to her her play a trumpet, rather than something else," she said, then gave him a lusty grin. "Do you want me to blow my trumpet, or you?" Her tongue slid over her lower lip and her eyes took on a sultry quality.

Her words were like an aphrodisiac to Ansel. His hard cock twitched and he felt his heart accelerate. "Me," he said, thinking her question was just ribald banter.

When Maria slid her hand up the inside of his right thigh and began to rub his hard cock through his jeans Ansel held onto her waist tighter, almost feeling light-headed. "Say it, Ansel," she said, her voice thick with desire.

"Blow me," he whispered.

"Again," he told him, giving his balls a squeeze.

"Blow me, Maria," he repeated, this time with more command.

Maria slid to her knees, dragging her fingers down his thighs. Smiling up at him, she unbuttoned his jeans and pulled at the tab of the zipper. Her tongue darted out as she hauled his underwear and jeans down past his knees. When his cock thickened and rose until it was pointing up towards his stomach slightly she gasped and lifted her eyes to his.

"Is all of that for me?" she breathed.

Ansel swallowed hard and nodded. He placed his hands on her shoulders and began to caress them. When he felt her hot breath wash over the swollen head, then her tongue flick over it, he moaned.

"Mmmm... I hope you enjoy this as much as I'm going to," she said, bathing his twitching cock with her hot breath once more.

When he felt Maria's warm, wet mouth envelop his cock, Ansel moaned again and slid his hands up to her head. He ran his fingers through her hair as she slid her lips over his shaft, sucking hard as she took as much of it as she could. His eyes were closed and he wasn't sure if he heard his own moans or hers as she worked her pliant lips up and down his thick shaft. She began rubbing his balls and sucking harder when he pulled her further down on him by her head. As he grew closer to ecstasy he began to slowly move his hips, fucking her mouth. His body tensed and he let out a deep groan, holding fistfuls of her thick hair. He heard her make a throaty sound which sounded like she was choking and he pulled back, slipping his cock from her tight lips. A final stream of cum shot from his throbbing cock. It splashed over her glistening lips and ran down to her chin.

Maria leaned back on her heels, still looking up at him through narrowed eyes. Her tongue ran over her lips, wiping his thick cum from them. She smiled and ran her fingertip over the strand of it that was running down her chin. She eagerly sucked it from her finger, her eyes not leaving his.

"WOW... have you been saving all that for me?" she asked, then chuckled.

Ansel tugged at his underwear and jeans. His legs felt weak as he fumbled to stuff his still semi-hard cock into his underwear. "I usually kind of... ah... cum a lot," he said in a shaky voice and feeling bashful now.

"Mmmm, well, from now on, don't waste a drop when you're... ah... alone. Because I want it all." Maria had slid up on her bed with her arms outstretched to him. "Come here," she said.

Ansel sat down on the bed beside her. She enveloped him in her embrace and he melted into her. Her body was soft and warm. He held her to him, running his hands over her back and enjoying the feeling of her breasts on his chest. Her hard nipples poked into him slightly and he reached down to toy with her left one. She let out a soft moan and settled into him some more.

The two lovers sat in silence, holding one another. This was the most glorious moment of Ansel's life so far and he could hardly believe how blessed he was. Then the realization that some day he would have to leave Maria behind when his parents moved occurred to him. He frowned and unconsciously loosened his hold on her.

Sensing his change Maria asked "What's wrong?" Her eyes were full of concern as they peered into his.

"Nothing," he sighed. "Just thinking."

"About what? Tell me."

2561 Ansel drew in a deep breath. His eyes moved to the poster of Chet Baker while he found the words he needed. "I was just thinking that someday I'm going to have to move and I'll never see you again."

A tear rolled down his cheek. She kissed it away as she ran her fingers through his hair. "No, Ansel, you can't think like that. Live in the moment. If you're frightened about the future you'll never enjoy the present. I could get hit by a car tomorrow or be shot in a robbery at the cafe. Yes, life can be sad, but mostly it's wonderful."

He looked up and nodded. "I know," he muttered.

"You can't wall yourself off like this and let uncertainty control you," she told him. "Because someday you'll be older and have your own house and can live there for the rest of your life. But you'll be a prisoner if you still have that wall."

"Then what should I do?" His wavering voice was thick with emotion.

"Live for now. Because no one knows what tomorrow brings," she advised.

Ansel pulled her tighter to him again. He buried his face in the nape of her neck and felt warm tears trickle down his cheeks. "I love you, Maria," he said.

"I love you, too," Maria sighed. She kissed his wet cheek and stroked his head, holding him to her bosom.

The shadows in the bedroom had grown long and Ansel knew he had to leave for home, although anywhere Maria was now felt more like home to him. He glanced down at his watch. "I'm going to have to be going home. Sorry," he told her.

Maria slipped her arms from around him and sat up. She nodded. "I know, but there's tomorrow," she said.

Smiles lit up their faces once more as Ansel and Maria got dressed. She walked him to the door where they embraced for a few minutes. "Tomorrow at three?" he asked.

Maria nodded.

"I love you," he said.

"I love you too." She craned her head up and kissed his cheek.

Ansel's heart was still racing as he drove home. And for the first time in his life he did not fear the future. Things would work out somehow, he told himself. They had to.

###

in jazz as Maria and probably never would be. But he had begun to be able to discern the styles of a few of her favourites.

"Who's this?" he asked.

"Monk," Maria told him. She was standing in front of the couch, watching him.

"I don't think I've heard it before," he said, still listening acutely to the music.

"Probably not. I've never played anything by him the other times you've been over," she said. "But this suits my mood."

Ansel turned and stepped towards her. His face turned into a broad grin as he ran his eyes over her. She was wearing her usual work attire: a white blouse and dark shorts. But there was something different about her. Perhaps it was her playful expression or the glint in her eyes, he thought. Whatever it was, it made him want her with an intensity that he had never felt before.

"And what kind of mood are you in?" He slid his arms around her waist and pulled her to him so she could feel his erection pushing into the curve of her soft stomach.

He kissed her dewy lips, running his hand down to hold onto her ass. He held her to him, humping her slowly. They stayed like that for a while, swaying as the music filled the charged air and their arousal grew.

"Let's get lost," Maria whispered into his ear. She grabbed her purse from the coffee table and guided him to her room.

Even before they were standing beside her bed Maria was already tugging at his t-shirt. She hauled it off and tossed it aside. Her eyes moved down his broad chest, following the trail of hair to the noticeable bulge in his jeans. They lingered there as she sucked on the corner of her lower lip.

Ansel's hands slid up her body to the top button of her blouse. She was working at the button of his jeans now and he tugged at the buttons faster, almost rending them from the blouse. By the time he had it unbuttoned and pulled from inside her skirt she had snaked her hand inside his underwear to rub his thick meat, making him even harder.

"I bought something for you today before I went to work." She had a teasing look on her face as she spoke and cupped his heavy balls.

"What?" he asked, breathing heavier.

"Get undressed and I'll show you," she told him.

Ansel pulled his sneakers off and yanked his jeans and underwear down faster than he ever had before. Standing naked before her he felt his cock twitch and slowly rise some more until the mushroom shaped head was pointing towards her moist lips.

Maria turned and picked her purse up from the bed. She unzipped it and fished inside, then pulled out a box of condoms. She tore it open and handed him one, neatly wrapped in plastic.

"Put this on while I get undressed." She sidled up to him and handed him the small square package, then slowly ran her palm along the underside of his cock.

His hands trembled as he tore at the plastic with his teeth. As he slid the Latex over his shaft he watched her from the corner of his eye as she wiggled out of her skirt. It fell to the floor, followed by a pair of black lace panties. She pushed them aside with her feet and kicked her sandals off.

"God, you're beautiful," Ansel said as he admired Maria.

Nothing could have prepared him for seeing her completely naked for the first time. And although he had tried to imagine how she looked, his visions could have never done her justice. Her firm breasts stood out from her chest, their nipples pointing towards him as though they knew how much he wanted them between his lips. Her flat stomach gave way to curved hips, between which a narrow strip of hair, darker

than that above it, lead down to her tender folds. Already her pink lips glistened with her musky juice in anticipation, ready to welcome him within their folds.

He pulled her to him by her hips, then slid his hands over her firm ass. He gave it a squeeze, feeling his shaft glide over her wet lips. She shuddered and moaned, running her hand down his back, then up his spine. They kissed as their hands explored one another and their passion began to build.

Maria eased away, taking hold of his wrist. She laid down on the bed and parted her soft, smooth thighs. Her hands reached up, as though pleading for him to settle down on her. "Make love to me, Ansel," she breathed.

As Ansel slid between her soft thighs he felt her nails run up and down his back. He shuddered and lowered himself onto her, feeling her breasts against his chest. Her legs wrapped around him, urging him closer. He looked down to her shiny, wet lips, watching the head of his cock slide between them.

"Oh god..." she cried out as he filled her.

Ansel bit his lip and began moving his hips. He felt her grip him tight, deep inside her and he sped up, pumping his shaft in and out. His hands slid under her to hold her shoulders. His breathing was rapid and the feeling of his meat being squeezed by her tight pussy was sublime. When she arched her back and began to meet his thrusts he moved faster, burying himself deep within her.

"Yes... keep doing that," she begged. "Harder, Ansel."

Maria let out a long moan and dug her nails into his shoulders. He thought that she had cum, at least a little, but wasn't sure. He knew that he was getting closer though. He kept up his pace, watching the look of pleasure on Maria's face. Her moaning grew louder and she glided her right hand down between them to rub her swollen clit. He could feel her fingers graze him a few times and looked down, watching her rub herself faster. Her legs were locked around him and her juice had begun to coat his balls. Their cries of pleasure and the lewd sounds of him plunging in and out of her juicy pussy filled the room.

"Oh shit... fuck me, Ansel," she cried out, then her body tensed. She clenched her jaw as another orgasm coursed through her, stronger than the first.

The sight of Maria caught in the throes of rapture filled him with love and bliss. It was then that he could no longer hold back. He clutched her shoulders tighter and buried his shaft deep within her one last time. Every muscle tensed and every nerve fired as he came, filling the condom with his thick cum. He laid atop her, breathing hard, and still overcome with the sensations of her milking his cock within her and stroking his back. Shortly after, he slid his spent cock from her and laid down on the bed.

The room seemed to spin as Ansel stared up at the ceiling. The feeling of Maria resting on his chest and sliding her hand down to his balls

helped to ground him once more. He put an arm around her and kissed her moist lips.

"God... that was wonderful," she said, then kissed him.

"It was for me," he replied. "I just hope you mean it. I wish I could have lasted longer." His comment was out of sympathy for her rather than his own satisfaction.

"Hopefully not too much longer or you'll wear me out." Maria gave a soft laugh and wriggled closer to him, running her hand over his heaving chest.

He rolled over on his side to face her. "I love you," he said.

"I love you, too," she replied, then smiled and closed her eyes for a few moments.

The time passed too quickly for Ansel and Maria as they lay together on the bed. It was a seminal day for Ansel, but he was thankful for her having not made mention of deflowering him. They both knew it and acknowledging that milestone in his life was far less important than the bond of love they now shared.

When the time came for him to leave for home she escorted him to the door, wearing only her blouse wrapped tight around her. They kissed and he drove off, knowing his life had really just begun

###

Three weeks later, when Ansel returned home from Maria's he was reminded of her telling him about the capricious nature of life. When he entered the living room he found his parents huddled together on the couch. Their mood was somber and he was sure that they were going to tell him that there had been a death in the family.

"What's wrong?" he asked, dreading the answer.

Cynthia Stevens looked up at her son, frowning. Her arm was around her husband's shoulders, trying to comfort him. "Your father lost his job," she told him.

"What? Why?" Ansel exclaimed, then his jaw fell slack.

"Budget cutbacks," Ronald Stevens replied. "The Bureau is being scaled-back and the first to go are the outside contractors." He lowered his head, staring at the floor.

"So, what are you going to do, Dad?" Ansel asked.

Ronald gave his head a weary shake, then slowly raised it once more. "I'm not sure. They're buying out my contract, so I don't need to worry about money for a while. I guess I'll have more time to spend on my photography." He let out a bittersweet laugh, then turned towards his

wife. "I hope you like it around here, because it looks like this is home from now on."

"Huh?" Ansel grunted.

"There will be no need to move once I'm not with the Bureau anymore. Your mother is glad -- probably you are too. She likes it here and was already fed-up with the moving from place to place years ago. She's an angel for having stuck it out with me this long. I know it's been hard on you guys, but it's over." He kissed his wife's cheek and hugged her to him.

A flood of competing emotions filled Ansel. Naturally, he regretted his father having lost his job, but it would mean stability in his life for the first time ever. It also meant he would not be leaving Maria behind eventually. He clenched his jaw, fighting a smile.

"Maybe you can get something around here, Dad," he suggested.

"Maybe," his father agreed. "But I'm in no hurry. I'd be retiring in less than ten years anyway and I've prepared for that financially. Maybe a slower pace will mean I'll live longer." He smiled up at his son.

Ansel felt ashamed over the schadenfreude he felt, but maybe it was time that he and his mother could settle down and finally call one place home. Besides, his father was right. Retiring early would do him good. He was driving himself to an early grave with that stressful job.

Ansel went up to his bedroom, leaving his parents alone to console one another. He closed the door behind him and dialed Maria's phone number. She answered on the third ring.

"I've got good news and bad news," he told her.

"What is it?" she asked, sounding concerned.

"Dad lost his job," he said flatly.

"What?" she exclaimed.

"Yeah, budget cutbacks, but he'll be okay," he assured her. "The good news is that we'll be staying here for good."

A long pause. "You mean you won't be moving?" she asked, now sounding delighted.

"Nope," he said. "But I feel like a turd for being glad that Dad had to lose his job for it to happen."

A soft laugh came through the receiver of the phone. "Then I guess that makes me a turd too," she said. "Are you okay, Ansel -- really?"

"Yeah, I am," he said. "For the first time in my life I'm optimistic -- really optimistic -- about the future. I want to come over, but I should probably stay home with Mom and Dad tonight."

"Yes, that's where you belong right now," she said. "They need you more than I do tonight."

"Can I see you tomorrow?"

"Of course. Whenever you want," she told him.

"How about right after noon," he asked.

"Sure. I love you, Ansel."

"I love you, too," he told her.

###

That Saturday, Ansel knocked on the door of the pale blue house that he had once thought was white. It was just before half-past twelve. Rachel Mitchell opened the door and smiled when she saw Ansel.

2573 "Hi, is Maria home?" he asked.

"She's in her room," her mother replied. "Go on in, Ansel."

As Ansel walked down the narrow hall a strange sound caught his attention. Hardly breathing, he listened, then smiled. Coming from Maria's bedroom was the soft sound of a muted trumpet. But this time it wasn't pouring from stereo speakers. Maria was playing it.

He crept towards her door. It was ajar and Maria was sitting on the edge of her bed. The mouthpiece of the trumpet was pressed to her tight lips and her head was tilted down so her hair hung around her face. Her posture reminded him of photos of Miles Davis that he had seen. He stood in the doorway, listening and watching, scared to make even the slightest sound. Almost a minute later she looked up. Her wide eyes met his and she blushed.

"Don't you know it's not polite to sneak up on people?" she joked, tossing the trumpet to the foot of the bed.

Ansel walked towards her, applauding softly and smiling. "That was beautiful. What was it?" he asked.

"'Let's Get Lost'. Well, sort of anyway. I haven't played it in ages," she said, still blushing.

He sat down beside her and kissed her cheek. "It sounded perfect to me."

Maria shrugged. "I wanted more time to practice, like weeks, before I let you heard me," she said. "I love that song. It reminds me of us."

"Then maybe we should get someone to play that, instead of The Wedding March," he suggested.

Maria giggled, then noticed the serious look on her face. "What are you trying to say?" she asked. Now she was more nervous than earlier and her eyes had grown wide with disbelief.

"Not say -- ask," he explained.

Ansel slid to the floor, resting on one knee. When he took hold of her hand and looked up at her he saw tears well in her pretty eyes, although she was smiling. She wiped her eyes and squeezed his trembling hand.

"Maria, I love you with all my heart and want to spend the rest of my life with you...," he began.

###

"Daddy, when can I get a scooter like you used to have?" The young boy looked up from the photo album open on his lap. His blue eyes were wide with excitement.

"Not for a while, Miles," Ansel told him. "You're only ten."

Miles pouted and let out a frustrated sigh. He looked back at the photo of his parents outside The Smoking Dog Cafe, sitting astride the red Vespa. "Mommy, Daddy said I can't have a scooter," he lamented.

Maria turned her head from the television, giving her son a sympathetic smile. "You're still too young, Honey," she said. "Your Dad didn't get one until he was sixteen. Maybe when you're that old, we'll get you one."

The child sitting on the sofa beside Ansel tightened his mouth, counting silently on his small fingers. "But that's a lot of years from now," he exclaimed after a few moments.

"I know, Honey," his mother agreed. "But the years will go by quicker than you want them to. It's less years than your father and I have known each other."

Miles gave his mother an incredulous look. "Yeah, but you're old," he said, emphasizing the last word.

Ansel hugged his son and kissed the top of his head. His eyes moved across the room to where his wife was sitting. They exchanged smiles. Yes, the years had gone by quickly since he had met Maria, he thought to himself. But they had all been good years. The best of his life. He wouldn't change a moment of them, even if he could. His only wish was that twice as many lay ahead of them as had already passed.

The Passion of Angie

Chapter 1

The afternoon sun cast shadows on the round wooden table separating the two women sitting before it on the deck of Dominic's Bistro. It was early August and a breeze ruffled the umbrella covering the table. The air had been humid for days and clouds had been gathering since early afternoon, as if a storm was brewing.

"Thanks again for buying me lunch, Angie. It's a nice change to be able to eat something that I didn't have to cook."

Angie Harris looked across the table at Holly Peters. She gave Holly a warm smile. Angie had met Holly in high school, when Angie's family had moved to Lewiston from upstate New York. They were both fifteen at the time and they formed an instant bond that had lasted over the ensuing twelve years. Angie knew that she should make more effort at keeping in touch with Holly, which is why she had taken that Friday afternoon off of work to meet with her.

"You're welcome," Angie said "anything to get you out of the house. It's been ages since I've seen you."

Holly gave a regretful sigh as she twirled some angel hair pasta around her fork.

"I know. I haven't had much time for a social life since Stephen was born." Her blue eyes flickered as she mentioned her six month old son.

"How's he doing?" Angie asked.

"Wonderful," Holly beamed "he can be a handful and I find it challenging sometimes, but I could never have imagined how happy a baby could make me."

The joy and love that Holly felt for her son was obvious as she spoke. Angie felt a pang of envy as she listened to her friend and saw her face light up as she spoke.

"But what about you though? How are you, Holly? You should try to get out more often. Let Ryan take care of Stephen once in a while."

"I know," Holly agreed, sounding somewhat annoyed "but it's hard for me to get out. You can always come and visit me though, you know?"

Angie darted her hazel eyes away from her friend, feeling as though she had let her down by not visiting as often as she should.

"I'm sorry; that was bitchy." Holly apologized.

"No. You're right, Holly. I'm sorry I haven't made more effort at keeping in-touch." her friend apologized.

"Well, you are now," Holly reminded her "and I appreciate it."

Angie was relieved that Holly was being so magnanimous, although she did realize that she should work harder at maintaining their friendship.

"I know you're busy with Stephen, but are you able to find time for yourself? That's important, you know." Angie gave Holly a worried look.

"Don't worry, I am," Holly assured her "I nap when I can and I've even managed to find a little time for a hobby."

"That's great. What hobby have you taken up?"

Holly gave her friend an nervous glance. "Promise you won't laugh?" she asked.

"Of course I won't laugh. What is it?"

"I've been doing some writing in my spare time."

"You're writing a novel?" Angie's voice was full of surprise.

Holly laughed. "No -- nothing that ambitious -- just a few short stories. I don't have time to read a novel, let alone write one."

Angie had always been envious of Holly's intellect. Immediately after finishing high school Holly had entered college. She got a degree in child psychology, then her Master's degree. Once she completed that she earned another degree -- this one in Education. She taught high school, but Angie had always thought that Holly could do about whatever she put her mind to.

"I always thought you would be a great writer, Holly. You always did so well with those essays that Mrs. Eastman made us write in school. I probably wouldn't have passed English without your help."

Holly gave her friend a modest smile, but she secretly reveled in Angie's praise.

"So have you submitted anything to magazines or publishers?" Angie asked.

"No. But I've been thinking of submitting at least some to a website that publishes stories by amateur writers. I'll see what sort of feedback I get, then decide what to do next."

"I'm sure they'll be a hit," Angie assured her "so when do I get to read something you've written?"

Holly shifted in her seat, thinking. The thought of allowing someone else, especially a close friend, to read her work made her anxious. "I'll let you read one, but you've got to promise me two things."

"Sure. What?"

"Don't show it to anyone else -- even Ryan doesn't know I've been writing -- and you've got to be brutally honest with me about what you think after you've read it; even if you hate it. Hell, especially if you hate it." she said.

"It's a deal," Angie promised "I'd love to read what you've written. But you've got to promise to submit it if I like it. Don't let your stories sit in a shoe box somewhere for someone to find after you're dead and make a fortune on, like Kafka."

Holly laughed, then her smile faded, "There's one more thing... the website I'm thinking about submitting some of my stories to -- it only accepts erotic stories." She gave Angie a nervous look, waiting for her reaction.

"Holly -- don't tell me you've been writing dirty stories!" Angie exclaimed, amused and somewhat shocked by Holly's revelation."

Holly winced and twisted about in her chair. "They're more like erotic stories -- nothing too raunchy."

"So, no spanking or hot wax on the nipples then?"

Holly was surprised by how lurid Angie's imagination could be. "No, nothing that kinky. They're actually pretty vanilla." she assured her.

"Okay, I'll read it anyway." Angie retorted with a shameless laugh.

"I have them as text files on my computer, so I'll send one as an email attachment tonight." Holly said.

"Great. Thanks, Holly," Angie replied "I'll let you know what I think of it as soon as I finish it."

"I have to admit, I'm pretty nervous about letting you read it, Ang. No one has read anything I've written so far."

"Well, you better get used to the thought lots of people reading them," Angie told her "because I'm sure that there will be plenty who'll want to read it once you submit it."

Holly shrugged, not having as much confidence in herself as her friend seemed to. She looked at her watch, then frowned.

"I should be getting home. I told Ryan I'd be home around four. I'm sorry. But thanks again for lunch. It was wonderful to see you again, Ang."

"You're welcome. I'll be in touch -- I promise. I'm sorry for being such a bad friend lately." Angie said.

"It's okay. I understand. I know you're busy with work these days."

"Well, things are less hectic now, so you'll see more of me. I'll send you an email at least once I finish the story to tell you what I thought, but I want to get together with you again soon." Angie promised.

Chapter 2

After Angie had finished supper that evening she went over to her computer desk in the living room. She booted it up and opened Outlook express, hoping that Holly had sent her story. After scanning the subjects of her emails advertising Viagra, low interest mortgages and a website named Backdoor Bitches, Angie discovered that there was nothing from Holly. She sat down on the couch and turned the television on. Waiting.

Nearly three hours later, just after Angie was contemplating going to bed, mostly out of boredom, she heard a sound coming from her computer announcing new email. She got up and went to her computer. Amongst more spam was an email from Holly. She opened it.

Angie downloaded the attachment to her Desktop. She checked the size of the Wordpad file. It was nearly 300 kb. -- much larger than she had expected. Holly had told her she had written a short story, but this was almost a novella Angie thought. It was well past eleven o'clock and Angie wanted to get to bed. But she was also eager to at least begin Holly's story. She clicked on the row of options at the top of the window and selected Print from the menu, then pushed herself away from her computer.

The drone and buzz of the printer filled the apartment as Angie made herself a sandwich in the kitchen. Her cat approached from the living room, stretching, then rubbing against Angie's calf.

"Hey, Ginger, you hungry?" Angie asked in a melodic tone.

Angie poured some cat food in a white plastic bowl beside the fridge and watched as her cat began to eat.

Angie ate her sandwich and drank a glass of Pepsi while her printer spat out page after page of Holly's story. Once she had finished eating Angie stood before the television, watching the last few minutes of the news while she waited for her printer to stop. Once the annoying clatter ceased Angie turned the television off and retrieved the papers from the tray. She turned off her computer and went to her bedroom to get ready for bed.

Lying in bed with only the glow of a small lamp on her nightstand Angie began Holly's story. The title at the top of the first page read "The Passion of Miranda". Angie rolled her eyes. She desperately wanted to be able to truthfully tell Holly that she liked her story, but already the title had put her off. Undaunted, she began reading.

Despite the trite title that Holly had chosen for her story Angie soon found herself absorbed in the plot. It concerned a young woman, Miranda, who, after ending an unhappy marriage takes a trip to eastern Europe. There she meets a man nearly twenty years her senior, Gustav Rahlfeld, whom she falls in love with. Gustav was an erudite noble who had seen his family's fortune nearly erased and their social status eroded after the rise of Communism and The Soviet Bloc. Gustav soon realized there was more to life than wealth and prestige. He turned his efforts to religion and mysticism. His efforts had paid off in ways he had not expected. Eventually Gustav discovered that his practices had resulted in abilities he had heard of, but had always scoffed at. This was a type of power he was unaccustomed to. He had always been taught that money was the best source of power. Still, there was one thing lacking: a woman to share his life with.

Angie found herself enthralled with the characters that Holly had woven into her story, especially Gustav. He was described as tall, always well-dressed, with thick black hair and a moustache. He had an accent that was like a siren song to Miranda. As Angie read on she discovered that Holly provided more descriptive details of Gustav, particularly his nude body as he made love to Miranda. Angie smiled to herself as she read Holly's mention of Gustav sitting in a chair, smoking his pipe. It reminded Angie of when she would visit her grandfather as a child. The smell of his pipe was something she always associated with him. Happy childhood memories flooded back as

Angie pictured Gustav cupping a pipe in his hand as smoke wafted above his head.

Without her even being conscious of it at first, Angie's hand trailed down under the blanket covering her as she read Holly's explicit account of Gustav and Miranda having sex. As Angie read the words describing Gustav's thick cock pushing into Miranda Angie found herself rubbing her swollen clit through her damp panties. Her legs parted as she read. She pressed down on her hard button, imagining it was Gustav's hand caressing her lips. She could picture him in her mind and hear his deep voice and sensual thick accent.

"Let us become one, my love." was what Gustav told Miranda as his thick shaft entered her. Angie heard those words in her head as she pushed her panties aside to slip a finger between her wet lips.

The sheets of paper containing Holly's story fell to the blanket covering Angie as she slipped her other hand over her camisole. She clutched her right breast as her other hand slid inside her panties. In her mind there was only her and Gustav. Angie could almost feel his weight atop her and his manhood filling her. Soon she cried out, calling out Gustav's name as she had an orgasm, then another.

Angie stared up at the ceiling, breathing hard. Although she knew that no one would ever know what she had done she was still embarrassed. She had masturbated before, of course, but never had she been so totally overcome and enraptured by a fantasy. She gathered up the sheets of paper spread over her and placed them on her nightstand. She sat up on the side of the bed and decided to use the bathroom before going to sleep. It was almost one-thirty.

When Angie returned to her bedroom from the bathroom she stopped a few feet inside. Something seemed different to her, or perhaps felt different. The air was hot and smelled of her musk. She was wet and she could still feel slight aftershocks from her clit.

Angie moved towards her bed. She leaned down to reach for the switch on the lamp on her nightstand. From the corner of her eye she saw a dark figure standing at the foot of her bed, more shadow than substance. Angie jerked her head around. She saw nothing. Angie gave her head a brisk shake and told herself she was tired -- that her mind was playing tricks on her. She turned her light out and lay down on her bed.

"Good night, Gustav." Angie whispered as she closed her eyes and pulled the blanket around her chin in the darkness of her bedroom.

Chapter 3

Angie awoke the next morning still feeling tired. She rolled over to look at the digital clock on her night stand and discovered that it was almost nine-thirty. She had neglected to turn her alarm on. Thankfully it was a Saturday so she didn't have to go to work.

Angie yawned and stretched, looking at the sun shining through the pink curtain covering her bedroom window. She knew she should get up, but still felt drained. Reluctantly she sat up on the side of her bed and pushed her long auburn hair over her shoulders.

Lying on a stack of magazines and a partly read novel on the shelf of Angie's night stand were the sheets of paper with Holly's story. Angie looked down at them, smiling as memories of what she had done the previous night flooded back. Then she felt somewhat chagrined at the thought of her lewd actions. She consoled herself with the knowledge that no one else would ever know. Her pussy was still damp and she felt her clit begin to swell as thoughts and images of Gustav filled her mind. She could have easily laid down again and given into her arousal, but decided to have a shower instead.

The spray of the hot water on Angie's body seemed to wash away the confusion in her mind. She had always considered her libido to be normal, but lately the stress of work had seemed to have dampened it. Perhaps reading Holly's erotic story was just the release she needed, she thought. She decided to finish reading it that afternoon.

Rivulets of water ran down Angie's face into her eyes as she stepped from the shower. She tugged at a blue bath towel draped over the shower rod and dried her face, then began rubbing the towel over her wet hair.

The small bathroom was filled with steam. Angie began drying her body. She ran the terrycloth towel up her left leg towards her hip. As she raised her head Angie saw the mirror above the sink. It was coated with condensation from the steam of the shower, but there was something else. Angie's arms went limp as she stepped closer, squinting through the mist in the room.

Etched in the droplets of water coating the mirror were the words Let us become one, my love.

Angie froze in terror. Her head jerked towards the bathroom door. It was closed. Angie froze, listening for an intruder in her apartment. She heard nothing. Wrapping the towel tight around her wet body, Angie stepped towards the bathroom door. She turned the knob, careful to make as little noise as possible. She opened the door and peered out.

Angie could feel her heart race as she stepped into the hallway. She looked left and right, expecting to see someone lurking in a corner. The hallway was empty. Pressing her back to the wall, Angie stole towards the living room. Every muscle of her body was ready to react. The living room was empty as well, except for Ginger sleeping on a chair. Angie glanced towards the kitchen. Seeing no one, she ran towards the row of drawers beside her fridge.

Tugging a drawer open, Angie grabbed a steak knife in her trembling hand and looked around. She felt more confident with a weapon now. Gripping the knife by its wooden handle Angie made her way towards the door to her apartment. She turned the knob and pulled. The door rattled, but did not open. Angie turned and pressed her back against the door, adrenaline racing to every nerve, her breathing rapid.

Angie made her way towards the window in the living room. Although her apartment was on the seventh floor she still made sure it was secure. It was. She also checked the patio doors opening on to her balcony. The windows in her bedroom and bathroom were also secure she discovered. Feeling relieved, yet perplexed, Angie returned the steak knife to the kitchen drawer, then got dressed.

When Angie returned to the bathroom she discovered that the steam had dissipated. The message she had seen earlier scrawled on her mirror had disappeared as well. Angie stared at her reflection in the mirror, wondering if she was losing her mind.

Chapter 4

Perhaps some food would help, Angie thought, as she cracked an egg. She stirred the eggs about in the pan and dropped in four sausages.

A big breakfast did seem to vanquish Angie's unease. She ate more than she intended, then opened to the door to her apartment. Lying in the hallway in front of her door was the morning paper. Angie picked it up, then locked the door behind her, giving it a shake to ensure it was secure. It rattled, but remained shut. She spread the paper out on the table and began reading.

While Angie read her horoscope Ginger jumped up on the table. She began lapping at the grease from the sausages on Angie's empty plate.

"Ginger, you know you're not allowed to do that." Angie said, shaking her head.

Ginger kept licking the plate, indifferent to Angie.

Angie returned to the newspaper, looking at the weather forecast for the weekend. Seconds later, Ginger raised her head and turned towards the living room. She growled. Her back arched and the fur on her tail stuck out like a pine tree.

"Hey, what's the matter?" Angie asked, running her hand down her cat's curved spine.

Ginger jumped from the table and crept towards the living room, still growling.

Angie followed Ginger, curious and worried about what had alarmed the cat. Her nerves were still on edge after her experience in the bathroom. She looked around, but the living room was empty.

"It's okay, Ginger, there's no one here." Angie told her cat.

Angie assumed that her cat was being an alarmist, either due to an impending storm or the phase of the moon. She returned to her paper in the kitchen.

It was mid-afternoon when Angie remembered Holly's story. She went to her room and gathered the papers from her night stand. She settled out on her balcony and sat down.

engrossed in the story of Gustav and Miranda. She was somewhat shocked by Holly's detailed scenes of sex between the characters -- even embarrassed at the thought of the story being a window to Holly's innermost thoughts, or perhaps fantasies. Still, she soon found herself becoming turned on. Her clit pulsed and her lips grew damp. She pressed her thighs together as she read. The breeze had stiffened her nipples, or maybe it was Holly's prose. Angie's fingers moved up towards her left breast. She rubbed and pulled at her nipple through her blouse as she read.

Ginger joined Angie on the patio. She jumped up on her mistress' lap, but was soon eased off by Angie with a gentle push.

"Let me finish reading." Angie told her cat.

Ginger purred as she rubbed against Angie's leg.

The afternoon breeze had increased. So had Angie's arousal as she read her friend's story. She read faster, noticing she only had two pages remaining. The wind had made the air cool, but Angie wanted to get inside for another reason: her wet pussy and throbbing clit were demanding attention. She finished Holly's story and stood up, clutching the pages in her hand as the breeze blew her hair about.

"Come on, Ginger, we're going in." Angie said in a melodic tone.

Angie stepped to the open patio door, looking back to make sure her cat was following her. Ginger was staring towards a corner of the balcony. Her back was arched and she was growling.

"It's just the wind," Angie said "come on."

Ginger looked towards the open door and scurried inside. In a moment she had disappeared from sight. Angie laughed to herself, then froze. In the reflection of the glass patio door she saw the figure of a person. A man. Angie's heart sped up and she wheeled around, ready to confront the intruder. She saw nothing besides her patio furniture. She scanned her balcony, dumbfounded. Her brow furrowed as she thought for a moment.

Angie stepped inside and closed the door behind her. Once it was locked she tugged at it. It refused to move. Angie pulled the curtain across the sliding glass doors and walked towards the couch. She dropped the papers with Holly's story on her coffee table and laid down on the couch. Once she closed her eyes she formed a mental image of Gustav. She heard him speak the lines that Holly had written.

Sliding her hand down her stomach Angie smiled. She unfastened her jeans and pulled at the zipper. Her back arched as she slid them down her hips. In her mind it was Gustav undressing her. She could imagine him crouched over her, his hot breath teasing her neck.

Angie let out a moan as her hand slid inside her panties to her throbbing clit. She raised her hips to meet her hand, imagining Gustav's thick cock spreading her wet lips as he pushed inside her, filling her. She could picture his dark eyes and mustache and almost feel his rough whiskers as he sucked her nipple. Squeezing her breast through her blouse, Angie recalled passages from Holly's story. But in her mind it was her, not Miranda, who Gustav was lying atop, thrusting his cock inside. She opened her thighs wider, imagining his muscled legs rubbing along the insides of hers, the hair teasing her sensitive skin.

The wind outside had increased. So had Angie's breathing. She could feel herself getting closer. As much as she wanted release, she also wanted this fantasy to continue. Unable to resist, Angie slid two fingers deep in her soaking pussy as her other hand pressed down on her clit. She moaned. As Angie got closer and knew that the first wave of an orgasm was imminent she felt a weight on her, pressing on her hips, holding her legs open.

Angie opened her eyes, remaining motionless. Now she could feel pressure on her hands through her jeans, forcing her fingers against her pulsing clit. Her fingers moved over her swollen button as the pressure on them increased. Angie gasped and cried out as she came. She clamped her eyes shut. In her mind Gustav was still there, waiting for her. Angie imagined his naked body on top of her as two more orgasms surged, leaving her limp.

Angie sat up and looked around her apartment. Now she found it cold. She looked towards the patio doors, although she knew she had closed them earlier. She noticed the curtain covering the large glass doors swaying gently. Angie went to the patio door and pulled at it. It never

moved. Angie turned around. Her wide eyes darted around the apartment. It was colder now. She saw the curtain covering the window on the opposite wall move. She approached it. The wind inside her apartment had increased. Angie's hair began to move. She could feel her skin tingle and develop bumps from the cold.

Angie stood in the middle of her living room, turning around in confusion as terror welled inside her.

"Gustav?" she said, almost whispering in disbelief.

The papers containing Holly's story blew off of the coffee table, scattering across the carpet.

"Gustav -- stop it!" Angie shouted in fright and anger.

The apartment became calm.

Angie looked around. The drapes covering her windows hung limp towards the floor. It felt warmer again, like before. Angie's hands trembled as she tugged at the zipper of her jeans then buttoned them. She gathered up the sheets of paper strewn over her floor and put them back on the coffee table. She looked around, waiting for any other unexpected or unexplainable occurrences. The apartment was silent except for the whirring of the fridge in the kitchen.

"Ginger... come here, Ginger." Angie called out as she turned her head, looking for her pet.

Angie roamed about her apartment, searching for her frightened cat. Eventually she found Ginger crouched in her closet.

"It's okay. Come here, sweetie." Angie said in a high-pitched voice as she bent down towards her cat.

Ginger growled and hissed.

Angie recoiled a bit, then inched her hands towards the cat. She picked Ginger up, feeling her tremble. Angie stroked Ginger's back as she carried her out to the kitchen. She sat the cat down beside her white plastic food dish, then poured some fresh food in from a box.

Ginger gave the food a wary sniff, then looked up at Angie. After a few moments she began eating.

Angie returned to the living room and sat down on the couch. She replayed the events of that afternoon in her mind, beginning with seeing the reflection of a man in her patio door and ending with the gust of wind inside her apartment. Many explanations occurred to her, but none satisfied her.

Ginger was still eating when Angie returned to the kitchen. She decided that preparing some food would at least give her something else to concentrate on.

After Angie finished eating she decided to email Holly. She stared at the blank email message box, wondering what to say. Her mind was full of questions, but she feared that Holly would worry about her sanity if she voiced them. Most people probably would. Angie decided that it was best to discuss the afternoon's strange phenomena, or whatever it was, in-person. She typed a brief email to Her friend saying that she enjoyed her story very much, wanted to read more, and that she would call her soon.

Once the email was sent Angie poured herself a glass of wine, hoping it would calm her, then settled down on the couch to watch television. She sipped the wine and tried to occupy her mind with mindless sitcoms.

The glass of wine helped to relax Angie, so she decided to have another before going to bed. That night she slept well.

Chapter 5

After Angie finished supper the next evening she called Holly. She seemed surprised, yet pleased, to hear from Angie so soon.

"Thanks, Ang. It was my first one and I probably could have done better, but your encouragement really means a lot."

"So, I want to get together with you again soon. When's a good time for you?" Angie asked, hoping her friend was not busy that up-coming week.

"I'm free most afternoons, or can be. Ryan's mom is willing to babysit Stephen most anytime. She really loves spending time with him." she said.

"Great," Angie said "I don't have any meetings Wednesday afternoon. Would around one o'clock be okay?"

There was a pause while Holly thought. "Yeah, that should be fine. I'll call Barbara and see if she can take Stephen then."

"Okay. If there are any problems, or whatever, give me a call. But I'll otherwise I'll meet you at the bistro then."

"Great. Thanks again, Ang."

After talking with Holly Angie felt somewhat relieved. At least plans had been made so she could fully explain to Holly what she had experienced while reading her story. Maybe Holly had been having similar experiences, or could provide some plausible explanation.

Angie sat down on the couch and aimed the remote at the television. The screen flicked on. She flinched a bit as Ginger lept onto her lap. She smiled and shook her head, realizing how jittery she had become as she petted her cat. Ginger curled up on Angie's lap and began purring. Angie found Ginger's rhythmic purrs soothing and she too relaxed.

Chapter 6

Traffic was heavy that Monday morning as Angie drove to work. She rolled her car window down and turned the radio louder. She sang along to a song on the radio as she waited for a traffic light to change to green. Angie was in a good mood, despite having to go to work. Thoughts of Gustav and the strange happenings in her apartment had all but left her mind.

The travel agency where Angie worked was quiet as she walked in. A few of her co-workers stood around a coffee maker discussing politics and sports. Angie greeted them as she went towards her office.

"Oh, Angie, I have a phone message for you." the receptionist called out.

Angie stopped and turned towards Valerie Holmes. She had worked at Atkinson Travel for over two years and Angie had come to rely on her a great deal.

Valerie shuffled papers about on her desk, then held up a small yellow piece of paper. She scanned it before speaking. "Your one o'clock appointment for Wednesday canceled." Valerie said.

Angie thought for a moment.

"Holly?" she asked.

Valerie looked down at the paper in her hand once more, seeming confused. "No," she said "Mister Rahfeld.... Gustav. That's what it sounded like. He had a thick accent. Russian, or something."

Angie felt her arms go limp. Her body felt cold.

"What else did he say?" she asked.

"That was it," Valerie said "oh... he said something about planning a trip to Prague for him and a companion. He had a sexy voice. I wouldn't mind traveling with him." Valerie giggled as she tossed the paper aside.

"Did he leave a number?" Angie asked.

"No," Valerie told her "I asked, but he said he'd contact you."

"Okay. Thanks, Val."

Angie closed the door to her small office behind her. She dropped her brown leather satchel on her desk. She fell into the chair behind her desk with a sigh, staring out the window. Angie turned towards the phone on her desk, almost afraid that it would ring, then hoped it would.

"Maybe I'm not crazy afterall." she mumbled to herself, encouraged, yet perplexed by Valerie having spoken with Gustav.

Throughout the rest of the day Angie tried to stay focused on her job and appear professional. She only had a few clients, which gave her time to think. Probably too much. Her phone only rang once that afternoon. Angie jumped, staring at it, almost afraid to pick up the receiver. When she did she discovered it was a young woman wanting information on trips to London.

Driving home from work Angie's mind was once more filled with questions. She hoped that Holly could provide some answers when they met on Wednesday, but she had begun to doubt it.

As she pushed the key into the lock at her apartment door Angie felt her hand tremble. She dreaded entering. She no longer felt safe there. She pushed the door open and looked inside. Everything appeared normal. Still, she knew that meant nothing. Things had been anything but normal recently. She entered and closed the door behind her. She locked it, then tugged at it.

"Hey, Ginger." she said as she saw her cat approaching.

Angie squatted beside Ginger and ran her hand down her back. Ginger began purring and rubbed against Angie's leg. Angie felt relieved by how contented her cat was. Ginger had become like a canary in a coalmine to her, seeming much more attune to whatever entity had manifest itself in the apartment. Angie reminded herself to be more aware of Ginger's moods since she seemed to be a harbinger of Gustav's presence. She refilled Ginger's dish with food and poured fresh water in another for her.

Angie went to her phone to check to see if she had any voicemail. There was none. Feeling relieved, Angie started her computer. She turned the television on to watch the news while her computer booted. Besides the usual spam there were no emails in her Inbox. Angie slipped her shoes off and went to the kitchen, deciding to make supper. As she pulled at the handle of the fridge she detected a strange scent. She turned around, breathing in deeper.

The hallway leading to the bathroom and bedrooms was dark. Angie turned on a light. Now the scent she was following was stronger. Angie stopped. She recognized the smell, but still could not believe it. It was pipe tobacco. She had not encountered that scent since her visits to her grandfather with her parents over twenty years ago. Angie's nostrils flared as she drew in the familiar odor. Once inside her bedroom Angie discovered that it was strongest there.

Angie stood beside her bed, scanning her room. She saw no smoke in the air, yet the smell of pipe tobacco was almost overwhelming. It was not unpleasant however. In fact, she found herself smiling as it triggered memories. Angie sat down on her bed. Every nerve in her body seemed to tingle. Angie had never known such a sensation, but enjoyed it. She inhaled, filling her lungs with the odor of the tobacco. It was almost intoxicating.

As if she was guided by unseen hands Angie found herself lying down on her bed. She planted her bare feet on the blanket beneath her and parted her knees. Her breathing grew deeper as she tugged at the hem of her skirt, pulling it up her thighs. She lifted up off of the bed to slide her panties down towards her ankles. She could feel a gentle breeze caress her. She looked up to the window at the foot of her bed. It was closed.

"Gustav...?" she breathed.

Angie could feel the temperature in her bedroom lower. It made her nipples stiffen. She fumbled with the buttons of her blouse. She unbuttoned her blouse and pulled the tails from her skirt. She pulled it open wide. Her nipples were hard, rubbing over the inside of her bra. Angie tugged at the cups of her bra, pulling them down to free her breasts. They rose from her chest, her dark nipples stiff and tingling. Angie pinched them as she closed her eyes. A deep moan welled in her throat and escaped her lips.

Angie pressed her fingers to her hard clit. She rubbed it as her hand squeezed her left breast. She pinched her nipple, then tugged at it until she cried out in a mixture of pleasure and pain. She could detect the scent of her pussy beginning to mingle with the odor of pipe tobacco in the room. She pushed two fingers between her lips, sliding them deeper inside her. She had never felt so full down there, or so stretched by just her own fingers before. No lover in the past had ever felt so satisfying. She felt the inside of her thighs tingle, as if they were being caressed by wisps of silk. She moaned, thrusting her fingers in and out of herself. Faster, until the palm of her hand met her clit. Her other hand slid down her quivering stomach.

"Oh, god... Gustav... take me." Angie cried out in a throaty voice.

Angie could feel an orgasm building. She was surprised because usually it took much longer for her to reach this point. Even in the past with boyfriends she needed a lot of foreplay and much more attention paid to her clit for her to climax, if ever. Sometimes she was left to finish herself off while her partner watched, or slept. Her pussy gripped her fingers tighter, holding them inside as Angie came. She pushed her hips up from the bed, writhing about as her body tingled.

"Oh, god... Gustav." she cried out, then went limp.

When Angie woke from her slumber her room was dark. She squinted, trying to see any light coming from her bedroom window but there was none. She rolled over and looked at the digital clock on her nightstand. It was 2:33.

"Shit." Angie muttered to herself as she sat on the edge of her bed.

The bedroom was heavy with the scent of Angie's musk, but the smell of the pipe tobacco had gone, or was over-powered by the smell of sex.

Angie pushed her hair back and went out towards the living room. Despite having slept for hours she still felt tired. Drained. In the living room Angie found Ginger sleeping on the back of the sofa. The cat opened her eyes and looked at Angie as she walked by, then lowered her head again. Angie refilled Ginger's empty food dish then went back to bed.

Chapter 7

"Come with me, my love. Tonight our souls shall become one."

Gustav's hand was firm and demanding as he spoke. He pulled at Angie's fingers. He lead her up the three steps to the landing, looking back at her. Her hand rested on the oak banister, griping it to resist his pull. Moonlight shone through the windows in the hall to her left, illuminating Gustav. Angie's eyes moved from his hand clutching hers to the front of his robe. Beneath the belt tied loosely around his waist Angie saw how his erection reached out towards her. Gustav's dark eyes met Angie's as she gave her wrist another tug. Angie felt herself growing wetter as he escorted her up the rest of the stairs to his bedroom.

Gustav's bedroom was dark, save a candle burning on a stand beside the large bed at one end of the room. He brought her over to the bed and untied his robe. It fell to his feet. Angie ran her eyes down Gustav's naked body. His shoulders were broad and his chest muscled, covered with a mat of wispy hair. As he began unbuttoning her dress Angie felt his stiff cock caress her stomach and thigh. She stared down at it. It was thick, with bulging veins leading to a thick patch of hair at the base. She traced her fingertips up the underside to his heavy balls. She held them in her palm, then gave them a gentle squeeze.

Angie's dress fell around her ankles. Moments later her bra slipped down her arms to the floor. Gustav cupped her breasts in his hands. Angie shuddered as he gave them a hard squeeze then sucked a nipple between his lips. She cupped the back of his head in her hand, drawing him closer as her fingers moved through his thick hair.

Angie awoke from her dream feeling scared and disoriented. She turned on the light on her nightstand and scanned her bedroom. Ginger was sleeping at her feet. The bedroom appeared normal, devoid of any foreign odors. Feeling somewhat comforted, Angie turned the light out and tried to fall back to sleep.

Chapter 7

"Ugh..." Angie grunted as she looked at her reflection in the bathroom mirror. She brushed her hair from her face, noticing how pale she looked.

Angie had not slept well the night before and it showed on her face. She was pale and there were dark circles under her eyes. She reached for a tube of lipstick on the counter and applied some to her lips, hoping it would improve her palid appearance. She dropped the lipstick tube on the counter beside the sink then stared at her reflection.

Traffic seemed lighter than usual as Angie drove to work that morning. She rolled her car window down, hoping the breeze would wake her up and make her feel better.

"Are you okay, Ang?" Valerie asked as Angie walked in the office.

"Uh... I think I'm coming down with the flu." Angie told her.

"Why don't you take the day off? It's been pretty slow around here lately." Angie said.

"I'll stick it out today, but I might call in sick tomorrow." Angie told her, remembering her lunch date with Holly.

Angie poured a mug of coffee and went in her office. She was relieved to discover that she had no voicemails or messages to respond to. She sipped her coffee and stared out of the window, thinking.

The day ended up being an unproductive one for Angie. She did some paperwork and made a few phonecalls, but most of it was spent thinking about Gustav as her unfocused eyes peered out of the small

window by her desk. She was glad that she would be meeting Holly the next afternoon. Angie was eager to unburden herself and hoped that Holly would have some advice to offer. As five o' clock approached she decided to take the next day off. She could sleep late and meet Holly later.

"Val, I won't be in tomorrow," Angie said as she left that afternoon "I really feel like crap. Hopefully a day of rest will help.

Valerie gave Angie an understanding nod and a smile.

"I don't blame you. Take whatever time you need, I say. There's no point in coming in if you're not feeling well."

Angie walked to her car. Already she felt better knowing she would not have to work the next day. She appreciated Valerie's concern, but realized part of it was probably motivated by her not wanting to catch whatever virus Angie seemed to have caught.

As Angie pushed her apartment key into the lock she felt her body growing tense. Her jaw was tight when she heard the soft click of the lock opening. She pushed the door open and peered inside. Nothing seemed amiss she thought to herself as she stepped inside.

Ginger's food dish was empty so Angie filled it up again then replenished her water bowl. She called for the cat and was relieved to see her trotting out from the living room, seeming as content as ever.

"Did we have any company while I was gone?" Angie asked the cat as she stroked her back.

Ginger purred and arched her back as Angie rubbed the base of her spine, then resumed eating.

Angie was glad to be home. She was even happier to not see or smell any obvious signs of Gustav's presence. She turned the television on and walked down the hall towards the bathroom. When she flipped the switch to the bathroom light and entered Angie froze. She wanted to scream but felt too weak to force sounds from her mouth.

Written in lipstick on the bathroom mirror was a message:

Come with me, my love.

Panic and fear welled in Angie's chest. Her breathing grew rapid as she stared at the words, neatly written on the mirror. Lying on the counter was her tube of lipstick. The end of it was no longer a neat conical shape, but flattened and compressed.

Angie looked around the bathroom. Nothing else seemed out of place. She picked up the lipstick tube and tossed it hard towards the wicker garbage can in the corner. It bounced off of the wall and rolled behind the toilet. Angie sighed. Suddenly it occurred to her to check her bedroom. Angie hurried towards the doorway and looked inside. Her bed was unmade as she had left it that morning and everything seemed to be in place. On her night stand were the papers containing Holly's

story of Gustav and Miranda in a neat stack. Angie stared at them, trying to recall whether she had brought them into her room or had left them on the coffee table. She feared she was losing her mind.

Drawing in a deep breath as her resolve grew stronger Angie gathered the papers from the night stand and brought them into the kitchen. She pulled open a draw beside the sink and shifted it's contents about with her hand. Not finding what she was searching for Angie opened another. She smiled and let out a sigh when she discovered a book of matches at the bottom of the drawer.

Angie struck a match. She watched as the amber flame grew, then picked up the papers beside the sink. The corners of them glowed as the flame from the match began to envelop them. Angie dropped the match into the sink, watching the flame spread upwards, enveloping the paper. She dropped them into the sink, feeling relieved as the fame spread, turning the white paper to ashes.

"Good-bye, Gustav." she said, watching the flames turning Holly's story to bits of curled ashes in the sink. She stood there until not a scrap of the white paper remained, then turned on the tap and sent them down the drain.

While she ate supper Angie felt a sense of relief and optimism that she had not felt for a while. She was sure that with the destruction of Holly's story would come an end to whatever force or phenomena that had manifested itself in her life. Ginger was relaxed as well, which Angie found encouraging.

As Angie got ready for bed that night she stared at Gustav's message on the mirror once more -- hopefully his last message. She pulled off a length of toilet paper from the roll and was about to begin cleaning the mirror, then stopped. Angie decided to leave the message, at least temporarily, in case Holly wanted to see it. The handwriting was obviously not Angie's and it was the only tangible proof she had of Gustav's presence.

Her bed was soft and welcoming as Angie laid down and pulled the sheets over her. She closed her eyes and smiled, hoping she would have a good sleep and not be plagued with dreams of Gustav. That night she slept well.

Chapter 8

The next morning Angie slept in as planned. She got up feeling refreshed and cheerful. She was looking forward to seeing Holly that afternoon so she could explain her strange happenings, but also tell her friend that she had found the solution.

Angie arrived close to a half hour early for her lunch date with Holly. She checked her watch several times, growing anxious as one o'clock approached. When she saw Holly approaching she felt relieved and gave her friend a wave.

"I hope I'm not late," Holly said "I had to change Stephen right before I left. Talk about bad timing."

"No, you're right on time." Angie replied.

Although Angie was eager to relate her recent ordeal to Holly she decided to wait a while, rather than bringing it up immediately.

After Holly had shown Angie the most recent photos of her son and talked about him a while Angie decided it was a good time to tell her about Gustav.

"Holly, have you ever had anything weird happen to you?" she asked.

"Well, I used to date a guy in college who wanted me to stick a finger in his ass when I gave him head. Does that count?" Holly shot back, laughing.

"Well, that is weird, but I was thinking more along the lines of ghosts and stuff." Angie said.

"No. What's been going on, Ang?"

"Okay... here goes..." Angie sighed.

Angie began with the first message on her bathroom mirror and ending with the most recent one written in lipstick. Angie made a point of not mentioning the times she had masturbated while thinking of Gustav, or how turned-on Holly's story had made her. She considered those

aspects pertinent, but much too private and embarrassing to disclose to Holly.

Once she had finished telling Holly what she had been experiencing Angie leaned back in her chair, studying the pensive look on her friend's face. Holly had not laughed or scoffed while Angie spoke, which Angie found somewhat surprising, but she was still fully prepared for Holly to tell her she was losing her mind. When Holly eventually spoke it raised even more questions.

"So you're telling me all this happened as a result of reading my story?" Holly asked.

"Yes. I know it sounds crazy, Holly, but I had a hurricane in my living room. I don't know what the hell is going on."

"It sounds like you've created an egrigore." Holly said.

"What's that?" Angie asked. Her brow furrowed and she hooded her eyes, thinking.

"It's a thoughtform that manifests as the result of one or more people concentrating on an idea or entity." Holly explained.

"Okay, now I'm even more confused."

"Have you ever heard of The Philip Experiment?" Holly asked.

Angie shook her head.

"Let me explain then," Holly said, "in nineteen seventy-two a group of eight paranormal researchers -- ghost hunters in today's language -- got together with the intent of creating a ghost. They wrote a detailed biography for him and named him Philip Aylesford. Then they tried to contact Philip, with no success. About a year later they learned about table rapping -- where a spirit would knock on a table. Once for 'yes' twice for 'no', that sort of thing. Eventually they contacted Philip and asked him questions about his life, which they had actually written themselves. His answers, in the form of knocks, were always correct, although he knew nothing beyond the biography of him that the group had written."

Angie was astonished and somewhat dumbfounded by Holly's lengthy explaintion. She thought for a while, digesting it and attempting to understand how it related to her situation.

"So I've created a Philip, except his name is Gustav?" she asked.

"Pretty much," Holly replied with a laugh "this sort of practice is well documented -- you can Google it -- although it's usually done intentionally with a very specific goal or egrigore in mind. Tibetan Buddhist monks do it too, except they call them tulpas, but it's essentially the same thing. You've done it accidentally, Ang."

"So it's not a ghost or poltergeist?"

"No," Holly said "it's a manifestation of your psyche -- one that is as real as a poltergeist though."

"So how do I get rid of it then? I thought that burning the story would be enough."

"Sometimes they just go away on their own if you ignore them, but the most effective ways to disperse them are through prayer or breathing them in." Holly explained.

"Huh?" Angie grunted, tilting her head to one side.

"When a egrigore is present, the one who created it can draw it in with a deep breath. This will cause what feels like a static shock inside the body. It gets rid of them -- although I don't know if I'd recommend this."

"So I don't need an exorcist then?" Angie asked, sounding worried.

"No, nothing that drastic, I don't think." Holly said with a laugh.

"Thanks, Holly." Angie sighed "I was beginning to think I was going crazy and I was sure you'd think the same."

Angie drove home, feeling even more relieved and comforted after talking with Holly. That evening as she watched television she replayed the conversation in her mind, focusing on Holly's advice about getting rid of Gustav, should he make his presence known again.

The apartment was calm that evening. Ginger was curled up beside Angie sleeping. It occurred to Angie that she should email Holly to thank her for her advice that afternoon and tell her she'd be in-touch soon to arrange a time for them to meet again.

Angie's computer beeped and the fan began to whirl when she started it. She looked at the screen, watching as her desktop appeared. Once her computer had finished booting Angie typed an email to Holly telling her how much she appreciated her input on the Gustav situation and that she would like to get together for lunch the following week.

Once her email had been sent Angie turned the television off then went in to the kitchen. She refilled Ginger's dishes with food and water and checked to make sure her door was locked. As she turned off the kitchen light and went back towards the living room Angie heard her printer start.

The drone and clatter of the printer filled the living room. Angie stood over it as the cartridge moved back and forth. Eventually a sheet of paper landed in the tray. Angie squinted as she brought it up to her face to read what was printed on it.

Angie dropped the sheet of paper on her desk. She turned and walked to her bedroom.

A gentle breeze filled Angie's bedroom. The curtains hanging over the window began to blow about. Angie looked at the window to make sure it was closed, although she knew it was.

Angie smiled as she began unbuttoning her blouse.

The Seahorse Inn

Daniel Becker felt a sense of foreboding as he walked down Beaufort Street. It was a quarter to ten on a Friday night when he turned the corner on to Morris Avenue. He slowed his pace, looking up at the night sky. A waxing crescent moon and hundreds of stars lit the purple canopy. Then Daniel's focus shifted down again to the road ahead of him. A few hundred yards in the distance loomed a large Victorian house with white shingles, blue trim and a wrap-around verandah with elaborate spindlework that faced the road. Daniel knew that this building was the cause of the growing uneasy feeling that he had. He drew in a deep breath and continued walking.

The house on Morris Avenue was now The Seahorse Inn -- a bed and breakfast run by Cassie and Gordon Ellison. Daniel had begun working there part-time in mid-March to earn some spending money while he attended Kenwick College. He was twenty, in his second year of a journalism course, and glad to be making some money.

When Daniel saw the ad in the newspaper for the job at The Seahorse Inn he hurried down to fill out an application that afternoon after his classes finished. Three days later he received a call from Gordon Ellison notifying him that the job was his if he wanted it. Daniel immediately agreed, and was given three hours of work each Monday and Wednesday evening, washing dishes and cleaning the kitchen, as well as longer shifts on Friday and Saturday nights. It was during those weekend shifts when Daniel was the night porter at the bed and breakfast that caused him some trepidation, and despite having worked there for three weeks, it had not abated. If anything, it had intensified.

On Fridays and Saturdays Daniel began work at 10PM and worked until six the next morning, when Gordon, Cassie, and the other staff began arriving for work. Nothing much ever happened throughout the night, but someone still needed to be there in case a guest arrived, or one needed something, or there was an emergency of some sort.

During the week the night porter was an elderly man named Frank Richardson. He would spend the nights doing crossword puzzles, or reading novels by John Updike or Clive Cussler. But many times Al Conway, the cook at The Seahorse Inn, found Frank asleep in a wingback chair beside a large silk fern in the lobby as the sun was coming up.

Daniel had grown up in Welsford Cove, and spent all of his life there. He was very aware of the local history, especially of the house on Morris Avenue. In the eighteenth century the tiny seaport town he lived in was a stopping point for privateers, rum runners and buccaneers of all sorts. Back then, the house on Morris Avenue was the town's only brothel. Like all heritage buildings, it had a colourful past, albeit sordid, and even rather gruesome.

From the time he was a child, Daniel had heard the local legends about the house -- that it was haunted by the ghost of a prostitute, Beverley Sullivan. Although the accounts varied, sometimes placing her age at sixteen, other times nineteen, and her manner of death being either strangulation by a client, or suicide, the bottom line always remained the same: the restless soul of Beverley Sullivan still roamed the halls of The Seahorse Inn.

Daniel had always listened with wide-eyed fascination to these chilling accounts of Beverley's fate and her continued presence at the bed and breakfast, but he had also scoffed at them. They made for entertaining yarns, but his skepticism always won out over legends and superstitious nonsense, as he often called these ghost stories.

Once Daniel began working at The Seahorse Inn, and listened to the first-hand accounts and experiences of the staff, his skepticism waned, to be replaced by disquiet. As he approached the bed and breakfast that Friday night, his mind wandered back to his second week of work, when he had his first conversation with a co-worker about Beverley Sullivan and the haunting at The Seahorse Inn.

The first staff member who imparted her experiences at the bed and breakfast to Daniel was Naomi Stanton. She was a pretty blonde woman of thirty-one years, with alert blue eyes and a perpetual smile. She worked as a waitress and chambermaid at The Seahorse Inn, and had done so for close to ten years. She struck Daniel as being a level-headed, intelligent, and generally calm person, so he was surprised when she began recounting her story.

"I know they sound like silly ghost stories that you tell around a Boy Scout campfire, but they're not, Daniel. They're real. Beverley's ghost is real." Naomi was sitting across from Daniel in the dining room one Wednesday evening after they had finished washing dishes. She took a sip of coffee from the mug in her hand and leaned forward, locking her eyes on his. "About a year ago, I was carrying a basket of laundry down the stairs, and all-of-a-sudden I felt someone push me, hard, from behind. I damn near fell down the stairs. I dropped the basket and had

to grab onto the railing to catch myself. When I turned around, there was no one there." She paused a beat, then added "But that's not all."

"Holy crap," Daniel hissed, feeling his pulse outrun his skepticism. "What else happened?"

"Well, one morning I was changing the sheets in number 11 -- they say that used to be Beverley's room -- and I felt something... not like something touched me like on the stairs, but, I dunno... a presence. It was like a cold breeze went right through me. Not washed over me like a normal breeze, but right through my body. It almost felt like an electric shock. It scared the bejesus out of me." Naomi's eyes danced around as she tightened her lips. "Ever since then, I won't go into that room alone," she added in a somber tone.

"Have you ever seen her?" Daniel asked.

Naomi gave her head a shake. "Her ghost, you mean? No -- thank god," she said with a laugh. "I'd quit on the spot if I did." She gulped down the rest of her coffee, then gave a suspicious look left, then right before leaning closer. "And all that talk about Beverley killing herself, or being murdered by a john is bullshit," she said. "She was murdered by Agnes Cahill, the madame who owned this place."

Daniel was intrigued, and leaned closer to Naomi, resting his forearms on the table. "How do you know?" he asked, lowering his voice like she had done.

"My great-great grandfather owned the tavern here back then," she said, then gave him a weak smile. "He also spent a lot of money at the whorehouse. He knew what really happened to Beverley, and the story was passed down to his son, and so on, for generations. Beverley was pregnant by a wealthy sea captain. He had promised to marry her, and I guess Agnes was jealous, or didn't want to lose her best customer, so she murdered Beverley."

"But... how did she get away with it?" Daniel asked with a puzzled look.

"Agnes said she died having an illegal abortion -- it happened a lot back then, unfortunately. Everyone accepted the story because it was plausible. Besides, she was just a whore, so it didn't matter anyway." Naomi shrugged, but there was indignation in her eyes.

"God, that's so sad," Daniel said.

"Yeah, it is," she agreed. "I guess that's why Beverley is still a restless spirit today; justice hasn't been done. Most people don't know the truth, but maybe that's all she wants so she can be at peace." Naomi paused and cast a wary look around, then in a hush said "If I show you something, do you promise never to tell Cassie or Gordon that I showed you? They don't want us talking about this with anyone."

"Yeah... of course," Daniel readily agreed. "What is it?"

Naomi hurriedly lead Daniel out of the dining room and into the lobby, then up the stairs to the second floor. She reached in the front pocket of her black slacks as she walked and brought out a brass key fob with a cluster of keys attached to it. When they reached the door with 11 on it made out of brass she pushed a key in the lock. It clicked, and she slowly opened the door.

"Come on," she said in a hush, gesturing with her head.

Daniel followed Naomi inside the room and looked around. "I've never been in here before," he said.

"I only come in when I have to," Naomi replied. "Even guests don't like this room."

Daniel knit his brow and stepped closer to her. "What do you mean?" he said.

"We never tell anyone about this room, or what happened here, of course, but over the years we've had guests who've come down the next morning asking if they could have a different room that night. They've said it was cold, or that they couldn't sleep because they had nightmares, and most say it's spooky, or something like that," she said.

"Now that's strange," Daniel said.

"You're telling me," she said. "There was even this one lady who swore that the next morning the window was open, even though she was certain that she had left it closed the night before."

Naomi walked over to the opposite corner of the room, beside the bed. She crouched down and begun tugging at the light blue carpet to reveal the hardwood floor beneath it. "Come see this," she said, looking up at him.

Daniel walked over to stand beside Naomi. He peered down at a dark stain on the hardwood floor that was normally covered by the carpet.

"This is the blood stain from where Agnes murdered Beverley," Naomi said, craning her head up to Daniel. "Pretty gross, huh?"

Daniel could feel his heart beating faster as he surveyed the large, dark, circular stain on the floor. A chill ran up his spine as he tried to imagine what might have happened there all those years ago. Then he raised his eyes slightly to Naomi. In addition to her tight black slacks, she was wearing a white blouse. He had noticed her unfasten a button when they were washing dishes earlier as she complained about the heat. Now Daniel noticed that he could see down the front of her blouse a ways, just enough to give him a good view of her round breasts quivering inside a white bra. His cock stiffened and began to push out at his black slacks as he stared at her firm mounds and imagined cupping them in his hands.

Daniel felt panic welling in his chest as he tore his eyes away from Naomi's breasts to meet her gaze. She was wearing an enticing smile as she stared at the front of his slacks. Then she ran her tongue over her lower lip and pulled the carpet back in place. She got to her feet and took a step closer to him. Her eyes shimmered brighter than he had ever seen them before as they ran up and down his body.

"So, I take it you're more interested in my tits than poor ole Beverley Sullivan," she cooed, then gave him a sly grin.

"No... I... I'm sorry, Naomi," he stammered, wrestling with his tongue.

Naomi giggled, seeming amused, and maybe even a little aroused by his timidity. She rested her hands on his broad shoulders, then ran them down his muscled arms. Daniel glanced down and felt a sharp pang of guilt when he noticed her wedding ring. But when she held him by the waist and pulled him closer so his hard shaft was pressed to her, his guilt was superseded by arousal.

"Oh... don't be sorry, Daniel," Naomi said as her voice grew velvety soft and soothing. She moved her hips slightly, rubbing herself against his erection so it grew harder and thicker. "Don't you want to have some fun?"

Daniel felt himself being slowly pushed back towards the bed until he felt the edge of the mattress on the backs of his knees. He nearly stumbled, but reached out and held on to Naomi's waist to steady

himself. His cheeks felt hot and his cock throbbed as it tented his slacks and pushed against Naomi. He listened to her silky voice and gazed into her dreamy eyes.

"Yeah," he croaked, his voice thick with arousal.

Naomi took his left hand in hers and placed it on her breast, pushing down, so his palm sank into her firm flesh. His fingers curled around her mound and he began to squeeze. It felt quite a bit larger than he had imagined it, he thought to himself as he began to fondle her. Her nipple stiffened against his palm and he ran his thumb over it, then gave it a pinch. When she let out a throaty moan he pinched harder, then began to knead her breast.

"I saw you looking at me earlier in the kitchen when I undid a button," she said with a foxy grin. "Were you hoping I'd undo a few more?" Her moist lips curled into a smile as she pushed herself against his hand, encouraging him to grope her.

"Uh... yeah," he replied, smiling bashfully.

Naomi reached out and placed his other hand on her left breast, observing the look on his face as he felt her. "When Gordon hired you, I knew that you and I were going to have fun," she said in a husky voice.

"You did?" Daniel raised his eyes from her chest and gave her a blank stare.

"Yeah... I did." She gave him a tight-lipped smile as she nodded. Her eyes were narrow slits, but still smoldering. "You're really cute, and I noticed how you looked at me sometimes when you thought I wasn't looking."

Daniel felt a little abashed by her comment, but knew that it didn't matter, given the circumstances. He squeezed her breasts harder, pushing them up and together so her cleavage appeared at the top of her blouse. He stared at the deep cleft between her round hills, imagining his hard cock sliding between them.

Just then, the sound of someone closing a door down the hall echoed. Daniel and Naomi froze in place, then both gave a nervous glance towards the door. She stepped away from him then went to the door to peek out. A few seconds later she silently gestured with her chin for him to follow her out of the room.

When they got down to the lobby Daniel and Naomi found Frank Richardson sitting behind the front desk, his head buried in a copy of *Atlantis Found*. Without saying a word, she quickly went to the kitchen to get her purse, then returned a minute or so later. By then, Daniel was making awkward conversation with Frank. From the corner of his eye he watched Naomi as she walked to the door. As she grasped the knob she looked back over her shoulder to give him a smile and a wink.

"Watch out for that girl -- she's a heartbreaker," Frank said dryly as the door closed, not lifting his head from his book.

Daniel smiled to himself as he climbed the steps of the verandah, still thinking about his encounter with Naomi weeks ago. There had not been a repeat of that, not yet, but he hoped that there would be someday. He liked Naomi a lot, and had to admit to himself that it was more than that. He was probably developing a crush on her.

The lobby of The Seahorse Inn was quiet and dimly lit as Daniel stepped inside. He walked along the plush, forest green carpet towards the front desk. Behind the desk he saw a familiar face -- a woman with auburn hair that hung just past her shoulders and hazel eyes -- but he was still somewhat surprised to see her sitting there. She looked up from some paperwork and smiled when she saw him.

"Hi, Daniel," Cassie Ellison said with a warm smile. "Alison had to leave early because she couldn't get a babysitter, so I decided to stay late and get some paperwork done."

Alison was Alison Morgan, one of the other women that Daniel worked with. Normally she stayed for a couple of hours after work in the kitchen was finished to tend the front desk until Daniel arrived. It had become their routine to chat for a while after he arrived and before she went home. He liked Alison, and also found her very attractive. Unlike Naomi, she was single, and despite her being close to ten years his senior, Daniel had hoped that they could someday become more than friends or co-workers.

"You should have called me," he said. "I could have come in early so you could get home."

"It's no problem," Cassie said. "It gave me time to catch up on these bank statements." She turned and put the manila folder in front of her in a filing cabinet, then got up from her chair. "We've only got three rooms occupied, so it should be a quiet night, but call me or Gordon if you need anything," she said.

"Okay, thanks, Cassie."

Daniel walked around to the other side of the desk and slipped his jacket off. He hung it up on a coat tree in the corner, then looked Cassie over. It was then that he realized how horny his thoughts of Naomi had made him. His erection was threatening to tent his jeans and he hoped that Cassie didn't notice. She was wearing a long maroon skirt and a navy blue top with six buttons down the front. The top looked small on her, and Daniel stole a glance at her chest, noticing how much more buxom than Naomi she was. He cleared his throat, then turned sideways to her, avoiding her eyes.

"Well, I suppose I should be getting out of here," she sighed. "It's been a long day, and I can't wait to get home and relax."

"I bet," he said.

Daniel took a step aside and peered out towards the lobby as Cassie got up and went to the coat tree. He wasn't paying attention to her. In fact, he was deliberately forcing himself to not look at her. His erection was beginning to wilt and he was relieved for that. Then a few moments later as she turned and slipped her jacket on she bumped into him. Daniel felt a sudden rush of excitement as her breasts rubbed against

his arm. He flinched and recoiled, then snapped his head around in surprise.

"Oops... sorry," she giggled. "Gordon's always telling me that I'm going to knock somebody out with these things one of these days." She rolled her eyes and let out another chuckle.

Daniel gave a short burst of nervous laughter, then instantly regretted it. "Sorry," he mumbled, feeling his cheeks flush.

Cassie zipped her tan suede jacket up part-way, then gave him a comforting smile. "It's quite alright, Daniel. Just because I'm your boss doesn't mean you have to be overly formal with me."

Her reassurance made Daniel feel better, but it also surprised him somewhat. It wasn't so much the words, as the way she said them and the look on her face as she spoke that caught him off-guard, and sent a thrill through his chest that ended in his groin. He gave her a bashful smile and nodded. "Okay... thanks," he said.

Cassie looked down at her chest for a long moment as the corners of her mouth turned up, then she raised her eyes. "I mean, it's not like it's a secret that I've got big boobs," she said with a self-conscious smile. Colour had risen in her cheeks and there was a playful glint in her eyes as she spoke. Her voice had a sultry quality to it that Daniel had never heard before, but liked a lot.

"No... uh... I guess not," he droned, feeling his eyes stray down towards her bustline again.

A teasing smile adorned Cassie's pretty face as she stood there for a few seconds while Daniel admired her full breasts. Then she zipped her jacket up the rest of the way and said "I suppose I should be getting home before I get myself in trouble." She let out a enchanting laugh as she began walking towards the front door. "Give us a call if there are any problems," she called out as she opened the door.

Daniel let out a long sigh as he slumped down in the grey upholstered swivel chair behind the front desk. His hand wandered down to the front of his jeans and he rubbed his cock through them as he closed his eyes, recalling how nice Cassie's breasts looked and felt against him.

The building was dead quiet now, and soon Daniel could feel an almost eerie gloom fill the silence. Forcing himself to not dwell on unpleasant or disturbing ideas, he reached into a cupboard beneath the counter and brought out a paperback book that he had left there. It was *The Pilgrimage* by Paulo Coehlo. Reading was not just a way for him to pass the long nights; it was a way to keep his mind occupied so he did not dwell on the chilling stories about Beverley Sullivan.

It didn't take long before Daniel immersed himself in his book, and all thoughts of Cassie, Naomi, and most importantly, Beverley Sullivan, were banished from his mind. But it was just over an hour later when Daniel's placid state of mind was interrupted and the silence broken.

At first, the noise coming from upstairs was barely audible, and Daniel was only aware of it on a subconscious level as he read. Then it grew louder, and he put his book down. It sounded as though someone was walking around in one of the rooms upstairs. He thought nothing of it, until he reminded himself that all of the rooms and the hallway are carpeted. His heart beating faster, Daniel trained his ears towards the ceiling, listening, as a feeling of dread filled him.

After a few long minutes Daniel accepted that he had no other alternative than to go upstairs and investigate the noise. If he didn't, one of the guests would surely come down soon to complain. He pulled open a drawer in front of him and brought out a pass key to the rooms, then reluctantly began walking towards the stairs.

Even before he had reached the second floor, Daniel knew where he would find the source of the heavy footsteps. It would be room 11. His heart felt like a rock in his chest as he walked down the hall, then pushed the key in the lock. The door to the room that was once Beverley Sullivan's swung open and he stepped inside, then switched on the light. At that moment the noises ceased.

Daniel felt a mixture of relief and bewilderment as he scanned the room with his eyes to see if anything was amiss. He saw nothing out of the ordinary. Then, in a moment that he would later call either courage or stupidity, he filled his lungs with air and softly said "Beverley... are you there?"

entered, blowing the curtains about. Daniel watched in disbelief as his heart pounded. He struggled to find words, but none came, and even if they had have he doubted that he could have spoken them. He stared wide-eyed at the curtains moving about for close to ten seconds. Then, just as suddenly as the window had opened, it slammed shut with a bang, and all was quiet.

Daniel waited for close to fifteen seconds, wondering if there would be any more strange occurrences in the room. But when nothing happened and it remained quiet, he locked the door and raced back down to the front desk.

For the rest of that night, Daniel watched the clock, impatient for 6am to arrive when other staff members would come in for work. He tried to return to his novel, but his mind was in such turmoil that he could not concentrate, even for a few seconds.

Once the sun began to rise, and Gordon and Cassie joined him, Daniel felt an immense sense of relief. He said nothing to them about the strange phenomena that he had witnessed that night because he feared that they would not believe him, or think that he was unstable. But as he walked home, he told himself that he would relate it to Naomi the first chance he got.

That Saturday night at work was mercifully uneventful for Daniel. Still, he was on edge the whole time, expecting some sort of bizarre events to happen. He tried to read, then gave up on that and turned on a radio that Cassie kept beside the cash register. At least it provided him with some distraction, and another human voice to listen to throughout the

long night. Finally, the dawn arrived, and Daniel was glad to have some time off until Monday.

###

Monday evening, as he was working in the kitchen, Daniel's thoughts were preoccupied with what had happened the previous Friday night. He and Naomi had spoken little because they were busy, but he was eager to get her alone so he could impart his strange tale to her in privacy.

Once work in the kitchen had ended and the staff began getting ready to leave, Daniel sidled up to Naomi as she was putting her jacket on. "Hey, you got a minute?" he said to her in a hush.

"For you, Sweetie -- anytime," she shot back, giving him a flirtatious smile.

"Something weird happened to me the other night," Daniel told her somberly.

Naomi gave him an exaggerated pout, crossing her arms under her breasts. "You mean you did something weird, and you didn't call me?" she said, then smirked. "I hope you were at least thinking about me when you did it."

"No, I'm serious," he said, fighting a laugh. "Last Friday night when I was working, some weird stuff happened in room eleven. Can we go talk in the diningroom?"

"What?" Naomi's expression grew dour as she lowered her voice to a hush, taking a step closer to him.

"Let's go sit in the diningroom, okay?"

Daniel lead Naomi to a secluded corner of the diningroom and related the events of that past Friday, starting with the footsteps, and ending with the window flying open, accompanied by the gust of wind. Once he had finished he leaned back in his chair and waited for her reaction.

"Holy shit, that's super freaky," Naomi hissed. "Did you see her, or hear her say anything?"

"No," he said with a shake of his head, then gave a faint laugh. "What I saw was enough."

A long paused ensued while Naomi thought as her eyes flitted about. Then a devilish smile washed over her face and she leaned even closer to Daniel. "At first, when you said that something weird happened, I thought that you were going to tell me that Cassie gave you a blowjob," she said in almost a whisper.

Daniel threw his head back and let out a curt laugh. "It'll snow in hell before that happens," he said.

"Don't be so sure of that," she countered with a cryptic smile.

Daniel's eyes grew wide and he felt a rush of excitement as he recalled what had happened Friday night when he showed up to begin his shift. "What are you getting at?" he asked, obviously eager to hear more.

Naomi hooded her eyes and looked around warily to ensure that they were still alone before she began speaking. "If I tell you this, you've got to swear on a stack of Bibles and your mother's grave that you'll never breathe a word of it," she said.

"I swear," Daniel said as he leaned closer.

Naomi leaned back for a few moments, slowly inhaling, then she leaned forward on her elbows once more, locking her eyes in his. "Well, last summer I was working late with Al one night, cleaning up the kitchen. We had finished and were having a couple of glasses of wine when he dropped a bombshell on me," she said, pausing to let her words hang for a few seconds. "He told me that a few weeks before that he had gone down to the wine cellar one afternoon and Cassie followed him down. Well, one thing lead to another, and she ended up giving him a blowjob."

"Bet you wish it was you, huh?" she drawled.

"Well... yeah," he said, rolling his eyes. "I'm shocked though."

Naomi's smile faded slightly and her eyes dimmed. Daniel observed her change in expression, puzzled by what it meant. Then it occurred to him that what he was seeing on her face and in her eyes was jealousy. It surprised him, but also encouraged him, and he wondered what Naomi's true feelings for him were.

"Don't let Cassie fool you," she said. "Beneath that calm, professional exterior, lies a horny slut."

Daniel laughed again, but said nothing. He grew silent, digesting what Naomi had just told him, and still trying to fathom her reaction a minute earlier.

Naomi waited while her words sank in. She studied the look on Daniel's face, then said "Haven't you noticed that all of the staff here is a little more horny than... normal people." She laughed at her choice of words, then thought for several seconds. "I mean it though. Look at what happened with you and me in Beverley's room, and that's only part of what's gone on here over the years -- and not just with me."

suppose that stuff is bound to happen when you have men and women working together. Office romances happen all the time."

"No. It's this place," she said confidently.

"What do you mean?" Daniel gave her a puzzled look, curious to hear her theory.

"This place used to be a whorehouse. Just think of all the horny men who have come through these doors over the years." She paused to laugh at her bawdy pun before continuing. "Hauntings and things like that are caused by built-up residual energy, and when that energy is sexual energy, well... it's bound to affect people in that way."

Daniel pursed his lips, thinking about what Naomi had just posited, then nodded. "I guess that makes sense," he concluded. "At least it's making us horny instead of violent."

Naomi giggled as she nodded her head. "Are you trying to tell me that you're horny?" she said as her eyes flickered.

"Well, no," he drawled as his eyes shifted to the front of her blouse. "But I suppose that could change."

With a foxy grin, Naomi reached out for his right hand. She drew it towards her and pressed it to the underside of her left breast. "Maybe this will change your mood then," she said.

Daniel rubbed his thumb over Naomi's stiffening nipple through her blouse, then gave her breast a squeeze. He gripped it softly at first, but when he heard her give a throaty growl he began groping her harder, squeezing and kneading it in his hand. Her nipple felt like a pebble, and he gave it a pinch, then a tug, eliciting another moan from her as she leaned closer.

After a few minutes Naomi leaned back and folded her hands on the table, giving him a doleful look. "Sorry, but I should be getting home," she said.

"Yeah, I should too, I guess," Daniel said, sounding dejected. He peered down to her left hand, then reached out and brushed his thumb over her wedding ring. "At least you've got someone waiting for you," he said pointedly, meeting her gaze.

Naomi snatched her hand away and rested it on her lap. She stared at it for several seconds, then lifted her head to give him a guilty stare. "You make me feel like I'm no better than Beverley," she said, sounding wounded.

Daniel leaned back in his chair and gave a deep sigh. "I'm sorry, Naomi," he said. "I didn't mean it like that. I guess I'm just feeling guilty, and more than a little jealous, to tell you the truth."

"Which way?" he asked.

"Both. Either," she told him. "Keith and I only have a marriage on paper. He's been screwing one of the girls at the office for over a year. We're more like roommates than husband and wife anymore."

"Okay. I'm sorry, Naomi -- I really am. It's none of my business," he said.

Naomi shrugged her shoulders as her eyes shifted away from his. "I guess not," she muttered as she crossed her arms, looking dejected. "It's not like you care in the long run anyway."

"Hey, that's not true," he said softly. "I just don't want to stick my nose in your business."

Naomi's smile returned and her eyes brightened. "Stick your what in my what?" she retorted.

Daniel laughed, but said nothing. He had already said too much.

"If you want to know, I called a lawyer last Friday. But only you and my mother know that," she said. "It's time I got my life back, and left Keith in the dust." She gave him a proud smile and leaned closer again.

"Well, I'm happy for you, if that's what you feel is best," he said cautiously.

"It is," she said with a curt nod. "I've been scared of taking that leap for too long. If I don't do it now, I might never. I don't want to grow old and die, trapped in an unhappy marriage. Besides, I think I've still got a few good years left in me." She flashed him an impish smile and stuck her chest out a ways.

"A lot more than a few," Daniel said.

Naomi gave him a warm smile, then glanced at her watch. "I really should get going, but if anything else weird happens, let me know," she said, reaching for her purse.

"You mean besides with you," he shot back, darting his eyebrows up.

"Yeah... I meant with Beverley," she said, laughing. "Maybe you'll be the first guy to get a blow job from a ghost."

Daniel contorted his face into a disgusted expression. "Don't even joke about that," he said, fighting a grin.

"I gotta run. I'll see you tomorrow, Sweetie."

Daniel smiled, staring at the sway of Naomi's hips and ass she she left the diningroom. He waited a few minutes, pondering what the future might hold, then left for home.

###

As he walked to work that Friday night, Daniel did not feel the usual apprehension that accompanied his night shifts at The Seahorse Inn. After having mulled over his encounter with Beverley in room 11 several times throughout the week, he had a new-found confidence. He got the feeling that she meant no one any harm. In all the years of the reported haunting at the bed and breakfast, there had not been one single incident where anyone was harmed. Armed with this knowledge, Daniel felt at ease.

That night passed uneventfully. Daniel's only lament was that he found the time long. He read a while, then listened to the radio. Soon his thoughts wandered to Naomi and their last conversation. He realized that he cared for her more each day, and wanted the best for her. Finally, he had to admit to himself that his feelings had grown far beyond lust. This realization filled him with angst, knowing that they had no future together. Still, he felt his heart begin to ache. He folded his arms and leaned back in the chair, then closed his eyes.

It was only when he heard the animated chatter of people entering the building that Daniel realized that he had fallen asleep sometime throughout the night. He bolted up in his chair with an amused grin, thinking that he was becoming like Frank Richardson. Through bleary eyes he saw Cassie and Gordon.

"Good morning, Daniel," Cassie said as she approached the desk. "How was your night?"

"Good," he said. "Uneventful, which is good, I guess."

Gordon and Cassie nodded in agreement as they hung their coats up. Daniel got out of the chair and walked to the other side of the front desk.

"I guess I should get going then," he said.

Daniel felt pleased with himself for having spent his first night at work without being fearful. He felt confident that he had finally conquered his fears regarding Beverley and the haunting. This confidence was short-lived, however.

The Saturday night shift began like any other. Alison was behind the desk when Daniel arrived and seemed happier than usual to see him.

"Sorry to take off so soon," she said as she got up and reached for her jacket. "But I promised I'd meet some friends at a bar."

"No problem," Daniel told her. "Have a good time."

Daniel settled back in the chair as Alison hurried for the door. He reached for his paperback in the bottom cupboard and opened it to the spot where he had left his bookmark. A contented smile was on his face as he began reading.

It was shortly past eleven when Daniel's reading was interrupted by a strange sound. He lowered his book to his lap, feeling the hairs on his arms stand up as he listened. Although his immediate assumption was that Beverley was the cause of the sound, it did not faze him.

At first the noises sounded like a low keening, then they built to a moan, but not like someone feeling pleasure. This was the sound of someone in distress. Daniel got up and stood in the middle of the lobby, listening intently as he tried to determine from which direction the sounds were coming. As the sounds grew louder he could tell that they were coming from the basement.

Steeling himself, and summoning all of his courage, Daniel made his way towards the basement door. He opened it and switched on the light. He saw nothing, but now the muffled voice had grown louder. What's more, it almost seemed as though someone, or something, was calling his name. A shiver ran down Daniel's spine and every nerve seemed to fire.

"Beverley...?" he called out.

When he heard no alteration in the muted voice, he gingerly began to descend the stairs. The basement had an earthen floor and the foundation was made of rocks, like all houses of that era. It was damp, and Daniel could see spider webs in a few corners. Once he was in the middle of the basement he realized that the sounds were emanating from the wine cellar.

Towards the far end of the basement was a room that Gordon had refurbished and turned into a wine cellar. They only kept a few dozen bottles on hand at any given point, but Gordon felt that it added to the charm of the bed and breakfast to mention that they had a wine cellar.

Daniel opened the door and stepped inside, walking across the damp earth. To his right and left were racks holding bottles of wine, most of their labels covered in dust. For a brief moment he thought about how Naomi had told him about Cassie giving Al head in there, and his cock twitched.

"Beverley are you there?" he called out above the raspy voice filling the small room.

Daniel was answered by a sharp report as the door slammed shut behind him. Fighting his panic, he reached up and pulled at a cord to turn on a bare lightbulb hanging above him. He peered around, then jumped in fright as the wine rack to his left began shaking. The bottles shook, and rocked, then began spinning where they lay.

"Beverley, what do you want?" he asked, thinking that he would soon hear his own heart beating above the din.

With that, Daniel saw a corkscrew sitting on a table in the corner rise up and turn so it was facing downward. He froze, rethinking his earlier reassurance that Beverley had never harmed anyone. He stared at the corkscrew hovering in the air at eye level, a few yards in front of him. Then it suddenly and violently plunged downward, sticking upright in the soft earth.

The wine cellar became quiet except for Daniel's rapid breathing. Cautiously, he stepped forward to where the corkscrew had stuck itself into the floor. He reached down to pick it up, but was interrupted by another sound. This time it was the sound of the front door closing upstairs.

"Crap!" Daniel spat out as he bolted from the room. He dashed up the stairs, thinking some late-night guests had arrived, and hoping he could maintain his composure as he checked them in.

Daniel arrived at the lobby, breathless, and still a little frightened. He halted in surprise and his mouth went agape when he saw who was standing in front of the desk.

"Naomi, what are you doing here?" he said in a flurry of words.

"It's good to see you, too," she said, her voice heavy with sarcasm.

"No, I didn't mean it like that," he quickly said. "You won't believe what just happened."

"More weird stuff?" Naomi looked up at him as she dropped her jacket on the wingback chair beside the faux fern.

Daniel lead Naomi down to the wine cellar and showed her the corkscrew sticking up in the floor as he told her what she had just missed witnessing.

Naomi crouched beside the corkscrew, touching it with the tip of her finger. "Do you think it's some sort of message?" she asked, looking up at him.

"What, that Beverley likes wine?" he said with a brusk laugh.

"Go get a shovel," she said.

Daniel returned a minute or so later with a shovel. Naomi took it from him and pulled the corkscrew from the earthen floor and dropped it on the table. "Something tells me that we'll find something here," she said, giving Daniel an intent stare for a few seconds.

Daniel thrust his hands in his pockets, watching as Naomi began digging a small hole. Within ten minutes her efforts were rewarded. She gave him a smug grin as she bent down and retrieved the contents from the hole that she had just dug. She raised her hand and gave him a triumphant grin.

"Holy shit," he gasped.

Daniel stared in near disbelief as Naomi held up a dirt-encrusted knife. It had a wooden handle and a rusted blade that was about eight inches long.

"I'd bet the farm that this is what Agnes used to kill Beverley," she said as she began to wipe the knife off on her jeans.

"I think that's a safe bet." Daniel felt a chill as he looked at what was in all likelihood a murder weapon. "So, what do we do now?" he asked.

Naomi thought for several seconds while she examined the knife in her hand. "Maybe we can get the police or the coroner to re-open the case and prove that Beverly was murdered," she said. "That may bring some closure to this whole saga."

"I doubt they would," he said. "After all this time, how would they prove it? They couldn't do an autopsy. Besides, we don't even know where she's buried."

"Yes, we do," Naomi said, sounding pleased. "It turns out that Beverley had family in Cleveland who paid for her funeral. She's buried in St. Paul's Cemetery."

"But then what?" he countered. "How could we prove it's murder?"

death, it almost always leaves cut marks on the bones, usually the ribs or other places. If they find those, then they can write her death off as murder."

Daniel gave his head a shake as he chuckled. "Well, thank-you, Miss CSI."

Naomi smiled as she took a step closer. "And who said TV rots your mind?"

There was a somewhat awkward silence in the wine cellar as Daniel and Naomi stared at one another, both smiling. As he glanced back down to the knife in her left hand he noticed the absence of her wedding ring. His heart soared and his smile widened.

"Can I go back to my earlier question, please?" he said.

"Oh, which one was that?" she asked, feigning confusion.

"What are you doing here?"

"I thought that you might like some company," she said. "Plus, I've got some good news."

Naomi exchanged the knife to her right hand, then held up her left one for him to see her bare ring finger. "I'm traveling lighter tonight," she said with a grin.

"About two hundred pounds lighter, I'd guess," he joked.

"Good guess," Naomi said. "I moved in to Mom's this afternoon. I told Keith it was over, and that I want a divorce."

"Good for you," Daniel said

Naomi placed the knife atop a wine rack to her left. She gave him a timid smile as she took a step closer. She rested her hands on his waist as her eyes met his. "To be perfectly honest, I've sort of been hoping that it would be good for us," she said.

Daniel's eyes lit up and he gave her a wide smile as he pulled her closer. He leaned in and placed a soft kiss on her cheek. "You can't imagine how happy I am to hear that," he told her.

"You can't imagine how relieved I am to hear you say that," she shot back with a nervous laugh, then returned his kiss.

Daniel pulled at the cord to turn the light out in the wine cellar, then took Naomi by the hand. He led her upstairs into the lobby where they embraced and kissed by the fern.

"Which rooms are empty tonight?" she asked, then grinned. "Don't say it," she added.

"Say what?" he asked

"You're not taking me up to room number 11," she said, laughing.

Daniel's laughter mingled with hers, then he caught his breath. "Number 5 is empty," he said. "Let me go get the key."

Daniel quickly retrieved a pass key from a drawer, then he and Naomi climbed the stairs, hand in hand.

The moonlight shone through the lace curtains as Daniel stood beside Naomi, unbuttoning her blouse. He pulled it off and tossed it to the floor of the bed. he paused to admire her standing there in jeans and a white bra. "You're so beautiful," he said, running his fingertips along her sides.

"You're not so bad yourself."

Naomi began quickly unbuttoning his shirt. Moments later it lay atop her blouse and she unhooked her bra. It slid down her arms and fell to the floor. Her heavy breasts quivered and swayed a bit as she moved, and the cool air on them had stiffened her nipples even more.

Daniel could feel his erection pushing out at his slacks as he cupped her full breasts. He bent down and ran his tongue around her nipple. She gave a soft moan and he began sucking on it as she ran her hand through his hair. She pulled him to her so their bodies met and his shaft rubbed against her.

"I want this in me," she said, dragging her fingertips over his hard cock through his slacks.

Daniel kicked his shoes off and fumbled to get undressed the rest of the way, watching as she did the same. After a little struggle he was standing before her, his throbbing erection pointing towards her. He let out a soft moan when she ran her fingers along the underside, then cupped his heavy balls in her hand. The head grazed her stomach, and it sent a shiver through both of them.

Naomi took him by the hand as she backed up towards the bed. She sat down on the edge of it and pulled him closer by his hips. Then she opened her mouth and slid her lips over his hard, thick shaft, sucking hard and moaning. She gave the base of it a hard squeeze and began working her head up and down faster, taking him deeper in her mouth. After close to two minutes she leaned back, smiling up at him.

"That was just the appetizer," she grinned. "Now I want the main course."

2653 Naomi slid towards the middle of the bed and laid down. She watched as Daniel knelt between her bent legs, then reached out to him and took

hold of his waist. She pulling him atop her as she parted her smooth thighs even wider.

Daniel looked down, admiring the beauty who lay beneath him. His eyes left her face and ran down over her firm breasts to the thin strip of hair between her thighs. She opened them wider and he saw how dewy petals unfold. He ran his hand up her thighs as he positioned himself above her as she reached up to hold on to his shoulders.

When his shaft sank into her tight, wet walls, Daniel cried out in pleasure, followed by Naomi. Then their eyes met and they giggled, both knowing they should be quiet so they didn't disturb the guests down the hall.

"Fuck me hard," she breathed into his ear as she wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him down tighter atop her.

Daniel kissed her softly on the lips as he began pumping. "I love you," he said.

"I love you, too," she said in a breathy voice.

The soft moans of the entwined lovers filled the room as Daniel began pumping his cock harder. He was holding her shoulders and could feel her nails digging into his back. She had a sense of urgency that excited him and spurred him on. He raised up and grasped her hips, watching his cock move in and out of her.

"Oh God, Daniel... yes... that's so good," Naomi moaned, writing beneath him. Her heavy breasts quivered with each thrust, and she held him tight inside her, refusing to let go until they were both spent.

Daniel reached down and began squeezing her left breast. He gave the nipple a pinch, then a tug. That was when he felt her walls tighten and she arched her back, crying out. "Oh shit... do that again... make me cum, Sweetie," she said through clenched teeth.

He began tugging at her nipple and thrusting his hips harder. He could feel himself getting close but wanted to make it last as long as possible. When he reached down and began rubbing her clit she came for the second time in a series of throaty moans and gasps.

Daniel pulled his slick cock from her and gave it a few quick strokes, watching as his cum splashed over her. Streams of it sprayed over her breasts, down to her stomach. She began rubbing it over her, coating her soft skin with it.

After watching Naomi for a while, Daniel collapsed on the bed beside her, panting. He rolled over and draped his arm over her. "You're amazing," he said and gave her a kiss.

"That's beside I have a good partner." She rolled over and nestled beside him, resting her head on his chest.

"Me too. I've been wanting this for months, but I was so worried that you'd be disappointed," she told him.

Daniel laughed. "Don't you ever think that, Naomi. You could never disappoint me," he assured her.

Naomi laid in Daniel's arms and they rested, until their passion grew again. After making love once more they reluctantly got dressed and went back down to the lobby. But both knew that that night was just the first of many that they would spend together.

###

Epilogue

Daniel sat cross-legged on the bed, typing on his laptop. When he saw Naomi enter the bedroom holding a cordless phone he gave her a quizzical stare. "Who was that?" he asked.

"The sheriff," Naomi said. She sat down beside him and glided a hand over his back. "He told me that they got the coroner's report back, and Beverley was definitely murdered. They're changing the cause of death officially tomorrow."

"Good," he said. "Hopefully this will be the end of this whole mess."

Naomi peered over his shoulder at the computer screen, resting her hand on his back. "How's the story coming along?" she asked.

"Great," he said. "And now that the coroner has made his report, I can finish it and sell it to the paper."

Naomi beamed him a loving smile. "You're going to be the best journalist in the whole state," she said.

"I doubt that," he scoffed. "But at least I'm getting some work." Daniel stared into Naomi's lustrous eyes, then when her expression suddenly changed, he grew anxious. "What's wrong?" he exclaimed.

"Nothing," she said, reaching for his hand. "Want to feel the baby kick?"

Daniel ran his hand over his fiancé's round belly, then chuckled when he felt it gently quake. "You're going to be such a wonderful mother," he said.

"Don't sell yourself short, Sweetie," she said as she gave his cheek a kiss. "I know you're going to be a great dad."

Daniel rested his hand on his lap again as he thought. "Have you talked with Cassie or Gordon yet?" he asked.

"Oh -- yeah. With everything else going on I almost forgot to mention," she said. "I got an email from her this morning. You'll never guess what they're going to do with the bed and breakfast."

"Okay, I'll bite. What?"

"Well, with all of the publicity about Beverley's murder, and all that, they're going to start advertising the place as a haunted inn. It's all the rage these days, Cassie said, with those ghost hunter shows being so popular."

Daniel rolled his eyes and gave his head a shake. "Did you tell her now that the mystery surrounding Beverley's death has been solved, the hauntings are likely to end," he said.

"No," she said. "I think she already realizes that, but just in case, I didn't want to burst her bubble. But the ironic thing is that all those years that the haunting was happening, she didn't want us to breathe a word about it; she said it was bad for business."

"Something tells me that their business is going to pick up in the near future," he said.

"Ain't it funny how things turn out," she said with a dreamy look in her eyes. "Maybe we should send Beverley a wedding invitation."

"That won't be necessary," Daniel said. "I think she'll be there in spirit."

The Son Also Rises

Kevin heard the laughter and chatter even before he entered the house, and knew that his uncle had arrived. He sat his backpack on the kitchen table and followed the boisterous voices into the living room.

"There he is!" his Uncle Chris called out as Kevin walked into the room. He bolted up from the couch and extended his arms outward towards Kevin.

"Give me a hug...!" his uncle said.

Kevin hugged his uncle as he looked over his shoulder at his mother sitting on the couch. She gave him an amused smile as she watched.

Kevin's mother, Amanda, had gotten pregnant with him when she was still in high school and barely sixteen. She and his father stayed together for several years but never married before separating. Over the years Amanda had a series of doomed relationships, but had essentially raised Kevin on her own. For this Kevin respected and loved his mother. She had worked hard and sacrificed a lot to raise him.

"Come sit down and tell me what's new with you." Chris said as she pulled him towards the couch.

"Do you have a girlfriend?" she asked.

Kevin shook his head. "No, not really."

"Come on, don't be modest. I bet there are plenty of girls after you." he prodded.

Kevin shook his head.

"You're probably just really picky. I bet you're holding out for one with big tits like your mom has." He looked over at his sister and smiled, then turned back at his nephew.

Amanda glanced up at her son and gave him an embarrassed smile. She nervously ran her hand through her wavy black hair and glared at her brother.

"He's only eighteen, Chris." she interjected.

Amanda was wearing a plain white blouse with a light blue skirt and Kevin's eyes roamed over his mother. He noted the swell of her breasts under her blouse and he felt himself get hard. He knew what his uncle was talking about when he commented on his mother. He looked into her green eyes and smiled at her.

Kevin cleared his throat. "I date some. I'm just not serious about any one girl." he told him.

"You must notice girls though. But I bet none compare to Amanda -- she's a hottie." he blurted out as he stared at his sister's chest.

"Would you like another glass of wine, Chis?" Amanda interrupted, desperately trying to change the subject of the conversation.

"Thanks." he said holding his glass up "That sounds good." He stared at his sister as she walked towards the kitchen.

"How would you like a snack with that wine?" Amanda called from the kitchen.

"What do you have?" Chris asked as he got up and went into the kitchen.

"Let's see..." she said as she got up and went to the kitchen.

Kevin watched as he uncle walked over to the fridge and stood behind his mother as she searched for something to eat. His hand slid over Amanda's round ass and gave it a squeeze. She turned to him and smiled. As she turned Chris slid his other hand up her side and cupped her right breast hard. Amanda let out a laugh and looked over his shoulder into the livingroom and slowly backed away towards the

counter. Chris followed her. Kevin was shocked at what he'd seen, but despite that his cock had grown in his jeans. He shifted in his chair.

"He found some leftovers to heat up." Amanda told her son as she walked back into the livingroom a few minutes later.

Kevin heard the microwave beeping as he looked at his mother sitting on the couch. Her nipples were hard and the top button of her blouse was now undone. She crossed her tanned legs and took a sip of wine.

"Want some?" she asked her son, holding up the glass.

"Ya, sure." he answered, then walked over and sat next to his mother the couch.

Amanda sat up and leaned towards Kevin and handed him her glass. He took a sip, and as he passed it back to her he noticed that he could see deep into her cleavage. He stared down briefly then looked at her and smiled. Amanda felt a surge of excitement at her son's leering, but then immediately felt guilty.

"Hey, this is good!" Chris said as he entered the livingroom holding a plate and fork. His mouth was full so his words were somewhat garbled and Amanda and Kevin laughed. He sat down and quickly ate what remained on his plate.

"Wow, I was hungry!" Chris said a while later as he placed the empty plate on the coffee table, then looked at his watch. "I never realized how late it was. You guys probably want to get to bed. I'm getting tired too." he announced.

"We don't have anything planned for tomorrow since it's Saturday, but I'm getting tired too." Amanda said and faked a yawn.

Chris nodded. "Well, I'm going to go to bed." he told them "You guys have a good night."

Amanda and Kevin wished Chris a good night and watched as he slowly made his way up the stairs. It was obvious he'd had too much wine, and Amanda suppressed a laugh as she watched him stumble.

"Uncle Chris is always fun to be around." Kevin said a while later.

His mother nodded. "I feel bad for him though. He still hasn't gotten over Veronica divorcing him."

"He'll meet someone eventually." Kevin said, then added "I wish he'd stop teasing me about girls though."

"Chris likes to tease, but he can too far." his mother said "He embarrasses me too sometimes."

"What do you mean?" Kevin asked, turning to face his mother.

"Well," she said as her face flushed slightly "like when he makes comments about, you know... my boobs." She looked down towards her chest then up at her son and smiled.

Kevin laughed. "He does have a point there though, mom... maybe two."

"Kevin...!" his mother blurted out in a mixture of surprise and nervousness. Still, her clit jumped in reaction to her son's bold comment.

He smiled and stared into the opening of his mother's blouse. She followed his eyes down, then looked back up at him. "It's not nice to stare." she scolded and smiled.

"Your blouse wasn't undone that far earlier." he noted as he looked down, then up to his mother's face. Her eyes met his then fell down to her breasts.

Amanda looked at her blouse. "Ahh... it must have come undone... I never noticed." she said, flustered.

Kevin smirked. "I saw Uncle Chris feeling them in the kitchen." he blurted out.

Amanda stared at her son, feeling guilty and ashamed. "He had a little too much wine... he was being bad." she said and smiled.

"I can't blame him though." her son replied with a smile.

Amanda could hardly believe she had heard what she just had and her jaw dropped slightly. "Kevin...!" she cried out in shock.

"Just because you're my mom doesn't mean I don't notice." he told her.

"Well, you shouldn't!"

"Why not?" he asked "What's the harm?"

Amanda didn't have a good answer for that and the frustration showed on her face.

"Don't worry, mom, no one will ever know about this conversation. I'll never say anything to Uncle Chris, or anyone." he said reassured her.

Amanda felt relieved by her son's assurance, but the conversation was still making her uneasy. On one level she enjoyed the bawdiness, but she felt very uncomfortable because it was with her son.

"Oh, no, honey. I'm not mad at you." she told him in a warm tone and put an arm around his shoulder.

Kevin felt his mother's breast pressing on his back. It felt big and firm and his cock reacted immediately. He turned to her and smiled, then looked down again into the opening of her blouse at her cleavage. He now saw more than he could earlier, and he ogled her voluminous breasts within her bra as she rubbed his back.

"You're staring again." she said.

Kevin smiled and looked up. "Was tonight the first time Uncle Chris felt them?"

His question caught Amanda off-guard. "No..." she confessed without even considering lying about it.

"Has he ever seen them?" he prodded.

"Kevin, you shouldn't be asking me these questions." she said, trying to not sound angry.

"I'm just curious." he told her.

Amanda laughed and gently shook him by his shoulder. "I think you're a little too horny for your own good is what you are."

Kevin felt his face get hot and he looked away. "Mom... geez." he hissed.

Amanda laughed and hugged him. "It's normal to look at girls, Kevin, but you shouldn't look at me that way is all I mean." she said in a soft voice.

He looked into his mother's cleavage again and smiled. "But you've got nicer ones than all the girls I know."

Amanda couldn't help but laugh at his brash comment and feel slightly proud, but she took her arm from her son's shoulder and began buttoning her blouse. She noticed the disappointed look on her son's face.

"Show's over..." she said with smile. "And we should be getting to bed. It's late."

"Alright." he said as he stood up.

Amanda saw the sizable bulge in her son's jeans as he stood by her. She stood up and held his hand as she noticed herself getting wet. "Have a good night, honey. I love you." she said and kissed his cheek.

"You're not mad at me?" he asked.

"No." She pulled him to her and hugged him, kissing his cheek again, this time more tenderly.

Amanda felt her son's hands slide over her back. His arms around her felt strong and she moved her thighs, causing her wet lips to rub together. She had been slightly horny ever since Chris had felt her in the kitchen, and knowing her son was also having lustful thoughts about her excited Amanda. She held him close to her, and it was then that she felt his erection pushing into her stomach. She briefly pressed herself against it. For an instant she considered reaching down to feel him, then pushed the thought from her mind. She was anxious to get to bed and take care of her throbbing clit.

"You know what else I saw Uncle Chris do?" he said as he held her.

"What?" she asked, looking into his brown eyes.

In reply Kevin slid his hand down her back and squeezed her ass. He held it firmly and pulled her closer to him. His hard cock was rubbing over her and Amanda was surprised by how big it felt. She tried to imagine how it might look.

"Kevin... no." she softly said, but was unable to move as he felt her.

"Okay... that's enough." she said a few moments later, pulling his hand off of her "You're being a bad boy tonight."

"It runs in the family." he told her.

Amanda laughed and squeezed his hand. "Just like your Uncle Chris..."

Kevin smirked and kissed his mother's cheek. "Have a good night, mom."

"Good night." She smiled and turned to go upstairs.

Kevin's eyes moved over her as she walked away from him, then he reached down and rubbed his cock once he heard her climbing the stairs. Soon he'd be in bed and could get the relief he needed.

Kevin awoke the next morning to the sound of the shower. He assumed it was his mother because she was always an early riser, and his Uncle Chris would want to sleep in late since he was on vacation. He waited for the shower to turn off, then listened for the sound of a bedroom door closing. He got up and had a quick shower then returned to his room to get dressed.

"Good morning, honey. Sleep well?" Amanda asked as her son entered the kitchen.

Amanda was at the table drinking tea and eating toast, and he was surprised to see her still in her pajamas. He had thought that she would get dressed after her shower, but occasionally on weekends she would spend part of the day in her pajamas when she never had much to do so it wasn't that unusual. Kevin enjoyed those days because his mother was always braless, and he could see her pendulous breasts sway under the thin material of her loose pajama top. He felt his cock stiffen as he poured a glass of juice and quickly sat down next to his mother.

"Ya, I had a good sleep." he told her after taking a sip of juice "Did you?"

His mother smiled and nodded. "I guess I should be starting breakfast. Chris will be up soon and he's a bear in the mornings if he's hungry."

Kevin laughed and watched as his mother got eggs, hash browns, and sausage from the fridge and began cooking. He could see the outline of her breasts under her pajama top. They swayed and jiggled as she moved, and Kevin's cock reacted. Out of the corner of her eye Amanda caught her son staring at her. She had felt her breasts jiggle earlier as she walked around the kitchen and she knew he would notice, or maybe she hoped he would was more accurate. She felt her hard nipples rub against her top and looked over at her son, giving him a knowing smile. Amanda turned down the burner on the stove to let the food simmer. She placed the spatula down and walked over to stand by Kevin, so close that her hip was nearly touching his shoulder.

"Are you being a bad boy again?" she asked playfully as she placed a hand on his shoulder, smiling.

Her tone was different than the night before Kevin thought to himself. Now it was almost flirtatious. He welcomed the change, but it surprised him.

"No, of course not." he said as he looked up at her. Her breasts were nearly at eye level to him and he stared.

"I know where you're looking." she told him.

"It's easier than tilting my head up to your face." he told her.

Amanda laughed. "Oh, really?" she said and sat down on his lap "Is this better then?"

"Much." her son said as he put his arm around her waist, just above her hips.

Amanda looked into her son's eyes and gave him a warm smile. She ran a hand over his back and bent down and kissed his forehead. Her lips felt soft and wet and Kevin wished he could feel them on his mouth. He smiled at his mother and eased his hand down over her hip and rested it on her ass. It felt better covered by the thin material of her pajamas than it had the night before when she was wearing a skirt.

"You're incorrigible." she said with a laugh.

"That's right. Don't even try to change me." he said as he squeezed her.

Amanda could feel herself getting wet and she knew it was wrong. But her son's hands on her felt so good. It had been longer than she cared to recollect since a man had touched her like Kevin was and she reveled in it.

"You'll have to be good once Chris gets up. I can't fight off both of you." she advised as she smiled.

Kevin laughed. "Okay." he agreed and continued to move his hand over her supple ass.

Amanda leaned on his chest and wrapped her other arm around him, placing her hand on his side. Kevin felt her breasts pressing against his chest and looked down and smiled. He rested his other hand on her thigh and slid it up towards her hip.

"I have to take a look at breakfast. I don't want it to burn." she said a while later as she eased herself off her son's lap.

Kevin reluctantly let go of his mother then watched as she moved the eggs and hash browns around in the frypan with a fork. He followed her over to the stove and stood behind her.

"It looks good." he said as he looked at what she was cooking.

"Want a taste?" she asked, handing him a fork with some scrambled egg on it.

"Mmmm... hot!" Kevin exclaimed as he pulled it off the fork.

His mother laughed and took the fork from his hand and resumed moving the food around. She could feel the heat of her son's body behind her and she wondered what he would do. She was apprehensive, but also excited by the prospects. About a minute later she felt his hands on her hips. At first he just held her firmly, but it was enough to make her clit react. She pretended not to notice and continued stirring the hash browns. Then she felt one of his hands glide under her pajama top and up her back over her bare skin. She shuddered slightly as she felt him slip it around to her stomach. His skin felt slightly rough and she bit her lower lip.

"I love you, mom." he whispered into her ear as he pressed his hard cock into her ass.

Amanda never replied, but automatically moved her hips to push back into him. His cock felt wonderful against her and she tried to imagine what it must look like. She was so wet that she felt her juice running down towards her ass. Kevin slid his hand up and cupped her right breast gently. A soft moan escaped her lips and she dropped the fork into the frypan and braced her hands on the stove.

"God... you feel so good." Kevin said as he brushed his fingers over her hard nipple, feeling it thicken.

Amanda could feel his hot breath on her ear and neck. She gripped the stove harder and pushed her ass into her son's hard cock. Kevin took her dark nipple between his fingers and slowly rolled it around and tugged -- he was surprised by how thick it was. She bit her lip and pressed her thighs together, feeling the pressure on her hard clit. Kevin squeezed his mother's breast harder and began grinding his hard cock into her ass -- humping her. Her breathing quickened and she bent down slightly, pushing back towards him. She felt like he was fucking her. He ran his left hand over her hip to her ass and realized she had no panties on.

"You're not wearing panties." he said as his hand stopped moving.

Amanda shook her head. "No." she told him.

Kevin slid both hands down to his mother's hips and spun her around to face him.

"Why not?" he asked.

Amanda shrugged. "I had a shower and decided not to wear any. It makes me feel sexy, I guess." she explained feeling insecure.

Kevin smiled. "Do you feel sexy right now?"

"Yes. More than I have in years." she told him as she nodded emphatically.

"You are, you know..." he told her.

Amanda shrugged and flashed him a humble smile.

"Yes... yes you are, mom!" he told her and kissed her cheek. His lips lingered on her face and Amanda hoped he would move them over her.

Amanda smiled at her son. "You're so sweet."

Kevin shook his head. "No, I'm not. There are girls in school who flirt with me and I know I could get with them, but it's you I want, mom." he told her.

Amanda gave her son a perplexed look as her mind digested what he had just told her. She looked at him with a confused look.

"I love you, mom." he said, noticing the perplexed look on her face.

"I love you too, Kevin, you know that. But what's happening between us isn't..."

"Normal...?" he interjected.

Amanda nodded in agreement.

"I know. But we both feel the same thing, right?"

Amanda gave him a reluctant smile and nodded.

"Good. And this is just between us. Uncle Chris or no one else needs to know." he told her "We have to work this out between us."

Amanda smiled at her son, somewhat surprised at his shrewdness. "Can we?" she asked.

"Of course." he said as he tugged at her hips for emphasis "Do you love me?"

"Yes. Of course -- you know that."

"And I love you too, mom." he responded "Everything else will fall into place."

Amanda forced a smile, but wasn't convinced that things would work out so easily. Kevin slid a hand up her waist and cupped her breast, trying to hold all of it in his hand, but unable to.

"Do you like it when I do that?" he asked his mother.

Amanda smiled and nodded. "Yes." she breathed.

"Then let's take it from there and see what happens." he said as he brushed his thumb over her hard nipple.

"This isn't right, you know." his mother said as she looked up at him.

Kevin smiled. "Lots of things aren't right -- depending on who you ask. But if no one else knows then we don't have to explain."

His logic was enough to placate Amanda for now, and she held onto her son's broad shoulders and laid her head on his upper chest. He slid his hand up to her breast and cupped it, rubbing her hard nipple.

"Can I see?" he asked, tugging at the top button of her pajama top.

Amanda smirked and held her son's hand firmly. "Maybe after Chris has gone." she said, pulling his hand away.

"Tease." Kevin said with a frown.

"He'll be gone tomorrow, then we'll get plenty of time alone." she reminded him.

Kevin nodded and resumed toying with his mother's right breast. She clenched her lips tight as he pinched her nipple and tugged.

"They feel big." he told her.

Amanda smiled. "You used to love sucking on them when you were a baby."

"Some things never change..." he said and gave her an impish smile.

Just then they heard the sound of the toilet upstairs flush and Kevin pushed himself away from his mother.

"Chris is up. We have to be good." she said and turned back to the stove.

Kevin returned to the kitchen table and sipped on his glass of juice.

"Something smells good." Chris exclaimed as he walked into the kitchen.

Kevin looked up at his uncle. He was wearing a pair of sweat pants and a t-shirt. His hair was disheveled and he hadn't shaved.

"How's my little sister?" Chris asked as he pressed himself against Amanda and leaned around to kiss her cheek.

"Fine, and you?" she replied.

"Hungry!" Chris said as he grabbed a sausage from the pan and ate it.

"Go have a seat. It'll be ready in a minute." his sister said as she turned her head to him quickly.

Chris sat across from his nephew and smiled at him then attempted conversation while they waited for breakfast.

"Here you go..." Amanda said as she pushed egg and sausage into her son's plate, then her brother's.

"These are great!" Kevin said as he watched his mother fill her plate.

"There's more..." she said as she went to the stove for the hash browns. She scooped some on Kevin's plate then walked over to where her brother was sitting.

"You were always a great cook, sis." Chris said as he patted her ass.

Amanda sat down and began eating. She slid into the table and pressed her knee against her son's leg and looked up at him with a grin. Kevin looked her over then lowered his eyes to his plate, afraid that his uncle would grow suspicious.

"That was great! Thanks, mom." Kevin said as he swallowed the last bit of food and pushed his plate away.

"I'm glad you liked it, honey." she said as she placed his dirty plate on top of hers.

"Ya, it was fantastic." Chris chimed-in "I'm stuffed."

Amanda collected the dirty dishes and brought them over to the sink and ran the water. Kevin's eyes followed her and he felt himself getting hard. He wished his uncle wasn't there.

"What else do you have to drink?" Chris asked as he peered into the fridge, examining a bottle of juice. He poured a glass and stared at his sister at the sink as he prowled towards her. He ran a hand down her ass and kissed her cheek.

"Damn-it, Chris, behave yourself!" she snapped as she jerked her head towards him.

Her brother recoiled at her rebuke and Kevin jumped in his seat, startled by her outburst.

"Gee... must be that time of the month." her brother said as he threw his empty glass in the sink "I'm going out for a run. I'll be back later."

Amanda waited for the sound of the back door closing, then turned to her son and gave him an apologetic smile.

"I love you, honey." she said in an effort to comfort him.

Kevin got up and walked over to his mother. He put an arm around her shoulder and gave her a loving hug. He kissed her cheek and smiled. "I love you too. It doesn't upset me if Uncle Chris... if he's bad... it's okay." he said trying to comfort her.

Amanda shook her head. "Thanks, sweetie, but I don't feel comfortable with it anymore. Chris isn't the same person he used to be."

Kevin gave her an understanding smile.

"I can't wait for tomorrow. I'll be glad when he's gone." she said as she pulled the plug and let the water out of the sink.

2682 Kevin watched as his mother dried her hands then turned to him. She wrapped her arms around his waist and laid her head on his chest. He held her, his hands sliding up her back.

"Doesn't that thing ever rest." she smirked as she looked down at his crotch then up at him.

Kevin laughed. "Not when you're around."

Amanda laughed and moved her hips, rubbing against her son's hard cock. She felt it twitch and grew more eager to know what he felt like inside her.

"It's not just you, you know... I feel the same." she told him.

"Huh...?" he grunted as he gently pushed her back and gave her a confused look.

Amanda blushed and lowered her eyes from his gaze. She rested her head on his shoulder again. "I'm wet..." she whispered into his ear.

His mother's words were like a jolt of electricity to Kevin's cock, and he clutched her tighter in astonishment. Amanda turned her head up to him, realizing how her admission had taken him aback. She looked up at him, almost laughing.

"Did you think it was just you who was this turned-on?" she asked.

Kevin nodded his head, then the corners of his mouth turned up as his eyes met hers.

Amanda gave her son a pensive look, then she quickly reached down and unbuttoned her pajama bottoms. She took Kevin's hand in hers and thrust them inside. He could feel the soft curve of her stomach, then her hair as she guided his hand down further. Her hair felt thick and damp as his fingers moved over it, but her lips were even wetter. Kevin almost felt himself getting dizzy with lust as his fingertips slid over his mother's wet lips. They were soft and parted slightly as he pressed into them. He felt his finger slip in slightly and he looked up at her for reassurance. She smiled at him and brushed her fingers over his cheek. He looked down at her open pajama bottoms and stared at the mass of curly dark hair protruding from them.

"I suppose I should shave, but no one has seen it in years so I never bothered." she explained.

Kevin nodded as he felt his middle finger slide over her hard clit. He pressed harder and rubbed.

"Will you take care of it?" she asked.

Kevin gave her a puzzled look.

"My bush..." she explained "will you trim it like you want?"

"Sure, if you want." he told her.

"I want." Amanda replied and reached around to squeeze his ass. It was firm, just as she imagined it would feel.

Kevin smiled at his mother as he slid his hand over her wet lips. "You feel so good..." he said.

Amanda held her son tightly as he continued to rub her. She let out a sharp gasp as his finger slipped in her and she gave him a slightly dazed look, overwhelmed by passion.

"Is this okay?" he asked as his finger slipped in her deeper.

"Better than okay." she told him in a husky voice.

Kevin gripped her hip tighter as he began working his finger in and out of her. He felt her juice run down his finger towards his wrist and he increased his pace. Amanda clutched his shoulder harder, her nails digging into his flesh as she pressed her chin into his chest, moaning. Soon Kevin could hear the slapping sound of his palm against her and she gripped his finger tighter.

"Oh god..." she cried out as her nails dug into his shoulder "Oh god, honey..."

Kevin felt his mother's body grow rigid as she held onto him. She gripped his finger even harder and he pushed it in deep one last time and held it there, waiting for her to release it. Once she relaxed he slid out from her and placed his hand on her bare hip. He looked down and discovered that her pajama bottoms had slid down towards her thighs. He surveyed the flare of her hips and the thick patch of hair pointing towards her quivering lips and smiled.

"I guess you've seen it all." she said as she tugged her pajamas up, suddenly feeling modest.

"Almost." he said as she reached out to feel her right breast.

"Let's save some till later." she said as she buttoned her pajamas and gave him a teasing glance.

Kevin gave her a lusty look as he nodded.

"I'm going to take another shower and change. If Chris gets back tell him I'll be down in a while." she said.

"Okay." Kevin told her.

Amanda stretched up and kissed her son's cheek. "I love you so much." she said as she looked into his eyes beaming.

"I love you too, mom." he replied and gave her a gentle kiss on the cheek. Her skin was soft and he wanted to run his lips all over her, but that would have to wait till later.

Amanda turned and Kevin watched her leave the kitchen. His cock was nearly bursting out of his jeans and he wished he could follow her. He took a glass from the cupboard and went to the fridge and poured himself some Pepsi then went out on the back porch to drink it while he assimilated what had happened. He knew what he wanted. He wanted his mother. He wanted for things between them to continue in the direction they were heading. He just wasn't sure if it was possible or if it would totally destroy their relationship and that terrified him. He took a drink of his soda and watched the clouds passing over him and wondered.

"Chris not back yet?"

His mother's voice behind him startled Kevin and he spun around in his chair to face her. She realized she had startled him and laughed.

"You don't have to be afraid of me, you know." she said, laughing.

Kevin's eyes roamed over his mother. She looked stunning. Her black hair was pulled back in a ponytail and she was wearing a light blue dress that buttoned up, although he noted that she had left some buttons undone to show a hint of cleavage. The dress came down to just above her knees and he stared at her tanned legs.

"Do I look okay?" she questioned as she noticed her son appraising her.

Kevin noticed that she was wearing eyeliner and dark lipstick that accentuated her full lips. He had never seen her look so pretty.

"A lot better than okay." he told her.

Amanda gave a relieved smile as she approached him. She took hold of his shoulders and kissed his cheek. Kevin moved his eyes over his mother and guessed that she was braless. He planted his hands on her hips and felt her. He noted the absence of panties under her dress and wondered if she was wearing any of those either. Amanda clasped her son's hand and drew it up over her bare hips.

"No panties..." she announced in a lewd voice.

Kevin gave an approving smile. "No bra either...?" he questioned.

"Nope..." she said as she shook her shoulders, causing her heavy breasts to jiggle under her thin dress.

Kevin blatantly stared at his mother as her breasts danced before him. In the dress she was wearing they looked bigger than they normally did, especially since she had no bra on. His cock began getting hard, but he made no effort to conceal it. She looked down and smiled at the effect she had gotten. She straddled his leg and sat down on it, bracing herself on his shoulders. Kevin placed his hands on her hips and ran

his eyes up to her face. He noticed that her nipples were hard. Amanda reached down and tugged at her dress so it gathered around her waist. Her thighs were now exposed and Kevin ran his hands over them. He could feel the heat and moisture of her pussy through his jeans and pushed his thigh up into her. His mother's legs were soft and smooth and he wished he could have caressed them for hours. So did she.

"Can I fix something?" he asked.

"Sure." she replied, suddenly afraid that she didn't look as good as she thought she did.

Kevin reached up and tugged at her dress, causing one button to pop open, then another. He pulled it open and stared at her cleavage, letting out a satisfied smile.

"There... much better." he said.

Amanda looked down at her partially exposed breasts and smiled at him, then showed a concerned look. "I'll have to fix this once Chris gets back." she told him.

Kevin shrugged. "I'm not bothered by you and Uncle Chris. He's leaving tomorrow. I don't care if he sneaks a feel."

"Really?" his mother asked.

"Really." her son assured her "To tell you the truth, it's sort of naughty watching him feel you up."

Amanda gave her son a surprised look. "So you don't mind?" she asked.

Kevin shook his head. "Let him go as far as you're comfortable with." he told her.

"Well, that's not as far as I'm comfortable with letting you go. When we were younger Chris and I used to play, but that was then." his mother informed him.

Kevin smiled, feeling flattered, and perhaps relieved.

"I'll make sure Chris doesn't bother us tonight." she told him.

Kevin gave his mother a bemused look, but said nothing.

Amanda took her son's hands and guided them over the insides of her thighs. She opened her legs as he felt her and smiled. She noticed his eyes on her thick bush and felt self-conscious.

"We'll have to do something about that." she informed him.

"Okay." he said with a smile as he ran his fingers through it.

Amanda looked down the driveway and spotted her brother making his way back to the house.

"Chris is back." she said as she climbed off her son's leg then buttoned her dress back up.

Kevin nodded and frowned,

"Don't worry, I'll get him out of our hair." she consoled him and kissed his cheek.

Kevin smiled at his mother, not quite believing her.

"Have a good run." Amanda asked her brother as he stood in the livingroom catching his breath.

"Ya... I did... it's such a nice day that I ended up going further than I usually do." he said.

Amanda smiled and nodded. "I'm feeling lazy today so I was thinking of getting a pizza or something for later, and renting a DVD for us to watch. How does that sound?"

"There's no hurry. So if you want to have a shower before we go out go ahead." she told him.

Chris nodded, still catching his breath "Okay, I'm going to hit the shower and I'll be down in a while."

"Take your time." she told him then turned towards the kitchen.

Kevin smiled at his mother, appreciating how easily she had manipulated her brother.

"You're quite something." he told her.

"Who... me?" she asked as she smirked.

Kevin heard the sound of the shower from upstairs and pulled his mother to him. "Yes, you." he said and kissed her cheek.

Amanda wrapped her arms around him and rested her chin on his shoulder. She felt his cock poking into her stomach once again and shifted her body so she rubbed over it.

"You're always so hard..."

Kevin smiled as he ran his hand over his mother's round ass. "It's all your fault, you know." he told her.

"Oh, really?" she retorted in a mischievous tone.

Kevin nodded and grinned.

"If that's the case, I guess I'll have to do something about it, but later." she told him.

"The sooner the better." he told her.

Amanda could feel his frustration and felt bad. She looked at him sympathetically. "I'm sorry, honey. I wish Chris weren't around too."

Kevin gave her an understanding smile. "I know." he said.

The sound of the shower from upstairs stopped and Amanda and her son both looked up towards the ceiling.

"He'll be down soon." she said

Kevin frowned in agreement and stepped back from his mother.

"It's okay... we have a few more minutes." she said, pulling his hands to her breasts.

Kevin smiled and brushed his fingers over his mother's hard nipples. He smiled and licked his lips.

"Do you really like them?" she asked.

Kevin grinned. "You're joking, right?"

Amanda laughed. "Once he's gone they're all yours." she told him "Right now we have to be careful."

Kevin nodded in reluctant agreement and squeezed them hard, digging his fingertips into them. Amanda moaned and gripped her son's shoulders harder. Her hard nipples pushed from under her dress and Kevin took them between his fingers and tugged.

The sound of a door closing upstairs started Amanda and her son and they jumped back from one another, then laughed nervously.

"Let's go out on the porch." she suggested.

Kevin followed his mother outside and sat in a chair opposite her and attempted conversation while they waited for Chris to return.

"I feel like a new man. That shower was great!" Chris announced about ten minutes later as he joined them on the porch.

"Shame you don't look like a new man." his sister proclaimed.

Kevin laughed and looked up at his uncle.

Chris never responded, but raised his middle finger towards his sister.

"Clever." she retorted.

Knowing she had the best of him Chris leaned against the railing of the porch and waited for one of them to speak.

"So, I'm thinking about going out to get pizza for supper. How does that sound?" Amanda asked.

"That sounds good." Chris said.

"Good." Amanda said "Because, to tell you the truth, I don't feel much like cooking something for supper."

"That's okay." Chris told her "Pizza will be great. Maybe I'll get some beers to go with it."

Amanda nodded her head in agreement. "Whatever you want. I'm buying."

Chris smiled. "Then who am I to complain? Whatever you want is great!"

Amanda laughed. "Let's go then." she stood up and went inside to get her car keys.

Kevin followed his mother and uncle inside out to her car. He sat in the back seat silently as they drove and waited while his mother went in to order the pizza.

"It'll be a half hour or so till it's ready. How about we swing by the liquor store then come back here?" she suggested.

"Great idea." her brother said.

"Okay... so what do you want?" Amanda asked her brother as she pulled up to the liquor store.

"Geez, Amanda, are you sure? I can buy my own booze." Chris said.

"I know." Amanda told him "But it's your last night here and I want to make sure you have a good time. Let me do this."

"Alright, how about some JD...?" Chris said.

"Coming right up." Amanda said and dashed inside to get a bottle of Jack Daniels for her brother. She returned shortly after and headed to a movie rental store.

"Come in and help me pick one." she told him.

Chris followed his sister inside while Kevin waited in the back seat. Close to a half hour later they returned and Amanda headed back to pick up the pizza she had ordered.

"Great pizza!" Chris exclaimed as they sat at Amanda's kitchen table later.

"It is." she said as she chewed on a mouthful.

Kevin looked at his mouth and laughed.

"Want another drink?" Amanda offered as she pushed the bottle of bourbon towards her brother.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"I can't stand that stuff. It's like turpentine. You may as well have it." she told him.

"Who am I to argue?" Chris said as he poured himself another drink.

Kevin smirked to himself as he watched his mother twist Chris around her finger. It was then that he realized her plan.

"Movie time..." Amanda announced shortly after everyone had finished eating their pizza.

"A movie sounds good." Chris mumbled as he lumbered towards the livingroom.

Amanda smiled to herself as she guided him into a chair, then put the disc into the player. She settled into the couch and pointed the remote towards the tv. Turning her head slightly she caught Kevin's eye and coaxed him to sit down beside her.

"Turn out the lights." she told him as he approached the couch.

Kevin switched the lights off then looked at his mother. He had an hand stretched towards him, inviting him to sit down. He joined her on the couch in the semi-darkness and she clutched his arm as she leaned into him. He could feel her unfettered breasts pressing into his arm and instantly began getting hard. He never paid much attention to the movie. It was his uncle's choice and Kevin noticed that there were plenty of explosions and car chases throughout it. Even if his mother's sensuous body weren't rubbing against him he doubted that the movie would have held his attention.

"Time for me to go drain the main vein." Chris announced as the movie was nearly over.

Kevin and his mother watched as he stumbled upstairs towards the bathroom. She suppressed a laugh as she watched her brother maneuver himself up the stairs.

"And you say I'm bad..." Kevin said "You got him drunk tonight, didn't you?"

"I never held a gun to his head and made him drink if that's what you mean." she retorted.

Kevin laughed and slid a hand up her thigh under her dress. "You're bad." he said.

"Are you complaining?" she asked in a naughty voice."

Kevin shook his head.

"Good." she said "Because you ain't seen nothin' yet"

"Oh really...?" Kevin asked.

"Really." she replied as she placed her hand on the bulge in his jeans and gave it a squeeze.

Kevin jumped slightly in reaction to his mother's hand gripping his hard cock.

"I still haven't seen what you're hiding in there, you know." she told him.

Kevin smiled and ran his hand over his mother's breast. "I still haven't seen what's under here either." he said.

Amanda reached up and tugged open the top two buttons of her dress. She pulled it aside to reveal her right breast to Kevin. He stared at it -- heavy, round and hanging down towards her stomach. Her nipple was dark and hard, surrounded by a large areola that was slightly lighter. He smiled and licked his lips as he stared.

"Is it okay?" she asked in a nervous voice as he stared.

"I looks great." he told her, not taking his eyes away from it.

The sound of the toilet upstairs flushing then footsteps startled Amanda and her son. She quickly began buttoning her dress up again, but he reached out and held her hand before she could finish.

"Give him a show." Kevin said with a smirk.

Amanda gave him a questioning look, and he nodded to reassure her.

"You like teasing him, don't you?" he said.

Amanda gave am shameful smile and nodded.

"Then do it. I'll be right here." he said.

His mother smiled and settled back against the sofa, glancing down to see how much cleavage she was showing.

"Is this okay?" she asked.

"No." Kevin said as he reached over and pulled his mother's dress open further "Now that's better."

Amanda smiled and leaned back against the couch.

"Sorry I took so long." Chris apologized as he returned to the livingroom and sat down.

"What was the matter," Amanda asked "couldn't you find the little guy?" Next time I'll loan you some tweezers."

"Oh shut up!" Chris spat out, obviously at a loss for words.

Amanda laughed and settled back onto the couch. She held her son's arm and leaned into him as they resumed watching the movie. Her breasts were rubbing over him again, but Kevin was growing used to the sensation and moved his arm to caress them as she cuddled with him. He looked up at her and gave her a familiar smile as he pushed his arm into her chest.

"You're a bad boy." she whispered into his ear.

Kevin smiled and nodded his head as he glanced at her the back towards the television. He slipped his hand down and rested it on her thigh, squeezing it gently before sliding up it.

"Good movie...!" Chris proclaimed as the credits rolled.

Amanda pointed the remote at the television to turn it off and Kevin turned on the room lights. Chris stared at his sister as she stood up and adjusted her dress. He saw her hard nipples and his cock got hard.

"You cold, sis?" he asked as he watched her retrieve the disc from the player.

"No, I'm just happy to see you." she retorted and rejoined her son on the couch.

Kevin smiled to himself and laughed slightly.

"How about another drink?" Chris said as he held his empty glass up.

"Sure thing." Amanda said as she jumped up "Can you give me a hand, Kevin" she asked as she slowly made her way towards the kitchen.

Kevin got up and followed his mother. He watched her as she got the Coke from the fridge and went to the counter to fix her brother's drink.

"He won't even finish this one." Amanda said as she poured bourbon into the glass "Don't worry, before long he'll be off to bed." She kissed his cheek and gave his cock a quick squeeze before she returned to the livingroom.

Kevin was surprised by his mother's boldness and watched as she walked over to deliver her brother's drink to him. As she handed Chris the glass he reached up to feel her ass. She smiled, but quickly pulled away and retreated back to the kitchen.

"Give him a half hour at the most." she told her son, glancing back over her shoulder briefly.

Kevin smiled, then his eyes moved over his mother.

"Do I look okay tonight." she asked, seeking reassurance.

"You look great, mom." he told her "Times you never tried to look good you still looked great."

"What?" she said.

"Those weekends you stayed in your pajamas you sill looked sexy." he told her.

"Really?" she exclaimed.

Kevin smiled. "I could tell you weren't wearing a bra." he admitted.

"You really like them?" she asked.

"Yeah." Kevin admitted.

Amanda pushed her son back around the partition where she knew Chris couldn't see them from where he was sitting. She took his hands in hers and brought them up to her breasts.

"Once he's gone to bed I'll let you have a better feel." she told him as his hands roamed over her breasts.

Kevin smiled and continued to feel his mother. As much as he tried he couldn't fit one of her breasts in his hand. Instead he slid his hands over them, squeezing then as much as he could.

"I should be getting to bed."

Chris' voice from the livingroom made Amanda and Kevin jump and she pulled away to look in on her brother.

"Are you going to bed, Chris?" Amanda asked him as she dashed towards his chair and stood over him.

Chris looked up and his eyes moved over his sister's body. She noticed his erection in his jeans and did her best to ignore it.

"I probably should." Chris said as he attempted to stand up "I think I've had a little too much to drink."

"Kevin...!" Amanda called out as she attempted to help her brother stand up.

Kevin raced into the livingroom and helped his mother stand Chris up, then they guided him up the stairs.

"He's pretty drunk." Amanda told her son as they walked him towards the bedroom.

Kevin laughed as he opened the door and helped his uncle to the bed.

"You better undress him." Kevin told his mother once they had deposited him onto the bed.

Reluctantly Amanda unzipped her brother's jeans and pulled them off. She rolled him onto his side and pulled the blankets over him.

"Think he'll be okay?" she asked Kevin.

"He'll probably be passed out till close to noon tomorrow." Kevin told her. "We should check on him later though."

Amanda turned out the light and shut the door. Kevin followed her downstairs as she went into the livingroom.

"I hoped he'd drink too much and pass out early. I guess I never planned on that." Amanda said as she sat down on the couch.

"So you did plan all this." her son said.

"Sort of." she replied "Let's just say it turned out like I hoped."

Kevin laughed and leaned back on the sofa next to his mother. She looked at him and smiled.

"Do you get told a lot that you're cute? she asked as her eyes moved over his body.

"No," he replied.

Amanda laughed and leaned into him.

"I love you, mom." he told her.

"I love you too." she said and rubbed his back.

Amanda leaned back against the couch and Kevin looked her over. She looked tired he thought.

"Are you tired, mom?" he asked.

"A little." she said "But I want to stay up and spend some time with you."

Kevin shook his head. "You should get some sleep. We'll have plenty of time after Chris leaves."

He got up and locked the door and shut the kitchen light out. Standing next to the sofa he extended his hand to her.

"Come on, let's get to bed." he said.

Amanda reached out and he grasped her hand, pulling her up from the sofa. Kevin turned out the livingroom light and lead his mother upstairs.

"Well, goodnight." Amanda said once they reached her bedroom door.

Kevin reached out and opened the door and pulled her inside, then shut it behind them.

"Chris is passed out. We'll be up before him -- he'll never know." he told his mother.

"Kevin... no... we can't." his mother said.

Kevin walked over and turned on the light on the nightstand by his mother's bed, then turned out the ceiling light. The room was much dimmer and he looked Amanda over then pulled his t-shirt off. He tossed it onto the floor and smiled at her. Amanda stared at her half-naked son, fighting back lust as her eyes moved over his shoulders and chest. She ran her eyes down his trail of hair towards his jeans and wondered how he looked further down.

"Come here." he said.

Without thinking Amanda stepped towards her son.

"Let's go to bed." he said.

She watched as he unzipped his jeans and tugged them down and tossed them aside. His erection was obvious as she stood before her his underwear. Reaching out towards her he began unbuttoning her dress. Once it was undone as far as hr navel he slipped it off of her shoulders and let it fall to he floor. His eyes wandered over her as she stood before him naked for the first time ever. He stared openly at her heavy breasts and ran his eyes down to her triangle of hair.

"Come here." he said as he got into the bed and held his hand out to her.

Amanda crawled into bed with her son as he tugged at her hand. He pulled the blanket over them and turned towards her and smiled. He reached down and pulled his underwear off an tossed them onto the floor. She could feel the head of his cock brush over her hip as he turned towards her and she enjoyed the feeling. He ran his hand over her bare hip smiling.

"This feels so good... so natural." He said as he rubbed himself against her.

"You're so big." she said as she took hold of his shaft. She gave it a squeeze and began stroking it.

Kevin moved between his mother's open thighs and bent down and swirled his tongue around a hard nipple. He smiled up at her as she continued stroking his cock, gently tugging on it. He pushed closer to her and felt his head rub over her wet lips.

"Chris is down the hall..." she reminded him as his head slipped in her.

Kevin ignored her and slowly pushed his cock deeper until their bodies were touching. He smiled as he looked at the look of pleasure on her face and began moving his hips. He could feel her heels against the backs of his hairy thighs and her hands clutching his shoulders.

"We'll have to be quiet..." she whispered into his ear, her breathing getting deeper.

Kevin let out a soft moan and quickened his pace. He felt her grip him tight inside her and he reached up and squeezed her breast. Soon -- much sooner than Amanda wanted -- he pulled out of her and she felt a stream of his hot cum splash over her breasts and stomach. She reached up to rub his slippery cock until he eased himself away and lay back down beside her.

"Sorry I was so..." he began, but Amanda pressed her fingers to his mouth.

"You were wonderful." she interjected as she ran a fingertip over his lips and down his chin. Kevin could taste their juices on her fingers.

Kevin smiled at his mother as he watched her spread his cum over her breasts. She pinched a nipple as her other hand roamed down her stomach. She bit her lower lip and clenched her eyes shut as her back arched off the bed. Kevin watched as she had the first of several intense orgasms. She cuddled next to him, resting her head on his shoulder and stroking his chest.

"You'll have to be getting back to your room before Chris discovers us."

Kevin gave a reluctant nod. "But tonight's the last night I'm leaving this bed."

Amanda watched as her son got dressed and crept out of her room. She rolled over and closed her eyes. The sun would be coming up in a few hours and her son would be there with her tomorrow night.

The Summer My Life Began

If I live to be a thousand I'll never forget the summer I turned eighteen. That was when my whole world seemed to open up for me like the petals of a rose. Suddenly all the mysteries that I had thought would never be revealed to me gave up their secrets. Yes, I mean sex.

I was dating this girl, Jenny Winchester. She was a nice enough girl. A little uptight I suppose, plus she was too much into power games for my liking. Girls seldom appreciate the awesome power they wield once they reach puberty. If you've got 'em by the balls their hearts and minds will follow. Teenage girls just don't realize that guys their age are like dogs on a leash -- however that leash is wrapped tightly around their constantly hard cocks. Jenny realized this though, and used it to her full advantage; I was her willing victim. Jenny had what were perhaps the biggest breasts in town, and that was what drew me to her. That was what drew every boy for miles around to her. Somehow the Lords of Karma saw fit to pair her and I up. Ain't life funny...

"No, Dave, my parents are upstairs." she would coo as my hand slipped under her sweater as we fumbled on the couch late at night.

"I have to go check on Kenny." she would announce and leap from my lap when I visited her at the house where she babysat.

This cat and mouse game went on for months, but I kept telling myself that my patience and perseverance would eventually pay off -- that I would finally hold the Holy Grail of Sheffield County in my hands: Jenny's breasts. It was a Friday night, July 16th, two days after I turned eighteen. I stopped by The Andersons' house because Jenny told me she was babysitting there and I was hoping for another frustrating evening of couch-tag with her. Frustration, and slinking home to jerk off was better than nothing I had convinced myself. Jenny was wearing a loose t-shirt and shorts that night. Her red hair was in a ponytail. She greeted me at the door and I followed her to the sofa, watching her breasts move like two kittens wrestling under her t-shirt. Forgoing any poise or finesse I immediately turned to her and clamped my hand on

her left breast. It was huge and firm. I was afraid I was going to cum in my pants that instant.

"Dave...!" she exclaimed in surprise. Her mouth and blue eyes grew wide.

I never heard her. My hand was too busy with the prize I had sought for months. I could feel her hard nipple under my fingers and I wanted it in my mouth. Now. Jenny leaned into me and my hand slid under her t-shirt, feeling her through her bra. Her skin felt heavenly as my fingertips brushed over it. At that moment I was willing to give up eternal paradise to experience her willing flesh. I tugged at her t-shirt as she raised her arms. She sat there, wearing just her bra and jeans. Her pale skin screamed to be caressed I told myself. My hands glided up her arms until they encountered the straps of her white bra. I slid them down towards her elbows and watched as she reached behind and unhooked the last remaining barrier between me and my aspiration. As her bra slid to her lap her pendulous breasts fell into plain view, her pink nipples standing up proudly as if to greet me. My head lowered and I wrapped my watery lips around them. Jenny's hand slid through my black hair as I eagerly tugged at them with my lips, my tongue darting over them. Swirling madly.

It was two days later that I learned the hard lesson behind the aphorism "Be careful for what you wish for -- you just might get it." I called Jenny to see what her plans for that evening were and her mother answered the phone.

I asked her to tell Jenny that I'd called, and would she please call me back -- then I waited. Minutes turned to hours. Hours to days. I called again, and every time Jenny's mother had some plausible excuse why she was unavailable to come to the phone. Eventually I realized I had won the battle but lost the war. My eagerness and lack of grace had cost me Jenny. It was a hard lesson learned. My moment of bliss had turned to ashes in my hands.

For close to the next week I moped in my room. Beating myself up and sulking -- not responding to anyone who tried to comfort me. However fate had not abandoned me, and I was about to be given a chance at redemption in the most unlikely of circumstances.

"That's wonderful, Natalie!" I heard my mother exclaim.

I bolted upright from my bed at the sound of my sister's name and dashed to the top of the stairs. I saw my mother standing in the livingroom wide a smile on her face as she talked on the phone.

"Of course... yes, We'll be there. God, it will be wonderful to have you back again! I love you, honey. I'll see you then... bye..." mom said.

"That was Natalie. She's coming home!" mom exclaimed with a joy in her voice like I hadn't heard in years; not since dad died anyway. "She's finally left Keith!"

Nearly two years ago my older sister by two years, and only sibling, Natalie, had taken off for Johnsbury, Illinois with her boyfriend, Keith -- a local loser with a plumbing diploma from the nearby trade school. At the time she had sworn she was in love, and that she and Keith would be together until they died, and perhaps even beyond. My mom knew otherwise, and told Natalie that when she came to her senses she always had a home here to return to. About Five months ago Natalie had a baby boy, Jason. Now the the time to return home had apparently come for Natalie.

The next day mom and I got into the car and went to the bus station to meet my sister. We waited nervously in the terminal, both silently afraid that Natalie might change her mind at the last minute. I think I actually heard mom's sigh of relief when she saw Natalie step off the bus holding Jason in her arms. She ran up to my sister and clutched her like a drowning man would a life preserver. I watched from a distance, trying to appear somewhat aloof and stoic.

"How've you been, baby brother?" Natalie asked with a warm smile as she approached me.

"Not bad. You?" I inquired.

My sister hunched her shoulders. "Well, you know..." was all she said before lowering her eyes to her son.

I smiled and stared at my nephew sleeping in her arms. He had brown eyes and brown hair, just like Natalie, and looked adorable. Natalie cradled his tiny body in her arms. I marvelled how tiny his fingers were as they clutched her jacket.

I sat mute in the back seat of our mother's car during the ride home -- deciding I could learn more from listening than interrupting the conversation between mom and my sister. It seemed as though Keith was a great guy and loving father, but things took a turn for the worse after he got laid-off from his job. Once he discovered that jobs were scarce in Johnsbury he ended up spending most of his days watching tv and drinking. That's when Natalie decided she wanted more out of life for herself and Jason, and called mom.

"I haven't touched your old room," mom informed my sister as we entered the house "you and Jason can sleep in there... until we get a proper nursery set up, I mean."

"Don't worry, mom. It'll be fine. I'm just glad to be home; that's the main thing," Natalie smiled at mom and kissed her cheek. "I should lay him down for a nap though."

I watched as mom lead Natalie upstairs. I guess that was my first epiphany regarding my sister. At that moment I caught myself staring at her round ass and hips encased in her tight jeans. Her hips swayed with each step she took and I wondered what she would feel like. It

wasn't the first time I had looked at my sister in this way. Years ago I would occasionally catch glimpses of her cleavage as she bent over, but I had never been as turned-on by her as at that moment. Before I realized it my swelling cock was pushing at my zipper. I felt a mixture of arousal, confusion, and remorse. She was my sister afterall, but she was making me as horny as a tomcat in spring. I'm sure that at that moment my cock was so hard I could have cut glass with it. I went to the kitchen to get a bottle Pepsi from the fridge, then sat on the sofa and drank it while I watched television. Anything to drive those perverted thoughts from my head, I told myself.

"My shift starts in an hour. I should get going." mom announced.

I looked up and saw her standing there putting her coat on. Mom was a nurse at the hospital in town in the emergency department. Two weeks of nights, two weeks of days -- that was her shift. She had just begun her two weeks of nights earlier that week.

"Natalie's taking a nap. Tell her there's plenty of food in the fridge when she gets up." mom told me.

I nodded, tearing myself from the tv.

Mom smiled and gave me a kiss as she lifted her purse strap over her shoulder. "I'll see you in the morning. I love you, honey."

"I love you too." I replied as I watched her head for the door, then I turned back to the television.

For the next hour or so I focused on mindless sitcoms like never before in an effort to exorcise thoughts of Natalie's curvy body from my dirty mind.

"Damn, I'm hungry. Is the kitchen closed?" I heard my sister exclaim.

I twisted my head around to see Natalie coming down the stairs. She smiled and sat down next to me on the couch. Her brown hair was in disarray and she was just wearing a plaid flannel shirt. I looked down at her lap and saw that most of her thighs were uncovered. Immediately my cock betrayed me again. I was both surprised and embarrassed. My eyes moved further up and I discovered that her shirt wasn't buttoned completely. It was open enough that I could see the side of her right breast. It hung down some, and was big and round -- at least as big as Jenny's I guessed. I quickly jerked my head away.

"So, is there anything to eat? I'm starved." she reiterated.

"Mom said there's something in the fridge." I told her, motioning behind me with my thumb.

"Great...!" she said as she jumped and walked towards the kitchen.

Natalie returned a while later with a bowl of tuna casserole and a glass of Pepsi. I watched from the corner of my right eye as she tucked a leg under her and began eating. Once again her thighs were exposed as her

shirt slid up. I bent my right leg and placed my foot on the sofa in an effort to conceal the tent in my jeans.

"That was good! I really missed mom's cooking," Natalie said as she placed her empty bowl on the floor by the sofa "I'll have to watch it though or I'll never lose all the weight I gained when I was pregnant."

I glanced down as my sister ran a hand over her stomach. I could see the curve of it, but certainly didn't think she needed to lose weight. She caught me looking and gave me a odd look. I was sure she could read my mind and was disgusted by her perverted little brother. I turned away.

"You think I'm fat, don't you?!"

Natalie's question took me by surprise and I laughed. "No!" I told her, not having to ponder my answer for an instant.

"But look at this... look at my stomach." she said as she pulled her shirt taught over her and pinched her skin.

"You don't look fat to me, Nat." I told her, trying to find the line between looking to give my honest appraisal and leering.

Natalie leaned towards me and grabbed my wrist, tugging it hard. "Here... feel. Tell me this isn't fat." she said, planting my hand on her stomach and holding it there.

My sister's body felt wonderful as she moved my hand around her midriff. The flannel was soft on my palm and I wondered how it felt to her. She turned to me slightly and my hand slid down further. I turned my body to her because she was twisting my arm as she moved my hand over her. I could feel the top of her panties under my fingers and my cock was as hard as a railroad spike. When I raised my head up to Natalie's face it was then that I noticed her expression. Her eyes were wide and she had a grin on her face. I knew she was staring at the bulge in my jeans and I snatched my hand away.

"Does that mean you don't think I'm fat?" she said with a smirk as her eyes narrowed. She was still staring down at my lap.

I was busted and I knew it. I had images of Natalie calling mom at work and me being taken away to some institution where they'd give me shock therapy or something equally horrible to correct my perversion -- sort of like that fellow in *A Clockwork Orange* I imagined. I folded my arms and slid away from my sister, not daring to say a word.

Natalie moved closer to me. "I'm not mad, Dave. Don't worry, I won't tell mom either." she said. Her voice was gentle and calming, much to my surprise. I could feel her arm against mine, her breast pushing into my ribs.

"Really?" was all I could get out as I gave her a sideways look.

Natalie was smiling as she nodded, then she looked down at my lap again. She turned around so her back was to me then leaned back against me. This surprised me enough, but when she took my hand and brought it around her waist to place it on her stomach I was somewhat shocked. Once again I was feeling her through the flannel shirt. She wiggled some to make herself comfortable and my hand moved around more.

"That feels nice." Natalie said, more to herself than me it seemed.

"Yeah." I replied, almost dizzy with lust.

I looked down and could see my sister's hard nipples protruding from under her shirt. I also had a perfect view down the front of it. I watched her cleavage rise and fall as her breathing quickened somewhat. I was sure she could feel my hard cock poking into her backside and wondered why she hadn't acknowledged it.

"Do you like feeling me?" Natalie asked as she turned her head around to me briefly. Now the expression on her face had changed. Her eyes looked sleepy and she was smiling differently. Her voice sounded different; a little deeper I thought.

Her question made me defensive because I didn't want to admit to being as turned-on as I was.

"It's just your stomach..." I countered.

"That's not what I asked, Dave." she said as she grinned.

She had me and she knew it.

"Ya." I finally admitted, my voice barely audible.

Natalie smiled, seeming very pleased, then reached down and began moving my hand again. But this time a little faster, and in wider circles over her lower abdomen so I could feel a little more of her body.

"Good. I like it too." she breathed.

It was then that I knew what people meant by being able to cut tension with a knife. It was like electricity in the air as my sister held my hand while I caressed her. I had never touched a girl this way, and here I was doing it to my own sister. For a moment it felt like I was watching a movie of someone else's life. These things don't happen to me I thought.

The sound of Jason crying shattered the silence and Natalie bolted from the couch.

"Damn, he probably needs changed," she exclaimed as she hurried towards the stairs "come on, keep me company while I do it."

down. She removed his soiled diaper and washed him before placing a fresh one on him, then she sat down and held him. She looked up at me with a smile.

"This is the part you'll like."

I didn't know what she meant, but a second later when she tugged her shirt aside to uncover her swollen left breast I knew what she was referring to. It fell out of her shirt and hung down towards my nephew. Her brownish nipple was thick and hard. My feet seemed made of clay at that moment as my engorged cock ached for relief. I stared awestruck, then somehow managed to turn around.

"Oh... ahh... sorry. I didn't know you had to feed him." I stammered as I stood with my back to her.

I heard Natalie let out a deep laugh. "It's okay, Dave. Don't be embarrassed. You may as well get used to seeing them now if I'm going to be living here. Turn around. I don't mind at all." she told me.

I turned slowly and stood by the bed watching her nurse Jason, forcing myself to look at her face and not her breast.

"Haven't you ever seen a girl's boobs before?" she teased.

"Not yours..." I blurted out, catching myself looking down at her.

"Well, they're no different than every other girl's," she commented "just maybe a little bigger." She had a teasing smile on her face and watched as my eyes gravitated towards her chest.

I gave her a forced smile and pushed my hands deeper into my pockets, hoping it would make my erection less noticeable.

"Come sit down. It's okay, Dave." she encouraged, gesturing to the bed with her head.

Somewhat reluctantly I sat down next to my sister as she continued to nurse Jason. She leaned against me as she stroked his head. He had the most peaceful, contented look on his face that I had ever seen. I envied him, and not just because he was sucking on Natalie's nipple. His eyes were closed as he eagerly sucked. His tiny hand was clutching her and I found it hard to image that I too was once that small. I watched for a few minutes then saw her flinch.

"Does it hurt?" I asked.

"No, it sort of tickles, I guess. Sometimes when he bites it hurts though, but it sort of feels nice usually." she explained.

I nodded my head and saw her mouth form into a shy grin.

Natalie saw my slack-jawed expression and gave a nervous giggle. "Well, it does...!" she added.

"I never said anything." I told her.

"No, but the look on your face said it all. I know what you're thinking." she told me.

"What?" I demanded.

"You're wondering if I am now." she replied, then smiled at me like no other girl ever had before.

"Natalie... geez... no!" I mumbled.

"Well, I am... but I already was." she confessed, ignoring my denial. Her eyes met mine, then fell to her son as she stroked his head.

I sat next to my sister for the next few minutes as she finished feeding Jason, my eyes alternating between her face and exposed breast. Eventually he fell asleep and Natalie gently pulled him away from her. Her hard nipple was wet and shiny, and I saw a drop of milk run down her areola.

"Have you ever burped a baby?" she asked, turning to me.

"No." I told her as I shook my head. I found her question inane.

"Here," she said as she draped a towel over my shoulder and pushed Jason to my chest "hold him like this."

Gingerly I held my nephew in my arms, afraid to hurt him. His small body seemed so delicate and fragile in my hands.

"Pat his back... like this," she instructed as she moved my hand "don't worry, you won't hurt him."

Natalie smiled and nodded occasionally to reassure me as I patted my nephew's back as he rested on my shoulder. She didn't seem concerned with modesty because she had neglected to pull her shirt closed to cover herself, so I decided to abandon all pretenses of not looking at her. Her breast was hanging towards her lap and swayed slightly as she moved. I stared as I burped Jason. A few minutes later my nephew let out a belch and my sister laughed, her breast jiggling.

"There! You did it right. Congratulations, little brother." she said as she wiped her son's mouth with the towel and took him from me.

Feeling pleased, I grinned at her, watching as she laid him down and covered him with a blue knit blanket.

"Let's get out of here and let him sleep." she whispered.

Natalie tugged at my hand and I followed her back downstairs to the couch, sitting down to the right of her. I noticed that her shirt was still undone.

"Ahhh... your shirt is..." I began, pointing with my finger.

Natalie looked down at her chest and guffawed. "What? Are you tired of looking at them already?" she said with a sly grin.

"No," I exclaimed, then realized I had better choose my words more carefully "it's just that, ahh... I thought you'd want to cover up around me."

Natalie gave a hearty laugh. "Don't you like them?"

"Natalie...!" I admonished, hoping to shame her into covering herself and sparing me any more embarrassment.

"I'll take that for a 'yes'." she retorted.

It was then that I realized it was futile to try to get the best of my sister when bickering. Frustrated, I slumped back against the couch and averted my eyes.

Natalie let out a self-assured laugh and leaned on the back of the couch facing me. She placed her hand on my thigh and my eyes followed it up her arm, past her partially exposed chest to her eyes. Her face had almost a serene look and I was puzzled.

"Mom's not home, Dave, so what happens here when she's away is none of her business." she informed me.

I nodded, pretending to understand.

"Back in Illinois I had a friend, Becky. She said she used to let her brother feel her and stuff. It made me think of you." Natalie stared down at my lap as she spoke.

"Huh...?" I grunted, my eyes moving up to her face. Her brown eyes had a funny look. It was almost like she was stoned, although I knew she wasn't.

My sister smiled as her fingertips stroked my thigh, inching closer to my erection than I would have liked.

"At first I thought it was sort of weird, you know," she began "Becky letting her own brother feel her. Then I thought about the times I'd caught you looking at me years ago -- staring at my boobs -- and I wondered what I would have done if you had've tried to feel them. I'd have let you, Dave. Suddenly it never seemed weird to me for Becky to let her brother feel her. It seemed... natural." The corner of her mouth

turned up and she rolled her eyes slightly, as if her gesture was part of her explanation.

I stared at my sister in disbelief. She was right about me staring at her chest years previously though, still I was astonished by her admission. It was almost more than I could assimilate.

"Wow, Nat..." was all I said as I twisted on the sofa, feeling uncomfortable.

"All I'm saying is that when you're around me -- when we're alone, I mean -- don't pretend you don't notice them. Okay?" she told me.

My own sister was giving me permission to ogle her; it was almost more than I could have wished for. Almost.

"You mean you don't mind?" I asked, making sure I completely understood.

Natalie smiled and gave her head an emphatic shake. "What's the harm? Besides, Jason has to be fed every few hours, so you're bound to see my boobs eventually. We may as well forget about false modesty. Just don't let mom find out 'cause she'd freak-out, you know...?"

I gave her an understanding nod as I stared at her chest. Natalie's eyes followed mine and she smiled. She raised up on her knees and clutched her breast. With one swift movement she clasped my neck and pulled

head down towards it. I suddenly felt a stream of warm milk splash over my nose and mouth as my sister squealed in amusement. I looked up at her in surprise as I ran my tongue over my lips. Her milk was warm and tasted sweet. She was still holding her breast in her hand as she laughed. A drop of milk hung from her thick nipple. I looked up at her in surprise.

"How's it taste?" she asked with a smile.

"Sweet." I told her, licking my lips.

"Want some more?" she asked, offering her nipple to me.

I gave her a hesitant look. Of course I wanted more, but wasn't about to admit it.

"Here... open up." she said, tugging at the back of my neck.

I leaned forward and opened my waiting mouth as Natalie squeezed her full breast. A stream of warm milk shot out and I tried to catch it in my mouth as my sister laughed at my attempts.

"I've got more than Jason can drink, so you're welcome to it." she said as she sat back laughing, catching her breath.

I stared at her exposed breast, milk dripping down towards her stomach. I had never wanted to stroke my cock more than I did at that

moment. Natalie noticed me staring and looked up at my face and smiled. She pulled her shirt open wider, uncovering both breasts.

"How do they look?" she asked.

"Great!" I told her, seeing no reason to lie at this point.

My sister gave me a pleased smile and glanced down at herself then back up to my face.

"They're a lot bigger, which I've always wanted. Firmer too... here... feel..." She reached out for my hand and placed it on her left breast.

I gently curled my fingers around her breast and squeezed, feeling how heavy it was in my palm. I couldn't fit it in my hand I discovered. Her skin was soft, yet firm, as I gripped her. I held onto her breast and looked up at her face. I saw her wince and she cried out softly.

"What?" I asked, pulling my hand away quickly.

"Sorry... they're sort of tender right now." she explained.

I felt guilty for hurting her and gave her a compunctious look as I lowered my head. "Sorry." I told her.

Natalie gave me a reassuring smile. "It's okay. Just be a little more gentle next time."

"Next time...?" I thought to myself.

I smiled and gave her an understanding nod. She leaned against my chest and hugged me tight. I could feel her breasts sandwiched between us and they felt wonderful.

"Are you always this shy around girls?" she asked as she peered up at me.

"No, but you're my sister." I lied.

I don't know if it was sympathy or contriteness, but Natalie loosened her grip on me and smiled.

"Okay." she said.

I held her to me while I mulled the situation over, then feeling remorseful I looked down at her laying on me.

"Look, Nat," I began "it's not that I don't like all this, but you're my sister, you know?"

Natalie looked up at my face and gave a bashful nod.

"Mom's bound to find out." I continued.

"Is that's all you're afraid of... mom?" she queried.

I nodded, and my sister let out a sharp laugh.

"Don't worry about mom. She's at work, so she'll never know." Natalie told me.

I gave her an understanding nod, although I was still nervous and shy.

"Seriously, Dave," she reiterated "don't worry. This is our secret, alright?"

I smiled as I nodded, trying my best to believe her, or least hope she was right.

"Jason wakes up really early. I have to get to bed." she informed me a few moments later as she sat upright.

I was surprised, but admired her for how responsible she'd become.

"What time does mom get home?" she inquired.

"Sometime before ten o'clock." I informed her.

Natalie laughed. "I'm up long before that."

I watched as she got up and began walking up the stairs. Abruptly she turned towards me and smiled then dashed upstairs. I woke up earlier than normal the next day because I was hoping for some time alone with Natalie before mom got home from work. I took a quick shower then headed downstairs where I discovered Natalie sitting on the couch playing with Jason. She was wearing a short denim skirt and a pale blue tank top. Her hair was loose around her shoulders and it looked as if she had done something different to it, perhaps curled it some I guessed. As she turned to me and smiled I was struck by how pretty she was. She was tired the previous day from the long bus ride and not looking her best, but still damn fine. Today she looked lovely.

"Have a good sleep?" I asked.

Natalie gave a big smile. "Yea, it was great to be back in my own bed."

I gave her an understanding nod. "There's no place like home."

She placed Jason in his stroller so he could nap then followed me out to the kitchen, watching as I poured cereal and milk into a bowl. She came over to me and kissed my cheek as her hand slid over my stomach. It wasn't in a manner like she had ever kissed it before though, and not like mom did. This time it was different, softer, more gentle, and her lips remained on my face longer. We exchanged smiles.

"I missed you, Dave. I hope you didn't think I'd forgotten about you or anything." my sister told me.

"No," I exclaimed, then smiled "I missed you too, Nat."

She gave me a pleased smile and hugged me. I wrapped my arms around her, feeling her against me, all breasts and hips. I expected her to break the embrace after a few moments but she didn't. I felt her body relax and her hands stroked my back. Her head was resting on my shoulder. Her hair smelled nice and I thought of asking her what brand of shampoo she used but didn't want to interrupt the silence of the moment. I was surprised to not feel a bra strap as my hand moved down her back to her hip. Natalie reached for my hand and slid it down to her ass, holding it there before moving hers back up over me. Her ass felt firm and round as I grabbed a handful of it then rubbed.

"How does it feel?" she whispered in my ear.

"Great!" I told her.

She clutched me tighter and I knew she was smiling.

"I suppose I should let you finish your breakfast." she said a while later as she let go of me.

To be perfectly honest I had forgotten all about breakfast once Natalie held me. But her mention of it reminded me that I was hungry and I picked up my bowl from the table and began scooping cereal into my mouth. Natalie watched with an amused grin.

"What?" I asked looking up, feeling her eyes on me.

"I was watching you eat. You can tell a lot about a person by how they eat." she replied.

"Like what?" I asked, curious.

"Like how they are in bed." she said as she took a step closer to me, glancing down at my crotch.

I blushed. "Oh really?"

"Really," she replied "I bet you get a lot of compliments from the girls you know."

I felt my face flush and I turned my attention back to my cereal.

"Well..." she prodded.

"Well what?" I snapped.

"Do you?"

"No." I said, sounding curt, and resumed eating.

Natalie moved even closer to me and looked into my eyes. "But..." she sputtered "you've, you know... been with a girl... I mean, you've done it, right?"

"That's none of your damn business, Natalie." I snapped and pushed another spoonful of cereal into my mouth.

My outburst must have caught her off-guard, but she surmised the cause of it. She gently took the bowl from my hand and placed it on the table then smiled at me as she held my forearms. "It's okay, Dave. It's nothing to be ashamed of. It'll happen once the right girl comes along." she said, trying her best to reassure me.

"But I'm eighteen. All my friends are bragging about the things they've done with girls. I'm such a loser."

My sister closed her eyes and shook her head. "No, you're not, Dave. And you know what... I bet all your friends are lying about what they've done. If you asked the girls you'd get a whole different story." Natalie told me.

My sister's words were a revelation to me and I looked up at her, astonished. I remember how she laughed at the look on my face.

"You really thought they were being completely honest?" she asked.

I nodded.

Natalie gave her head a shake as she smiled. "No, Dave. They're not, I bet. And I'll tell you something else -- even if it is true, it's not nice at all to brag about it to their friends. Imagine how you'd feel if some guy was talking like that about me, or mom. It's even worse if they're lying. I feel bad for those girls. Imagine what their brothers or fathers would think if they knew what your friends were saying about them."

Natalie always had a way of putting things into perspective for me. As her words sank in they radically changed my outlook on things and made me feel much better about my situation.

"Thanks, Nat." was all I was able to say.

My sister smiled and gave me a quick kiss on the cheek. I smiled back at her, then my eyes drifted down to her chest where I noticed her nipples poking from under her tank top. She glanced down and stuck her chest out towards me.

"They're not little." I retorted.

Natalie let out an appreciative laugh. "I have to give Jason a bath. What are your plans for the day?" she asked.

"I promised mom I'd mow the lawn. I should at least get that started before she gets home because she'll be going to bed after she eats and I don't want the mower to bother her."

Natalie smiled. "You're so considerate."

I wasn't sure whether she was being sarcastic or not but I grinned.

"Have fun moving." my sister said, then gave my ass a hard squeeze before returning to the livingroom with her son.

I watched her walk away then began went out to do the lawn. I saw mom's car pull in when I was nearly finished and she and Natalie came out and sat on a hanging bench we had on our porch. They talked as they watched me.

"The lawn looks great. Thanks, Dave." mom said as I walked onto the porch later.

"I wanted to get it done before you went to bed. How was work?"

"Good. It was a slow night." my mother replied. She was eating an egg sandwich and drinking a cup of tea.

I sat on the porch railing and listened to my mother and sister's conversation, joining in occasionally. But mostly I watched as they interacted. It felt like were a family again, and I was the happiest I had been in a long time.

"Well, I suppose I should get some sleep," my mother announced as she stood up "I'd love to stay up and talk with you all day but I'd be no good at work tonight."

"We'll have plenty of time for that, mom." Natalie reminded her with a smile.

"Could you guys wake me up around four o'clock, please." she asked before going inside.

I watched mom walk inside the house then looked at my sister as I stood beside the bench. She smiled and nodded towards her right. "Have a seat." she invited.

Natalie clutched my arm and rested her head on my shoulder, pulling me closer as we sat together on the bench as it gently swayed. I was beginning to grow accustomed to her body against mine, and felt less awkward around her. Still, she turned me on like no other girl ever had.

She was slowly stroking my thigh, looking down at the growing lump in my jeans.

"Lunch time," she announced in almost a sing-song tone as she jumped to her feet upon hearing Jason crying "I'll be right back."

I knew that soon I would get to see my Natalie's breasts again and my cock twitched in anticipation. I was becoming like a lecherous version of Pavlov's dog. I now associated Jason's cries with Natalie's full breasts. She returned with Jason and sat down, glancing briefly at me before tugging the side of her top up. She held Jason and looked down at him like only a mother could.

"Mom said you had a girlfriend... Jenny. What happened?" The look on her face was serious, almost concerned, and I frowned.

"I screwed up is what happened."

Natalie let out a sharp laugh then caught herself, then gave me another serious look. "Tell me."

I took a deep breath and told her the whole story of how much I wanted Jenny, but then let my uncontrolled lust get the best of me.

"She won't even talk to me now." I finished by telling her.

Natalie gave me a sympathetic smile, then laid Jason over her shoulder, gently patting his back. "Girls want the same things guys do," Natalie told me with a glance "you just have to convince them it was their idea."

I gave a blank stare over Natalie's shoulder at the gently rolling landscape behind her as I mulled over what she had just told me.

"Let them take the lead sometimes. You don't always have to be in control, you know." she added, giving my knee a gentle nudge with hers with a sly grin.

I gave her an understanding nod and a smile.

Natalie stood up, holding her son tight to her as he drifted off to sleep. "I'm going to lay him down on the sofa. Coming in?"

I followed my sister inside and watched as she laid Jason on the sofa and covered him. She placed several pillows by his side to make sure he wouldn't roll off, then tugged me into the kitchen. Her hands clasped my ass as she pulled me to her. I could feel her body rubbing over me and I instantly grew hard. Natalie looked down with a pleased smile. Not saying a word she reached down and cupped my balls, then gave my hard cock a good squeeze through my jeans. No girl had ever touched me there and it nearly sent me into orbit.

"Just relax..." Natalie's breath washed over my neck as she spoke. She unbuttoned my jeans and tugged my zipper down.

"Shit, Nat, mom's just upstairs!" I hissed.

My sister gave me a look like she never had before. "I know," she said, her voice sounding calm "doesn't that make it even more exciting?"

I watched as Natalie hauled my jeans and underwear down to my knees. My rigid cock sprang free and pointed straight out towards her. She gave a wide smile and bit her lower lip slightly, then reached behind her and tore off a piece of paper towel. She wrapped her warm hand around my cock and squeezed it hard. Her gentle hand felt heavenly on me, and before I realized what was happening she began stroking me. She held the piece of paper towel out before me and began moving her hand faster. I thought I would pass out from ecstasy and reached out to support myself on her as she continued stroking my throbbing cock faster. Within moments I shot hot gobs of cum into the paper towel she was holding as I dug my fingertips into her shoulders. She gave me a proud smile as she milked my still twitching cock, catching the last bit of my hot seed, then wiping the engorged head.

"Oh shit..." was all I could say as I panted, still clasping my sister.

Natalie slowly relinquished her grip on me and helped me pull my jeans up.

Natalie's voice was somewhat hoarse and she sounded nearly as out of breath as I was. "I've wanted to do that to you for so long."

"Really?" I said in disbelief.

She gave a shy smile as she bobbed her head up and down.

"That... was amazing." I told her, my breath still rapid.

Natalie smiled and pulled me to her. I wrapped my arms around her slim waist and stroked her back. She let out a soft moan as she nuzzled into my neck. Her hair was soft and it tickled me as it brushed over my face and neck. She took my hand and slowly moved it down over her round hip to her thigh until I could feel her smooth bare skin.

"Feel me." she said in a breathy voice as she guided my hand up under her skirt.

Natalie's ass felt wonderful in my hand. I grabbed one fistful after another as my fingers slipped under her panties. Her skirt slid up towards her hips as she ground herself into my thigh. I could feel the heat and moisture of her pussy through her panties as she slid it over my fingers. I looked down and saw that she was wearing white panties with multi-colored flowers -- rather innocent looking for someone so bawdy I thought to myself. I loved the dichotomy.

"Let's go into the livingroom." she said, tugging at my hand.

"Sure." I said, deciding to let her take the lead.

She stopped and reached up under her skirt and pulled her panties down to her ankles, then stepped out of them and tucked them deep in the front pocket of my jeans.

"Hang onto these until mom goes." she said grinning, then pulled me into the livingroom.

My sister lead me to a reclining chair and gently pushed me by the shoulders, making me sit down. She glanced over at Jason sleeping peacefully on the couch then turned back to me, smiling. She sat down on my lap facing my right shoulder and placed my hand on her right thigh, just above her knee. I was amazed by how warm and smooth her skin was as my fingers moved upwards. She parted her legs as my hand slid up further. She had a look of nervousness and anticipation on her face as my fingers inched higher, then as I squeezed the plump inside of her thigh she leaned into me, resting her head on my shoulder as she clasped me.

"Touch it." she whispered, her breath hot on my neck.

My fingers glided up her damp lips. They felt full and very wet. I pressed into them as I moved back down towards her ass, trying to fit as much of it as I could in my hands. Natalie gripped me harder, her body quivering slightly. My fingers were getting wet with her juice and moved over her folds more easily. I pressed into her, my finger slipping between her lips as I moved them back up. I felt her hard button on the tip of my middle finger and Natalie let out a faint gasp as I pressed into it.

"Yes... right there, Dave. Rub it."

Natalie's hard nipples were straining against her top and I continued to rub my finger into her swollen clit. Her facial expressions and soft moans being my only indicator of whether or not I was doing it correctly. She began moving her hips, pushing up towards my hand as I rubbed her faster, pressing harder. Then she abruptly pushed my hand away as she panted.

"Wow... sorry... it was just too sensitive." she explained as she smiled at me.

I didn't understand, but gave her a smile and nodded anyway. The corners of Natalie's mouth turned up as she looked at me staring at her breasts. Her nipples looked hard and thick and I wanted to feel them. She pulled her top up, her right breast falling free with a slight jiggle. I stared wide-eyed at it, surveying her hard nipple before taking hold of it with my hand. I felt her fingers slide over my neck as she pulled my face towards her breast.

"Suck it." she urged me.

I wrapped my mouth around her swollen nipple and tugged at it with my lips while she ran her fingers through my hair. Her warm sweet milk gushed into my mouth and I sucked harder. I felt Natalie flinch so I pulled away and looked up at her.

"Easy..." she whispered as she stroked my head.

I smiled at her and bent down to take her nipple in my mouth again, sucking slower this time. Careful to not pull so hard. She ran her fingers through my hair and stroked my cheek as I continued to suck, drinking her warm milk. After several minutes I smiled up at my sister as I licked my wet lips. Eventually caution and nervousness overcame me and I pulled away.

"We better be careful. Mom's upstairs." I reminded her.

My sister gave an understanding nod and pulled her top back down to cover herself, then pulled me close once again.

"We'll have plenty of time to ourselves after she goes to work." Natalie told me.

I wasn't exactly sure what her comment entailed, but it filled me with a mixture on anticipation and nervousness. For the next hour or so I rested against Natalie as she held me. Her body felt wonderful pressing into mine. It was as if time stood still that afternoon, until I realized it was time to wake mom so she could get ready for work.

"Time to wake mom up." I said as I slid from my sister's lap.

Natalie consulted her watch and nodded in agreement as she smiled. It was easy now for me to discern exactly what her smiles meant. It was if we had our own secret language or code.

Mom soon got up and quickly changed into her uniform in preparation for work. As I got myself something to eat for supper I heard Jason crying in the livingroom. My cock jumped to life at the thought of Natalie's bare breast just feet away from me. Mom made herself a sandwich and a cup of tea and then joined Natalie on the couch. I ate in the kitchen, hoping to avoid an uncomfortable situation with my sister, then joined them just before I assumed mom was ready to leave for work.

"I'll be back in the morning. You two have a good night." mom said as she pulled her coat on and fumbled through her purse for her car keys.

Natalie and I followed her to the door and kissed her good-bye before watching her leave the yard.

"Alone at last." Natalie exclaimed as she closed the door behind her then locked it.

I smiled at my sister, feeling awkward and nervous as I surveyed the mischievous smile on her face. "I'm going to go change." she announced before dashing upstairs.

I turned the television on and sat down on the couch, wondering what Natalie planned on changing into. A few minutes later she returned wearing a man's white cotton shirt. It was partially unbuttoned so the upper half of her chest was exposed and it only half-covered her thighs.

She sat down beside me on the couch, leaning on my shoulder. Turning onto her hip she placed a hand on my thigh and kissed my cheek.

"Don't be so nervous," she said "mom's gone." It was if she was able to read my mind.

I gave her a quick glance and a smile, then diverted my attention back to the television. Soon I felt Natalie's hand snaking up my thigh. My cock stiffened and my body tensed. Moments later her fingers were dancing over my full balls through my pants, cupping them and gently squeezing. Without realizing it I was lifting up off of the couch to meet her hand. It felt as if at any second I could explode in my pants and my breathing became rapid. As if sensing my building desire Natalie decided to back off. She moved her hand up over my stomach and rested her head on my chest as she hugged me.

"You get so turned-on. I love it." she said, her lips brushing my cheek as she spoke.

The rest of the evening was uneventful -- spent watching television with my sister nestled against me, only speaking to comment on what we were watching. As much as I tried I found it impossible to get the sensation of her luscious body pressed to mine from my thoughts. It was only when she sat up and announced that she and Jason should be getting to bed that I spoke and looked in her direction.

I watched as Natalie hoisted Jason onto her hip and clutched him to her. "Let's go." she said as she held out her hand to me.

I took hold of my sister's hand and she lead me upstairs while she held her son. Following one pace behind her I stared at her round ass and wondered to myself if she'd object to me squeezing it. Deciding to err on the side of caution I held her hand tight as she guided me up the stairs.

"Night, Nat, have a good sleep." I told her as we reached her bedroom door.

"Come in for a minute while I get Jason settled. I'm not sleepy." she told me.

I followed Natalie into her bedroom and sat on her bed. I watched as she changed Jason's diaper, then uncovered a breast so he could nurse. I guess by this point this occurrence was commonplace to me because I sat unfazed as my nephew suckled at her nipple. We sat without speaking until Jason had finished. I was puzzled as I later saw Natalie empty the contents of the top drawer of her bureau onto the floor and shroud the inside with a wool blanket. Carefully she reached for her son and placed him inside the drawer and covered him with a small knitted blanket.

"Usually he does," my sister told me "but not tonight. He'll be okay in there. Besides, I can hear him if he cries."

"Why isn't he sleeping with you tonight?" I inquired.

"Because you are." she said as she stepped towards me and began tugging my t-shirt up.

I was dumbfounded. I stepped back and gave my sister a wide-eyed stare in disbelief.

"What?" I exclaimed.

Natalie laughed somewhat and pulled me towards her, gently stroking my sides. "Stay with me here tonight, Dave. Mom's at work. No one will ever know. I'm tired so I'll be good. Really. I want to do is sleep."

"I don't know..." I began.

"Please." my sister interjected as she tugged at my hand.

I'm not sure if it was compassion, love, or lust that superseded reason, but whatever it was I found myself unable to refuse her request. "Okay." I said as I began getting undressed.

"Thanks, Dave." Natalie said as she kissed my cheek.

"Turn the light out, will you?" I requested, suddenly feeling self-conscious.

While my sister's back was turned to flip the light switch I quickly hauled my pants off and slid into bed, pulling the covers over me. I noticed the amused smile on her face as she walked back towards the bed. Apparently she found some humor in my bashfulness. She unbuttoned her shirt and let it fall to the floor, then pulled the covers back and slipped in beside me. I could feel the warmth of her body and her silky legs rubbing against mine. She rested her head on my chest and laid her arm over my quivering stomach. I instantly felt myself growing hard and hoped her hand wouldn't drift any lower.

"Don't worry -- I'll behave. I'm tired." she assured me.

Natalie's reassurance was a welcome one, but I couldn't help but laugh aloud.

"What? Would you rather I be naughty?" she replied.

I turned onto my side and smiled at her. "No," I told her "we should get some sleep."

My sister closed her eyes and nodded, then slid closer to be. I could feel her body -- it's curves and soft skin moving over me. My cock twitched and I knew she must have felt it pressing into her, but if she did she pretended not to notice.

"Nighty night." she said moments before she fell asleep.

I never slept well that night. Natalie's body against mine was a constant torment. I can never remember a time more than then when I have wanted to stroke my hard cock. Obviously that was not an option that night, so I had to do my best to ignore the fact that the sexiest woman I knew, and my own sister, was cuddled up next to me.

Sleep finally came and I awoke the next morning some time before Natalie did. I immediately felt her body pressed against me, then my throbbing cock riveted against her ass. I shifted slightly, trying to move away from her as much as I could in the small bed.

"Good morning."

Natalie rolled over to face me as she squinted and smiled as she grew accustomed to the light. I gave her a warm smile as I looked into her narrowed eyes.

"Have a good sleep?" my sister added.

I nodded, hoping to avoid contact with her. She must have noticed me shrink away and slid closer to me.

I smiled as I felt her arm fall over me and slide up my side. My cock was throbbing so hard at this point that I was sure she could hear it.

"Sorry." I muttered.

The mattress bounced under us as Natalie moved closer to me. Seconds later I felt the length of her body pressing into me. I could also feel my fully-erect cock poking into her belly.

"Are you always this worked-up in the morning?" she teased, nodding down between us.

I forced a smile and shrugged.

"Or does it only happen when you sleep with your sister?" she added.

"Natalie..." was all I was able to say in reply.

My sister let out a lewd laugh and tugged at me, pulling me closer, and pressed herself harder against my twitching cock. I was defenseless against her seduction. She began gently moving her hips, grinding herself into my erection, then she let out a soft moan and clamped her eyes shut. I ran my hand down her back.

"I bet I could make you cum just by doing this." she boasted as she quickened her motions.

I frowned in a mixture of embarrassment and humiliation. She was right and we both knew it.

"I should get up and have a shower. Mom will be home before we know it." I told her as I slid away from her.

Natalie sat up on the edge of the bed and my eyes ran over her. "Don't jerk-off in the shower. Save it for me."

I considered her request for a moment, wondering whether or not I could keep the promise, then nodded. The hot water splashing over me felt good and I focused my thoughts on what I had to do that day rather than my sister.

I was eating breakfast in the kitchen when mom got home from work that morning. Natalie was still upstairs. She wanted to shower then feed Jason and bathe him. I could tell that my mother looked especially tired that morning.

"Busy night?" I asked.

She nodded as she made herself a cup of tea. "There was a car accident, so we were flat-out most of the shift."

I nodded in sympathy. "Natalie's getting up, I guess." I told her.

"I'm going right to bed," she replied "don't forget to wake me."

Soon after I heard the sound of my mother's and Natalie's voices upstairs, then a bedroom door closing. A few moments later Natalie entered the kitchen holding Jason. She was wearing jeans and a pink and white checked blouse.

"So, what did you make me for breakfast?" she teased as she put my nephew in his stroller.

"Ah, nothing."

Natalie turned around and pouted. "What a lousy date you are -- don't even make a girl breakfast after you sleep with her!"

I wasn't sure how to react, but her laughter as she sat on my lap and hugged me was reassuring. I ran my hand up her smooth back, noticing no bra strap.

"I guess I'll fend for myself then."

Natalie and I talked while she made breakfast then ate. Jason soon fell asleep and she pushed him outside on the porch. I followed them and we sat on the hanging bench, not talking at first as we gently swayed and listened to the sound of birds chirping.

"Did you behave yourself in the shower?" she eventually asked, smirking.

I nodded.

"Good," she exclaimed "I'll reward you -- I promise."

I knew my sister better than to ask her to elaborate. She loved to keep people in suspense, especially me lately. She slid closer and moved her hand up my thigh until it rested on my crotch. A smile appeared on her face as she felt my cock stiffen. She never moved her hand, instead she left it motionless on me as she leaned her head on my shoulder. The torment was driving me crazy.

"My show's coming on, let's go inside." she announced later that afternoon.

After Jason was born and Natalie was busy as a stay-at-home mom she had gotten hooked on a few soap operas, and there were still one or two she seldom missed. She and I sat on the couch watching television, with Jason sleeping beside her over the next two hours. When feeding time came for Jason I watched as she opened her blouse for her son, alternating her attention between him and me as he suckled at her breast.

While mom got up and showered I rejoined Natalie on the couch, sitting what I considered an appropriate distance from her.

Mom came down later dressed for work and stood beside Natalie. I could immediately tell from the look on her face that something was upsetting her.

"Natalie, you really should be careful about covering-up around your brother." she chided, pointing towards Natalie's partially unbuttoned blouse.

I felt myself blush and noticed my sister glance down with a shrug.

"It's no big deal, mom," she said "I have to feed Jason every few hours, so I think Dave's used to seeing them by now." Her immodest laughter filled the room.

A mixture of anger and exasperation filled our mother's eyes and she looked plenty shocked, which was exactly what my sister had intended. "Natalie!" she hissed.

"Natalie, it's not proper for you to be sitting there with your breasts on display around your brother." mom lectured.

Unfazed, Natalie smiled. "It's just my boobs, mom. So what if Dave gets a look once in a while? It's no big deal. I bet Uncle Jim saw yours a time or two when you were younger."

My mother stood there stunned for a moment at the mention of her brother. She opened her mouth to speak, then quickly shut it. I could tell she was thinking hard. "You're incorrigible!" she eventually spat out before storming into the kitchen.

I never dared look at my sister for few seconds, but when I did I was surprised that her smug grin was replaced by a pensive look. "I think I struck a nerve." she whispered.

I gave her a silent nod then turned away.

A little while later I noticed Natalie buttoning her blouse. She placed Jason down beside me and slowly made her way into the kitchen. I listened intently.

"I'm sorry, mom," she began "I guess it's that I'm so used to living with Keith that I forget there are others around sometimes. But I never really saw the harm in how I was dressed around Dave."

"He may be your brother, but he's still male." mom replied, her voice sharp and clipped.

A long silence followed until Natalie spoke again. "Can I ask you something?"

"What?" mom asked, sounding less mad.

"What was that look on your face about when I mentioned Uncle Jim?"

"It was a long time ago," mom began "your uncle and I were young, and I guess a little too curious. It's something we pretend never happened because it should have never happened."

"You mean, you and..."

"Natalie, let's not discuss this!" mom interjected, her voice raised. A tense silence followed.

"I love you, mom. All I wanted was to let you know that I got your point about how I should dress around Dave." she told her.

"Good... thanks, honey." Mom's voice was softer now.

Natalie returned to the couch and flashed me an exaggerated wide-eyed stare of shock as she sat down. I gave her an understanding nod, not daring to speak a word.

"Time to go to work, I suppose." mom lamented as she glanced at her watch.

Natalie and I looked over at her as she sat next to us watching tv and making conversation. We watched as she put her coat on, then Natalie went over to her as she stood by the door.

"Have a good shift." Natalie told her as she gave her a hug.

"Thanks, honey," mom replied as she embraced her then kissed her forehead "I'll see you guys in the morning."

"Night, mom." I called out as she opened the door.

Natalie stood there, watching her drive away before she sat down by me again, directly facing me.

"So, what do you think about what mom said in the kitchen?" she blurted out.

I felt the corner of my mouth curl and my brow furrowed. "I don't know... it makes me wonder though..."

Natalie slid closer, her eyes locked on mine. "It sounds like something happened between her and Uncle Jim."

I nodded. "I know, but we shouldn't jump to conclusions."

"I guess not," my sister replied as she thought it over "but it really sounds like they might have fooled around."

"We'll have to cut it out from now on, you know," I said "I think she's suspicious."

"But I don't want to. Do you?"

I shook my head. "No. Of course not. But imagine how the shit would hit the fan if she actually caught us. You saw how pissed she was just because your blouse was unbuttoned." I told her.

"I guess," she concluded, giving a reluctant nod "after tonight..."

"What?"

"After tonight, we'll be good. But I want to spend one last night with you." Natalie elaborated.

I was as unhappy as she was that our illicit encounters would have to come to an end, but I knew it was for the best -- as long as we were living with our mother anyway -- both out of fear of being caught and respect for her.

That evening was much like the others before it. Natalie and I watched mind-numbing sitcoms on tv. She rested against me much of the time while Jason slept. My arm was wrapped around her waist and my hand rested on her stomach. Occasionally she would move and I used that opportunity to let my hand wander some, feeling her.

"Time to put Jason to bed. Come on." Natalie said later that evening.

I gave her a puzzled look.

"Come with me..." she insisted.

I turned the television off and locked the door then followed my sister upstairs. She took a drawer from her bureau and emptied it on the floor, then lined it with a small blanket. She placed changed Jason and fed him while I watched then placed him on the blanket in the drawer next to the bed. He was asleep almost instantly and she covered him with the same blanket she had been using since she moved home.

"Time for bed." she said, then began getting undressed.

I was turning to leave when she grabbed my arm and gave it a tug. She pulled my t-shirt off and tossed it aside, then ran her hands over my chest.

"Get undressed." she ordered.

Feeling nervous I pulled my jeans off and placed them next to my t-shirt. By now Natalie was completely naked. My cock was making a large tent in my underwear as my eyes moved up and down her curvy body. She pulled me to her by the elastic waistband of my underwear and tugged them down. My cock sprang upwards once it was free and she giggled as she looked down at it.

"You've got a nice one!" she remarked.

I gave a bashful smile and sat down on the bed, my arms folded on my lap. Natalie knelt beside me and began running her hands over me. Then she slid off the bed and knelt in front of me. I felt almost dizzy with arousal when I felt her warm wet mouth on me. Her lips slid down the length of my cock as she squeezed the base with her hand. She sucked hard, working her mouth up and down. It was probably less than a minute later when I heard myself moan and Natalie stopped moving, holding me deep in her mouth.

"Come here." she said, getting up on the bed and lying down.

I slid over next to my sister on the bed. Her left knee was bent and her legs were parted. She placed my hand on her right thigh and drew up upwards. I had never touched a girl there before -- ever -- and was surprised by how wet my sister was. My movements were clumsy as I felt her, pressing and rubbing. Soon I felt a finger slip inside and Natalie moaned.

"Keep doing that." she urged, her eyes closed as her hips moved.

For the next half hour or more I played with my sister -- working my fingers in and out of her and running my hands over her quivering body. Sometimes she would stop me and tell me where to touch her or how. Soon I felt my cock stiffen again. Natalie noticed and let out a delighted laugh. She reached down and troked me, making me completely hard again.

"This time you'll last longer." she said.

I didn't know what she meant but never asked. Natalie reached for her purse and took out a small square plastic packet and opened it.

"Here, put this on." she told me.

Natalie could see I was unsure of what to do, so she knelt beside me and slid the condom over my twitching cock then pulled me between her legs. Holding my cock in her hand she guided it towards her wet slit. I gasped and moaned as I felt myself slide in her. She was hot and squeezed my cock as it slid deeper.

"Like this..." she breathed, holding my hips and gently thrusting them.

That night Natalie and I never got any sleep. We knew it would be our only night together, at least as long as we were living with mom. By the time the sun was peeking over the horizon we were both thoroughly spent, and a little sore, but I felt as though I had lived a lifetime in those hours.

"We should get up and have a shower. Mom will be home in a while."
Natalie said as she checked the time.

"Yeah." I groaned. All I wanted to do was sleep.

~ Epilogue ~

From that point on things changed between me and Natalie. We still had a warm and loving relationship, but it was always chaste and proper. Occasionally she would catch me looking at her and give me a smile, but I realized that things could never return to what they were. I was fine with that though. I knew that if she and I ever tried to recapture what we had that it would sully it and probably taint our relationship.

Natalie eventually met a really nice guy, Harry, and they got married. They now have three children, including Jason -- whom Harry legally adopted years ago. Watching Jason at their house one day while my wife and I visited made me realize just how fast time passes.

"So your mother tells me you have a girlfriend now, Jason," I teased
"soon you'll be getting married I suppose.

Natalie turned from the sink where she was washing dishes and gave me a frown. "Don't rush things, Dave! He's only eighteen." she snapped.

I laughed. "So who is the girl?" I asked my nephew.

"Her name's Melanie," Jason replied "she says you used to date her mom years ago."

I thought for a moment and gave Jason a perplexed look. "Who's her mother?"

Natie pulled the plug from the sink and the water drained from it with a loud gurgling sound. She dried her hands off and stood behind Jason grinning, her hand on his shoulder.

"Maybe you remember her, Dave," Natalie said, her eyes meeting mine "her mother's Jenny Winchester."

THE END

Uncle Kevin Visits

Katherine Woodford trudged up the stairs, holding a white plastic laundry basket to the curve of her left hip. She sighed as she pushed open the bathroom door and hoisted the basket onto the counter by the sink. There must be better ways to spend a Saturday afternoon than doing laundry she thought to herself. Katherine emptied the hamper in the corner of the bathroom, tossing damp towels and facecloths into the laundry basket. She brushed a length of her thick black hair from her face with a sigh as she moved towards her son's bedroom.

Katherine shook her head in dismay as she looked around her son's room. For a moment she wondered if her son, Mike, actually made an effort to make his room as untidy and cluttered as possible. To her right was a desk with Mike's computer on it. Beside the monitor were empty soda cans and plates with scraps of uneaten food on them. Katherine dropped the laundry basket down beside the bed and began picking up pairs of jeans, socks and t-shirts that were strewn about the floor. She tossed them into the basket atop the towels and facecloths, then looked at her son's bed. She groaned.

Mike's bed was a tangled mess of sheets and a blanket. Lying in the middle of the bed was a pillow. Katherine could feel herself getting annoyed. Mike was almost nineteen and quite capable of taking care of himself Katherine thought. She and his father had been divorced for almost two years and she had tried to make it clear to him many times that any effort he made to at least keep his room tidy would make his life easier. Mike was attending college so she realized that consumed a

good part of his time but she had a fulltime job so her free time was precious too.

Cursing under her breath Katherine tossed a sheet from her son's bed into the laundry basket to her right. As she tugged at the other sheet on Mike's bed she paused as her eyes grew wide. Katherine could feel her clit jump as she brought the sheet closer to her face. Towards one side of the white linen was a stain about the size of the palm of her hand. She pinched the sheet between her fingers. It was moist. Katherine knew that it was her son's semen.

Despite how guilty she felt about what she was about to do Katherine reminded herself that she was harming no one and only she would know. She laid down on Mike's bed, pulling her denim skirt up around her waist. Her panties were already damp and she pulled them off and tossed them into the laundry basket. Katherine opened her legs wide and pulled the sheet up between them, enjoying the feeling of the cool linen caress the insides of her thighs. She slid her hand down and pressed the sheet to her wet lips, letting her juice mingle with her son's. She let out a moan as she felt Mike's thick cum coat her swollen clit.

Katherine tugged her blue tanktop up towards her chin to uncover her breasts. Her nipples tingled as she tugged at them before returning a hand to her dripping pussy, rubbing the sheet over her tender wet lips. When she had gotten dressed that morning Katherine decided to not wear a bra since she would be staying home all day doing housework. As she washed dishes and cleaned the kitchen earlier she had noticed how her son's attention was on her, or more specifically, on her breasts as they swayed beneath her top. It was not the first time she had caught Mike staring at her, but it always excited Katherine. It gave her a rush

of excitement knowing that her son had lustful thoughts for her. She had never encouraged Mike, or teased him, but she had not discouraged him either.

It wasn't long before Katherine felt an orgasm welling as she imagined her son stroking his cock and shooting streams of cum over the sheet she was rubbing over her pussy. She had not seen him naked since he was a child, but if he was built like his father he must have a nice cock she surmised. Katherine cried out, pressing the wet sheet harder to her throbbing clit as she imagined taking Mike's cock in her hand, then her mouth.

After balling up the sheet and burying it at the bottom of the laundry basket Katherine went to the linen closet. She brought out clean sheets and began making her son's bed. The room smelled musky and she hoped that the scent of her pussy would be gone by the time Mike returned home.

When she was nearly finished making her son's bed Katherine heard the low rumble of a vehicle in the yard. Even before going to the window to look out to see who it was she knew that it must be her younger brother, Kevin. His muffler had needed to be replaced for months but despite saying he was going to get it done he still hadn't.

"Anyone home?!"

"I'll be right down." she called out.

Kevin was already at the kitchen table drinking a beer and smoking a cigarette when Katherine joined him. She dropped the laundry basket by the cellar door and walked towards the table.

"Hey, Kat, how's it going?"

"Not bad," she told him "it would be better if I didn't have to spend my Saturday doing laundry and Mike would learn to clean his room once-in-a-while."

"I bet you could use a beer. I brought some over; pizza too." her brother replied, gesturing to the fridge behind him.

"Thanks." Katherine went to the fridge and took a bottle from the cardboard case, then sat down at the table beside her brother.

Kevin looked over at his sister as he brought his beer bottle up to his mouth to take another pull. His cock twitched and swelled as he stared at her nipples rising from her breasts, standing out from her tanktop. Her face was flushed and Kevin wondered what she had been doing when he arrived. He knew she didn't have a boyfriend and there was no one else there, but she looked as though she had been having sex he thought to himself. Kevin picked up his cigarette from the ashtray and took a long haul on it.

"Hey, I thought you quit smoking." Katherine said, her voice full of surprise.

"I did," he replied as he exhaled a cloud of smoke "or at least that's what Diane thinks."

"Don't worry, your secret is safe with me."

"Good. She's already pissed at me."

"Things still not going good with you guys?"

Kevin shook his head. "No. We got into it again this morning -- which is why I'm here. I hope you don't mind."

"No, of course not," Katherine assured him "it's always good to see you. I just wish it didn't take a fight with Diane to get you over here."

"Well, you may be seeing more of me if things between us don't improve soon. It looks like we're headed for a divorce."

"Oh, Kevin, don't say that!"

"It's true," he sighed "but in a way I think it would be better to get it over with rather than continue like this. It's been hellish lately."

Katherine frowned as she took a drink from her bottle of beer. She couldn't think of anything to say to comfort or reassure her younger brother, plus, secretly, she knew he was right.

"How about we go sit out on the patio?" Katherine suggested, hoping that being outside in the sun would cheer her brother up.

"That's a good idea." Kevin said as he stood up. He brought the case of beer from the fridge, then picked up his pack of cigarettes, ashtray and lighter from the table. He placed them in the open case of beer and tucked it under his arm.

As Kevin followed his sister towards the sliding patio doors his eyes ran down her back to the curve of her hips and ass in her tight denim skirt. As he stood behind her while she unlocked the patio door and slid it open Kevin reached down and gave Katherine's ass a hard squeeze. It was firm and he gave it a hard slap.

"Hey," Katherine squealed as she jumped, then turned to face her brother "keep your hands to yourself, little brother." Her tone was more playful than angry. She was used to him copping a feel and had concluded years ago that there was no harm in it, still she didn't want to encourage him.

"Do you know how long it's been since I've felt a woman's ass?" he asked as he followed his sister outside.

"A few hours?" she joked as she sat down on a wooden bench in front of a metal table on her patio.

"More like weeks," he sighed "and it's been years since I've felt one as nice as yours." Kevin sat down on the bench beside his sister.

"Well, you better keep your hands to yourself," Katherine scolded with a smirk "Mike will probably be home for supper soon and I don't want him to see you feeling me up."

"Why not? Afraid he'll want to join in?"

Her brother's brash retort shocked Katherine, but in the back of her mind she wondered if he might be right.

Chapter 2

Mike Woodford turned the corner and began walking up the driveway towards his house. When he noticed his uncle's truck in the yard he smiled and quickened his pace. Mike dashed inside the house, looking around for his uncle.

Mike walked towards the open patio door and looked out at his mother and uncle sitting on the wooden bench.

"So, how's my favorite nephew?" Kevin asked, giving Mike a welcoming smile.

"Good, and you?" he replied.

"I'm doing okay." Kevin replied before taking another swig from his bottle of beer.

"Kevin brought pizza," Katherine informed her son "it's in the fridge."

"There's beer too. Help yourself." Kevin chimed in with a grin.

Katherine gave her brother a playful slap on the arm. "Kev -- you know better than to offer him beer. He's only eighteen!"

"I'll get a soda." Mike said before going to the kitchen.

After getting a soda and two slices of pizza from the fridge Mike returned to the patio and sat down opposite his mother and uncle. He was hungry and began devouring the pizza on his plate, listening to his mother and uncle talking. Mike noticed his mother cast occasional

glances his way as he ate. She seemed somewhat nervous and Mike wondered what the cause of it was.

"Time for me to get rid of these beers." Kevin announced later as he stood up.

Mike watched his uncle walk inside towards the bathroom as he finished his can of soda. He placed his empty plate and can on the table in front of him and tilted his eyes up towards his mother. He clenched his jaw and fought a smile as he looked her over. Her tanned legs were crossed and Mike could see most of her left thigh as he peered up her denim skirt. As his eyes moved upwards Mike noticed the distinct outlines of his mother's nipples. His cock stiffened as he surveyed the shape of her breasts pushing out from the fabric of her blue top. He could tell she wasn't wearing a bra and wondered if his uncle had noticed as well. Of course he must have, Mike concluded. The real question was if his Uncle Kevin's thoughts had been as taboo as his own. He crossed his leg in hopes of concealing his growing erection.

"Ahh... much better," Kevin sighed as he returned to the patio "now for more beer." He took a bottle of beer from the case beside the bench then sat down as he twisted the cap.

"My turn to visit the bathroom." Mike announced as he stood up, hoping that his erection had subsided enough to not be noticeable.

2776 Once he was in the privacy of the bathroom Mike felt much less nervous. He forced the image of how his mother looked from his mind long enough to empty his bladder. He could hear his mother's giddy

laughter echoing from the patio through the window to his right. Once he had zipped his jeans up he lifted a slat of the blind covering the window and peaked outside to the patio where his mother and uncle were sitting.

"Holy shit..." Mike hissed to himself as he looked out at the patio.

Mike stared in disbelief as his uncle ran his hand up the inside of Katherine's left thigh under her skirt. She let out a playful giggle as she swatted at his arm, then gave him a scolding glare. Undaunted, Mike took a pull from his bottle of beer, then leaned towards his sister once more. This time his hand found her left breast. He gave it a squeeze, brushing his thumb over her stiff nipple. Katherine squealed and recoiled, covering her chest with her arm.

As he watched his uncle's lewd advances towards Katherine Mike rubbed his stiff cock through his jeans, hoping to see more. A few seconds later Katherine cast a wary eye towards the patio doors behind her, then said something to her brother, looking nervous. Kevin nodded and took another drink of beer.

Realizing he was not going to see anything more, Mike decided to return to the patio before his mother and uncle grew suspicious.

Mike noticed his mother jump as he stepped outside. She tugged at her skirt as she wiggled on the bench. Mike fought a smile as he sat down.

"Do you ever hear from Keith?" Kevin asked, interrupting the tense silence.

Mike looked up, surprised to hear his father's name mentioned.

"No," Katherine said "the last I heard he was in San Diego."

"Good-for-nothing bastard," Kevin spat out "does he at least send child support payments?"

"No," she told him "he hasn't sent any for ages. I guess it doesn't matter anymore now that Mike's eighteen."

"It matters. He's still his son. The least he could do is send some money once in a while. It can't be easy for you to get by on what you make at the flower shop."

"I do okay." Katherine gave her son a nervous look. She did not want to have this conversation in front of Mike.

Although Mike knew that his uncle was right it still hurt to hear him speak so harshly of his father. No matter what his faults may be, he was still his father Mike thought to himself. He turned his head away, looking out at the yard, clenching his jaw.

uncle talked. After a while Mike noticed that despite his Uncle Kevin's jovial mood he seemed nervous, or bothered by something. He did not seem like his usual self, Mike thought. After considering the reasons Mike concluded that it was most probably either guilt or fear of someone else, especially Diane or Mike himself, finding out that he had felt up Katherine. Mike wished there was a way to reassure his uncle that he would never reveal to anyone what he had witnessed, but knew that he had best not broach the matter.

"I should be going home," Kevin said as he looked at his watch, sounding resigned "Diane is probably home by now."

"Where was she?" Katherine asked.

"At a Bible study course." Kevin rolled his eyes, then slowly stood up. He paused for a moment, wobbling.

"Maybe you should be going to those Bible study classes too," Katherine teased "some religion might do you good, little brother."

"I'm beyond redemption." he replied with an undertone of seriousness.

Katherine watched her brother take a few tentative steps away from the bench. It was obvious that he had drunk too much, but Katherine knew that he had been under a lot of pressure lately given the state of his deteriorating marriage.

"Woah... I probably shouldn't have had that last beer."

"You probably shouldn't have had those last three." Katherine shot back with a laugh "you're in no shape to drive -- I'll call you a cab."

"You've called me worse." Kevin retorted as he followed his sister inside, steadying himself on the doorway.

Mike followed his uncle and mother in to the kitchen. He looked her over from the corner of his eye while she called for a cab to take Kevin home. Mike tore his eyes away before she could catch him looking, then noticed his uncle a few feet away, giving Katherine's breasts a blank stare.

"It'll be here in about ten minutes." Katherine told her brother as she put the phone down on the counter.

"Okay, thanks," Kevin replied, jolting his head upwards to meet his sister's eyes "and thanks for having me over tonight. I really needed to get out of the house."

Katherine gave her brother a sympathetic smile as she stepped closer. She draped her arms over his shoulders. "You're welcome here anytime, Kev. No need to thank me." She tugged him closer and kissed his cheek.

Mike felt his heart accelerate as he watched his uncle's right hand slide down Katherine's back to her ass. He gave it a hard squeeze, pulling her tighter against him. Katherine let out a squeal and lurched back, then gave her son a shy look.

"Behave yourself, Kevin -- especially around Mike! You know better." she scolded, although in a amused tone.

Mike tilted his head down as he grinned.

"You take good care of your mother, Mike; she's a great lady." Kevin said. His voice was slurred a bit and he still had an arm around Katherine to support himself.

"I will -- I know." Mike replied with a brisk nod.

Katherine gave her son a proud smile. Maybe it was the beer, or the arousal caused by her brother groping her, but as she ran her eyes down her son's body she felt a surge of excitement. She thought how handsome he looked. Her eyes lingered on the slight bulge in his jeans and she wondered if he was hard, and why. She turned her head when she heard the loud sound of a car horn in the yard.

"Your cab's here." Katherine said, turning towards her brother.

eased his right hand up his sister's side and gave her left breast a soft squeeze, pushing it upwards.

Mike smiled as he watched his uncle's hand cup his mother's round breast, albeit briefly. He noticed that it was too large to entirely fit in Kevin's wide palm. But what surprised Mike was his mother's reaction, or lack of. Instead of recoiling like she had earlier she stood motionless for a moment, then eased away before looking into her brother's eyes with a warm smile.

Katherine watched from the doorway as the cab drove away, then closed the door. She leaned back on it for a few seconds, drawing in a deep breath. Her face was flushed and she looked over to her son with a guilty smile.

"He's been under a lot of stress lately -- usually he doesn't drink that much." she remarked, as if apologizing for her brother.

"Everyone deserves to have some fun once in a while," Mike replied "you seem to have had a good time tonight too."

Katherine gave her son a puzzled look, trying to ascertain exactly what he meant, then decided that it was probably best that she not ask. "I should bring the stuff in from the patio." she said, then walked past her son.

unopened ones. Mike could tell from her slightly unsteady movements that she too had probably had one or two beers too many. He picked up his uncle's ashtray and his empty soda can and plate and brought them back into the kitchen. His mother was unusually quiet and it unnerved him.

"Are you okay, mom?"

"Sure. Don't I seem it?"

"Not really," Mike told her "is something wrong?"

Katherine felt herself flush as she looked at the questioning look on her son's face. Then she noticed his eyes drift down for an instant. Now she was aware of her stiff nipples rubbing over the inside of her top. She was used to men leering at her bust, but this was her son. Katherine felt her mouth getting dry as her pussy moistened.

"I guess I feel a little guilty because I had too much to drink tonight. I should have had some of that pizza Kevin brought." she lied.

"That's okay, mom. You don't have to work tomorrow. You deserve to have some fun."

"I suppose. I'm also worried about Kevin. Things aren't going well with him and Diane."

"Oh?" Mike spat out, surprised by the news.

"They've been fighting a lot lately," she elaborated "but don't let on that you know."

"Don't worry. I won't." he promised.

"I knew I could count on you." she beamed.

"Uncle Kevin worries about you too." Mike reminded his mother.

"Oh... why do you say that?" she asked, jerking her head back.

Mike sighed. "I can tell from what he said earlier about dad, and how he told me to take care of you."

"You do take good care of me." Katherine assured him, hoping to avoid discussing her ex-husband.

"I don't know... sometimes I think I should quit school and get a job so I can help out with the bills."

Katherine watched as her son's face twisted into a frown. She moved over to him and slid her right arm around his shoulder, pulling him to her until their hips were touching.

"You stay in school," she said "once you're a rich lawyer, then you can start giving me money."

Mike let out a nervous laugh. His mother's hip and breast felt good rubbing against him. He fought the urge to look down between them as his cock twitched.

"Okay, but I wish I could help you now, mom."

"You do. Just having you here to do things around the house and yard is a help. If it wasn't for you I'd have to pay someone to mow the lawn and the other things you do."

Katherine turned and hugged her son. His body felt warm and muscled. She pulled him tighter, feeling her breasts push into his chest. As her son's hands slid up her back Katherine felt her clit throb. She closed her eyes as she rested her chin on his right shoulder, enjoying the feeling of his strong arms around her. She felt his right hand slide down her back, stroking her, making her wetter. Now she could feel his cock pushing into her stomach. It was hard and felt big. When she felt her son's hand glide down her left hip she knew that she had to stop him, but she allowed herself to enjoy the feeling a moment too long. When Mike gave her ass a squeeze she pulled away.

"No, Mike." she whispered.

"You didn't seem to mind when Uncle Kevin did it." he said.

"I did mind," she corrected "but he was drunk."

Katherine took a step back, but Mike kept his hands on her curved hips. He was smiling as his eyes moved from her chest to her rosy face.

"I saw what he did out on the patio too." he told his mother.

"What?" she said, hoping that he was not referring to what she suspected.

"I saw him feeling you up -- like he did here before he left."

Katherine looked away from her son for a moment while she thought of what to say. "He was drunk, Mike." she reminded him.

"I bet it wasn't the first time he did that though." Mike surmised. His eyes grew wide and expectant as they met his mother's.

Katherine never replied. She did not want to lie and hoped that her silence would be all her son needed to discern the truth. While he waited for an answer Mike slid his hand over his mother's ass again. His touch was tentative, gentle, not like her brother's rough grabbing. Katherine paused a few seconds before easing her son's hand back up to her waist.

"You shouldn't be doing that." she said, almost in a whisper as her resistance ebbed.

"You let Uncle Kevin -- why not me?"

"I never let him," she corrected "you saw -- he just did it."

"But you didn't seem to mind."

Katherine sighed. "What should I have done? I stopped him; you must have seen that too."

"Yeah..." he conceded.

Mike looked down at his mother's chest again. Her tank top was stretched tight over her breasts, emphasizing their shape. Her thick nipples stood out like bullets. He wanted to suck on them.

"You look cold." he remarked with a brash grin.

Katherine glanced down to her chest with a giggle. "Kevin said the same thing earlier."

"Great minds think alike." her son said.

"More like dirty minds think alike." she quipped.

Katherine surveyed the look on her son's face and grew nervous. She had seen that same look many times before on other men's faces. She knew that he wanted to feel her. Whatsmore, she thought that if he did she might not stop him.

"Well, I'm going to bed where it's warm then." she announced, easing away from her son's grasp.

Mike nodded, looking his mother over again. "Okay, have a good night, mom."

"You too. Katherine leaned over and gave her son a quick kiss on the cheek, stepping back before he could put his hands on her again.

Chapter 3

The sound of his uncle's truck starting in the yard woke Mike the next morning. He rolled out of bed and looked out of his bedroom window, just in time to see Kevin's truck leaving the yard.

Mike's thoughts went back to seeing his uncle feeling his mother the night before, then him doing it later in the kitchen. He felt his cock begin to swell, pushing out at his boxers. As he walked towards the bathroom Mike forced himself to think of anything other than his mother in an effort to abate his growing erection.

As Mike stepped out of the bathroom he saw his mother's bedroom door opening. She stepped out into the hall, seeming surprised at seeing her son standing there. Katherine was wearing a long light pink pajama top that covered her thighs almost to her knees. It was buttoned all the way up Mike noticed. She pushed her dark hair back as she smiled.

"Morning." she said, sounding sleepy.

"Morning," Mike replied, then paused, running his eyes up and down his mother "Uncle Kevin's truck woke me."

"Me too. He really needs to get that muffler fixed."

Mike let out a nervous chuckle, then caught a fleeting glimpse of his mother's breasts move beneath her pajama top as she approached. His cock twitched.

"Finished in the bathroom?" she asked.

"Uh... yeah," he mumbled, then realized he was blocking the doorway "you look tired. Why don't you sleep in?"

"I might. But first I need to pee." she replied, then gave him a bashful look.

Mike stepped aside to let his mother pass, then reached out and gave her ass a quick squeeze. Katherine jumped, and turned around.

"Hey... now don't you start!" She glared at him, but her smile berated the angry look in her eyes.

Mike chortled, then gave his mother a serious look. "What's the harm if I sneak a feel once in a while, like Uncle Kevin does?"

Katherine opened her mouth, then clamped it shut. She drew in a breath. Her son's cock was tenting his boxers and she forced her eyes back up, only to think how nice his bare torso looked. Now she was getting wet and knew her resistance would fade as her arousal grew.

"I'd rather not even discuss that. But if we have to, can it be after I use the bathroom?" she snapped, then closed the bathroom door behind her.

Mike frowned, standing in front of the closed bathroom door. He went back to his room and quickly got dressed.

Once inside the confines of the bathroom Katherine decided to have a shower. She knew she would have to face her son eventually and answer his question, but she wanted to put it off for as long as possible. As she stood under the spray of the hot water her hand slid down over her stomach to her swelling clit. She pressed down on it, reaching up with her other hand to pull at her right nipple. Hopefully an orgasm

would clear her mind and steel her resolve, she thought. She rubbed her clit harder, feeling herself getting close already.

By the time Katherine arrived in the kitchen she did not see her son. For a moment she hoped that he had gone to a friend's house or somewhere else, then she heard him calling to her from the patio.

"Coming out?"

"In a few minutes," she replied "I'm making coffee."

Katherine felt dread building in her chest as she watched the coffee drip into the pot. She hated herself for feeling how she did. She loved her son more than anyone else in the world, but she did not want for either of them to do anything they might regret by giving into temptation. Once the coffee had perked Katherine knew that she could not stall any longer. She poured a mugful and joined Mike on the patio. He was eating a slice of leftover pizza.

Mike could not hide a smile as he saw his mother step out on the patio. The morning sun made her raven hair shimmer and he could see the silhouettes of her legs through her long pink skirt. She was also wearing a white blouse, through which he could detect the shadow of her bra. She sat down on the bench beside his chair and took a sip of her coffee.

"What a beautiful day." she remarked, looking out around the yard.

"Yeah... it's going to get really hot later."

Katherine could feel her son's eyes on her as she drank her coffee. It made her nervous at first, then as she contemplated what he might be thinking she grew excited.

"So... are you going to answer my question?" he asked, breaking the overwhelming silence.

Katherine knew it was useless to try and pretend she did not know what he was referring to. She rested her mug on her thigh and looked over to him.

"Mike... honey, I think you know the answer already. You know it wouldn't be right." she told him, trying to sound calm.

"But I never asked if it was right," he countered "I asked what's the harm."

"You're going to be a great lawyer." Katherine laughed in spite of her discomfort.

Mike gave his mother a smug look, waiting. "Well..." he insisted, widening his eyes to prompt her.

"If I'm going to be perfectly honest, I'd have to say there's no harm per se," she admitted "I'm just worried about where it leads and the harm that can cause."

Mike thought until he grasped his mother's meaning. "But all I'm talking about is... you know... a quick feel -- like what Uncle Kevin does."

"Kevin knows he shouldn't do that." Katherine insisted.

"And you know you shouldn't let him." he countered, looking smug.

Katherine opened her mouth to speak, then realized she had no satisfactory answer. Her son was right, and judging from his expression, he knew it.

"Kevin is my brother. I've known him all my life. We grew up together." she said, hoping to say something, anything at all, to dissuade her son.

"So that makes it okay?" he asked.

"I makes it different."

Mike never answered. He knew that he had won the debate. But that was meaningless if his mother still would not yield to his advances. Rather than risking angering her, he kept quiet.

"Is there any pizza left?" she asked.

"Yes." he told her, puzzled by her abrupt change in conversation.

"In that case I think I'll have some. I can't argue with you on an empty stomach." Katherine sounded annoyed as she spoke and Mike realized he had pushed her too far. He watched her walk inside.

Katherine stood before the open fridge, staring at the pizza box for a while before taking it out. She placed it on the table and opened it, staring at the dried pepperoni. She put a slice on a plate then poured herself a glass of milk. Rather than going back outside she decided to eat in the kitchen alone, hoping to collect her thoughts.

When his mother never returned to the patio Mike decided to go inside in hopes of being able to say something to ease the tension. She barely looked up at him as he walked in. He leaned against the counter behind her, slightly to her left.

"I'm sorry, mom," he said "I didn't mean to make you mad. I guess I sort of got carried away, or something."

Katherine took a gulp of milk, washing her pizza down. She drew in a deep breath then turned and gave her son a smile. "I'm not mad, honey. But don't let that thing in your pants run your life."

Mike let out an embarrassed chuckle.

Katherine got up and went to the sink. She rinsed out her glass, then kissed her son's cheek.

"I love you." she said in a soft voice, her eyes on his.

"I love you too, mom."

Katherine and her son stared at one another, each hesitant to move. Then she eased her arms around his shoulders and leaned into him. Mike's cock reacted instantly and he slipped his arms around his mother's waist, careful to not let them slide too low.

"You're allowed to hug me." she breathed in his ear.

"I wanted to, but... I wasn't sure if it was okay... you know."

"I know," she replied "sometimes I wonder what's okay anymore."

"What do you mean?" he asked, leaning back to look into her eyes.

Katherine frowned for a moment as her eyes darted about. "I guess I have to be honest with myself first if I'm going to be honest with you."

"I'm confused." Mike told her as his brow furrowed.

Mike watched the changing expressions on his mother's face. She looked as though she was fighting an internal battle.

"So am I sometimes," she admitted "you're my son, but this -- you holding me -- feels so nice."

Mike pulled his mother to him, tight, until she was pressed to his chest. He ran his hand down her back to her ass. He held her firm flesh in his hand, then gave it a gentle squeeze.

"Does that feel nice too?" he asked.

"Yes." she whispered, clutching his shoulders tighter.

"I love how it feels." he whispered in her ear, gripping her ass harder.

Mike's hand wandered over his mother's round ass, caressing and giving it several squeezes that made her wiggle her hips slightly. He could feel her stomach rubbing over his hard cock, but was not concerned about her knowing how turned-on he was. He surmised that she felt the same. Her breathing had quickened and it bathed his neck. Mike brushed her hair aside and kissed her left cheek, softly, holding his wet lips to her for a moment. She leaned back and looked up at his face.

"You look cold." he remarked, looking down at her.

"Something like that." she replied with a teasing grin.

Katherine felt her pussy getting wetter as she watched her son's hand move towards her left breast. She knew she should stop him, but she did not want to. She licked her lips, then bit one as his hand cupped her. He squeezed her breast and ran his thumb over her nipple, making it thicken even more. She moaned.

It may have been a minute, or it may have been ten -- Katherine lost track of time while her son fondled her -- but after a while she grew fearful that they might not be able to stop what they had begun. She stepped back, still holding his arms.

"We should probably stop." she said, sounding very aroused.

"Okay." he agreed.

Mike removed his hands from his mother's body and moved away. He didn't bother trying to convince her to let him continue because he was sure that he would have other opportunities.

Katherine leaned back on the counter, giving her son a sly look as his eyes moved up and down her body. The look on his face excited her, but she knew she could not give in to it -- not yet anyway.

"That skirt looks nice on you." he remarked.

"Really? To tell you the truth, I wore it because I thought it was about the least sexy one I had. I thought that maybe the one I had on yesterday was the reason why you and Kevin kept grabbing my ass, since it was pretty short."

"It wasn't the skirt we noticed; it was that top you had on."

"I should have known," she exclaimed, grinning "Kevin's always liked my boobs."

"Always?" he questioned.

Katherine gave a guilty shrug. "Well, ever since I got them, or when he began to notice girls."

"Has he ever seen them?" Mike asked, feeling no need to be shy anymore.

Katherine chose her words carefully before answering. "A few times. He was always sneaking peeks down my tops."

Mike gave his mother an understanding nod, thinking back on the times he had done the same thing. "But I meant has he gotten a better look than that?"

"Sometimes." she whispered, looking away.

Katherine stared at the floor for a while, thinking, then cleared her throat.

"Okay... enough about Kevin and my boobs," she said "I'm going back outside in the sun."

The ringing of the phone interrupted Katherine's trip to the patio. She paused, listening for the direction of the sound, then recalled she had left the cordless phone in the kitchen.

Mike listened to his mother speaking, wondering who had called.

"I'm so sorry to hear that, Kev... yes, yes, I expected it too... of course you can..."

Once Mike realized that it was his uncle who had called he grew more curious as he listened to the serious tone of his mother's voice. He gave her a worried look.

"That was Kevin," Katherine said as she sat the phone down "he's coming over."

"Cool." Mike exclaimed.

Katherine was frowning as she stared at the wall. "Well, unfortunately it's because he's left Diane. He wanted to know if it was okay if he stayed here a while."

"Oh..." Mike's good mood vanished.

"You don't mind, do you?" she asked.

"No -- of course not. I love hanging out with Uncle Kevin."

"Okay. Good," Katherine replied, sounding relieved "but... uh... while he's here you'll have to make sure that you behave yourself when you're around me. Understand?"

Mike gave his mother a quick nod, then a smirk formed on his face. "Make sure you tell Uncle Kevin the same thing though."

"Smartass!" Katherine spat out, although obviously amused by her son's admonition. She also knew that her son was right. "I have to go get the guest room ready; he'll be here in a little while."

Mike listened to the sound of his mother hurrying up the stairs. He had mixed feelings about his uncle staying with them and felt compunctious about it. Despite how much he enjoyed being around his Uncle Kevin, his mother's reminder that he would have to abandon any attempts to feel her disappointed him, although he understood her

reasoning. Yet, he wondered how long his uncle could go without doing the same.

Creeping up the stairs as quietly as possible, Mike eyed the doorway to the guest room. When he entered the room his mother had her back to the door as she made the bed. She never heard him as he walked over the carpeted floor towards her. It was only when he was a foot or so away that she heard him. She turned, letting out a gasp of surprise as he clamped his hands on her hips, pulling her to him.

"Hey... I thought I told you that you had to behave!" she squealed.

"That was only when Uncle Kevin's here, but he's not here yet." he told her as he grabbed handfuls of her ass through her skirt.

Katherine braced herself against her son's shoulders as he pulled her to him. She let out a playful giggle as she squirmed, trying to free herself from his strong arms. Then with a strong shove Katherine pushed her son away. Her eyes narrowed and darkened.

"Look, Mike, I don't want to have to get angry, but this is no time for your naughty games. I have to get this room ready. Kevin will be here in a few minutes, and I don't want him to catch you with your hands under my skirt. Do you understand?"

Mike shrunk from his mother as he listened to her spit the words out. Her lips were tight and her voice had lost its soft, sexy tone. "Okay... yes." he said in a meek voice.

"Good. Now go down and wait for Kevin." she barked.

Katherine was still pointing towards the door when her son was on the first step.

Dejected and somewhat worried about his mother's temper Mike slumped down on a chair in the kitchen. About ten minutes later he heard the familiar rumble of his uncle's truck in the yard.

"Hey, Uncle Kevin." he said.

"Hey, how's it going?" Kevin asked, dropping a suitcase down in the middle of the kitchen.

"Okay." he replied, feeling awkward.

Kevin pulled out a chair and sat down. He stared out of the kitchen window.

A short time later Katherine entered the kitchen. She stopped, looking at how dejected her brother appeared. She frowned. "Hey, Kev, I got your room ready."

Katherine walked over to her brother and put her arm around his shoulder. "You stay as long as you want. Mike and I are always glad to see you."

"Yeah." Mike echoed, wanting his uncle to be sure they were sincere.

Kevin smiled at his sister and nephew. "Thanks, guys."

Katherine gave her brother's wide shoulders a squeeze and kissed his cheek. "Are you hungry?" she asked.

Kevin shook his head. "No, I'm fine, thanks."

"Then maybe some fresh air and sun will help," Katherine suggested "let's go outside."

Kevin didn't really care where he was but he was glad for some company. He followed his sister and Mike out on the patio. He sat down on the bench beside Katherine.

"If you don't want to talk about it, Kev, I understand," Katherine told her brother "but if you do, we're here for you."

"Thanks," Kevin said "maybe I will eventually. It's still sinking in."

Katherine gave her brother an understanding nod as she smiled. She gave his back a quick rub.

As evening approached Kevin's mood seemed to lighten. He began talking more, although not about his wife, but to see him more animated and smile comforted Mike and his mother.

"How about I make some sandwiches?" Katherine suggested later.

"That sounds good." Kevin replied, now smiling.

Mike tried to think of what he could do or say to cheer his uncle up. After a while he had an idea. "I think there's a couple of beers left," he told his uncle "would you want one?"

"Yeah, that sounds good." Kevin replied as he stood up.

"No, I'll get it." Mike blurted out, holding his palm up as he raised from his chair.

"I told Uncle Kevin I'd get him a beer." Mike told his mother as he walked in the kitchen.

Katherine was standing at the table making sandwiches. She looked up and smiled. "If nothing else, beer will cheer him up." she joked.

Mike brought a beer can from the fridge and stepped beside his mother. "If that doesn't work, you could always flash him. That would work for sure."

Katherine smirked. "Well, you can forget about me doing that." she said, although the idea excited her.

"How about this, then?" Mike suggested as he placed the can of beer down on the table. He quickly undid the top button of his mother's blouse and pulled it open some. He smiled as he looked at her upper chest.

"You're bad." Katherine said. Her clit swell at the thought of showing off for her brother while her son watched.

"Don't you like being bad, mom?"

"Sometimes." she admitted with a wily smile.

Mike undid another button on his mother's blouse, waiting for her reaction. She looked down, surveying her cleavage as he tugged her blouse open a bit. From her vantage point she could see some of her bra and knew that if she bent over her son and brother would probably see more.

"No, that's too much." she said, giving her son an apprehensive look.

"No, it's not. You look hot, mom. Let Uncle Kevin have a look; he deserves to have some fun."

Katherine smiled, feeling her pussy getting wet. "Yeah, and you won't mind either." she added.

Mike kissed his mother's cheek as he ran his hand up her back.

"You said that I had to behave while Uncle Kevin was here, but that doesn't mean that you have to. You can be as bad as you want, mom."

Katherine's cheeks felt warm as her eyes met her son's. His hand was on her lower back. She waited for it to roam lower.

"You're going to turn me into a slut." she said with a shy grin.

"Isn't it fun being a little slutty?" he countered.

Katherine smiled. "I don't know. I don't think I've ever been."

"Have you ever wanted to?" her son asked.

"Maybe." she admitted.

"Show Uncle Kevin your tits, mom." Mike whispered. He kissed his mother's cheek as his hand squeezed her left breast.

Katherine gasped as her son groped her, but never resisted. She was too overcome with arousal. Before she could reply he had gone back out on the patio.

"You guys help yourselves; I made plenty."

Katherine felt exposed as she leaned over to place the platter of sandwiches on the table in front of her brother and son. She felt her breasts sway and wondered how much of them they could see. She enjoyed the feeling though. I made her feel wanton. She picked up a half of a sandwich and sat down on the bench adjacent to Kevin and Mike.

For the rest of the evening Katherine forced herself to make conversation. Her pussy was wet and her clit throbbed as she thought about her son and brother staring at her cleavage. Every time they spoke to her she watched where their eyes went, waiting for them to drift into her open blouse. Eventually she was confused by lust and paranoia, wondering where the men were looking. When her brother decided that he was going to bed she was relieved.

Katherine stood up and stepped towards her brother. She gave him a brief hug.

"Have a good sleep, Kev. Things will get better, believe me." she said, trying to sound encouraging.

Kevin shrugged in disbelief, then smiled. "I guess they already have. I'm living with you."

Katherine hugged her brother. She let out a faint gasp when she felt his hand on her breast. She looked over to her son who was watching. Kevin squeezed her breast, running his hand over her hard nipple as he held her. Katherine clutched his shoulders, unable to resist. She let him fondle her.

"Night, Mike." Kevin said. He turned towards his nephew, still holding his sister's waist.

"Night, Uncle Kevin."

Mike followed his uncle inside with his eyes, then turned towards his mother. She seemed distressed. He got up and sat down beside his mother on the bench.

"You saw... he felt me..."

"So? He does that all the time." Mike countered.

"I know," Katherine sighed "I just worry about what sort of image as a mother I'm portraying."

Katherine turned towards her son. Her narrow eyes fixed on his. She was on the brink of tears.

"A sexy one!" Mike replied with a laugh.

Katherine frowned. "Yes... sexy... big tits... slutty."

Mike watched as his mother tilted her head down. Soon he realized she was crying. Her shoulders began to quake.

"No, mom, I never meant it like that." Mike eased his arm around his mother's shoulder.

"Isn't that what you wanted though -- for me to behave like a whore in front of you and Kevin?"

Mike felt overcome with guilt as he held his mother to him as she sobbed.

"No, mom, I just wanted you to have some fun," he said "you know, show some skin and be naughty."

"I don't want you to think badly of me, Kevin." she gasped, wiping her eyes.

"I don't. I love you, mom!"

"But what about when I'm showing my tits to you and Kevin and letting him feel them?"

Mike sighed. "I like that, honestly, mom. But only if you want to though."

Katherine raised her wet eyes to her son. She opened her mouth, then closed it.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

"Yes... a little." she admitted, then frowned.

"You look sexy." Mike told his mother.

"Not slutty?" she asked.

"No, of course not!"

Katherine wiped her eyes and gave her son a genuine smile. "I feel sexy, but I can't help but feel that you and Kevin think I look like a skank."

Mike shook his head. "No. I don't, and I'm sure Uncle Kevin doesn't either."

Katherine smiled and kissed her son's cheek. "Thanks." she said.

"I mean it, mom." He clasped her shoulders as he looked her in her eyes.

"Really? I don't look like a..."

"Stop it, mom," Mike interrupted "you look hot as hell."

Katherine smiled. "I guess I'll have to believe you eventually."

"Yes, and it's past time." her son asserted.

"So, now what?"

"Like how?" she asked.

"Like how you did tonight." her son suggested.

"Okay." she agreed, still somewhat reluctant.

Mike stood up and tugged at his mother's slim wrist. She rose from the wooden bench beside him. He brought her inside, guiding her by her arm.

"Have a good night." Katherine whispered to her son at the foot of the stairs.

Mike smiled and followed behind his mother.

As Katherine turned the doorknob to her bedroom she could still feel her son's presence behind her. He followed her inside.

"You've got your own room." she gasped, trying to sound playful, although startled.

Mike never answered. Instead, he stepped closer as his mother and backed her towards her bed. He reached towards her curved hips.

"Feel like being slutty, mom." he asked as he tugged at her hips.

Katherine gasped as she looked down to her son's hands on her. "No.. I... uh..."

Mike pushed on his mother's hips, backing her up towards her bed. She moved, never resisting him. Eventually she felt her legs pressed against her bed. She stopped.

"Did Uncle Kevin see your tits tonight?" Kevin asked.

Katherine nodded, ashamed by her admission.

Mike reached up and tugged at his mother's blouse. He tugged the rest of the buttons open, then pulled it from inside her skirt. Mike pushed his mother back until she fell on her bed. Her blouse was open and he could see her breasts rise and fall inside her bra. He looked down at her panties. They were white, pulled tight over her wet lips. He pulled them down, uncovering her dark hair and wet folds. Katherine moaned as she looked down at her exposed body.

"Has Uncle Kevin ever seen your pussy?" he asked.

Katherine smiled. She looked down, feeling her clit throb.

"Has he ever touched it?" Kevin asked, running his hand up his mother's left thigh.

"Honey," she said "you ask too many questions.'

Mike inched his hand up the inside of his mother's open thigh. He stared at her wet lips, visible through the patch of her dark hair.

"Can I touch it?" he asked, looking down at her.

"No." she said, sounding scared.

Katherine's eyes were wide as she looked up at her son. She could see the bulge in his jeans as he stood over her. When his hand unbuttoned them, then pulled the zipper down she stared wide-eyed. She could see the outline of his hard cock through his boxers as he pulled his jeans down towards his knees. She watched as he slid his boxers down over his hips. His hard cock rose from his body, pointing towards her.

"You're so... thick." Katherine remarked as she looked up at her son. His heavy balls swayed as he stood above her.

"Bigger than dad?" he asked.

Katherine nodded. "Much." she whispered.

Katherine looked up at her son, hesitant to answer. "A little." she whispered a few moments later.

Mike looked down at his mother below him. She was clutching the sheet beneath her with her fists, looking up at his twitching cock. Her mouth was open and he wanted to push his shaft between her moist lips, but there was another spot that beckoned. He looked down between her parted thighs.

"I bet you're really tight." he said, looking down at her dewy lips.

Katherine smiled. "I don't know." she said, sounding insecure.

Mike placed his hands under his mother's knees. He lifted them up, parting her thighs so her wet lips spread open. He stared at her moist folds.

"Who was the last guy who knew how tight you are?" he asked.

"Kevin." she whispered.

Mike pushed his mother's thighs back as he lowered himself on her. He heard her moan as the head of his cock pushed between her wet lips. He moaned too, pushing deeper. He pressed down on her body as he began thrusting his hips. Slowly at first, then faster as he heard her moan.

"You're so tight, mom." Mike groaned, feeling his cock sink deeper.

Mike lay atop his mother, feeling her cushiony body on his as he plunged his cock deep in her tight, wet pussy. He groaned as he thrust his hips harder, pushing his shaft into her. His mother's breasts shook as he pounded his cock into her. He looked down to her dark nipples pointing up towards him as he clutched her curved hips.

"You feel so good, mom." he said in a breathy voice.

"Don't stop, honey." she moaned, her eyes clamped shut.

Mike felt himself getting close. he pulled his shaft from his mother's tight, wet pussy. It glistened with her juice. Mike began stroking it, watching her look up at him. He reached down and began rubbing her clit as his fist moved up and down over his cock.

"Oh god... Mike." Katherine cried out, pushing her hips up.

Mike felt his body grow rigid and his cock thicken. Seconds later he shot a stream of cum over his mother's stomach. He moaned as another stream splashed over her breasts. It ran down them towards her hard nipples. Mike continued to milk his cock, watching as the last drop of his hot seed ran towards his mother's stomach.

"That was amazing." Mike gasped as he collapsed beside his mother.

"Was I okay? I mean, did I feel okay." she asked as she turned towards him, looking nervous

"You were wonderful." he replied, then kissed her rosy cheek.

Katherine smiled. "It's been a long time."

"Then you'll just have to practice," her son teased "maybe Uncle Kevin will help."

World's Greatest Mom

I was very happy for my mother when I found out that Cindy was coming to visit. It was late June. I had finished school for the year and had not found a summer job yet -- although I was in no hurry to accomplish that. Mom was still getting over her divorce from my father almost a year ago and she desperately needed to have some fun. I had tried my best to bring her out of the doldrums that she was in, but I guess there's only so much an eighteen year-old son can do. I was hoping that a week with Cindy was what she needed to rejuvenate herself.

Mom and Cindy met when they were both nineteen and taking their nursing degrees. After mom graduated she got a job here in Richmond Hills and married my father soon after, mostly because she was pregnant with me. Cindy moved to Cleveland and eventually married as well. Now both were divorced with children and in their early forties. A reunion was probably what they both needed at this stage of their lives.

Mom had booked vacation time from her nursing job in preparation for Cindy's visit. She spent a good deal of time cleaning the house and planning activities for her and Cindy. Already I had noticed a change for the better in mom, even before Cindy had arrived. She seemed happier than she had in many months. It made me very glad. Even as she maneuvered about, cleaning and tidying the house, mom seemed more lithe and carefree. Not only did it gladden me; it also excited me just watching her body move.

I had always considered my mother to be very pretty. Her blue eyes had a constant sparkle to them and her raven hair hung down over her shoulders, framing her pretty oval face. In addition to her lovely face, her body was shapely and firm. Occasionally she would lament that she needed to loose weight, diet, or exercise. I was always careful to dissuade her without seeming overly interested in how she looked. Her hips had a graceful curve and her ass, although she considered it too plump, appeared firm and well-proportioned to her slender frame. Occasionally when I noticed her bend over wild thoughts of clutching her hips in my hands and pulling her to me, or giving her backside a firm slap filled my mind. Her breasts were definitely her best feature though, as far as I was concerned. They were outstanding, so-to-speak. Often I could not help but notice this fact when my mother wore sweaters or dresses that emphasized just how well-endowed she was up top.

Mom was forty-four, but most anyone would have guessed her age to be several years younger. Many times when she and I were out shopping or doing other things I noticed guys of all ages (some as young as me) turn their heads as she passed by -- although she was oblivious to their admiration. Thankfully she was also blind to my taboo thoughts and feelings as well. I always made sure the occasional hugs, accompanied by a kiss on the cheek, that I gave her were never more than what she would consider proper coming from her son. I, like most every male within eyesight of mom, always knew how desirable she was. Looking at her was often accompanied by a surge of arousal and lust. These feelings became stronger over time, until they grew into a longing for my mother. Once she left my father I entertained thoughts that I might even replace him in some aspects of her life, although ones forbidden by convention.

The night before we were to pick Cindy up at the airport I don't think mom slept at all due to excitement. As I drove her to the airport the next afternoon she reminisced almost constantly about her school days with Cindy. By the time we arrived at the airport I felt as though I knew Cindy as well as mom did.

I stood beside my mother while she scanned the faces of people arriving through Gate 52 at the airport. Once she spied Cindy she waved manically and shouted out to her. Heads turned and I felt embarrassed.

Although I had seen a few photos of Cindy that she had emailed mom and heard plenty about her, I was surprised by how pretty she was. She was slightly shorter than me, about five-foot four, slim, with green eyes and honey-blond hair. As she hurried towards mom I noticed her breasts jiggle from beneath her blouse. She was wearing tight jeans that showed off her hips and ass nicely. I moved my eyes up and down her body.

"Cindy, this is my son, Colin," mom said, clutching my arm and sounding proud.

Cindy offered her hand to me and I shook it. "Nice to finally meet you, Colin. I've heard so much about you," she said. "Although you never told me how handsome he is, Becky. You never introduced me to any of the good-looking guys you met." Her eyes shifted towards mom and she gave her a sly grin.

"Watch out for her, Colin. She's a cougar," mom cautioned, then laughed.

Going home I drove as fast as I dared because I wanted to get home as soon as possible and I was sure mom and Cindy felt the same. The trip home took fifteen minutes less than the trip there.

"What a lovely house, Becky," Cindy exclaimed as she followed me inside, while I carried her suitcase and carry-on bag.

"I got it as part of the divorce settlement," mom explained. "I had a good lawyer who searched-out Michael's secret bank accounts in The Cayman Islands." She flashed Cindy a predatory grin, then chortled.

"Well, good for you!" her friend replied.

I placed Cindy's suitcase and carry-on bag beside the sofa and sat down. Across the living room she and my mom were still talking. Occasionally I shifted my eyes towards them, surveying Cindy's shape and pretty face. Soon I felt myself becoming turned-on by her. Although she was not quite as pretty or shapely as mom, she was certainly very attractive. My cheeks began to flush and I went to the kitchen for a glass of Pepsi.

By the time I had almost finished my pop mom was calling to me to bring Cindy's luggage upstairs and show her to her room. My arousal had waned enough by then that I felt comfortable being around Cindy.

Cindy followed me upstairs, then into the spare bedroom. I put her suitcase and carry-on by the bed, then turned towards her, feeling awkward.

"Thanks so much, Colin. I hope that I don't inconvenience you and Becky while I'm here."

"No, not at all," I assured her. "I'm glad you've come to visit. It will do mom a lot of good."

I was about to elaborate when I saw mom appear in the doorway. She entered the bedroom. I surmised that she was either trying to be a proper hostess, or never trusted Cindy to be alone with me. My bet would have been on the latter.

"The room's kind of small. I hope you find it comfortable. If you need anything, let me know," mom said.

"Thanks. I'll be just fine though," she replied, then smiled as she glanced towards her suitcase. "Wait till you see what I brought with me."

Cindy unzipped her suitcase and sifted through clothes. She pulled a pink photo album from it and held it up, giving mom a wide smile. "Photos from when we were in school!"

"I bet you haven't seen many photos of your mom when she was around your age," Cindy said to me.

I shook my head and stood beside my mother, peering over Cindy's shoulder at the photographs.

"At least I used to be pretty," mom sighed as she looked at a photo of herself.

"Used to be? Hell, Becky, you look as great as you did back then! Maybe better." Cindy looked at her, running her eyes up and down her body. "How do you stay in such great shape? I wish my body looked half as good as yours does. I was always so envious of your big tits. They still look as nice as they did twenty years ago too." She gave a blatant stare down towards mom's chest.

Mom let out a gasp and blushed. Her blue eyes met mine as she gave me a mortified look. I managed to keep my composure, but in all honesty I wanted to at least smile, if not laugh aloud. The fact of the matter was that I could easily understand Cindy's envy.

"Cindy, not in front of Colin. Please." Mom's voice was soft but firm as her eyes locked on her friend's.

"Come on, Becky. Relax. It's not like he doesn't already know that you're stacked."

"He's my son." Mom's jaw was clenched as she glared at Cindy. I feared that she wanted to strike her.

"He's also a normal teenage guy and you're a very attractive woman, Becky. I bet he thinks they're as nice as I do." Cindy thought she was trying to diffuse the situation, but was only making it much worse.

"You're incorrigible." Mom stormed out of the room and down the stairs.

Cindy gave me a worried look. "I better go talk to her," she said.

"No. Give her some time," I advised. "Once you've finished unpacking she should have cooled-off. I'll go talk to her."

"Thanks, Colin. I was only half-joking. I guess your mom doesn't appreciate my sense of humor like she used to," she said with regret.

"It's been a rough year or so for her. She'll be okay though."

Mom was in the kitchen peeling potatoes for supper. I could tell by her jerky movements that she was burning off nervous energy and anger. I sat down at the table beside where she was standing but said nothing. I waited for her to initiate a conversation.

"Just like she was twenty years ago, right?"

Mom looked at me and nodded. "Exactly. But I'm not the same person I was then. She doesn't seem to realize that I've changed. I'm an adult. A mother."

"Judging from what she said, she doesn't think you've changed. She thinks you look as great as ever." I knew my comment was a risky one at best. Either mom would see the humor in it, or stab me with the paring knife in her hand. I was relieved when she smiled.

"Don't you start too." she said, then laughed.

"You know Cindy better than me, but I'd say you should try not to take offense to what she says about you. She means it all as compliments, Mom. You haven't seen her in years and she's only here for a week. Who knows when you'll see her again," I said.

"I know. You're right. Like she said: I should relax," she conceded. A smile had returned to her face. I was relieved and pleased with my efforts as a mediator.

I was glad when I heard Cindy coming down the stairs because I was hoping she and mom would resolve their differences, and quickly.

Cindy entered the kitchen, looking sheepish. "Can I help you with anything, Becky?" she asked, sounding tentative.

"There's not much left to do. The chicken's in the oven; the broccoli's steaming. I'm about to put the potatoes on, but if you wanted to set the table, that would be a help." Mom smiled at her friend, but it seemed forced and uncomfortable.

I left the kitchen and went to watch television so mom and Cindy could be alone to talk. While they waited for the chicken to finish cooking they sat at the table together, talking and laughing. It was natural and relaxed. I was happy to hear it.

That evening mom and Cindy sat on the couch talking, looking at photos and recalling years gone by. My attention was divided between the television and their conversations. Mom had opened a bottle of white wine, which helped to make them both more animated.

I was surprised when Cindy decided to go to bed shortly before eleven. I had expected her to stay up later. But traveling, coupled with the wine, had probably tired her. She and mom embraced, then Cindy made her way up to the spare room. I turned the television down a little, fearing it might bother Cindy if she heard it from upstairs.

"I'm glad you guys are getting along again." I told mom after Cindy had left us alone.

She nodded. "So am I. But, we've argued before and made up and we probably will again," she said with a laugh.

"I guess she'll just have to be more careful about paying you compliments from now on." I joked.

"We sorted that out," she said.

"What did she say?" I asked.

"Come over here. I don't want her to hear us talking about her." Mom moved to one side of the couch and gestured for me to join her.

I walked over to the couch and sat down beside my mother. She was wearing a thin burgundy cardigan. It hugged her contours, emphasizing the size and shape of her bustline. The top two buttons were undone, leaving a bit of her upper chest bare. I wished more were left unfastened. I cast my eyes down briefly over the outlines of her breasts, then up to her face.

"Cindy apologized for what she said," mom said, then gave me a sly smile. "Well, sort of."

"Sort of?" I asked.

"She still says I'm stacked." Mom smiled, as though she enjoyed using the bawdy expression to describe herself -- although it was quite unlike her.

"She could say worse things about you," I told her.

"I know. It was just that she said it in front of you though." Mom's voice faded out and she grew shy.

"So?" I countered with a shrug.

"So it embarrassed me for her to talk about me like that around you."

"It's not like I don't know that you're... attractive," I explained, coaching my words.

A smirk appeared on mom's face. "You were going to say 'stacked', weren't you?" she said, seeming a little shocked.

I gave her a sly grin.

"You're as bad as Cindy," she said, rolling her eyes. "Maybe you should go back with her at the end of her visit."

"No way," I exclaimed. "I'm staying with you."

"Why -- because I'm stacked?" Her glimmering eyes narrowed and met mine as she smiled. She gave me a mischievous grin.

For the first time in my life my mother gave me a flirtatious look, or at least I was sure of it. I had never seen her look at me that way ever before, much less make an inappropriate comment like she just had. I concluded that it must have been the effect of the wine she had drunk. Regardless, I was emboldened by it and felt my cock begin to stiffen.

"No, because I love you, Mom," I replied.

Mom put her glass of wine on the coffee table, then leaned into me. She put her arm around my shoulders and kissed my cheek. "I love you too," she said. "I don't know what I'd do without you, Colin. This past year has been so hard. You're the only one I can count on."

I held mom against me and kissed her cheek. The material of her cardigan felt soft as I slid my hand up her back. I brushed her raven hair back over her shoulder. It felt as soft as silk. She shifted a bit and I felt her breasts rub over my chest. I had hugged my mother many times, but this was the first time that we had embraced for a prolonged period of time. It was wonderful.

About ten minutes later I realized that mom was falling asleep. I called to her softly to wake her. She looked up at me through half-closed eyes and smiled.

"I should get to bed," she said in a sleepy voice.

I stood up and took hold of her hand, easing her to her feet. As she stood up I saw that another button on her cardigan had come undone, probably as she lay against me and shifted about. Now I could see the tops of her breasts rising from her bra, which was also peeking from the edges of her cardigan. She leaned against me and we hugged.

"I guess Cindy has two things to envy me for now," she said, sounding smug.

"What?" I asked, curious as to what she meant.

"Well... my breasts -- you already know that -- and that I got to fall asleep in your arms tonight," she explained.

"Me?" My eyes widened in surprise by her remark.

"Haven't you noticed how she looks at you?"

"No," I said.

"She wants you," mom asserted, sounding protective.

"I don't know about that, but if you're right, then that's three things."

"Three?" she said, looking confused.

"Your breasts count as two." I told her, taking a quick glance down towards them.

Mom laughed and I felt her rock against me. She peered down and from her reaction I could tell that she noticed the third button that was undone. "When did this come undone?" she asked, giving her cardigan a slight tug for emphasis.

"While you were sleeping, I guess," I said with a shrug. "It's probably good you never slept longer or more might have popped open," I said with a laugh.

Mom gave me a demure look, then shrugged. "I guess it doesn't matter since I'm on my way to bed anyway. Have a good night, Honey." She kissed my cheek before going upstairs.

###

The next morning I awoke to the sounds of laughter and chatter coming from downstairs. I knew that mom and Cindy were already up. I smiled as I listened to mom's laugh. It echoed through the house and made me happy. It was comforting. It had been longer than I could remember since I'd heard her laugh like that. After having a quick shower and getting dressed I went downstairs.

Mom and Cindy had already finished breakfast and were at the kitchen table drinking coffee. They greeted me with warm smiles and asked if I'd slept well. I answered as I poured myself a bowl of cereal.

Although I tried not to be obvious about where my attention was, I noticed that mom was still wearing her pajamas. They were pale blue and made from a thin cotton. The top part of them had a low V-shaped collar that left a small part of her upper chest exposed. Cindy had on a simple light pink blouse and charcoal slacks. She looked pretty and well-rested.

I joined them at the table and began eating. One thing about being around my mother and Cindy was that I had to make little effort at conversation. After being apart for so long they had a lot to catch up on and they seemed to always be talking.

"So, what are your plans for today?" I asked my mother.

"Nothing definite," she said. "I was thinking I might show Cindy around town or catch a movie. But, as you can see, I'm not even dressed yet, so we might just be lazy for the rest of the day."

I nodded as I pushed another spoonful of cereal in my mouth. "Being lazy sounds good," I said.

pajama top and there was a more noticeable sway to her hips as she stepped. She seemed more blithe than she had in years. It was a welcome change and one that made her even sexier than usual.

Cindy observed my mother as she walked back towards the table and smiled. "Those pajamas look cute on you, Becky," she said.

"Thanks," mom replied. She sat back down. She took a sip from her mug, looking very content.

"I wish I had have known it was Pajama Party Day so I could have skipped getting dressed too," Cindy said, smiling at mom.

"This isn't a clothing optional resort," mom teased. "I thought you always slept naked."

My pulse quickened at mom's comment, but I pretended not to notice.

"Hey, I'm wearing more than you are," Cindy shot back. "At least I put a bra on. You look like you've got two puppies wrestling inside your top when you walk."

I expected my mother to be upset by Cindy's comment, but she laughed it off. "That's because I'm stacked," mom bragged. She gave Cindy a smug grin, then giggled. She sounded proud at her boast. It was unlike her, but arousing to hear.

I had never spent time around them before so I did not know if this sort of banter was common between by mother and Cindy, but I enjoyed it, especially the lewd undertones. I listened, attempting to not seem too interested while I ate my cereal.

Once I had finished eating I poured myself a mug of coffee. Mom had the Entertainment section of the paper spread out and was checking the movie listings. Cindy had gotten up to look over her shoulder at them.

"This looks good," mom said, pointing with her finger.

Cindy wrinkled her nose and shook her head. "I don't like action movies and Harrison Ford is too old now. How about that one?" she suggested.

"Maybe. It looks like it's probably funny. Adam Sandler is hilarious," mom said.

"So, is there a theatre in town where you can wear your pajamas?" Cindy asked as her eyes danced over mom.

"I could start a new fashion trend," mom giggled with a shrug.

"It's not fair. You always look better than me when we go out somewhere," Cindy said with a pout. "Shit, you just rolled out of bed in your PJs and you look hot. What's your secret, Becky?"

Mom shrugged. "Sometimes less is more," she opined.

"Like no bra," Cindy quipped.

Mom laughed at her friend's remark. "I always wear a bra, no matter where I go," she said. "Anyway, you're pretty, Cindy." Mom sounded sincere as she spoke.

Cindy gave a shrug, seeming unconvinced.

"Colin, don't you think Cindy's pretty?" Mom turned to me, sounding earnest about wanting my honest opinion.

"Yes, of course," I said with an emphatic nod.

"See..." mom said, looking up at her.

"Yeah, well, I still wish I had these." Cindy reached down and gave mom's breasts a hard squeeze, cupping them in her hands and pinching her nipples.

Mom gasped and squealed as she wrestled Cindy's hands from her breasts. They shook noticeably beneath her top as mom struggled and twisted her shoulders.

I tilted my head down, trying to hide a grin, as well as my excitement over having seen mom's friend grope her. My cock was throbbing.

"Damnit, Cindy, be gentle!" mom gasped, suppressing a smile.

Cindy wasn't bothering to hide her delight at what she had done. She was laughing as she stared at mom's stiff nipples, now rising out at her top. Covered by only the thin cotton top, they looked thicker and longer than I had ever noticed them being before. I pushed myself closer to the table to conceal the bulge in my jeans.

"You're nasty, Cindy," mom said.

"Don't make me laugh, Becky. I have to get rid of that second cup of coffee. I'll be right back," she said, then dashed off towards the downstairs bathroom.

I waited until Cindy was a safe distance away before I said anything. "Are you okay with all of this?" I asked my mother.

"Yeah... sure. I feel like being a little naughty. This is what it was like with us years ago. But she's being worse than usual because you're here too. Does it make you feel uncomfortable, Honey?" she asked. Her voice took on a tone of worry.

"As long as she doesn't get too carried away, I'm fine with it," she said.

I heard Cindy returning. I turned my head towards the left as I listened to her footsteps. I changed the subject to mom's plans for the day.

As it turned out, mom and Cindy decided to abandon the idea of seeing a movie, mostly because they could not agree on which one to see. Mom went up and had a quick shower and changed while Cindy and I talked and she perused the newspaper.

When mom rejoined us some time later it was all I could do to appear aloof to how she looked. Her ebony hair was pinned back on either side, emphasizing her face and bright eyes. She had put on some lip gloss, which made her full lips look enticing. She looked so sexy. But it was the dress she wore that caught my attention.

The dress was light grey, sleeveless, with a high collar and deep V-neck. A row of black buttons ran down the front to the hem, which came down just above her knees. She looked stunning in it. I had only seen her wear it on one occasion, but it had left a vivid impression on me. The dress had been a birthday gift from mom's sister shortly after mom and dad separated. Aunt Kelli thought that it would help mom to feel good about how she looked and make her regain some of the confidence that the end of her marriage had shattered. Mom wore the dress once, then concluded that it was too revealing. She said felt uncomfortable in it because the hem was too short the the neckline too plunging. I would have been thrilled if she had have worn it every day, but it was the last time I saw it -- until she walked in to the kitchen with it on that morning.

"Wow, nice dress, Becky!" Cindy exclaimed, watching her pad towards us.

"I hardly ever wear it," mom lied. "But it's time I get my summer clothes out since the weather's so nice."

Mom obviously wanted to look her best around Becky, but for a minute I allowed myself to believe that she had also made the effort for my benefit too, then convinced myself that my libido was making me delusional.

When mom sat down and crossed her legs I noticed that she had left the bottom few buttons of her dress undone. It separated and slid from her, exposing her right thigh. I ran my eyes up her leg as my heart raced. Her skin was smooth as glass and looked soft. I imagined running my hand over it, coaxing her to part her legs for me.

"So, how about I take you guys out to dinner tonight?" Cindy offered.

"Oh.. no, thanks, Cindy," mom said. "That's awfully kind, but you don't have to do that -- unless my cooking is that bad."

Cindy laughed. "No, it's great; I don't know how you stay so thin. But I want to. I don't want you have to cook for me every night, Becky. And it will give us a chance to go out around town."

"Well, thanks. I really appreciate it," mom said and smiled.

"Yes, thanks, Cindy!" I chimed-in.

"Good. You choose a place -- somewhere nice -- and we'll go," Cindy said. "It's been a long time since I've eaten-out, so it will be a treat for me too."

"Okay, thanks. But what about lunch? Do you want something now?" mom offered.

Cindy thought for a moment. "I see you have bagels. Maybe I'll have one. I'm trying to loose weight, so I don't want to eat too much." She got up and went to the cupboard.

When Cindy returned to the table with her bagel she stopped, looking down at mom over her left shoulder. She reached down and tugged the front of mom's dress away from her on the left side. From my vantage point I could easily see inside the dress a ways. Mom was wearing a white bra that appeared a size too small for her. I could see a good portion of her left breast, pushed up into a firm mound.

"So you decided to put a bra on after all," Cindy teased.

Mom gasped and clamped her hand down atop Cindy's. "Hey, careful! This dress already barely covers them as it is," she said, although not upset.

Cindy gave me a sly grin as she stood behind mom. I grew nervous, fearing she had recognized the hungry look in my eyes as I looked at my mother's exposed breast. I averted her piercing eyes and discerning grin. She sat back down across from mom and began eating her bagel.

That afternoon mom showed Cindy some of her own photo albums. They spent the time talking and watching Oprah. Later, mom searched the Yellow Pages, then called to make reservations at a restaurant downtown.

"I'll have to get ready to go in a while," mom said, looking at her watch.

"Get ready? What's wrong with what you have on? That dress looks great on you," Cindy said, looking her up and down.

Mom shook her head, seeming nervous. "No, I want to wear something that covers my arms and doesn't look like I'm ready for the beach."

Cindy laughed. "I've got a dress that would look great on you. You can wear that," she said.

"I don't know. I've got plenty of dresses," mom said, sounding more than reluctant.

"Trust me, Becky. At least try it on. You don't have to wear it if you don't want to."

Mom relented. "Okay, I'll try it on," she said.

"Great. You'll like it; I promise," Cindy said. "Let's go."

"Colin, you can't wear jeans and a t-shirt. Go find pants and a shirt and tie," mom said as Cindy tugged her away.

I nodded, feeling annoyed that mom felt as though she had to advise me about proper dress at a restaurant.

A short time later I went up to my room to change. I could hear my mom and Cindy talking in the spare room. As I passed by the doorway I realized that the door was ajar by about a foot. I paused a moment. Mom had on a different dress than earlier. Her back was to the door. Cindy was in front of mom, facing the door. She glanced up and saw me, then smiled.

"So, what do you think, Colin?" Cindy asked.

Before I realized what she was referring to, Cindy spun mom around to face me. Mom had a bewildered look on her face for a moment as our eyes met. The dress she wore was navy blue with white pinstripes. It had long sleeves and covered her knees. It was rather plain, although elegant. It had a scooped neckline and a row of buttons running down to the pleated waist. But Mom had not buttoned the dress up yet. Immediately I noticed that she was braless. In the gaping front of the dress I could see mom's bare torso down to her navel. Her breasts were

partially exposed at the center of her chest, allowing me to see their curves and how they sloped down without a bra to support them. They looked heavy and firm, with a nice rounded shape. On her left one, part way down, was a purple bruise -- the result of Cindy having grabbed her that morning.

"Oh my god, Cindy!" mom exclaimed. She crossed her arms over her chest.

Cindy's hands were on mom's shoulders and she had a delighted expression on her face. Her eyes were locked on mine as I ogled my mother. Mom's forearm had pushed the left half of the dress aside. Now I could see her left nipple protruding just below her arm. It was mahogany-colored and thick, with a large, lighter ring circling it. My wide eyes locked on it.

"I just wanted his opinion on the dress," Cindy said, almost whispering into mom's ear, trying to calm her.

"Well, wait till I have it on though," mom spat out, twisting her head to glare at Cindy.

"I'm going to go get dressed," I mumbled and walked away.

My cock was as hard as a spike. I closed my bedroom door behind me and rubbed it through my jeans. I needed to jerk off, but I did not have time and feared getting caught. I changed in to dress pants, a shirt and

tie, then went to the bathroom to shave. By the time I was doing that mom and Cindy had already returned downstairs.

Mom was sullen when I joined her and Cindy in the living room. She was sitting across from Cindy in a chair, her arms folded on her lap. I dared not meet her eyes as I stood beside the couch.

"Let's go; I'm getting hungry," Cindy said as she stood up.

Looking dour, mom followed us to the door. She had not changed out of the dress, which both surprised and excited me. It was a little tight on her, mostly in the chest, but that made it more appealing to me.

I could tell that Cindy did not feel even the slightest bit of compunction for what she had done upstairs. In fact, I was certain she was almost as happy about it as I was. She caught my eye as we walked to the door and gave me a sneaky smile, then winked. I was sure what it implied, but was alarmed by the thought that she had deduced just what my true feelings for my mother were.

I sat in the back seat of mom's car on the trip to the restaurant. It was the polite thing to do since Cindy was a guest, but it also meant I could avoid mom just that much.

By the time we had ordered our food mom's mood seemed to have lightened. She became talkative and I noticed that Cindy was less meek around her. The change in mom's mood lifted my spirits too. Previously, I had no appetite and would have been just as contented to

have stayed home and surfed the Internet. Now I was glad that we had gone out.

While we were waiting for our desserts to be brought to us mom announced that she was going to the washroom. She excused herself, leaving me alone with Cindy. I grew tense and craned my head about the restaurant, trying to avoid any conversation with Cindy because I was convinced I knew what she was thinking. When she spoke I felt a rush of unease fill me.

"So, did you enjoy the show?" she asked, leaning closer.

"What?" I asked, jerking my head back towards her, trying to seem perplexed.

"Colin, I have a son who's a few years older than you and I've lived a full life. I know when a man's interested. Upstairs, in my room, I wanted you to get a chance to see just how good your mother looks," she said.

"I know she's pretty," I said, although I doubted that would satisfy her.

Cindy smiled and shook her head. She gave my hand a gentle squeeze, then eased her hand away. Her eyes were on mine. They had a sympathetic look to them. "Yesterday, when she had those pajamas on, it was then that I was sure of your feelings for her -- although I suspected it before that," she said.

My flushed cheeks felt like they were on fire. I could feel my hand tremble and my brow was growing damp. I wanted to say something to try to convince her that she was mistaken, but knew it was futile. Instead, I gave her a guilty shrug.

"Like I said, I have a son. You can assume that means whatever you want, but I'm not talking to you like this to try to upset you or threaten you, Colin. I just want you and Becky to be happy. I know she loves you very much and needs you even more now that your dad's gone."

"I know," I said.

"I managed to talk her into not wearing a bra tonight. It wasn't easy though." She paused and laughed. "To be completely honest, I think she's hot too. Haven't you noticed how I'm always trying to touch her?"

"Yeah..." I said, grinning.

"Her breasts feel fantastic. I hope you get to find out for yourself someday -- if you haven't already." She winked at me.

Cindy looked over my shoulder and leaned back in her seat, looking nervous. "She's coming back, but tonight's going to be another early night for me so you can spend some time alone with her," she said, then stared towards mom as she approached. "Shit, she looks sexy in that dress. Check out how hard her nipples are. She should never wear a bra. Her tits look so nice when they bounce like that."

Cindy's lewd comments about mom turned me on, but I did my best to hide it. I leaned back in my seat, waiting for mom. She sat back down and I noticed how her breasts shifted as she leaned over. Her nipples pushed out at the front of the dress and I noticed Cindy's eyes on them.

I ate my dessert quickly, hoping it would mean that we would return home sooner. I was disappointed when mom and Cindy ordered coffee and spent some more time talking. My only consolation was that they were getting along well.

Once we arrived back home I took off my tie and tossed it on a chair in the living room. I sat down and turned the television on. Mom and Cindy took their usual seats on the couch.

"What happened to that wine you had last night, Becky?" Cindy asked.

"I finished it after you went to bed," mom said. "But I have more."

Mom went to the kitchen and opened the fridge. I watched her from the corner of my eye as she returned with the wine and glasses. I was thankful for Cindy having convinced her to not wear a bra that evening.

I watched television, but was barely aware of what was on. Mom and Cindy chatted and drank their wine. I added little to the conversation, but when I did it gave me an excuse to look at mom. The wine seemed to have relaxed her. She was leaning back on the couch with her legs crossed. Her shoes were on the floor by the coffee table.

By the time it was getting close to ten-thirty I grew impatient for Cindy to go to bed. I went to use the washroom, partially to break the monotony, then returned to the living room. Mom looked so sexy on the couch, but I forced myself to not let my eyes linger. About forty-five minutes later Cindy yawned and stretched. I was encouraged.

"Geez, that big meal and the wine really made me sleepy. I should probably get to bed now so you guys don't have to carry me up there later," Cindy said, looking at her watch.

"Thanks again for taking us out to dinner, Cindy. It was wonderful, and not having to cook was a bonus," mom said.

"Yes, thanks a lot, Cindy," I said, hoping she would understand exactly what I meant when I smiled.

"You're both very welcome," she said. "It was the least I could do since you're letting me stay here. Next time I want both of you to come to Cleveland."

"And thanks for letting me wear this dress," mom added. "I'm glad you talked me into it."

"Why don't you keep it? It looks a lot better on you than it ever looked on me." Cindy remarked, looking mom over.

"Oh, no, I couldn't, Cindy." mom said, although she sounded tempted by the offer.

"Yes, please, keep it, Becky. Just don't ask for any of my bras -- they're way too small for you." Cindy let out a laugh and gave mom's left breast a playful squeeze.

Mom laughed, but, surprisingly, never recoiled from Cindy's hand. She looked my way and smiled at me. I lowered my head, knowing that Cindy had enjoyed feeling mom as much as I would have.

"Was that the price for you buying me dinner, or the dress?" mom asked and smiled.

"Both. And congratulations for being brave enough to not wear a bra with it. You looked hot." Cindy said.

Mom was blushing as she looked at me, then back to Cindy.

Once Cindy had gone upstairs I began looking at her photo album, which she had left on the coffee table. Amongst the pictures I found one of mom and dad on a beach that I had never seen before. They looked quite young. Mom was wearing a bikini. She looked like she could have been a model.

She leaned forward, squinting. "I don't know. Let me see."

I sat down on the couch beside mom and showed her the photo.

"That was on our honeymoon in Florida. I was already almost three months pregnant with you by then. I think that was the last time I ever wore a bikini," she said.

Mom looked at the photo for another few seconds, then shook her head. She pushed the album back to me, as if disturbed by the image. I put the album aside and looked back at the television.

"It was so nice not to have to cook for one night," mom sighed.

"I bet," I said, turning my head towards her. "Plus, you got a new dress."

"Does it look okay on me?" she asked, sounding uncertain.

"Sure... of course it does," I told her.

"It's not something I'd buy myself. It's a little smaller than I'd like too." She tilted her head down, looking herself over. She tugged the front of the dress away from her chest.

I watched mom beside me, fussing with the dress. As she shifted her shoulders and pulled it away from herself I let out a soft laugh. It wasn't loud and happened before I could control myself, but she heard it. She lifted her head up and gave me a questioning look.

"What was that for?" she asked.

"Nothing," I said, regretting my slight outburst.

"No. What? Do you think it looks bad on me?" Now mom looked insecure.

"No. Of course not," I told her.

"Then what was the laugh for?" she demanded.

I sighed, knowing there was no way to avoid her question. "I just thought it was funny how you were adjusting it, that's all."

"Well, it's a little tight in some places. Cindy's not built like me," she said with a foxy smile.

"But she wishes she was," I retorted.

I rolled my eyes, but said nothing.

"What?" she asked, sounding insistent.

"It's a shame you don't have more self-confidence, mom," I told her.

"I do, but look at this." Mom got up from the couch. She tugged the hem of her dress down and adjusted it, then turned to the side. "I think my ass looks fat."

I ran my eyes down over the curves of her body to her hips and backside. She looked perfect and I'm sure that many others would have agreed.

"No, mom, it doesn't. It, and the rest of you, look great. Tonight, Cindy said you looked sexy."

"When?" She seemed surprised to hear the comment.

"When you were coming back from the washroom. She was watching you."

Mom sat back down beside me. She tucked her feet under her and leaned on her right hip, facing me. Her posture emphasized the curves

of her hip and ass. My eyes moved up over them to the outline of her breasts and hard nipples.

"What did she say?" she asked.

"That you looked good," I said, refraining from being too graphic.

"Come on. I know Cindy better than that. What did she say? I promise I won't let-on that I know."

Mom was eager to know what her friend had said about her, but I wasn't sure how explicit I should be, or dared to be. She poured another glass of wine from the bottle on the coffee table and took a drink, waiting for me to continue.

"She said that you looked good without a bra," I divulged.

"Except in more colorful language," mom surmised.

I gave her a reluctant nod.

"What else?" she prodded.

"Mom... come on," I said, trying to avoid having to elaborate.

"Okay, never mind," she relented, seeming to want to spare me any embarrassment.

"I just hope that you're not afraid she's a bad influence on me. I mean, how I've been acting lately -- especially around you. I know I'm not usually like this. I just don't want you to think badly of me." Mom looked nervous. Her eyes shifted about.

"No, of course not. I never could," I assured her.

"I hope not. I couldn't stand that." Mom looked worried

"Cindy's visit has been really good for you, Mom," I said, hoping to assuage her fears.

"I'm having a lot of fun," she said.

"I'm glad. It's about time you did, mom," I said. "I've been worried about you. I know you've been through a hard time."

Mom leaned over and kissed my cheek. I put my hand on her waist and returned her kiss. Her cheek was soft and warm. She slid closer and rested her head on my shoulder. Her body felt wonderful under my hand. I slid my hand down a ways to the curve of her hip.

"I love you, Honey," she said.

"I love you too, Mom."

My hand was on my thigh. Mom took it in hers, holding it gently. Her thumb grazed over my knuckles and she toyed with my fingers. Her touch excited me even more. Without me even realizing it at first my eyes drifted towards the front of her dress and her hard nipples.

"Maybe you're the one who Cindy's being a bad influence on," mom said almost a minute later.

"What?" I asked, looking up to her.

"I saw where your eyes were just now," she said, sounding almost indifferent.

I frowned, trying to appear apologetic. "Sorry," I muttered.

"Cindy was teasing me about that... about them... earlier, when you were in the bathroom," she said.

"How?" I asked.

"She said she had noticed they were hard and wondered if you had noticed too."

"Oh... really?" I said, unwilling to admit to it.

"She was being bad." Mom gave me a sly smile and squinted her eyes, looking very sexy.

"She's always bad," I joked.

"I know, but she started touching them, just through my dress. She said she wanted to make them harder so you would see when you came out of the bathroom."

"Wow... I knew she could be bold, but that is more than I expected from her." I said, amazed by what I had been told, but also very horny as I pictured the scene.

"I wasn't much better though," she confessed, looking timid.

"Why?"

There was a long pause before mom replied. She was still holding my fingers in hers, rubbing her thumb over them. When she finally spoke I could barely hear her soft voice. "Because I never tried to stop her," she said, flitting her eyes up to mine.

Mom nodded. "Sort of... yes, I did. But that wasn't really the worst part though," Mom stopped stroking my fingers. She seemed upset and nervous.

"What then?" I asked.

"If I tell you something, Colin, do you promise never to tell anyone, especially Cindy. Even if you think I'm sick?"

"Yes, of course. But I'd never think that about you, mom." Now I was growing concerned by her distressed tone.

Mom drew in a deep breath, then continued. "I liked what she was doing; it felt good, but what really excited me was what she was saying to me."

"What?" I asked, not following her train of thought.

"I meant when she said she wanted to make them harder so you would notice and be turned-on. I liked the thought of you looking at them like you look at other girls." Mom was unable to look at me. Her fingers stopped moving over mine and her mouth was tight as she stared at her lap.

"It turned you on?"

Mom nodded. "Yes," she said, in a timid voice.

I had never been told anything so arousing and encouraging by a woman in my life. I smiled and gave her hand a squeeze, then brought it to my mouth. I kissed the back of it, looking up to her eyes. She smiled in relief, realizing my interest.

"What about when I walked in on you changing?" I asked.

"That sort of happened so suddenly that I only thought it over later, when Cindy was touching me and talking dirty. I wondered how much you had seen," she said.

"Your nipple," I grinned.

Mom's eyes widened and she smiled. "Which one?" she asked with a playful smile.

"This one." I reached out and brushed my fingertip over her left nipple through her dress. She looked down and shuddered slightly, biting her lower lip. I pulled my hand away, reluctantly.

"Cindy was right about you," she said.

"How?" I asked.

"Yesterday, when she said you probably thought my breasts were nice," she explained.

I gave her a nod.

"How long have you felt that way?" she asked, seeming quite curious.

"Over a year," I admitted.

"I used to see you look at me sometimes and it sort of made me wonder, but I couldn't imagine you having those sorts of feelings for me," she said.

"You can't imagine any man having those feelings for you," I shot back.

Mom chuckled. "I guess not. I'm glad that Cindy talked me into not wearing a bra tonight," she added.

"Me too," I told her. "I hope it becomes a habit."

"We'll see," she teased.

"I'll have to see if I can convince you. What did Cindy say to talk you into it?"

Mom grew shy and smiled. "She sort of teased me... my nipples."

"Sort of?" I asked.

"Well, the dress was unbuttoned, so she used her mouth a little too."
Mom gave me a shy look, gauging my reaction.

The thought of what she had told me made me even more horny. I wished I could do what Cindy had to her, or watch them.

"Lucky Cindy," I said. "How far have you two gone?"

"Oh... not really that far -- not like you probably think. Just touching. Usually she was the one who started it by feeling my boobs," she explained.

"Don't wear a bra tomorrow. I want to see if she tries to feel you," I told her.

"Okay, but you know she will."

"Even in front of me?" I asked.

"She's right," I admitted.

Mom grew silent, then yawned. "I really need some sleep. I'm sorry," she said.

"Don't be. I don't want to sleep-in tomorrow, so I should get some too," I told her.

I got up from the couch. When I stood up I realized how obvious my erection was in my dress pants. I held mom's hand and helped her to her feet. She rested her hands on my shoulders and pressed herself to me. When she felt my hard cock push into her stomach she looked down. Her eyes widened and she smiled.

"Mmmm... I haven't felt one of those against me in a long time," she said, still looking down at the bulge in my pants.

"Have you missed it?" I asked.

Mom shrugged. "Sometimes, but I've found substitutes."

"Like the kind that need batteries?" I surmised, grinning.

"Yes..." she said, almost in a whisper as she blushed.

"I hope you have fresh batteries. You might need them," I said.

Mom shook her head. "No. I'm afraid that Cindy will hear it."

"Or want to borrow it," I retorted.

Mom tugged at my hips again, pulling me tighter to her. "She'd be more likely want to borrow yours," she said, looking down between us.

"I don't know. Maybe what you have is better endowed," I said with a frown, feeling insecure.

Mom moved her hips, rubbing herself against my hard cock through my pants. "Mmmm... no... I don't think so, Honey," she moaned.

Mom reluctantly broke our embrace and turned to go upstairs. I followed behind her, careful to not make any noise and wake Cindy. When mom stopped outside her bedroom I backed her against the wall, pressing myself to her. She gave a wary look down towards Cindy's room and shook her head. I pressed a finger to my lips, reminding her to be quiet. She scowled, then smiled, as if indicating just how bad I was behaving.

"I love you," I mouthed.

She smiled and gave me a hug. "I love you too, but we can't -- not here or now," she whispered, then reached down and ran her fingers along

my cock through my jeans. It was brief, but felt wonderful. She backed away, then entered her room.

###

The sound of the shower running woke me the next morning. I was still tired, but as I thought about my mother I grew horny instead. I rubbed my cock, recalling how her body felt and looked the night before. I had planned on finishing, but when the shower stopped running I decided to get up. I listened to the sound of doors opening and closing. The final sound seemed to be coming from the direction of mom's bedroom door. I pulled on a pair of grey gym shorts and went to have a shower.

The hot water washing over me felt great and helped to wake me. I had a quick shower, then shaved. The house was quiet when I left the bathroom. As I was about to enter my bedroom I saw mom leave hers. She stopped and gave me a loving smile, then ran her eyes up and down my body.

Mom was wearing a white sun dress with spaghetti straps and a square front and back. It left her shoulders and some of her thighs bare, but I mostly noticed how tight it was at her chest. I could feel my cock harden as I looked her over. I motioned with my finger for her to come closer. She grinned, giving her head a shake. My cock began to tent my baggy shorts. I reached down and rubbed it through them. Mom smiled, watching me masturbate. I pulled the material of my shorts tight around my cock, giving her a better idea of its length and thickness. Her mouth widened and she smiled. Once more I tried to coax her down the hall by motioning with my finger. She shook her head, looking sad. She blew me a kiss, then turned towards the stairs.

I dressed quickly. I was very horny and wanted to get downstairs with mom. When I entered the kitchen I was surprised and disappointed to find Cindy there too. I had thought she was still in bed. She was at the kitchen table eating a bagel. She had on a knee-length skirt and a tight blouse. I could tell right away that she wore no bra beneath her blouse. She looked sexy, but I wanted to be alone with mom.

Mom was cooking scrambled eggs and bacon. She turned from the stove and smiled.

"Morning. Have a good sleep?" mom asked.

"Yeah. You?" I replied, trying not to smirk.

"Great," she said. "Want some bacon and eggs?"

"Please."

I grabbed a plate and fork, then joined Cindy at the table, hoping she found the exchange between me and mom believable. I took the Entertainment section of the morning paper and began reading. It was a dreary, overcast day and looked like it was going to rain. I doubted that mom and Cindy would be going anywhere.

Mom joined us once our bacon and eggs were cooked. She sat adjacent to me and I felt her knee pressed to mine under the table as we ate. I knew it wasn't an accident.

"Are you sure you don't want some bacon and eggs, Cindy?" mom asked.

"No, thanks. Just looking at bacon makes my ass fat. I don't know how you do it, Becky. You must have the metabolism of a hummingbird." she said, sounding jealous.

"There's plenty of other stuff to eat though, so help yourself," mom told her. "And you shouldn't be so worried about gaining weight, Cindy. I wore your dress last night and it was a little tight on me, so you have nothing to worry about."

"But it was tight in the chest. That's the only place I wish I was bigger," she lamented.

Mom gave a soft laugh and shook her head.

I was hungry so ate quickly, then put my plate and fork in the sink. I made coffee for mom and Cindy while they talked. As I had expected, it began to rain. I was content staying home so it did not bother me.

heard mom let out a squeal and giggle from beside the coffee maker. I looked over and saw Cindy with a wide grin.

"Cindy grabbed my boob," mom explained, feigning shock.

"Oh," I said, hardly surprised.

"Oh?" mom echoed with an indignant tone, but clearly joking.

"She's always grabbing them, Mom" I laughed. "That's not news."

Cindy laughed. "Can you blame me?"

I kept silent, but mom gave me a sly smile.

"Well, Colin?" Cindy repeated, sounding impatient for my reply.

"She's my mom, so I'm not commenting," I said.

Cindy stepped behind mom. She slipped her arms around mom's waist. She moved her hands up and cupped her breasts through her dress. She squeezed them, teasing mom's nipples with her thumbs until they were thick and hard. Mom let out a soft moan when Cindy pinched them and gave them a tug.

I might have expected mom to have protested if this were to have happened a few days before, but it did not surprise me when she leaned back against Cindy's chest, smiling at me. Her arms went limp at her sides as she relaxed, allowing Cindy to fondle her while I watched. She arched her back slightly, pushing her breasts and stiff nipples out at the front of the dress. She caressed Cindy's thighs, sliding her hands up under her skirt and back down.

"Has he ever seen your tits, Becky?" Cindy asked, bringing her mouth close to her ear.

"No... well, not since he was a baby." Mom laughed, then moaned again as Cindy toyed with her nipples.

"Do you want him to?"

"Yes," mom sighed.

Cindy moved her hands up to mom's shoulders. She slipped the straps of her dress from them and down her arms. The front of mom's dress slid down her chest and gathered around her waist, revealing her breasts. They rose as mom drew in a deep breath. Her dusky nipples were thick and hard from Cindy's teasing.

"She's beautiful, isn't she?" Cindy said to me, sounding horny.

I nodded, moving my eyes over my mother's naked torso. "Very," I said.

Cindy ran her hands slowly up and down mom's arms, then brushed her hair back over her left shoulder. She bent down and kissed mom's neck, nipping at it with her teeth. Mom squirmed and giggled. She reached behind herself and ran her right hand up the inside of Cindy's right thigh and under her skirt. Seconds later Cindy moaned. I could see the movement of mom's arm as she rubbed Cindy's pussy. Cindy moaned again, only louder, and gave mom's nipples a tug.

"Come over and join the fun, Colin," Cindy said, sounding very horny.

I hesitated, until I saw mom smile at me and nod.

My hard cock strained my jeans as I walked towards my mother and Cindy. Mom's eyes moved down towards the bulge it made. She smiled. I ran my eyes down mom's body, then watched her arm move as she continued to rub Cindy's pussy. Cindy was running her hands up and down mom's torso, caressing her breasts and tugging at her nipples occasionally.

"Take her panties off for me," Cindy told me.

When I slid my hands up under mom's dress she never resisted. I glided my fingers up her smooth thighs to her panties. I pulled them over the flare of her hips and down, until they fell to the floor. They were black bikini cut. I picked them up, noticing how damp they were.

Cindy stepped back from mom. Quickly, she unbuttoned her blouse. She pulled it off and dropped it to the floor. Her breasts weren't as large as mom's, but they were nice. Firm, with a nice up-turn. Her nipples were lighter and thick, with smaller areolas than my mother's. Cindy reached under her skirt and pulled her red lace panties off. She dropped them on top of her blouse.

"She's made me so wet. I'm glad to have those off," Cindy sighed.

"Easier access too," I said with a smile.

Cindy nodded. "Becky knows she has access to me whenever she wants."

Mom turned her head around and smiled at her friend. Cindy cupped her chin and kissed her lips. Her tongue flicked out, meeting mom's and she sucked on her bottom lip, tugging at it. I heard mom give a throaty moan as they kissed while Cindy played with her nipples.

"Have you ever felt her tits?" Cindy asked, cupping mom's breasts so her thick nipples pointed towards me.

"No," I said with a shake of my head.

"Not even a quick, sneaky feel when you hugged her?" she prodded.

"Well... maybe a few times," I admitted with a bashful smile.

Mom's eyes widened and met mine. "When?" she asked, surprised by my admission.

"Like when you'd give me a hug... sometimes my fingers slipped down the side of one," I explained.

"That's how my son started," Cindy said. "Then one day I decided to let him have a good feel."

"When was the last time you did that to me?" mom asked.

"A few weeks ago, I guess."

"I couldn't tell," she said.

"Good." I smiled at her and laughed.

"Do you want to let Colin have a good feel of your tits?" Cindy asked mom.

"Yes," she said, nodding.

and squeezed. Mom moaned and I groped them harder, pinching her nipples.

Cindy had been holding mom's hips while she watched. She slid her right hand up under mom's dress, pulling the hem up with her other hand. I wasn't paying attention until mom flinched and moaned even louder. I watched Cindy's arm moving from under mom's dress while I kneaded her firm breasts and tugged at her nipples.

"You guys are making me so damn horny," mom moaned.

"Good," Cindy said, and giggled. "Maybe we should all go upstairs then." She slid out of her skirt and pushed it aside.

Cindy pulled mom's dress down to her feet. She helped mom step out of it, then lead her towards the stairs. I followed them, running my eyes over my mother's naked body.

When we got to mom's bedroom Cindy laid down on the bed, looking up at us. She parted her thighs and began rubbing her wet pussy. I was much more focused on looking at mom though. She pulled me closer and tugged my t-shirt up over my head.

"I think it's time you got undressed too," my mother said.

from my underwear she smiled, running her eyes along it to my heavy balls.

"Mmmm... I did something right when I made you," she said, staring at my hard shaft.

I stepped over to mom and held her by her hips. My cock brushed over her thigh as she pressed her body to mine, running her hand up my spine. I squeezed her ass and pulled her tighter to me. I took her hand and placed it on my cock. She let out a soft moan and gave it a squeeze, then began to slowly stroke it. She rubbed her thumb over the head, smearing my precum around.

Cindy got up from the bed and stood beside mom. She rubbed her pussy while mom stroked me and played with my balls. Her watching us excited me even more.

"Have you ever thought about doing that to him?" Cindy asked.

"Mmmm... yes," mom said.

"And a few other things too, I bet," Cindy added with a wise grin.

Mom did not answer. She was busy stroking my shaft while she rubbed my balls with her other hand.

A minute or so later Cindy took mom by the hand and guided her to the bed. She eased her down and ran her hand down mom's quivering body to her wet pussy. Mom let out a deep moan as her friend played with her clit and wet lips.

Cindy looked up at me. "She's ready for you, Colin. Come over here," Cindy said. She reached out for my hand and pulled me to the bed.

I climbed on the bed, kneeling between mom's feet. Cindy was still running her hand up and down mom's body, teasing her pussy occasionally. It was shiny and wet. When Cindy made mom spread her legs I saw her delicate pink lips part. The swollen head of my cock was pointed towards my mother's dripping wet pussy.

Cindy slipped her left hand around to my lower back. Her fingers felt good on my bare skin. She coaxed me closer to mom until I was between her soft thighs. Mom opened them wider as she looked up at me, smiling.

Mom curled her fingers around my shaft and gave it a gentle tug, urging me towards her waiting pussy. When the head rubbed over her wet lips she moaned and reached out to tug at my hips. My cock slipped in my mother, making her moan louder. Her fingertips sank into my back as she pulled at me, forcing my cock deeper in her tight pussy. She gripped my shaft inside her and pushed back with her hips as I started to thrust.

her nipple with my tongue and mouth. Mom held my head in her hand, holding me close to her chest.

"Oh god... mmmmm... Colin... yes... that's it, Honey," she moaned, meeting my thrusts with her hips.

I began pumping my hips faster, pushing my cock hard and deep in her wet pussy. She was moaning louder and grabbing fistfuls of my hair. I could tell that mom was getting close after a while. So was I. She squeezed my cock tighter as I worked it in and out of her. Her musky juice covered it and my heavy balls. She reached down and began rubbing her clit while she watched my cock slide in and out of her. A few minutes later she squeezed my cock hard one last time and arched her back.

"Oh, god... Colin... god that feels.... yes, Honey... oh... fuck me," mom called out.

Watching my mother in the throes of ecstasy and hearing her cry out in pleasure was all I needed. I pulled my cock from her, just as the first stream of cum shot from it. It splashed up over her stomach. I leaned closer and the next two coated her breasts. She began spreading it over them and licking it from her fingers.

I laid down beside mom and she turned to face me. She rested her head on my shoulder and draped her arm over my chest.

"I love you too, Lover." She kissed my cheek and smiled.

Over mom's shoulder I saw Cindy still crouched on the bed, watching us.

"That was the hottest thing I've ever seen in my life," she said.

Mom grinned at me, then rolled over on her back. She craned her head to look at Cindy.

"Stick around. We've only gotten started," mom said.