

Family Ties That Bind

July the Fourth rolled around, and it was time for the annual family outing at Aunt Ruth's and Uncle Trey's place.

Yeah, it brings to mind a modest picnic on the farm, right? Wrong. Our family name was a pretty respected, or at least a well-known, name in the business and real estate world. My second great grandfather had made his fortune in New York real estate, and quite a fortune it was. Unfortunately for me, he had a falling out with my great grandfather and our branch of the family was cut out of the wealth. It all went to Bartholomew, Bartholomew the Second, and then down to Bartholomew the Third, Uncle Trey ("Dahling, it's Bartholomew, please.") He was an okay guy, I guess, but his wife came from money, too, and she was a stuck-up bitch. That's harsh, I know, but she was. I hated the way she treated my mother, Marianna, who had grown up on a dairy farm.

So, every Fourth, the family would gather at their estate - yes, an estate - for the family outing. It was palatial. Their swimming pool was bigger than the municipal pool in our town, and the pool house was at least as big, and probably bigger, than the house I grew up in. Ruth loved to be the

matriarch of the family when she ever deigned to notice us at all, and seemed to delight in showing how much money they had compared to how little we had. Hell, the diamond on her finger and the pearls on her neck were probably worth more than Mom and Dad, both high school teachers, made in a year, combined.

One aspect of her bitchiness really bothered me. Dad had the family name and when I was born, Mom wanted to name me Bartholomew. Aunt Ruth wouldn't hear of it. Her son, eventually, would be Bartholomew IV, and there was no way she was going to allow me to share that name. So, I was Ben, instead.

Was I bitter? I tried not to be, but I couldn't help it sometimes. Ruth and Trey had three kids, Ruthie (who names a daughter after herself?), Quad (yep, he was B the Fourth), and Steven (never Steve). My sisters, Joanie and Heather, and I were all smarter than them, we thought. We went to the state university on scholarships, while Ruthie, Quad, and Steven went to Ivy Leagues.

When we were kids, though, none of that mattered. We were kids. Sure, we knew they had more than us, but we played together and, in a family sort of way, loved each other. Oh, there were little spats and fights, but we always made up and we always counted on each other. We were the Gang of Six whenever we would get together - always on the Fourth, and occasionally when Uncle Trey would drive them down to our farm. Aunt Ruth never came. I guess she was always too busy with her ostentatious charity work.

There were some heated times, too. We were matched in ages, more or less, with Ruthie and I, Quad and Joanie, and Heather and Steven within years of each other. And what are cousins for when you're a hormone-driven adolescent? Yep. Experimenting. Ruthie, ever the tomboy, was the first French kiss I ever got and the first bare breast I ever saw (except for those delicious glances when Mom or Joanie was dressing and didn't know I was watching). Ruthie's was the first breast I ever touched. If Aunt Ruth had known, I would have been singing castrato, for sure, but she never knew. We were the Gang of Six, and had a formal pinky-swearing oath of silence.

All us kids were in college, with me having just graduated and ready for graduate school. We had gathered at home for the annual get-together trip, and I was looking forward to seeing Ruthie. Last year she was a damned beauty. She had the typical pretty, preppy look that I've always been a sucker for; she was no longer a tomboy in looks, but she maintained the wholesome attitude. We were going to leave early on Friday morning, spend the night with them, have all day on the Fourth to have fun, then return home to the middle class on the fifth. Lest there be any doubt of their wealth, we loved going there because they had so many bedrooms that each of us got a guest room of our own. You didn't even have to make your own bed. The maid did it for you.

"Ben," Mom yelled from inside the kitchen. "Make sure the cooler lid is tight. I don't want the pork to thaw." Mom always took them packaged meat and eggs from our little hobby farm, thinking that they probably never ate real farm-raised products from animals that were treated with respect. I'm sure Ruth probably threw it out, but Mom liked doing it.

We finally got on the road, a six-hour drive ahead of us, with me and the brats packed tightly in the back seat of Dad's Four-Runner. It was tight, but you know, I didn't mind at all. Remember I alluded to the fact that my hormones were running when I was an adolescent, and they hadn't slowed down. I was always horny. Since there were only two years between Joanie and me, and four years between Heather and me, I never suffered from a lack of butts and tits for my hands to roam. We were an affectionate pack of kids, you could say. The first nipple I ever sucked was Joanie's and, by her heated reaction that night, I always wondered if I could have fucked her then. We were high schoolers, though, so I didn't know how far to go or anything. But that's another story.

"Mooom," Heather complained in an exaggerated whine. "Ben's touching me." She was kidding, of course. I was in the middle and before we were out of the driveway my hands were on each of my sister's smooth, bare legs.

"You kids behave," Dad shouted. "Don't make me have to stop this car." We all had a good laugh, reliving our times in the car when we were children.

I pinched the inside of Heather's thigh, and she yelped. "That'll teach you," I whispered. She folded her arms and turned away, so I concentrated on Joanie. I took her hand and tried to put it on my dick, and she wouldn't have it.

"Stop it, you animal," she whispered closely in my ear. "Mom might see."

"OK, then later," I whispered back, and she rolled her eyes, folded her arms, and turned the other way.

"I'm just a rose between two thorns," I said out loud, and everyone laughed.

When we got there, I was disappointed to learn that Ruthie was in Europe on a tour, so I was odd man out. I didn't want to hang with the adults, and Joanie and Quad, and Heather and Steven, had paired up. We hung out at the pool, having fun and drinking beers, but I knew I was the extra. Every so often one of the pairs would go into the pool house "to use the bathroom," and I could tell there was some serious

petting going on by the flush on their cheeks when they came out. Dammit, I missed Ruthie. This might have been my lucky year.

On the Fourth, Uncle Trey barbecued steaks and the caterers brought the sides. Uncle Trey, who was cooler than you would think, had a couple of kegs of artisanal beer and we were having a good time. Mom had on a one-piece swimming suit which I thought showed off her beautiful tits and ass, but she was self-conscious and kept a wrap on when she wasn't in the pool. More than once I noticed Uncle Trey looking at her. Why not? She was a little plump, maybe, but I thought she was beautiful. Her red hair set off her creamy freckled skin perfectly. Uncle Trey didn't know what I knew - the red hair was kept red courtesy of the Clairol Corporation, but neither he nor I cared. Mom was a pretty woman. Maybe to anyone else she was just that - a pretty, cute woman - but to me, she was beautiful.

I was laying on a lounge chair, nursing my umpteenth beer, and watching her out of the corner of my eye. I was thinking the same thought I had been thinking since I knew what it was: "I wish I could have one chance with that." Mom was at the grill with Uncle Trey, and I noticed her stiffen as

she looked at the walk from the house to the pool area. I followed her gaze and saw the reason. Aunt Ruth was walking from the house, and she had on what I thought was a pretty daring two-piece for a woman her age. Mom must have thought it was pretty daring, too. I thought it was pretty hot, though. I had to admit, all the money Aunt Ruth spent on personal trainers at the country club was worth it. She was pretty tight.

I glanced over at Mom, and saw her looking at Dad, who was sitting at the table. His jaw was hanging open and if his eyes were any more popped, they'd fall out on the deck. "Charles," Mom said. "You want to come over here and help Trey with the steaks?" She called him "Charles" instead of "Charlie" so I knew she was steamed, and so did Dad. He jumped right up and scooted over to the grill, smartly turning his back to Aunt Ruth.

Frankly, I wouldn't trade ten of Aunt Ruth for one of Mom. Mom had it in looks, in my book, and she had something Aunt Ruth could never have - personality and love. But again, I have to admit, Aunt Ruth was looking pretty hot for a 50-something gal. "I'd give it a spin," I thought, and then laughed to myself. I guessed she would be something of an

iceberg in the rack, afraid you might mess her hair or her perfect makeup. Mom, on the other hand? That would be a momentous fuck, I just knew. All this thinking had made my dick hard, and I reached over for a towel to put on my lap.

"Whattsa' matter, Benny? Getting a chill?" Joanie knew exactly what I was thinking, and couldn't resist giving me a dig.

The late afternoon lunch was great, as you would imagine. The steaks, and they had to have cost hundreds, were delicious. I had finished one and was eyeing another, when Mom caught my eye and shook her head no. Couldn't have Aunt Ruth thinking she didn't feed me, I guess.

I didn't want Mom to feel second-class around Aunt Ruth, so I said, "Mom, I wish you had brought your potato salad." She smiled, and I knew I had hit a home run, or at least a double.

"I'll make it for you this week, Honey," she said. "I know how you love it."

Aunt Ruth couldn't say anything. Hell, she hadn't even made the potato salad. The caterer had made it. It was good, but I wouldn't mention that.

After eating, everyone kind of lounged around the pool and things were quiet. Uncle Trey jumped up and went into the pool house, returning with his camera. "OK, everyone. Line up for the rogues gallery!" He took an annual family photo, and this year would be no different.

Normally we kids would be in front, but since we were all almost as tall or taller than the adults, we lined up behind Mom, Dad, and Aunt Ruth. Uncle Trey would always set the camera on automatic, and then sprint to get into the shot. Just as he was lining it up and focusing, Aunt Ruth broke out of the front line and came back to stand between Heather and me. "I want to be back here with the kids," she said. I didn't know why. She normally didn't give a crap about us.

Aunt Ruth linked her arm through mine, and turned slightly so her breast was against my upper arm. Suddenly I got it. Mom had made sure Ruth wasn't standing beside

Dad, so she was going for me, just to irritate Mom. I thought, "You old bitch, you're not going to use me as a prop to make Mom jealous." Awkwardly, I had put my right arm around Ruth's waist, and just as the shutter was getting ready to click, I slid my hand down and cupped her ass. I thought I'd get some kind of reaction, like wide eyes or a jump, but I never expected her to do what she did. She put her hand on mine, pulling it tight on her butt. Never one to back off with the slightest encouragement, I slightly kneaded her butt, letting her know exactly what I wanted.

Uncle Trey had to take several shots, and I kept my hand on her ass the whole time, getting ever more adventurous. By the time the final shot had been taken, I was rubbing my fingers in the cleft of her ass, putting pressure on her little butthole. As we broke up from the pose, I expected her to give me a piece of her mind, but she just hugged her breast against my arm before walking away without a word to join the "adults" in their lounge chair grouping.

I stood there, shocked for a minute, until Quad took a running jump into the pool. That was the unspoken invitation for all of us to jump in, so I followed with the rest.

My mind was racing, though. Jeebus. Had I really done that? Had I groped Aunt Ruth's ass? Holy Shit!

They had a nice fire pit in the pool area and that's where we spent the evening, trying as hard as we could to empty those kegs. We were in two groupings. The parents were kind of quiet, enjoying the evening, and we were huddled away from them at the table playing a game of Risk. Several times the pairs - Joan and Quad, Heather and Steven - would go into the pool house to use the bathroom or get something. Was I the only one who thought they were using the bathroom a lot? It made me wish Ruthie was there. Maybe she had outgrown me, but I sure would have given her the old college try. I wondered if there would be some tip-toeing down the hall between rooms that night. I'd ask Joanie and Heather, but I doubted either one would tell me if anything had transpired. I'd just have to imagine it; that's what fantasies are for.

The next morning, I was the first of the kids to get up and I made my way through the huge house to the kitchen. Maybe they were richer than us, but coffee is the great equalizer. Everybody needs it in the morning. When I walked in, I was shocked to see Mom and Aunt Ruth

huddled together at the table, talking. They never did that. They usually tried to ignore each other as much as possible. I'll bet in a normal get-together, they wouldn't share more than two dozen words, but this time they seemed thick as thieves.

"Ben, I'm glad you're up," Mom said. "There's something we need to talk about." I looked at Aunt Ruth, and she had a slight smile on her lips. A cat-that-ate-the-canary smile.

"Fuck me to tears," I thought. "Aunt Ruth has narced me out. I'm about to get hammered into the dirt, and that will just be the precursor for what will happen when Mom gets me home."

I got my coffee and sat at the table with them, expecting the worst.

"Quad and Steven are off to Europe to join Ruthie, and your Uncle Trey has a business conference. Aunt Ruth has some gardening she wants to get done, and asked if you would like to earn some college money for a week or two. What do you think?"

What did I think? I think Aunt Ruth has never gardened in her life, that's what I think, but I didn't say it. "Uh, sure, if you need me, Aunt Ruth." She had never offered anything like that before, so why now?

"Oh, I do need you, Ben," she said, and she had that same smile. "And it won't be easy, you know. I'm going to work you."

I almost choked on my coffee. Probably she meant nothing by it, but not taking a double meaning from what she said was tough. My imagination raced, and then I looked at Mom. "If it's OK with you, Mom, then sure. I'd be glad to earn some extra."

Mom was pleased that I deferred to her, and smiled. "Great, Honey. I can give you up for a week, I guess."

So it was decided. I would return home with the family, and then drive back after a couple of days. On the way home,

my mind was so occupied that I didn't even try to cop feels of my sisters' legs in the back seat.

Mom noticed I was quiet. "You OK with helping your Aunt Ruth, Ben? I think that's a nice gesture on her part. She could hire the work out, but she seemed to want to help you, so that's nice."

"Yeah," I said. "Maybe the old cow is mellowing a bit."

Mom scolded me, but smiled. Maybe Aunt Ruth had made an overture of peace, but Mom wasn't ready to scrap the battle lines.

Before I left to go back to Ruth's the next day, Mom took me aside. "Now I know I don't have to tell you this. You're a man now. Behave like one. Give an honest day's work for an honest wage, Ben, and don't drink all their beer and wine. Especially the wine. Some of those bottles are probably worth a semester's tuition, you know. And treat your Aunt Ruth with respect. She's doing this to help you. No smart ass remarks."

"I'll be good, Mom. I won't embarrass you."

She laughed and hugged me, her breasts mashing into my chest. She had no idea how much I loved it when she hugged me like that. "You could never embarrass me, Honey. You're a good one."

I had six hours to drive, and my thoughts were divided. I'd alternate between thinking I might have a shot at getting Ruth in the sack and wondering what that would be like, and thinking that I'd screwed up and gotten away with it and I'd better not screw up again. Hard dick and shriveled dick, those were my two states for the whole six hours.

When I arrived, I rang the doorbell and Donna, the maid, answered. "She's waiting for you at the pool, Ben. I'll show you the way."

I knew the way, of course, but I guess the house rules for servants was to never allow the riffraff to be in the house unaccompanied. When we got to the pool area, I saw Ruth

laying in a lounge chair, wearing that same damned swimming suit. "Donna, you can be done for the day. I'll take care of Ben. We can serve ourselves tonight." That must have been unusual, because Donna wasted no time in scurrying away before Ruth changed her mind.

I was timid, not knowing how I should play this. Should I apologize? Just when I was getting ready to stammer an apology for groping her fine ass, Ruth gave a chuckle and said, "There's no rush, Ben. I thought we could eat out here, enjoy the pool, and maybe get started tomorrow. Why don't you go in and put your suit on? You'll be in the same room, if that's alright."

I stowed my bag, changed into my suit, and rushed back to the pool. She had seemed relaxed, not angry at all, so maybe I didn't have to apologize. I took the lounge chair next to hers and we both relaxed, in silence.

"So, what gardening do you have in mind, Aunt Ruth?"

"I've got some things that need tending, that's all. I'm not really sure there's a lot of gardening that needs to be done.

Honestly, with everyone away, I didn't want to be here in this big house by myself. Is that okay with you? And call me Ruth when your Mother's not around. I'm not ancient, you know."

I laughed. "Oh, you're far from ancient. Ruthie got her looks from you, but not all of them."

She smiled, clearly pleased. "Oh, stop it, Ben. What, you're trying to be a silver-tongued devil so you can make your fortune in business? Like your Uncle Trey?"

Yeah, like my Uncle Trey, who inherited his wealth. But I didn't say it. "No, Aunt Ruth. I mean, Ruth. I'm really liking chemistry, and I think I want to get a doctorate in it. Maybe chemical engineering, but I'm really liking the theoretical side."

She looked at me with a little surprise on her face. Besides my hand on her ass, I guess she was starting to realize I wasn't a kid anymore. "Wow, Ben. Well, good for you. Do what you love, you know, and you'll never work a day."

I couldn't help it. I just looked at her, and then she understood what I was thinking. She laughed, loudly. "Oh, I haven't worked a day, have I? But it's not because I love what I'm doing."

Where was this going? "What? Ruth, you have the perfect life. You have everything."

"Yeah," she said, and a cloud passed quickly over her face as she jumped up. "I'm going to open one of Trey's expensive wines. You want to help me bring supper down here?"

"I'm on the clock, Lady. Your wish is my command," I said and jumped up to follow her in the house. I enjoyed the view of her ass as we walked.

We went into the kitchen, got the food ready, and then Ruth went to the cellar for her bottle of wine. In a moment I heard her call. "Ben, can you come help me? I can't reach it."

I went down the stairs into the custom wine cellar, and she was right. The bottle she wanted was way out of her reach, but she stood there stretching for it. Damn, her ass and legs looked good. I walked up behind her and reached for the wine. I admit it. It wasn't an accident. My hard dick rubbed against her ass as I got the bottle.

I was half expecting her to blow up and go off on me, but she sighed and leaned back against me, resting the back of her head on my shoulder. That's all I needed. Holding the bottle in my left hand, I put my right on her stomach and pulled her back against my dick. "Do you know how beautiful you are to me, Ruth?" OK, it was cheesy, maybe, but I didn't say I was a quick thinker - just horny.

"I kind of got the idea on the Fourth, Honey. What were you thinking? Groping your sweet aunt's butt like that?"

I didn't tell her she wasn't anyone's "sweet" aunt. Instead, I said, "I was thinking what a fine ass you have, Aunt Ruth. Beyond that, I can't say."

She turned in my arm and we kissed. I dropped the bottle and thankfully it didn't break, then slid my hands under her suit onto that firm ass. We spent a little time in the cellar, just kissing and touching, then she pushed me away. "We need to take this upstairs, but let me go up first. I never know when one of the staff will come wandering through the house."

We were alone, and we made best use of it. We started in the formal salon. I guess it's what rich people call the living room. I couldn't help but laugh when I looked up and saw portraits of three generations of Bartholomews watching me suck Aunt Ruth's tits. By the way, she loved it. I think she might have had a small orgasm, just with my sucking her breasts.

Then we made it to her bedroom. She seemed to be taking her time undressing and puttering around the bathroom, and I realized she was a little nervous. I was laying on the bed, so I got up and walked to the bathroom - bigger than my bedroom - and hugged her from behind. "Aunt Ruth, we don't have to do this if you don't want to. You've already given me a lifetime's worth of memories to cherish."

She whirled around in my arms and kissed me deeply, putting my hand on her breast. "No wonder Ruthie has always said you're the nicest boy she's ever known. No, I want it and I want it with you, Ben. It's just that it's been a long time, and I don't want you to be disappointed."

Disappointed? No way. A long time? Whoa. So Uncle Trey wasn't carrying his share of the load? "How can that be, Ruth? You're a beautiful woman. Are you saying Uncle Trey doesn't..."

"No, not for a long time. He never was as interested in sex as I was, and when we hit our fifties, he just gave up. Gave it up for Lent, I guess, he just didn't say Lent of which year." She laughed.

"But surely you could have anyone you wanted. At the country club? They must be lined up for a chance at you."

"Oh, good God, no." She paused. "That's the problem, isn't it? The potential for scandal. I'm sure everyone would love

to be able to brag about bagging the Ice Queen, and I just won't have it. It's you, Ben, because I think you are a nice guy and I think I can trust you." She told me she had worn that swimming suit for me on the Fourth.

"I thought it was for Dad. Did you see the look on his face when you walked down?"

"Oh, yeah, and so did Marianna. I had thought Charlie might be a fit, but I didn't want the complications of a mad wife. You've become quite a man, yourself, and I thought I'd be safe with you."

I gave her the best kiss I could, just to show her how honored I was, and I was honored. Who would have thought? The Ice Queen. We made our way to the bed and quickly shed our suits, then jumped in, laughing. We eagerly kissed for awhile, and I went back to work on those tits. After awhile, she pushed me off her breasts and onto my back. She gave me a sultry look, then slowly started kissing her way down my body. Reaching for my dick with her right hand while supporting her body with her left, she bent to it.

Oh, Aunt Ruth. She started rather hesitantly and then looked up at me. I almost squirted right then. She said, "Honey, I'm not just telling you this. I am not used to one this size. I hope I don't scrape you with my teeth."

I couldn't help but laugh. "You're doing just fine, Aunt Ruth." Then she went back to it, and the more she did it the better she got. That woman could suck a dick. It was like she was hungry for it, and I guess she was, in a way. I couldn't hold it, and cummed a gallon. She took it all in her mouth, then spit it on my belly.

"I can't swallow. I never could. Is that alright?"

"Hell, yes," I told her. "You're better than alright."

This time I pushed her on her back, and started the same journey down her body. I thought I was pretty experienced at eating pussy. She wasn't so impressed. After a few moments she pushed my shoulders so my face came out of her pussy. "Ben, you're young, and I can tell you want to do

this. Trey never seemed to like it. But would you mind if I give you some pointers? Your wife, whoever she may be, will appreciate me for it."

"Teach away, Auntie." And she did. She told me how to go gently and softly, building up to the clitoris and G-spot, then she dropped a bombshell.

"You remember when you were rubbing my butt?" she asked. "Did you notice how I squirmed when you ran your finger down my crack, touching my anus?"

I nodded. I hadn't noticed, but who's going to admit to that?

"Well, it was because I really like that. So, if you want to, you can wet your finger with this," and she handed me a small bottle from her nightstand, "and slide it in there. You don't have to, if you don't like it. Uncle Trey has never even tried."

Well, I had to show up old Uncle Trey, didn't I? She was the first woman I ever brought to orgasm with oral, and she

bucked like a pony. I thought the finger in her ass was going to get broken, she squeezed it so tight. It was a good thing she had let Donna go home early. She was screaming so loudly I hoped the neighbors didn't call the emergency squad. The Ice Queen was anything but, once she got going.

And we fucked. Oh, Lord, how we fucked. There was nothing she wouldn't try, and I was her eager disciple. We made sure to mess up my guest room bed so it looked like I had slept in it, but we spent the night together in her bed.

In fact, we pretty much fucked the week away. She was insatiable. She gave the staff paid vacation time so we could be unbothered and there were whole days when we never got dressed. I was falling in love. She really wasn't my aunt, you know, it was just that her husband's grandfather and Dad's grandfather were brothers, so Dad and Trey were cousins, or something like that. They had played together as kids, just as we did, and stayed close over the years.

She noticed, I guess, and once when we were cuddled in the bed just talking, she brought me back to earth. "Ben, you're going to meet a woman and fall in love, and she will be the

luckiest woman on earth. I'm not her, Honey. I love you and I've loved our time, but keep your focus." Then she laughed. "I hope there will be other times, too, OK?"

That was what I needed. Our talks got more and more intimate and finally she really opened up. "You all think I'm a bitch, don't you? Your Mother hates me, doesn't she?" She started crying, and explained. She was a rich girl who married a rich man. She never had to prove herself, so she never knew what she could have done. She didn't even like her name, but it had been her grandmother's name, so she got it. She didn't want to pass it on to Ruthie, but her father insisted. Ah, the cost of being in the rich class.

"I'm so glad you're following your passion with chemistry," she said. "I always wanted to be a lawyer."

I was taken aback. How could such a rich woman be dissatisfied, but she was clearly disappointed with her life. As the kids grew up and moved away, she confided that she was afraid she would be lonely and end up a bitter woman, disappointed in what she never did. I learned a lot about her, and also about myself. I had been bitter, maybe, about

the disparity in our family incomes. Now I knew that money and status don't buy happiness. Love gives happiness. In the end, we're all just struggling through life looking for it.

I wasn't going to have her self-doubts, not in this beautiful and sweet (yes, sweet) woman. I knew her better now than anyone else in the family knew her, and I loved her. "Ruth, you just never give anyone a chance to know how wonderful you are. You think people around here just take your money you give to your projects, and maybe they do. But if you let them know you, they'll love you. Hell, I didn't love you when I came up here. I didn't even like you. I love you now, because I know you now. Before I left to come here, Mom told me to be extra nice to you because she thought you were making a gesture. Give her a chance, and she'll love you." I paused and got a little grin. "Have I been extra nice to you, Aunt Ruth?"

She hugged me and then reached for my dick. "Oh, you've been a nice little boy and I'll be sure to tell your Mother."

Then we got to it again. And again. And again.

Before either of us knew it, my time with her was up and we were saying goodbye in the circular driveway. My thoughts were full of her as I drove home. Mom met me at the door, gave me one of her hugs, and suddenly my thoughts were somewhere else. If Ruth was so hungry for sex, what about Mom? I can't say I ever heard her and Dad going at it anymore, so maybe she yearned for more. "Hmmm," I thought. "That bears more thinking."

Mom and Dad were eager to hear about Ruth and how we had gotten on. I told them that she had been cool and aloof at first, but that after awhile she had warmed up and we had gotten along very well. That night, Ruth called Mom. I don't think she had ever called Mom before, and you could see the shock on Mom's face when she realized who was on the line. I was listening eagerly to Mom's side of the conversation, and it was clear Ruth was bragging about how hard I had worked and what a nice young man I was. Mom was practically crying, hearing something like that from bitchy Aunt Ruth. She shooed me and Dad away, and they must have been on the telephone for an hour. I could hear Mom in the kitchen, and she was chatting away like she was talking with her best friend.

After the call ended, Mom came into the den where Dad, Joanie, Heather, and I were sitting. "You won't believe it. Ruth wants us to come again for Labor Day. Can you imagine? Ben, you must have drugged her or something. She was honestly sweet."

So we went for Labor Day, and it was a blast. Ruth was practically bubbly, and even her own family noticed. She and Mom were like best friends, spending hours talking about everything. Ruth and I got one afternoon together on Saturday, when she borrowed me for a trip to the nursery to look at some plants she wanted. Yeah, right. We drove to the park, found a secluded spot, and got right back to where we had left off. Rich Ruth, the Ice Queen, gave me a blowjob in the back seat of the car.

I saw Ruthie, but only for part of a day. She had a project at school she had to finish, so she left early. She pulled me aside Saturday night while everyone was clustered in the cinema room - yes, they had a cinema room - and kissed me. "Thanks, Benny. I don't know what you did with my Mother, but I've never seen her like this. We've always

known her coldness with everyone but us was an act, and I'm glad she's finally letting her hair down. You gonna tell me what happened?"

"No," I replied, blushing.

"Well, I owe you one," and she kissed me again. It was a damned good kiss.

This time for the photo shoot, Mom scooted to my side and I put my arm around her. As Trey lined up the shot I had a flashback to what I had done with Ruth, and as we waited for the shutter to click, I slid my hand down to Mom's butt and gave a little squeeze. Jeez, it felt good. I was just being devilish, but imagine my surprise when Mom did the same thing Ruth had done. She put her hand over mine and held it on her butt. Holy Mackerel. Did women get lessons on that? What were the chances she would do the same thing Ruth had done? Did it carry the same message? Well, there were several shots and I kept my hand on Mom's butt the whole time, gently rubbing my fingers down her crack.

When the photo was done, Mom gave me one of her Mom hugs. With everyone else behind us and occupied with their own chattering, I slid my hand down to her ass and pulled her onto my dick. There was no doubt she knew it was there. She kissed me lightly on the lips, and said, "You are something. What am I going to do with you?"

I said, "I know what I wish you'd do with me," and laughed to ease the tension. She just smiled, and walked over to talk with Ruth. I glanced around, and Joanie was watching me. She mouthed, "You perv," and laughed.

Now what happened then is a story for another day. This story is about we kids, so I'll let you wait for Mom.

After that, our families got closer, yet we kids drew farther apart. Mom and Ruth were pretty tight, and Ruth would even come to our place with Uncle Trey on the farm visits, which got pretty frequent. Trey liked the farm, and even talked of buying one himself. Ruth seemed to have needed a friend, and Mom became that for her. I almost cracked up when Mom recounted how Ruth had even gone with her to the chicken coop to get fresh eggs. I could imagine her

getting poop on her expensive shoes. But we kids had gone our separate ways, it seemed, and were scattered around the country. Time passed. I finished my doctorate in chemistry, which was a slog, and Ruthie had passed the bar exam and was an attorney. Mom kept me caught up on what all Ruth's kids were doing and, I have to say, Joanie, Heather, and I had pretty much matched or bettered them.

I had gotten a position in a large chemical corporation and had my first project. To be honest, I was totally focused on it, day and night, and if Mom gave me details over the telephone about Ruthie, I missed them. But one night I had hit my limit and decided to stop at the local watering hole. I wanted a couple of drinks, and I wanted some action. The drinks were easy. The action was not. I had not gotten laid for a long time, and I wondered if I had lost my touch. So, I just watched the football game on the big screen and enjoyed the chattering crowd around me.

Across the bar I saw a young woman, dressed in a business suit, with dark hair. Her hair looked like a mink's fur, which I had always liked in Ruth's and Ruthie's hair. You know what I'm talking about - shiny, silky, and dark with a hint of red to it in the right light. I thought, "Wow, she looks like

Ruthie a little bit." It couldn't be Ruthie, though. She had long hair, and this woman's was cut in a kind of bob just below her ears. She turned around and I could see her face. As I said, Ruthie was always the preppie sort and I don't know if I had ever seen her in makeup. This woman was made up to the nines and was a knock out. And then it hit me. It was Ruthie, and at that moment our eyes met.

While hopes of scoring still were in my mind, they were pushed to the side by the joy of seeing her. We got a small table and when my tiredness hit me and I looked at my iPhone to check the time, four hours had passed. We were closing the damned place. Ruthie was working at a law firm, and her hours were as bad as mine. We went out to the sidewalk, kissed in a family sort of way, and agreed to meet for dinner that weekend.

That started it. My social life became Ruthie. We never did anything sexual - we were beyond that and I didn't want to offend her - but I thoroughly enjoyed her company and I think she enjoyed mine. You know the "first date jitters?" Well, I never had that with Ruthie. We weren't dating, we were family. We were comfortable together. She told me she hated the name "Ruthie," and made me promise to

always call her Ruth when we were around her friends. She explained the same thing Ruth had told me about the name, and I acted surprised. Old money, it seems, like to use old names. I guess they think it sets them apart, like their family line is so important, or something. We laughed about it, Ruthie and I. You'll never meet an old money girl with a trendy, modern name, so I would laughingly call her, "Wendy," or "Brandy," or other modern names. She'd always laugh and stop me. "No, with you, I'm always just plain old Ruthie, nothing more." And she was. We started meeting a couple of times a week. Our conversations at the start were about family and our memories, but soon progressed to the point that we shared everything. Ruthie had had a disastrous relationship in law school with a professor, and said she felt pretty burned with men.

One night we were talking about relationships and how bogus it all was. "If only I could find someone as nice as you, Ben," she said, and started to say something else when she stopped. "What's wrong? You look sad. Are you tired?"

I was exhausted from work and I guess she caught me in a vulnerable moment, so I blurted the truth. "Ruthie, I've never told you this, but I've always loved you. Goddammit,

I wouldn't have a chance with you for a bunch of reasons, and it breaks my heart. So, that's why I look so sad."

She reached across the table and took my hand. "Ben, oh, Ben. Do you think I don't feel the same way about you?"

"What way? Say it, Ruthie. Am I just the nice guy, or is there more?"

She started crying. "It's you, Ben. I've loved you as long as I can remember. I always told Mother that I wanted to find someone like you, when what I really wanted was you. You're the first boy I kissed." Then she leaned forward and whispered. "And yours were the first lips on my breast."

And that started it. We went slowly and carefully, treading on eggshells, but from that moment, we were in love. Oh, believe me, we researched everything we could find about laws regarding cousins marrying. Ruthie was a bulldog lawyer, and she even prepared a brief on her research. The bottom line, as she saw it, was that there was no state in the union where we couldn't marry. The only sensitive part was that we shared the same last name, but we figured that

would be pretty funny, after all. She could be Ruth Nelson Nelson.

We had some fun with that. If we were out with people, Ruthie would introduce me as Ben Nelson. They would always remark, "But that's your name, isn't it?" Ruthie would kiss me in a suggestive way and say something like, "Oh, yeah. He's my brother." They'd be shocked, of course. Then we'd crack up as we explained we were only distant cousins, if that.

I was elated - we finally were talking about getting married, but there was the real hurdle. Our families. I thought mine would be okay with it, but what about Ruth and Trey. I mean, Ruthie had been a damned debutante. They expected her to marry money and status. Unless my patents came through on the results of my research, I'd never have a lot of money. You don't see a lot of chemists on the list of rich people. Ruthie didn't care about money. She was on the track for partnership and would make plenty of money. But Uncle Trey and Aunt Ruth would care.

Add to that the fact that I had fucked her Mother. I still fucked her Mother every chance I got, and it was glorious. Ruth would hit the roof. You remember that movie? The Graduate? The one with Dustin Hoffman where he screwed his girlfriend's Mother. Yeah. Ruth would hit the roof. Besides, Ruthie and I were honest with each other about previous relationships, except for that one. How could I tell her? Should I tell her?

We had, by this time, moved in together. I'm not going to relate details about our sex life, because I loved Ruthie, but I will say that the nut didn't fall far from the tree. Take Ruth's natural hunger and add a truly adventurous spirit, and that was Ruthie. There were times when I thought I wouldn't be able to walk, she fucked me so hard. The first time we had sex, we cried in each other's arms.

It was kind of funny, our living together. We used our cellphones so when our parents called they had no idea we were together. We'd shush each other to make sure they never knew that when they were talking with one of us, the other was right there. I still remember, and laugh at, the time Ruthie was talking with her Mom while I was eating

Ruthie's pussy. If only Ruth knew how I was applying the lessons she taught me.

They knew we had met each other at a bar, and occasionally we would mention the other while talking with our families. Our plan was to build it gradually, and then when we dropped it on them it wouldn't be so monumental. The only one who suspected anything was Joanie. She called me one night and, out of the blue, said, "So, is Ruthie there? Can I talk to her?" I stammered and stuttered, and finally Joan rescued me by laughing. "Ben, you've always had a thing for Ruthie. I would be shocked if you hadn't tried to fuck her out there. So, have you?" I couldn't get off the phone fast enough, but I guess my reaction told Joanie the truth.

Christmas came, and Ruthie was crashing on a case so she couldn't go home. I went to see Mom and Dad and, one afternoon, called Ruth. "Can I come see you? I want to ask you something."

Ruth was no fool. She thought I wanted to fuck her, but this time she was wrong. I had decided I would ask Ruth's advice. She would blow up, probably, but I knew I had to do

it. If she was adamantly opposed to our getting together, I'd somehow tell Ruthie and we'd work it out. I figured if that happened, my chances were fifty-fifty. I got up early in the morning, telling Mom I was going to just drive around and maybe hike a bit and not to be concerned if I was way late getting home. She looked puzzled but didn't protest, so I was off for the six hour drive to see Ruth.

When I got there, Donna opened the door for me and, again, escorted me to see Ruth in the sitting room. All the times I had been there over the years, and Donna still felt like she had to escort me through the house. Sigh. Yeah, I might have pocketed a priceless piece, or something. Ruth stood up to greet me and we hugged chastely until Donna left the room, then Ruth gave me a deep kiss. Normally my hands would have gone right to her ass, but this time I just held her around the waist. She noticed.

"What's this about?," she asked me.

I knew there was no way to pussy foot around it, if you'll allow that phrase. "Ruth, there's something I want to ask you."

"Oh, God. I thought we were through this. I'm not going to run away and marry you, Ben." She laughed, but she was serious.

I took a deep breath and reached for her hand. "There's no easy way to say this, Ruth. Ruthie and I have been dating a little."

"Oh," she said softly. That was it. Just "Oh."

"And I love her, Ruth. I love her more than I thought I could ever love anyone."

Again, "Oh." She was showing no emotion. This was not going as I thought it would. I had rehearsed all sorts of reactions to bring her off the ceiling, but so far she had not reacted.

"Ruth, I want to ask her to marry me. Now, before you blow up, I've got several patents pending for things I've been

working on and, if they pan out, I'll share the proceeds with the corporation. Money won't be a problem."

She started crying. I had not expected that, not from Aunt Ruth. I expected her to turn into a banshee and attack me. I didn't know how to react to tears, so I said nothing.

"So what do you want from me?," she asked, softly. "You want my blessing? My God, Ben."

"Yes, that's exactly what I want, your blessing. I love you, you know that. I love Ruthie, and maybe it's because she's a part of you, but dammit, now I realize I've always loved her." I was on a roll, so I kept going. "I know you and Uncle Trey have dreams of her marrying in society and money, and all, but..."

She sighed, and I stopped in mid-sentence. "Ben, I have to tell you, if you had told me this fifteen years ago I would have had you arrested and escorted off the property. Yes, we want the best for Ruthie and we've had several prospects in mind. She has never been interested in any of them. I think it's because she's always loved you. You think we're

blind? We've seen you two looking at each other over the years. We've seen you sneaking away to the pool house. I thought it was a phase she was going through, but now... Have you two talked about this?"

"Yep. She doesn't know I'm here. I wanted to talk to you first."

"What if I say no? What if I forbid it?"

"I don't know, Ruth. I just hope you won't."

"Ben, Ben. As I said, fifteen years ago I would have said no. Now, I just don't know. I have realized how important love is in a marriage. I guess I always resented your Mother because she was in a marriage of love. I was in a marriage of money and social status. You know, you're the best thing that has happened to me, in a way, because I realized that I could love and, you know what? Trey and I have realized that we have grown to love each other over the years. I think that's because of you and what you have given me." She giggled. "Trey even got a prescription for those little blue pills."

She paused. "Ben, if you two are in love, then I'll support it. But what about the legality? You are related, you know."

I laughed, both out of relief and because this was the easiest roadblock she could have presented me. "Your daughter is a cracker jack lawyer. She researched this to the nth degree. We are so distantly related that there is absolutely no problem." I cleared my throat. "She researched the legal, and I researched the scientific. There will be no problems genetically, either."

Ruth laughed, and I sighed with relief. "You mean, no three-eyed babies?," she said. Then she laughed again. "I don't know if I'm ready to be a grandmother, but here it comes, I guess."

I leaned over and kissed her softly on the lips. "So, you're okay with it? How do you think Uncle Trey will take it?"

"He'll take it the way I tell him to take it, Ben. You know that."

I paused. "But there's something else."

"Yes," she said. "There is, isn't there?"

"Ruth, I love you, you know that, and I love, well, I love fucking you." I could tell her that, in that way, because I had learned that Ruth liked dirty talk. In fact, she could be quite a little potty mouth when in the throes of passion. "Ruthie doesn't know, of course, and I don't know if I should tell her. And I don't know if I'll be able to give you up, if that's what you want."

"You're not going to have to give me up unless you want to, but we'll have to work that out later. Sleeping with both your wife and her Mother? That may be just a bit too much. On that, we'll just have to see. I admit, I was hoping you were coming for that today, but now, we'll see."

My dick, ever the single-minded soul, was as hard as a rock, and Ruth noticed. She put her hand on it and squeezed lightly. She whispered, "We'll have to see."

"Should I tell her? I don't want to start a marriage with secrets."

She laughed. "I think Ruthie has suspected something for awhile. That summer when you came and stayed with me while she was in Europe, well, she's pretty alert, you know. She noticed a change in me when she got home and even asked what had gone on between you and me. I think she was jealous. Of course, I told her to get her mind out of the gutter. But I have to tell you, Ruthie is not a saint, by a long shot. She's been a handful over the years. We even had to move hers and Quad's rooms to opposite ends of the house."

Well, that shocked me. What was she saying? My sweet little Ruthie had fucked her brother? My mouth hung open.

Ruth laughed. "Oh, come on, Ben. Don't act so shocked. Brothers and sisters, almost the same age, cousins, the same age." She chuckled. "Quasi-aunts and nephews?" Then she whispered, "Mothers and Sons?"

Whew, this was getting out of hand, and I was hard as a rock, again. How much did Ruth know? But that didn't answer the question. "So, should I tell her?"

Ruth proved the wisdom of age. "No, neither of us should tell her. Just let it be. She might suspect or even know, but let's not rub her nose in it. If she asks you directly, tell her the truth and tell her about this conversation. If she asks me, I'll do the same. I'll tell her the truth, and tell her what you and I have decided, right now and in this moment. But I tell you again, you may have her on a pedestal and that's the way it should be. But don't ever let your love for her depend on some notion that she's something she's not. She's a passionate young woman and always has been. Everyone has secrets. Enjoy her for what she is, not for what you think she should be."

And that was that. I had to get on the road back home. We stood and kissed, deeply, and my hands went to that still tight ass. Ruth ground against my dick. "We'll see, Ben. We'll see."

The drive home was over in a flash. I was on cloud nine. I had gotten over the biggest hurdle, and now I could tell Mom and Dad. When I got home, they were in the den and I went right in. Dad got up to use the bathroom, leaving just Mom and me.

"How did your hiking go?," Mom asked. "You didn't even dress for hiking, you know."

"I didn't go hiking. I went to see Aunt Ruth."

Mom looked shocked, like she was expecting the axe to fall. I continued, "There's something I have to tell you."

I was sitting beside Mom, and she put a cautionary hand on my leg. "Now, Honey, there are some things that are better left unsaid. Let's just watch our program. You don't want to upset your Dad."

That made me stop and think a minute. What was she saying? Did she suspect what Ruth and I had been up to? Did she know? Even more, if she suspected, was she okay

with it? I chuckled, and at that moment Dad walked in and sat in his chair, then turned toward us to say something.

I didn't let him. "No, no, Mom. It's not that." Dad looked a little confused because he didn't know what we had been talking about.

"It's not what?," he asked.

"I want to tell you two something, and all I ask is that you keep an open mind."

"Oh, boy," Dad said. "That's usually not good. What is it? Are you gay? We've talked about it, you know, since you haven't seemed to be dating anyone for a long time. We're perfectly okay with it, Ben. You are who you are, and we don't care."

Mom laughed. "Oh, he's not gay, Charlie. I can assure you of that." She paused and looked at me expectantly, with her eyebrows raised in a kind of warning look. There were lots of things she didn't want me to blurt out.

"Well, I have been dating, but we've kept it from you. I went to see Aunt Ruth today because I wanted her blessing to marry Ruthie." That was it. The cat was out of the bag. I waited for their response.

Dad jumped up and clapped his hands. Mom smiled broadly, and said, "That is the happiest news I've heard. I always wondered about you two. I could always tell you loved each other, and I could always tell that neither of you realized it. What good news! You found each other, after all. How did it happen? Tell us everything."

Of course I couldn't tell them "everything," but I did tell them how we discovered each other in the bar that night, and how it had progressed.

Mom stopped me after awhile. "So, how did Ruth react?"

I told them exactly what she had told me, omitting the critical part, of course. I told them what she had said about how she would have reacted fifteen years ago, and that she was okay with it now if that's what Ruthie really wanted.

Dad looked surprised, but Mom didn't, saying, "She has changed over the years, hasn't she?"

Dad nodded. "Yeah, I've never understood that. It's like a different person inhabited her body. Why do you think that was?"

Mom looked at me and laughed. "I don't know if we'll ever know what got into her, but I'm glad it did. She's one of my best friends now, and I never thought that would happen. So now we're going to be family and family? Kind of family, squared?" Mom was a math teacher, after all.

And that was that. I returned after the holidays and told Ruthie about almost everything that had happened in the conversation with her Mom. She was a little mad that I had talked to Aunt Ruth without clearing it with her, but she was elated with the results. She even made a comment that it might have been better, after all since I was closer to Ruth than she was. A couple of weekends later we travelled to Ruthie's home where we had kind of a family meeting between us and the two sets of parents. It could not have

gone better. Even Uncle Trey seemed happy at the news. The whole weekend was a hug fest.

So we got married, Ruthie and I, and we've been happy ever since. Ruthie has never asked about her Mom and me, and we've never told her. When we visit, which is frequently, she always has a shopping trip or something, to allow some "Mother-in-law bonding time," and Ruth and I always take advantage of it. I suspect Ruthie knows, but it's something that we never mention. I always allow the same "Brother bonding time" when we get together with Quad and his wife. My Ruthie. Not a saint, by a long shot, but a hot, passionate woman.

Ruth, by the way, was named Woman Of The Year by her city, for all her charitable work. Ruthie and I went home for the ceremony, and the affection of all the important people there for her was obvious. She had learned, I guess, to let people in and to shed her facade of Ice Queen.

Oh, and there's a little more of a complication, as if it couldn't be strange enough. You know how weddings are. Hookups everywhere. Well, Quad was a groomsman and

Joanie was a bridesmaid. You can guess what happened, but now we're a family, cubed, as Mom put it when Joanie and Quad told her. Ruthie teased Joanie mercilessly, telling her we would have the first boy and name him Bartholomew. We had a girl, of course, and named her Mary Ruth, after our two Moms.

It's weird, I know. Steven and Heather are dating, too, but no one is supposed to know. I'm expecting their announcement any day.

So, we're a family of secrets, and now you know some of them. Ruth and me. Ruthie and Quad. Me and Joanie. Ruthie and Steven. Heather and me. Mom. Lots of secrets and lots of things that everyone might suspect, but no one discusses. We're a happy family and closer than any family I know so, so far, it's working out better than I could have ever imagined.

I've thought about it. Many marriages end because someone had an affair and either fell in love with the other person, got caught, or both. All our marriages are strong, but I guess there is that yen, sometimes, for the excitement

of just getting a little extra on the side. That's the beauty of our family. Everyone may know what's going on, but it's never acknowledged. Ruthie loves her brothers but she's not in love with them and she's not going to leave me to marry one of them. But if that's what they're doing, and again, I don't know for sure, then the extra spice of the forbidden keeps her from looking for it somewhere else. Same with me. I love my Sisters and Mother, and Mother-in-Law, but I'm not going to leave Ruthie to marry one of them.

They're just the family ties that bind.