

athy Andrews

Hot horny mother

Insatiable. The word sounded as if it applied to her and her alone.

Thrashing about on her bed, unable to nap, Carol wished she was stronger. But she was a weak woman, she knew. She could not fight this ravaging hunger within her.

Carol had always been different than other girls that she knew and grew up with. And now she was different than grown women she knew. The problem was, Carol could not keep her eyes off boys or men.

Thirty-three years old, and she could not keep her hot, smoky eyes off the front of a boy's pants. So far, she had managed to keep her hands off them, but it was becoming more and more difficult to do. There was nothing wrong with her mental and emotional condition at all. Nothing except this increasingly burning desire, this hunger to fuck and suck.

Carol had only held one cock in her hand, felt it sliding about her cunt, kissed and stroked it. The cock of her husband's. Or a husband now.

The sun was high, and she knew, she should not be on this bed trying to nap. She knew she wouldn't nap. Every time she closed her eyes, the suffering became worse.

The window was wide open, and a breeze came in, but it was not cool enough to douse the fires smoldering between her thighs. She could hear sounds outside, the usual daytime sounds of late spring.

Carol's hand moved up and down her thigh. She had drawn her foot up on the bed, bending her knee, her skirt sliding back. It felt good to caress her thigh; it was so creamy smooth and responsive to the touch. It was even more responsive to the touch of a hand other than her own.

Drawing her fingertips lightly along the inner surface of her thigh, she sighed heavily. Her finger came close to the tight crotch of her panties, then circled the elastic and lace there. A shiver ran through her as she brought her other hand up, placing it atop one tit. The fingers on her thigh began to gently move up

and down the stretched fabric of her panties. She could feel the heat coming from her cunt as she rubbed with a feathery touch, and then her ass began to writhe in a lazy way.

She probed delicately at her clitoris, feeling the tip against her panties. A sob burst from her as she lifted her hips, pressing harder into her cunt. The hunger was so great, the torment so severe.

Worming her finger beneath her panties, she stroked a puffy cunt lip, playing teasingly with the silken hairs. She sighed again. Parting her lips, she ran her tongue over them, slow and suggestively. Her finger was moving up and down the steamy slit of her cunt now, rubbing along the edges of her inflamed clitoris. Her hips moved in a rotating motion, slowly. Her nipple burned through her blouse and seemed to sear her palm.

"Ooooooh," she moaned softly, lifting her ass higher on the bed, both feet drawn back now.

Her knees were wide apart. She arched her head until her neck strained, her fingers moving faster on her rigid clitoris. As the ecstasy swelled inside her body, she shoved her hand away from her cunt. Another moan bubbled from her as she began to rapidly thrust her finger into her cunt. The moist sounds of her finger fucking her pussy were loud in the bathroom.

She could feel her cunt sucking at her finger the lips, so satiny and hot, clung to her plunging finger with greedy delight. Her hips moved up and down, grinding hard. The hand holding her panties to one side managed to rub her clitoris as she finger-fucked herself. The finger was getting wild as her pleasure bubbled.

Carol's orgasm was steaming away now, building and growing and swelling. She began to twist her head about as her mewls of increasing ecstasy filled the room.

When she came, she almost bit, into her bottom lip to keep from screaming.

Her finger moved slowly now, her cunt still quivering, but the intensity of her orgasm was fading. But that meant nothing, she knew. Within seconds she would be wanting her finger driving into her insatiable cunt again.

There was that word... insatiable, once more.

Being insatiable didn't bother her. What bothered her was being unable to do anything about it. She wished she could walk around, shaking her ass, jiggling her tits, giving the flirty eye to men and boys. Carol didn't know why she was unable to do this. She had tried twice, and she had felt so devastated with guilt and embarrassment that she never did it again.

She felt a bit more relaxed now that she had produced the orgasm within her. She was seldom completely relaxed, and fucking was seldom far from her mind. She could not do the simplest chore about the house without thinking about a cock, long and thick, hard and dripping, going into her cunt.

Turning on the bed, she looked out the window. There was nothing to see except the branches of a tall tree. The bedroom was on the second floor, and the window faced empty space and the roof of the house next door. The sky was clear, a light blue without a single cloud in it. The leaves of the tree rippled slowly in the mild breeze.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon, and she wondered, lazily where Bobby and Susan were.

Not that it mattered; she just liked to know where her children were at all times.

Bobby was her youngest, and such a sweet boy. He was so obedient, always ready to do any chore she asked of him. He was going to be one handsome young man one of these days. But Susan... well, Susan was different. Already beautiful, with blue eyes and honey-colored hair, Susan knew what she had and made the best of it. She was a flirty girl, and Carol knew she would have to keep a close eye on her when she began to date.

Susan, Carol felt, would be fucking at the first opportunity.

Susan loved to wear the tightest shorts possible, shorts that molded and cupped and revealed her ass and long, slim thighs. Her tits were starting to bud, and Carol had seen her nipples many times protruding against some thin blouse. Oddly enough, Carol had never insisted that her daughter wear a

bra. She never scolded Susan for those tight shorts or her flirting expressions when, around men.

Drawing her knees up to her chin, she lay with her arms hugging them. She knew her ass was exposed, but it didn't matter since there was no one around to see it. There was a gentle throbbing in her cunt, the hair-lined lips of her pussy twitching warmly.

At first she didn't hear it, then when it came again, she lifted her head.

The voice sounded as if it were right outside her window. But that couldn't be; there was no ledge for anyone to climb on.

Climbing off the bed, she walked to the window and listened closely, then heard the voice again.

"Does this feel good, Bobby?"

It was her daughter's voice. Carol held her breath, suspecting something. The window had a screen, but could be removed from inside. Silently she opened it and looked down.

The thick shrubbery at the side of the house was like a jungle. From the sidewalk they were completely concealed, but from her vantage point, Carol could see her son and daughter clearly.

"Oh, no!" she whispered, her eyes wide.

Susan and Bobby were near the side of the house, and her daughter had taken her panties off. Susan was sprawled back, her skirt around her waist. She was arching her cunt up with widely spread thighs. From where Carol stood looking down, it seemed that Susan's cunt looked hairless. Between her thighs was Bobby, his cock standing out from his pants, hard and throbbing.

Carol sucked her breath in, shocked by what she was seeing. But then, the shock fled, and she felt a rumbling excitement sparkling through her body like electricity. She leaned out and strained her eyes,

trying to see them better.

"It feels hot, Susan," she heard her son say.

"Of course it's hot, silly," Susan replied. "It's supposed to be hot. Your cock gets hard, don't it? Well, my cunt gets hot."

Cock... cunt. The two words burned in Carol's mind. She wondered where they could have heard them. Somehow, hearing her daughter say dirty words made Carol feel warm and tingly inside, and she was aware that her clit had swollen again.

Watching Bobby's cock and her daughter's cunt, Carol found herself wishing that her son had dropped his pants, too. She wanted to see all of him, his balls, too. From the waist down, Susan was naked.

"Rub it on me, Bobby," she heard her daughter urge him. "You're supposed to rub your cock on my cunt."

"That's not the way you're supposed to do it, Susan," Bobby said. "If I'm supposed to put it in there."

"You can stick it in me later," Susan replied. "I wanna feel you rub it on my first."

Oh, my God! Carol thought. They're going to fuck!

Her eyes strained hard to watch, and she saw her son press the swollen head of his cock against his sister's cunt, rubbing it up and down. She saw Susan wiggle her uplifted hips and heard the soft giggle she made.

"You're still hot against my cock, Susan," Bobby said, his voice sounding hoarse.

"Your cock is smooth, Bobby," Susan mewled. "I like it there! Rub my cunt harder!"

Carol gazed down at her son and daughter, watching with blazing eyes. Susan whipped her hips and, and down, and in a grinding motion, rubbed her cunt against the swollen head of her brother's cock. Susan was doing most of the moving, Carol saw, while her son simply held his prick against her pussy. The sight was exciting to Carol, and she began to breathe with hot gasps. She moved her hand to her cunt and pressed it hard, feeling the throbbing there increase.

Bobby, clinging to his cock as his sister rubbed her hot pussy lips against his cockhead, began to stroke his fist back and forth, jacking off. Carol was intensely excited to see his fist beating his cock as his sister rubbed her hot, succulent cunt against the swollen head of his prick.

"I think I'm gonna do it, Susan!" Bobby grunted, his body shaking. "I think I'm gonna do it!"

"I don't care, Bobby!" Susan replied in a squeal, "I've starting doing it already! Golly, it sure feels good, Bobby!"

Carol knew her daughter was coming, and it seemed that her son was about to come, too. She strained her eyes as hard as she could, her lips parted as she breathed hotly, her tongue licking about her lips as she breathed hotly, her tongue licking about her lips as she pressed the heel of her hand tighter against her cunt.

Her son grunted loudly.

Carol saw the thick spurt of come juice gush from his piss hole, splashing just below his sister's belly button. Again he came, gushing his come juice all over her cunt, her stomach and thighs. Susan gurgled with pleasure and began smearing his come juice on her cunt flesh.

Instantly, Carol felt her cunt explode.

She came with such force that her vision became fuzzy, and she was unable to see clearly. She slumped

against the window, and an image came into her mind. An image long buried, one she thought she had forgotten, tried to forget.

She had been very young, and so had her brother.

How it happened, she couldn't remember. She had been fucked by her brother, and fucked in such a way that she knew, from that moment on, how hot she was.

It had happened only that one time, and despite her desires, never again had she felt a cock in her cunt until she married.

Carol had grown up on a farm. They lived there with her grandparents, and she had, not left it until she married. She recalled she had been in the barn, up in the loft, daydreaming as she lay on the soft, fragrant hay. She had no idea her brother was in the barn, and that he had climbed up the ladder and was watching her. She had not even known her dress was up, her white panties showing, or that her legs had been spread out.

She had been daydreaming about fucking. She had discovered the thrills of touching her young cunt, felt the pleasure between her thighs, and the exquisite sensations of orgasms shuddering through her small, slim body.

Her first indication that her brother had come into the hayloft was when she heard him breathing. She had looked at him, not surprised. He was only a few years older than she was, and since there were no other boys and girls their age around, they had become close.

She looked up at her brother, the dreams of fucking still so vivid in her mind that she didn't notice at first that she was excitingly revealed.

She failed to notice that her brother was gazing with hot eyes at her slender thighs and the crotch of her panties, or the bulge inside his pants. She did, however, feel his fingers touching her knee lightly. She didn't mind it felt good. She even moaned with pleasure when her brother began to slide his palm up and down her thighs.

Her brother's hand had felt very hot on her flesh, and it made her cunt bubble with sensation. Somehow, without her knowing it was happening, she had moved her hand toward the front of his pants. She discovered the hardness there, and from that point on, she had wanted his cock.

Apparently the touch of her hand on her brother's cock had given him all the encouragement he required. He slipped his hand to her crotch and felt her cunt through her white panties. When he began to rub up and down, she spread her thighs even wider, arching her hips up to increase the exquisite pressure.

Carol remembered, now, how she had immediately started coming, the soft waves of orgasms rippling through her, strong enough to make her whimper and writhe her ass about. She had gripped her brother's cock through his pants, squeezing it hard enough to make him grunt.

She did not remember when his cock was out of his pants or if she had taken it out or if he had. All she remembered about it was that his cock seemed to suddenly materialize before her. It was thick and long and so very hard, with a smoothly swollen head that thrilled her senses. She had taken her brother's cock in her small fist, and from instinct began stroking back and forth, feeling his prick throb and burn her palm. Her panties had been removed, but whether by her brother or herself, she failed to remember.

So much of the incident was lost in the deep darkness of her mind, but the important parts of it were still there. It was vivid now.

She had loved the feel of her brother's cock, thinking it was the most amazing thing she had ever seen. His prick was beautiful and smooth and hot.

Her brother knelt on his knees at her side, and he was fondling her cunt with both hands eagerly. She twisted and arched her cunt up as high as she could, yearnings for more than just his hands on her pussy. She loved the way he touched her, the way his fingers moved on her inflamed clitoris and along the heat of her puffy cunt, finally moving between the tight lips to probe inside.

When he shoved his finger deep into her cunt, Carol had whined for more, twisting her cunt with wild movements, while gripping his cock as hard as she could. He was dripping, and the slippery juices coated

her palm, making it easier to jack him.

In complete silence, except for heavy, eager breathing, her brother had moved between her thighs. Carol had lifted her exposed cunt to him when he moved his prick close. She had begun to whine softly when she felt the smooth head of her brother's cock brushing against her cunt. She felt it smash her distended clitoris, and she came with sudden shakes of her small body.

When her brother began to rub the head of his cock up and down the slit of her cunt, Carol began to whimper. She had never experienced anything like it before. The ecstasy was almost more than she could bear. She wanted more than just that rubbing and touching of her cunt; she wanted his cock inside her, fucking her, filling her and stretching her cunt.

It seemed that, when her brother began to push his cock into her pussy, he was excruciatingly slow. Yet, it felt so very good. She felt the swollen head of his cock stretching her cunt lips, filling her. It had seemed so huge at the time, and the pleasure had been so great.

Carol recalled feeling the throbs of her brother's cock as he held the head of his prick inside her cunt. She had felt the smooth swelling tip with the sensitive lips of her pussy, and then there, was a strange thing happening. Her cunt, it seemed, was sucking on her brother's cockhead... sucking at it with hot, flexing motions. This delighted not only her brother, but Carol as well.

Slowly, almost as if afraid he would hurt her, her brother fed more of his cock into her gripping cunt. Carol had held her crotch up for him, her eyes wide and unseeing, smoldering with an erotic sensation she had never felt before. Each ridge of his cock was felt by her, and as he stuffed his prick into her, she had continued to come. The multiple orgasms, too, were new to her. Until now she had only produced a single orgasm each time she finger-fucked herself.

Her cunt held her brother's cock tightly, almost nibbling on it as he fucked her. Then he had every inch of his cock inside her cunt, and his balls were resting against her upturned ass.

Carol had murmured and sighed softly as her brother began fucking her. He held himself upright, not lying across her small body. As he moved his cock in and out of her clasping cunt, Carol had started humping to meet him. The motions of fucking, like jacking his cock, came from instinct. The more he plunged, the more she wanted. The urge to push against his cock created a storm of ecstasy within her

body, and soon she was churning furiously, her cunt riding his cock back and forth as her brother stared in amazement at her, no longer fucking, but letting his sister do it all.

She jerked her hips up and down, whimpering softly. She twirled her hips in a frantic attempt to suck his cock and balls into her steaming cunt. Her fiery young pussy was devouring her brother's cock in greedy hunger, and he had gazed at the way her cunt moved. He had watched those pink, wet lips cling to his cock like a hot vise of flesh. He was no longer holding her hips. The ecstasy that her tight cunt provided for his hard cock was fantastic. Yet, Carol's violence seemed to frighten him.

Carol raced her cunt up and down, the muscles in her stomach, rippling with her effort. She jerked her cunt up and down on his cock, banging the cheeks of her ass against his balls, gurgling and squealing as her mind reeled. The orgasms continued to burst and crash through her, making all her nerves tingle hotly. Her tits seemed to grow until they had become five times as large, her nipples standing up like they had never stood before.

She was biting her bottom lip and moaning with sobbing ecstasy. Her cunt beat brutally up and down, grinding against her brother's cock at the base, then sucking back until she had the swollen head of his cock between her cunt lips, banging hurriedly back onto it.

She didn't remember if he had come or not. It seemed that he had, but she couldn't be sure. Her own orgasms had been too strong for her to feel him corning inside her cunt.

Without her knowing, her brother had left her in the hayloft, her dress about her waist and her parities somewhere, her legs wide and her cunt gently pulsating. She had remained in the loft for hours, it seemed, and only moved when she heard her mother tailing her for dinner.

She had been unable to find her panties, and she had gone through dinner naked beneath her dress, feeling a delicious naughtiness. Her brother, however, wouldn't even look at her after that.

She had tried to find opportunities to be alone with him, trying to entice him into fucking her again. But he had become afraid of her insatiable appetite. His attitude had made her feel rejected, and finally she gave up trying to tempt him. From then on, she felt as though all boys would reject her. She didn't date until she married her future husband. Then, almost immediately afterward, she found herself being rejected by her husband. Like her brother, he had been frightened by her erotic appetite.

Carol realized that she was still leaning out the window. Her children had left the shrubbery. No one was there now, and she pulled back and placed the screen into the slots.

Turning back to her room, she thought about Susan and Bobby fucking.

Strangely, she wasn't angry with her children.

Carol stood near her bed, thinking about what she had seen. She wanted to see more, more of her son's cock and Susan's cunt. She loved playing with her own cunt, and looking at another had to be just as exciting, she felt. Carol often placed a mirror between her thighs when she fondled her pussy, watching it. She knew the thrill of watching erotic actions, and she wasn't the least ashamed of it.

Smoothing her skirt, she went downstairs, feeling thirsty.

She found them in the living room, pretending to watch cartoons on television. She knew they were pretending because they never watched cartoons. She caught a guilty glance from her son and daughter as she turned toward the kitchen.

It didn't dawn on her why they had looked so guilty until she was drinking a glass of water. She almost choked when it came to her.

They had seen her looking at them!

That was why they looked so guilty. They were afraid she was going to punish them.

She stood for a while in the kitchen, wondering just what she could do now. They knew she had seen them, and they would be expecting her to at least say something.

But what could she say?

She had fucked her brother, so it wouldn't be right for her to rant and scream or punish them.

Carol had no idea how to handle the situation.

Leaning against the sink, she tried hard to come up with some way to handle this. There were no answers. Perhaps, she thought, the best way would be to ignore it, pretend nothing had happened. But that, too, would be wrong.

She returned to the living room and sat down, not realizing that she was gazing at them.

Susan and Bobby were sprawled on the floor, their chins cupped in their hands, facing the television.

When she became aware of looking at them, she saw her son's ass bunch up, and then her daughter began to squirm on the floor. She was amused at how nervous they were, anticipating punishment of the same kind.

Susan's legs were parted as she lay on her stomach, and Carol stared at those slender thighs. The back of her daughter's dress was up quite high, she saw. In fact, it was high enough so she could see the crotch of her panties. A pulsing started between her long legs again and Carol swallowed nervously.

She began to see them again in her mind, see Bobby's cock rubbing against Susan's cunt. She saw his cock gushing sweet come juice onto his sister's cunt and thighs. Carol was totally unaware that she was running her palm up and down her thigh, that her dress was being inched up, that her knees opening as she sat there. The erotic visions grew brightly, blotting out everything except the feelings in her throbbing, hungry cunt. The sensations between her, legs became stronger and stronger.

Soon Carol was sitting with her legs wide and her skirt almost at her lap. She leaned her head back and closed her eyes, breathing deeply, her hand now caressing the naked flesh of her thigh.

She was unaware that both Bobby and Susan had turned to look at her. They were grinning at each other, then staring between their mother's thighs, seeing the tight crotch of her panties, the shadow of her cunt hair, the way she writhed her ass and caressed her thigh. Opening her eyes, she looked at her children, who had turned to face her, sitting cross-legged on the floor. For a moment she didn't understand why their eyes were shining so brightly.

When she realized where her skirt was and that her legs were wide apart, she clamped them together. But then, she stopped herself just in time. Having Bobby and Susan stare under her skirt this way created such a beautiful feeling to her, she couldn't close her knees.

She looked directly at them, her eyes smoldering. She moved her palm along the inside of one thigh, intensely suggestive. Susan's pretty face split in a grin, and Bobby giggled.

Feeling bold, Carol moved her hand higher on her thigh, and then she felt a fingertip brush the crotch of her panties, she drew it along the frilly edge, drawing her eyes to what she was doing. Her other hand lifted to one spongy tit, her fingers curling about it and squeezing very gently. She dropped her eyes to her son's lap, and she saw his cock bulging inside his pants. Sliding her gaze to her daughter, she saw the tight band of her panties being stretched over her pussy.

Carol had never felt so wickedly bold in her life, not even when she was fucking frantically on her brother's cock long ago in that hayloft. Slicing a finger into the tight crotch of her panties, she deliberately jerked it to the side, exposing her hairy cunt to Susan and Bobby.

Bobby gasped, his eyes sparkling hotly. Susan giggled in a naughty way.

Carol, smiling now, shifted her hand from her tits down to her stomach. She circled a fingertip along the edge of one hairy cunt lip, then drew it up the slit to her distended clitoris. She twisted her ass on the chair, and her knees went wider yet. She scooted her ass to the edge, then quickly thrust a finger into her cunt, and just as quickly withdrew it.

Then she sat upright, smoothing her skirt down and sticking her tongue out at them. Standing up, she watched her son's cock, seeing it bulge against his pants, then at the tight band of her daughter's

panties.

She walked toward the stairs, twisting her ass with an exaggerated motion. Finally, before starting up the stairs, she lifted the back of her skirt to her waist, arching her rounded ass out and wiggling it at them.

Then she climbed the stairs to her room.

She sat on her bed, feeling an anxious anticipation. She wasn't sure what she expected, but after her wanton display downstairs, something should happen, she thought.

Her cunt was hotter than she had ever remembered it being. Always hot, it seemed hotter than ever at this moment. She had to struggle to keep her hands off her pussy as she waited. Certainly they could not have missed the intent of her lewd invitation.

She opened the top of her dress, pulling it off her shoulders. Her tits, so round and firm, flawless in shape, thrust outward, nipples rigid and tingling with desire.

She heard their footsteps on the stairs, and she began to breathe with sharp, swift gasps.

Susan and Bobby stood in the doorway.

Carol held her eyes steady as she boldly looked back at them. Her tits were exposed, nipples hard and thrusting up invitingly. She had pulled her skirt to mid-thigh, and her knees were slightly parted.

Carol lifted her hands to her tits, circling a finger around each of her nipples as she gazed hotly at Susan and Bobby. Her eyes saw the straining bulge of Bobby's cock, and she could hear their breathing.

Her cunt pulsated hotly as they moved into the bedroom, both staring at their mother's naked tits with excitement glowing in their young eyes.

Carol still didn't know what she was going to do with Susan and Bobby. The only thing she knew was her cunt was about to burst into a roaring flame. When Susan and Bobby stopped halfway inside the room, she felt a sense of disappointment. Somehow, she had expected them to take the initiative, but now she realized they were waiting for her.

Trembling, she held her arms out to them, a smile of eagerness on her full, moist lips. They came toward her slowly, and sat on each side of her. Carol sat there, shaking gently, once more running fingertips over her tits. She looked down at her tits, then glanced from the corner of her eyes at them.

Still Bobby and Susan only watched what she was doing, but their breathing indicated excitement.

Carol took her son's wrist in one hand, her daughter's in the other. She brought their hands to her tits, placing them upon the spongy, smooth flesh. She had to curl their fingers around her tits, and her nipples seemed to be so hot. She pressed on their hands, smashing her tits and rolling their palms against her nipples. As she lowered her hands from theirs, they kept up the rubbing motion on their own.

Carol sighed with pleasure and leaned back. She arched her naked tits against their eager hands, closing her eyes to the pleasure.

She felt Susan and Bobby twisting at her nipples, pinching them in a light, tender way. She mewled softly and thrust her tits out, writhing her ass on the bed. Then their fingers were replaced by something else. She opened her eyes to see Susan's lips closing over one of her nipples. Bobby, too, had lowered his mouth down, and he was running his tongue around his mother's nipple wetly, breathing hot air against her flesh. Susan began to suck on her mother's succulent nipple, making soft whimpering sounds as her tongue swirled with moist heat.

"Ohhhh," Carol moaned. "Oh, God!"

She arched her tits against their mouths, thrilled with the wetness of their tongues and lips. Her nipples protruded like two very hard cocks, and they were being sucked in such a sweet, hungry way by Susan and Bobby. Sprawling on her back, she wrapped her arms around them, pulling their faces tighter into

her springy tits. She murmured with soft desire, caressing the honey-colored hair of her daughter and stroking Bobby's ear.

"Oh that's so nice!" she whimpered in a thick sound. "That feels so good, so very good!"

She felt their bodies trembling against her. She was twisting her ass on the bed, her cunt pulsating in moist heat, and she wanted to touch them, to feel them, so much. Yet she waited, letting the anticipation grow.

Mild orgasms burst within her cunt, making her gurgle softly. Their sucking lips and swirling tongues fueled the fire inside her body.

But then, no one was sucking her tits.

She opened her eyes and looked up.

Bobby was grinning at her, and Susan was getting out of her panties as fast as he could.

"What... what are you going to do?" Carol whispered.

Her daughter giggled. "You started this, Mother."

"I didn't start any..." She stopped, seeing her daughter's panties being thrown halfway across the room. She caught a flash of her daughter's succulent cunt before Susan sat back down.

Bobby, just as eager as his sister, opened his pants and shoved them down, then off his feet.

Carol stared at his cock. Bobby's cock was up so hard, and sheathed to take it in her hand, feel his virile

hardness. Yet, she lay there, tits exposed and thighs parted, watching and waiting.

Bobby had a bit of fuzz at the base of his cock, but his preciously sweet balls were totally devoid of hair. Carol thought she could eat his cock and balls up without any problem whatsoever. As she gazed hungrily at her son's cock and balls, he got on his knees, arching his hips out with youthful pride.

Susan was now getting out of her dress, stripping completely without hesitation.

Carol saw Susan's tight shapely tits with those pale pink nipples, and she licked her lips. She balled her hands into tight fists, swinging her eyes from her son's cock to her daughter's now naked body.

Susan scooted about on the bed, spreading her legs and lifting her crotch. "Come on, Bobby," she hissed. "Rub my cunt with your cock!"

Carol wasn't sure she heard right. Here she was, with her tits naked her thighs invitingly open, but her daughter wanted Bobby to rub the head of his cock against her cunt.

"Bullshit!"

Susan and Bobby looked at their mother.

Carol sat up, crossing her legs in front of her. "That's right... bullshit."

Susan gasped. "You mean you don't want..."

"I don't mean anything," Carol said, her voice low and thick with passion. "I only mean it's childish to rub each other that way."

"Mother, what are you talking about?" Susan said. "It feels good. Besides, we thought you didn't care... the way you undressed..."

Carol could hardly believe her own boldness. "I don't care," she said. "But I think you two should stop this kid stuff and get right down to it."

"Mother, are you sure?" Susan whispered.

Bobby looked from his sister to his mother. His cock throbbed from his crotch the head hugely swollen, and Carol saw cum dripping from his piss hole.

"Why don't you fuck instead of rub each other?" Carol heard herself saying. "That's right, fuck!"

Bobby giggled and his sister laughed.

"I mean it," Carol said, squeezing her naked tits, her dark eyes flashing with erotic pleasure. "You're old enough to stop acting like little kids, don't you think? If you're going to do anything, you should be fucking!"

Susan looked at her brother; he looked at her.

Bobby moved between his sister's thighs, his cock jerking up and down. Carol sat there, her legs still crossed, her fingers digging into her tits, her eyes blazing as she watched her son's cock probe Susan's young, honey-haired cunt.

Carol had told them to fuck, and it still amazed her that she had said it.

Susan ran her hands down and pulled at the succulent pink wetness of her cunt, spreading those beautiful lips wide. Her tiny clitoris poked up succulently. Carol gave a loud hiss of delight when he saw her son's cock slip between those lovely lips.

"Ooooh!" Susan murmured as her brother's cock stretched her cunt. "Ohhh, good!"

"More!" Carol grunted, leaning down, her eyes glazed with erotic pleasure. "Put more cock in her little cunt, Bobby!"

Bobby laughed. Susan giggled and lifted her crotch up. Bobby pressed, and Carol sucked in excited air as she saw his cock stretching her daughter's tight cunt. She could see Susan's pink pussylips wrapping about his prick, and they seemed to flex, but she wasn't sure.

She had no idea it would be this exciting to see her son fuck her daughter. Bobby was on his knees between his sister's spread thighs, and Susan was lifting her cunt for his cock. It was just as Carol had done with her own brother so many years ago in the hayloft. She squeezed one of her tits and shot her other hand between her crossed thighs. Both Bobby and Susan were watching her, their eyes almost glassy with ecstasy.

Carol, in her rush, tore her panties, but she didn't care. She pulled the torn shreds from her body and shoved her skirt to her waist as she leaned back. Drawing her knees up, she parted them to reveal her hairy cunt to her son and daughter. She listened to the moist suctioning of Susan's turn on Bobby's cock, seeing it thrust in and out. She began to rub at her inflamed clitoris as they watched her.

Everything seemed to be happening just as it had that day long ago in the hayloft with her own brother.

Carol rubbed her wet, steaming cunt swiftly and began to urge her son and daughter to fuck.

"Fuck, fuck," Carol hissed with a thick, throaty sound. "Oh, fuck that cunt, Bobby! Susan, fuck your brother! Ahhh, that, is so sweet, so fucking sweet. It's beautiful, seeing that hard cock fucking that cute pussy! Ooooh, fuck... fuck!"

Susan began banging her honey-haired cunt back and forth on her brother's throbbingly hard cock, cooing with ecstasy, and Carol could not shut off the flow of encouraging words.

"Oooh, fuck that sweet cunt, Bobby! Fuck that beautiful cock, Susan. Oh, God, fuck each other! That's it... fuck hard!"

Carol was plunging her own finger into her pussy now, thrusting swiftly as she gazed at them, her eyes riveted to where her son's cock penetrated and stuffed her daughter's steamy little cunt. Carol was so close to them that her knees brushed the hot flesh of her daughter's hip and side.

"Ahhh, faster, Bobby! Fuck your sister's cunt real fast and hard! She loves a lovely cock like yours fucking her hot cunt fast and hard! I know she does! Ohhh, Susan, wiggle your hot ass... twist it, ride his cock with your pretty cunt, baby! Ahhh, fuck... fuck!"

Susan was fucking hard, gasping with pleasure. Bobby grunted as he fucked his sister's tight cunt. Both stared at their mother, excited to see her driving her finger in and out of her hair-lined pussy so vigorously. Their minds were inflamed by what they saw, and they churned against each other furiously. Carol's eyes burned as she watched her son's cock moving in and out of her daughter's clasping pussy. Her own cunt was already in the clutches of a powerful orgasm, and she was whimpering and sobbing with ecstasy.

She knew, through the pleasure rippling through her, that they would be coming soon, too. Her daughter sounded as if she were coming already. Her son, his balls drawing up tight at the base of his prick, was gritting his teeth with ecstasy.

"Oooh, Bobby!" Susan wailed, arching her cunt higher and tighter against his driving cock. "You're gonna make me do it! Ooooh, I'm gonna do it!"

"I think I am, too!" Bobby shouted.

Carol was prepared for what she expected.

Bobby started to jerk his cock from his sister's spasming cunt. With quick hands, Carol gripped her son's naked, bunching ass, helping to push his cock deep inside his sister's cunt.

"In her cunt!" Carol yelled. "Come in her fucking little cunt, Bobby!"

Susan squealed and began to grind her cunt even more furiously on her brother's cock. "Yes, yes!" she shouted. "Do what Mother said... come in my cunt!"

Carol felt her son's ass cheeks shuddering in her palms, and she hissed loudly, knowing he was gushing sweet come juice into his sister's pussy.

Susan, when it was finished, let her naked little ass fall to the bed. Bobby's cock slipped free, glistening wetly as he sat back on his heels, gasping hard.

"Isn't that much better than Bobby coming on your legs and stomach, Susan?" Carol murmured, still excited.

"I knew you saw us, Mother," her daughter said in a low whisper. "At first I wasn't sure, but you were hanging out the window watching us."

"Mmmm, I sure was, darling," Carol gurgled. "And it was a beautiful sight, too. But am I right? Isn't it better for Bobby to come in your pussy than the other way?"

"Golly, yes!"

"Better for me, too," Bobby said, recovered now.

Carol laughed. She lifted her dress and pulled it from her head, tossing it to the floor. She sat nakedly with them, pleased with the expressions on their faces.

Bobby and Susan gazed at their naked mother with delight shining in their eyes. Carol scooted to the

head of the bed and leaned against it, opening her thighs wide.

"You like looking at Mother this way?"

Carol asked, arching her eyebrows at them. "Does this look good?" She ran a finger about the triangle of her cunt hair. "Does Mother's cunt look pretty?"

Susan moved her hot little hand up her mother's thigh, and Bobby caressed the other. Carol mewled and pleasure, and she began to fondle her naked tits again. She saw that Bobby's cock was straining in hardness so quickly, and, she wondered how it would feel pumping into her cunt. But, despite the heat between her thighs and in her erotic mind, she wasn't ready for that. They could touch her, feel her up, suck on her tits, but she didn't feel ready for her son to shove his cock into her cunt. It was exciting enough to watch them fucking.

She looked down at their hands as they moved close to her pussy. She lifted her hips slightly. "Touch it, if you want," she urged. "You can touch Mother's cunt. Go ahead, feel me up, both of you."

The touch of her son's and daughter's fingers along the line of her cunt hair sent her pussy into ecstasy again. She shivered as their. Their fingers moved along the sensitive lips. Then Bobby was rubbing at her inflamed clitoris while his sister moved her, fingers about slippery wet pussy lips. Carol cooed as daughter had done a few minutes earlier.

The touch of their hands on her steamy cunt caused Carol to ripple with ecstasy. It had been a long time since anyone other than herself had touched her body in this intimate way. She spread her legs wider, much wider. She was holding the headboard, her feet flat on the mattress. With a gurgle of delight, she lifted her ass from the bed.

"Mmmm, that's so nice," she whispered.

A finger was going into her cunt, slowly but deeply. She didn't look down to see whose finger it was. She enjoyed it, twisting her ass about. Her son, with his hand still between her thighs, had scooted up and was licking at one inflamed nipple. Carol whimpered in delight as her son sucked her tit vigorously, his

tongue swirling. She began to grind her thighs, knowing it was Susan's finger inside her cunt now, fingerfucking her. They were eager to touch her, to play with her body, to excite her and themselves at the same time.

Carol mewled as her daughter's moist, hot lips kissed at her knee, then an inch or so above it. The feel of those wet lips against her naked flesh sent shudders of ecstasy roaring through her. She began to moan softly as Susan's finger dived and withdrew, her slippery cunt clinging to it. Carol shot her hips up and down, fucking her daughter's finger as much as it was fucking her.

"Ohhh, so good!" she wailed, tossing her ass about and hugging her son's face tightly to her tits now. "Do it harder to me, Susan! Oh, God, baby, do it harder to Mother!"

Susan's finger was flying in and out of her cunt, the moist slaps of her hand drifting to Carol's ears. Susan's hot mouth rested above her knee, and the breathing of her daughter seared Carol's flesh.

Carol felt an orgasm growing within her body, and she knew it was going to be a tremendous explosion. She began to sob with increasing ecstasy, her hips twisting as Susan finger-fucked her faster and faster. Bobby sucked very hard on her tit, his finger still agitating her clitoris.

Carol was boiling with need, wanting to come badly. Her nerves were screaming with the intensity of her pleasure.

"Make me come!" Carol yelled in mindless delight. "Oh, God, make Mother come! Finger me... fingerfuck me! Ohhhh, you two hot little shits... make me come! Suck my tit, Bobby... fuck my cunt, Susan! Ooooh, I'm so close, so fucking close to coming!"

Susan's finger seemed to increase in speed and depth, her small fist smacking against her mother's puffy, hairy cuntlips. Bobby was sucking so hard on her nipple that it seemed as if he wanted it down his throat. His finger on her clitoris whipped and smashed. Carol's ass twirled about, pumping up and down. Her hair-lined cunt sucked and clasped the finger of her daughter's. The muscles of her flat stomach rippled with effort.

"Ooooh, so fucking close," she mewled. "I'm so fucking close to coming! Fuck my cunt, Susan! Ooooh, fuck my hot cunt hard and fast! Eat my tit, Bobby! Eat my hot nipple!"

Carol screamed and her body went rigid.

As her orgasm burst, she shot her crotch high and began to grind frantically against their hands. Her body trembled violently as she screamed loudly. Her cunt, in convulsions, drew on Susan's finger as if trying to suck it far into her overheated body.

Finally, with a groan, Carol lowered her ass back to the bed, her body relaxing. Her legs remained spread out, the glistening lips of her cunt pulsating visibly. Her son had left her tit and now sat at her side, grinning at her as if he had accomplished some world-shaking event. His cock stood hard from his groin, his balls dangling below. Susan, with her hand slippery wet, sat at her mother's feet now, looking at her with a sweet, pleased smile.

Carol wanted to take her son's cock and stroke it, play with it. She wanted to cradle his balls and twist them gently. She wanted to fondle her daughter's succulent pussy. Her palms itched to touch their bodies, to feel them as they had felt her.

But she still held back.

As she watched them move from the bed, her eyes on their young and beautiful bodies, she couldn't understand why she was stopping herself.

In time, perhaps...

The best thing about this, Carol thought, was the sudden and startling change that had come over her children.

They were absolutely, deliciously, sweetly excitingly uninhibited.

Now that they knew their mother was not angry with them for feeling and fucking each other, that she had willingly exposed her tits and her cunt to them, they no longer sought concealment when they became aroused. And it seemed they stayed in a high state of arousal. Her son, for instance, seemed to always have a hard-on in his pants. He wouldn't conceal the bulge of his cock, but seemed proud to have it visible. Susan, the sweet thing, was quite careless when she sat. Most of the time her dress was up, and her panties showing. Carol loved it, being able to gaze at them openly, to see her son's cock so hard, her daughter's pantied pussy so available.

Bobby and even Susan, would find opportunities to touch their mother. Anytime one of them had to pass her, they would grab for her rounded ass, or her tits, and for her cunt. Usually they would giggle in a naughty way. There were many times when Carol wanted to return those playful touches, yet she kept her hands to herself.

Before, her cunt had been very hot. Now, since this had started, her cunt remained, at a low boil, ready to bubble into a steamy orgasm at any instant.

They were watching television, with Carol sitting on the couch and her daughter on the floor at her feet. Susan rested her cheek on her mother's thigh. At the other side of her, on the floor, too, was Bobby. He leaned his head on the cushions of the couch, but his body pressed at her other thigh. She was fondly caressing the pubic hair. The film they were watching was a rerun, and none of them had any interest in it.

Carol felt her daughter slowly caressing her hand up and down her lower leg, and then she felt her son doing the same with her other leg. She shivered with pleasure as those two inquisitive hands moved to her knees. For a moment they paused there, then Carol watched with smoky eyes as their fingers slipped under the hem of her skirt. Those fingers felt hot against her flesh as they moved up and down her thighs. She writhed her ass on the couch, moaning.

When Susan and Bobby began to pull at her knees, she allowed them to part. Now their hands moved up and down the creamy inner surfaces, along the skin where she was most sensitive. They felt up her thighs, and Carol widened her knees as their fingers stroked her panties. Her pussy twitched with increasing heat as a finger was drawn slowly up and down her crotch. She smiled at them as they began to pull at her hips, urging her to scoot to the edge of the couch.

"What are you two going to do with me?" she asked, her voice pitched low.

"Play with you, Mother," Susan replied.

"Mmmmm," Carol murmured as she scooted her ass to the edge, her knees spreading wide.

Bobby shoved his mother's skirt up as Susan kept caressing along the tight crotch of Carol's panties. The sensations flowing through Carol were fantastic, but then she felt and saw them as they both began, kissing at a thigh. She trembled with the heat of their mouths, and she allowed them to kiss at her flesh. But then, when it seemed they were kissing higher, she stopped them.

"Please, you're making me too hot," she gasped. "I'd rather watch you two fuck."

She sat upright, gently shoving them away. Susan and Bobby looked puzzled.

"Don't you like this, Mom?" Bobby asked.

"That's just the trouble," Carol smiled. "I like it too much. It could lead to something else, very quickly."

"So what?" Susan asked.

"So nothing," Carol said. "Come on, I want to see Bobby fucking you, honey."

"Anytime!" Susan squealed, standing up and bunching her dress at her small waist.

Susan stripped her panties off quickly, then lay back on the floor, spreading her thighs wide, arching her succulent cunt up. Bobby stripped off his jeans and t-shirt. His cock was standing hard, jerking to and fro.

Again, seeing her son's cock so beautifully hard, Carol felt her pussy clench with yearning desire. She wanted his cock up her cunt so much, burned for it. She wanted to feel it stretching her pussy as it stretched Susan's, plunging into her furiously. Yet she waited, holding back.

"Not on your back this time, baby," she said to her daughter. "Get on your hands and knees let Bobby fuck you that way. I can see his cock in your little cunt better, too."

Giggling, Susan arched her cute ass up, as Carol slipped to her knees and shoved her daughter's skirt up her back. The urge to caress Susan's asscheeks was too strong to resist. She placed her hand on a cheek, and felt the burning heat on her palm. Susan wiggled her upturned ass, and Carol moved her palm over her daughter's creamy flesh. She slipped a hand along the inner surface of a slim thigh, then, holding her breath, she cupped her daughter's cunt gently. Susan squealed with delight and twisted her uplifted ass in pleasure.

Bobby was on his knees behind his sister's ass, his cock jutting out in firmness. The head of his prick was swollen and very smooth, and Carol watched his piss hole drip.

Carol wrapped her fingers around her son's cock. Bobby grunted with delight as his mother squeezed his prick. Carol clung to his prick with tight fingers, feeling it throb, then she gave in to the impulse to jack her fist back and forth on it. She held his cock tightly, and she whimpered as she jacked her son's cock, pulling it at the same time toward her daughter's waiting cunt.

Having her son's cock in one hand, and her fingers spreading the lips of Susan's pussy, Carol almost came. Her cunt throbbed with hunger.

She pulled her son's cock to her daughter's cunt, and sucked in a loud hiss of air as she inserted that huge cockhead between Susan's almost hairless cuntlips.

Susan gave a gurgle of ecstasy as Bobby's cock slithered into her cunt. She shook her uplifted ass, and, as Bobby's cock went deeper, she mewled loudly.

Carol had to turn loose of his cock when it penetrated Susan's cunt fully. She moved her hands to his

back, down over his ass and between his thighs. She clasped his balls. Her other hand was under Susan's shaking stomach, and he began to rub at Susan's distended clitoris when Bobby began to pump his cock in and out of Susan's gripping cunt.

Feeling her son's balls and her daughter's clitoris as they fucked sent ripples of excitement tearing through Carol's body. She pressed her cunt against her daughter's hips writhing it subtly at first, then increasing the pleasure as she stared at her son's cock going in and out of Susan's wet, pink pussy.

"Ohh, that sure looks good," Carol murmured, her eyes blazing with desire. "Oh, Bobby, slide your hand up my dress and feel my ass! Squeeze Mother's ass while you fuck Susan, please!"

Carol whimpered as she felt his hand move up the back of her thigh, then she squealed as he squeezed her asscheek. She began to twist at his balls gently as his cock moved in and out of Susan's clinging cunt. She could see those pink lips hold his prick, see the wetness of his cock as he pulled back, only to plunge in swiftly again.

She did not object when Bobby ran his hand inside her panties to fondle her flesh. She made no protest when his fingers moved along the crack of her hot ass, and she kept silent except for whimpers of pleasure as he rubbed her asshole. She pressed her cunt harder against her daughter's hip, and while Susan squirmed and arched her ass, it banged her mother's cunt at the same time, rubbing and teasing it.

Her eyes stared in excitement, watching her son fucking her daughter's cunt. It was, and always would be, to her, the most beautiful scene in the world. The moist sound of Bobby's cock moving in and out of Susan's cunt was like music to her ears. She could feel her son's tails writhing in her hand as she twisted and squeezed them gently, tenderly. She could feel the throb of her daughter's clitoris against her rubbing fingertip, and the way Bobby was pressing at her asshole created such an intense ecstasy in her that Carol knew she was going to come in powerful waves again.

"Oh, Bobby," she whimpered. "Fuck her! Fuck your sister's hot little cunt! Fill her little pussy with your beautiful, hard prick! Fuck her, honey... fuck her good!"

Bobby was banging into his sister's churning cunt faster and faster, grunting as he lunged forward. Susan was making soft squeals as she whipped her upraised ass around with steamy excitement. Seeing this

created the most beautiful feeling within Carol's body. Her cunt was pulsating hotly, and her asshole was clenching as her son pressed and rubbed it.

"Ohhh, I'm about to come!" Carol wailed. "Ohhhhh, I'm going to come!"

She rubbed her cunt harder against her daughter's hips, pressing hard. The cheeks of her ass had clenched, holding her son's finger between them. She clawed at Bobby's balls and twisted on her daughter's clitoris. She threw her head back, her eyes closed, and she wailed with blissful ecstasy as she came.

Through the power of her orgasm, she still managed to feel her son's balls drawing up tightly against the base of his plunging cock.

"Come, Bobby! Oh, come in Susan's hot cunt! Her pussy wants that come juice, darling! Flood her hot pussy with come juice! Fill her up, Bobby!"

Bobby grunted and slammed his cock hard and deep into his sister's cunt, holding himself against Susan's creamy, shaking asscheeks. Carol felt his balls as they spasmed, and she gurgled with the knowledge that he was gushing sweet come juice into her daughter's cunt.

Susan was groaning, loudly as she, too, came. Although Carol could not feel the orgasm on her daughter's clitoris, the shaking of that cute ass told her the enjoyment Susan was getting.

Bobby withdrew his cock from his sister's cunt, and as he sprawled back on the floor, gasping, Carol could not resist quickly shoving a finger into her daughter's cunt. She whimpered as her finger went between those tight cuntlips, and she thrust it in and out a few times, then quickly withdrew it. She gazed at her finger as Susan slumped to the floor, as naked ass shivering with the glow of pleasure.

Carol gazed at the moisture clinging to her finger, then slowly brought it to her lips. She darted her tongue out and tasted it.

Robby saw what his mother did, and he laughed. "Put your finger in your mouth, Mom," he urged.

Carol looked at him, then suddenly her finger was between her lips. The taste sent her mind reeling, and she sucked her finger, swirling her tongue about it. A sudden spasm went through her, and Carol was surprised to find she was coming again.

Before she had time to recover, both Susan and Bobby had shoved her to the floor, pulling her dress, up to her waist and tugging her panties off. Carol laughed in a throaty sound, the taste of her son's come juice and her daughter's cunt lingering in her mouth.

She was turned onto her side, and one, of them lifted her leg high. A finger stabbed into her cunt and began to plunge back and forth. Carol wiggled her hips. Her crotch was fully exposed and vulnerable to Susan and Bobby, and she was willing at this moment to keep her son's cock into her cunt. But that wasn't what either of them had in mind. While the finger-fucked into her boiling cunt, Carol felt hands moving over the swells of her asscheeks. When a finger moved into her asscrack and began to press upon the sensitive ring of her asshole, she knew what they were going to do with her.

"Ohhh, God!" she wailed with ecstasy.

Carol did not fight against the invasion of her asshole. She relaxed, and a finger moved into her ass. She whimpered, jerking her ass back and forth. Bobby was holding her leg in the air, exposing his mother's cunt and ass.

When Carol glanced down, she saw that Bobby was fingerfucking her cunt and it was her daughter who was shoving a finger into her asshole.

"Oooh, God!" she whimpered. "Oh, that's that's nice! Do that to me! Fuck Mother's hairy cunt... fuck my asshole! Ooooh, I'm it coming again, so fucking soon!"

Carol's cunt was gripping her son's finger as she came, and her asshole clutched the finger of her daughter's. She was squeezing one of her tits as she thrashed about with those fingers driving in her cunt and up her ass. She had never felt such pleasure. She knew her asshole was sensitive to the touch, but

she had no idea the ecstasy could be so great with a finger sliding in and out of it.

"Fuck me!" she urged throatily. "Fuck me! Fuck me good! Fuck my cunt... my ass!"

Carol twisted and squirmed, jerking her hips back and forth as her son and daughter finger-fucked her. She could feel the depth of her daughter's finger up her asshole, and she could also feel her son's finger stabbing swiftly into her cunt. Her body was burning with intense flames of erotic ecstasy. Two fingers fucking her at the same time, one in her cunt and one in her ass, thrilled her like never before.

Her hips jerked back and forth in a frenzy of erotic delight, fucking the two fingers as much as they were fucking her. Her clitoris and her tits were now painful in their swollen state. Her nipples throbbed as she squeezed her tit. She could feel the hot way her asshole stretched and clung to Susan's finger, the sensations sending her mind reeling with bliss. The sheer lewdness of what they were doing to her increased her ecstasy. The rippling waves of orgasms increased with power as they made her come time and again. As soon as one orgasm started to recede, she was caught in another. She didn't know how much more she could take, but those two fingers relentlessly plunged into her hairy cunt and tight asshole.

Carol was thrashing and squirming around on the floor squealing with intense ecstasy her naked ass humping with those plunging fingers. Bobby held her leg high in the air making room enough for him and his sister to fingerfuck her cunt and asshole. Although their mother twisted and thrashed in ecstasy, they kept their fingers driving in and out of her cunt and ass, double-fucking her furiously.

"Enough!" she shouted breathlessly. "Oh, please, that's enough!"

But they refused to listen.

Bobby and Susan were both giggling at what they were doing to their mother, enjoying it as much as she was.

"Fuck her cunt, Bobby!" Carol heard her daughter urging him. "Finger-fuck Mother's hot pussy! Give it to her good! She's coming! Coming real hard! Fuck her wet pussy, Bobby!"

"You too," Bobby laughed. "Screw her asshole, Susan! Let's see how long we can keep her coming!"

"Please! Oh, God, please!" Carol wailed, her orgasms becoming almost painful. But the pain was ecstasy, too. Her cunt grew tight around her son's finger, and her asshole was sucking at her daughter's reaming finger. "I can't take any more! I'm coming too much, too hard! Ohhh, but it's so good! My ass my cunt, they're on fire!"

The ecstasy was a storm within her, causing her cunt to clench, her asshole to tighten. She thought her body would be ripped apart from the force of her orgasms. She was biting her bottom lip, jerking her crotch back and forth, but it was an effort now to dislodge those penetrating fingers that fucked her.

It seemed to go on and on, without end.

But finally it stopped.

Through the fog of her exhausted ecstasy, she felt her son slip his finger out of her clinging cunt, then her asshole felt empty as Susan moved her finger. Bobby lowered her leg, and Carol curled up, her knees drawn to her tits, holding them there as she breathed in gasping harshness.

Bobby and Susan, at her feet, looked at Carol's naked ass, seeing the way her hairy cunt pooched between her thighs. They moved their hands over her legs and ass in a soft, caressing motion until Carol's trembling body became still.

Carol enjoyed their slow, soft caresses, finally getting her breathing under control. She sat up, her knees wide apart, her hairy cunt revealed. She grinned at them.

"You two smart-asses almost murdered me," she said laughing. "I thought I'd never stop coming."

"You liked that, Mother?" Susan asked.

"You're damn right I like it," Carol grinned, running a fingertip gently around her extremely sensitive cuntlips. "Who wouldn't like it?"

Bobby, sitting with a hard-on again, looked at his mother, his eyes blazing. "Mom, can I put my cock in your cunt?"

Carol almost said yes, then changed her mind. She shook her head.

"But why not?" Bobby persisted.

"I... please, honey, don't ask me."

"You let us do everything else with you, Mom," he continued. "You let us feel you, fingerfuck you. Why can't I fuck you?"

"Because... well, just because."

"That's not much of an answer," he pouted.

"Don't be disappointed, darling," she soothed. "You can fuck your sister all you want. Surely Susan's cunt is enough for that beautiful cock, isn't it?"

"Sure," he agreed. "But I wanna fuck you, Mom."

Carol, too, wanted his cock up her cunt, but she still refused. She wasn't sure why, but somehow she was waiting. It didn't matter, she told herself, if he fucked her. She had gone this far with them, and taking his lovely cock into her cunt would be very exciting.

"Don't beg, darling," she said, reaching out and stroking a fingertip along his hard prick. "I think I understand why you want to fuck me, but give me some more time, okay?"

Bobby reluctantly nodded his head, his gaze between her thighs, seeing his mother's puffy, hairy cunt. His cock throbbed.

Carol was always excited to watch her kids fucking, and she now fondled them every time they fucked. She no longer held back from touching them.

They had stopped leaving the house as often as they had before, and Carol found out that her son and daughter were much closer than she had thought. They had friends, of course, but they enjoyed the company of each other more. Fucking each other had something to do with that, Carol knew. Bobby and Susan were excited with their bubbling sexuality, and they no longer had to conceal it from their mother.

They were delighted to sleep together now, to make as much noise as they wanted, as they fucked frantically and almost constantly.

Carol was amused to see them chase one another about the house naked, playing grab ass and wrestling about. She loved to see her son racing through the house, his cock swinging around as he laughed and avoided his sister's hands. She enjoyed seeing her daughter's sweet ass as she skipped away from her brother's clutches. Their sex play was not just exciting, but deliciously lewd and erotic. It kept Carol's cunt in a constant boil, and she often finger-fucked herself as she watched them roll about on the floor, or on the bed. They showered together now, too.

There was something almost innocent about them, even when they fucked. They exhibited no sense of shame or embarrassment whatsoever.

This afternoon, Bobby was sprawled out on the floor, naked, his cock standing up beautifully. On one side of his body was his sister, and Carol sat on the other. She and her daughter took turns fondling his cock and balls. While one pumped on his cock, the other would gently squeeze and twist his precious, almost hairless, balls. Bobby thought he was in heaven with two beautiful females feeling him up.

His hands were busy fondling his mother and sister. He ran his hand about his mother's hairy wet cunt, feeling it, sticking his finger into her now and then. He was doing the same with his sister's hot pussy. Carol, with her son's cock in her hand, grinned at her daughter. With an impulse too strong to resist, she leaned over and kissed Susan, licking her daughter's warm lips.

Susan moaned, and before Carol could react, she found her daughter's tongue sliding into her mouth. She had not intended this to happen, but now with her daughter's tongue in her mouth, she began to suck on it. Susan, holding her brother's balls, moved her free hand to her mother's tits.

Carol mewled around her daughter's tongue as Susan twisted her sensitive nipple, and her fist on her son's cock grew tighter as she stroked up and down. The steamy sensations increased when her son slipped his finger up her cunt and began to slowly finger-fuck her. She began to suck frantically on Susan's sticking tongue, her fist racing up and down her son's cock.

She began to fight her tongue past Susan's until she had it inside her daughter's sweet, wet mouth. Moving her tongue like a cock, she fucked it between Susan's lips, listening to the gurgles of pleasure that her daughter made.

Susan sucked on her mother's tongue wickedly, making soft squeals of delight. Carol shivered as an image began to focus in her mind, and just as it started to sharpen, it faded. But the image was enough to tell her what it was. She plunged her tongue back and forth, tasting the sweetness of her daughter's mouth. The way Susan sucked it was all she needed to know.

Slowly, Carol withdrew her tongue. Her daughter was leaning forward, a low whimper bubbling from her.

Carol gripped her son's cock as she looked down at it. The head was smooth and very swollen, the piss hole dripping. Gently, she slipped her hand to the back of Susan's head and began to pull at it. For a moment Susan had no idea what her mother was doing.

Carol raced her daughter's cheek to Bobby's stomach. She leaned down to look into her daughter's eyes that were inches from the head of Bobby's cock. Those eyes both shining with excitement. Carol arched her son's cock toward her daughter's face and saw Susan's eyes widen.

"Do it, baby," Carol urged softly, but with heat in her voice. "Go on, Susan... do it."

The dripping head of Bobby's cock was close to Susan's face, and Carol brushed the head of his cock over her chin, then moved her daughter's unresisting mouth closer. She pressed the hot head of Bobby's cock against Susan's cheek, watching her daughter's expression. Deliberately. Carol smeared the juices seeping from her son's cock over her daughter's creamy cheek. She was pleased to hear her daughter mewl pleasantly. She saw the smile spread over Susan's lovely face as Bobby's cock touched her chin and cheek.

Finally, Carol moved Bobby's cock toward Susan's lips. Susan accepted the brushing swipes of that dripping cockhead over her lips, her eyes glowing and that smile still on her face. Susan licked her lips, tasting the juice from her brother's cock.

"Kiss his cock, honey," Carol encouraged in a soft, but excited voice. "Kiss your brother's cock, baby."

Carol's eyes were boiling with heat as she watched Susan press her lips gingerly to the shaft of Bobby's cock.

"Lick it," Carol urged.

The tip of Susan's pink tongue slithered from her mouth and moved in a feathery touch about the throbbing hardness of her brother's cock. Bobby groaned and his hips jerked.

Carol, still gripping his cock, slowly moved the head of his prick to those hot, wet lips of her daughter's. This time Susan kept her lips parted slightly as her mother brushed that slippery cockhead over them. Carol saw the light in her daughter's eyes flare brighter.

She began to press her son's cock into her daughter's mouth. She rested, her own cheek on her son's thighs her face almost against his balls, as she watched as half that swollen cockhead moved into Susan's mouth. She could feel Bobby's cock throbbing powerfully in her hand as Susan squealed, her lips sealed tightly around the smooth head of his prick.

But, unexpectedly, Susan pulled her face away.

"Oh, don't, darling!" Carol protested. "That looked so beautiful, Bobby's cock in your mouth. Don't you like it, Susan? Didn't it feel good to have his cock in your mouth?"

Susan giggled. "It felt real good, Mother."

"Then why did you stop?"

"Mother, I'll make a bargain with you," Susan said, her cheek resting on her brother's stomach, her hand holding his balls. "I'll put Bobby's cock in my mouth if you'll let him stick it up your cunt."

Carol shivered. She wasn't sure of this, but then, they were doing so many things with each other, so many delicious, erotic things. And she did want to see her daughter sucking on Bobby's beautiful hard-on. Her cunt pulsated with the idea of feeling her son's cock stuffing it.

"You'll suck his cock if I agree?" she asked.

"Oh, yes!"

"All the way?" Carol asked. "You'll suck as much of his cock as you can?"

"Yes, Mother!"

"Would you... would you let him come?"

Susan's eyes gazed hotly and she hesitated for just a moment. "Come in my mouth? What if I don't like

that, Mother?"

"Do it for me, darling," Carol pleaded. "Do it for me. I'd love to see Bobby come in your mouth! Please, suck his cock off so I can watch it."

"You'll fuck him?"

Carol sucked in a deep breath. "Yes," she whispered. "I'll fuck him."

Her son's cock was throbbing powerfully in her fist as she held it, the dripping cockhead still pointed toward her daughter's mouth. She urged her daughter's head forward with a gentle pressure. Her eyes became glassy when Susan opened her lips so Carol could place Bobby's swollen cockhead between them. Carol whimpered with delight as her daughter closed her lips about that smooth cockhead. With gentle pressure on Susan's head, she watched the rounded head of Bobby's cock disappear into Susan's mouth. Susan's lips stretched, but she allowed her mother to shove more cock between them.

Carol was gasping with lewd excitement, her cheek resting on her son's thigh and her face almost in his balls.

Susan made a gurgling sound as half her brother's cock was inside her mouth. It was erotic and thrilling to Carol, seeing Bobby's cock stuff that sweet mouth of her daughter's.

"Suck it!" she hissed hotly. "Suck his cock, Susan! Ohh, that looks beautiful, baby! Suck your brother's cock... lick it with your tongue!"

"Mmmmm!" Susan replied, then she began to slide her lips back and forth on Bobby's cock. She made moist sounds, sounds that intensified the pleasure of her mother.

Carol's eyes continued to blaze with lewd pleasure as she watched Susan sucking on Bobby's cock. She held his prick at the base, leaving plenty of cock for Susan to suck.

Carol licked hungrily at her own lips, her tongue rolling about suggestively. Without thinking about it, she pressed her, hot lips against her son's thigh, her eyes still angled to watch Susan. She kissed her son's thigh near his balls, and she heard Susan mewl approval. The heat within her body, and especially in and around her cunt, was taking control of her emotions.

Carol snaked her tongue out and began to lick at her son's thighs, but staying away from his balls. She had released his cock, and Susan now held it at the base as she sucked up and down. Carol cupped her son's balls, her tongue licking swiftly and eagerly at the flesh of his thigh, but staying a good half inch away from his balls.

Susan, she saw, was getting more and more of Bobby's cock into her mouth. When Susan held only the head between her lips, Carol knew she was licking around it. She was certain of it when Susan opened her lips wide and she saw that pink, hungry tongue swirling about Bobby's dripping piss hole.

Unable to resist the urge, Carol pressed her lips against her son's balls, kissing them with a small moan.

"Lick his balls, Mother!" Susan said in a thick voice, her tongue moving about that sweet cockhead. "Lick Bobby's balls!"

Carol shoved her tongue out and lapped her son's precious balls. The heat of them on her tongue sent her mind reeling, and she came very close to having an explosive orgasm from the taste of them. With her eyes on her daughter's sucking lips, Carol suddenly pulled Bobby's balls into her mouth, sucking on them frantically, whimpering with erotic ecstasy. She saw the sparkle in her daughter's eyes as she swirled her tongue about Bobby's hairless balls. They filled her mouth completely, yet with enough room to use her tongue against them.

Susan began to suck up and down Bobby's cock with eager pleasure as she watched her mother sucking his balls. Both of them made slurping sounds of delight. Carol managed to get her hand between her daughter's thighs, and was now plunging her finger into Susan's tight cunt. She felt her daughter jerking her hips back and forth, fucking on her finger with squeals bubbling from her cock stretched lips.

She could feel her son's balls writhing between her lips as she sucked and licked. Her hips were grinding

slowly as the sensations grew in and around her cunt. Her clitoris was intensely swollen. The feel of her son's ball's on her mouth was, creating such ecstasy that knew she had waited much too long to do this. Working her finger frantically into her daughter's cunt, she sucked greedily on Bobby's balls, her eyes glazed as they strained to watch Susan gobbling on that sweet hard cock.

Bobby was squirming as the two wet, fiery mouths devoured his dock and balls. He was moaning with ecstasy as his sister sucked up and down, her tongue licking, his mother almost sucking his balls from his body with her strong suction.

It was evident to Carol that her son would soon squirt come juice from that precious cock. She sucked even harder on his balls, sliding her free hand underneath his twisting ass, clutching a firm asscheek. Susan, too, seemed to understand her brother was close to discharge. She began to suck faster and with more effort, her lips gliding up and down his throbbing hardness with delight.

"I'm gonna come!" Bobby shouted, trying to shove his cock deeper into his sister's mouth. "I'm gonna come!"

Susan's eyes flew wide as she felt her brother's cock gushing into her mouth. For a moment she had stopped sucking, but then she resumed with a frenzy. Thick, white come juice slipped from the corners of Susan's stretched lips, running down to the base of his cock. Carol felt it drip on her lips, and she released his balls and darted her tongue into the come juice there. Her eyes rolled as she ran the tip of her tongue up the base of her son's cock, licking up the escaping come juice. She ran her tongue against her daughter's stretched lips, listening to Susan gurgle wetly as she swallowed Bobby's spurting come juice.

Thinking her brother was finished, Susan lifted her mouth, and Carol saw more of that creamy sweetness come from the piss hole of his cock. With a moan, she suddenly placed her own lips over his piss hole, sucking hard as her tongue licked all the come juice.

Susan, licking her lips, arched her cunt forward against her mother's darting finger, and she squealed with orgasm. Carol felt, her daughter's tender young cunt squeeze at her finger as she sucked down on her son's cock. She took it all into her mouth, her lips writhing at the base, holding his cock deep in her mouth until he had stopped coming.

"Oh, my God!" Carol said as she drew her lips away from his prick. "I didn't mean to... I wasn't going to do that!"

"But you did, Mother!" Susan giggled her pleasure.

Taking her finger out of her daughter's hot cunt, Carol sat up, looking surprised. Both Bobby and Susan had bright, excited faces.

"You gotta fuck him, Mother!" Susan insisted. "That was our bargain, remember? I sucked Bobby's cock off, and now you gotta let him put it in your cunt and fuck you!"

The taste of her son's come juice lingered in her mouth. She ran her tongue around her teeth, nodding her head as she smiled happily. "A bargain is a bargain, I suppose," she said.

She glanced at her son's cock. Bobby still lay back on the floor, trembling slightly. His cock, she was surprised to see, had remained as hard as before. She watched Susan stroke it, and her cunt began to pulsate with eagerness.

Swinging her knees over him, she hovered her hairy cunt above his cock. She ran her hands to the hairy lips of her pussy and pulled them apart, grinning down at her excited son. "You want some of this pussy, baby? Do you really want to fuck Mother?"

"Yes, Mom!"

While her daughter leaned down to watch, Carol moved her wet, fiery cunt back and forth, rubbing it on her son's cock. She felt the swollen head slide between her cuntlips, and a sigh of pleasure came from her. She held his cock this way for a moment, then slowly began to settle down on him, taking more and more of that precious hardness into her pussy. She sobbed with ecstasy as she felt her cunt being filled by her son's cock. She wanted to plunge down hard and fast, to ram her hairy pussy onto him until she had it all. But she forced herself to move slowly, savoring the sensations of having a cock inside her pussy after so long. As the hairy lips of her cunt smashed at the base of Bobby's cock, Carol yelped. An orgasm shot through her, an orgasm that caused her cunt to clench tightly on his prick. Her body shivered as she

came.

When the spasms passed, she leaned over and placed her hands on each side of her son, looking into his face. She began to slide her cunt up and down his cock, fucking him. Her son groaned and grinned happily, arching his hips up to meet the down thrusts of her cunt.

Susan had moved behind her mother's ass, her cheek resting on her brother's thigh, watching with burning eyes at the way her mother's hairy cunt fucked Bobby's throbbing cock. Carol felt Susan's hot hands moving about the spreading cheeks of her ass, caressing and fondling it while she bounced up and down. The touch of Susan's hands on her ass increased the boiling ecstasy flowing through her. She began to ride up and down on Bobby's cock with short plunges of her pussy.

"Ooooh," she whimpered, her ass twisting about. "Oh, God! Oh, God! This is so good! Your cock feels so fucking good in my cunt, darling! I'm fucking you, baby! I'm really fucking you!"

Bobby's hands were on her thighs, his fingers moving and digging as he hunched up and down with her. His eyes were gazing between their bodies, watching his mother's hairy cunt devouring his cock.

Carol began to grind her cunt against the base of his hard prick, her hot pussylips sucking. She lifted her ass, until she held the head of his cock between her slippery pussylips. With a twist of her hips, she made an erotic circle on his cock, then she plunged down again. She was gasping as the ecstasy flooded her body, making her tits painfully tight, her nipples intensely swollen. When she felt her daughter brushing at the tightly puckered rim of her asshole, Carol squealed and began to plunge her cunt up and down her son's cock frantically. The throbbing of his prick between her clinging cuntlips was giving her unbearable, exquisite sensations.

"Ohhh, I'm about to come!" she groaned. "My cunt is about to come, Bobby! Ohhh, so fucking good! Ram it to me, baby! Ram your sweet, hard cock up Mother's hot cunt! Fuck it, Bobby! Oh, God... fuck my cunt hard!" Carol felt Susan's hot breath against the naked flesh of her ass. Susan's wet, hot lips were kissing her rounded, creamy asscheeks. She felt Susan's wet tongue sliding about the churning cheeks of her ass, and suddenly she threw her head back, her neck taut. Carol screamed.

The orgasm burst. The convulsions of her cunt closed tightly about her son's cock, sucking hard. Bobby could not stand any more of this pleasure. He arched up, his cock fucking deep inside his mother's

convulsing cunt. With a loud grunt, he came. Carol felt his cock discharge into her boiling pussy. As his come juice filled her hungry cunt, her orgasms became even more stronger, threatening to rip her to pieces.

She slammed her cunt down hard and tight against the base of his gushing cock, grinding and squealing as she came with him. She could not hear Susan's delighted squeals because there was a loud roar in her ears. But she did feel Susan's wicked, wet tongue licking at the cheeks of her ass, giving more power to her orgasms.

Carol's body trembled and she fell forward. Her tits smacked into her son's face, and she sobbed in ecstasy as he closed his lips about one fiery and very hard nipple.

She didn't know how long she rested atop her son, his cock still caught by the tightness of her hairy cuntlips. After a while, she sat up, gave a playful twist of her ass, then pulled away from him. Her son's cock glistened with the wetness of her pussy and his come juice. She sat with her legs wide, arms bracing her, as she leaned back, her tits pointing upward, a hot glow of satisfaction on her beautiful face.

"Aren't you glad you fucked Bobby now, Mother?" Susan asked, stroking her brother's wet cock.

"Oh, yes!" Carol mewled. "It was foolish not to have fucked him before."

She sat there with her legs wide, watching, as her daughter shoved her face into Bobby's crotch, her wet tongue licking up and down his slippery cock.

"Aren't you glad you sucked him off, Susan?" Carol asked.

"I like sucking cock, Mother," Susan giggled, sliding her tongue over Bobby's prick. "Hey, I can taste your cunt here, too!"

"Lick his prick clean, then," Carol murmured, relaxed. "Lick it clean, honey."

Carol had no regrets about fucking her son it was almost as though history were repeating itself, she thought. She had fucked her brother years ago, and now she had fucked her son. It had been wonderful, feeling his cock up her cunt, and now, the next day, it seemed her pussy still had that stretching sensation, as if his cock were still inside her. It was a wonderful feeling, and she went about her housework in a cheerful mood. She sang and hummed, danced a few steps as the music on the stereo filled the house.

Bobby had gone off some place, but Susan was still in her room upstairs. Carol had insisted that her daughter clean her room up. Susan had gone off without protest, but she had wanted Bobby to stay home.

"Because we are all fucking around here," Carol had told her daughter, "is no reason we stop other activities. Bobby has his friends, the same as you, honey. He can't ignore them any more than you want to ignore your friends."

"Oh, fuck his friends," Susan had pouted. "Come to think of it, fuck my friends, too. I'd rather Bobby stayed here so we could fuck all the time."

Carol had been amused. "And suck?" she asked, arching her eyebrows. "Don't forget that, honey... sucking cock, too."

Her daughter giggled. "I'd never forget that, Mother. I suppose I'm what those nasty boys say... a cocksucker. But you know, Mother, I don't care. I like sucking Bobby's cock off. I love the way his come juice tastes."

"Bobby loves it, too," Carol had said, swatting her daughter on that cute, tight ass, then squeezing a cheek. "But you can be a cocksucker after you clean up that pig pen you call your room. I swear, Susan, there isn't much room left in it to fuck!"

"We just shove things around!" Susan replied, going upstairs to do as her mother said.

Carol had stood at the foot of the stairs, watching her daughter. She saw Susan's lovely, slender thighs and as Susan reached the top, there was a brief, tantalizing glimpse of her cute ass. As usual, Susan was naked under her dress.

Finishing with what she had to do, Carol found her mind on her daughter, more specifically that sweet ass she had seen so provocatively at the top of the stairs.

She stood there for a long moment, trying to decide, then started upstairs, a feeling of anxious desire growing within her body. Her tits swelled as her nipples protruded at the tightness of her dress, and there was a burning sensation between her thighs.

She paused at her daughter's bedroom and looked, in. The room had been cleaned, and Susan was on her bed, leaning against the headboard, her knees up. Carol gazed at the exposure of Susan's pink cunt. Susan had opened her dress to reveal her tits, and she was thumbing her nipples.

"I got hot," she explained as her mother entered the room. "I thought since Bobby had to go play with his damned old friends, I'd just stay in my room and fuck myself."

Carol sat on the edge of her daughter's bed, caressing a smooth knee. She moved her hand down Susan's inner thigh and trailed a finger over her daughter's puffy cunt.

"It isn't necessary to fuck yourself, Susan," she said in a husky voice. "I would do it for you, you know."

Susan spread her legs wide and scooted her crotch closer to her mother's hand. "Then do it for me," she mewled.

Carol kissed her daughter's knee, licking her tongue over the creamy flesh. She cupped Susan's cunt, finding it quite hot against her palm. She rubbed at Susan's succulent cunt gently, feeling the throb of her small clitoris. She took it between her finger and thumb, pinching lightly and agitating it.

"Oooh, I like that, Mother," Susan gurgled.

Carol leaned forward and ran her tongue over a nipple, then sucked it into her mouth. She worked a finger into her daughter's cunt, fucking it in and out.

With her daughter's nipple in her mouth, Carol helped Susan lay back while Susan stretched out, Carol ran her tongue over those delicious nipples, sucking on them as her hands moved about the warm, squirming body. With excitement running rampant through her, Carol pulled her daughter's dress to her waist, then slid down on the bed. She pulled her daughter's legs wide and peered between them. With hot, wet lips, she began kissing Susan's slim thighs, licking her tongue along the satiny flesh. Susan mewled and squirmed in pleasure, her eyes blazing down her body at her mother's face.

Carol ran her tongue along the inside of Susan's thigh, tasting the sweetness of her creamy, velvet-like flesh. Her eyes remained fixed on Susan's throbbing cunt. She worked her way up, lying on her stomach now. As her tongue moved and licked, the wetness like a fiery liquid on Susan's thighs, Carol fondled her daughter's trembling thighs and hips.

When she had her face close to her daughter's cunt, she moved her hands around Susan's hips, clutching her tight asscheeks. She lifted her daughter's hips, and with a whimper of pleasure, shoved her mouth against Susan's pussy.

Her daughter squealed in ecstasy as Carol kissed the puffy, succulent lips of her cunt. As her own emotions began to simmer hotly, Carol opened her mouth and pressed her lips against the whole area of Susan's hot cunt. She sucked as her tongue moved up and down, tasting the nectar of Susan's exquisite young pussy. She slipped her tongue up and swirled it around Susan's clitoris, then sucked hard on it as her tongue lapped on the sensitive tip.

"Ooooooh, Mother!" Susan wailed, arching her crotch up and grinding her cunt against Carol's face. "Kiss it! Oh, kiss my cunt, Mother! That's nice... it feels so good! Lick it, Mother! Lick my cunt!"

Squirming her steamy pussy against the mattress of the bed, Carol thrust her tongue into her daughter's tight pussy, then she began to fuck it back and forth. She squeezed the sweet firmness of her cute ass, holding Susan's cunt tightly against her mouth. She kept her lips wide open, tasting the sugary sweetness, her tongue darting back and forth swiftly at Susan's clinging cunt lips.

The tightness and the intense heat of her daughter's pussy against her face and around her plunging tongue sent Carol into whimpering ecstasy. She plunged her tongue in and out with a frenzy, thrilled to have her mouth pressed between her daughter's slim thighs. She moaned as she tongue-fucked Susan, her upper lip grinding against her knotted clitoris. Carol's cunt was boiling very hotly, her clitoris swollen. She banged it against the mattress, twisting her ass about.

"Mmmmmm, fuck it, Mother!" Susan wailed, arching her crotch high and grinding her cunt against her mother's face. "Fuck my cunt with your tongue, Mother! Ooooooh, fuck me... fuck me!"

Carol felt her daughter clutching her head as those hot thighs scissored about her cheeks, holding her face tight. She snapped her tongue back and forth, thrusting it like a hard cock, driving it as deep as she could. The flexing of Susan's pussylips around her tongue added to the exquisite pleasure. She loved the way her daughter twisted that succulent cunt against her mouth, loved the hot pressure of it. But most of all, she loved the wetness, the softness, against her lips and around her tongue. When Susan began to grind her pussy furiously against her mouth, Carol fucked her tongue in and out with more frenzy. She was frantic to make her daughter come this way, and she sucked and tongued Susan's sweet cunt with ecstasy.

Susan was banging her pussy up and down, almost hard enough to bruise her lips, but Carol didn't care. The only thing she cared about at this moment was making her daughter come against her tongue.

Susan was bouncing and churning her ass up and down, whimpering hotly, mumbling those words that excited Carol. Then, with a sudden, powerful arching, Susan smashed her cunt into her mother's mouth, and Carol felt Susan's sweet cunt convulse. The lips of Susan's cunt drew hard on her tongue, the waves of flexing orgasm squeezing it. The orgasm whipping through Susan was so powerful that she thrashed wildly. Carol found it difficult to keep her tongue moving in and out of her daughter's spasming cunt, and part of the time she was licking from the slit to the tiny clitoris.

She held her open mouth tightly against her daughter's pussy until Susan calmed down, her ass slowly falling back to the bed. Then Carol lifted her face, her mouth smeared with wet juices. She smiled at her daughter.

"Was that better than finger-fucking?" she whispered.

"Oh yes, Mother!" Susan moaned, gasping. Carol removed her dress. She tossed it to the floor, then fondled her thrusting, flawless tits as she looked down at her daughter. "Now it's my turn, baby," she whispered hotly. "I really became hot sucking your pussy, you know."

Turning her daughter onto her side, Carol slipped her thighs between her daughter's thighs.

"I'm going to rub my cunt against yours, Susan," she murmured, pressing her wet, hairy cunt against her daughter's pussy. "I'm going to rub my cunt against yours until I come."

She moved her hand along Susan's hot thigh to a creamy swelling asscheek. Holding her daughter's ass, Carol began rubbing her cunt against Susan's pussy. She felt the moist heat against her cunt, and she rubbed harder and faster, her clitoris making contact with her daughter's cunt.

"Hold my ass, honey!" Carol urged in a thick voice. "Hold my ass!"

Susan grabbed her mother's clenching ass cheeks, and began grinding with her. The moist sounds of their cunts rubbing excited them both.

It did not take long before Carol was coming. Already intensely overheated by licking Susan's sweet cunt, Carol's pussy was ready to convulse.

"Ooooooh, I'm coming already, Susan!" she sobbed in pleasure. "My cunt is coming! Ohhh, God, that's good, baby! Rub hard! Rub Mother's hot, hairy cunt real hard with your sweet pussy!"

They banged and squirmed their cunts almost harshly, each coming with spasms that made them gasp with hot, exquisite ecstasy.

Their orgasms were powerful, and when it was over, they lay panting and shaking. It had been too fast to suit Carol, and she moved her hands over her daughter's pussy.

"I guess we've had enough," she said reluctantly enough, and pulled away. "We can't stay here and rub cunts all day, Susan."

"Why not?" her daughter asked. "I can."

"Well for one thing, I've got shopping to do." Carol stood at the side of the bed. "I was going to send Bobby, but I guess I'll have to go."

Carol picked up her dress. But before she could stand up, she felt her daughter kissing at her rounded, smooth ass. She remained bent over, her ass jutting out.

"What are you doing, Susan?" she asked, her voice suddenly husky again.

"Kissing your ass, Mother," Susan giggled. Carol felt Susan's hot, wet tongue sliding over the cheeks of her satiny ass, and she shivered. She placed her hands flat on the floor, arching her ass into Susan's face. She wiggled it playfully, then found Susan's tongue fluttering about the hair-lined lips of her cunt. "Mmmmmm are you going to lick my pussy?" she murmured.

"Yes!" Susan squealed, sucking at the hairy tips of her mother's cunt. "I wanna tongue fuck your cunt the way you did me, Mother!"

Carol rolled her ass against her daughter's face, gurgling in her upside-down position.

Susan shoved her tongue out as far as she could, lapping it along the puffy, wet lips of her mother's pussy. She drew her tongue along the slit, holding Carol's hips tightly. She lapped at the distended clitoris, then along the fiery, sensitive cuntlips. She plunged her tongue deep, thrust it in and out eagerly. Carol writhed her ass against her daughter's face, feeling Susan's hot breath against her asshole.

"Mmmm, baby, baby," Carol groaned. "Ooooh, you lick my pussy so good! Shove your tongue deeper, Susan! Oh, God shove your tongue deeper!"

Susan pressed her tongue as deep as she could into her mother's hairy cunt, wiggling it about. She shot it back and forth, licking even as she plunged it. Her noise pressed at her mother's tight asshole. Carol could not keep from grinding her ass into Susan's face. Already she could feel her orgasm steaming away.

"You'll make me come, honey!"

"Mmmmm!" came Susan's garbled reply. Susan's tongue shot in and out of her cunt and Carol wailed with ecstasy. Every nerve of her naked body was burning, searing her flesh. In and out her daughter's tongue flew, stabbing at her soaking wet cunt with a frantic plunging motion. Carol's naked, uplifted ass writhed and twisted against her daughter's face lewdly, her sobs of ecstasy coming louder as the orgasm boiled within her trembling body.

"I'm coming!" Carol screamed, her ass shaking wildly now. "Oooh, tonguefuck my cunt! I'm coming, Susan!"

Carol's pussy sucked on her daughter's tongue, the flexing waves of her orgasm making the hair-rimmed lips tighten and relax, tighten and relax. But Susan did not let up; she plunged her tongue as far as she could, her fingers digging into her mother's shaking hips, her nose pressing at the pucker of her mother's clenching asshole.

Then, to Carol's surprise, her daughter's tongue pulled away from her spasming cunt. She started to protest, but it died in her throat as she felt Susan's wicked tongue lapping furiously along her crinkled asshole. The sensation of having her asshole licked so hotly and wetly increased the burning ecstasy in her body, and her cunt began to convulse even harder.

"That's my ass... asshole!" Carol managed to scream out with pleasure.

"You're licking my fucking asshole, Susan!"

"Mmmmmmm!" Susan gurgled, swiping her tongue up and down on her mother's flexing asshole wickedly.
"Mmmmmmm!"

"Oh, God!" Carol wailed, her legs shaking so badly she was afraid she would fall. Somehow, she managed to stay in her toe-touching position, her ass shoved into her daughter's face.

The orgasms were starting to slow down. She had come so strongly, so powerfully, they were beginning to be painful.

Carol began slumping, unable to stand any longer. She went to her knees slowly, then sprawled on the floor, her legs wide, asscheeks shaking. She felt her daughter at her side, that sweet, hot mouth kissing at her ass, the wet tongue licking the satiny flesh Susan kept kissing and licking until her mother became still, then she sat on her heels.

"I came too," Susan said softly. "I came when I started licking your asshole, Mother."

Carol rolled onto her back, her cunt still pulsating hotly. She cupped her tit with one hand, reaching for her daughter with the other. She pulled Susan's lips to her mouth, and kissed her daughter's cunt-wet lips. She ran her tongue about her daughter's lips, tasting her own pussy juice there. Thrusting her tongue into Susan's mouth, she felt her hands squeezing at her tits. Susan sucked her mother's tongue, then drew back.

"I like eating your pussy, Mother." Susan giggled in a childish manner. "It's different than sucking Bobby's cock, though. I like the way all this hair feels against my face." She ran her hand through the cunt hair of her mother's pussy, then rubbed her pussy gently. "I think I'm not only a cocksucker, but a cuntlicker, too."

"Nothing wrong with that, baby," Carol said. "Whatever is enjoyable, do it."

Susan caressed her mother's body for a while.

"This has got to stop," Carol said. "I'll never get the shopping done if we don't get some clothes on."

"I'll go with you," Susan said.

"That isn't necessary," Carol replied, slipping her dress over her head as she got to her feet. "I'm sure you'd rather do something else."

"I wanna go," Susan insisted.

"Okay with me, then."

An hour later they were walking along the sidewalk toward the shopping center. They were such lovely females that they drew the eyes of men, and a few women.

Susan giggled. "I know what some of those guys are thinking."

Carol grinned. "Oh, you do? Just what are they thinking?"

"They'd like to fuck us!"

"Maybe some of them would," Carol agreed. "But if you wouldn't twist your cute ass so much, they wouldn't look as hard at us."

"I'm not twisting my ass any more than you are, Mother," Susan giggled.

"I hope Bobby is home when we get there," Carol murmured, eyeing a young man as they passed him, her gaze lingering on the front of his pants.

"Me, too," her daughter agreed. "I wanna suck his cock off again."

"You'll have to beat me to it." Carol laughed.

As they shopped, Carol knew that whatever it was that had held her back from fucking her son was now gone. Carol was insatiable and she knew it.

They were three of a kind, Carol thought as they paid for the purchases and left the shopping center. Bobby, always with a hard-on, a lovely hard-on that he wanted to poke into his sister and mother all the time. And she and her daughter, Susan, with two hot cunts that bubbled and steamed for a fuck.

Susan was a few steps ahead of her, playing a game with herself by avoiding the cracks in the sidewalk. Carol watched her slim thighs walking, the wiggle of her pretty ass. She found herself becoming aroused, but that didn't surprise her at all. Her cunt flexed, as she walked behind her daughter, watching her intensely. It was very cute the way Susan's skirt bounced as she skipped. Susan's honey blonde hair shimmered in the sunlight.

With her pussy starting to steam again, Carol began to walk faster, anxious to be in the privacy of her home with Bobby and Susan. She wanted to get out of her clothes, look at their bodies sweetly naked, fondle them, touch them. She wanted their hands and mouths on her body, sucking her tits and licking at her cunt. She was breathing faster by the time they turned on to the block where they lived.

Susan, noticing that her mother had picked up the steps, ran ahead. As she turned up the walk to the front door, Carol watched her daughter bend down to get the key from beneath the doormat. Her breath caught as she saw Susan's slender thighs. Then she gasped with pleasure. The tightness of Susan's pretty ass became visible for a brief moment. Like her, Susan was not wearing panties.

That brief glimpse of her daughter's ass sent her cunt into a throbbing hunger.

Susan held the door open for her, and Carol brushed past, rubbing against her. A spark of desire rippled through Carol, and she was trembling by the time she placed her purchases on the kitchen counter.

She turned and saw her son.

Bobby stood in the doorway of the kitchen, apparently having come downstairs when he heard them enter. Carol's eyes immediately moved to the front of his pants. There was that obvious bulge there, and she smiled at him. Gathering her son into her arms, she pulled him tightly against her body, her hands clutching his ass as she ground her hips against him. Bobby laughed, twisting in her arms but not trying to get away.

"Ooooh, you've got a hard-on!" Carol murmured hotly as she drew back and gazed between them. She closed her hand over the bulge of his pants, pressing and feeling the throbbing hardness of his cock. "I'll take care of it right now."

Carol went to her knees and fumbled with the front of her son's pants, then she had his cock out. She cooed and rubbed his prick against her cheek, looking up at him with blazing eyes. The heat of Bobby's cock against her cheek thrilled her, and she closed her fingers at the base, pressing her lips to the swollen head of his prick. The dripping moisture at his piss hole coated her lips, and Carol whimpered with desire. She swirled her tongue about the smooth head of her son's cock with a slow motion.

"Want a nice blow job, darling?" she whispered softly, but eagerly. "Do you want Mother to suck your cock?"

For an answer, Bobby arched his hips forward and tried to drive his cock between his mother's lips. But Carol teased him. She refused to let him stick his cock into her mouth. Instead, she kept her lips, closed, brushing them about the cockhead. Bobby held her cheeks in his hands, urging her to suck his prick.

"Mom, I'll come in your face," he said. "I will! If you don't suck my cock, I'm gonna come in your face!"

"Ooooh, would you, darling?"

He nodded, still trying to shove his cock between her lips.

But Carol had teased him long enough. Her cunt was throbbing powerfully, and she could no longer hold back. She allowed her son to press his delicious cockhead between her lips.

The heat, the smoothness of his cock, excited her. Bobby shoved more of his cock into his mother's mouth, and Carol mewled with happiness. Pressing her tongue against the underside of his prick, she whimpered in ecstasy, feeling his cock scrape the roof of her mouth, then it was probing her throat. Her lips stretched around his hard, hot cock.

She was sitting on her heels before her son, and she had no chance to suck him. Bobby, now that his cock was inside his mother's hot, wet mouth, began to thrust back and forth. He was fucking her mouth as if it were her cunt, and Carol loved it. As his cock plunged in and out, she fumbled with the waist button of his pants, then pulled them down. She wanted to feel his balls banging against her chin, and to hold his beautifully tight ass in her hands.

As Carol closed her fingers on his asscheeks, she began to pull his cock tighter and deeper into her mouth. She licked as she held his throbbing cock with her wet lips. As he withdrew, she created a powerful suction on his prick, making her son moan and tremble in pleasure.

His balls slapped against her chin as he fucked her mouth. Carol found she was very close to orgasm. She dug her hands into his bunching asscheeks, her fingers digging into his asscrack. The moist sounds of his mouth fucking excited her.

The throbbing hardness between her clinging lips sent ecstasy rippling through her kneeling body. His thighs brushed against her tits as he thrust back and forth, further increasing her delight.

But Carol wanted his cock in her cunt suddenly.

She jerked her mouth off his prick, "Fuck me, Bobby!" she hissed, falling to the floor on her back. She yanked her skirt to her waist and stretched her long thighs out wide, arching her hairy cunt upward. "Fuck me, darling! I want your cock up my hot cunt!"

She was ready to come by the time her son had dropped between her thighs. She whimpered when she felt the swollen head of his prick pressing at the tight, wet lips of her hairy pussy. As his cock slithered into her pussy, Carol squealed and hissed.

"Oh, God, yes! Shove that cock in me, Bobby! Shove your beautiful prick all the way up Mother's hot cunt! Give it to Mother! Fuck my cunt, baby! Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!"

As her son's cock went deep into her gripping cunt, she closed her hot thighs around his hips, locking her ankles on the backs of his thighs, grinding furiously against him as he plunged in and out. His balls beat against her churning ass, setting her cunt into a blazing bonfire of ecstasy. The hairy lips of her cunt squeezed at his cock in flexing waves of pleasure, her clitoris being smashed with each of his downward thrusts. She shot her ass up and down in a frenzy, squealing and gasping as she wrapped his upper body tightly in her arms.

Carol thrashed about on the floor as her son banged into her cunt, sliding her about on the tile. She fucked him as frantic as he fucked her, his hands under her grinding ass, holding her cunt up to his ramming prick. She clawed at his ass while he bounced up and down. The orgasm began to swell hotter within her, making her cunt more sensitive. The hairy lips of her pussy seemed to be sucking on her son's cock as she thrashed.

"You're going to make me come, Bobby!" she yelled, grinding frantically against his thrusting cock. "Ohhh, I'm about to come, darling!"

Suddenly her cunt contracted around his driving prick. As she came, she made whining sounds of intense ecstasy. Her pussy gripped Bobby's cock, squeezing as it convulsed. She felt as if her body was on fire, all of it centered in and around her crotch. Her asshole became very tight as her cunt exploded.

Bobby grunted loudly, then stabbed his hard cock as deep as he could into his mother's convulsing cunt, his body going stiff. The flood of his come juice splashing against the walls of her pussy sent Carol into another, body-shattering orgasm. She wailed loudly, her ass still banging up and down as her convulsing cunt sucked at his squirting prick. The thick come juice filled her, gushing powerfully out of his flaring piss hole. She dug harshly into his ass with her fingers, grinding against him.

Then she relaxed.

Her ass flopped to the floor and her son lay on top of her, her tits crushed. His gasping was loud as she caressed his back soothingly.

Carol, who had been gazing with unfocused eyes at the ceiling of the kitchen as she and Bobby fucked frantically, focused them now, and she saw her daughter standing at the door. Susan had been watching them fuck with glowing eyes. She held her dress at her waist with one hand and was finger-fucking her lovely little cunt with the other, her legs parted and knees bent slightly.

Bobby pulled his cock from his mother's cunt and sat on the floor, leaning against the wall, still panting from the furious fuck. His cock glistened wetly, his balls dangling beneath it. The expression on his young face indicated the blissful feelings still rumbling through his body.

Susan was hot as hell, Carol saw. Her blue eyes were literally burning with desire.

Getting to her knees, Carol whispered in a soft voice, "Come her, baby."

Susan came to her mother, still holding her skirt up and cupping a hand between her thighs. But as she came to Carol, her eyes were on her brother.

Carol held her daughter's hips and urged her toward Bobby. "Bobby," she said in a low voice, "your sister is hot. She needs you."

Bobby, still leaning against the wall, looked up. Carol placed her daughter's feet near her son's hips, then put one hand on the back of his head, the other on her daughter's smooth, tight ass. She began to press, bringing her son's face toward her daughter's cunt.

"Lick it, Bobby," she urged in a low voice. "Lick Susan's cunt."

Bobby ran his tongue over his lips as his mother pressed at the back of his head. He gazed at his sister's cunt seeing the succulent cuntlips pouting for him. Susan bent her knees slightly and arched her cunt toward his face.

Carol's eyes were now hot again as she leaned close to see when Bobby placed his lips his sister's pussy. She squeezed at the cheek of her daughter's ass, urging Susan to put her cunt against Bobby's mouth.

"Kiss her cunt, Bobby," Carol murmured. "Kiss Susan's hot little pussy."

Bobby leaned back as his sister straddled his face. Carol saw his tongue as it licked along Susan's cuntslit, making Susan squeal in pleasure. When her daughter began to twist and writhe her cunt against Bobby's sucking mouth, Carol shoved her face behind Susan. She held her daughter's hips with both hands, and pressed her lips against her daughter's creamy ass. Kissing hotly and wetly at Susan's ass, she could hear the soft, wet slurping of her son's tongue on Susan's cunt. Turning loose of one hip, Carol moved her hand down and cupped her son's wet cock and balls. She fondled them as she began to lick Susan's shivery ass while Bobby sucked and licked that tasty pussy.

Susan was squirming and squealing with ecstasy. Her brother shoved his tongue deeply into her tight cunt, thrusting it up and down, then swirling it over her clitoris. Her mother was running her wet tongue over the cheeks of her ass and then that tongue was between her asscheeks.

Carol shoved her head down and under, and her tongue met that of her son's. They both licked at Susan's wet, boiling cunt. Carol thrust her tongue into her daughter's clasp pussy while Bobby licked and sucked Susan's clitoris. As she tonguefucked her daughter's cunt, Carol began to jack on her son's cock. There was nothing she could do about her hot cunt, so she began to rub it against her son's leg.

With her head arched back, Carol was uncomfortable, but what they were doing to Susan was just too exciting to stop and change positions. She ran her tongue into her daughter's cunt, then lapped Susan's tiny, squeezing asshole. Susan whimpered as she braced herself against the wall, the two tongues driving her out of her mind.

Carol felt her son's hands on her tits, squeezing them as he sucked at his sister's pussy. She pumped faster and harder on his cock as she began licking with more heat on Susan's crinkling asshole. She rubbed her own hairy pussy back and forth on Bobby's leg, smearing it with seeping juices.

"Suck my pussy!" Susan wailed. "Ohhh, suck my cunt, Bobby! Mother, eat my ass! Ooooh, suck my cunt... my asshole! Oh, golly! Lick my asshole, Mother... tonguefuck my cunt, Bobby!"

The words inflamed Carol and her tongue began to stab hard at the tightness of her daughter's asshole. She felt the tip penetrate, and a loud scream of delight came from Susan. She thrust her tongue back and forth, fucking it into her daughter's tight asshole. As Bobby tongue-fucked Susan's cunt, Carol's fist beat faster more urgently on her son's cock, her pussy sliding along his leg already convulsing in orgasm.

"I'm coming! I'm coming!" Susan screamed.

Carol knew her daughter was coming without the words. Her small asshole was flexing tightly on the tip of her tongue, the smooth asscheeks feeling hot against her face. Carol pumped faster and faster on Bobby's cock, the excitement of what they were doing glowing in her shapely body.

She felt her son's cock throbbing in her jerking fist, and she realized that he would be gushing very soon. Still she plunged her tongue in and out of Susan's gripping asshole as her daughter came. When she felt Susan had stopped coming, Carol quickly shoved her head downward.

She closed her lips about her son's cock and began to suck frantically, her tongue swirling on his sensitive cockhead, thrilled at the way the seeping fluids coated her tongue. She sucked hard and furious, his cock throbbing very hard between her lips. Bobby was trying to arch his cock into her mouth as she sucked on it. Carol devoured her son's hard cock as if she had been starving, and the only thing that would satisfy her was the gush of his come juice.

Bobby grunted, arching upward.

Carol squealed around his cock as he came.

The gushing of his come juice into her mouth sent her cunt into a shuddering orgasm again. She came as her son filled her mouth with the sweetness of his precious balls. She gobbled noisily, holding his cock deep inside her hungry, hot mouth. She twisted at his balls as he came, increasing her son's ecstasy. Carol licked his squirting cock. She felt her daughter almost sitting on her head as Susan rested, still straddling her brother's face and bracing against the wall.

Carol continued to mouth her son's cock, making sure she did not lose a single drop of his sweet, precious come juice. She lifted her head from his crotch only when she knew for certain that he had finished coming off.

She sat back, her face glowing with delight. She gazed at her daughter's cute ass, then laughed when Susan turned and slowly slid down the wall until she sat on the floor, too.

Susan held her knees up and wide, her blonde-haired cunt pulsating beautifully.

"This is the fuckinest family!" Carol laughed. "We can't be together five minutes unless we're doing something with each other."

"Not just the fuckinest family," Susan giggled, "but the suckinest, too."

After she had rested a bit longer, Carol got to her feet and began to fix sandwiches for them. As she worked, she glanced at her son and daughter often. They still sat on the floor, but now they were hugging and kissing, feeling each other. Her son, she was delighted to see, was getting a lovely hard-on again. She was amazed at his ability to maintain a hard-on.

Her daughter was like her – insatiable. Her little cunt burned all the time for a cock, and she was just as eager to suck her brother's cock off as she was to fuck it now.

Carol began to hum softly as she prepared lunch. She knew Bobby and Susan were watching as they fondled each other, and she made her writhings more erotic for their enjoyment.

Carol lay on her bed.

It was early afternoon, and she was alone in the house. She shifted on the bed, turning toward the window. She gazed out, but saw nothing. She was trying to imagine her daughter taking a strange cock into her sweet cunt, fucking frantically. It was not all that hard for her to visualize. She knew Susan would be doing just that very soon. And her son, she could easily imagine him thrusting his hard cock into some

eager, hot cunt, a little girl he had found.

Carol felt a stab of jealousy.

It wasn't right for her to feel that way. Bobby and Susan would have to make a life of their own in a few more years, and she could not allow jealousy to interfere.

Back in bed, she drew her knees up and hugged them against her shapely tits. She didn't like what she was thinking, but the thoughts continued to remain with her. She slipped a hand along the back of one thigh, shivering with the touch. She rubbed a fingertip along the hair-lined slit of her cunt, feeling the heat of it and then probed for her clitoris.

There was no reason for her to finger-fuck herself any longer, she knew. All she had to do now was wait until either her son or daughter came home. Susan would lick her cunt anytime, as would Bobby. And Bobby was already to fuck her.

They would leave her in a few years...

Carol wondered what she could do to keep them with her as long as she could. She could, for one thing, keep their sexual excitement at a high pitch, do other things with them. But they had done just about everything a person could do with a cunt, a cock, a mouth.

She sighed and moved her fingertip along the hot, pulsating slit of her hairy cunt. Drawing the finger back, she rubbed in along her crinkled asshole.

Susan had stuck her tongue up her asshole, just as she had done with her daughter. With a soft mewl, Carol began to press her finger against the tightness of her asshole. She only had to exert very little pressure before her finger was in it. She held her finger still, her asshole squeezing at it. Then she began to shove it deeper. She ran her tongue over her bottom lip, then began to move her finger in and out of her asshole, fucking it as she twisted her hips gently.

It felt good, very good.

Moving her finger in and out of her clinging asshole, Carol knew what she would do next with her son and daughter. She could feel her cunt bubbling with an impending orgasm, and she thrust her finger faster into her gripping asshole. She had never been fucked in her ass before, except by Susan's wicked little tongue. She wondered what it would feel like for her son to plunge his cock up her ass and fuck her, come inside it.

The friction of her finger created ecstasy in her ass, and Carol began to thrust it faster and deeper, whimpering softly, knowing she was going to be fucked in the ass this very afternoon.

Through the steamy, erotic pleasure, she heard the door downstairs open and close, then the footsteps of her son and daughter on the stairs. She stood up with her back to the door, facing the window, her ass exposed, and her finger moving in and out of her asshole.

She heard them giggle as they came into her bedroom. She turned to look at them over her shoulder. Their eyes were wide open as they saw what their mother was doing. Carol grinned lewdly and plunged her finger into her asshole harder.

Bobby's cock immediately became hard, she saw, and Susan pressed her hand into her crotch. They were such hot children, she thought, so very hot and eager to fuck. She knew they were excited by what she was doing to herself; their eyes glowed with delight.

They stood at the side of her bed, both of them peering at Carol's shapely, writhing ass. She shivered and mewled as their hands reached for her. Susan and Bobby fondled their mother's twisting ass, their eyes gazing at the way her finger moved in and out of her clutching asshole.

Bobby slipped out of his pants, his cock jerking free, hard and ready for her. When he climbed onto the bed, Carol removed her finger and turned onto her stomach, drawing her knees beneath her, arching her naked ass high into the air.

"Fuck me, darling," she murmured hotly. "Fuck Mother!"

Bobby, on his knees behind her, rubbed the swollen head of his cock up and down the pouting lips of her hairy cunt. But Susan took hold of his prick at the base, bringing his dripping cockhead scraping up between the cheeks of her ass.

"Bobby, Mother wants you to fuck her in the ass," Susan exclaimed. "She wants your cock in her asshole, Bobby."

"Yes," Carol whimpered, twisting her uplifted ass against her son's cock. "Fuck me in my ass, darling! Oh, please... I want your cock up my hot fucking asshole!"

Hands held her naked ass, but she didn't know if it was her daughter's or her son's. She felt the pressure of her son's cock probing at her tight pucker, and she shoved back against it.

"Ooooooh," she mewled as the pressure increased. "Ohhh, yes, yes!"

Bobby pressed hard, and Carol whined. She felt the head of his cock slip into her asshole, then she screamed with intense ecstasy. "Ohhh, baby, yes! More, Bobby! Shove more of your cock up my ass!"

"His cock is in you, Mother!" Susan shouted with delight. "I can see his cock in your asshole!"

"Fuck me, darling!" Carol urged as she shoved her upright ass back at him. "Oh, fuck me in the ass!"

Carol felt the stretching of her burning asshole around her son's cock. It seemed as if his prick had become twice the size it usually was when hard. But she knew that was due to the first time she had a cock up her asshole. The sensations flowed hotly through her, exciting her more than she had imagined it would. His cock went very deep, and then she felt his balls bang against her throbbing cuntlips. She felt Susan's hand move along her rippling stomach, through the thick hair of her cunt, then her finger was rubbing at her distended clitoris. Carol wailed in pleasure as her son began to move his cock back and forth, fucking her asshole now, while Susan rubbed and agitated her swollen clitoris.

Carol shivered as she wiggled her upturned ass to her son's thrusting cock. The sensation of his prick fucking her asshole sent her nerves into pulsing heat. She whined and mewled with pleasure. The cheeks of her ass were split wider as Bobby began to fuck her with more powerfully, faster and harder, his balls banging against the puffy, inflamed lips of her cunt. Her clitoris was being twisted by her daughter, and Carol squealed as the orgasms began to rumble through her. Once she started coming, it seemed as if she would keep on coming for the rest of life.

Her hands were above her head, clawing at the sheets. Her eyes were closed, savoring the intense pleasure. She opened her eyes when she felt something brush her shoulder. She saw her daughter positioning herself at her head. Susan had undressed sometime after Bobby had begun to fuck Carol's asshole, and she was now naked, her sweet cunt eager.

Susan leaned against the head of the bed, spreading her thighs around her mother's head and shoulders. She lifted her crotch up.

"Lick me, Mother!" Susan urged hotly. "Please, Mother, lick my cunt! I'm so fucking hot, seeing Bobby's cock fuck your asshole! Eat my pussy, Mother!"

"I'll eat your cunt, darling," Carol replied in a hot voice. "Oh, yes! I'll suck your sweet cunt! I'll tongue-fuck your pussy while Bobby fucks my asshole!"

She hunched her upraised ass against her son's plunging cock and moaned as his balls banged her hairy cunt. She slipped her hands beneath her daughter's uplifted ass, clutching those round, firm asscheeks. She plunged her mouth into Susan's crotch, licking and sucking furiously.

Her son was pumping swiftly into her stretching, burning asshole now, and Carol whimpered into her daughter's wet cunt every time his balls slapped against her cuntlips. Susan was holding the back of her head, grinding her pussy into her mother's mouth.

The hot wetness of her daughter's pussy smeared her lips, and Carol swallowed the sweetness often, her tongue delving and licking. As Susan whipped her cunt about, Carol licked and sucked at whatever her daughter pressed against her lips. Her ass, swaying and grinding with her son's stabbing cock, seemed to be on fire, the flames of ecstasy consuming her. The orgasm that ripped through her almost sent her cunt into spasming shreds. Her moans, of intense pleasure mingled with those of her daughter's.

Bobby's cock seemed to fill and stretch her sensitive asshole more than it had ever been. Carol was sure her asshole, too, was convulsing with those waving, crashing orgasms. Her tits were very swollen, her nipples rubbing at the sheet as she tongued and sucked at her daughter's dripping, flexing cunt.

From the way Susan's pussy closed about her tongue, Carol knew she was coming, even if those hot squeals had been absent.

She thought her son's cock was swelling even more, stuffing her asshole. The throbbing of his cock within the ring of her tightly clinging asshole told her that he, too, was about come.

One last, enormous orgasm began to tear through her shaking, naked body. Carol screamed into her daughter's cunt loudly. Her uplifted ass shook frantically. She heard her son grunt, the sound muffled because Susan was squeezing her head between those slender, hot thighs. Suddenly there was a hot gushing of come juice into her asshole. The spasms of her son's spewing cock increased her ecstasy and Carol came very close to fainting.

Susan slumped her ass to the bed, panting hard. Carol rested her cheek on her daughter's fuzzy mound, groaning as her son withdrew his cock. Her asshole clutched at his prick as if reluctant to let it go.

Carol was much too weak to fall. She remained with her knees drawn under her, her creamy, shapely ass still in the air, shivering and swaying. Her asshole still tingled from the ecstasy, and she kissed tenderly at the blonde fuzz of her daughter's sweet cunt.

All three recovered faster than Carol had thought possible. Her son, spread out on the bed, was holding his balls in his hand, his face grinning with delight. Carol finally lay on her side, gazing at them with happy, sparkling eyes. Susan was very gently rubbing her clitoris. Her exceptionally pretty face glowed.

"God," Carol murmured, "will this ever calm down?"

"Who wants it to?" Bobby laughed.

"Not me!" Susan giggled. "I could do it all day and night."

"I think both of you could," Carol said, sitting up, her tits jiggling, her nipples still rigid. "By the way, where have you two been all morning?"

They didn't reply, but she caught the look that passed between them. They had been up to something, she was sure. Sliding off the bed, she went into her bathroom.

As she sat on the toilet, peeing, she wondered about the secretive glance between them. There was no reason for either to have secrets from her.

Going back to the bedroom, she found they had gone.

Pulling a light robe about her body, she went downstairs and found them eating. She sat with them, peering closely at them.

There was definitely something going on here.

"You didn't answer my question," she reminded them.

"What question, Mother?" Susan asked, sweetly innocent.

"What you've been up to this morning," Carol said again. "You've hardly been at home at all today. I find that puzzling, especially since all this fucking started."

"Should we tell her?" Bobby asked his sister.

"You damn well better tell me," Carol insisted.

"You promise not to get mad, Mother?" Susan asked.

"Why should I get mad?" she countered, more sure than ever that they had been up to some mischief.

"We met someone, Mom," Bobby said, not lifting his eyes to look at her.

"Oh?" she asked. "I don't suppose you'd care to tell me about this someone, would you?"

"Mother," Susan asked, "do you have a brother?"

Carol's heart began to pound. She had not seen her brother in years. In fact, she had lost all contact with him. She had no idea he was living around here. She lifted a hand to her throat, staring at Susan and Bobby.

"I never heard you say anything about a brother Mom," Bobby said. "He told us he was your brother and our uncle. Is that right?"

"What's... what's his name?" Carol asked, her voice low-and trembling.

"Steve," Susan supplied.

"Steve," Carol whispered. "Steve." Her hand at her throat now clutched one tit, her heart beating swiftly. "How old is he?"

"About your age, Mom."

It could be, she thought. But how could he suddenly be here, in this city, and how had he found Bobby and Susan, knowing they were her children?

Susan described the man, and Carol was certain it was her brother. She began to feel excitement, becoming nervous. After fucking her in that hayloft so many years ago, Steve had went out of his way to avoid her, never being alone with her after that. She was certain he rejected her and wanted nothing to do with her ever again. Why had he suddenly shown up after all these years?

"Where does he live?" she asked.

Susan supplied Steve's address. Carol knew the place. It was a luxury apartment building about half a mile from her home.

She knew Susan and Bobby were looking in an odd way at her, but she was so surprised to find her brother living so closely, and she was surprised to feel excitement. It had been many years since she had seen him, and during that time, she had yearned for him. Her cunt was getting moist as she thought back to the days of the hayloft again.

She began to tremble.

She got slowly to her feet and left the kitchen, her son and daughter staring at her.

Back in her bedroom, she let the robe fall away. Hardly knowing what she was doing, she began to dress.

Susan and Bobby had come upstairs and were watching her. She slipped on a pleated skirt and a blouse, then pulled nylons on her slim legs. She brushed her hair.

"Where are you going, Mom?" Bobby asked.

"You didn't put panties on, Mother," Susan said, suspicious of what was happening. "Mother, please,

don't go causing trouble. Steve is nice, we like him. And if he's our uncle like he said, we should be nice to him, too."

Carol turned and sat on the edge of her bed. She looked at them. "Come here," she said in a soft voice. "I've got to tell you something." Bobby and Susan sat on the floor at her feet, looking up at her. "It's true I have a brother, and his name is Steve. You've described him perfectly."

Carol told them about the hayloft, and how her brother had avoided her since. There was a sparkle in their eyes, but a sadness, too.

"He shouldn't have felt ashamed, Mother," Susan said.

"I know that, darling," Carol replied. "But some people can't handle what we're doing with each other. I suspect Steve is one of those people."

"What are you gonna do, Mom?"

"I'm going to see him, of course," she said.

"Are you gonna tell him to go away?" Susan asked.

"I have no right telling him where he can live," Carol said. "But I do have to see him. I love my brother, like I love you two. Yes, I have to see Steve."

She got up and, with Susan and Bobby still sitting on the floor, left them.

She was very nervous as she left her house and started in the direction of his apartment, yet there was a steamy feeling between her thighs.

"Hello, Steve," she said quietly.

The tall man stared at her, showing no surprise. Carol's legs trembled when her brother ushered her into the living room.

She sat down and crossed her legs, folding her hands nervously in her lap. She watched him sit at the other end of the couch. Despite the many years that had passed, Carol realized he had changed little. Older, and more handsome than she remembered, he was mature and self-assured.

Carol remembered little of the conversation, but enough to find out he had been married, no children, then divorced. He was a middle executive with a large company, had lived in this apartment for three years, and only recently met Bobby and Susan.

Through the period of becoming reacquainted with her brother, Carol was acutely conscious of the throbbing pulsations of her cunt, and her eyes drifted frequently to the front of his pants. It was something she could not stop, despite all her efforts.

Steve told her he had seen Susan and Bobby, and was struck by the resemblance Susan had to Carol at that age. In fact, he thought he was looking at Carol all over again. It was he who had initiated the meeting with them, and was dumbfounded to learn who they were and that they lived so closely to him. He had not known or suspected that Carol lived in the city, let alone so close.

Only when they began to talk about the hayloft did he indicate nervousness. She watched him as he went into the small kitchen and prepared coffee for them. She watched his hands shake. Her cunt was becoming more and more aroused. The insides of her thighs were getting wet and slippery, and she knew she still wanted her brother, wanted to fuck him, just as she had for many years after the hayloft incident.

They sipped coffee, and Carol noticed Steve tried to avoid her eyes. Yet, she noticed, he glanced at her body often. He seemed embarrassed, she felt. He, too, was thinking about that day, she knew. She realized that her skirt had hiked up her thighs. And, she was aware that Steve was having a difficult time keeping his eyes averted from her tantalizing flesh.

Steve questioned her about finances and family. Carol made vague comments and answers. She was trembling inside, her tits rising and falling as she breathed. Her eyes were smoky with desire for her brother. Her rounded knees were fully exposed as was a few inches of her slim, creamy thighs. She rocked her foot back and forth as she chatted.

"Susan and Bobby seem to be wonderful kids," he said, his arm on the back of the couch. His fingers were very near her shoulder, and Carol could almost feel those fingers touching her. "I like them, Carol. Since I've never had any of my own, I seem drawn to them."

"That's natural, Steve," she replied. "After all, you are their uncle."

"Has it been tough for you, Carol?"

"Tough? No, I wouldn't say that."

"I mean without a husband, a man, around the house," he said. "Trying to raise two kids alone can be tough on a woman."

"We've done all right."

They fell silent, and the tension became heavy between them. Carol thought she should go. They were uncomfortable with each other, she felt. She was starting to get up, when her brother placed his hand on her shoulder. Carol gasped, feeling an electric jolt flow through her body. She gazed into his eyes.

"Carol, there's something we haven't talked about," he said in a low voice.

"I know," she replied, her own voice low and whispery.

"We should, I think."

She was shaking, unable to stop. Her brother's fingers gripped her shoulder, but not painfully. He was looking at her in the same manner that he had when he found her in the hayloft.

"Why did you avoid me, Steve?" she asked, her voice seeming to stumble over the words, "I mean, after we..."

He began to caress her shoulder. "It's hard to put into words," he replied. "You were – still, are – the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. I had this crazy idea that you were just too beautiful for what I did to you."

"You gave me the impression you hated me."

"God, no!" he said. "I didn't hate you, Carol. What we did was great. But you were so beautiful, I could hardly stand to look at you. I got this idea you were ashamed of it, so I left you alone, knowing I wouldn't be able to keep my hands off you. I didn't want to hurt you, Carol. I thought I had hurt you enough that day."

"You hurt me by avoiding me," she answered.

They looked into each other's eyes for a long time, then Steve said, his voice hoarse, "You wanted to do it again?"

"Oh, yes!" she murmured. "Oh, Steve! You don't know how much I wanted you to do that again. I suffered horribly, reliving it all the time. I... I was in love with you. You were my brother, the first man to do it to me, and I was in love with you."

Somehow, with neither knowing how it happened, Carol was in his arms. Her brother was holding her tightly against his chest, and they were kissing frantically. Tasting his tongue against her lips, Carol hungrily sucked it into her mouth. She held him tight, her tits smashed against his chest.

After what seemed a long time, they broke apart, both gasping heavily. Carol tried to compose herself, but didn't have much success.

"Now what?" she murmured, avoiding his eyes.

He moved his arm about her shoulders and pulled her head against him. She shivered as his hand moved down and cupped her tit. She was breathless when his fingers began to squeeze her tit. Her head was lowered a bit, and she was gazing at the front of his pants. There was a growing bulge there, she saw, and her hand itched to fondle his cock. But she forced herself to leave it alone. When her brother slipped his hand into the front of her blouse and toyed with her rigid nipple, she shuddered in pleasure.

"You're not wearing a bra, Carol," he whispered.

"Nor panties," she replied.

His other hand moved to her knee, and she watched it move along the satiny flesh, his fingers disappearing underneath her pleated skirt. She sighed as his fingers moved toward her hot cunt.

"You won't turn from me again, Steve?" she asked.

"We aren't kids any longer, Carol," he said.

"Thank God for that," she whispered, uncrossing her knees.

Lifting her mouth to his, she felt her brother's hand move between her thighs, and he cupped her naked, hairy cunt. She mewled, and was no longer able to keep her itching hand away from his cock. She placed it on top of the bulge, squeezing his prick.

Steve rubbed his sister's pussy, teasing her knotted clitoris. Carol whimpered as she fondled his cock, her emotions high, her cunt steaming in that delicious, bubbling way. She began to fumble with the zipper of

his pants, and they both became very eager now.

She gazed at his prick, her eyes searching the thick, long shaft, the large, smooth head. Fluids beaded from his piss hole, and she closed her fist around his prick tightly, slowly pumping it as his fingers excited her cunt.

Carol could wait no longer. She was boiling hotly. Pulling away from him, she lifted her ass and yanked her pleated skirt to her waist, then lay back on the couch, drawing one leg up. Steve stared between her teasingly long thighs, looking at the hairy wetness of his sister's cunt. His cock throbbed eagerly as he slipped his pants down.

She looked at his cock and balls with glazed eyes, mewling and writhing her ass on the couch. When Steve knelt between her thighs, Carol lifted her crotch to him. She gave a loud hiss of delight when she felt his smooth cockhead pressing against the puffy lips of her hot cunt.

"Ooooooh, yes!" she murmured hotly as his cock moved into her pussy. "Yes, yes, Steve!"

Her brother placed his weight on top of her, his hands clutching the rippling flesh of her naked ass, his cock penetrating deeply, his hairy balls resting against her ass. She rushed her arms about him, then down his, back to clutch at his asscheeks, her cunt grinding against him.

"Oh, Steve! Oh, Steve!" she gurgled as he began to thrust his cock in and out of her tightly stretched cunt. "Ohhh, so good, Steve! I've missed you so much! I'm missed your cock so very much!"

They gasped hotly, Carol grinding and churning beneath him. Steve banged his hips up and down, driving his throbbing cock very deep into his sister's gripping cunt. His balls slapped against her fiery hot, writhing asscheeks.

Carol was thrilled with the way he dug his hands into the cheeks of her ass, lifting her up, his cock plunging into her already orgasming cunt. She moaned and wailed, whimpered and sobbed. The ecstasy was so beautiful, so fantastic.

The lips of her cunt sucked and pulled on his cock, increasing the sensations for them. She clawed at his pumping ass, feeling the cheeks bunch as he pounded into her pussy. She thrashed until she was in danger of falling off the couch. His cock filled her cunt to the utmost, stretching her pussy lips. Drawing her legs up his thighs, she scissored them hotly, arching her cunt to his plunging cock, sobbing, with tears of ecstasy rolling from her eyes. She beat against his thighs with her heels, urging him to greater effort.

The strong waves of her orgasm were threatening to rip her slim, curvy body apart. She began to bite at his neck and shoulder as she whipped her cunt up and down, then in tight circles as his cock drove beautifully into her clinging cunt. She could feel each throb of his lovely, hard cock with her cunt lips. Her clitoris was being scraped by the hard cockshaft, setting it on fire. She screamed against his neck.

"Ohhhh, you're making me come so much, darling! My pussy is so hot! Fuck me, Steve! Ohhh, Steve, darling, fuck me! I love it. I love you!"

Her fingers dug into the tight flesh of his bouncing ass, her thighs sliding against his hips. When her brother squeezed at her asscheeks, his cock plunging swiftly, the friction sent her into powerful, body-shaking orgasms that were stronger than any she had ever experienced. She became wild in her movements, thrashing about, her cunt exploding with such power that she could hardly stand it.

"So tight!" she heard him grunt. "So fucking tight, Carol! And so wet!"

"For you, Steve!" she howled. "I'm tight and wet for you darling! Ooooooh, fuck me, fuck me! My cunt wants that big cock, Steve! My cunt wants you to come in it! Oh, please, please, squirt your come juice in my pussy!"

But Steve continued to pound into her cunt in an almost brutal way. But she loved it, was thrilled by it.

On and on it went.

Carol was almost out of her mind with ecstasy, and her turn continued to convulse with multiple orgasms that seared her flesh and shattered her mind. His cock was growing larger, she thought. Her cunt was stuffed to capacity, and her clitoris felt as if it were melting. The flowing bliss rippling through

her was becoming unbearable.

After what seemed like hours to Carol, hours of the most intense ecstasy she had ever known, she felt her brother's cock lurching inside her gripping cunt. She felt his body turn stiff, and his balls pressed hard against her upturned ass. She drew her knees high, almost touching them against her shoulders, raising her cunt into the air for him.

She screamed.

The flood of his come juice splattered along the walls of her cunt. She began to come again as his cock gushed into her, flooding her pussy like never before. She felt each contraction of his thick cock, each spurt of his come juice spewing into her.

Steve was grunting, his face pressing into her soft, scented hair. His balls writhed against her naked ass, intensifying the ecstasy racing through his sister. Even when he slumped on top of her, smashing her tits with his chest, his cock still inside her cunt but no longer fucking, her pussy still contracted in waves of orgasm. But they weren't strong now, they were milder, bringing her down slowly.

Finally he lifted from her and sat on the couch. Carol remained on her back, legs wide, her beautiful face glowing with delight.

"I suppose you'll avoid me again, now," she murmured.

"Hardly," her brother said, grinning at her and caressing the inside of her thigh. "I'm a man now, not a teenager, Carol. I can handle it now."

She sat up and looked closely at him. "Are you sure, Steve?"

"I'm sure, Carol."

She thought a moment, then said, "There are some things you don't know, Steve. If we plan to keep this up, then you've got to know."

"It doesn't matter," he said, gently pulling her blouse open and twisting her nipples tenderly. "I have no plans to go anywhere. I'm not going to be a fool and lose you again."

"What are you saying?"

"I want to stay with you, Carol," he said simply.

"People might know," she warned.

"I doubt it. We don't look that much alike. I could be your new husband, for all they know."

Her eyes clouded. "I... I would love to live with you that way, Steve, but what about Susan and Bobby? They know you're my brother."

"We'd have to be very careful there, I admit," he said, "but I'm sure it can work out."

"You don't understand," she said. "I told you there are things you don't know about me. Once you learn, you may change your mind."

"I won't," he said. "I promise you that."

She held his cock in her hand, feeling the slippery wetness on it. She gazed at him for a long time. "Steve," she said in a low voice, "I'm... insatiable. Do you know what that means?"

"Of course. It means you can't get enough fucking," he grinned at her. "You want to fuck constantly,

right?"

She nodded. "But not the way you think, Steve. I don't throw it at any man. I want one man." Her eyes clouded again. "I suppose I should say two men."

He frowned.

"You'll hate me," she whispered.

"There isn't any danger of that, Carol. Sometimes I think I can't get enough pussy, either. I understand what you mean. I don't think I'd like it, though, sharing you with another man."

She held his cock in her hand, looking at it. She knew she should tell him about Susan and Bobby now, but there was one thing she wanted to do before she mentioned them. She was afraid after she told him that Steve would disappear from her life once more never to return.

"You know, Steve," she said in a throaty voice, "I've wanted to suck your cock all these years."

"I won't stop you, Carol," he smiled. "I sort of enjoy a blow job. Knowing how hot you are, I bet you can suck my cock like it's never been sucked."

She grinned lewdly at him. "You're going to find out right now."

She shoved her face down, kissing the wet head of her brother's cock. She swiped her tongue out, swirling it about the moist head. She listened to him groan in pleasure as her lips closed around it, taking it deep into her greedy mouth. She felt his hand resting on the back of her head as she sucked his cock deeply, the smooth head probing her throat.

Her lips tingled with pleasure as she smoothly slipped them up and, down her brother's hard, throbbing prick. Steve's cock was larger than her son's, stretching her lips very wide, but she managed easily to get

it into her mouth with her nose buried into the wiry hairs. She held his balls as she sucked him, rolling and twisting them about. The taste of his cock sent shivers rippling through her, her nipples swollen again.

There was hardly any room inside her stuffed mouth to use her tongue, but that didn't matter to Carol. She fucked his cock into her mouth as though it were her cunt. Her hot, wet lips tingled with delight as they began to race up and down his throbbing cockshaft. She devoured him with sobs of hungry ecstasy, mewling passionately. The powerful throbbing of his cock on her lips and against her throat caused her cunt to burn again, and mild orgasms began to ripple through it.

"Oh, Carol," she heard him moan. "You really know how to suck cock, don't you? Your mouth is so hot and wet! Oh, suck me, Carol, suck me!"

His words of encouragement sent Carol to racing her mouth up and down swiftly. Her mind was reeling with the sweetness of feeling his cock between her lips, stuffing her greedy mouth. She held the swollen head of his prick between her lips and swirled her hot tongue over his piss hole, swallowing because he was dripping so much. The taste of his come juice was sweet on her tongue, and she began to suck swiftly again, desperate to have his prick gushing that lovely come juice down her burning throat.

Feeling this would probably be the first and last time she would be able to suck him off, Carol put all her effort and skills to work. If she never sucked his cock off again, then she wanted this to be the best blow job he would ever have.

Steve began pressing at her head, arching his cock up into her mouth as she went down. He was fucking her mouth as much as she was sucking him.

Steve grunted loudly, arching up high, as if trying to ram his cock down her throat.

The powerful gush of his come juice suddenly bubbled into Carol's mouth. She squealed in delight and swallowed, sucking as hard as she could as he spewed into her mouth. The sweet come juice splashing over her tongue sent her cunt into spasms, her ass twisting as she sucked his cock.

Some of the thick come juice ran along the shaft of his prick, seeping from the corners of her tightly gripping lips. The white come juice clung to his balls, and Carol sucked and swallowed until he finally slumped his ass down, moaning from the ecstasy. Carol sucked off his cock and ran her tongue about the come juice glistening on his prick, then against his balls, licking it all away.

She nuzzled at her brother's crotch, caressing his cock and balls with her chin and cheeks, then she sat upright.

"Now that we've got that out of the way," he grinned, "suppose you tell me why I'll hate you, Carol?"

Slowly, with a halting voice, not looking at her brother, Carol began to tell him about Bobby and Susan. She sat close to him, her tits exposed and her pleated skirt still about her waist. As she talked, Steve fondled her, remaining silent. Carol spoke in a very slow voice, and he had to listen closely to hear the words.

When she finished, he looked into her eyes, cupping her chin and holding her face toward his. "All that means, Carol, is we won't have to be as careful as I thought."

She gazed at him for a long time.

"Are you sure, Steve? Are you really sure?"

"Carol, we're both erotic, as we've discovered," he said. "If Bobby and Susan are just like us, then I'm sure. I'm very sure."

Susan and Bobby were delighted when their mother came home with their uncle.

Carol was pleased with their excitement, watching them chatting with Steve. She watched her brother, noticing that he looked at Susan with gleaming eyes. It was obvious to her that he wanted to fuck her daughter. And Susan, the little flirt, sat at his side on the couch, and found every opportunity to touch him. She moved her hand about his thigh caressingly, knowing very well what she was doing to Steve.

After perhaps half an hour of allowing them to talk with Steve, Carol said, "My brother would like to stay with us."

All talk stopped.

But Susan and Bobby looked at their mother. Carol wasn't quite sure how to proceed, but they had to know everything if Steve was to live with them.

"That will be nice," Susan said, flashing her eyes at Steve.

Carol could tell what Susan was thinking. She knew her daughter would find a way to fuck her uncle. It was Bobby who looked unhappy.

"Wouldn't it be nice to have a father around?" Steve asked his nephew.

"You wouldn't be my father," Bobby pouted. "You're my uncle and that's different."

"I could try to be a father to you," Steve said.

Carol was relieved that her brother was taking control, helping her out in this awkward moment. She allowed him to do what he wanted, to convince Bobby. Susan required no convincing, not with her hot little cunt, Carol knew.

"Things wouldn't change that much," Steve told the doubting Bobby.

"Yes, they would," Bobby pouted, glancing at his mother from the corners of his eyes. "You don't know, Uncle Steve."

"I think I do," Steve grinned. "I know more than you think I do. And that's a promise to you – nothing will change."

But Bobby didn't believe his uncle. Carol held her arms out to her son. "Come here, darling."

Bobby came to her and she placed her hands on his hips, looking up into his eyes. "Steve is telling the truth, honey," she said. "Nothing will change. Nothing, do you understand?"

"Aw, Mom," Bobby said, almost ready to cry. "Uncle Steve don't know."

"He knows, honey," Carol said softly. "He knows everything."

A loud squeal came from Susan. Bobby's eyes widened and he shot a glance at his uncle. Steve grinned and nodded.

"Does he really, Mother?" Susan asked, her voice showing her excitement. "Really? You're not telling a lie, are you?"

"Have I ever lied to you?" Carol replied. Carol could feel her son trembling against her hands. She looked up into his face again, smiling. "I'll prove it to you, darling."

She quickly opened his pants and pulled his cock out. Bobby's face flushed as he glanced again at his uncle. But Carol didn't give her son much time to feel embarrassment. She closed her fingers about her son's cock and leaned forward, closing her lips around the head of his prick. Bobby grunted as she began to suck his cock.

"You see, Bobby," Carol heard her brother say. "Nothing will change."

Carol pulled her mouth off her son's cock, but held it tightly in her hand. She smiled up at him, and saw the delight on his young face. "Is that what you thought would change, honey? Did you think with Steve living here, you wouldn't get anymore of Mother's cunt, or have your sweet cock sucked off by me?"

He nodded.

Susan, Carol saw, had opened her uncle's pants and held his cock in her small, hot hand. She was stroking his prick as it swelled into thick hardness, gurgling with pleasure. Steve was urging Susan's lovely young face to his prick, and Susan was dipping her mouth eagerly. Both Bobby and Carol watched as Susan sucked the rounded head of Steve's cock into her mouth. Carol laughed when her daughter gagged slightly.

"Don't be so greedy, Susan," she said.

"You have to learn how to take such a big cock first. You'll manage all of it soon enough."

Bobby was almost dancing about with so much excitement that his cock jerked out of his mother's face. Carol didn't take it into her mouth again right away. Instead she began to undress.

Susan had stopped struggling with her uncle's cock for a moment, taking time to wiggle from her clothing too. Seeing his mother and sister undress, Bobby began to take his clothes off quickly, glancing shyly at his uncle. Carol knew her son was making a comparison of his cock to the thicker, longer one of his uncle's.

He would get over that jealousy as time went by, she knew. But in the meantime, she had to make sure that her son felt no inadequacy. She was now naked, and, sitting with her legs wide, her ass on the edge of the chair, she pulled her son between her knees. She took his cock and pulled it to her hairy cunt. Bobby looked at his uncle as Carol hissed with passion. Her son began to fuck her. She held his hips with both hands, pumping her cunt against his cock, meeting his thrusts eagerly.

Steve pulled Susan onto his lap, and Carol's eyes grew fiery hot as she saw her daughter straddling her brother's hips. Susan began to screw her almost hairless, very tight, cum onto his thick cock. She

watched Steve's hands hold Susan's hot ass. She could see her daughter's cunt stretching around her brother's thick cock, and then it was buried into Susan's gripping pussy. Susan began to squeal as she bounced her sweet, naked ass up and down, her hands braced on Steve's shoulders.

"Mmmmmm, Bobby!" Carol mewled. "Fuck me, honey! Ohhh, fuck your sweet cock in Mother's hot, hairy cunt, baby! Give Mother your beautiful hard prick!"

Bobby banged into her hard and fast, his tight ass moving back and forth, and Carol closed her smooth thighs against his hips. She knew her words helped him, and she kept it up, praising his cock and the way he fucked her. Soon, Bobby began to fuck his mother vigorously, ramming his cock in and out of her gripping pussy.

While her son fucked her, Carol kept her hot eyes on Susan's shaking, twisting ass. It was a beautiful scene to her. She could see the way her brother's cock filled Susan's hot little cunt, and she was thrilled at the excitement shown by Steve.

"Ooooooh, such a big cock!" she heard her daughter squealing in ecstasy. "Oh, Uncle Steve, your cock is so fucking big and I love it! Golly, your prick sure does fill my cunt!"

Bobby banged into his mother's crotch, turning to watch his sister's gyrating ass often. He leaned forward so he could grip his mother's tingling tits, squeezing them as he fucked in a frenzy at her sucking pussy.

Carol found her eyes gazing into those of her brother's. They were hot eyes, excited eyes, and she knew there would be no problem now. She would have her brother and her son, and Susan, too. She wouldn't have to worry about them meeting and falling in love and leaving her. She had no worry about being alone... ever again.

Steve would be with her. He would be her brother, her husband, and most of all, her lover.

Susan was gurgling as her small, tight ass raced up and down, her cunt closing hotly around her uncle's cock. Carol realized that her daughter was in the clutches of orgasm, and she, too, was coming as her son

fucked harder and faster into her receptive cunt.

She saw Steve holding Susan's ass tightly, and she saw the throb of his cock, the way his hairy balls were drawing up.

"Squirt it to her hot little cunt, Steve!" Carol yelled with ecstasy. "Come in her pussy!"

Steve gave a loud grunt and arched his cock up, and Carol watched hotly as the spasms went through his balls. Susan squealed when she felt her uncle's come gushing into her bubbling cunt. With her mind reeling, Carol's cunt closed about her son's ramming cock. Bobby's fingers dug into her tight tits, and she wailed as she felt his prick throbbing, squirting his precious come juice deep into her cunt.

Bobby slumped forward, and Carol caressed his heaving back, kissing his shoulders. "You see, darling," she whispered softly, "you have nothing to worry about."

Later, they had a light snack in the kitchen. Both Susan and Bobby were much happier. Bobby talked with his uncle the way he would if he had a father, and Susan remained close to Steve, her hands unable to stay away from his cock and balls. Carol watched her children and brother, her eyes shining with happiness. She had pulled her brother's shirt on, but it was unbuttoned and her shapely tits were exposed. She was the only one, however, that put anything on. Her daughter was too excited to dress in anything, and Bobby looked delightfully innocent in his nakedness. Steve, she knew, was allowing himself time to become accustomed to all this.

His face showed his pleasure to be with her and the two young ones. I could hardly keep his eyes off his sister.

"We've wasted so much time," she said to him.

"Because of foolishness," Steve replied. "My foolishness, not yours, Carol."

"We can't place the blame, Steve. That's all gone and past. What matters is we've found each other."

"Are we gonna be a family?" Bobby asked. "A real family, Mother?"

Steve answered for her. "That's right, Bobby."

"Are you gonna take care of us, Uncle Steve?" Susan asked.

"Only if you stop calling me Uncle," he said, tweaking her small, pink nipple.

"Okay, I'll call you Steve," Susan giggled pressing his hand against her naked little tit.

"I will, too," Bobby said, his cock becoming hard again. "Is that okay?"

"It sure is," Steve grinned, pulling Susan onto his lap.

"People will think you're our stepfather," Susan said in an excited voice as she felt her uncle's cock swell against her cunt.

"That's what we'll say," Carol said, getting to her feet. "But right now, Susan, why don't you and I see about sucking those cocks. We've got to keep our men happy, don't we? We can't have them looking around at other women."

"No danger in that, right, Bobby?" Steve said.

"Right! But I wanna get sucked off just the same."

"You and me both, buddy!" Steve laughed. They went back to the living room, and while Steve and Bobby stood there, Carol and her daughter sat on the floor between them. Carol began to suck at her

brother's cock, and Susan licked and mouthed Bobby's cock. They began sucking on the hard cocks, taking them deeply, then with a silent agreement, they switched. Carol sucked her son's cock and Susan struggled with Steve's.

Carol held her brother's balls in her hand as she sucked on her son's cock, and she was pleased to find Susan fondling Bobby's balls. They kept switching back and forth, getting the taste of both cocks, whimpering and mewling with excitement. Bobby and Steve caressed their soft hair, encouraging them to suck harder on their swollen cocks.

It was by accident when both Bobby and Steve came. The come juice gushed from their cocks as Susan and her mother were switching, and they didn't have time to gobble them into their eager mouths. Their faces were suddenly covered with hot, slippery come juice.

"Ooooh!" Carol mewled with pleasure, arching her face to catch each spurt. "Qhhh, lovely!"

"Mmmmmm!" Susan whined as she opened her mouth to catch some of the spurts. "Delicious!"

Mother and daughter, holding a cock each, jacked frantically on the gushing shafts, allowing Steve and Bobby to come on their beautiful faces.

"That was too fast," Steve complained when it was over.

"It sure was," Bobby echoed. "I didn't want to come then."

Carol and her daughter laughed. "I think Susan and I can make those cocks come again, can't we, darling?"

"We can!" Susan agreed. "I'm gonna get Bobby's cock up my ass, too, Mother."

Steve and Carol sat on the floor, their arms about each other as Susan shoved her ass into the air,

bracing herself on her hands and knees. They watched as Bobby moved his cock toward his sister's tight, little asshole. As Bobby shoved his cock into Susan's ass, she squealed and wiggled about with lewd pleasure.

"Fuck me up the ass, Bobby!" Susan yelled. "Fuck my asshole!"

Steve cupped one of Carol's tits, leaning down to kiss her. "You know, Carol, that's something I've thought about all these years."

"What?" she asked.

"Your ass."

She giggled, twisting at his balls. "What about my ass, darling?"

"Ever since I saw your ass in the hayloft, I wondered what it would be like to fuck it."

"All you had to do was ask," she replied.

"I've explained why I couldn't," he said.

"You can now," she urged.

"You're right." He laughed, positioning her on her hands and knees next to her daughter. "Carol, may I fuck you in your fantastic asshole?"

Carol giggled. "You not only may," she said, waggling her ass lewdly at him, "but you damn well better fuck me in the ass!"

She heard him laugh, a deep, low sound. Then his mouth was moving over her creamy cheeks, kissing and licking as his hands slipped between her thighs to fondle her hairy cunt. Carol mewled as his tongue scraped her asshole, then she squealed as it thrust into her asshole. She shoved her ass back against her brother's face.

"You said fuck it," she laughed. "Not suck it!"

"That's next."

She felt his thick, long cock sliding into her asshole, stretching it. There was a tinge of ecstasy inside her, and she turned to face her daughter. Their lips met in a long, tongue-swirling kiss as they both hunched their creamy asscheeks against the cocks plunging into them.

Insatiable... the word exploded in Carol's mind, but she knew it was wrong. She was not insatiable at all. She was erotic, but not in the least insatiable.