I'm All Yours

Part 1

"Here it comes, kids!" Dave says as he steers the car around the curve. And voila. The second they clear the dense thicket of woods, then Dave and the kids gasp and ooh and ahh at the incredible mountainous vista that has suddenly revealed itself to them. Only Kelly remains quiet. She's too distracted. Frankly, she's been distracted for ... well, for twelve months. Ever since last year's family reunion.

"Oh man, I never get tired of that first glimpse," Dave says. He lays a hand on her thigh, jolting her out of her mental spiral.

"Hm? Oh yeah, isn't it beautiful?"

"You all right?"

She says yes, sorry; she's just tired. Which is true enough. She didn't sleep at all last night. Frankly, she hasn't slept for the past month, too worried about today.

The kids begin yelling out all the things they can't wait to do this year. Kelly says hush, you'll wake the baby, but they can't contain their excitement. They can't wait to go play with their cousins and swim and snorkel and hot tub and play on the inflatable floating fun house, etc. etc. etc. And soon, Dave and the kids are having fun remembering all the fun times they had last year.

The last thing Kelly wants to think about is last year. But as she watches the landscape go by and hears her family chatting, she flashes back.

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It starts out as another fantastic Stevens family reunion, which is always Kelly's favorite week of the year. All the members of her family congregate at her parents' enormous New Hampshire lake house. Her parents, her three sisters, and their families.

As luck would have it, everyone arrives at more or less the same time. Hugs, kisses, high-fives, grandparents gaping at their ever-growing grandchildren. The usual reunion stuff. Cars are unloaded, siblings and cousins and in-laws all catch up, and everyone carries their bags to their respective bedrooms to begin unpacking.

"Where's Jack?" Dave asks Kelly's sister Marla. Jack is Marla's only child, though "child" is no longer the apt word.

"On the porch with his--" she whispers the next word--"girlfriend."

"Oooh-la-la!" Dave says.

Kelly is a bit surprised that Marla let her son bring a girlfriend to the reunion, but doesn't think much about it until she walks onto the back porch, carrying an enormous bag filled with lake-fun accessories: fins, balls, life vests, etc.

She emerges from the house and sees Jack putting sunscreen on a pretty blonde girl who looks like she was born to play a cheerleader in a high-school TV drama.

Jack immediately rises, and Kelly's eyes drift up, up, up, up to take in the surprising sight of her suddenly enormous eighteen-year-old nephew. He isn't just tall, he has the athletic build of a swimmer and the winning smile of a guy who's never had trouble with the ladies. And that bathing suit leaves very little to the imagination. Although "little" is definitely not the right word.

She can't believe her eyes. In one year her nephew has gone from being a cute-but-awkward teen to becoming a strong, confident young man.

"Hey, Aunt Kelly," Jack says. "Let me help you."

He walks over and grabs the bag.

"You're..." words fail her. "You're enormous!" she finally says, laughing.

"Yeah. Growth spurt."

He sets the bag down and turns for a hug.

Kelly finds herself blushing, suddenly feeling like any contact with her nephew would be inappropriate. He doesn't hesitate, though. He wraps her up in his big strong arms and squeezes her affectionately. She hesitantly brings her hands up to his naked, muscular back, and her breath catch in her throat at the feel of his skin under her fingertips.

"You look great," he says after breaking off their seemingly endless hug. He flashes her a winning smile. Kelly thinks, or maybe imagines, that she detects a slightly flirty tone in his voice. He's wearing aviator sunglasses so she can't see where his eyes are roaming, but she can see her flustered face staring back at her.

"You too," she finds herself saying.

"Oh! Sorry! This is Megan," he says, turning to his girlfriend. Megan hops up from the towel, smiles, says hi, and shakes Kelly's hand. The three exchange pleasantries and Kelly goes back to unpacking. As she reenters the house, she hears Megan say, "She seems cool," and Jack reply, "The coolest."

Jack has always had a crush on his aunt. No wonder: She's young--only ten years older than him--and very pretty. About six years ago, Jack realized his aunt wasn't just pretty. She was fucking hot. Long hair, luscious lips, a glowing complexion, and a taut, athletic body. He has spent many a night fantasizing about fucking his aunt.

Kelly always suspected Jack had a crush on her, though up until that day on the porch, she had never thought much about it. Why would

she? He was just her cute nephew, and she enjoyed being the cool aunt. Now though? Kelly can't get Jack out of her mind.

She spends the first day catching up with all the various family members and furiously trying to avoid looking at her nephew who has apparently decided he will spend the week sans shirt. She can't blame him. She would too if she were him.

Dinner is great, drinks are drunk, games are played, kids hot-tub, the sisters chat, and one by one people start making their way to bed.

Kelly, though, always takes a hot outdoor shower right before going to bed. It is her favorite part of the vacation. Me time. The shower is located at the other end of the house, far from the bedrooms. Her mom has always regretted putting it there but that was the only place the pipes would allow. Kelly loves how far it is from the rest of the house. It is quiet and dark. She has the stars to herself and feels like she's the only person in the whole world.

When she and Dave first started dating they would have sex in the shower, it being the only place in the house where you could safely have sex and not worry about waking up your family. But she and Dave haven't had sex in the shower in years. And frankly, they haven't had much sex at all since their second child was born. He seems to have lost interest.

So on this first night of their vacation, Kelly leaves him drinking and playing cards with the other guys, and she goes down to the shower, wearing nothing but her towel.

She enters, uses her phone's flashlight to find all the spiders and uses the shower's hand wand to wash them away. Then, shower clean, she turns off the light and lets the moon illuminate her shower.

Once the water reaches the perfect steamy temperature, she grabs the bottle of bodywash and begins lathering herself up. She loves this bodywash. She has a bottle at home, but it isn't the same. Maybe it's due to the water's pH level. Who knows. But whatever the reason, this shower makes that bodywash lather up sensuously. She rubs and rubs that creamy moisturizing lather all over her, getting hot and flustered as her shower continues. Suddenly, she imagines her nephew stumbling in here and taking off his clothes, and her breathing intensifies.

"Oh fuck," she whispers. She has never once pleasured herself thinking about Jack, but now she realizes that she thinks he might be the sexiest man she had ever seen.

She grabs the showerhead, rotates the nozzle to pulse mode, and turns it on her pussy.

She cums within seconds. It's short but intense, and she has to quickly turn the head away from her because the aftershocks are too overstimulating.

"Oh fuck," she says once she's able to breathe again.

She finishes her shower and turns off the water, still feeling flush. Relishing the sound of the crickets, she waves a hand in front of her

face to try to cool down, but it isn't happening. Then she spends a few minutes toweling off. She just manages to cover herself up when the shower door opens.

"Ah!" she says. She didn't bother locking it because no one else in the family ever uses the shower, at least not at this time of night.

Even though she's covered by the towel, she instinctively throws her hands over her breasts.

"Oh my god, sorry Aunt Kelly!" Jack says. "I didn't hear you in there."

Kelly see Jack, wearing a towel draped around his waist and probably nothing else, holding hands with a mortified towel-clad Megan.

For his part, Jack isn't being entirely truthful. Although he may not have heard his aunt in there, he knew full well that she went to the shower every night she stayed at the lake house. Once, two years ago, he even climbed a tree to watch her shower. Although he hadn't been able to see much, he did hear her pleasuring herself, which gave him the hardest erection of his life.

He was very much enjoying the sight of his aunt cowering in front of him, naked save for one damp, hastily tied-on towel. Oh, how many times he had pleasured himself to the image of her in that towel, which barely covered her breasts and showed enough thigh to give salacious hints of what lay underneath.

Kelly catches her breath, smiled and says, "No worries. You two have fun." And she slides past her nephew, her arm grazing against his chest.

"You won't tell my mom?" he asks. Although her sister Marla allowed Jack to bring a girlfriend to the lake, she was not about to let them sleep in the same room. So, obviously, this was the kids' only way to have sex without anyone knowing.

Kelly winks and makes the gesture of locking her mouth and throwing away the key. She turns and pads up the pavers to the house.

"Told you she was cool," Jack says to Megan.

"Yeah, though you didn't tell me how hot she was," Megan says.

Kelly smiles. That's certainly nice to hear. Then she hears Jack say, "Come here, you," followed by Megan squealing with delight.

The shower spurts to life. Kelly finds herself listening for any kind of sex sounds, and then she blushes. What the fuck is she doing? She quickly--quietly--scurries back to her room and into her bed where she pleasures herself while her husband sleeps. She imagines Jack and Megan joining her in the shower, Megan pulling away Kelly's towel, and the two of them licking and sucking every inch of her body before Jack slides his rock-hard cock into her ... she was about to say pussy, but then imagines him entering her ass while Megan goes to work on her clit.

Her orgasm is intense. She's barely able to hide her moans with her pillow. Dave stirs, mumbles something and goes back to sleep.

The next day is filled with more fun lakeside activities and more instances of Kelly trying not to stare at her nephew. At one point she watches Jack pick up Megan with ease and toss her into the lake. Kelly marvels at how strong he is, while she traces a lazy finger along the rim of her glass. Then she imagines him picking her up and tossing her onto his dick and immediately turns red and rushes up to her bathroom to rub one out.

She is embarrassed at what a ridiculous woman she is being. Pay more attention to your family, she says. And your husband, for godssake.

But she and her husband always have parallel vacations at the lake. He plays games and sports with the kids and the other men, while Kelly mostly suns herself, gossips with her sisters, and deals with the kids when there's trouble.

That night, after dinner, while the men drink themselves silly, Kelly gets undressed, dons her towel, and makes her way to the outdoor shower. She realizes she will have to lock the door tonight, and sighs a bit at the thought that she probably wouldn't be able to masturbate, but she is still looking forward to some quiet time.

That is not to be, however. As she approaches the shower, she hears the water running. She also hears the moans of two people having sex. Good sex, too. Kelly flushes, realizing she should scurry back to

the house and wait, but she finds herself standing there, getting hotter and hotter, listening to Megan have the absolute shit fucked out of her.

Kelly has never screamed and grunted and howled like that in her life, and she thought she's had some pretty great sex over the years. Some of it even with her husband. But holy fuck. From the sound of things, Jack should probably be teaching a MasterClass in how to fuck a woman into having an outer body experience.

She realizes she's getting wet and desperately wants to do something about it, but she has no way to relieve the pressure at the moment.

And meanwhile Megan is getting so loud, she or Jack, clamps a hand over her mouth as she begins cumming and cumming and cumming. She's so loud, Kelly can hear her squealing and screaming through her closed mouth, through a clamped hand, and over the sound of the shower. She can also hear the guttural grunt of her nephew unloading his load.

Kelly has never been so jealous of another person in her life as she is of Megan at that moment. Not only did she clearly have the greatest orgasm any woman has ever had, but Kelly imagines Jack's seed filling Megan's vag, and that thought makes Kelly's juices flow so vigorously, she can feel them starting to leak out of her.

"Oh fuck!" Megan yells finally, unable to contain herself.

The shower suddenly shuts off and Kelly freezes. She turns to run but knows the couple will hear her.

The shower door opens and Kelly stands there, maybe ten feet away, grimacing, a hand over her face.

Megan utters a quick, "Oh my god," and she sprints back up to the house, past Kelly without so much as a glance.

"I am so sorry, Jack," Kelly said, still grimacing as she approaches the shower. "I started walking down here and wasn't paying attention until I suddenly realized what was happening and by that point it was too late."

Jack smiles. He fixes his towel and Kelly swears she caught just the briefest glimpse of his cock, though she could have been imagining things. She will definitely be imagining things in her bed tonight.

"No, I'm sorry. We were being careless. And loud." He laughs.

He stands there, posing like a guy who has just delivered the world's greatest fuck, staring off in the direction his girlfriend has fled.

"Hope I didn't ruin your night, Aunt Kelly. I know how much you love your shower time."

She wasn't sure why, but she finds herself blushing at that.

"Anyway, I'm guessing you will probably have the shower to yourself for the rest of the trip," he says with a laugh.

"Pity," Kelly says, wanting to dive into the lake the moment the word leaves her mouth. She can't bring her eyes to her nephew's. She just walks to the shower and closes the door behind her. She stands there, trying to catch her breath. OK, she thinks. If Jack knocks on the door, she'll fling it open and fuck the shit out of him. To hell with propriety or decency or her marriage or her relationship with her sister. She needs a fuck and she needs one right now. She'll deal with the consequences later.

She waits a few minutes but he doesn't knock. She sighs, turns on the shower, and consoles herself with a little nozzle action. Her orgasm takes a mere seconds to arrive and doesn't last nearly long enough for her liking.

Jesus, she thinks as she works her lather up into a lather. She feels like she's playing a dangerous game somehow, but without an opponent. But that night, as she tucks herself back into bed, she once again masturbates, once again thinking of her nephew and the sounds he managed to get out of what's-her-face, and once again giving herself a proper, if quiet, orgasm before falling asleep.

Day three. Kelly stumbles downstairs after having a fitful night's sleep. She woke up several times, each time after having had a sex dream about her nephew, and each time having to pleasure herself so she could get back to sleep.

She and her sisters are going to go kayaking later, so Kelly is wearing her favorite bikini. This isn't unusual, though she normally covers herself in a shirt, feeling too self-conscious to wear the revealing bathing suit inside the house. But this morning she decides to show off the goods.

She makes some coffee and begins cooking breakfast for everyone. Her husband is still asleep, no doubt hungover from last night.

As she's cooking bacon, daydreaming about her sexy nephew, he enters the kitchen, once again wearing nothing but his bathing suit.

Kelly feels herself blush as they said hi--especially as she sees his eyes drift down her almost-totally-naked body. The temperature in the room seems to raise fifty degrees as he starts putting away the dishes. He keeps apologizing, asking her to move so he can put away first the spatula, then the knives, then this, then that. Kelly is pretty sure he could do all of that in one trip, but he clearly isn't interested in efficiency.

At one point, he needs to put away the salad bowl, which, as luck would have it, lives in the cabinet above Kelly's head.

"Sorry again, Aunt Kelly," he says. She's about to move, but he stands behind her and reaches over her head, his chest brushing up against her back, and he lays a warm hand on her side--her naked, exposed, suddenly very sensitive side.

She can barely breathe. His touch sends shivers through her body, and it's all she can do not to grab his arms and pull them around her and grind her ass into the boy's cock. She wants the moment to last forever, but it's over in less than two seconds.

"Sorry," he says.

"I'm not," she purrs, once again mortified at her mouth.

He laughs.

"What's so funny?" her husband asks jovially as he enters the kitchen.

"Hey Uncle Dave," Jack says. The two fist-bump and chat while Kelly tries to bring her temperature down and fight through the immense amount of guilt she is feeling. Here she is, desperate to fuck her nephew--her nephew, for godssake!--while being on vacation with her husband. Her loving husband who, although they haven't had sex in a while, is a wonderful, decent man and the world's greatest father.

God, she's being a self-centered bitch. She resolves to stop flirting with the boy. Let him fuck his girlfriend. She needs to focus on her family.

She goes kayaking and has a great day. She plays with her kids, chats with her parents, and even gets roped into a game of cornhole.

Then comes the night. Dinner done, the men start drinking and playing poker. She tucks her kids into bed and reads them a story. Then she says goodnight to her parents and she starts putting the house to bed.

Now is her usual time to go take a shower. But she hesitates. Something tells her not to go down there. Not because she's worried that she'll disturb Megan and Jack, but because she's worried she'll have the place to herself--until she won't.

She doesn't know why she thinks Jack might come down to join her. They avoided talking or even looking at each other all day. But something tells her if she goes down to that shower, Jack will join her, and she'll cross a line she can never uncross.

No, she decides. Not tonight. That means, unfortunately missing one of the rare chances to partake of one of her great joys in life, but she can't risk it.

"Hey, uh, the shower's all yours tonight, Aunt Kelly." Jack whispers, startling her. She had been just about to enter her bedroom.

She jolts at the sound of his voice and spins, immediately turning red at the sight of his tight body.

She's about to say no thanks, but then she asks here Megan was, realizing she hasn't seen her, or Jack, for a couple of hours.

"She's asleep," he says with a quiet laugh. "We, uh..." he leans in and whispers in her ear... "smoked a little pot. You know, like you and I did that one time?"

He's referring to two years ago, when Jack was sixteen. Kelly had caught him smoking a joint out by the lake. He was mortified that she'd tell his mother. But instead, she looked around to see if anyone was watching, and she took a drag, relishing the taste that she hadn't had since she'd gotten pregnant with her oldest. Then she handed the joint back to him, told him to be better at hiding, winked, and left him alone. Mum's the word.

This was one of the many reasons why Jack considered Aunt Kelly the cool aunt. And that action, coupled with her wink, had sent Jack's infatuation with her into overdrive that summer.

At the mention of them sharing a joint, Kelly, feels her heart skip a beat. Well, that and the feeling of his warm breath caressing her ear and cascading down her neck.

"Anyway," he says, withdrawing, "she's passed out. So, uh, yeah. You'll have the shower all to yourself."

There is nothing indecent in what he said, but the way he said it suggests that Kelly will very much NOT have the shower to herself. And even though she suspected as much and had foresworn off the shower for that very reason, she now wants nothing more in this entire world than to walk down to that dark, quiet, secluded shower, lather herself up into a lather, and let whatever happen happen, especially if it involves getting the shit fucked out of her by her sexy nephew.

Her heart pounds and her breaths are shallow, but she manages to smile. And wink.

"Thanks, Jack."

Her eyes dart down to his crotch for just the briefest of brief moments but he gets the message loud and clear. He just hopes he doesn't pop a boner right here in the hallway.

He smiles and nods and leaves her. She watches his tight ass as he walks down the hall. She doesn't even pretend that she wasn't doing just that when he rounds the corner and looks back at her.

The moment he's gone, she practically sprints into her room and quickly throws off her clothes. Towel set, she makes her way out of the room and even takes the back stairs so she can avoid seeing her husband, just in case he decides to come to bed early. She leaves the house through the back door and quickly makes her way down to the shower. She doesn't want anything to ruin this, and she certainly doesn't want to give her brain enough time to talk her out of what she is about to do.

She arrives at the shower, closes the door behind her--purposefully not locking it--and catches her breath.

She waits, chest heaving, heart pounding, hands unsure how to spend the time.

Then doubt starts to creep in.

What is she doing? This is a mistake. She is a horrible wife. A horrible aunt. A horrible sister to Marla for conspiring to fuck her son. She is a horrible mom. A horrible person. She should get a grip and march back up to the house right the fuck now before she--

The door opens. There he is, her nephew, wearing nothing but a towel. A towel that is threatening to fall away from his six pack if he should so much as sneeze.

Fuck me, she thinks. And suddenly all her doubts fly away as easily as she discards her towel.

She reaches out, grabs the top of his towel, the back of her fingers brushing up against his tight abs, and pulls him into her.

He scoops her up into his arms, rubbing his hands all over her skin, her back, her arms, her face. She yanks his towel off him and feels the warm length of his semi-hard cock press against her. She grabs his ass and her grabs hers. They bring their mouths close to have their first kiss ... but then he pauses, lets go of her, and closes and locks the door.

He turns back, pausing to gape at the sight of his naked aunt, the woman he's had a crush on for as long as he can remember, the woman he's masturbated to countless times. How often has he imagined standing before her naked body? The curve of her hips, the shape of her tits, the look of her, ohmygod, shaved pussy. Megan is

hot and all, but she's basically a stick with boobs. His aunt, though? Fuck. She's perfect. Shapely. Curvy. Tight. And waiting for him to fuck her.

She in turn hungrily takes in the glorious site of his body. Fucking hell, he doesn't have an ounce of fat on him. He's not jacked like a bodybuilder. No, he's tone and ripped, with a cock that puts her husband's to shame. Kelly's no size whore, but looking at Jack's manly cock, knowing he's about to plunge that thing inside her makes her wetter than she's ever been in her life.

"I've wanted you for so long," he says.

She leaps into his arms and wraps her legs around his waist, and plants a long, hot, wet kiss on him. She wanted to kiss him, of course, but she also wants to shut him up. She hates sex talk. She finds it cheesy and it always takes her out of the moment. Why talk? What is there to say that their bodies can't express a thousand times better?

But he needs her to know. "I've wanted you for so long," he repeats. It's the most important fact in is life.

She grabs his cheeks in her hand and tilts his head. She licks his lips, around and around and around, his cock responding, rising, rising, hardening, knocking on her door. But she keeps licking him. Licking and licking and licking, and doing nothing else. Not picking up speed, just taking her sweet, sweet, delicious time.

Meanwhile, he holds her up by her ass, massaging her with his fingers as she licks and licks and licks his lips. He so desperately wants to kiss her, to plunge his tongue deep inside her gorgeous mouth like he's done countless times in his fantasies. But she keeps licking his lips, driving him wilder and wilder with desire. His body starts to shake, he craves her so hard. But she keeps painting a masterpiece on his mouth with her teasing, artistic, talented tongue. Licking up and down and around, writing words, drawing landscapes, painting portraits on his lips. He doesn't know why she's doing this, he only knows it is driving him batshit crazy with lust.

Fucking hell, he's wanted her for so long. So fucking long, and she's right there on him, her shapely legs wrapped around his body, her pussy millimeters from his cock. He can feel her warmth, her wetness, her desire. But she remains just out of reach. Just out of his ability to do anything other than be teased and teased and teased by the woman of his dreams. He is so desperate for her he feels like he's about to cum and he hasn't even touched her yet or kissed her tits, those perfect, perfect tits that have fueled his fiery wet dreams for years.

But she keeps licking and licking and licking, not even really knowing why she's doing this only knowing that it's making her hotter, wetter, hornier with every passing lick.

Jesus fucking Christ, Aunt Kelly, Jack thinks, I need you. I need you I need you I need you I need you. Please, for the love of god let me in.

Then, still licking his lips, she lowers her pussy onto his head. Onto but not over, not letting him inside. She starts rocking her hips back

and forth, slowly, s-l-o-w-l-y, letting his cock run from back to front over her opening. Back to front, back to front. Over but not in.

Over, but still not in.

He opens his mouth, unable to contain his excitement, and she licks inside his lips, still rocking her pussy over his head. He tries to kiss her, but she pulls away ... only resuming licking when he settles down. She occasionally grazes her lips over his, still rocking her pussy, still teasing, back and forth, back and forth, grazing his lips from side to side, licking them inside and out.

He tries to pull her down onto his cock, utterly desperate for release, but she resists, holding still until he once again calms down. She's in charge. Once he settles down, she resumes rocking back and forth, her pussy threatening to swallow him, her lips threatening to kiss him.

Always threatening, never following through.

He's on fire from her teasing, filled with unbridled lust, so much so that he begins shaking, struggling to breathe, eyes wide, mouth wider, looking at her, pleading with her.

Pleading, pleading, pleading. What are you doing to me?

His cock is so close to victory. So close to sliding inside the place he's been dreaming about, fantasizing about, lusting over ever since he

knew that sex was even a thing. He's so close so close so fucking close, but she keeps him at bay.

Her wet, warm, soft, and wonderous pussy is right there. Right there! Her juices coat his head and drip onto his bursting-at-the-seam shaft. Her sensuous vulva caresses his precum-soaked tip. Teasing him, hinting at the rapturous wonders that are right, right, right fucking there. If she would only release him already.

She builds up speed but still won't let him in. Not yet. Not until he's ready to fucking explode. Not until she's ready to combust with him.

Sweat breaks out on her back as she moves faster. Faster, gliding her opening on his head, back and forth, faster and faster, back and forth, back forth back forth back forth faster faster faster.

Now he's gasping for breath, eyes practically popping out of his skull. She pulls her head back, no longer licking his lips, just stroking his hair and staring in wonder at this beautiful man who is so completely in love with her and is almost, almost ready, panting, panting, panting absolutely just about to cum. He's right on the verge...

NOW

She plunges down on his shaft, his cock absolutely filling her to completion. She screams oh fuck, trying to cover her mouth but is unable to muffle her scream.

Her fires everything he has in one go. His cum gushes into every last nook and cranny, every single last nook and cranny, including the one place where no man's sperm aside from her husband's should ever go. But it goes there. Way, way, way, deep inside there. And she knows, she fucking knows for a fucking fact, the instant it hits her there, that her nephew has just bred her. Planted his seed into her fertile womb. And planted it well.

That knowledge. That horrifying, overpowering, godawful, life-shattering knowledge, sends wave after wave of ecstasy, horror, lust, shame, and earth-shattering, dirty, dirty, dirty pleasure ripping through her body as she continues to buck and shudder and howl.

Oh my god, she thinks, this is a horrible, horrible mistake, one she'll regret for the rest of her life. And that thought makes her cum more and more and more. She keeps cumming, knowing she's ruining her life but her body absolutely fucking craving her nephew's more and more and more.

She grinds into him, her body quaking with passion and horror. Give me more, give me more, give me more, give me moremoremoremoremore. She can't stop cumming and grinding into him.

He's talking again. How long has he been talking?

"I've wanted you for so long. I've wanted you for so long. I've wanted you for so long."

He needs her to know this, but she puts a hand on his mouth and shhs him as she continues to grind on his dick. Please stop talking, she wants to say but she can't say anything, she's too busy being torn apart by a never-ending, overwhelming orgasm.

But he keeps talking. "I've wanted you for so long. I've wanted you for so long. I've wanted you for so long."

She clamps his mouth closed. This isn't the beginning of a romance, buddy. This is a one-and-done fuck that has absolutely shattered her life. Stop being sweet. Stop telling me how much you want me.

Finally, her body calms and she stops convulsing and he stops spurting the last remnants of his seed into her and they stay there, him holding her by her ass, her legs, cramped but still clutched around him, her hand still clamped over his mouth.

They catch their breath, and he leans her against the wall, taking the pressure off her legs. He stares into her, but she can't bring herself to look at him.

"I should go," she says, though her legs are still wrapped around him, her groin still reflexively moving into him.

"Please don't," he says through her hand. He's still inside her, still keeping her warm with his body heat. "I've wanted you for so long. I've wanted this for so long."

She presses her hand harder, "Please stop."

He pulls away. "But you don't understand. You're the woman of my dreams. Every girl I've ever dated is just a poor substitute for you. You're so beautiful and perfect and cool and kind."

She keeps trying to hold her hands on his mouth. Just stop talking, please! She thinks. I don't want to have this conversation. I don't want to say that we can't be together because I'm your aunt and I'm ten years older than you and you're only eighteen for fuck's sake, and I'm a mom, and I'm married. It's such a cliché. Just shut up. It was fun and it was stupid and now I'm totally fucking pregnant with my nephew's child, which is just so trashy, and now I have to deal with this and you won't. So, just shut up, shut up, shut up!

She thinks all of this, still trying to clamp his mouth shut, but he keeps dodging her hands, insisting on telling her how much he's wanted her, how long he's wanted her, dreamed about her, how much he still wants her, still needs her.

"Please don't go, please don't go, please don't go." He breaks through her defenses and starts kissing her neck.

And even though she keeps saying she needs to go, her body isn't listening. She's still wrapped around him, still moving her groin, her bosom heaving more and more.

And now he's growing inside her. He kisses her neck...

"Please," she says, wanting to say please stop or please don't but is unable to find that second word.

He nestles his face into her hair, her neck, kissing, kissing, growing inside her, seeming to get even bigger than he was the first time. He's grinding into her now and she's grinding back.

Well, I'm in it now, she thinks. He's already bred me. It's not like I can get more pregnant. And I've already cheated on my husband. Another fuck isn't going to change that.

And now he lifts her off the wall and plunges his head to her breasts, kissing and licking them all over like an ice cream cone about to melt. He licks her nipples, causing her mouth to open and her body to grind into him with purpose. She pulls his head into her bosom harder, wanting him to bite her tits and throwing her head back with a yes when he does.

Then he plunges his middle finger deep inside his mouth and brings his hand down to her ass.

The look of surprise on her face when he probes her hole, thrills him, but he pauses at the entrance, waiting for her to say yes.

"Oh my god," she says. No one has ever done anything to her down there. "Fuck it."

He kisses her deeply, sending his tongue deep inter her mouth and pushes his finger up inside her ass.

"Oh my god!" she grunts, once again throwing her head back and exposing her long neck. He eats hungrily, his cock and his finger alternating thrusts and she's grunting and moaning and seeing stars, totally not caring that they're only thirty feet from a house filled with people who would be scandalized for life if they knew what was going on. She's so overwhelmed by new sensations and deeper experiences and powerful lust, that she's fucking losing her mind.

She's being fucked by her nephew. Her nephew who just bred the shit out of her. Her sister's son. A person she's known since he was little. And every horrifying fact that plays through her mind only makes her hotter and hotter and hotter.

She wants his semen. His incestuous fucking semen. She wants his dick. She wants his finger to plunge inside deeper and deeper and deeper. She wants more fingers. Give me more. She grinds with every muscle, her arms trying to squeeze the air out of him, her legs trying to pull his cock inside her farther and farther and father, she won't be satisfied until its coming out of her mouth.

Her intensity sends Jack closer and closer to the edge. He's not only fucking his aunt, he's fucking her a second time. She wanted to leave but he convinced her to stay. And she's loving every last fucking second of it. He knows she's never been fucked like this. He knows she's his. The woman of his dreams is finally his.

That thought pushes him over the cliff of no return. He spams and unleashes an animalistic grunt, followed by an "Oh fuck," as he unloads more cum deep inside of his aunt. She responds to this by clinging to her nephew for dear life as her second orgasm rocks her

body. And the two of them hold each other as their bodies convulse with howling pleasure.

Finally, she slides off him, nearly collapsing, her knees and legs are so weak. But he catches her. The he grabs a towel and lays it on the wooden floor and the two of them lay next to each other, trying to catch their breath. She rests her head on him and gently draws figure-eights with her nails, sending tingling sensations through him. He holds her and caresses her hair, wanting to say all the things, but doesn't. He knows she doesn't want him to say anything.

Instead, they just lay there, enjoying each other's bodies, savoring their post-coital bliss.

"I should go," she says finally. Now it's his turn to clamp a hand over her mouth. She laughs, but says she's tired and cold.

"I can fix that." He rises and helps her up. He grabs the towel and hangs it up. Then he grabs the showerhead and points it away from them, and turns the water on.

"You still haven't had your shower, which is why you came here in the first place."

"I came here to fuck you," she says.

"Both things can be true."

He brings her into a hug and turns the shower onto her back, the warm water instantly making her sigh and relax even more than she already was. She wraps her arms around him as he guides the water up and down the back of her body. She presses her cheek against his chest and tickles his back, savoring sensation, the feel of his skin on her fingertips, the smell of his musk, the warm water coursing all over her, the taste of his chest on her lips.

She kisses and kisses and kisses his body. Not in a hungry way. She's not trying to fuck him. She just wants to hold and taste and smell and savor and love him. He filled her with his seed. Not only that, he delivered the two greatest fucks of her life. And now he's washing her. He's lathering up her arms with bodywash, gliding his hands over and under and around her fingers and absolutely worshiping the woman he's loved since before he can remember. He rubs her back, kneading his way up, and sliding his way down, rubbing and massaging and working the bodywash into her soft, soft, skin.

He spins her around so her back is pressed up against his chest, her ass against his cock, and he coats her stomach and her shoulders and her breasts with the coconutty, creamy, lathery soap. He rubs and caresses and scrubs and squeezes, kissing her neck, licking her ear, washing her body.

She spins around and washes him, running her soapy hands all over his taut body, watching her fingers as they rise and fall, rise and fall over every little muscular bump. She hugs him and rubs the soap up and down his back, pressing her face into his chest, and now her soapy tits rub and rub into his strong chest.

They rub and wash and hug and caress and kiss and lick and stare and love each other. He washes her hair, working the shampoo up into a lemongrassy lather, massaging her scalp, kissing her luscious pink lips, licking the inside of her mouth, caressing her face, and making sure none of the water or soap runs into her eyes as he washes her down.

She's about to return the favor when he kneels before her, looking like he's going to propose. And then he washes her feet and ankles and calves and thighs, inside and out and up and down and around, and his hands work up to her ass and he grabs her ass and rubs it, pressing her stomach and groin into his face as he massages her butt.

She starts washing his hair, lathering it up and sending oodles of tingles through his body as her nails tickle and trickle and rake and tease his scalp. And she's not even aware of it, but she starts pulsing her stomach and her groin into him. She's standing in a daze, eyes closed in dreamy bliss, running her hands through the hair of her lover, having her ass massaged and now her pussy licked and she's bucking her hips and humming gently. And she gasps as his tongue finds her clit and he works it and teases it and sucks it, still massaging her ass. And now he lifts her up, effortlessly lifts her and slides her soapy soft and luscious thighs over his strong shoulders. He turns his head this way and that, licking her clit and savoring the feel of her thighs on his cheeks and working her up into yet another sexual frenzy as she lolls her head and laughs at how fucking impossibly beautifully wonderful this all feels. She's never been so happy in her whole life than to have this man worshiping her, pleasuring her, reveling in having his wildest fantasies finally, finally fulfilled.

And then she gasps and jolts out of her reverie as he suddenly stands up, lifting her way into the sky. Her body, from her waist up to her

head now soars above the shower walls, her tits, her sins, her pleasure now totally visible to the world. The old Kelly would have panicked and demanded to be put down. But this ain't the old Kelly. This Kelly knows she's in good hands. And not just good hands, but good, strong shoulders, good, nimble fingers that explore her ass, and a good, talented tongue that delivers wave after wave of building pleasure.

She laughs and hums her erotic tune and runs one hand through her hair and one hand on her breast, and she leans back and raises her neck to the sky and bucks and sways like a drunken cowgirl riding a mechanical bull, her rhythm only being interrupted by the rippling orgasm that rushes up and down and up her body, her moans cutting through the night air.

She's totally exposed to the world and if even one soul in that house were to glance sideways, her whole life would come crashing down. But she doesn't care. She doesn't give a fuck. She's being pleasured by the hottest guy she's ever seen, a guy who is desperately in love with her, and he's showing her just how much with every movement of his face, every plunge of his finger, every flick of his tongue. She's not only not worried, she's laughing. Laughing at the world. Laughing at all the suckers who aren't having the most epic night of sex in history.

"Fuck," she says, though between her laughing and her continuing orgasm and her broken breaths, it sounds like "Fu-hu-hu-hu-hu-huck." And she spasms, squeezing her beloved nephew's head in between her thighs, sending him into the nirvaniest nirvana anyone ever nirvana-ed. He finally doing the thing he never thought he'd ever be able to do. Pleasuring the woman of his dreams. Making her

cum so hard and so often and so intensely that she's giggling and bubbling and humming like a mental patient in a psych ward.

When she finally slows down, he lowers her body to dick level. The back of her legs on his broad chest, her feet curled up behind his head. She unleashed a whoop at her sudden descent, though she never feared for her safety. Not even for a second. Not in the strapping arms of her nephew, whose hands hold her in the air by her ass. She giggles, positively drunk on pleasure. On lust. She's never felt more loved, more wanted, more sexy, more safe in her entire life. And she has this glorious sexy hunk of a man to thank for it.

She bites her lip and stares hungrily into his eyes. She runs her hands through her hair, mouth open, chest heaving, stomach writhing with desire. She wants his cock inside her so fucking bad. But now it's his turn to tease. He holds her opening just on the top of his tip. He rocks her back and forth and forth and back.

She caresses his face and runs a thumb on his lips.

"Talk to me," she whispers.

He stares into her.

"Have I ever told you how long I've wanted you?"

She brings a finger to her mouth and slowly, teasingly turns her head and smiles, staring at his lips, thirsting for his cock, which is juuuuuust out of reach.

"Tell me," she whispers. "Tell me. Tell me. Tell me." She gets louder and louder as she works her pussy on his cockhead. "Tell me tell me tell me tellmetellmetellme."

She opens her mouth, knowing he's about to do as she asks, furiously working her pussy, her eyes desperate to hear the words.

The he pauses her motion and she holds her breath.

"I've wanted you for so long, Aunt Kelly. So--fucking--long."

She gasps at the words and caresses his face. She stares deeply into his eyes and whispers, her voice barely audible over the sound of the crickets.

"I'm all yours."

His mouth drops open in awe, and he slides her down onto his shaft, instantly cumming, once again filling her with his warm, incestuous seed, and she yells yes! yes! yes! yes! not giving a shit who hears her, she's too far gone into euphoric bliss as her nephew lifts her up and lowers her down over and over again, delivering pulse after pulse after pulse of explosive pleasure with every thrust. And the two lovers disappear into each other, their cries of pleasure mercifully going unnoticed by everyone except for the creatures of the night.

**

"Mom!" her oldest says, snapping her out of her reverie.

Kelly's suddenly back in the car, on her way back up to the lake, being driven to her date with destiny.

"Sorry honey, I was daydreaming. What's up?"

"What's the first thing you're gonna do when you get there?"

She looks at her older kids, then at her husband, then at her baby, and then finally out the window as she catches her first glimpse of the lake.

"That's a good question, baby."

Part 2

But who can blame him? The sister kiss each other and lick his cock and kiss it and rub their soft faces into it. They suck his balls, the lick his shaft, and soon his beautiful aunts are going HAM on his cock, licking and slurping and smothering it, and then Kelly takes it and holds it straight out for Chrissy to swallow. And although Jack expects her to pause, thinking that maybe this is crossing a line of some sort for her, he's pleasantly surprised when she just plunges forward, engulfing half of his shaft into her warm, wet, welcoming mouth, her tongue licking all the way.

And then Kelly licks the half of his cock that Chrissy can't fit into her mouth and he's in bliss.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," he says, each word landing as his cock hits the back of Chrissy's throat.

She so wants to deep throat him, but, not having ever done it before, she knows this isn't the time or the place. But she wants it deep inside her. She grabs his ass and pulls him into her as she surges forward. She sucks so hard, she feels like her cheeks are going to implode. And having her sister's mouth so close to hers as she's doing this, drives her so wild that she's rubbing her clit, about ready to cum herself.

The blowjob doesn't nearly last as long as he wants it to. Or rather, he doesn't last. He's so excited by all the stimulation, all of his wildest fantasies coming true, he only makes it thirty seconds before he gushes loads and load of hot semen into Chrissy's mouth. He didn't even have time to warn her, which he would feel bad about, except

Chrissy is absolutely guzzling down every last drop. Well, every last drop until she screams with pleasure from her own orgasm. His last spurt of jizz splashes on her luscious tits, but it doesn't stay there long. Kelly lunges forward and licks his hot semen off her sister's breasts. Chrissy shudders and moans, and Jack, once again turned on, grabs his cock and squeezes out more, this falling into Kelly awaiting mouth.

"Oh my god," Chrissy says, running a hand through her hair. She hasn't cum like that in... well, maybe ever.

And she's still rubbing herself. The orgasm, as powerful as it was, only seems to have whet her appetite for more.

Good thing Kelly and Jack are on hand to help her out.

Kelly kisses her and lays her down on the shower floor. She kisses Chrissy's tits and Jack drops to his knees and dives into the action, immediately licking her pussy with steady, rhythmic strokes.

Chrissy's about to say "Oh my god," but Kelly starts kissing her, plunging her tongue inside and licking every surface of her mouth and tongue.

Jack brings two fingers up and starts probing Chrissy's opening. Her eyes go wide and she fights the urge to be her usual, tentative self. Instead, she grabs Kelly's face and focuses on kissing her beautiful sister, pausing only to tilt her head back and gasp as Jack's fingers enter her and slide up and forward, grazing and stimulating her g-

spot. She opens her mouth, unable to say anything, and Kelly kisses her neck and face and breasts.

Jack slides his fingers in and out, finding the exact spot that makes his aunt's body writhe the most, and it only takes seconds before she's screaming and shuddering, clamping a hand over her mouth, trying to contain the curse words that are streaming out of her.

As much as she's cuming, Jack knows he can bring her to even greater heights. He slides his hand out and places his hips between hers. Chrissy wants to say no, but stops herself once again. "Fuck me!" she hisses and Jack slides his cock, his beautiful, enormous, rock-hard cock inside her, filling her, expanding her universe, plunging deeper than any man or machine has ever gone before, and she screams the scream of someone being beautifully torn apart.

He reaches all the way to the hilt, and she wraps her legs around him, trying to get him in farther. He thrusts and thrusts and thrusts, maybe six, seven times before she cums again, this time being the finisher. Her legs shake uncontrollably, her body convulses and she yells expletive after expletive until she's finally spent.

She wraps her arms and legs tightly around her nephew in a desperate attempt to pull him all the way inside. Her eagerness for him launches Jack into another explosive orgasm. His seed rushes forth and brings Chrissy one last moment of ecstasy.

She hold onto him as aftershock after aftershock ripples through her body. Every time his dick squirts more semen into her, her body jerks with joy. She holds on, never wanting this moment to end. Having

his big, warm cock so deep inside is the most satisfying feeling she's ever had. She swears his tip is touching her cervix and imagines, as he squirts more cum, his seed finding its way inside, cultivating her garden. She blushes at the horrible analogy, unable to turn off her inner editor even at a moment like this. But it's such a horrible, trashy thought, she's embarrassed at how hot that makes her. Give me more, she thinks. Fill me. Breed me, Jack. Give me an incest baby. That thought makes her eyes rolls back into blissful oblivion.

Kelly smiles at her sister, whose eyes are open but who is clearly not seeing anything. She's a tiny bit jealous that Chrissy got to give him a blowjob before she did, but she doesn't begrudge her sister a thing. Frankly, she's still so turned on by all the kissing they did. Jesus, is she gay for her sister? The thought thrills her.

Finally, Chrissy comes back down to earth. She sees her beautiful sister smiling down on her and she wraps her up so that the three of them are cuddled together, keeping each other warm in the cool night.

"Forgive me for breaking girl code?" Kelly asks.

"No. But maybe after three or four more sessions I'll consider it."

She strokes Kelly's hair for a moment. Then she realizes something.

"You haven't cum yet."

Jack lifts his head and looks at her, an evil smile playing across his face. "That's right. You haven't."

"I mean, who's counting?"

The three of them disentangle, and then rejoin, this time over Kelly's ripe body.

"I am," Chrissy says. She slides down to Kelly's crotch. She wants to be the one the take her to heaven, which is a bit selfish of her, this being her deepest secret desire.

"Me, too," Jack says. He plants a delicious kiss right on her nipple, and Kelly arches her back as they take her for a ride.

**

"We're here!" Kelly's middle child shouts the moment the car rounds the bend and pulls into the long, gravel driveway.

Dave and his two kids shout for joy, while the baby starts to cry, having been suddenly awaken from her long nap.

They all climb out of the car. They're the last ones to arrive, but their arrival brings the other family members pouring out of the house.

"Whelp, little one," Kelly thinks as she takes little Charlotte out of her car seat. "Time to meet your father. And your brother."

Part 3

"You're here!" Chrissy says, approaching her sister and carrying her fourteen-week-old son. They kiss, daring to let their lips linger for a moment longer than any normal sisters would, sharing deep eye contact and a secret smile. They haven't seen each other since October, and they've missed each other every second of that time.

"This must be Charlotte," Chrissy says. She grabs the foot of Kelly's beautiful fourteen-week-old daughter. "Hi, Charlotte, I'm your Aunt Chrissy. What beautiful eyes you have! Just like your dad's." Charlotte kicks and squirms.

"And this must be Jack," Kelly says, letting the boy grab onto her finger. Kelly couldn't believe the balls on Chrissy when she named her son after his father, basically announcing to the whole world who the father was. But upon seeing the baby, the name suits him.

"Charlotte," Kelly whispers, making sure no one else is around, "this is your brother Jack."

Kelly bites her lip as she says it and she stares hungrily at Chrissy. But she's so, so desperate to get inside to see her nephew. She hasn't seen him since October, either. And her body absolutely craves his.

"Before you go in," Chrissy says. "Brace yourself."

Kelly squints at her, not exactly liking the tone in her voice, but knowing, deep in her heart, what she means.

Before she can say anything, her nephew Jack emerges from the house. He's shirtless, per usual, and he looks even more handsome, more manly than he did since she last saw him. Kelly swallows, and thinks, "Oh, fuck," as he wraps her up in a hug. She wishes he could do more, but Uncle Dave also emerges from the house.

"Who's this?" Jack asks, smiling down at Charlotte.

"Oh yeah," Dave says, "you haven't met little Charlotte yet, have you?" Dave scoops her out of Kelly's hands and waves one of her hands towards Jack. "Charlotte, meet your... what are you, an uncle, a cousin?"

"May I?" Jack says, skirting the question.

Dave smiles and hands her over to him. Kelly's heart melts seeing her daughter in father's arms for the first time.

"Well, aren't you just the prettiest little girl?" Jack says, quietly adding, "Just like your mother." That comment sends a terrifying thrill through Kelly as she tries to remain calm. Dave seems a little weirded out by Jack's statement, especially by his wife's reaction to it. Is she... turned on? No, he's being silly. Jack's just saying the thing you're supposed to say to babies.

"Gimme a hand, Kel?" Dave asks, wanting to move on.

That snaps Kelly out of her stupor. "Sure thing," she says.

As she follows her husband back to the car, she thinks back to last year...

**

"Well, fuck," Kelly says after Chrissy finishes giving her the greatest blow job of her life. "No wonder lesbians exist."

"I feel attacked," Jack says, though he was super turned on watching his two aunts have sex. He so wanted to take Chrissy from behind while she was going to town on Kelly, but he wanted to save himself so he could fuck the love of his life.

Chrissy wipes her mouth and sits back on her haunches. "I fucking loved that, but maybe next time we do it on a bed."

Jack helps both of his aunts stand up from the cold wooden floor of the outdoor shower. Chrissy rubs her knees. Then she claps her hands and points at them. "That was earth-shattering and all, but I'm going to sleep. Goodnight, and thank you both. Mostly you, hot stuff."

She smacks her nephew on the ass and departs.

Kelly reaches up and kisses Jack. "I'm going to bed, too. Goodnight. Thank you for doing that."

"Are you kidding? That was the hottest night of my life."

She winks and turns to go but he grabs her hand and twirls her around until she's back in his arms.

"Don't go. I haven't had a chance to make you cum yet."

She smiles. That's right, he hasn't. But she's tired. She tells him to go to sleep. He can make it up to her tomorrow.

"But there's only two nights left. Then I won't see you until next year."

"By which point you'll have forgotten all about me."

"You laugh, but I love you, Aunt Kelly."

She smiles the smile of someone who thinks she knows better. She once again reaches up and kisses him. "I know you do, baby."

He pulls her in. "I'm serious."

"Are we really going to have this conversation?" She sighs. I guess so.

"You're eighteen, Jack. Your brain isn't fully formed yet. I'm married. I have two kids. I have a husband. Oh yeah, your mom is my sister. Where do you think this is going? I'm not being mean, honey, I'm being real. Look, I love this. Truly. You've done things to me that I didn't even know were possible. And next year, if you're not accompanied by some hot college chick then yeah, sure, we can do this again. But, come on. Seriously. Don't give me those puppy dog eyes of yours. What am I going to do? Leave my husband? Leave my kids? Go run off to join you at Dartmouth or wherever you're going? Seriously, honey? Can't we just have fun now and chalk it up to a summer's indiscretion? I know you think you love me, but you don't. You love fucking me. And I love fucking you. But that's not love. There's no future in which we happen. Even if we want it to."

He doesn't like how flippant she's being. And he doesn't even believe her. She loves him. He knows it. She's just trying to be tough.

"Baby," she continues. "We have two more nights together. Two more than we should. Let's just fuck each other silly and say our goodbyes and let it be the perfect little tryst it's been so far."

The more she talks, the more she believes herself. She's going to go to the pharmacy tomorrow and pop a pill and be done with this pregnancy and end this foolishness. This has been fun, and it's been good to get this out of her system. She's had the best sex she's ever going to have in her entire life, and that's that. But great sex isn't worth ruining a marriage--especially when kids are involved.

He smiles and looks down at her lips. He caresses her hair and strokes her back.

The he picks her up. Way, way, way up and rests her thighs on his shoulders. She grabs his head for dear life, but he's got her. She's not going to fall.

He kisses her pussy.

"Jack."

"It's OK, Aunt Kelly." He kisses her again. "We don't have to figure everything out tonight." He kisses her pussy again. "But I love you."

He slides her down, just like he did last night, Her legs nestled in between his chest and hers, her ass in his hands. "I've always loved you. And I always will. And I know you're not gonna leave your husband. And I know you're not going to run away with me. But you love me. I know you do."

He lowers her an inch until her pussy rests on top of his head. She gasps and says, "Jack."

He lowers her some more, his cock pressing its way into her, spreading her walls, making her come alive.

"Fuck," she whispers.

He holds her there, his cock maybe a quarter of the way inside. "What did you tell me last night? When I told you how long I've wanted you?"

He lowers her some more and her eyes glaze over. Fuck, she loves when he does this. Using her as a sex toy. She loves how helpless she is in his arms. She loves being at his mercy.

He lowers her until she's halfway down his shaft, and then he lifts her back up again. Not even breaking a sweat.

She's sweating, though, desperate to have him all the way inside her.

"What did you tell me?" he repeats when he raises her to the tip of his cock.

She hesitates, knowing where this is going, and hoping she can hold out. Be strong, Kelly. Don't get emotionally involved. It's just dick. Granted, it's the greatest dick. But remember, great sex isn't worth ruining a marriage over.

"Or were they just words?" he continues.

He lowers her slightly, pushing his cock back in before lifting her and pulling back out to the tip. He just wants to remind her of the pleasure that awaits her.

"I said I'm all yours," she murmurs, suddenly losing all interest in being strong. I mean, what's the worst that can happen? She gets another epic fuck from her nephew?

"You're what?

"I'm all yours," she repeats, this time louder.

He smiles. Good answer, he seems to say, here's your reward.

He lowers her onto his cock. Slowly, just the way she likes.

She whispers a silent "Fuck," as he fills her... though still not to completion. Maybe only three-fourths of the way down. Then he sends her back up again.

"What did you say?" he asks.

"I'm all yours," she says, this time staring into his eyes. Please, Jack, she thinks, just bring be back down and fill me.

He does lower her back down, but still only three-quarters of the way.

"I'm all yours," she says when she reaches the top, now understanding the drill. To keep this ride going I just need to repeat

this phrase. No problem. And she's right, the second she says it, down she goes. Fuck yes.

"I'm all yours. I'm all yours. I'm all yours." She says this, her words matching his increasing rhythm. Each time she says it she emphasizes the words more, hoping to drive him deeper into her.

But he still isn't granting her his full prize.

He pauses her at the top. She opens her eyes. What did she do wrong? More importantly, how can she make it right?

"Who does your pussy belong to?"

Oh, that's an easy one. "It belongs to you."

He slides her down and her eyes roll back. Oh, good, the ride has started again. And once again, she rises to the top...

"It belongs to you."

"What does?"

"My pussy. My pussy belongs to you."

Good answer. Down she goes.

"My pussy belongs to you," she repeats, not in time with his rhythm. She's just saying the words, hoping to push him deeper. "My pussy belongs to you. Oh, fuck, my pussy belongs to you."

He starts thrusting now, causing a slight angle change that makes his head brush against her g-spot with each thrust, and sending her into a greater frenzy, making her say the phrase "My pussy belongs to you" with greater and greater intensity

But he pauses her at the top again. "No one else can touch your pussy."

She shakes her head, passionately enough to make her hair fly. Please. Anything you want. Just keep fucking me.

"Why?" he says, still holding her at the top.

"Because my pussy belongs to you."

But he smiles, knowing she means it. And she gasps, knowing she does, too. But he still doesn't lower her. Not yet. Oh please, she thinks, please take me down and finally fill me.

"Not even your husband."

"No," she says and then she gasps at how easily that slipped out.

He slides her down and thrusts into her, making her shudder.

"Not your husband?"

"No. No. No one."

"Why?"

"Because I belong to you, Jack."

"Why do you belong to me?"

Because you have the world's greatest cock, she thinks. Because you're so strong and powerful. Because you know how to please me like no one else does. Because you love me...

Those statement are all true, though she knows what he wants her to say. She also knows that that statement is true. No matter how much she might fool herself. She knows it's true.

"Because I love you," she says finally.

"You what?"

"I love you."

"You mean you love fucking me."

She shakes her head. "I love you."

He hesitates. He needs convincing.

"I love you, Jack. I love you. I'm sorry I was being a coward earlier. But I love you. I do. And I belong to you and only you. No one else can have me. And no one else can touch my pussy except you."

"You'll leave your husband?"

"Yes." Again she can't believe how easily she said it, but she will. She'll do anything for this man.

"Why?"

"Because you're the only man for me. My pussy belongs to you. I belong to you."

He lowers her, and she gasps, so happy to have said the right things. Good thing they're all true.

He starts fucking her in earnest, back to his rhythm, up and down, thrusting to deliver more pleasure. But he's still not giving her his

entire length. Not as punishment. He just senses she's still holding something back.

She's babbling an endless stream of praise, though, tilting her head back and babbling like she's having a religious ecstasy.

"I love you, Jack. I'm all yours. No one else can have me. Oh, fuck, No one else is man enough. My pussy belongs to you..."

"How do I know these aren't just pretty words, Aunt Kelly?" he says, still pumping her up and down. "How do I know tomorrow you don't give me the cold shoulder?"

"Because I'm pregnant."

She gasps and throws a hand over her mouth the moment the phrase slips out."

The ride skids to a halt.

"What?"

She offers up a slight nod, still covering her mouth, though she does mutter. "You made me pregnant."

He blinks, and she's not sure how he's taking the news. Fuck. How could she have said that?

"But how can you tell?" he asks finally. "It's only been a day."

"I just know. I always know."

"I impregnated you?"

She nods. She's about to say she'll get rid of it if he wants, but he smiles, which makes her sigh. She doesn't want to end her pregnancy. Especially if it makes him happy.

"You're gonna have my baby?"

A nervous laugh bursts out of her, but she nods. "Yes."

"You're gonna have my baby."

"Yes."

"That's so fucking hot."

"Yes."

There it is. That's what she was holding back. But now he knows. He knows everything. She's his. He impregnated her. Not her husband. He did. He's the only man in her life. The king of her kingdom.

His already-hard cock tightens even more until he's so hard it almost hurts. Almost. But he can feel her walls pressing in on him as his growth makes her expand even more and that makes it all worthwhile.

Now that she's given him everything, he gives her everything too. He slides her all the way down, and he thrills at seeing her mouth open wide when she reaches his hilt. His extra girth making her eyes roll back. That's right, Aunt Kelly. Your pussy is mine.

He raises her up and lowers her all the way down, repeating, "You're gonna have my baby" and she says yes, yes, yes, he's the only man for her, and he's never felt so manly, so sexy in his life. Look at him absolutely manhandling his woman, lifting her up and down and making her absolutely melt.

As much as she loves this, there's one thing she desperately wants to do even more. Before either of them cum, she whispers, "Put me down, baby."

"Huh? Why?"

"Because I want to fuck you." She repeats it more willfully. "I want to fuck you. I want to fuck you so bad."

He thought they were already doing that, but it's clear that she wants to be in charge now, which is fine by him.

He puts her down and she advances on him, sucking in air and looking like a starving beast.

Then she drops to her knees.

"But first."

She wraps her lips around his cock, barely able to fit him inside, and she slides him to the back of her throat, eager to finally give him a blowjob. And a proper one at that.

She pulls him out and he gasps.

"I belong to you," she says, "but you belong to me, don't you?"

She licks his head.

"Yes."

She takes him once more to the back of her throat, greasing the way with her tongue.

She emerges again.

"Who do you belong to?"

"Only you, Aunt Kelly. Only you."

"Why?"

"Because I love you." He caresses her hair. "I've always loved you."

She smiles. "You ain't seen nothing yet, kid."

She takes him to the back of her throat. But then. Then she grabs his ass, and pulls him in even further.

His mouth opens wide as his aunt takes him down, down, down, down, holy shit, all the way down her throat until her nose is pressed up against his stomach. And she holds him there, massaging his ass and moving her face in and out, very slowly.

And then she starts swallowing and her throat muscles milk his cock. Fuck, he didn't know that was even a thing and it's so sexy and she's squeezing him so tightly, he can't believe his mind. And certainly can't hold it in any longer. He unloads into her, directly into her throat, sending rope after rope down, down, down, holy shit, all the way down, deep down inside her.

She slides him slowly out of her and kisses the head of his cock.

"Good boy."

She pulls him down so they're both kneeling in front of each other.

"I hope you have more to give, stud. Because I want everything you've got."

She pushes him back, and he lays down. Then she crawls up his body, pausing to rub her face into his semi-hard cock. She rubs and rubs and rubs, getting her hair in there and kissing it and licking it. Then she kisses her way up his torso and chest until she's straddling him, rubbing her pussy into his stomach, and making gasp and curse.

"I'm gonna have your baby."

"Yes."

"But I want more, Jack. I want all your babies."

"Oh my god, yes."

"You know why?"

He smiles. "Because you belong to me."

"Because I belong to you. No one else is man enough for me, Jack. Only you. Only you. And who do you belong to?"

"I belong to you."

"That's right. And why?"

"Because no one else is woman enough for me."

"No one," she says.

"No one."

"You put a baby in me."

"Yes."

"You want to put more in me."

"Yes."

"Show me."

She slides down, and sure enough, he's rock hard again for her.

And she starts grinding now. Grinding into him with everything she's got. She grunts and groans and howls and repeats the phrase over and over again...

"Breed me. Breed me, Jack. Fucking breed me."

As she grinds and grinds and squeezes and milks, poor Jack is positively overwhelmed at her passion and prowess and desire to get every last drop of his potent seed deep, deep, deep inside her. He's already sent it down her throat, now he wants to send it up her pussy and fucking breed her. Breed his aunt. He wants to fucking put his little incest baby way, way, way, WAY into her.

He howls an "Oh fuck," not caring who hears him and, feeling him unload into her once more, her final orgasm of the night tears through her, and she yells and laughs and cums and shudders and rides the bucking bronco that it her jizzing, cumming, orgasming nephew.

A few minutes after they finish spasming and jerking, they pass out, her still on top, him still insider her. Right where he's always dreamed of being.

At some point they come to and he reaches up and turns on the shower. The cold water jolts them both awake, and the warm water that follows helps them stop shivering and they wash each other and caress each other and kiss and hug and finally say goodnight.

"What time is it?" her husband asks as she slips into bed.

"Go to sleep, Dave."

He moves to snuggle her, but she rebukes him. "Not tonight, Dave. Not anymore."

"What?" he says, half asleep.

"Go to sleep."

She feels bad. No, that's not true. She feels bad that she doesn't feel bad. She knows she's a lying, cheating slut, but she doesn't care.

She doesn't belong to him.

She wakes up late the next morning. She stretches and rolls around in bed feeling sexy. Feeling owned. She can't believe how she lost herself last night. She became a dick-possessed demon. And she loved it. She loves it still. She loves belonging to her nephew.

She starts rubbing herself, almost in disbelief. Whenever she's read stories about women wanting to be dominated or owned or generally giving themselves over to a man, it always makes her roll her eyes. But here she is.

She would do anything for Jack. Anything. Anything for his dick. Anything for the man who impregnated her. She doesn't care who knows about it, either. She wants to go out onto the porch right now and fuck Jack in front of Dave and in front of Chrissy's and Marla's asshole husbands to show them what a real man looks like.

The thought of fucking Jack, of being possessed by his dick and cumming with wild abandon in front of her husband makes her cum so hard she grunts, not caring who hears. And even after her orgasm, she's still so turned on, she grabs Dave's pillow and shoves it between her legs and starts humping it, almost as if rubbing his face in her lust for another man, and she cums again and again.

When she finally calms down, she covers her face and laughs and cries and feels all the feels. She hates who she's become but also loves being able to play the conniving cunt. She's tired of being the loving wife and the doting mother. She belongs to Jack now, and being owned by someone so forbidden and taboo it oddly makes her feel empowered and sexy and free, and as she thinks this, she realizes she's still fucking her husband's pillow. Her husband who's done nothing wrong, by the way. He's been nothing but a sweet and loving husband and wonderful father and here she is fucking his pillow, getting off on making such an absolute cuck of him. She has a real man now. A real man who fucks her to hell and back, and all the mediocre middle-aged men out there can suck her dick and pay for the opportunity.

Her final orgasm rips through her and she spends several minutes, once again writhing and rolling around in bed, feeling like a fucking queen.

When she emerges from her room, her eyes are half-lidded, her mouth slightly parted. Everything she touches feels electric. She's walking around in a cock-fueled fever dream, positively oozing sex. She stands at the top of the stairs and brings her hair up and lets it fall around her shoulders, each whisp of hair sends shivers down her body.

She feels alive, like she's the sexiest woman in the whole fucking world.

Marla's husband Dan emerges from his room and sees her and instantly gets semi-hard. He's always lusted after Kelly and has even gone so far as to make several not-so-subtle passes at her.

Seeing her now, standing before him like a sex goddess, wearing a sundress that shows off her gorgeous thighs and curvy hips and luscious breasts, a dress that, if he just reached down and lifted the skirt, he could reveal her tight, tight ass that he's always craved. Seeing her makes him want to fall to his knees before her and shove his tongue into her pussy and ravage her until she screams his name.

"Kelly," he whispers. His wife is only twenty feet from him in their room, but he doesn't care. He wants his sister-in-law more than he's ever wanted anyone in his whole life.

She turns, startled. She sneers at him. What a fucking joke this guy is with his stupid fucking golf outfit that does nothing to hide his beer belly. This guy who's made her feel so uncomfortable so many times, and she's never said anything about it to her sister. This guy thinks he has a chance with her?

She can't even believe this guy in Jack's father. There's no resemblance in the slightest and Kelly has always suspected that Marla had a torrid affair with some hot stud and hid the whole thing from her husband.

Kind of like what Kelly is doing right now.

Dan's suddenly breathing hard. She's so fucking sexy and unobtainable and her sneering at him only makes him want her more. It's only going to make his inevitable victory over her that much sweeter.

"Yeah?" she says, raising and eyebrow and stepping towards him. "Is there something you wish to say, Dan?" She says that last word dismissively. What a pathetic excuse of a man. Look at him, practically shaking with desire for her.

"I want you," he whispers.

"You want me?" she teases.

He nods.

"On your knees," she says.

He drops. Oh, fuck, he can see higher up her sexy thighs. Her pussy is right there. He reaches his hands out to lift her skirt...

And she kicks him in the balls.

He grunts in pain and doubles over.

"In your dreams, dickhead."

She whirls around and Dan catches the briefest glimpse of her perfect ass as her skirt flares out. She descends the stairs as he massages his groin, still aroused. Her naked, sexy, perfect foot just kicked his cock, and that only makes his harder.

Marla emerges from her room and sees her husband doubled over.

"Dan? Are you all right?"

"I'm fine," he says, brushing her away and standing up, with difficulty.

"What happened?"

"Nothing."

He storms down the stairs, but Marla sees the last whisp of her sister's hair down below and she knows what happened. She's always suspected Dan desired Kelly, but the shame of him flaunting it in front of her like this fills her with rage. She takes a moment to collect herself.

Obviously Kelly rejected him. And, judging from the way he groaned his words and how awkwardly he limping down the stairs, she obviously kicked him in the balls.

Thank god for that.

Marla just needs to keep it together for the rest of this trip. Then she can start making plans to leave her piece of shit husband. Jack's going off to school now. It's not like she needs to stay married for his sake.

Feeling empowered, she descends the stairs.

The men get ready for their big golf outing and their wives all roll their eyes.

"You sure you don't want to join us?" Dan asks Jack, his voice still staining from Kelly's kick.

"I'm good," Jack says, unable to take his eyes off his sexy aunt. The men are leaving. Maybe he and Kelly can sneak off somewhere and she can deep throat him again. Fuck, that was hot.

Seeing Jack stand there, looking like an absolute god of a man makes Kelly turn to her husband.

"Dave," she says. "We need to talk."

"Huh? Yeah, sure, honey."

She takes his hand and pulls him, as if trying to lead him to a quiet room right now. She knows this is a terrible time to tell him that she

wants to leave him, but she needs to rip off this band-aid. He doesn't deserve to be treated like this. Unlike Keith, unlike Dan, Dave is a good man. Therefore, he deserves to know what a lying, cheating whore his wife is. And she wants to tell him right now.

"Yeah, I'm kinda busy, honey. Going golfing, remember?"

"It's important."

"I'm sure it is."

"It's always important, isn't it?" Keith says with a laugh.

Marla's husband Dan laughs nervously and shakes his head, wondering if Kelly is going to tell Dave that he just made a pass at his wife.

"When I get back, honey," Dave presses his hand on her belly, thinking she wants to talk about having a baby. He looks at her. "We can talk about it then, OK?"

"Right now, Dave."

He smiles and kisses her forehead. "I will. But right now I got a game to play."

He turns to his compadres and says, "Let's roll, boys."

She can hear the three of them making fun of her as they walk to the car.

"What a bunch of cunts," she mutters.

Marla and Jack both crack up at this comment. Marla would never use such a word, but she can't for the life of her think of a better one.

Marla hugs her sister. She wants to say she's sorry for her husband for making a pass at her, but Kelly holds her and hugs her back and that seems to say everything that needs to be said.

And then Dan marches back in.

"Where's my hat?" he says. When he sees Kelly and Marla hug, shame fills his face, but he doubles down on his anger and frustration and shame. "Marla? Where's my hat?"

"Fuck if I know," Marla says before she can stop herself. She's never talked back to him like that.

"Excuse me?" he says, stepping towards her.

"You heard her. Fuck off, Dan," Kelly says.

He looks like he's about to explode. How dare they talk to him like that? Fucking conniving bitches.

He's about to say as much when Jack steps up and places himself in between his dad and the two women.

"Dad, you'd better leave before you do or say something stupid."

He looks up at his son. What the fuck is happening? He's not going to be talked down to by his own fucking son in front of his wife or the woman he lusts after.

"Excuse me?"

"I said fuck off," Jack says. "Now."

He steps towards his father.

Dan's positively fuming now, but he sees more family members entering the foyer, including Chrissy, the kids, and his Marla's parents, and he knows now is not the time.

"We're gonna have words when I get back, young man," Dan says before storming back outside.

Jack, Kelly, and Marla exhale after a second. Jack turns and places a caring hand on his mother's shoulder.

"You all right, Mom?"

She nods, unable to speak. So many things have happened in the past two minutes, but most importantly, her son rode to her rescue.

"I'm sorry, Mom," he says. He pulls her in for a hug. Seeing his strong arms caressing and protecting his mother makes Kelly instantly wet. Fuck, she wants to jump his bones right here and now.

Marla hugs her son and says he has nothing to be sorry about and thank for you protecting me and being so strong.

"Everything all right?" Grandpa asks.

Kelly turns, happy to give Jack and his mother some space. She smiles warmly.

"Everything's great, Dad. Let's go outside and take advantage of this beautiful day."

She ushers everyone away and looks back at her nephew, the father of her child, taking care of his mom. What a fucking stud.

Jack smiles down at his mother. "You good, Mom?"

She nods and thanks him and says she loves him and that he should go outside and play with his cousins who are yelling to be thrown in the lake, and she'll go make him a sandwich.

As he leaves, Marla shudders and watches him. Oh fuck. She hugs herself. The thought of her son riding to her rescue and holding her in his big, strong arms, caressing her, caring for her makes her have feelings. Feelings she would never tell anyone about, let alone act on. Feelings she's felt before and even fantasized about. She stands there, hugging herself, blushing, biting her lip.

She makes Jack a sandwich, still on edge from all the feelings pent up inside her. She brings the sandwich out on the porch and tells him lunch is ready and she places it on the picnic table.

God, she needs to talk to someone to express herself in some way, but when she turns, she sees Kelly and Chrissy, sitting in the hot tub, arms draped around each other, lost in whatever conversation, her stomach sinks. She's being left out once again. It's worse now, though. There's a weird energy about them this time, and Marla feels even more distant from her sisters than before. She feels like she wants to cry, but she puts on a brave face.

"Ooh! Am I missing some hot goss?"

Her sisters smile at her, ask her how she's doing, and she says fine. She doesn't want to talk about it. She wants to talk about whatever her sister were just talking about, which, judging from their tone and body language had nothing to do with her asshole husband.

Kelly smiles. "Oh, you know."

What a vague fucking answer. "Is it about that guy you want to hook Chrisy up with?"

They nod and she begs for more info, only to be given more vague answers until Kelly leaves the hot tub to go pee.

Chrissy and Marla smile at each other awkwardly for a second. What the fuck is happening, Marla wonders? What did she do to make her sisters, her two best friend in the world, so distant from her?

Jack hops up on to the porch and says, "Thanks, Mom."

Marla turns and hugs her son and says of course baby. And Chrissy watches Marla gently stroke Jack's shoulders as he eats. And suddenly Chrissy blushes at her sister's body language.

Oh fuck, she thinks. Marla wants to fuck her son.

Marla says she forgot the pickles and she scurries into the house.

Jack feels a presence behind him, and he turns and sees Chrissy. He smiles and brings his plate over near the tub.

"Aunt Chrissy. That was something last night, huh?"

But her eyes are still lingering on Marla's disappearing figure.

"What's up?" he asks.

She eyes him in a way he doesn't quite understand. Maybe it has something to do with last night? He's about to ask, but Marla emerges again and places two pickles on Jack's plate.

"Thanks, Mom. You're the best."

Marla cups his face in her hands and murmurs, No, you're the best and she plants a kiss on his forehead and says she's going to her room to read for a while.

He watches her go, content, ready to dive back into his sandwich.

"What?" he says, once again distracted by Chrissy's weird energy.

"Nothing."

"Why are you being weird?"

She shakes her head, clearly not wanting to say something.

He splashes a little water at her.

"Come on. There clearly can't be any secrets between us at this point."

"No, of course not. I heard how wonderful you were, standing up to your dad like that."

He frowns. "Uh-huh?"

"You're mom seems very... grateful."

That sentence falls on his lap like a twenty-pound dumbbell.

"What a weird thing to say," he says with a nervous snort.

"Hmm?" Chrissy says, suddenly very interested in her trashy magazine. "Just making observations."

He squints. "Are you trying to say my mother has the hots for me?"

Chrissy licks her finger and turns the page, oh look, there's more fascinating gossip on page 23.

"Get out of here," he says.

But Chrissy's very intently tuning him out.

He stands to finish his sandwich at the table.

"I had fun last night, by the way," Chrissy says with a wink.

He smiles, though his mind is clearly elsewhere. "Yeah, me, too."

He eats his sandwich, mind reeling. Replaying that hug with his mother. The many times she's touched him and tickled his back. That's all just motherly affection, right?

But the more he thinks about it, the more he thinks Chrissy's right. That hug in the foyer after he kicked his dad out... there was an energy to his Mom's affection. Hell, even just a second ago, when she held his face in her hand and kissed him...

He finds himself getting hot. Jesus, what is wrong with him? But he has fantasized about her, too. Of course he has. In fact, as he thinks about it, he wonders if his attraction to Kelly isn't in some way connected to his forbidden desire for his mother. They look alike, after all.

He eats the last bite and turns to go back inside.

"Hey, um, could you maybe not say anything about that to Aunt Kelly?"

Chrissy makes the sign for locking her mouth and throwing away the key.

"Besides," she purrs as she slips out of the water, Jack's eyes drifting down her wet, tight body in that teeny-tiny bikini, "I'm going to be too busy plunging my tongue into her pussy to tell her anything about your deep, dark secret."

He blushes at the idea of his aunt's getting freaky and doesn't realize until later that she called her stupid theory his "deep, dark secret."

She wraps a towel around her and the clutches his bicep before disappearing into the house. "That is, as long as you're all right with me fucking your girlfriend."

He doesn't respond, too many sexy thoughts swirling around in his head, but he nods. Of course she can fuck Kelly. But only her.

She slips into the house and he watches her lean legs as she climbs the stairs.

He turns and stares at the lake, sees his grandparents playing with his cousins, and considers joining his aunts. When else is he going to get this opportunity in the daytime?

He climbs up to the second floor and listens for signs of life. He hears some, but it's not what he was hoping to hear. It's his mother, sniffling, as if she's been crying.

He turns to the right, walks down the hall, and taps on her door.

"Hmm?"

"It's me, Mom."

He opens the door, even though she doesn't say enter. He doesn't look, though, he just whispers, "Are you OK?"

"Uh-huh, yeah, honey. Come in."

He enters and sees his mother, wearing a tiny bikini like Chrissy's, the material barely concealing what it's meant to conceal. Blood rushes to his groin.

His mother blushes, looking for something to cover herself and remembering that her robe is downstairs.

"You've been crying," he says, closing the door.

"I'm--I'm fine, baby."

She's not fine. She's a fucking mess. Her husband was obviously hitting on her sister, then he lashed out at her, her son had to ride to her rescue, and now she's filled with an intense longing for him. She had been planning on pleasuring herself to him, but then she started crying, and well, now he's here. And so of course, now she's feeling guilty. Like she's the world's worst mother.

He's drawn to her, wanting to comfort her. But also wanting so much more. Fuck. His mother is so hot. Her hips in that bikini. God, he wants to grab her and feel her plush skin and pull her into him.

"I'm sorry you've had to put up with him, Mom."

He's in front of her now, trying his best to not get hard. But it's not easy. His whole being wants to take her. Ever since he conquered Kelly and the Chrissy, the thrill of conquest has taken a hold of him. And who's the ultimate challenge but his mother?

"It's not your fault, baby," she says.

"But you deserve better. So much better."

"Aw, baby. You're so sweet." She cups his face in her hands. God, he's so handsome.

"You need someone to protect you. To treat you like a princess."

She sighs and wraps him up in her arms. "What did I do to deserve you?"

"You're the best mom ever."

She starts to cry again. She doesn't feel like the best mom. Or even a good mom.

"Hey, don't cry." He pets her hair and wraps her up, pulling her into his strong, warm body. "I've got you, Mom."

He kisses her tears away. One. Two. Three. He pulls her in tighter. She finally feels safe.

He caresses her back, gently stroking her shoulders.

"Let me take care of you, OK?"

She nods, finding herself tickling his back and thrilling at the touch of his muscles under her fingertips.

He kisses her cheeks. Left. Right. Left. His hand slides down her back and she feels herself pulling into him.

"I've got you," he whispers, his voice barely audible even in this quiet room.

She nods.

"You're safe."

She feels safe. Maybe for the first time.

"No one can hurt you."

She shakes her head, her cheek nuzzling up against his.

His hand grazes her side and she shivers. She slides a hand up his neck and into his hair and she strokes it and plays with it as he makes her feel so loved and safe. She guides his head down and he kisses her cheek, her jaw. Then his hands slide up, his fingers tingling her sides and she gasps. He's so strong but so sensitive. So caring. She tilts her head back, and he kisses her neck, making his way from left to right, planting gentle, tingly kisses all along the way.

He pulls her in even more, wrapping her up so his fingers slide around her back, around her sensitive sides, to the edges of her stomach, applying gentle pressure and making her mouth open.

She can feel his abs pressing into her stomach. Her hands swirl in in hair and on his back and he kisses up her neck to her jaw and her cheek and he moves his lips closer and closer to her mouth... but doesn't kiss her on the lips, instead kissing her chin and she finds herself wishing he had kissed her lips even though it's wrong, but please, Jack, please, kiss me kiss me kiss me.

And he kisses her other cheek and jaw and back to her chin and then up, up, up to her lower lip, oh god, he kisses across her lip, from left to right, and he kisses her upper lip, from right to left and around and around her open gasping mouth, and he pulls her into him even more, and now she feels his hardness pressing against her groin, and here is where she says no, we can't, I'm your mom and it's wrong... except for some reason the words don't come. Oh that's right, she

can't say the words because she's too busy kissing him, her lips coming together and pressing into and caressing his. God, he's got such beautiful lips. She licks them, they're so beautiful and delicious. And he licks her back and now his tongue is licking hers and she feel so safe and loved for the first time in her life, and oh yeah, wait, she's supposed to say, no we can't, but fuck that because his tongue is in her mouth and his hands are sliding her bikini bottom off and he's caressing her ass.

Oh fuck, her son is massaging her ass and she's bucking her hips into him, his enormous cock, holy sweet fuck, his cock is so big, and he lifts her up, still kissing her and still slipping his tongue into her and caressing her, and her legs are suddenly wrapped around him like they have a mind of their own, holding on tight. And his mouth is on her breasts. She's not even sure when he took her top off, but fuck, oh fuck her son is kiss, kiss, kissing her tits and licking her nipples and she's pulling his head into her, begging him to nibble her. Fuck, his nibbling make her groans oh my god and fuck me, fuck me, Jack, and his head, his fucking enormous head is pressing into her sex--no her pussy--her wet, wanting pussy, and she says yes and then he gives her what she wants.

He pushes up as she presses down, the forbidden, taboo intrusion spreads her wide and makes her mouth do the same and her eyes, too, and she's looking, looking at her son, only now fully realizing that he's fucking her. Her son is sliding his fucking beautiful cock way, way, way impossibly way up inside her. Oh my god, she's fucking her own son, but she doesn't say no it's wrong, please stop. Instead, she wraps her arms around him and sends her pussy up and down and grinds into him saying fuck me fuck me fuck me I've wanted you so long, fuck me, Jack, oh my god fuck me. And there's more she wants to say but she can't go there. Even now, doing this forbidden act, she can't go there, she can only say fuck me, fuck me, fuck me.

And he gives her what she wants, plunging his cock into her until her eyes rolls back into her head and roll practically all the way around again.

He's fucking his mother. His own mother. Even she can't resist him. He's the man of the house now. His fucking pathetic dad can't satisfy her. Only he can. And when she cums, shuddering and clutching and clawing and suppressing her scream but only just, he explodes, gushing into her, sending his seed, his potent, potent, potent seed way into her.

That feeling of having her son's warm, sticky cum flying up inside her makes her orgasm even deeper, her darkest, most ultimate taboo fantasy having been fulfilled.

It takes a minute of them clutching and holding each other before post-nut clarity settles in. For her, at least. And soon, she's crying, suddenly realizing what she's done. As powerful as those orgasms were, she just crossed the line no mother should cross. Still holding on to him, she covers her face to try to hide her shame.

And yet she still has her legs wrapped around him, still has his cock inside her, still clings to his touch, his warmth, his safety. She still loves this, which only makes her guilt hit all the harder.

"Mom, what's wrong?"

"What's wrong? Everything. I just f--I just slept with my son. What kind of monster am I?"

"You're perfect, Mom. Perfect and beautiful and sexy."

She shakes her head. How can she ever look him in the eye again? This moment will always hang between them.

"I need to go," she says, though she's still wrapped around him.

"Please don't, Mom. I need you. I love you."

"I love you, too, baby--" She stops herself because that word baby feels so wrong now. But what is she going to call him, Jack? That somehow feels worse. "But we should never have done this."

"We shouldn't have made each other feel better?"

She shrugs.

"Tell me about when you fantasized about me."

"What?"

"You said you wanted me for so long. Tell me one of your fantasies."

She doesn't remember saying this, but she obviously wasn't thinking clearly. She shakes her head and says she doesn't want to talk about this. She just wants to go, even though she still clings to him, desperate for him to somehow make this OK.

"I'll tell you one of my fantasies about you."

She says she doesn't want to hear it, but he continues anyway.

"It was the other day, before we can here. You had just taken a shower and Dad was out playing golf."

She remembers. She thought Jack was out of the house, too, so she did what she never did when he was home. She walked around the house in nothing but a towel. Then he surprised her in the kitchen and she felt so naked, nothing but a flimsy towel separating them. If she had turned the wrong way, she would have revealed everything.

"And I saw your shoulders. Your beautiful, sexy shoulders, with the way your hair fall onto them..."

He kisses her shoulder gently as he speaks.

"And I realized how sexy you were and how much I wanted you, and I had to run back to my room to pleasure myself."

She remembers he had disappeared rather quickly, but didn't think much of it, except that maybe he was embarrassed to see his mother

in nothing but a towel. She certainly didn't think he was doing THAT.

"And I imagined holding you and finally telling you how much I loved you and wanted you, and I took you in my arms and you said no we can't do this, it's wrong, but I couldn't stop kissing you, you were just too beautiful and sexy and my love for you was just too strong, and you started playing with my hair like you are now."

She pauses, suddenly realizing what she was doing.

"And I scooped you into my arms and carried you to your bedroom, so I could claim you as my own, finally freeing you from Dad."

She feels him growing inside her and she inhales slightly at how hot it's making her, but also knowing that she can't give in. Not again.

"And I took off your towel and saw your perfect, perfect body. Your hips. Oh, god, Mom I love your hips."

He caresses her hip with one hand and he bends her back and gazes at her breasts.

"And your beautiful breasts that called to me."

And he kisses her right breast and her right nipple until it springs up to meet him.

"Jack," she says, meaning Jack stop but only saying Jack.

"And you told me how proud you are of me, and that only makes me love you more because you're the only one who's ever been proud of me."

"Oh, Jack," she says her heart melting. How fucking cruel her husband has been to him. Always criticizing him. "Oh, baby, of course I'm proud of you."

"And you caressed my back as you said it, which only made me hotter. Made me want to take you and claim you and show you that you have one man who will always be there for you. Who will protect you and love you and do anything he can to make you happy."

He grows and grows inside her and he starts writhing against her, and she responds by, yes, caressing his back like in his fantasy, but also by bucking her hips into him. Yes, Jack, she thinks, this is working. This makes me feel better about what we've done. Keep going. Make it right.

"And I carried you to the bed and laid you down."

And he does. This forces him to slip out of her, which makes her gasp and think, Please don't go.

"And then I entered you, filling you slowly, slowly, going deeper than anyone ever has before."

He does as he says, his head pushing back in but it feels like he's doing it for the first time, and yes, he goes beyond anywhere her pathetic husband ever went.

"And you whisper, telling me how much bigger I am than Dad."

She can't help but snort, but it's true. And he pauses for her to say her line, which she does.

"Yes, baby."

"Yes, what?"

She smiles. He slides out... and slides back in so she can do take two of the scene.

"You're so much bigger than your dad."

"Whisper it."

She smiles again and bites her lip. She can feel him getting even bigger, harder, if that's even possible.

He slides out. Take three. She looks him in the eye, finally, as if saying, Come to me, baby.

He slides back in and she gasps at his size, truly, but she also want to let him know how much she loves his size because he so desperately wants to hear it. But it's true. No one else has ever come close.

"Oh baby," she says through half-lidded eyes, "you're so much bigger than your father. So much. He can't hold a candle to you."

"You tell me to go deeper."

"Yes, deeper. Go deeper, baby,"

And he does, pressing into her to go that extra mile and her mouth opens because he is so, so hard. Hard for her. So eager to please her and make her happy and feel safe and warm and loved.

"Oh yes, baby, you feel so good."

"No one has ever made you feel this good."

She shakes her head, bucking into him now, feeling the firm pressure of his cock against her pubic bone, making her shudder ever so slightly.

She slides her hands down his big strong back, and she clutches his ass, oh my god, what a perfect ass he has. She pulls him in, all the

way, and holds him there so she can feel his depth and fullness and feel how hard he is as she wriggles under him.

"And you want my cock."

She gasps slightly at that word, but it's true, she wants it, and she says, "Yes."

"Say it."

She hesitates. That word is so dirty, especially to use for her son, but that dirtiness thrills her in a way she didn't know she could feel.

"I want your cock."

"You like how that word feels to say."

"Yes."

"Say it."

She bucks into him with intent now. He pulls back, waiting for her line, so she says, "I want your cock. I want your cock, baby."

And he gives it to her and she grinds into him and he gives it to her again and again and she keeps saying that dirty, dirty phrase. She wants her son's cock. She wants it deeper and deeper and deeper.

"And you tell me you want to be on top," he says, "so you can show me how much you love me."

"Yes."

He slides out of her and lays on his back.

Fuck, she wants him back inside.

She climbs on top and admires how beautiful he is. So strong and big and tall and powerful.

"But first you kiss my cock. My cock that you love so much."

She bites her lip at the thought, but yes, she can't think of anything else she'd rather do.

She takes it in her hand. Fuck, she loves how strong it is. How manly. She caresses it and he gasps at her touch and then she brings her lips to it, kissing her way up his shaft and finally kissing the head, over and over and over again. She puts the head in her mouth, bucking her hips in the air as if he's fucking her. And she moves her head around, licking his glans and loving how it feels in her mouth. Her son's cock in her mouth. She just wants to lick it forever. And plunge

it down her throat. But before she can, he speaks up, giving her her next instruction. She loves how in command he is. She loves how ready she is to fulfill his every wish.

"And you tell me you want me inside you."

"Yes."

She giddily climbs up his body, pausing here and there to caress and admire him. She made this. And it's her greatest creation.

She straddles him and he pushes his head against her opening--no, her pussy. She gasps just at the thought of that word.

"And you take me inside you, envelop me in your warm wetness, and let me fill you up."

She smiles and pushes down, feeling his big beautiful head, his cock head that she just had in her mouth, pushing into her pussy.

"But you only let me go so far. You pause and pull back, loving how it teases me."

Oh, she can do that, alright. She pulls back and then lowers herself onto him, going a little farther before pulling back and doing it again, loving the look on his face as she teases him. She wants him all the way inside her, of course but this, her being in control of pleasing him, is so much better.

"Yes baby," she say. "Feel me tease you."

Electricity ripples through her. His hands on her back, his mouth opening and closing. How he thrusts his cock, eager to get all the way back in, her teasing him by pulling back, which makes his mouth open even more. She feels her orgasm staring to build.

"And you want me to tell you how much I want you," he says

"Say you want me, baby."

"I want you, Mom."

That word. Fuck. It's so wrong. So hot. So fucking hot.

"Say it again, baby."

"I want you, Mom. I want to fill you."

"Yes."

"I want to go all the way inside you."

"Yes. Yes, baby. You want to fuck me."

"Yes."

"You want to fuck Mommy." She can't believe she said it, but fuck, her own body instinctively reacts to that as she bucks harder into him, still keeping him only halfway inside.

"Yes. I want to fuck you. What do you want, Mom?"

"I want you deep inside me, baby. Fuck me. Fuck Mommy. Make me happy. Fuck me silly."

"But you want more."

"Yes," she says, though she doesn't know what he means, but yes. Yes to everything.

"You want something even more taboo than this."

"Yes." Her body really reacts to this as she grinds and twirls and whirls and bucks on him. "Tell me what I want, baby."

"You want me to fill you."

"Yes. Fill me." Fuck, she wants that so badly.

"You want me all the way in."

"Yes."

"And then what, Mom?"

"I want you to fill me, baby. Fill me to completion. Make me cum."

"You want me to cum inside you."

"Yes, oh my god yes. Cum inside me, baby. Fill me with your cum."

She's working his dick with serious intent now, her pussy moving all over him, while still keeping him halfway out because she knows she hasn't been given her final mission yet.

"And then what, Mom? Why do you want my cum inside you? What do you want me to do?"

She can't. She can't say it. It's the worst of the worst. It's her deepest darkest secret. And yes, they've already done it, but actually saying it? Saying it would be too much.

"Tell me, Mom. Tell me what you want me to do."

She mouths the words. There's only two of them, and even mouthing it silently feels dirty. She mouths them, unable to give them voice so that if he doesn't know what she wants she can plausibly deny it.

But Jack knows what she said and his already engorged cock gets harder than it ever has before. It feels like a steel shaft.

"Yes, Mom. That's it."

She bites her lip, giddy to have given the correct answer.

"That's what I want, too, Mom."

Oh my god, yes. She's not the only one. She's not the only depraved person in the world. Her son wants this too. Fuck, yes. She starts to shudder at the thought.

"But you need to say it, Mom. So we both know what we want. It will make it that much better."

She smiles a naughty smile and shakes her head, suddenly feel so much younger, like when she first lost her virginity. She mouthed the words, isn't that enough? Saying it out loud is too much.

"Whisper it in my ear, Mom. You're safe. I've got you. Whisper it."

She opens her mouth with joy. Yes, that's the way. She can whisper it so no one else will hear. And he already knows what she wants, so it's safe. She's safe.

She leans in and nuzzles into his face and brings her lips, her soft, soft lips up to his ear and kisses him and licks him to prepare him for what she's about to say. And she whispers it, her lips brushing against him as she does, her breath sending shivers through him. And the words. Fuck, those two words no mother should ever say to her son. But she says them to him:

"Breed me."

Fuck yes. "Whisper it again, Mom. Savor the feel on your lips."

She gasps slightly, the sound of which once again sends him into ecstasy. It's the best ASMR experience ever. His mother whispering "Breed me" into his ears, the physical vibration of that filthy instruction penetrating his ear, her breath cascading in him and around him and through him.

"Breed me," she whispers again, loving his reaction.

"Yes," he says.

"Breed me, baby," she says, this time not as a whisper. "Breed me. Breed Mommy."

He gasps at that word. Oh fuck, he so wants to breed her. To send his filthy little incest seed way into her like he did with Aunt Kelly, only this time it's better because it's his mother.

"Breed Mommy, baby. I want you to put a baby in me. Oh god, yes. Fucking put your cock inside me and fill me with your cum."

She's looking into his eyes now, ready to make a baby. Just give me the word, Jack. Send me on my mission.

"You want me to breed you?"

"Yes," she whispers.

"You want me to put a baby in you?"

"Yes."

"How bad?"

"More than anything in this world. More than I've ever wanted anything in my whole life."

"Show me."

Her eyes light up. It's go time. She gasps with anticipation. She's going to take him in. All the way in. And then she's going to work his cock like it's her J-O-B job until he gives her what she so desperately craves.

She slides down, building up speed as she goes until she, oh fuck, until she hits bottom. Oh my god his cock is in all the way, his head is right where it needs to be.

She pulls up and starts pumping. Not fast. But intensely. Passionately. Every stroke trying to bring it home. Every muscle in her body trying to make him cum inside her. She squeezes him with every plunge, milking him. Her ass cheeks clench. Her stomach tightens. Her thighs work him. And she stares into him. Into his soul. Pumping him. Squeezing him. Milking him for all he's got.

"Fuck me, baby. Fill me. Fill me with your seed, baby. Breed me. Breed me. Breed me. Breed Mommy, baby. Breed me!"

At that final exclamation, he does, grunting, his whole body clenching and his cock sending wave after wave of hot, filthy, delicious, incest seed deep into her deepest depths, filling her, oh, yes, fucking filling her until it's pouring out of her pussy. It goes everywhere inside her, especially rush where she so desperately wants it to go. He's fucking done it. He's fucking bred his mother. And he can't wait to do it again.

Only two doors down the hall, Kelly loves her sister's affections.

Chrissy had entered her room and immediately swept her up in the biggest hug and told her much she missed her even though they only just saw each other moments ago and even though they fucked each other for the very first time only last night. And she caressed her and kissed her and told her she wanted to taste her.

But Kelly was spoken for. She was Jack's. She loved Chrissy and the thought of her sister pleasing her made her instantly wet. But she couldn't do it. She belonged to Jack and Jack alone.

But she doesn't want to say no to Chrissy, especially since her sister only came out of her shell last night. So she finds a loophole. Wait, she thinks, I can please Chrissy. That way I can show her how much I love her and still be true to Jack. My pussy will still remain his.

So she does. She kisses Chrissy and takes charge. And even though Chrissy says, No, I want to please you, she doesn't stop Kelly's advances. How could she? Her hot sister was kissing her and pulling off her wet bikini and laying her on the bed and sending her tongue everywhere Chrissy wants her tongue to go until Chrissy starts cumming and shuddering and saying oh my god, and saying now it's her turn to please Kelly. But Kelly just holds her and strokes her face and tickles her skin until Chrissy falls asleep.

Kelly smiles. She did it. She made her sister happy and loved her and still stayed true to Jack.

She extricates herself from bed and puts her bikini on and quietly leaves the room, desperate to get to Jack. She wants him. Wants to tell him how good she was. She loves being his and only his. And when Dave comes home, she'll tell him it's over. Their marriage is over. She has someone else now. Someone better.

She looks in Jack's room but he's not there. She walks over by the staircase, about to go looking for him downstairs, when she hears noises coming from Marla's room. Maybe Marla knows where Jack

is. A thrill flows through her, knowing she's about to ask her sister where her son is when Kelly is secretly fucking him and is going to have his secret incest baby.

She taps on the door and hears something that sounds like come in or at least close enough, Kelly's not paying attention, so lost is she in her little world.

She opens the door. "Hey, Marla, have you seen--"

Kelly stops. Kelly sees. Boy, does she see. She sees Marla riding Jack, urging him to breed her. The two of them finish and say yes and grip each other. And then they see her seeing them. Kelly's face blank. Her world shutting down. She backs up into the hallway, trying to blink away what she just saw.

"Fuck," Jack says.

"Oh my god, Kelly," Marla says, rushing to cover herself up.

But Kelly doesn't stick around. She flees the scene. She can't go back to her room where Chrissy is sleeping. She doesn't want to be outside where she'll have to interact with her parents and her kids. So she hides in Jack's room and absolutely shuts down. All of her plans suddenly shattered.

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Kelly carries her suitcase from the car into the house. She braces herself before entering the living room. Then she sees her. Her sister Marla. Holding her fourteen week-old baby son.

Fuck.

Part 4

"Mom, where are you going?" Jack asks.

Aunt Kelly has just seen the two of them having sex, and her mother is frantically putting on her bikini.

"I have to go to her," Marla says. "I have to nip this in the bud."

Jack tries to get her to stay. He knows Aunt Kelly isn't going to tell anyone what she saw, but he's obviously not going to tell him mother how he knows this.

Meanwhile, Marla is too horrified at having been caught and also horrified by what she's done. She's not sure exactly what chasing after her sister is going to do, but she knows that fucking her son is wrong. And so she desperately needs to get out of this bedroom.

She hurries out into the hallway and makes her way towards Kelly's room.

Jack covers his face and falls back on the bed. What the actual fuck did he do? How could he have cheated on Aunt Kelly like that? He finally got the woman of his dreams, and he threw it all away the first chance he had. And why? To conquer his mother? Granted, sex with his mom was fucking hot. Mind-blowingly hot. But fuck. Is his need to conquer women that strong that he loses all reason?

Kelly sits on Jack's bed, trying to wrap her head around what she just saw: Jack fucking his mother. Not only that, but Marla was begging him to breed her.

She simply can't believe Jack cheated on her like this, mere hours after promising over and over again that he was hers and hers alone.

The stupid thing is: She had just wanted to keep things simple and have a casual affair with her nephew. Get laid--get laid well--and get it out of her system.

But no. He got into her head. Made her emotional. Made her swear to be loyal only to him. And she was so cock-notized that she said yes.

She said yes.

She was going to leave her husband, for fuck's sake. She shakes her head in disbelief.

And then what happens? The minute he gets the chance, he cheats on her. With his own mother of all people.

For Kelly, what was almost worse than being cheated on, was hearing Marla repeat the phrase "Breed me," just the way Kelly had last night. As sick as the thought is, she can't deny that that feels like the biggest betrayal.

That was her and Jack's thing.

Of course, it serves her right, Kelly admits. After all, she's been cheating on her husband. She's a lying, cheating slut. She has no right to feel this way. She's simply getting her just desserts.

But it still hurts. Especially since she knows she's pregnant with his child.

Marla never gets to Kelly's room. Probably a good thing, since she'd only find a sleeping Chrissy there, which might be rather confusing. But as she's passing Jack's room, she sees Kelly sitting on his bed, staring into space. Why she's in Jack's room, Marla doesn't know, nor does she care. She's too desperate to rectify the situation somehow.

"Kelly!" she says, bursting into the room and closing--and locking--the door. (She's not making that mistake again.)

She kneels before her sister who blinks at her, a blank expression on her face.

"Oh my god," Marla continues, burying her face in Kelly's lap, "I don't know what to say, Kelly. Please. You can't tell anyone what you saw. Please."

Kelly finally focuses on her sister. Although she's mad as hell at Jack, she is not mad at Marla in the slightest. Marla had no idea that Kelly and Jack were sleeping together. No, this is all Jack's fault.

So, as hurt and confused as Kelly is, she understands that Marla needs her. She caresses Marlah hair and whispers gentle shushes.

Then she pats her head and rises, taking Marla's hands and pulling her up with her.

"Come here, baby girl."

Kelly only calls her older sister "baby girl" when Marla needs centering. Marla's not the most emotionally stable of people, and over the years, Kelly has learned various ways to calm her down. Although Marla and Chrissy get along just fine, Marla has always relied on Kelly when things get too intense. Even though Kelly is the youngest sister, both Chrissy and Marla view her as the most mature.

Once they're both standing, Kelly gives Marla a tight, full-body hug.

"I've got you, baby girl. I've got you."

Kelly hugs her and pets her hair and tickles her back and kisses her shoulder like she always does when Marla needs centering.

The only difference is between the past and the present is that this time they're both half-naked.

But Kelly's affections causes Marla to lose it, and she bursts into tears. Kelly's not surprised by this; it's part of the routine. Marla typically holds it together until she's in Kelly's arms, and then and only then does she ever feel safe enough to cry.

Kelly holds her and tells her it's all right. She's got her.

"It's not all right." Marla pulls back to look her sister in the eye. She whispers, "I fucked my son. What it is wrong with me?"

"Shh," Kelly says, pulling her back in for a hug and caressing her hair. "Deep breath, baby girl. Come on, now. Deep breath. Do it with me."

After a few seconds, Marla does as instructed and takes a deep breath, mimicking her sister. One breath, two breaths, three breaths, four. And then a nice, long, deep breath on five.

Finally, Marla is calm--well, as calm as she can be under the circumstances.

Kelly kisses her cheek and whispers softly into her ear, "I've got you, baby girl."

The two sisters hug tightly and just hold each other for a long minute. Finally, Marla nestles her face into Kelly's shoulder, finding comfort in the feel and smell of her hair.

She gently tickles Kelly's bare shoulder. It's just sisterly affection, she's done it before; though this time, Marla's nails on Kelly's naked skin send tingles throughout her body.

Kelly whispers in her sister's ear, "You've done nothing wrong."

"What do you mean? I fucked my son."

"So what, baby girl? I would have done the same thing if I were you." Kelly can't help but groan internally at her statement.

"What?"

"Come on. You're in a loveless marriage to an absolute asshole. --You know he hit on me this morning, right?"

"I know. I'm sorry."

"My point is, that happened, then he was being aggressive and scary. And who rode to your rescue but your big, strong, handsome son, right? Who wouldn't have feelings for him after that?

"And meanwhile, your sisters have been cunts to you, making you feel left out. So, who did you have to turn to, but Jack? Oh, and also, Jack recently broke up with his girlfriend and his dad was being a prick to him, and so he was emotionally vulnerable as well. No jury would convict either of you, baby girl."

Once again, Kelly groans internally at her statement. Jack was emotionally just fine, thanks to her. He's just a prick. But that's not important right now. She's here to make Marla feel better. And she's doing that very well, staring into her big, beautiful eyes, Kelly's hands cupping Marla's face.

"This is girl talk, now, OK? You've done nothing wrong. I promise. And who would normally be the first person to call you on your bullshit?"

"You," Marla murmurs.

"Me. And this isn't bullshit. You're fine. You're just two people trying to make each other feel better. OK?"

Marla nods. Maybe Kelly's right?

Kelly looks at her lips and gives her a gentle kiss and she looks back up at her to make sure she's OK.

"Now that we're talking about it," Kelly says, playing with Marla's hair and allowing a slight smile to cross her face, "it actually sounds kinda hot."

Marla can't help but snort. "Oh my god, you're the worst."

Kelly smiles. "But... it was hot, right?"

"It was wrong."

"Well, you don't have to do it again."

"I won't."

Kelly takes a deep breath and can't help but notice how their breasts rise and fall in unison... almost but not quite touching.

"Tell me everything."

"I'm not talking about it."

Kelly just stares at her expectantly. Finally, Marla rolls her eyes and admits, "Yes, it was hot."

They laugh and Marla rests her forehead on Kelly's. She covers her face and laughs some more, shaking her head, but feeling better to be laughing rather than crying.

"Both times."

That's news to Kelly. Fucking hell. He fucked his mom twice? What a prick. Granted, he's a prick with incredible stamina. But still a cheating prick.

"Wow," Kelly says, her eyes going wide.

"Yeah."

After a second, Kelly says, "So." She wraps Marla back up in a tight hug and brings her groin up to hers and wiggles it. She exaggeratedly raises her eyebrows. "Tell me everything."

Marla laughs. At first. But being held by Kelly like this stirs feelings. Feelings she's had for her little sister for years.

"Come on," Kelly runs her hand through Marla's hair, swirling it hypnotically. She stares at Marla's lips. "Tell me."

Marla hesitates but begins.

"Well, I was in my room, crying."

"Crying while wearing this smoking hot bikini?"

She rolls her eyes but nods.

"OK, yeah," Kelly says, "so Jack comes in, sees his loving mother in tears and notices how fucking hot she is because what boy doesn't want to sleep with his mother. Got it so far."

Marla laughs. OK, Kelly's making some good points. Then Marla tells her how he swept in and hugged her and started running his hands over her.

"Oooh, like this?" Kellys says mimicking Jack's movements.

"Yeah, although he doesn't have your long nails that--ooooh--give me the shivers." A big shiver runs through her as she says it.

And the more Marla tells her how Jack and she hooked up, the more Kelly mimes along. Marla's not entirely sure why her sister is doing this, but it feels right somehow. And the more she does it, the more both sisters get turned on--especially Marla because Kelly's tickles are making her shiver all over.

"And he kissed my cheeks and my tears."

"You mean like this?"

Kelly places gentle kisses on both Marla's cheeks. Marla swallows and looks down at Kelly's luscious lips. God, she's often thought about what kissing those lips must be like.

"And... and soon he was kissing my chin and my neck."

Marla's head falls back, inviting Kelly to follow along with the prompt. Then Kelly licks Marla's neck, causing her sister to gasp slightly.

"Oh my god," Marla whispers. "What are we doing?"

Kelly strokes Marla's cheek and stares into Marla's eyes. "We're just two people trying to make each other feel better."

She brings her lips forward and plants them on Marla's. It's so gentle and soft and plush and luscious and heavenly that Marla immediately swoons, loving how Kelly moves her face in and back slightly, the kiss delivering waves of sultry pleasure. God, Kelly's lips are like satiny pillows, and Marla never wants this kiss to end.

Then Kelly kisses her lower lip and pries Marla's mouth apart slightly. Once she makes an opening, she sends her tongue out to explore and lick Marla's lips and then sink into her mouth. Her tongue darts in to tease Marla's tongue, and then slips back out to lick her lips.

"Oh my god," Marla whispers again. "I've wanted you for so long."

Kelly takes that as her cue to untie Marla's top, which falls to the floor. She quickly cups one of Marla's tits in her hand and lifts it up to her mouth. She begins kissing her nipple, causing Marla to gasp and quietly curse. Kelly licks and nibbles and sucks and stimulates

her nipple until it hardens and rises to meet her, causing Marla to practically fall over from pleasure.

That's fine by Kelly. She guides Marla to the bed and pulls off her bottom. Then she lunges in between her legs, eager to get her head in between Marla's luscious, creamy thighs.

Marla can't believe what's happening. So many forbidden fantasies coming true in one afternoon. She's never had a lesbian experience and this one--with her beloved sister, no less--is everything she dreamed it would be. Kelly's tongue knows just where to go and her soft lips thrill and caress Marla pussy. And when Kelly sends her fingers inside to caress that beautiful, sensitive sweet spot, every light inside Marla ignites, and she starts bucking and shuddering and cursing and spasming, grabbing onto the sheets to ground herself as her third orgasm of the afternoon rips through her.

"Oh my--oh my--oh my god," she says, each hiccup in her speech occurring during a post-orgasm aftershock.

Kelly climbs up Marla's body and smiles.

Marla laughs. "Wow," she says. "I can't tell you how many times I've fantasized about that."

"Yeah? Damn, sis. We should have gotten together years ago. Hell, we could have skipped the whole getting husbands bit and just plunged into some hot sisterly incest. Would have saved us a lots of headaches."

"I wanna please you," Marla says, suddenly bursting with energy. "I wanna lick you all over your body and give you an orgasm as good as the one you gave me."

"So far, all I'm hearing is a lot of talk."

Marla laughs. God bless Kelly. Marla not only doesn't feel bad about sleeping with Jack anymore, she feels positively giddy about sleeping with Kelly. She knows this is wrong. If sex with Jack was incest-adjacent, this is pure, white hot incest at its most pure.

But boy does it feel right.

Marla flips them over and lays on top of her sister, savoring the feel of their breasts pressing together.

"You're so beautiful, Kelly."

"Aw, you too, baby girl."

"I'm gonna rock your world."

"Promises, promises."

Marla's grin is so wide it's infectious.

Then they hear the sound of a car pulling into the driveway and both of their grins disappear.

"Fuck," they both say in unison.

They hop out of bed. Sure enough, the men are back from golf.

The sisters curse and quickly get dressed, making sure they have the right bikinis on. They make plans for later that night.

"You owe me an orgasm," Kelly says.

Marla smiles and wraps her up and kisses her. She can't wait to deliver on that promise.

A knock on the door. Jack's voice. "Mom?"

Marla's face falls. "Sorry, honey, I'll be right out."

"What am I gonna say to him?" she whispers to Kelly.

"Thanks for the shag, but I'm leaving your for my smoking hot sister."

"I'm serious. How am I gonna face him?"

"Do you want to sleep with him?"

She shakes her head. "Definitely not."

"Then just say, I need to talk and I don't want you to interrupt me until I'm done. And then be honest."

Marla sighs. OK, she can do this.

They kiss and Kelly opens the door.

Jack looks at the two of them, unsure what just happened between them or how he's supposed to feel about it. He definitely want to say something to Aunt Kelly, though he's not sure what that would be, what with his mother standing there and all.

But Kelly saves him the trouble. She pointedly does not make eye contact. She just disappears down the hall to her room, and Jack's eyes go to his mom's.

He hears his father's voice downstairs, so he enters his bedroom and locks the door behind him.

"Jack, baby, we need to talk. And I don't want you to interrupt me until I'm done."

He nods and engulfs his mom in a full-body hug. "OK."

"Wait, no, Jack. We can't do this."

But Jack is already kissing her neck and rubbing his hands all over her back and tingling her sides.

"Jack, I'm serious. You're father's downstairs, for god's sake."

"He doesn't own you anymore, Mom," he says as he ravishes her neck. "I do."

That audacity of that phrase makes Marla gasp, knocking her off guard. What does he mean he owns her? He's her son for god's sake. He doesn't own her.

And yet, a part of her--a part that's way deep down inside--knows it's true.

Sensing an opening, Jack kisses her lips, bringing Marla back to the present. She suddenly remembers what's happening. Her son is kissing her. She tries to pull away, but he's all over her, groping her and kissing her neck, her cheeks, her chin--oh, how she loves when he kisses her chin--back up to her awaiting mouth...

"Jack, wait, I'm trying to tell you something."

Jack slides his hand inside her bikini bottom and caresses her ass, pulling her into his cock, which is raging against his bathing suit.

"Jack," she says, but she can feel herself losing the plot. Fuck, she loves how strong he is. She loves how confidently, wantonly, his hands roam, grope, and caress every inch of her body.

He pulls her top off somehow, and his mouth is all over her tits.

And she's grinding into him. Fuck, how does he do this to her? She just swore off him not two minutes ago, and now all she wants is his cock to plunge deep inside her.

"What did you want me to do earlier, Mom? Hmm? What did you want from me? Something Dad can't give you but I can?"

"No, Jack, please."

He pulls down his suit and lifts her up. Her legs instinctively wrap around him.

"What is it that you so desperately want from me?"

She gasps. She can't believe she's going to say this again. Worse still, she can't believe it's true.

"I want you to breed me."

He slides into her and she gasps a quiet "Oh fuck,"

A knocking on the door stops them. Or, at least, it stops her.

"Jack? Jack!"

Her husband's voice instantly terrifies her. She tries to scramble off Jack, but he holds her on him, his cock seeming to harden and expand inside her.

He whispers, "Dad can't hurt you, Mom. I've got you."

"Jack!"

Bam! Bam! Bam! Dan's heavy fists pound on the door, making it sound like he's going to burst right through.

That does it. No matter what Jack says, she's not going to be caught like this with her angry husband threatening to barge his way in here. She pulls herself free and kneels down in front of him in a desperate scramble for her bathing suit.

But Jack steps on her bikini top and refuses to give it up.

"Jack I know you're in there. Come out. And where's your mother?"

"She's a little busy right now, Dad."

Marla gasps up at him. What is he doing?

"Jack, I swear to god, if you don't--"

Jack opens the door.

Marla gasps, frantically trying to cover up her breasts.

Dan blinks and then looks down. He sees his naked wife, kneeling before his son--his son who has a huge, raging hardon not three inches away from his wife's face.

"I told you she was busy, Dad."

"What the fuck?"

Dan lunges for Jack. But Jack doesn't even flinch. He quickly, powerfully, smashes a fist straight into his dad's nose, instantly making blood gush forth and sending Dan stumbling backward.

Jack calmly closes and locks the door. He looks down triumphantly at his mother.

"I told you. He can't hurt you anymore."

Marla, still on her knees, looks up at her son, her view partially blocked by his raging hardon, which visibly grows even larger as she stares at it.

Her mouth drops.

Jack steps towards her, his cock now one inch from her face.

"You've got a new man, Mom. A real man. And I'm claiming you as mine." He announces this loud enough for Dan to hear, if he's even still in the hallway.

She lets out a quiet, awed gasp, trembling at the feet of her alpha male.

She reaches up for his cock. His powerful, manly cock. She wants to caress it, love it, worship it.

He's right. Her son is a real man. He protected her, dominated her pathetic husband with one punch, and then...?

Then he claimed her.

Oh my god, her own son claimed her, and she so loves it. She's always been a submissive sort, but submitting to her own son absolutely thrills her.

She needs to please him. That desire sweeps through her and consumes her every thought.

Oh, I need to show him how grateful I am.

She bites her lip. "Please," she says.

"Please what?"

"Please fuck me."

"What?"

"Fuck me," she says out loud. A smile plays upon her face. She hopes her husband heard that.

"Are you mine?"

"Yes."

"Who does your pussy belong to?"

"You, Jack. Only you."

"No one else can touch you?"

"No."

"Not Dad."

"Never."

"You love my cock?"

"So much."

"Show me."

She gasps with delight. Oh my god. A real man's cock towers over her. And she gets to touch it. Worship it.

She reaches up and caresses it, running her nails along it and causing her son to gasp.

She kisses it, planting gentle kisses that turn more and more frenetic as she plies her lips over every square millimeter of his raging, enormous cock, from his glistening tip all the way down to his powerful hilt and back again.

She rubs her face into it, nuzzling it, soaking in it. This is her cock. The cock of her savior. The more she rubs it on her face, the more she works herself into a frenzy. She desperately wants it inside her so she can show it just how much she loves it. Finally, she brings it into her mouth and begins licking and sucking, turning her head to and fro, taking it in deeper and deeper and deeper, all the while staring up gratefully, submissively, at her beautiful, powerful, dominant son.

She takes him into her mouth as far as she can. She can't deepthroat it like Aunt Kelly can, but Jack isn't worried. She'll learn.

She sucks so hard that when she pulls off him, her plush lips make a soft pop.

"Fuck me, Jack. Make me yours."

"You want me to fully claim you, Mom?"

"Yes," she gasps. "Please."

"Up."

She rises, and he once again scoops her up into his powerful arms. She wraps her legs around him, locking in tight, desperate to plunge down on his cock.

"Who do you belong to, Mom?"

"You, baby. Only you."

He smiles and lowers her. Her mouth opens wide as he fills her once more. This time for keeps.

Dan stands outside Jack's door, holding a shirt up to his bloody nose, straining to hear what's going on in Jack's room.

He doesn't have to strain for long. Soon, his wife is grunting and groaning and yessing and oh-my-godding as his son fucks his wife silly.

Shame fills Dan. He knows he's never once made his wife make those sounds. And for them to cuckold him right in front of him like this? It's the ultimate disgrace.

Dan needs to get away. Far, far away.

Back inside Jack's room, Marla is once again being brought to orgasm, once again begging her son to breed her, and this time, when he fills her with his seed, she hungrily squeezes every muscle in her body, willing his seed to go where she wants it to go. She wants his baby. Her son's baby.

Oh my god, she wants her son's baby, and that thought sends her over the top once again.

Still wrapped around him, she plants kisses all over him. She can't tell him enough how much she loves him, how completely she has submitted to him. She's all his.

All of her. Her mind, body, and soul.

She pushes him onto the bed and she kisses his body and climbs back onto his dick, eager to please him once more.

"Let's go home, Jack, baby. Please. Take me home. Let's get out of here and go home where we can fully be ourselves and fuck like rabbits."

That sounds good to him, though he really wants to patch things up with Aunt Kelly first. He still loves her, and the thought of scurrying away from here without some closure just doesn't feel right.

He's so conflicted that he almost feels elated when he hears his dad fire up the car and drive off.

Jack and Marla stand at the window, naked, watching their car down the long, wooded driveway, taking that piece of shit, pathetic excuse for a man out of their lives for good.

"Well, that happened," Jack says.

She hugs him and begs him to take her back to bed. She wants to take her son's cock into her mouth and drink him up.

That night at dinner there are a lot of questions. Well, just one question, but it comes from several different people, all demanding an answer out of Marla. But she's not one for the spotlight--especially when it comes to family matters, and especially since the truth is too taboo to speak aloud.

Instead, she cowers and hides behind her son.

Jack whistles to get them to all stop yammering.

"Thank you, Jack," Grandma says. That's Zahra. The imperious matriarch of the family. This whole family reunion has felt truly off to her. All three of her daughters have been acting weirdly this entire trip.

What's more, there's an unsettling feeling in the air, and she suspects her nephew is at the center of it. She doesn't care so much that Dan is gone because fuck that guy. Marla should have left him years ago.

But his departure was abrupt. Suspiciously abrupt.

"Now," she continues, her melodious voice continuing to command attention and respect, "can someone please explain what happened?"

"Yes," Jack says, taking command of the situation. Marla is so grateful, she rests her head on his broad shoulder, not worried at all about the optics.

"You all know what an asshole my father is."

That starts the group conversation going again. Chrissy and Kelly chime in with a hearty, "Hear, hear!" while Keith, Chrissy's husband, sticks up for his brother-in-law/friend, and denounces Jack and Marla and anyone else attacking Dan.

Grandma admonishes Jack for cursing in front of the grandkids, and Grandpa keeps muttering how he has no idea what's going on.

Only Dave, Kelly's husband, sits quietly. He's never really been a fan of Dan's. Or Keith's for that matter. He enjoys hanging out with them on these family reunions as they're the only adult males around and they generally like doing the same things. But even Dave can see what jerks Chrissy's and Marla's husbands are.

Jack whistles again. He apologizes for cursing, but says, "Today, my dad crossed a line, and I had to protect my mom. That's the end of the story. He's gone, and we're glad he's gone, aren't we, Mom?"

She nods, her forehead still resting on Jack's shoulder.

"Let's never speak his name again, shall we?" Jack says. "Now. Let's eat. I'm starving."

I'll bet you are, Kelly thinks. Although she fled the scene, she heard enough of what Jack and Marla were up to after she left to know that

Marla went right back onto Jack's dick. And it looks like she's happy to remain there.

That's fine, Kelly thinks. I'm not even really sure I know what I was doing, seducing Marla. Was it out of revenge? Was I trying to seduce her away from Jack? She's not sure, but if Marla wants her son, she can have him. She's going back to her husband.

Where she belongs.

That night, their last night at the lake, Jack decides he's going to talk to Aunt Kelly no matter what. She avoided him all dinner long and had, infuriatingly, spent the evening sitting next to her husband during the yearly family game of Mafia.

But this was the last night. And Jack was sure Kelly would go take one last hot outdoor shower. He would confront her there. Hopefully seduce her, though that seemed like a stretch, but at least they could talk things out.

Besides, she claims to be pregnant with his kid. They have to have some kind of closure, didn't they?

"Where are you going?" his mom asks as he wraps a towel around his waist.

"I'm gonna take one last outdoor shower."

"I thought that was Aunt Kelly's thing."

"Yeah, but I started doing it too. She always made it sound so cool. And it is. You wanna come?"

He asks this knowing she'll say no, which she thankfully does. Too many bugs, she says, which is funny, since that's never been an issue. But he decides to keep that a secret.

But when he gets to the shower, Kelly's not there. He waits. And waits. And waits. But no Kelly. Guess she's really done with me, he thinks.

He's about to turn the shower on--might as well actually take a shower now that he's here--when the door opens.

But it's not Kelly. It's Aunt Chrissy. Wearing nothing but a towel.

OK, Jack thinks. Not what he was hoping for, but still very much a welcome sight.

"Hi," she says. She closes the door behind her and enters. "I thought I might find you here."

He smiles. He pulls her in for a hug, which she's reluctant to do--she didn't exactly come down her for sex, more for getting information, but she gives in. She can think of worse things than being hugged by her powerful nephew.

"Any word from Aunt Kelly?" he asks, rubbing her cold shoulders.

"No, I was kind of hoping you would explain what's going on. She hasn't said a word since the whole Dan kerfuffle, and I'm worried."

He sighs. She knows nothing about him fucking his mother. Well, this will be an awkward conversation. Then again, Chrissy is the one who put the idea into his mind in the first place.

"It's a long--"

The door opens before he can continue. They both turn, expecting to see Kelly.

But once again, it's not her.

It's Keith.

"What the actual fuck?" Keith says, staring at his towel-clad wife in the arms of his towel-clad nephew, looking for all the world like two lovers who have been caught in a tryst.

"Keith!" Chrissy says, suddenly panicking. "I can explain."

"Yeah? I'd love to hear it how you're gonna talk yourself out of this." He gestures at them.

"Simple," Jack says, putting himself in between Chrissy and her husband. He realized from his interaction with his dad how much he loves being the alpha male, and he can feel himself getting hard right now as he enters alpha mode once more.

"I'm fucking your wife," Jack continues before adding. "And fucking her well."

"Jack," Chrissy says, her face turning a bright red.

Keith snorts. He had been suspecting some sort of shenanigans with the way his wife had suddenly taken an interest in nighttime showers, but he had thought that maybe she was screwing one of the neighbors or something. He hadn't expected his nephew to be the culprit, let along for the kid to come out and say it so brazenly. Keith honestly doesn't even believe him.

--Until he notices Chrissy's face. And the fact that she's not denying it.

Holy shit. He really is fucking my wife.

"You little shit," Keith says, advancing.

Jack does something totally unexpected.

He takes off his towel.

This makes Keith skid to a halt. OK, so little clearly isn't the right word for his nephew. Also, the fucking kid is ripped. Hung, ripped, taller, and much younger than him. And for fuck's sake, the kid's so confident and unafraid of Keith that he stripped naked to fight him?

"Chrissy!" Keith snaps, suddenly not wanting to go anywhere near Jack. "Get your ass over here right now or so help me."

"She's not going anywhere, asshole. She's done with you. She has a real man now. So get lost. Better yet, go drive home like the whiny little pathetic cuck that you are. Your wife and I have some fucking to do."

Jack turns away from Keith and places his hands on Chrissy's arms. He smiles at her. And winks.

A smile bursts onto Chrissy's face and a wave of relief washes over her. No, that's the wrong cliché, she thinks, her erotica-writing brain working overtime....A heavy load is finally lifted off her shoulders. That's it. And it's true. She really does feel lighter. What does she have to worry about? Keith? Ha. Jack will protect her from him.

Her eyes drift down to Jack's enormous, semi-hard cock.

"Yeah," she says, not even bothering to look at her husband, "fuck off Keith."

She pulls off her towel, revealing her tight, naked body, and she drops to her knees in front of her powerful nephew. Jesus, this feels good. What better way to strike back at Keith after all these years of torment than to suck off his nephew in front of him?

She gently pulls Jack's ever-growing cock up to her lips and starts licking his head. His huge, ever-growing head already glistening with precum.

Round and round and round her tongue goes before she plunges his fully erect cock into her mouth and immediately begins bobbing her head back and forth, her tongue lubricating him all along the way.

Keith can't even speak. He's too gob-smacked at what's happening in front of him. His wife is sucking off... wait, no... deepthroating his nephew! His insanely well-hung nephew. And she's taking him all the way inside her!

He blinks, filled with shame and embarrassment and anger. Yes, anger now fills him. That's the final fucking straw! This fucking cunt! She thinks she can cuckhold him right in front of her?

He takes a step, looking to end this with a few well-placed punches and kicks, but Jack simply holds up a warning finger.

"Just so you know, I broke my dad's nose with one punch. So, tread lightly, dipshit."

Keith once again skids to a halt. This fucking kid didn't even look at him when he addressed him. And his wife didn't even stop deepthroating him. Keith might as well not even fucking exist as far as she's concerned.

Jack wants to deliver the final blow, so he gently lifts Chrissy off her knees, and up to waist height. She eagerly wraps her legs around him, desperate to be claimed by him right in front of her husband.

Jack obliges. He lowers her down, down, down, down further, and down further still onto his enormous shaft, which only seems to get bigger and bigger the more Keith watches.

"Oh, fuck, yes!" she shouts upon finally reaching his hilt. She's almost laughing. No, she is laughing. She's laughing at him.

"Breed me, Jack!" she shouts. "Cum inside me. Fill me, just like you did last night!"

Jack raises her and lowers her with ease, and she's losing her ever-loving mind, driving Keith wilder and wilder with shame and anger. The sounds that come out of her are like nothing Keith's ever heard her--or any other woman--make before. Groaning, grunting, and moaning the way only a woman having her world rocked will.

Keith wants to run up and smash both of their faces in. He also wants to run away and hide from the world. But he simply can't make his feet move. All he can do is stand there and watch this horror show unfold before him.

She's taking control now. She wraps her arms around Jack and grinds her whole body into him, absolutely fucking him for all she's got, every muscle in her body trying its best to wring every last drop of cum out of him. And it's working.

He curses as his body starts to convulse. He grunts like a wild beast, gripping Chrissy and gushing what seems like gallons of white-hot, potent semen into her pussy. She explodes, screaming and moaning, obviously having the deepest orgasm of her life. When she can finally speak, she yells, "Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Fill me! Breed me!"

And the two of them convulse and spasm and jerk each other into a second orgasm. They stare deeply into each other's eyes, sinking into each other's souls as they cum and cum and cum.

And it's suddenly so fucking clear to Keith: He's lost her. Forever. He's been out-manned and out-gunned by his eighteen-year-old nephew.

He blinks. OK, this realization should have been obvious a few minutes ago when his wife deepthroated and then fucked the kid. But it's the look on her face that finally seals it for him. She's absolutely cum-drunk, totally and completely head-over-fucking-heels in love with this fucking piece of shit kid. She literally doesn't even realize that her husband is standing right there, and that is the most infuriating thing in the world. Hell, they're not scared of him in the slightest, that's how inconsequential he is. And Keith is too scared--too much of a pussy--to do anything about it.

Now his feet finally wake up and respond to his commands, and he turns and slams the shower door, knowing that his dramatic exit didn't even fucking register with them at all. They didn't even know he was still there, they certainly didn't pay any attention to his departure.

He's a cuck. That's Keith's identity now. He's a fucking pathetic cuck. And no matter how fast he runs back to the room, how quickly he packs, how frenetically he gets in the car, or how far away he flees, that is one fact he can never outrun.

He's a fucking worthless little piece of shit cuck.

Keith was right. The two lovers didn't even notice that Keith had left. They spend several minutes clutching each other, staring into each other, and absorbing each other.

In fact, it's not until she hears the sound of her car driving away that Chrissy registers what just happened.

Chrissy blinks a few times and runs a hand through her hair. "I guess I just left my husband?"

Jack smiles. "You'll just have to come stay with us."

"Me and my four kids?"

He touches her belly. "Five kids?"

She blushes.

"Anyway, we have plenty of room. We've got the farm. Assuming, of course, that Dad didn't burn the place to the ground. But it's Mom's house, so he can't stay there. More room for you."

"And what is your mom going to think about all this?"

Jack's eyes go wide. "Ah, right. We should probably talk about the real reason my dad left."

Chrissy's face goes white.

Jack turns on the shower. He tells her everything while he washes her and shampoos her and generally calms her down. She needs this because she was starting to panic. She left her husband, briefly thinking she'd be with Jack, only to come back down to Earth and realize that Jack is eighteen and going off to college. And what does she learn now, but oh, great: he's fucking his mom.

But as they shower and talk, Chrissy gets a grip. Worst case scenario: she's a single mom who has finally--fucking finally--left her husband. She and the kids can easily stay at Marla and Jack's farm for a while. There doesn't have to be any romantic anything between her and Jack. It was fun. He helped her leave her husband. And he's a phenomenal lay. But let's be real for a moment. She is not about to start a romance with the kid. And she's certainly not about to enter

into some kind of harem sitch with her nephew and her sister, for fuck's sake.

Still, she's in a bit of a daze. And. What with Jack being so kind, caring, and loving, and with her still coming down from that epic fuck, she's surprised to suddenly find herself standing outside of Marla's room, still holding Jack's strong hand.

She whispers, "Wait, Jack... I can't."

"Aunt Chrissy. Trust me, OK? Come inside. We'll take care of you. You seem a little shell-shocked right now. Maybe being alone isn't the best thing right now."

"Does your mom even know about us?"

"No. But trust me, it's going to be OK. All right? Just play along."

He braces her and makes sure she's all right. She most definitely is not all right, but she finds herself nodding and allowing Jack to guide her into the dark room.

"Jack, baby? You OK?" Marla says, her voice thick with sleep.

"Yeah, Mom, I'm fine. Listen, Aunt Chrissy's here."

"What?" Marla says, suddenly wide awake. Wide awake and mortified.

She scrambles to cover herself with the sheets, even though she was already covered.

"Mom, Mom, it's OK." He sits next to her on the bed. Chrissy hugs herself, unsure if she should be here but also knowing that fleeing isn't an option.

"Aunt Chrissy knows about us, Mom. It's OK."

"She what? Oh my god, Jack, what did you tell her?"

"Mom, she needs to stay with us tonight. Keith was... well, he got out of hand and I had to step in."

"What? Oh my god, Chrissy? Are you OK?"

Marla hops out of bed, completely forgetting that she's naked. She rushes over to her sister and braces her.

"Are you hurt?"

Chrissy blinks.

"No. I'm fine. Jack came to my rescue. He protected me. And... and..."

Suddenly, the weight of everything that just happened crashes down on her and she loses it. She bawls into Marla's shoulder.

"Oh, baby girl, I've got you," Marla says, wrapping her younger sister up in her arms, and trying to emulate all the ways that Kelly had made her feel better earlier in the day.

"Come to bed, baby. We've got you. Jack, give her my robe."

Jack wraps Marla's robe around his aunt, and, now that she's covered, she lets her wet towel drop to the floor.

Marla guides her to the bed and snuggles in next to her. She cradles her and holds her and lets her cry it out.

She thinks back to how good Kelly made her feel and applies the same techniques to Chrissy. Shushing her, holding her, telling her she did the right thing, rubbing her back, running her nails through her hair, talking her down, planting gentle kisses on her cheeks...

"I've got you, OK?"

Chrissy nods. She really does feel better, being all warm and cozy, with her beautiful big sister holding her and kissing her.

She's kissing her quite a bit, Chrissy notices. Not that she minds. Even though Chrissy has always had a major crush on Kelly, her two sisters look so much alike she had often fantasized about Marla.

Marla plants another kiss on her, this one landing on her chin. She had liked how it felt when Kelly did that for her.

They stare into each other's eyes, suddenly realizing they're going somewhere neither of them had planned on going tonight. But then Chrissy lets her eyes drift down to Marla's lips, almost begging for her to kiss her. How can Marla say no?

She leans forward and grazes her lips on Chrissy's, fully intending to tease her for a few moments, but Chrissy, overwhelmed with love for her sister and nephew and realizing she's going to be OK, seizes the reins and presses her lips into Marla's.

You know what, Chrissy thinks, I am going to be in a harem sitch with Jack and my sister. These people love me. This is where I belong.

Their lips break away and press together and soon tongues are intertwining, arms are intermingling, and legs are doing whatever legs do when two people are making love.

Chrissy rolls Marla onto her back and starts plying her with kisses all over her body. Marla had been hoping to do this for Chrissy, but she's certainly not complaining. Gosh, she thinks, what a day this has been. Getting rid of my husband, fucking both of my sisters, and then

fucking and being claimed by my son. If ever there was a day that would be perfect for a Groundhog-Day scenario, it would be this one.

Chrissy starts working her way down to Marla's vag, when Marla pulls her up.

"What's wrong?" Chrissy says, suddenly worried she's being too aggressive.

"Nothing, baby girl. I love it so much. But can I do something for you?"

"Sure."

"Skootch down to the edge of the bed with me."

The two of them slide down until Marla's legs are bent at the knee off the bed. She pulls Chrissy back on top of her.

"Jack, we need you," Marla says. Then she turns to Chrissy. "Do you trust me?"

Chrissy smiles. "Of course."

"Jack's going to fuck you now. And trust me when I say this. You're going to want to hold on tight."

Chrissy knows she's supposed to pretend that she's never been fucked by Jack before, but she's not sure how to do that. Is she supposed to pretend that she's shocked by this? Oh my heavens! Are you suggesting that my own nephew is going to make love to me? Oh no! We mustn't!

Thankfully, Jack rises to the occasion--no doubt turned on by watching his aunt and mom getting it on--and before Chrissy knows what's happening, his dick is dragging up and down her entrance.

The look of surprise on her face is therefore genuine--especially once it hits her that her nephew is going to fuck her while she's lying on top of his mother.

Jack enters her--for the second time that night--and her mouth automatically goes wide. Oh fuck, she loves this so much. Once in, he starts thrusting, building to a nice rhythm, his momentum gently causing her to slide up and down on Marla's body, their tits beautifully squashed together, their clits occasionally rubbing against each other.

Marla starts kissing her, but Chrissy's so high from all the stimulation that she can't even respond. Her mouth hangs open, her eyes shut, her mind writing page after page of her next erotica smash hit.

Soon Marla adds to the stimulation by grabbing Chrissy's ass and shoving her sister into Jack's thrusts, making them hit just a little bit harder, causing their clits to come together more frequently, making Chrissy feel like the world's happiest sex toy, and driving all three of them insane with pleasure.

And before long, Jack starts bucking like a man who can't control his body. Mom's whispering of "Breed her, Jack!" only sends him deeper into his powerful orgasm. And this sets the sisters off as well.

Soon, all three of them are grunting and groaning and oh-my-godding and holding onto each other for dear life as sparks fly, cum spurts, and wave after wave of pleasure washes away all their worries and concerns.

Finally, they relax and sigh, climb into bed, and snuggle into each other.

And before long, the three of them are fast asleep in each other's arms. Marla smiles herself to sleep, knowing she's made this happen, while Jack and Chrissy smile, knowing they successfully let Marla think she made this happen. If Chrissy feels the tiniest bit guilty for having slightly deceived her sister, there's no sign of it on her face.

In fact, she sleeps better tonight than she has in months.

Back in her room, Kelly snuggles into Dave. Unlike Jack, Marla, and Chrissy, sleep does not come to her. Not because she didn't have sex. She did. She just didn't cum. Not for the lack of trying on Dave's part, but her mind was elsewhere.

She was too busy thinking about all the mind-blowing sex she had with Jack as well as the sex she had with both of her sisters, all of which was hotter than what she was doing Dave.

And then she felt bad about having these feelings, and bad about having cheated on her husband, and bad about having gotten pregnant with Jack's child, and then finally she felt all kinds of emotions about how Jack had cheated on her with his own mother.

All of which is to say, her head wasn't exactly in the game. She gave a good performance, though, so Dave fell asleep with a smile on his face, knowing he had thoroughly pleased his wife.

And so here she was, still awake, wondering what her Marla and Jack were up to.

She had deliberately not gone to the shower tonight because she knew Jack would be there waiting for her, and she didn't want to confront him. She knew she was being ridiculous for feeling so betrayed, given how she hadn't wanted a relationship in the first place.

But you can't help how you feel.

She briefly considers leaving to go see if Chrissy is available for a midnight rendezvous, but thinks it's too risky. She doesn't think she can climb out of bed without waking up Dave.

She does extricate herself from their embrace, and he mumbles something before resuming his deep breathing and soon snoring.

And although she still doesn't feel like she could get up, leave the room, fuck her sister, and successfully return to bed without waking Dave, she does have room to pleasure herself so she can finally get to sleep.

She imagines Chrissy sneaking into the room and climbing into her bed, somehow not waking Dave. She imagines Chrissy's warm embrace. Her soft, soft skin. Her gentle kisses. Her probing tongue.

Kelly begins writhing in bed as she brings her hand down to her pussy, rubbing flatly and grinding into it.

She imagines Marla joining them. Her two beautiful sisters, each one kissing a breast, licking her nipples, dragging their nails up and down her body. Marla and Chrissy French kissing above her face, and then the three of them kissing each other while her sisters' hands snake down to finger Kelly's pussy and ass.

She's grinding with serious intent now, hoping she won't wake her husband as the bed starts to move under her.

But as much as she's enjoying this fantasy, it's still not getting her off. Not until she imagines Jack sneaking into her room, climbing in bed--still somehow not waking Dave--and sliding his beautiful rock-hard cock into her. He thrusts, gently at first, but then he lifts her ass off the mattress to get a better angle so his cockhead now tickles her g-spot with every pump.

That's getting her closer, but she's still unable to achieve the big O that's going to send her to sleep. She's still craving something else. Something that's eluding her.

In her fantasy, Jack realizes he still has some work to do. He also knows what she wants--even if she doesn't. He brings her legs up, up, up, and pushes them towards her until her feet are over her head and her pussy is fully exposed to the world.

He licks and licks, circling her vulva, rolling his tongue over her clit--enough, but not too much--and then he sends in his hands. One slides up into her pussy, the other down into her ass. He alternates his thrusts, so as one set of three fingers slide out of her pussy, the other set of two--no, three fingers--slide into her ass.

She's getting closer now. The bed frame is starting to squeak, which takes her out of her fantasy, but she doesn't want to wake Dave, so she calms down her activity.

Then she plunges back into her fantasy world. And in her fantasy, the bed is also rocking, though it doesn't wake up Dave, even as Jack sends her into ecstasy with his nimble fingers. But as much as she's loving this, she's still not cumming, and Jack knows what he needs to do to bring her home.

He's gonna have to send in the big gun.

He climbs up her body, still keeping her legs pinned above her head. He slides his cock inside her and presses his body down on her legs.

She's trapped under him now. No way to escape. Completely at his mercy.

He drives the point home over and over again. He's in control. He's her master. She has to submit to him.

In the real world, the bed is now full on groaning and shaking under her as she writhes and squirms and grinds into her hand, three of her fingers now inside and stimulating her g-spot. Her other hand is cupping her breast and pinching her nipple. She's getting closer and closer...

In the dream, Dave finally wakes up because not only is the bed fully rocking, but Kelly's not even bothering to hide her moans and groans and grunts of pleasure.

"What the fuck?" Dave yells as he comes to.

They ignore him. No, that's not right. His waking up brings them to the final act of Kelly's play.

"Who owns your pussy?" Jack says.

"You do," she responds aloud.

"Who owns your body?"

"You do."

"Who owns your mind?"

"You do."

"Who do you belong to?"

"You, Jack. I'm all yours. I'm all yours. I'm all yours."

"What about your husband? He's a nice guy. He loves you. He's a good father and caring husband. What about him?"

"Fuck him!" she shouts. "He's nothing. You're my everything!"

"I'm gonna breed you now."

"Yes! Breed me, Jack! Fill me with your seed! Give me your babies!"

"Cum on my command as you fully and completely submit to me, your new master!"

"Yes, Master!"

"Now, bitch!"

Jack grunts and dumps oceans of cum into her, and she does as he commands, cumming and cumming and cumming--both in the fantasy and in the real world.

In the real world, she clamps a hand over her mouth, which fails to fully contain her groan.

But she doesn't notice. Because in her fantasy she yells out for all the world to hear. "Yes! Yes! I'm all yours, Jack! I'm all yours!"

In the real world, she cums so hard, tears squirt out of her eyes. But she keeps stimulating herself, keeping keeps the orgasm going and going and going. Electricity flows up and down and in and out of her. Her toes curl. Her body clenches. Her thighs crush her hand. And her hips thrust and thrust and thrust, making the bed shake and shake and shake.

Dave watches this. He's been awake for several seconds, staring at his wife as she masturbates, working herself up into the tizziest tizzy of all time. He doesn't move or say anything. He wants her to have this.

But he can't help but be jealous. He has never had an orgasm this intense in his whole life.

He also can't help but think that the orgasm she had earlier had been fake.

And leads Dave to a rather uncomfortable question. What is Kelly thinking about?

Or more specifically, who is she thinking about?

She finishes, her body still jerking, her breaths halting, her stomach convulsing for a full minute afterwards. She wants to cry. She can't believe where her mind went. And she knows, as she glances over at her seemingly sleeping husband, knowing that that wasn't just some fantasy.

That was her true desire.

She wants Jack. But more than that, she wants to submit to him.

Fully.

Completely.

If she thought that orgasm would put her to sleep, she was mistaken, for her body automatically starts writhing, her hips start bucking, and her fingers start fingering all over again as she gives in, fantasizing about submitting to Jack.

Her master.

Part 5

"Hi, baby, did you make it OK?"

Kelly's mom, Rachel, sweeps into the room, cutting through the iciness that lies between Marla and her sister.

"Yeah, Mom, it was fine. No traffic."

But Rachel's not really listening. She's too excited to finally hold her granddaughter in her hands. She scoops up the child and takes one look at her. Her smile faulters for a split second before she recovers. Of course, Rachel thinks. She looks just like Jack. All three babies do. That fucking scoundrel. At least Kelly didn't name her Jacqueline or something, announcing to all the world who the true father is, unlike both Marla and Chrissy.

Rachel makes a fuss over how beautiful her granddaughter is before swooping over to also grab Marla's son and leave the room.

The ice returns.

Kelly is about to say something, but Marla saves her the trouble. She calls after her mom and leaves the room.

Dave caught the tail end of that interaction and looks questioningly at Kelly. She shrugs, even though she knows why Marla hates her.

And as she watches Dave head upstairs to their bedroom, she reflects on the final events of last year's reunion.

* * *

Jack can't sleep. Not since his mom moved slightly, nudging him with an elbow and waking him up. Normally, that wouldn't be a problem. He's eighteen. Sleep comes easily to him. (Especially after having exerted himself so extensively as he did the day before.) But tonight, the moment he wakes up, his mind starts racing. Thinking about Aunt Kelly.

Everyone is leaving tomorrow. With all the chaos of packing and the corralling of kids and the saying of goodbyes, it would be difficult to talk to her even if she wasn't actively trying to avoid him.

But she's actively trying to avoid him, and it's driving him crazy.

It's his own fault. He fucked up. He slept with his mother. And then he want and doubled down on that fuck up by also sleeping with his Aunt Chrissy.

The thing is, in his head, everything is so clear. They could all be living together on their farm in Massachusetts. Him and his harem of his two aunts and his mom. They could all love each other... and worship him. Is that too much to ask?

He doesn't think so.

He just doesn't know how to make it happen.

The longer he lies there, the less likely he is to get back to sleep and the more convinced he is that he needs to talk to Kelly tonight. He knows it's stupid. The likelihood of getting caught and ruining everything is high. And the chance of success--of getting her to talk to him without waking up her husband, and then getting her to forgive him for fucking his mother--is, let's face it, less than zero.

And yet.

He didn't get where he is by not taking chances. Yes, he could play it safe and stay here in bed with Mom and Aunt Chrissy, and then have all of them go home to the farm tomorrow. But he wants Aunt Kelly. She's the love of his life. The woman he's thirsted after ever since he discovered there was such a thirst to slake.

Yes, he loves his mother. Yes, he loves Aunt Chrissy. But Kelly's the key. Without her, he'll always have a gaping hole in his heart.

And besides. He knows she loves him. He knows it. He just needs to get to her. He's talked her out of bailing on him before. He knows he can do it again.

And so, before he can stop himself, he slips out of bed. Thank goodness for memory foam beds and their lack of squeaking or making the whole bed shake when he leaves.

Still, his mom mumbles something and shifts positions, unconsciously noticing the lack of his warmth. But she finds Chrissy and snuggles into her.

The sight of these two beautiful women, their legs and arms intertwined, their faces pressed against one another, stirs something inside him. Maybe he should just stay here and be content with what he has? Two smoking hot babes who are obsessed with him and want to have his babies.

He can think of worse things.

But no. He shakes his head. He knows he's being foolish, but he also knows he'll never forgive himself for not trying.

He needs her.

He grabs his boxer shorts off the floor and creeps over to the door. He turns the knob, inches the door open, and closes it quietly behind him.

Whew. Now for the hard part.

He listens at Aunt Kelly's door. It would be super awkward if he opened it up while they were talking, or worse: if they were having sex.

But all he hears is Uncle Dave snoring. At least he hopes that's Uncle Dave. He might seriously reconsider his feelings for Aunt Kelly if she were the one making that ungodly noise.

He turns the knob and squints, praying it doesn't squeak.

Nothing. Or if it did, it was drowned out by the snoring.

He inches the door open and peeks inside. Lights are off and no movement. And yes, thank god. That's Uncle Dave snoring. Damn. Dude's sawing away. How does Aunt Kelly sleep through that?

He closes the door behind him and sneaks over to her side of the enormous king-sized bed.

Fucking hell. Just look at her. She's laying on her side, facing her husband. She has a sheet covering part of her. But not her ass, which shines up at him like a honey-colored work of art. Fuck, he so wants to touch it. To caress it. He loves her ass so much. So smooth and soft but also toned and firm. And it's the perfect size, too. He could get lost in that ass.

He feels his cock springing to life at the thought of fucking her in the ass, imagining her cheeks engulfing his cock, cushioning his hips as he thrusts in... He remembers how much she loved it when he fingered her ass, imagine how she'd react with his enormous cock thrusting up in there? Oh, and what if he fucked her up the ass and also slid a dildo into her pussy?

OK, idiot. You're not here to jerk off. You're also not here to stand and look at her like a creep. You're here to talk to her. Or at least, to see if you can convince her to leave the room with you so you can talk in peace.

How he's going to do that, he's not sure. Does he shake her gently and then cover her mouth when she stirs so she doesn't say anything or scream?

OK, now that sounds creepy as shit.

Maybe he can just caress her face? But she's facing Dave. He's not exactly sure how she'd react, but he suspects if she woke up with someone caressing her face, and she opened her eyes and saw her husband still sleeping next to her, she might scream to high heaven.

Come on, asshole. Think.

But he's struggling to think clearly with that ass staring at him. In fact, he's rock hard, precum soaking his boxers.

That actually gives him an idea. It's a stupid idea, but something tells him to try it. Worst case scenario it doesn't work, and he's no worse off than he is right now. Best case... it'll lead to something interesting.

It's something he read about once. Online, so it's probably bullshit, but he's going to try it anyway. Because fuck it. Go big or have your whole life ruined, right?

He reaches into his boxers and coats his index and middle fingers with precum. He brings them up to his nose. He can't really smell anything, which isn't making him feel super confident in this plan, but who knows. Besides, don't pregnant women have a stronger sense of smell?

He approaches the bed and leans over. He reaches his fingers towards her nose, keeping it far enough away so he doesn't touch her but close enough that she should (hopefully) be able to smell his scent.

He waits.

He can feel her soft breath fall on his fingers.

He waits some more.

Well, he thinks, I guess this is one more Internet rumor that isn't true--

Hold up.

She's stirring. Her breath deepening. Her chest starts heaving. Her lips part, the sound of which is heaven to his ears. She sighs a little sigh, and she starts bucking her hips. Jack stares as her ass moves hypnotically back and forth. Her butt muscles clenching and

releasing. He imagines them clenching and releasing around his cock and he grows even harder.

She turns her head towards his fingers and Jack has to be careful not to touch her. Not yet, at least.

He pulls his hand slowly towards him, and sure enough, her head turns even more to follow that smell.

She bites her lip and opens her mouth. Oh, the sight of her open mouth. Her beautiful, luscious lips just begging to be kissed. Or even better, begging for him to slip something inside them.

He brings his hand closer to him, and she rolls over onto her back. She still bucking her hips, and Jack sucks in air at the sight of her stomach muscles working, her back arching, her pussy rising and falling, her body instinctively reacting to his scent. It craves him. She craves him.

He loads his fingers with more precum and brings his hand back to her nose.

She's moving with greater intensity now, even dragging her nails up and down her torso. She opens her mouth in ecstasy, and she brings her hands to her tits as she humps the air methodically, rhythmically...

desperately.

He can't believe that he's about to do what he's about to do, but he's doing it.

He drops his boxers and steps up to the edge of the bed. He places his cock up to her mouth...

She reacts instantly, instinctively kissing his head and licking up more precum. She brings her hands up and begins caressing him, gently running her fingers up and down the length of his shaft. Then she starts pressing his cock to her face, smearing precum all over her.

She plants gentle kisses up and down his cock. The feel of her soft lips nearly makes him shoot his wad; the sound of her lips coming together and pulling away is the greatest soundtrack to any move ever; and she turns her head slightly to and fro, looking like she's making sweet, sweet love to it. And her fingers. They dance all over the top half, adding soft stimulation that sometimes takes on an edge when her nails get involved, and it's all he can't do not to gasp.

He turns to see her pussy bucking hard now. He knows it's risky, but he reaches down and places a gentle hand on it.

She freezes, gasping. Her mouth opens as if awaiting further instructions.

He gives her one. He applies tender pressure to her pussy with a steady, circular motion.

That does it. She responds by turning her body towards him, and pulling his cock into her mouth. This angle is hard for him to stimulate her pussy properly, but he's doing his best. She certainly has no notes. In fact, she's thrusting into him with greater intent now. And meanwhile her head is moving back and forth as she takes his cock in and out of her mouth.

Fuck. Even asleep she gives killer blowjobs.

He dares to slide his fingers inside her now, which causes her to open her mouth wide. It's bad for his blowjob, but the sight of her pleasure is enough to drive him wild.

He's not worried about the blowjob now, he just wants to see her cum. He finds her g-spot and gives it the gentle but persistent stimulation she loves.

Her whole body reacts, writhing and bucking, her mouth opening and closing, her head tilting back. Then he feels it. That arrhythmic, jerky motion of his beautiful aunt having an orgasm.

She gasps and opens her eyes.

She blinks, still cumming but unsure of where she is or what's making her feel so good.

Then she focuses. The first thing she sees is Jack's huge cock, inches from her face. Then she looks up and sees him standing over her.

She can't believe it. He came into her bedroom and pleased her, just like he did in her fantasy. And with her husband sound asleep only three feet from her.

And she's still cumming. In fact, the reality of her situation only deepens her orgasm. Her man has come here to claim her. She knows she should still be mad at him. But the body wants what it wants.

And it wants him.

She so wishes she could take his cock inside her mouth to show him how much she loves him, but she's lost all motor control for the moment. All she can do is cum. Writhe and cum and hope her squirming body doesn't shake the bed too hard and wake her husband.

She begins her last bout of convulsions as her orgasm comes to a head. The bed is definitely shaking now. Please don't wake Dave. Please don't wake Dave. Please don't wake Dave.

Jack's worried about that same thing. He hates to cut off a good thing, but he's got other plans for her right now.

He removes his hand from her pussy and scoops his arms under her torso and legs.

He easily lifts her off the bed and she gasps slightly, smiling a drunken smile at his effortless power.

Now she can finally move, so she wraps her arms around his neck. Then he lets go with his right hand and her body swings down like a pendulum. But she's not worried. Her man has her. And he steadies her fall, pressing her body into his. He lifts her up slightly and she wraps her legs around his waist.

They pause and stare into each other's eyes. She smiles. Oh fuck, she loves this so much. This is where she belongs. Forever.

She bucks her hips back and forth slightly and smiles as her pussy glazes over his head, just like she did their first night together.

She turns to look at her sleeping husband, still snoring away, still facing the wall. She looks back at her lover... and she slides down, slowly, reveling in how his cock expands her body and fills her insides. Once she reaches the bottom, she stays there, squiring on his dick, kissing him deeply, letting her tongue explore his mouth. And they stay here for several long, delicious seconds before he lifts her up.

The movement causes her mouth to drop open until she reaches the top. She bites her lip and he pulls her slowly back down.

And they begin.

It's a long, slow, sultry fuck. Every time he pulls her down, she tightens her walls to squeeze him. Every time he brings her up, she loosens her grip on him so as to make her next descent all the more powerful. Down and up and down and up, clench and release, tighten and relax.

Every moment is enhanced. Every muscle constricting to extract the most amount pleasure, not just her vaginal walls, but her arms and legs. Even his cock seems to vibrate with desire. Every breath is deep and longing. Every second of eye contact is emotional and eternal. Gacial. Intense. Mouths open. Silent curses expressed. Smiles and forgiveness. Her hands swirling through his hair. His hands kneading her soft, soft ass.

And it's deathly quiet, which only adds to the intensity.

That is, until she nuzzles her face into his, and he whispers as quietly as he can, "I'm sorry, Aunt Kelly."

She clamps a hand over his mouth, just like she did in their first tryst. He can't help but smile. Obviously she's forgiven him, but he still felt like he needed to say something.

She kisses his ear and whispers, "I'm all yours, Jack. All yours." Her breath caressing him. Her lips grazing his ears. "Take me now."

He responds by building up his speed, and now, every time she lands, her clit gets stimulated with greater intensity, making it harder for her to stay silent.

She almost wants to let loose and grunt and groan and moan and yell and wake her husband and show him what a real man looks like, but she holds it together. There'll be plenty of time to leave him after they get home. She doesn't have to be a cunt about it.

But staying silent, knowing she's cucking her husband only six feet from him makes her second orgasm hit her out of nowhere, and she clamps a hand over her mouth as her body starts shaking, and it's all she can do to keep her legs locked in place.

Jack's holding on her dear life. Nothing turns him on more than making a woman cum--especially when that woman is Aunt Kelly. But he wants her to have the greatest orgasm of her life right next to her sleeping husband. It'll be his ultimate claiming. So he just has to hang on and not cum... not cum... not cum...

But now her orgasm kicks into its highest gear yet, and if she goes any higher she'll scream. She digs her nails into his back, and that's his signal. Now he can let loose.

His orgasm is so powerful, he nearly grunts. But he keeps it together and unleashes streams of jizz inside her. And the two of them clutch each other, shaking, gasping, cumming, wondering how the whole house isn't crumbling down around them, until they finally come to a rest. Well, their usual, post-coital rest where they spend the next few blissful minutes half-asleep but still occasionally spasming and jerking until it's finally done.

Kelly wants to kiss him but is worried the sound of their lips smacking together will wake Dave up, so she just stares into him and grazes her lips against his.

Finally, she whispers for him to put her to bed. And he lifts her off his dick and does as she asks.

She looks up at him and blows him a kiss. He pretends to catch it and smiles at how goofy he feels.

He scoops up his boxers and makes for the door.

He looks back at his beautiful aunt. She stares at him through half-lidded eyes, still writhing, still biting her lip. She tracks her fingers up and down her body, still reveling in how good he made her feel, how much she loves him, and how deeply she loves being claimed by him.

He's her man. And him standing there, getting hard again as he watches her writhe on the bed for him makes her smile. She bites her finger naughtily. She thinks she might be able to get him to fuck her again.

She lifts a foot up towards him, and he takes the bait. He steps up and caresses it, oh how fucking beautiful her feet are. So soft and perfect. Her toenails so red and shiny against her honey-colored skin. He can't resist. He lifts her foot up to his mouth and licks her big toe.

She gasps quietly and stares at him in wonder. Suck my toe, Jack, she thinks. Take it in your mouth and give me a toe-job.

He does as she wills, and he spends the next few minutes working her toe in and out of his mouth, letting his tongue slide all around it. He sucks, he kisses, he licks and worships. He builds and builds his rhythm until his cock is up and ready for action again.

She pulls her foot away and gives him the come-hither.

He smiles and takes her in his arms once again.

This time, their fucking is fast and hard, with her taking the lead, grinding into him, milking him until he's spent. Now he's the one jerking and spasming uncontrollably.

When he's done, she whispers, "Good boy." He smiles, puts her back to bed, and practically stumbles his way back to his room.

When he climbs back into his own bed, his mother mumbles something, but he just brings her in for a hug until they fall asleep in each other's arms.

Kelly wakes up the next morning and begins surreptitiously rubbing one out. You'd think her vag would be broken, not just from the sex she had last night but also the masturbating she did before that. But she's still horny from having submitted to Jack. From having been fucked by her alpha right next to her husband. She's gonna need a

clear head to get through today. And to do that, she's gonna need a big O.

Or even a tiny O would be nice.

She knows she's being stupid--not stupid for masturbating next to her husband--stupid for going back to Jack after he swore loyalty to her and then immediately betrayed her.

And it's worse than that. Not only did she go back to him. She submitted to him. Hell, she fantasized about submitting to him even before he came in and...

Jesus. He came in last night and somehow got her to give him a blowjob while she was still asleep. And yes, that's pretty much what she had fantasized about before going to sleep, but still, that's creepy AF, right?

And yet she didn't even hesitate. She didn't shout, oh my god, you're violating me. No. She hopped on that dick the moment she had the chance. She even forgave him for cheating on her.

She's not sure she likes who she's becoming. She's a feminist, for god's sake. She wants women to have not just the same rights as men but the same power, too. She has it in her marriage.

And yet, here she is, ready to leave her wonderful, kind husband for a possessive alpha male. Why?

Because she wants his dick.

Thinking this out loud makes her feel so stupid and basic. And yet, that's exactly what she loves about it. It's basic. It's not some highfalutin, esoteric dream about wanting a better tomorrow or peace in our time or saving the world. No. All she wants in the world is Jack's dick. In her. On her. Near her. At all time. It's so stupid. So primal. And so perfect.

What's more, it's obtainable.

OK, she's not exactly sure how the next few months are going to go, what with him going off to school--wait, did he overhear him say he wasn't going to school after all? Something about how that was his dad's dream, not his?

OK, whatever, Kelly. Either way. She has to get home, leave her husband. Figure out all that messy divorce shit. Still go to work. Still take care of the kids--

She stops rubbing herself. This line of thinking is clearly not going to get her off.

Let's regroup. We'll worry about all that shit tomorrow. Today we still have a few hours before we go home. Maybe, just maybe, they'll find a way to get in one last shag. It won't be easy. She'll have to corral the kids. And Dave. But maybe...

Kelly begins imagining Jack trying to corner her in the last few hours that they have here at the lake. He keeps trying to pull her into the bathroom for a quickie. But Kelly resists. Not because she doesn't want it, and not because she is too busy. But because it's hotter. It's so much hotter to say no. To make him make her throw caution to the wind and give in to her primal urges.

He's good at seduction. He knows just what buttons to push to get her to stop thinking with her brain and start feeling with her vag.

And in her fantasy, he finally grabs her by the arm and yanks her into a closet. The one in the third floor loft where all the kids sleep. But it's empty now. All the kids and their things are downstairs. And she can hear Dave calling for her. And she says, No, Jack, I need to get back to my family. And he says, I'm your family now. I'm all you need. Or something like that. And whatever he says, it's exactly what she wants to hear. And he starts pawing at her and kissing her neck the way she likes, and groping her ass, and before long, he's pulled down her panties and raised up her yellow sundress that she knows he loves, and he slides in--easily because she's so wet--and she throws her head back, unable to believe how she couldn't resist him. And his cock is hitting all the right places, and he's picking up the right speed, and she's moaning, trying to keep quiet because she can hear Dave calling for her. He's walking up to the third floor. He's coming. Her husband is coming. He's going to find them. And Jack says Let him. Let him see what a cuck he is. And Dave flings open the closet door and that triggers her orgasm--in the fantasy and in the real world. She cums and cums and laughs in her husband's face. You don't own me, Dave. Jack owns me. I'm his sex slave, and I'll do anything to keep this dick filling my pussy to completion.

"You all right, Farr?" Dave says. In the real world, not the fantasy. He's been watching his wife pleasure herself for a few minutes.

"Oh, fuck!" she says. "How long have you been watching me?"

He's surprised at her aggression. If she had caught him masturbating, he'd be more embarrassed. Not her. She's pissed. Sheesh. Like it's his fault she's whacking off right next to him.

"Not long. What were you thinking about?"

She rolls her eyes. Calm down, Kelly. Don't be a bitch. It's OK to be one in your fantasies, but the real-life Dave is a saint. You're the problem. You're the cheater. You're the cunt.

She calms down and sighs. "No one."

She climbs out of bed to start her day.

Dave frowns. He didn't ask who she was thinking about. He asked what.

He has an idea of who she was thinking about, though. He was stewing about it all night.

Jack awakes the next morning to find his mother blowing him. Not a bad way start to the day, he thinks. And she's working it, too. He's

not sure how long she's been at it--she may not have even taken his cock into her mouth yet, just applying delicious kisses and licks--but he's rock hard.

He reaches out a hand to caress her face and she smiles at him, only now realizing he's awake. A big grin takes over her face as she decides he's ready for her to go ahead and give him the full BJ. She wraps her lips around his head and slowly sinks him inside her. He gasps quietly and closes his eyes.

He did it. The impossible. He got Aunt Kelly back. Now he has all three sisters. The complete set. Yes, there's still some wrangling to do before they're all living together on the farm, but the hard part's over.

And, right on cue, Chrissy crawls over and starts making out with him. His dick tightens at the thought of the four of them having sex one day. Think of the possibilities.

"Sit on my face," he tells Chrissy.

She bites her lip in anticipation, and does as he asks. As he commands.

Just before she settles in, Jack tells his mother to ride him. He wants to please both of them at the same time. He hopes they'll make out.

Chrissy settles down and he immediately goes to work, licking her pussy and even her asshole. That really gets Chrissy going. So much

so that he focuses on licking that one spot, sending his tongue in as far as it will go.

He feels his mom's warm pussy engulf his cock, and he starts bucking. Wait, no, she wants him to hold still so she can drive. No worries. He can do that.

Instead, he focuses his energy on licking his aunt's asshole and fingering her pussy at the same time. Oh yeah, he can feel her shudder, especially when he hits that beautiful g-spot of hers.

And after a few minutes, he can feel her thighs shake from an orgasm. This nearly makes him cum, but he's got to hold on. Mom's not ready yet.

Suddenly the door opens.

The women gasp and scatter, frantically searching for their clothes.

Jack just lies there, dick standing at attention, as he blinks in the bright light.

Grandma?

Rachel stands there in the door frame blinking. She can feel a headache coming on.

She suspected when she trudged up the stairs that she'd find Jack and his mother. It was pretty obvious last night that there was some shenanigans going on. But Chrissy, too? Does that mean that Keith left last night? How the hell is everyone getting home if two of the three cars are gone?

Wait, that's not important right now. What's important is that her daughters are fucking her grandson. Here. In her house.

Not only are they fucking him, but they were fucking him at the same time. They were fucking him and French kissing each other. And from the look of things, Chrissy was having one hell of an orgasm and Marla was right behind.

What the actual fuck?

Where did she go wrong? She thought she raised three responsible young women. And yet here we are.

"Mom, I can explain!" Chrissy says, covering her tits.

"Go take care of your children," Rachel commands.

Chrissy nods and hops out of bed, finally grabbing a towel, before scurrying past her mother and running down the hall to her room.

"And you," Rachel says to Marla. "Get your clothes on."

Marla's way ahead of her. Jack raises an eyebrow watching his mom cower before her mother. He has to respect Grandma's game. She remained calm. Didn't raise her voice. Didn't curse or put on histrionics at the crazy display of incestuous sex she just saw. She merely commanded her subordinates and bent them to her will.

He could learn a lot from her.

"Out," Rachel says once Marla's dressed.

Marla looks briefly at Jack but Rachel speaks up.

"I'm going to have a chat with my grandson. Go downstairs and help your sister."

Marla nods and leaves.

Rachel closes the door and scowls at Jack. Look at this fucking kid. Lying there, arms behind his head, not a care in the world.

Then again, she guesses she'd feel the same way if she'd been the one fucking two hot older women--even if one of them was her mom. That last thought makes her shudder, but then again, her mom wasn't nearly as hot as Marla.

She throws her hands up and says, "What the fuck are you doing?"

He snorts.

"I was making two women very happy."

She squints at him. Oh. OK. So that's how this is going to be.

"Is this a game to you?"

"What do you want?" he says. "I chased away their piece of shit husbands, and I'm giving them more love than they've ever had in their lives. Who's being hurt?"

"And so what's your endgame, Jack? You're all gonna live as a big happy harem on the farm?"

He snorts again. The more he looks at his grandmother, the hotter she gets. She's always been a smoke-show--her daughters definitely didn't get their looks from Grandpa--but Jack never really paid much attention to her before. Why would he? He had two beautiful aunts and a hot mom to distract him. But studying her now... there's no getting around it. She's fucking hot--especially when she's mad. She's only, what, fifty-two or something? Jack can't remember, but he knows she's about twenty years younger than Grandpa, and he had his seventieth birthday a couple of years ago.

So yeah, even though he knows she wants him to cower and simper and beg for her forgiveness and tell her he'll never fuck his mom again, the only thing running through Jack's mind is: I bet I can seduce Grandma, too.

"What's wrong with that?" he says, referring to Grandma's harem suggestion. "Chrissy's kids love me, and we have plenty of room."

He swings his legs off the bed and stands, revealing all of himself to her. She caught a glimpse earlier, but in their haste to escape, the women wound up covering his dick with the sheet. But now he stands before her in all his manhood. Muscles. Confidence. A huge dick that's still somehow semi-hard.

She notices. But she also makes an exaggerated point of not being impressed.

Yes, OK, he's the hottest guy she's ever seen naked. Yes, he has the biggest dick she's ever seen, and it's much bigger than anything she's ever touched.

But whatever.

What she doesn't find attractive are guys who think their muscles and looks and Big Dick Energy are enough to make women instantly drop their panties.

(Although she seems to be the only one in the family who feels that way. Well, her and Kelly.)

"You know what your problem is, Rachel?"

She raises an eyebrow at his use of her first name. The balls on this kid. Literally.

He takes a step towards her.

She sighs inwardly. Is he really going to hit on her? His own grandmother? Is that where his head's at? She remains stone-faced, though. Let's see him try.

"I'm sure you'll tell me, grandson." She emphasizes that last word to let him know who's in charge here.

He smiles and steps right in front of her. She can see his dick growing by the second.

OK, that is definitely impressive.

"When was the last time you got laid?"

She smirks. God, she really wants to smack him.

"I mean, I love Grandpa and all, but he's a million years old. There's no way he's getting it up anymore. Even for you. And let me tell you, Grandma: You're fucking hot."

"Oh, and you're going to, what, cure me with your big dick?"

"You noticed."

She rolls her eyes.

"I'm just saying, a little roll in the hay never hurt anyone."

"Are you finished?"

He smiles. OK, he can't tell she's not interested.

Yet.

"Although my daughters might be idiots, I'm not. This girl right here? Zero interest in you. Oh, and..."

She slaps him.

"That is for propositioning me. Your grandmother--

"--grandmother."

"Your married grandmother. And this is for fucking your mother..."

She slaps him again. Or at least she tries to. But he catches her hand. Easily. She moves to slap him with her other hand, but he catches

that one, too. He's holding both hands now. She goes to knee him in the dick, but he blocks her with his thigh.

"Oh, so you're going to assault me now?" she says once she recovers her composure.

"I'm just trying to stop you from attacking me. All you had to say was no."

"You don't get to just waltz around and fuck whoever you want, Jack. People are going to get hurt."

"No one's getting hurt." As he says this, he brings her hands down towards his cock, which is now rock hard.

"You want me to touch your dick? Is that where this maneuver is going?"

"Whatever makes you happy, Grandma."

"OK. I wanna touch your dick."

He knows he's walking into a trap, but he lets go of her hands, interested to see where this lead. Maybe she'll slap him again?

But no, she grabs his dick, all right. And he sucks in air at her touch. Her hands are softer than he expected. But no sooner does she grab

it, then she bends it downward, forcing him to drop to his knees in agony.

"You think you're the only alpha dog in the family, asshole? I'm the OG. Now excuse me. I have a family to organize."

She lets go and walks out of the room. Jack spends the next few minutes moaning in agony and holding his dick. When he recovers, though, he smiles. He's gonna fuck his grandmother. Not today, not tomorrow. But some day.

As she walks downstairs Rachel allows herself to think about her grandson's dick. How big it felt in her hands. How warm. She wonders, just for a second, what it would feel like inside her.

Probably painful, she thinks, and moves on.

As the family eats breakfast, they figure out a plan to get everyone home. Problem is, Marla's and Chrissy's husbands took their cars, leaving the entire family with just two: Kelly's and her parents'. Two cars for six kids, three sisters, Dave and Jack, and all their gear. Not to mention Grandpa, who's going to have to drive his car to Marla's farmhouse in Western Mass and back again the next day.

The good news is Grandpa's car is a minivan, so all the kids and two adults can easily fit in there. The bad news is that doesn't leave much room for all their gear. They can fit everything else into Kelly's and Dave's car, but that's only if they stuff two-thirds of the back seat with suitcases and the like. Which means...

"Someone's going to have to sit on someone's lap," Grandpa says.

Dave doesn't like that idea. It's a three hour drive to the farm and that's not exactly safe. But what choice do they have?

"OK, fine," Dave says. "So Jack, you ride up front with me, and I guess the sisters can--"

"Sorry, Dave," Chrissy says, holding up a hand, "but I get carsick, and Marla does, too."

Marla nods quietly. She so wishes she could sit on Jack's lap so he could fuck her all the way home, but she knows she'd be sick the entire time. That's OK, she thinks. Soon they'll be home and she and Chrissy and Jack can fuck like rabbits all day every day.

Kelly suppresses a smile, knowing what this means. Jack, too. But Dave... well, this is the last thing he wants.

He knows he's being ridiculous. What does he think is going to happen? Does he really think his wife is going to have sex with her nephew? Here in the car? Sitting immediately behind her husband?

No. Obviously not. Don't be ridiculous.

And yet, he saw her masturbating. Last night and this morning. And he doesn't know for a fact that she was fantasizing about Jack, but he seriously suspects that she was.

So he proposes a different solution.

"OK, no problem," he says. "Jack you drive, and Kelly and I will ride in the back."

"I don't have a license, Uncle Dave."

Dave grows pale. "How do you not have a driver's license?"

Jack shrugs. He's never needed one. Even out there in the sticks of Western Mass, he's always had someone to drive him wherever he wanted to go.

"I can drive a tractor," he says unhelpfully.

"It's OK, Dave," Kelly says, giving her husband a slight hug. "It's only for a few hours. I'll be fine."

I'm sure you will, he thinks bitterly. Sitting on the lap of your strapping nephew.

He's not even sure where this sudden jealousy is coming from, but there's something rather suspicious about how Keith and Dan both

left in a huff, and he can't help but feel like Jack is at the center somehow.

He doesn't even say yes, everyone just assumes that his wife will sit on Jack's lap and that's that, which makes Dave feel helpless. Like a sap.

Like a cuck.

While everyone packs, he keeps looking for signs that Jack and Kelly are having some sort of affair. Some sort of secret laugh or minute sign of intimate familiarity between them, but he sees none.

That doesn't mean one doesn't happen.

While Dave is helping his sisters-in-law carry some heavy suitcases, Kelly runs upstairs to do a last-minute sweep of the third-floor bedroom--the very place Kelly had fantasized about Jack taking her only this morning.

She bends down to check under the beds for stray toys and clothes the kids are always leaving there when Jack sneaks up behind her and grabs her hips.

She stands and he wraps his arms around her, pulling her into him, brushing her hair away from her neck, and kissing her shoulder.

"I have to go," she says, just like in her fantasy.

"Farr?" Dave called up from downstairs.

"Be right there, Dave! Just grabbing a few things."

"Give me your panties," Jack commands. She turns and flashes him a naughty smile. She shakes her head no, but he raises an eyebrow at her and holds out his hand.

"Farr?" Dave shouts. "We have to go!"

She bites her lip, and does as Jack commands. Because she's his now. And frankly, the notion of sitting on Jack's lap, sans underwear, makes her instantly wet.

She lifts her sundress and steps forward.

Jack drops to his knees and pulls her panties down her soft thighs.

"Farr?" Dave shouts. She can hear him coming up the stairs.

"Hurry," she whispers, but Jack's taking his sweet time, planting delicious, wet kisses on her pussy, and holding her ass so she can't escape.

Dave's on the second floor now, and she finally pushes Jack away. He smiles at her as she hurries out of the room. He sniffs her panties. And tosses them in the corner.

As Kelly rushes down the stairs, arms filled with the kids' things, her mind is awash with dirty thoughts. Will Jack fuck her in the car right behind her husband? Is her ultimate fantasy of cucking her husband about to come true?

She blushes, knowing they're playing with fire, knowing she should say no. They should just hold out for the three hour trip and figure out how to be together another day. Maybe she can simply find an excuse to stay the night at Marla's. She can talk to Dave and tell him the trip home is going to be too long. It's only Saturday. They'll have another day to get home before anyone has to work. Then tonight she can sneak up to Jack's room for another tryst.

Or better yet, he can fuck her in her room, right next to her sleeping husband.

Yes, that's a better plan.

She shoves the kids' things into Dave's hands and gives him a wink. Jack escapes down the stairs without Dave noticing.

Once the cars are packed up, everyone says their goodbyes to Grandma. When it's Kelly's turn, Rachel looks at her, unable to decipher if she's already fucked Jack or not. But she hugs her daughter and whispers, "Don't do it."

Kelly pretends she doesn't know what her mother is talking about, but Rachel wasn't born yesterday.

She gives Dave a warm hug goodbye. Warmer, perhaps, than she has in the past. She feels bad for him, for he seems oblivious to the drama unfolding around him. She's always liked Dave, or David, as she's always insisted on calling him. He's been a good husband and loving father. He doesn't deserve to be treated like this by his idiot daughter.

"Drive safe," she says, cupping his face in her hand.

Dave blushes a little at Rachel's affection. He's always had a thing for older women, and Rachel's a stunning beauty. The fact that she has always insisted her call her Mom has always felt a little dirty to him, given his crush. A little dirty, and because of that, a little sexy.

"Will do, Mom" he says. He's unsure why she's being so affectionate. Is there a hint of sadness behind her smile?

When Rachel says goodbye to Chrissy and then to Marla, she tells them both that they're being idiots, but that she loves them in spite of that.

When Grandma says goodbye to Jack, however, she is very cold indeed.

"Goodbye, Grandma," he says, lacing that last word with irony.

She eyes him. No humor. No warmth.

"I look forward to picking up where we left off next year," he says.

"You aren't invited," she says. She turns to leave him, sans hug, but he pulls her in for a hug anyway. She lets him, not wanting to make a scene. He relishes her soft, soft hair that brushes up against his face. He also relishes her reluctance. He knows he'll have his way. He just has to play his cards right. He's up for the challenge.

The kids all pile into the minivan and Grandpa buckles them up.

Then the kids all ask for Aunt Marla to ride with them. She had been planning on riding in the care with Dave, Kelly, and Jack--not sure why, exactly. It's not like she expects any shenanigans between Jack and Kelly. After all, she bared her soul to Kelly about sleeping with Jack. She would never turn around and fuck her son, right? And certainly not in the car with her husband right there. She shakes her head at her own foolishness. No. Jack would never cheat on her. And Kelly would never do that to her. She's being an idiot.

And besides, how can she say no to her nieces and nephews?

"All right, kids, I'll ride with you. But only if we play lots of games along the way!"

The kids all cheer. This is why she's the favorite aunt.

Jack takes a seat in the car.

"You sure there's enough room there for you and Kelly?" Dave asks, checking out the backseat. The seat next to Jack is piled full with suitcases and lake equipment. Not to mention the long standup paddleboard that runs the length of the car, from right next to the driver all the way back through the wagon's trunk and out the back window.

"Plenty of room Uncle Dave."

"You sure you'll be all right with her sitting on you for three hours?"

"Yeah, it'll be fine," Dave says, pretending to give this some thought. He plays it off innocently enough. "I promise I'll say something if I'm at all uncomfortable."

"Please don't worry, Dave," Kelly says. She gives him a quick kiss on the cheek. Then she climbs into the car and settles on Jack's lap.

It takes some doing to get the seatbelt to be big enough for the two of them, and Dave mutters about how dangerous this is, but everyone assures him it'll be fine.

He's not happy but he closes their door. He looks at them through the window for any sign that they're excited about this--anything to signal that he's being cucked by them. But they sit impassively and stare straight ahead.

What's going on beneath her sundress, though is Jack is getting semi-hard at the feel of Aunt Kelly's luscious, soft thighs straddling him. Her naked ass pressed against his groin. He gives a slight thrust upward, knowing her exposed pussy is right there, but she smacks his knee.

Dave climbs into the car and makes one more check that everyone is settled in. Chrissy tells him not to worry, and even offers to drive if that will make him feel better. He says thanks but no thanks, and soon they drive off, with Grandpa, Marla, and the grandkids following behind.

Jack and Kelly sit still and barely talk for the first twenty minutes or so. They suspect they need to play it cool until Dave is convinced everything is fine. From this angle, he can't really see behind him unless he leans over towards the middle, giving him a better angle in the rearview mirror. He does this a few times until both Chrissy and Kelly tell him to keep his eyes on the road.

Chrissy wants to give Kelly a subtle signal to keep it together and not do anything in the car, for crying out loud, but the damn paddleboard is in the way. So she decides, the lovers are gonna do whatever the lovers are gonna so. She might as well try to help by keeping Dave distracted with benign banter. Hopefully, if anything does go down, he might not notice.

But once Dave pulls onto the highway, he seems to settle in. Everything's fine. Kelly's given him no reason to worry. And Chrissy's here. He doesn't realize she can't see due to the paddleboard.

Once they're on the highway, Jack decides it's time to make his move. He takes his hands, which have been resting on the arm rests, and lowers them. He snakes them under Kelly's sundress and caresses her thighs. The feel of her soft skin thrills him.

Kelly turns her head and mutters a quiet no.

"Everything all right?" Dave asks suddenly.

"Would you mind turning on some music, Uncle Dave?" Jack asks. "Aunt Kelly isn't much of a conversationalist."

She turns her head to glare at him, but he just smiles and slides his hands inwards. He starts gliding his fingers in circular patterns on her inner thighs, which makes her tingle in spite of herself.

Chrissy puts on some music and hopes to god they don't actually try to have sex.

Meanwhile, Kelly's busy trying to tell Jack to stop.

"Not now," she murmurs, her voice drowned out by the music. "Tonight."

"Tonight?" Jack says.

She turns back to face forward, not wanting Dave to think there's anything going on. But she nods. Yes, tonight.

"You want me to fuck you tonight?" Jack whispers.

She nods.

"Not now."

She shakes her head.

"That would be bad."

She nods and turns her head to cast a warning shot at him because his hands not only haven't stopped caressing her, but his thumbs have started tickling the area just outside her sex.

"Stop."

"OK. But tonight it's on."

She nods.

"Tonight I'll come into your room while your husband is asleep."

Once again, she nods. The thought of him visiting her again while Dave sleeps makes her want to bite her lip. She refrains, though, not wanting Dave to see.

"And I'll fuck you while he's sleeping?"

She nods.

"No. That doesn't work for me."

She turns her head questioningly.

"First you gonna blow me. Deepthroat me like you love to do."

She smiles and now she does bite her lip. Fuck, she loves deepthroating him. It's so submissive and hot. Him sliding his enormous cock down her throat. Her swallowing to massage him and milk him for all he's got. She starts squirming on his lap.

"Spread your legs."

She shakes her head slightly. Not here, Jack. Not now.

"You're gonna deepthroat me tonight and swallow every ounce of my seed. Your throat is going to milk my shaft until I'm dry."

She nods. It's like he can read her mind. She remembers how his cock felt inside her, pulsing with dangerous, potent energy, squirting endless amounts of cum down her throat.

"You love sucking my cock."

"Yes," she whispers, her hips instinctively rocking back and forth.

"Spread your legs."

She does, opening herself as wide as she can, and he immediately slides his hands in for the kill. She gasps slightly as his fingers and thumbs begin massaging her labia. Oh no, she thinks, this is actually happening. There's nothing I can do to stop it. Even if I wanted to.

Which I don't.

"But that's not going to wake him," Jack says, whispering in her ear. "Then you're going to beg me to fuck you."

She nods.

"But not here," he whispers. "You said no."

She shakes her head.

"But tonight after draining me dry, you're going to slide your pussy up and down my shaft until I'm hard again."

She nods. Now her hips are grinding into him. Every time she thrusts forward, it squeezes his hands together slightly, putting more pressure on her outer labia, and causing her to get wetter. And wetter.

"Lift your ass," he commands.

She does, leaning back into him so she can raise her butt. He reaches down and slides off his gym shorts. Gym shorts that he specifically wore for easy removal.

His cock rises. Ready for action.

"Sit."

She relaxes. Her pussy glides against the back of his shaft as she descends. His cock is hard, but she knows she can get it even harder.

"Take my cock."

She shakes her head slightly.

"No, not here. You're right," he whispers. "Here would be bad."

She nods.

"Your husband would know."

She nods.

"But tonight, you're going to ride my shaft until I'm hard."

She's riding his shaft right now, even if only slightly. But he grabs his cock and presses the length of his shafter against her opening. She raises her hips and slides along his hard cock. When she descends she swears he's even harder.

"And when I'm hard, you're going to slide my cock into your wet, wet pussy."

She nods.

"But not here."

She shakes her head, suddenly sad that she said no because all she wants in the world is his hard cock to plunge inside her.

"But that's not going to wake your husband. Even as you grind and grind into me."

She's grinding harder now, and Jack can feel her wetness starting to coat his cock.

"You're going to cum and cum, but you're still going to try to keep quiet so as not to wake Dave."

She nods, her grinding getting slower, each stroke getting longer, more intense. She rides up and slides down his long shaft.

"But then I'm going to flip you over. I'm going to grab your legs." He clutches her thighs as he says this. "And I'm going to push them up until they're over your head, and your pussy is exposed to the world. Just the way you like."

She nods. She does love that.

"Take my cock," he commands.

Now she doesn't hesitate. She slides her hands under her dress and grabs his dick. Oh, fuck, there it is in all its glory, rock-hard under her fingers. Her fingers that instinctively slide up and down, relishing every veiny bump.

"Press it against you."

She does, sliding her body down slightly so she can spread her legs even more and press his legnth inside her harder, deeper into her pussy.

"I'm going to fuck you with your legs up over your head. You'll be trapped under me. Helpless. Totally under my command, just the way you love it."

Now she's working his shaft with serious intent, pressing herself into it, grinding, squeezing, while simultaneously caressing it with her fingers.

"And then I'm going to wake your husband."

As if on cue, Dave leans towards the middle and looks in the mirror. He can't see Kelly; she's off to his left. But he can see Jack who smiles innocently back at him. Jack gives him the thumbs up.

"I'm going to wake him as I fuck you." Jack whispers once Dave turns back to the road. "As I sink my cock inside you as far as it will go. So much further than your husband ever could."

She's nodding and trying for all the world to get his cock inside her right now. But she said no and now she's paying the price. Still, this is good. His dick is pressing up against her clit when she wants it to, and she's starting to work up a sweat.

"And as I fuck you silly, I'll wake your husband and tell him, 'Wake up, Dave, I'm fucking your wife. And I'm fucking her better than you ever did. She's lost to you now, Uncle Dave.' And you say yes."

She's bucking harder now, pressing his shaft into her as far as she can, trying to get as much stimulation as possible. And it's working. She's starting to shake.

"And you cum, just like you're going to cum now."

And she does. The orgasm ripples through her body. She's had enough sex with Jack now that she recognizes this one as one of her appetizer orgasms. It's delicious, but it makes her even hungrier for the main course.

She imagines she's dining a Michelin-Star Sex Restaurant where she orders her usual, but then the chef tells her, No, this is what you're going to have. And even though it's not what she thinks she wants, it's so much better than she ever expected it to be.

And she knows it's only going to get better from here.

She's learned her lesson. Don't question the chef. He knows what he's doing. You're in good hands.

"You want me to fuck you now."

She nods, quivering, helpless. Why she ever tried to say no to him is beyond her. She should always say yes. Just give yourself over, Kelly. Submit.

"Say it."

"Fuck me," she whispers.

"Beg."

"Please."

"Sit up and talk to your husband."

She does as he commands, launching herself forward, gasping slightly as his cock presses against her. She lifts her ass off Jack's lap and wraps her arms around the seat and onto Dave's chest.

"Oh! You all right?" Dave asks, startled.

Her face is pressed up against the headrest and she does her best to keep a straight face as Jack slides his cock up and down the length of her opening.

"Peachy. Just giving Jack's lap a little break."

"Well, we need gas, so I'm pulling off at the next stop. We can stretch our legs."

"Uh-huh," she says. She's having something stretched, all right. She ducks her head behind the headrest as he enters her. He's only maybe

a quarter of the way in, but it's always such a startling and expanding intrusion.

She ducks her head down a bit so she can peek under the paddleboard and look at Chrissy.

"You all right, there, sis?"

Chrissy nods slightly. She's too shocked and turned on to say anything. She loves how Kelly's face contorts, her eyes roll back, and her mouth opens the way it does whenever Jack fucks her.

Kelly utters a silent "Fuuuuuck."

Chrissy can't help but bite her lip. She's getting hotter and hotter as she watches her sister get fucked right behind her husband.

Being an erotica writer, she's read plenty of backseat sex stories, and they're always hot. It's one of her favorite subgenres, though she's never tried to write one herself. But now she thinks she might have a fresh angle to put her own spin on the genre.

She finds herself grinding into her seat slightly. She crosses her legs and squirms as her thighs squeeze her labia. She reaches forward and turns on the air conditioner. She so wants to say, "Is it getting hot in here or is it just me?" but refrains.

Jack is launching his hips upward now, sliding his cock into Kelly about halfway with each thrust. And she's taking it like a champ. A few times he thrusts a little harder just to watch her body move as his thighs push her forward and cause Dave's seat to do the same. Kelly does her best to prevent that so she doesn't get caught.

"I'm going to sit back now," Kelly says to no one. But Jack won't let her. He holds her hips forward. He's in charge.

"Or not," she says, with a slight gasp. She's being overstimulated, not just by Jack's thrusts but also the situation. She finds herself grabbing onto her husband's chest, trying her best not to claw at it, feeling like if she were to claw at him, that would give the game away.

Needing to change the subject, she nods at a passing restaurant. "Didn't we eat lunch there?"

"Not that one, the one a few exits up," Dave says.

"Oh yeah," she says. "Oh yeah. Oh yeah. That's right. That's right. That's right. Right there."

"Hm?" Dave asks.

Chrissy suppresses a laugh at Kelly's sex talk. But who is she to judge? She's sitting there, quietly, subtly writhing in her seat. Fuck, she so wishes she had access to her vibrator right about now.

"Bye," Kelly says, unable to hold herself up in this position any longer. Unable and unwilling. She needs to get that entire cock inside her, right this instant.

She pushes back and slides down Jack's dick. She tries to restrain from groaning, but can't. The pleasure is too powerful. Too overwhelming

"You all right?" Dave asks.

"Fine, Dave."

"I'm pulling off at this exit."

"Great," she says in between gasps. "You do that."

"Are they all right back there?" Dave asks Chrissy. But Chrissy's looking out her window, trying to give herself an orgasm just by writhing and squeezing her thighs.

"Perfect, Dave. Just keep your eyes on the road."

Dave's not sure he likes that answer.

"Farr? You all right?"

Kelly's more than all right. Jack is straight up fucking her now, one hand on her clit, the other pinching her nipple. And she's not even pretending that this isn't happening. Her head is thrown back onto Jack's shoulder and she's raising and plummeting her hips in opposition to Jack's thrusts.

Dave looks in the mirror. He can see Jack's face. He concentrating really hard, and even though he can't see Kelly's face, he knows Jack is looking at her. And worse still, he can see the telltale rhythmic movement of Jack's head. He knows what's going on, he just can't believe that's it's actually happening.

"What are you doing back there?" he asks.

"I'm fucking your wife, Dave," Jack says with a smile.

"Jack!" Kelly says, protesting, but she's not stopping her thrusts. If anything, now that Jack has spilled the beans, she's grinding even harder into him. This is it. This is her darkest fantasy finally coming true. Fuck. Her man is claiming her right next to her husband. Fucking her, cucking him. Every one of his thrusts is a power move, one that brings her closer and closer to the big O. The main course. The full, mind-blowing orgasm.

"What?" Dave turns down the radio. No. No, this can't be happening. It's his worst nightmare.

A car honks at them as Dave's accidentally swerves into the next lane.

"Dave! Watch where you're going!" Chrissy says, snapping out of her reverie.

"What are they doing back there?"

"Nothing!" she says turning her head to see. "Keep your eyes on the road!"

But she turns and strains to look under the paddleboard just as Jack pulls up Kelly's dress. She can see everything. His cock thrusting in and out of her, his hand rubbing her clit. Her wetness coating his shaft. Her inner thigh muscles contracting. Her legs starting to shake from her impending orgasm.

"What's happening?"

"I'm fucking your wife, Dave."

"Jack!" Kelly says again.

"What?" Dave says.

"Your marriage is over, Uncle Dave."

"What?" he says again.

Another car honks, the sound impossibly loud and long, its doppler effect startling Dave, and he swerves in the other direction.

"Dave!" Chrissy says, even though she knows she should be shouting at the idiots in the back seat. But she's a part of this now. The cucking of Dave. He has got to drive the car. That's his role. It's too late to save his marriage. All he can do is drive while his wife is claimed behind him.

"Stop it!" Dave shouts. "Stop it!"

"There's no stopping it, Dave. I'm claiming your wife. Tell him Farr."

"Yes!" Kelly shouts, her orgasm suddenly slamming into her like a Mack truck. "Yes! Yes! I'm all yours, Jack! I'm all yours! Fuck me! Claim me! Breed me!" Shouting all this only makes her orgasm hit harder as her body implodes with terrible, nasty, cunty delight.

"What the fuck!!" Dave shouts. He slams his hand on the horn just as Jack unloads gallons of hot white, potent sperm deep inside his wife.

Another car honks, startlingly close to their car, causing Dave to swerve. He smashes into the jersey barrier to his left and then careens across the highway, just barely missing oncoming cars, until he skids to a halt in the shoulder.

But only for a second, because they are then clipped by a speeding delivery truck whose driver was futzing with the A/C.

The impact spins their car, setting off the airbags, and causing Dave to smash his head against the tip of the paddleboard, instantly knocking him out.

* * *

Jack walks into the lake house living room. Kelly's alone watching her husband carry his suitcase up the stairs. She turns and sees him.

He flashes her a confident smile.

She trembles, knowing she'll be unable to resist him.

This is it, she thinks. It's all coming to a head.

She just hopes her lust won't tear the family apart.

Again.

Part 6

Marla slaps Jack.

Hard.

He takes it.

She screams obscenities at him.

He takes it.

How could he have done what he did? He nearly got people killed. And thank god Dave doesn't remember anything from the accident because it would absolutely break him. Dave! The nicest guy in their family. And Jack went a fucked his wife right in front of him. While he was driving. He didn't deserve that. No one does.

"And--though this is far and away not the point--you cheated on me. With my own sister!"

Jack briefly considers pointing out that technically he was cheating on Kelly with her, but decides that that isn't a point worth contending.

"You're out," she says. "I want you out of my house. Forever. I don't even know what I was thinking hooking up with you in the first place.

"And that cunt!" she says, referring to Kelly. "Pretending to give a shit about me and being there for me when I came to her worried about sleeping with you. And then she goes and fucks you, too? What the actual fuck?

"And you!" she says turning and pointing at Chrissy who is standing at attention next to Jack. "How could you let this happen? You were right there!"

Chrissy doesn't know what to say. She wipes a tear from her eye and just stands there, taking Marla's justified vitriol.

"I want you and your kids out, too. I know you have nowhere to go at the moment, but you have one week to figure that shit out. Now get out of my sight."

Jack swallows. Then he opens his mouth. "I just want to say--"

"No! You don't get to say anything! There's nothing you can say. You make me sick! You clearly have contempt for everyone, and I just don't understand how you could have come from me. I don't understand what I did wrong when I raised you, but clearly I fucked up. Now get out of my sight. Forever!"

Summarily dismissed, he and Chrissy leave Marla's bedroom.

"Aunt Chrissy--"

"No, Jack. You don't get to talk to me. You're toxic and you've poisoned my mind. Now excuse me, I'm going to see my kids."

Kelly's not having much of a better time of it. She's at the hospital, sitting next to her husband. Thankfully, he only has a concussion and minor memory loss. He'll be released before the day's out.

Dave doesn't quite understand why his wife is in tears. He knows he had an accident. He knows it could have been bad, but thankfully no one was seriously hurt. Frankly, he's embarrassed by the whole thing.

"I just don't understand what I could have done to cause such an accident."

Kelly squeezes her watery eyes shut and says it's not his fault. Accidents happen.

She takes Dave to Marla's house in their rental car. Then they pack up the kid and their things and drive off. Dave doesn't understand why they aren't spending the night with Marla and the gang, but Kelly says she's having a fight with her sisters and that's that.

She drives the five hours back home, crying the whole way.

Later that day, one of Jack's little cousins asks him why he's so sad.

"Because I did a terrible thing."

"What?"

Before he can answer, Chrissy interrupts. "No. Nuh-uh. You're not talking to my kids."

She gathers up her child and whisks them away.

That breaks him.

He cries harder than he ever has in his life.

Why did he have to do that? Why did he have to do any of this? He can forgive himself for wanting to pursue his Aunt Kelly, but for fuck's sake, he tried to fuck his own grandmother. He's clearly sick in the head.

He calls up a buddy who comes to pick him up. Then he leaves his mother's house in the middle of the night, wondering if he'll ever see anyone in his family again.

He and his friend go to a bar. He's underage, but no one checks IDs in this part of the country. Jack's friend asked him what he did that

was so bad. He doesn't give specifics. He just says he's a sex addict. That he needs to conquer women. And it's ruined his life.

A tipsy young woman overhears this and turns to see who's talking. She likes what she sees.

"Sex addict, huh?"

She's cute. He considers it a minor victory that he doesn't fuck her. He feels like he has grown as a person.

But the truth is, he doesn't want to fuck some random chick. And he'll have plenty of opportunities over the next few weeks. No, what he wants is to love his Aunt Kelly. And his Aunt Chrissy. And his mom. He wants what he was so close to having but he lost it thanks to hubris and stupidity and just generally being a dick.

Chrissy leaves Marla's the next day. She rents a car and takes her kids and goes back home. Thankfully, her husband has gone back to his hometown in Ohio, so she has the house. For now.

And suddenly, Marla is alone. Alone with her thoughts, rattling around on a big farm that she can't take care of by herself. She goes through various stage of post-traumatic reflection. She blames herself. She blames Jack. She blames Kelly. She blames Chrissy. She blames herself again. She's embarrassed, angry, frustrated, ashamed ... she goes through it. But ultimately, she's alone. She misses how full the farm felt with Chrissy's four kids running around. She misses Chrissy. Even though she's angry with her, she wants so much to

reconnect with her that she starts to rationalize her role in this and she finds herself willing to forgive her. What could Chrissy have done in that situation, exactly? Scream, "Hey Jack stop fucking Dave's wife?"

And then, two weeks after the car crash, she has a dream. A dream about her son. It's a sex dream. The plot makes no sense, of course, but the thing that resonates with her when she wakes up is that she's wet.

At first, she's embarrassed by this. So much so that even though she's dying to relieve herself, she refuses. She will not fantasize about him, no matter what.

But then she has another dream. This time, when she wakes up, she's so pent up that she does relieve herself. As she rubs herself, she remembers the first time he slid his dick inside her. How dirty and amazing it had felt. It was such an overwhelming and, let's face it, sexy experience, she had never had anything remotely that hot happen to her before. And it unlocked something inside her. Clearly.

Then she remembers how he came to her rescue and saved her from her shitty marriage with one punch.

She remembers kneeling before him, staring up at his huge cock, and submitting.

That final memory, of kneeling under his cock and giving herself over to him completely? That causes her orgasm to tear through her

so hard so grunts and curses and it takes her body a solid minute to come down.

She hates herself.

Why can't she just find a normal guy and have a normal relationship?

She tries. She goes into town and tries to meet guys at the bar. None of them interest her. She goes to yoga. She takes a pottery class. She asks her friends if they have any single guys for her. She even goes on a few dates.

She has no interest in anyone.

And every night, she sends herself to sleep fantasizing about her son. Kneeling before him. Worshipping his mighty cock. Running her fingers over it. Kissing it. Licking it. Rubbing it on her face. Taking it in her mouth. Trying to deepthroat it.

Most nights, she gets off even before fantasizing about him fucking her. Because as much as she loves that--and boy, does she love that--her true, deepest desire is to submit to him.

To be claimed by him.

One night she meets up with a yoga friend at the local bar. After they say hello, her friend asks her what she wants to drink. "First round's on me."

When her friend comes back, she has a funny look on her face.

She hands Marla her beer and says, "Have you seen the new bartender? I mean, I'm going to jail for even thinking this, but hot damn, he's hot."

She knows who it is even before she turns to see.

She watches her son tend bar as she and her friend chat. She can't take her eyes off him. He's changed, somehow. He's still as handsome as ever--more so, if she's being honest with herself. Not only does a job look good on him, but he's stopped shaving and the new beard definitely works for him.

And although he's still effortlessly charming, she can tell he's sad. He hides it well. He jokes. He smiles. He winks. But she's his mom. She can see how it's all a façade.

She becomes aware that several of the women are quietly gossiping about him. There's a buzz in the bar about the new bartender. And one by one, nearly every woman in the joint goes up and flirts with him.

Marla watches how he handles their attentions. She can't hear their conversations, of course, but she can see his body language. The women's body language, too. He handles each flirt the same. He smiles. He lets them know he's flattered. He seems to compliment them. And he ultimately lets them down easy. At first, Marla thinks,

oh, she wasn't that hot, so no wonder he wasn't interested. But some of the women are quite attractive. One woman in particular. A tall blonde. She looks like trouble. Like a femme fatale in a noir film. Hell, Marla's not sure she could say no if that woman turned her charms on her. But Jack does the same thing he does with every customer. Acknowledges her interest. Compliments her. Gives her an 0h-gosh, no he couldn't, and says no. And she, like every other woman who flirted with him, leaves, sad, but with a smile on her face. She knows she'll try again. Maybe next time, Jack will give in.

"Your turn," Marla's friend says, holding up an empty beer bottle.

Marla blanches. She almost wants to just give her friend the cash to go buy the round for her. Make up and excuse and say she has to use the restroom. But ultimately, she mans-up and approaches the bar.

Jack finishes up with another customer. "Oh, thank you, Mrs. Green. You're too kind. You have a good night now."

He puts the money in the tip jar. And Marla watches him. His face. It falls. He needs a moment to recharge his charm batteries, but he's also clearly battling some demons. But then he puts that brave face back on and is ready to go back to work. His face lights up and he looks up to see who needs a drink.

He sees her.

He freezes.

He panics.

He becomes aware that people are noticing. The other women at the bar turn to see who has affected this hot young guy so much.

He blinks and is about to try to ask her what she wants to drink. Maybe they can just gloss over the weirdness and have a simple patron-customer exchange? Maybe that's the best way to handle this?

Meanwhile, Marla is filled with all the feels. She wants to comfort her son. She wants to slap him. She's glad he's suffering and atoning for his sins. She wants to leap over the bar and jump in his arms.

After a few uncomfortable seconds, she merely asks when he gets off work.

"Midnight."

"Two more, please."

He sees the beer bottles, nods, and hands her two more. She pays him and leaves.

Only when she gets back to her table is she able to breathe.

"Hot, right?" her friend says.

Marla smiles.

"A little too hot."

"I hear you there. That boy is trouble."

You don't know the half of it, Marla thinks. They clink bottles and drink.

Marla stands outside the bar. It's twenty minutes past closing, but she can see Jack and the others working hard to close up shop. She wishes she smoked so she could have something to do with her hands.

"Night Jack," says a young coworker as they emerge from the bar.

He waves but only has eyes for Marla.

He approaches. Before Marla can say anything, he drops to his knees and hugs her legs, pressing his cheek into her hip, and cries. He repeats the phrase "I'm sorry," over and over again. He doesn't care that he looks foolish, that passersby are gawking at the display, that he's losing any street-cred he might have built up over the past week of employment. He just needs to say he's sorry. Over and over again.

At first, Marla is too stunned to say or do anything. But then tears well up in her eyes, and she reaches down and strokes his hair.

"I know."

Finally Jack stops saying he's sorry. He looks up at her through the tears.

"I know you can never forgive me. I don't expect anything from you. I just wanted you to know that I'm trying to change. I really am. And I'm truly sorry, Mom. For everything."

She nods. She caresses his face. She just wants to drop to her knees and hug him and kiss him and have him take her to bed.

"Where are you staying?"

"With John over on Milford."

John's going to kick him out, though. He just got a girlfriend and having Jack in that tiny apartment isn't going to work. But Jack doesn't say this. Instead, the two of them hold each other. Him on his knees. Her looking down at him with a melting heart. She runs her warm hands over Jack's face. He nuzzles into them and closes his eyes. And they just hold each other.

"I started to see a therapist," Jack says.

"Oh?"

He nods. "It's helping." Well, the first session was helpful. But what Jack doesn't say is he had to quit because his therapist jumped his bones in session two. "A bit, I guess."

The more Marla caresses Jack's face, the more she can feel the energy change. Not on his part. He's still begging forgiveness. But on hers. Her maternal instincts are giving way to her carnal desires. Jack leans in to her caresses and she finds her hands applying more pressure. She can feel his chest start to heave. He kisses her hand. Not sexually, but lovingly.

She lifts his face.

"Do you want to come home?"

He nods. Then cries into her hip again.

In the car, he stares at her. He doesn't know where this is leading. He just sits there and tries to hold it together.

Marla stares at the road. She doesn't know what to say. She wants to lay down the law. Tell him things are going to be different. That sort of thing. But she doesn't. They drive in silence. The tension slowly building between them.

They arrive at the farm and Jack follows her to the front door. He follows her inside. The place is dark. Quiet. Empty.

He's about to say something, just to fill the silence, when his mother turns to him and wraps her arms around his neck. She presses her body into his. And kisses him.

He's too startled to do anything. At first. He didn't know what to expect, but he didn't expect this.

He wants to pull her in, but feels like he hasn't earned the right.

When she breaks off the kiss, he says, "But--"

"I need you, Jack. I don't want to talk. I just need you. I need you inside me. I need you to fuck me."

She kisses him again. And again, he's too stunned to do anything. But then she sends her tongue into his mouth and jumps up and wraps her legs around him. He grabs her. By the ass, so she doesn't fall. And he kisses her back. Their lips press into each other. They graze each other. She bites his and he licks hers. And soon she's grinding into him.

He's still stunned. Still feels like he should say something. When he gets a second, he tries.

"But--"

She clamps a hand over his mouth, and starts kissing his neck.

"Fuck me now. Talk later."

This, of course, reminds him of his first time with Aunt Kelly. And that does it. He feels like this is his chance to start over. He can do it right this time. He can make things right. He'll do whatever it takes to do that. He has no agenda other than to make his mother happy and do whatever she wants.

And right now what she wants is for him to fuck her.

He kisses her. He brushes her hair from her face and begins kissing his way down her neck.

Responding to his energy, she throws her head back and mutters a quiet yes.

He tears her button-down shirt open.

"Yes!"

He kisses her breast.

"Yes! Yes, Jack!"

He walks through the house and takes her to her bedroom.

They collapse on her bed.

"Yes! Yes, baby. Fuck me."

He pulls of his shirt. There it is. His glorious, muscular chest. Her hands fly to it and she runs her fingers over his rippled abs as he reaches down and yanks off her jeans and underwear.

He plunges down and licks her thighs. His five-o'clock shadow adds a new level of stimulation to his attentions and she yesses and yesses some more.

He pauses. He reaches up and places a gentle hand on her pussy. Her wet pussy. She responds by sighing and throwing her legs over his broad shoulders. She reaches down and gently pulls his head into her.

He licks. Round and around and around he goes. His tongue flickers over licks her clit, which causes her to yes some more. He sends two fingers inside. She gasps, but that's not what she wants. There's a time and a place for foreplay. This is not that time.

"Fuck me, Jack. I need you. Now."

He keeps licking while he pulls off his jeans. He doesn't even get them all the way off before climbing up and positioning his cock at her opening.

He's about to say something. Why, he's not sure. Maybe to evoke the response he gets, which is for his mother to clamp her hand over his mouth and say "Fuck me."

He thrusts into her. Slowly. And he nearly cums at the sight of his mother's mouth opening, her eyes closing, her head leaning back.

Fuck, she's so tight. Wet and tight. Her walls grip him. His entrance is almost squeaky as he millimeters his way in, in, in, deeper inside her.

He pulls out a bit and then slides back in, his cock more lubricated now. He penetrates further inside and his mother encourages him every step of the way with a yes here and a deeper there.

He starts pulling back and pushing in with a regular rhythm now. Each stroke sends him in slightly deeper. It's only been a few weeks but his mother can't believe he still has more to give her.

Finally, he thrusts all the way inside until his hips are fully pressed against her thighs and she lets out a loud yes, only now remembering they don't have to be quiet. They can finally be themselves.

He takes a long pull back--god his dick is so large--and then he sends it all the way back inside.

Fuck yes.

He finds a new rhythm now, and soon his mother is clawing at his back.

As good as this feels, he knows this angle isn't going to deliver the knock-out blow, so he hikes himself up and lifts her ass slightly.

That does it. With the next thrust, his cock brushes against her g-spot, and she groans and yells "Oh my god" as loud as she can. He pulls back and thrusts in. She can't even talk properly now. "Oh my--oh--fucking--oh my."

He's back in the zone now. His mother's body starts to shake and her eyes roll to the back of her head as her hands clutch at the comforter, desperate for something to ground her.

Oh my god, the feeling in his cockhead as it brushes along her walls. The sights and sounds of his mother having an outer-body orgasm. She's almost at the peak now. Almost there...

And there it is. The squeal. The full-body clench. The hyperventilating. The cursing. The screaming.

He unloads.

He not only hasn't had sex, but he hasn't even pleasured himself for the past several weeks, so when he cums he has a seemingly endless supply of jizz to send into her. Deep into her. Deep inside his mother.

He's breeding her.

That thought sends him over, way over the edge, and he curses and curses and grunts and shoots more and more cum inside her.

Finally. Finally, they finish. And he collapses on her.

She envelops him. Rubs his back. Whispers sweet nothings. Kisses him.

Tells him she loves him.

"Oh my god, Mom, I love you, too." He's about to add that he's sorry, but she once again clamps a hand over him. She kisses him. And again. Each kiss seems to say all there is to say. Let's not go there. Let's just stay in the moment. I love you. You love me. You fucked up. I forgive you. Let's just lay here. Grow inside me. Grow inside me again.

He does. His cock engorges as they stare into each other's eyes and kiss. Kiss and make up. And soon, he's sliding in and out again. This time it's more sensual. More loving. He sends his cock in and lets it stay there for a long, loving second before sliding out and returning. Her nails once again rake up his back, urging his cock to return and return again. That's it, baby. That's it.

She wraps her legs around him and pulls his ass in. Fill me, baby. Fill me. Love me.

Their orgasm isn't nearly as volcanic as the first one, but it hits deeper. It squeezes them together.

All might not be forgiven. Not now. But it will be.

Their relationship evolves over the next two weeks. He's the dutiful son and lover. At first. He does whatever she wants. He helps around the farm by day, he sexes her up at night. And if it stayed like this, Marla would be happy, though not completely content. Having a son/lover who feels like he needs her permission to do anything is nice and all, but she wants the old Jack back. She wants her dominating alpha male. She wants to kneel before him and worship his cock and submit. She wants to give herself over completely.

She wants to be reclaimed.

She knows it's ridiculous. She's a modern woman who should want modern-women things. But deep down? Nothing made her feel so complete, so sexy, as when she fully submitted to her man.

She's ashamed to admit that to herself. But she gets over it. After all, she wants what she wants.

Their sex is great. Really great. At times, mind-blowingly great. But it's not the same.

She tries.

One night, about four days in, when she realizes what she really wants, she kneels before him. She looks up at him submissively. She takes his huge cock and licks it and sucks it and rubs it into her face.

But it's not the same. He's too worried. Too afraid of that side of him. He loved being an alpha male, but he knows he loved it too much. It was a dark addiction. And he's afraid if he unleashes it, it will consume him like it did last time.

He reaches down, caresses her face, and pulls her up for a kiss, an embrace, and a slow, sensual fuck.

About a month into their new relationship, Marla is scanning her social media feed. She sees someone post a "Sending you hugs" message on Chrissy's page. She clicks on Chrissy's photo to learn more. Lots of people sending her messages of love and support. She asks Jack if he knows what's going on, but he says no. He hasn't been on social media or been in touch with anyone from the family.

Marla takes a deep breath, and calls.

It rings and rings. She's about to hang up, but Chrissy answers.

"Marla?"

She can hear it in Chrissy's voice. Utter distress. She hits the video call button, and sees her sister: tears, sniffly nose, tissues.

"What's wrong?"

She gestures. And weeps.

Divorce papers. And it's bad. Her husband caught her cheating. He's getting everything. Well, the house and the car. He doesn't want the kids, thankfully. But he wants everything else. She's trying to fight it but she doesn't have the funds for a proper attorney, etc. etc.

"Come home, baby girl," Marla says.

"What?"

"Come home. Jack and I would love to have you and the kids."

"Jack?"

Marla smiles. "Come home. Everything gonna be OK."

After hanging up, Chrissy breathes a sigh of relief. It's going to be OK. She could hear it in Marla's voice.

Like Marla, Chrissy went through various stage of post-traumatic grief, blaming herself and everyone else. Feeling ashamed. And, like Marla, she kept coming back to one thought: They were so close. So close to having everything they wanted. But they got carried away.

They lost touch with reality. They played a dangerous game where they didn't know the rules, and they all lost.

And, like Marla, Jack visits her in her dreams. She is not quite as conflicted as Marla was about it. She's been more of an interested third-party participant in this whole affair from the start, anyway. But at first, she didn't know how to feel about these dreams. She knew she loved fucking Jack. Too much. But she also loved fucking her sisters. And that's what she really wants. She wants to have that polycule that had almost been.

Was it possible to make it happen?

She starts writing erotica again. She had taken a break, feeling like it wasn't good for her soul. But now? The thought that she was going back to the farm? Back to Jack and Marla? The words start to flow. And flow. And soon, she starts masturbating again. Fantasizing about a three-way with Jack and Marla. A four-way with Kelly.

She and the kids arrive three days later. The kids burst out of the car and sprint up to Cousin Jack. At first, Chrissy's heart stops. She had kept him away from her kids before. But that was unfair. It's not like Jack was a bad influence. He had his dark side, obviously. But that only came out at night. By day, he was a better father-figure to her kids than her husband ever was. And the kids were overjoyed at the thought of getting to go back to the farm and be with their cool Aunt Marla and their awesome Cousin Jack. And she can't help it. A smile plays across her face as she sees Jack kneel down to greet her kids and hug them and threaten to toss them into the pool. That sounds good to them. "Well, go get your trunks on!" he says. And they run into the house before realizing their suitcases are still in the car.

Marla and Chrissy hug.

"You sure about this?" Chrissy asks

Marla wipes away a tear on Chrissy's face. "Absolutely. I've missed you."

Tears burst forth, and the two sisters hug again.

Jack approaches. Marla slides an arm around him so Chrissy knows it's OK.

"Jack," Chrissy says. She's not sure whether to hug him or not. He's not either. So Marla gestures for Chrissy to come in, and the three of them embrace. Embrace and breathe. Marla and Chrissy press foreheads together. And breathe.

Soon the kids come storming out of the house, ready to be thrown into the pool.

Jack growls and pretends to be a big monster and he chases the squealing kids across the yard.

That night, Jack puts the kids to bed. He reads them a bedtime story and tells them it's lights out. They complain, but barely. They're too tired.

He turns off the lights and closes their door. He goes back to the living room where he left the two women.

They're not there.

He looks in the kitchen, on the porch, outside ... still nothing.

He peeks into his mom's bedroom--their bedroom--and he sees them. His mom lying on the bed, naked, Chrissy lying on top of her, kissing her breasts. The sound of his mother's sighing and soft moans makes him hard. As does the sight of Chrissy's ass in the air and watching her tongue flicker over Marla's nipple.

He's about to let them have their fun when Marla hears the floor creak. She sees her son standing in the hallway, and she beckons him to join them.

He enters but feels hesitant. Which is weird. At the lake, he would have taken charge and known exactly what to do. But now? He still feels defeated. And maybe that's a good thing.

Well, it's not a good thing as far as the ladies are concerned. But that's OK. Marla's going to take charge. For tonight, anyway.

"Come here, baby."

He approaches. Marla and Chrissy climb off the bed. The two naked woman slide towards him and caress his arms and torso. They circle around him, their arms snaking up and down his body. Marla unbuttons his shirt, and Chrissy, standing behind him, smiles and pulls it off his shoulders. She walks in front of Jack and playfully twirls it over her head a few times and tosses it to the ground.

All right, Jack can get into this.

Now Chrissy kneels before him. She unbuttons his jeans, and Marla, who is now behind him, glides her hands down his naked torso, raking her nails along his abs, and slides his jeans off of him. His cock springs up.

"You wanna fuck that mouth, Jack?" Marla whispers in his ear.

He nods.

"Chrissy, you want Jack to show you who's the boss?"

She smiles and bites her lip. God, yes. She wants to deepthroat him, just like she did when she cucked her husband.

"Kiss his dick, Chrissy."

She runs her nails gently up and down her nephew's still-growing cock. She wants it nice and hard for her mouth. Then she brings it to her lips ... and kisses the head. She does so again, only this time,

letting her lips linger, slide from side to side, and even envelop his head slightly. She finishes the kiss with a slight pop. She smiles and rubs his dick to get it even harder.

"Caress her face, Jack. Stroke her hair. Show her you love her."

Jack does as ordered. Oh, is beautiful aunt's face in his hands. He strokes her hair. She smiles and kisses his cock all up and down the shaft.

"Now, Jack. Show her you're the boss."

He takes Chrissy's head and pulls it towards him, his cock pushes past her plush lips and glides over her wet tongue. He penetrates slowly, deeply inside her mouth. She looks up at him with submissive eyes., which stirs something inside him. He reaches the back of her throat and retreats. But she grabs his ass and pulls him in more.

"Oh fuck," he says as his cock slides down her throat. He remembers her deepthroating him in front of her husband. How powerful he felt in that moment. He tightens his grip on her head. Her eyes light up and she pulls him in for more.

OK, then. You want me to fuck your face? Well, then, it's go time.

He pulls back slightly and then plunges in more, controlling her head with his hands and thrusting into her. Slowly. Gently. But he's in charge.

He slides in all the way and she holds him tightly to let him know she's OK.

"Swallow."

She does, her throat muscles massaging his cock with that familiar, incredible milking sensation.

Marla gasps. Oh, she wants to learn how to do that, all right. She wraps her arms around her son and whispers in his ear

"Take her, Jack. Show her who's in charge. Be her alpha. Claim her. Dominate her. She wants you to dominate her, don't you Chrissy?"

Chrissy nods, well she nods as best she can considering Jack is holding her head and fucking her face. But she wants this. And Jack is all kinds of turned on, fucking his aunt's mouth while his mother whispers dirty, nasty, filthy words in his ear. He starts to build up a tempo, and soon he's fucking her like he would be fucking her pussy.

"That's it, Jack. Dominate her. Make her submit. You're her master. She's your slave."

"Oh, fuck!"

Jack unloads. Chrissy loves feeling her throat expand slightly as his cock throbs, sending streams of jizz gushing down inside her. He

spasms, holding her head in place, hoping he's not hurting her, but she's clutching his ass, letting him know she's OK.

Finally he stops. He hisses quietly as he gently pulls out of her.

He caresses her face. She's OK.

He leans down and kisses her. He pushes his mouth against her lips again and again as if thanking her for her service.

Now he stands and turns to his mother. She gasps slightly recognizing the hunger in his eyes.

Jack's back.

He advances, grabs her, and spins her around. He wrapping his arms around her, pulls her into him and starts kissing her neck. He gropes her breasts and sends a hand down to her pussy. She's wet, all right. Wet and ready.

He slips two fingers inside and she curses and bends over slightly. But he's got her. He turns her head towards him and kisses her. He sends his tongue into her mouth and returns his hand to her breast.

She grinds into his hand and can feel his cock growing to attention behind her. He starts thrusting his hips into her, sliding his cock up the length of her ass crack.

He takes his hand off her breast and brings it up to her hair. He grabs it and gently tilts her head back, revealing her neck to him.

Her mouth opens and she utters a few groans followed by a deep "Yes!" This is what she's been missing.

"You wanna submit to me?"

"Yes."

"You want me to be your alpha?"

"Yes."

"You want me to be your master?"

"Yes, Jack."

"Are you my submissive little sex slave, Mom?"

"Yes! Yes, Jack! Fuck me!"

"I'm not gonna fuck you, Mom. I'm gonna own your ass. You want me to own your ass?"

She gasps at that. She's never done anything like that before. Never even dramed of it. It always seemed so dirty. But the thought of her alpha son fucking her up the ass? Sending that enormous cock into the area no cock should ever go: his mother's ass? Oh fuck. Fuck yeah. That's just too deliciously deviant to say no to.

"Oh my god, yes. Fuck my ass. Take me!"

He walks her over to the bed and lays her down. Once down, she looks over her shoulder at him, bites her lip, and raises her ass to him as if to say, Take me, Jack. Claim me. Claim my ass.

He climbs on top. He slides his cock into her wet pussy for lube. She gasps and moans and writhes under him. Finally he's ready. He pulls out and positions his cock against her hole.

"Last chance to back out, Mom."

"Do it. Claim me, Jack."

He pushes. She curses. She hyperventilates. She expands.

She accepts him inside.

"Oh fuck!" she yells.

Now that he's in, he's able to slide in the first couple of inches rather easily. But he knows to go slow, so he backs up and sinks in again. God, she's so tight. If he hadn't just cum with Chrissy, he would have exploded by now. He pushes in deeper, her asshole resisting him with all its might. His mother mutters an endless stream of curses and oh my gods. And he goes in deeper. And deeper. Slowly deeper. He makes sure she's all right. She yells yes. She yells more. She yells give me everything. And he does.

He backs up and then slides in all the way to the hilt. She grunts with satisfaction and overstimulation. She can feel his hips pressing against her ass cheeks. He's in. He's all the way inside her ass. His cock is in her ass. That just blows her mind. And she loves it.

"Fuck me."

He doesn't need to be told twice. He pulls back and starts thrusting. Slow at first. Gentle. Steady. She utters a yes every time he reaches the bottom, causing her cheeks to flutter slightly. Once he feels like she's acclimated, he takes it to the next level. He raises his body and grabs her shoulders. Now every thrust hits harder as he pulls her into him to punctuate each thrust with a thudding, hip-to-ass slap

"You like that?"

"Yes!"

Fucking-a. He builds up speed and intensity and she's with him every thrust of the way.

Finally, he's pounding into her. Dominating her. Claiming her ass. Until finally he shudders and clutches her into him, his body convulsing, his cock spasming. He gushes his seed into her. Into her ass.

Finally he unclenches and relaxes onto her.

"You all right, Mom?"

"Yeah," she says after catching her breath.

"You sure?"

"I loved it."

He kisses her.

"I love you, Mom."

"I love you, too, baby. You're back."

"I'm back. I'm back and you're all mine."

"I'm all yours, Jack. I'm all yours."

The three of them shower together. Marla has an enormous shower that her husband insisted on building even though she had complained at the time. She's glad for that now, though. They take turns washing and scrubbing and shampooing each other. Kissing, hugging, caressing.

Jack holds the two women in his strong arms as the warm water washes over them.

"I've got you. And I'll never let you down again, I promise. I'll never let you down. Do you forgive me?"

"Yes, Jack," Marla says.

"Yes, Jack."

He towels them dry and they go to bed. They lie there, sleepy smiles on their faces, wrapped up in his arms, each woman draping a leg over one of his.

And they sleep very, very well.

The next morning he wakes up to his mother blowing him. Just like she did the last day at the lake house. And, just like at the lake house, he invites his aunt to sit on his face. Soon, he's fucking his mother and pleasuring his aunt. And, just like last time, they are interrupted. Only this time not by grandma, but by the kids who try to barge into the room. They are, thankfully, prevented from doing so by the locked door.

The women freeze. But Jack remains calm. He lifts Chrissy off his face.

"Hey kids, we'll be out in minute. Go watch TV. And if you're good, I'll throw you in the pool after breakfast."

Chrissy almost rolls her eyes. She's tried similar things when she wanted to get some extra time in bed. Not the sleep with Keith, who's usually out on the links, but to write her books. But they never give her time to herself. They always keep banging and banging and soon they're fighting with each other until one of them inevitably cries...

But for Jack? They simply say, OK. One of them says, "Promise?"

"I promise. But! No going near the pool until I'm out there!"

"OK, Uncle Jack," one of them says. And no one corrects her that he's actually Cousin Jack, not Uncle Jack. Always has been. But not any longer. They will call him Uncle Jack from now on.

"Now. Where were we?" Jack says as he pulls Chrissy down onto his awaiting lips.

And Chrissy? Well, she was already close to cumming before the kids showed up. But now? Now that Jack has handled them so well? So effortlessly? Now that she has a man who actually wants to be a dad to her kids?

"Oh my god," she says the moment his tongue goes back to work. A shiver runs through her body. A shiver that quickly turns into a shudder. "Oh my god oh my god ohmygod ohmygod ohmygodohmygod..."

Seeing her sister have an absolute meltdown of an orgasm makes Marla cum.

Afterwards, after Jack has filled his mother with another load of his potent seed, he climbs out of bed, kisses the two women, and tells them he's got the kids.

"You rest up, now. We've got some serious fucking to do tonight."

Chrissy watches him get dressed and exit the room. She starts writhing into her sister even before she hears Jack yell, "Who wants to get thrown into the pool?" and her kids squealing with delight.

Marla wraps her up and slides a hand to her pussy.

"We've got you, baby girl. We've got you. You have a real man who loves you. And a sister who wants nothing more than to pleasure you. You're home now. You're finally home."

She mutters a quiet oh my god and starts cumming even before Marla can really get to work on her.

But then she gets to work. And it's lights out.

Kelly feels like she's living on a knife's edge. She is so grateful that Dave doesn't remember anything from the accident, but she knows it may not last. The doctors told her his memory might return once the swelling goes down. They made it sound so promising. So hopeful. But for her, it's a looming disaster.

And where will she turn? Her sisters hate her. Her mother, too.

Rachel knows what happened, even though her husband, who was there, didn't really understand what happened. He's too naïve to think that his daughter would be fucking his grandson, literally right behind his son-in-law's back, in a moving car, on the highway. No, grandpa didn't even register this might have been a possibility, even though Jack emerged from the car with his shorts down at his knees.

But Rachel knew. The moment she heard that there'd been an accident, she immediately knew the cause. And, after making sure that everyone was OK (save for David's minor amnesia), she sent her daughter the most scathing text message she could have, essentially saying that Kelly was dead to her. After all, how could she have done this to David? David, the most loving, caring husband and father in the family.

Rachel wanted to tell Kelly she never wanted to see her again, but she knew that was a bridge too far--especially given the health of Kelly's father. He was not long for this world, though he and Rachel kept this a secret.

And so that left Kelly all alone. Alone in a house with her kids who needed her and her husband who constantly felt like there was something wrong. Something that wasn't quite right with the world but was hiding, just out of sight.

Kelly did her best to love Dave. But she wasn't in love with him. She knew it was stupid. He was incredible. On paper. But not in her heart. No, her heart had been claimed. Claimed by the one man Kelly knew she could never see again. The man who was too dangerous for her.

But at night, when she was sure Dave was asleep, she would fantasize. She came up with various ways in which everything worked out OK. The right words were said to the right people. The right deeds were done. Forgiveness and redemption abounded. And then sex, of course. Sex, not just with Jack, but with Chrissy, too. She so missed her sister. She tried reaching out to her, thinking if there was one person who might be her ally it was Chrissy. But no response.

Kelly assumed it was because Chrissy hated her. But it was really due to Chrissy hating herself.

But then, unbeknownst to Kelly, Chrissy moved in with Marla. As did Jack.

And then, one day about two months after the accident, she received a text. It simply read, "Miss you, baby girl."

The reason Chrissy sent that text was that she had been given permission.

She had wanted to reach out the moment she arrived at the farm, for it seemed like the healing had begun. But she didn't want to rock the boat. Marla was nowhere near ready to forgive Kelly. And so Chrissy bit her tongue and her texts.

But then, the afternoon after Jack took care of the kids and Chrissy and Marla had their alone time, Jack takes his mother aside.

"I know you haven't wanted to talk about this, Mom, but I need to tell you everything that happened at the lake. I don't want any secrets between us anymore, and I need to get some things off my chest."

Marla isn't sure she wants to know. But now, given the way Jack was speaking, she knows she needs to.

She glances at Chrissy who takes her hand. She braces herself. And Jack speaks. Her tells her everything. Everything. How he had pursued Kelly. How Kelly had pulled Chrissy into their tryst. How Chrissy had put the idea into his head that his mother might be into him, and how that had led to their tryst. He even told her about how he had pursued his grandmother. This last part is news to Chrissy, who can't help but mutter, "Jesus, Jack."

When he's finished, he lays his hands bare. "That's everything. Well, except this: That even though I love you both and if the three of us spend the rest of our lives together, I will die a happy man. But I love Aunt Kelly, too. I will always love Aunt Kelly. I will never pursue her unless you tell me it's OK, Mom. I promised I would never let you down again. I'm just telling you how I feel.

"If you can't bear what you've just heard. If that's too much. If you feel betrayed or lied to or whatever, I get it. I'll understand, and I'll leave, if that's what you want. I'm sorry for all the trouble I've caused. I promise never to cause anymore. I just wanted you both to know everything."

He finishes and sighs. It's a long, slow, healing sigh. He finally feels better. Even if his mother throws him out, at least he has come clean.

He stares at his hands and waits for his mother to say something. Anything. But she sits there, face in her hands, trying to wrap her head around everything her son just told her.

It's too much. It's ridiculous. It's awful. If this were a story, no one would believe it. Her son, the things he did. He had pursued her own mother, for god's sake. What kind of psychopath was she in love with?

And yet, that was the thing. She was in love with him. And he had changed. He truly had.

Jack was back, all right. But he was better than before.

She finally places her hands on Jack's face and thanks him for telling her. She says she loves him. She says she forgives him. She forgives, Chrissy, too. But she's not ready to forgive Kelly. And she really doesn't want Jack anywhere near her. Not yet. She's not afraid to admit that she's jealous--well, she's not afraid to admit it to herself,

she would never say it to Jack. She's sure that he'll leave her for Kelly, her younger, prettier, sexier sister. That's her underlying fear. After all, he was so infatuated with her that he fucked her in the car right behind her husband and nearly got everyone killed. That's not a desire that simply goes away.

But he says he won't go near her and he won't reach out to her, and she believes him.

"Not until you're ready," he adds. A sentence that makes a shiver run down her spine. She'll never be ready. But at least he's being honest.

"Will you be mad if I reach out to her?" Chrissy asks. She admits her feelings for Kelly. Her sexual feelings.

Marla massages her head a bit, but shrugs and says fine, whatever. "I'm not a cult leader." And no sooner does she say this than she thinks: No, but Jack is. He's just playing nice. For now.

But at least she knows where she stands in their relationship now. Or in her case, kneels. For that wasn't just sexy talk last night. She is his submissive little sex slave. And she loves it.

Besides, Marla has one more secret. A secret so terrifying and delicious she hasn't yet shared it with her son: She's pregnant with his child.

So yeah, him confessing that he has feelings for Kelly and that he wants to draw her into their little polycule isn't a deal-killer. It's just

something Marla's going to have to manage. Good thing she won't have to see Kelly until next summer.

And then, two weeks later, Marla, Chrissy, and Kelly get the call. Their father is dying. Please come.

They're all filled with grief.

Grief and dread.

Part 7

LAST OCTOBER

"That was a beautiful eulogy, David," Rachel says, approaching her son-in-law.

He gives her a sad smile. It's her favorite look of his. She doesn't know why she's always gone for guys with that wounded-puppy energy. Maybe it's just because she can care for them. Nurse them. Mother them. Her husband had that same look when she first met him. And she was putty in his hands.

"I meant every word of it," Dave says.

"You remind me of him," she says, rubbing his arms, thinking how good he looks in a suit. She doesn't feel bad for lusting after her son-in-law, even here, at her husband memorial service.

Reza, her husband, was twenty-one years older than her, and he had been ill for a long time. And he had always said that when he was gone, she should go find someone. "Someone like David," he said. Of course, he hadn't meant that she should pursue David himself, but ... well, here we are.

"That's the highest compliment you could give me, Mom," Dave says.

She pulls him in for a hug. And lets it linger.

She sees Kelly looking forlorn over by the snack table, and she breaks off their hug. She looks up at him. And she decides she going to go for it. She's going to seduce her son-in-law. Her daughter doesn't want him. And he's too good for her anyway.

It may not happen over the course of this long weekend. But it will happen.

"Will you help me with something tonight? I just need you to reach a few things that I can't get to."

"Of course," he says. "We can do it now, if you want."

"Tonight," she says, cupping his face in her warm hand, almost purring the word.

He watches her go make the rounds, greeting various friends and neighbors accepting their condolences, and he realizes he's blushing. He curses at himself for fantasizing about his mother-in-law. Especially here, at her husband's memorial service.

Rachel leaves one couple, saying, "Thank, you, I'm sure he is," and approaches Kelly. No one is talking to her, and she's barely holding it together.

No one spoke to her at the hospital last month, either, when she and her sisters rushed to the hospital to say their tearful farewell to their father. Well, their father did, but Marla and Rachel did not. Chrissy didn't speak to her, either--there was no time and she was feeling too awkward to do so--but at least she had held Kelly's hand.

Rachel sighs. She's severely disappointed with Kelly, of course, but this is her father's memorial service. It's time to put the past behind them and move on. Besides, she notices Jack holding court in the center of the room, surrounded by Chrissy, Marla, and several other women. Why isn't he having to pay any of the consequences that Kelly is paying?

She approaches her daughter and places a hand on her cheek. That's all it takes. Kelly bursts into tears and collapses into her mother's arms. She's crying about her father, of course, but Rachel knows she's crying out of shame most of all.

"There, there. I've got you. Come. Let's talk."

She ushers Kelly to Rachel's bedroom and makes her sit on the bed. She hands her a box of tissues and tells her to let it out.

"I just can't say no to him, Mom," she says after crying and saying how sorry and ashamed she is and how terrible she feels. "It's a sickness. I tried to leave him several times and he won me back every single time. I just can't think straight around him. My body craves him in a way that my mind refuses to ignore. Even now. The moment I saw him I lusted after him."

Rachel sighs. She, unfortunately knows all about this.

"I have to confess that I had a Jack in my life, too. Clint was his name. This was right before I met your father. Like you, Clint had me under his spell. I would do anything he wanted, and none of it was good for me."

"How did you escape him?"

"I moved to another state," she says with a laugh. "You, unfortunately don't have that luxury."

Rachel hadn't thought about Clint in decades. And she has to admit that even now, all these years later, just thinking about him makes blood rush to her groin. If she's being honest with herself, Rachel is pretty sure if it had been her and Clint in the car all those years ago, she would have done the same thing.

This makes her heart soften. She takes Kelly's hand.

"I know it's going to take some time for Marla to forgive you, but you need to work on forgiving yourself."

"But what am I going to do, Mom? If he comes to me, I'll crumble."

Rachel smiles and strokes her hair. She knows exactly what Kelly will do. She'll go back to Jack. She's a lost cause. Just like her other daughters.

"Do your best, baby," Rachel says.

She kisses Kelly's forehead.

And now, her resolve to seduce Dave is now all the more strengthened.

OK, Rachel realizes, as she reenters the living room, that she could have tried to give her daughter some better advice, though she's not sure what that would have been. But she knows she's not an uninterested third party. She wants Kelly's husband. It's be much better for her if Kelly left David so Rachel could have him to herself.

She feels like she should feel bad about conniving to steal her husband away from her daughter.

But she doesn't.

She smiles a delicious smile and rubs a sensual hand up the back of her neck thinking about how she's going to seduce Dave tonight when a familiar and unwelcome voice interrupts her thoughts.

"How are you, Grandma?"

Ice runs through her veins. She looks up to see Jack standing before her. He has his arms open. As if she's going to let him hug her. Touch her.

She sighs. When they last spoke, she told Jack he was not invited to the reunion next summer. Well, of course, things changed. His grandfather died. He deserves to be here for the memorial service.

But that doesn't mean she has to talk to him.

So she doesn't.

She just walks past.

Marla joins her son, having noticed the diss.

"Still won't talk to you, huh?"

"Well, I did try to fuck her."

Marla knows. He tried to fuck her right after her mother had shamed her and Chrissy for sleeping with Jack. At the time, Marla had indeed felt shame about her relationship with her son. But not now. She and Jack and Chrissy had an excellent relationship, and if her mother couldn't see it, then that was her fault.

In fact, Marla's resentment of her mother had grown since the accident. She had refused to talk to any of her daughters or her grandson and had been cold to her when she went to be with her dying father.

But it's not like Rachel was a saint. She had met Reza when she was just sixteen. He was her teacher. Her high school science teacher. Their affair had been quite the scandal, especially when Rachel got pregnant with Marla. So yeah, who was Rachel to be passing judgment on anyone?

Marla took Jack aside.

"Remember how you said you wouldn't pursue anyone unless I OK'd it?"

Jack looks at her askance.

"Well, I'm giving you the go-ahead to pursue one person in particular," she says, nodding at Rachel.

"Let me get this straight, Mom. You want me to fuck your mother?"

A deviant smile creeps across Marla's face.

"She's all high and mighty. I want her to know what she's missing. What it's like to be claimed by you. To crave you with every fiber of her being. Then maybe she'll be less judgy."

Hearing his mother talk like this made him want to take her upstairs and ravish her.

"Yeah, well, I hate to break it to you, but she hates me. As you can see, she won't even talk to me."

"She will. She'll break. Just like every other woman in this family." She looks around the room. "You could fuck any woman in this room if you wanted."

Just thinking that makes her hot. Her man is the ultimate alpha.

"I want to fuck you so bad right now," he murmurs in her ear.

She smiles. Her pussy juices start to brew. "I know you do. Unfortunately, we have a house filled with people. But tonight you can do whatever you want to me."

"I know I can." He turns to her and looks at her lips. "But I can't wait that long. Meet me at the outside shower in five."

He starts to walk past her but leans in for a final instruction. "Don't be late."

She closes her eyes. Her alpha has given her a command.

She best follow it.

She makes for a graceful exit, when her neighbors corner her to wish her their condolences. She's forced to engaged in a polite conversation, but the whole time she's thinking how late she's going to be for her tryst.

It makes her hot, just thinking what he might do as punishment.

"Excuse, I'm sorry. I have to attend to something."

Her neighbors say, Of course, and she slips out of the house.

She's so hot it's all she can do not to touch herself as she walks down the path to the shower. She just hopes there are no kids running around playing tag or something. But the kids are all inside playing pool and watching TV.

There's no one else around, and they're just far enough away from prying eyes and ears that no one will know what they're doing.

She opens the door to the shower. Her man is standing there looking at his phone.

"Five seconds late," is all he says.

She bites her lip.

She turns and locks the door.

She approaches him. She looks up at him through her lashes.

"What are you gonna do about it?"

He turns her around and hikes up her dress. She gasps at his sudden, confident movements.

He pulls down her panties and pantyhose.

He rubs her bare ass ... and spanks it.

She grunts and immediately starts bucking her hips. Her chest starts heaving.

"Yeah. Yeah, baby. I fucked up. Punish me."

He rubs her ass again. Her smooth, smooth ass that now has a light pink mark on it.

Fuck. He is rock hard. Instantly rock hard. Oh, this is a nice evolution of their relationship.

He smacks her ass again and she grunts another "Yes!"

He'd do it again, but he's too ready. Too desirous. Too hot.

He unbuckles his belt and pulls down his pants.

He presses his cock up against her deliciously wet pussy lips.

"You want me to fuck your mother?"

"Yes!" she hisses.

"Want me to show her who's the boss?"

"Yes!"

"That'll make you feel extra sexy, won't it? Knowing I can fuck whoever I want. Even your mom."

"Yes!"

"Beg me."

"Please, Jack."

"Master."

She gasps. Oh my god, she loves that. He's her master. "Master. Please master. Please fuck my mother. Make her beg for your cock!"

He slides in. Easily. Oh, she's so wet, it's an easy single-motion thrust to get all the way in.

She sighs a loud "Ahhhh" as his cock penetrates her to the hilt.

He starts thrusting. He grabs her shoulders and pulls her into him with each thrust so his hips smash into her pink ass.

He's not normally into rough sex, but he loves how much his mom gets off on being dominated like this. Just thinking about it makes his cock tighten even more.

He grabs her hair.

"Ohmygod!" she squeals, tilting her head back and exposing her beautiful neck. "Yeah, Jack! Master! Punish me!"

Jesus Christ, he thinks. And he loses it. Shoots his load inside her. He curses. He hates cumming before his women. But he need not worry for long. Feeling his body jerk and his seed fill her up, Marla explodes with a loud curse and a squeal.

Jack pushes her torso down and grabs her hips, giving her a last few thrusts to finish them up and to make her realize she's trapped.

When finished, her grabs her hair again and gently pulls her up to him. She smiles, drunkenly giggling as she looks over her shoulder up at him.

"I like when you punish me."

"I can tell."

She bites her lip and gives him a naughty schoolgirl look. She starts grinding into him.

"I'm thinking about disobeying you again."

She grinds harder as she feels his cock grow again.

"Oh yeah, I'm gonna be so bad, Master. So bad."

He slides a hand up to her neck and holds it--just tight enough that she can feel his dominance but not so tightly that she can't breathe.

"You better not," Jack says with a smile.

"I am. I'm gonna be sooo naughty."

Her affected vocal fry really turns him on, making his cock tighten once again, and he starts grunting and thrusting into her.

"Yeah! Teach me a lesson with your cock!"

"Fuck!" he says, once again cumming. Damnit. She got him again.

But no worries. His mom jumps off his dick and drops to her knees. She plunges his cock into her mouth and sucks and sucks and sucks, draining her master dry. She pushes his cock to the back of her throat, and relaxes, depressing her tongue the way Chrissy told her to ... and sure enough, she can get him partway down her throat.

She's about to choke, so she pulls him out, but she has a big smile on her face. She sends a hand down to her pussy, slides three fingers inside, and starts grinding into it. Soon, she's squealing again, delivering a tight little orgasm that shoots through her.

She tilts her head back in ecstasy and Jack takes her open mouth as an invitation. He slips his semi-hard cock inside, and she cums even harder--especially when he pushes down her throat.

His cock once again thickens. He grabs his mother's head and gently pulls her towards him.

"Take it," he whispers. "That's it. Take it all the way, Mom. Yeah, just like that."

Eyes bulging, she starts rubbing herself again, and within a few seconds they're both cumming for a third time. Jack, sending the last ounces of his seed straight down her throat.

"Swallow."

She does, milking every last bit of jizz out of him.

He pulls out. She looks up at him, absolutely cum-drunk, a bit of jizz dribbling down her lip.

He reaches down and scoops it up with his thumb. He slides it inside her mouth.

"Drink up, Mom. Don't let any go to waste."

She sucks his thumb, licking every last bit of jizz off it. She keeps going, feeling herself getting ready for orgasm number four.

Rachel, dressed in an elegant silk robe, makes her way through the living room. It's late, and aside from her immediate family, only a few guests remain. She finds David sitting at the dining room table. He and several guests are laughing, drinking, recalling fond stories about Reza.

She places hands on Dave's shoulder.

"I'm sorry to interrupt, but I was hoping to borrow David for a moment."

"Oh, yeah, of course, Mom, I totally forgot." He nods to the others. "Excuse me." He drains his beer and follows Rachel out of the room.

He can't take his eyes of her ass in that robe. Fucking hell. He hopes Kelly still looks that hot at fifty-two.

Thinking about Kelly bums him out a tiny bit. She's been so distant since the accident he wonders where his marriage is heading. But oh well, he can worry about that another day. Right now he gets to follow the silky, sexy, swaying ass of his mother-in-law.

They enter her bedroom and she closes the door. Something about how graceful her hands are as she pushes the door closed and smiles at him fills him with desire.

Don't be an idiot, Dave. Obviously your mother-in-law isn't here to seduce you.

"I just need you to get a box of photos for me. I thought the family would like to see pictures of Reza when he was young. It's up there," she says, pointing to the top of a tall cabinet. It's way too high for him to reach.

"I've got a step ladder," she says, pointing to the corner.

"Ah, perfect. No worries."

He grabs the ladder, opens it, and climbs up.

"Careful," she says. She stands next to him and braces his legs.

He swallows.

OK, Dave. Get your head out of the gutter. Besides, even if she was trying to fuck you, you'd never cheat on Kelly. Especially not with her mom. Her amazingly sexy, regal, super-hot mom, whose mouth is inches away from...

"Got it," he says. He realizes how dry his mouth it.

She steadies him as he climbs down.

"Where do you want it?"

"On the bed. Please."

She sits next to it. She pats the mattress next to her.

He sits. He can see a naked leg peeking out from her robe.

She pulls out a photo album and blows the dust off. She places it on her lap and opens it.

"This was how he looked when we first met."

"What a handsome guy! Wait, is that you?"

She laughs. "Yes. I was a cheerleader, if you can believe it."

Dave had no idea about Rachel's scandalous past. But he can feel himself getting hot looking at all these photos of his young mother-in-law. Especially one where she's holding baby Marla. In the photo, Rachel's wearing a tight aqua-blue dress that perfectly complements her golden honey skin tone.

"Damn, Mom. You were quite the dish."

She smiles. Her plan is working. She pulls the photo from the book and examines it.

"I used to be very beautiful." She places a hand on his lap. "It got me into a lot of trouble, let me tell you. But that was a long time ago."

He blushes. "You're still very beautiful."

She pats his knee and puts the photo away. "You are very kind."

She rises and brushes off her robe.

When Dave stands she turns to face him.

"Thank you, David."

She once again rubs his arms while gazing up at him.

"I wonder if I can ask you one more favor. It's a little ... unorthodox, and please don't hesitate to say no if it makes you feel the least bit uncomfortable."

Dave's mouth once again goes dry, especially as her fingers slow in their gentle massaging of his biceps. She steps in close.

"You've been such a wonderful son to me. You're always there when I need you. You're strong and steady. Frankly, you're the only one in this family whose judgment I feel I can truly trust. But right now I don't need a son."

Dave is staring into her dark eyes so intently, wondering just where this conversation is heading, that he doesn't see Rachel reach down and untie her robe, or her robe part slightly as she steps in even closer.

She runs her hands up his chest until her arms drape around his neck.

"I've been lonely, David. Very lonely. Although Reza was my wonderful husband right up until the end, he hadn't been well enough to be my ... lover ... for a very, very long time."

She plays with his hair and stares at his lips.

Holy shit, Dave thinks. This can't be happening. But he can feel his cock starting to stir. Fuck, he thinks. Please, Mom, don't step any closer or you'll my hardon.

She reaches down and takes his hands in hers, rubbing her thumbs over the top.

"But I can't bear it any longer, David. I need someone to help me. To bring me relief. Even just for one night. Can you do this for me? Please, David. I know it's scandalous for me to even ask this, but I've

thought about you before, and I want it to be you. I want you to stop being my son, just for tonight, and be my lover. Can you do this for me?"

She guides his hands inside her robe and presses them against her hips. Her soft, flesh beckons to him. She runs her hands up his forearms and pulls him in further, sending his hands sliding past her hips and onto her perfect, naked, soft, smooth ass.

He gasps, mouth agape, staring down. He can see her tits peeking through the robe. She pulls him in some more and his hands cup her butt cheeks as if they have a mind of their own. He runs his hands up and down her smooth, soft skin as she pulls him in for a slow, sultry kiss.

She sinks her tongue inside his mouth where it roams around and invites his tongue to join hers. Her mouth seems to suck him deeper and deeper inside. She presses her whole body into his, and she groans as she feels his rock hard dick press against her stomach.

Oh yeah, she thinks. It's on. She honestly didn't think it would be this easy. He's too good of a guy. But she forgot what a sultry little minx she can be.

Their tongues press against each other as his hands grope and grasp as her ass. He pulls her in even more tightly. Oh, fuck, she feels so good under his fingertips. Her ass moves as she starts to buck her hips into him and he can feel her butt muscles clench under her soft, soft skin. God, he wants to run his hands over her ass all night long.

Holy shit. Holy shit. Holy shit. It's happening. It's fucking happening. He's going to fuck his mother-in-law...

His mother-in-law...

"Wait!" he says, suddenly pulling back.

Oh, fuck, she thinks, sadly, knowing her spell has broken.

Oh, well. She'll get him soon. She knows it. She was hoping it would be tonight, but no worries.

"I'm so sorry," he says, backing up, trying not to look at her breasts.

He holds up a hand. "Please forgive me, Mom. I'm really sorry. I really want to..." he gestures at her as she ties her robe together... "Truly. But, I ... you ... Kelly."

"Shh," she says, a huge, forgiving smile plays upon her face. She steps in, holding her hands up so he knows she means no funny business. "No need to apologize, David. I am the one who is sorry."

"No, no, please. You're fine. But I couldn't possibly. Your husband just died and you're emotionally ... something or other. And I don't want to take advantage of..."

She wraps him up in her arms again. "It's OK, David," her warm voice soothing him. "I told you it was an unorthodox proposal. Please forgive me for putting you in such an awkward situation."

She kisses him, cupping his face in her hands. "You're fine, baby. I promise."

He swallows. He doesn't feel fine. He wants to fuck the shit out of her. And she's not making it easy.

She kisses him again. "But if you change your mind, you know where to find me."

He nods. He should go. He should go now before he does change his mind. And he really wants to change his mind.

He stumbles backward, covering his groin so she doesn't see his raging hardon pressing against his slacks.

He utters one more, "I'm sorry," before skedaddling out of the room.

She sighs. She brings a hand up to her chest. It's OK. She knows he wants her. He wants her so badly. But he's a good guy. And the problem with liking good guys --truly good guys--is they don't know how to be bad.

But she'll teach him how. She'll show him the way. And then he'll be hers. Kelly can go run off to join Jack's harem, and she'll scoop David

up and make him hers. She's had a bad boy in her life, and she hated herself for it. Now she only wants David. Yes, she'll have to corrupt him slightly to get him, but she can live with that.

She knows he can, too.

Oh, she loved how much her son-in-law wanted her. He was putty in her hands. She thinks about his hands. How eagerly they fondled her ass. How they pulled her into him. His cock pressing against her.

She lays on her bed and unties her robe again. It falls away, revealing a toned, golden body that any woman of fifty-two would be excited to have. All those years of yoga have clearly paid off.

She reaches into her bedside drawer and pulls out her vibrator. This little guy has been with her for years. She bought it when Reza's interest in sex began to wane, and it's kept her quite content since then.

She thinks of seducing David and how it could have gone differently if she had played her cards right. She starts pressing the tip of the vibrator against her pussy, which is already wet from her encounter. She rubs it across her opening and slides it up and down. Now that it's wet, she brings it up to her clit and lightly circles it just the way she likes. Then she turns it on. A jolt of lightning shoots through her as the vibrators high-pitched buzzing fills the room. She rubs it on her clit and along her opening when she hears a knock on the door.

That snaps her out of her reverie. She nearly drops the vibrator. But she catches it and fumbles with it while saying, "Coming."

She has to laugh. She was certainly very closing to cumming.

She puts the vibrator in the drawer. She stands and tightens her robe.

She puts a hand on the doorknob. Oh, what if it's David? Maybe he's had second thoughts after all?

She hums slightly and tries to remain calm as blood rushes back to her groin.

She opens the door.

Her face falls.

"Go away."

She pushes the door closed, but Jack inserts his shoe and the door bounces off it.

"I come in peace. I promise." He holds up his hands.

She pulls on the door, but he won't move his foot. She considers yelling, but decides that's below her.

She sighs and walks back into the room.

She sits on the bed and gestures for him to speak.

He enters and looks around the place. He's been here before. Times when she knew about. But also times when she didn't. He always was a snoop. And before knocking on her door this evening, he heard the telltale sound of her little vibrator buzzing away. He knows all about that puppy. He discovered it when he was twelve and was snooping all through her things. He didn't know what it was then, but he figured it out a few years later. Once, when he was fourteen and feeling extra randy from having seen his aunt Kelly in a bikini, he snuck in here and ran the vibrator on his dick, causing him to spurt jizz all over Grandma's rug. He spent a half hour cleaning that mess up.

"Look, obviously, I have a lot to atone for."

She sits on her bed, arms crossed, staring at his shoes. She will give him nothing.

"I'm not expecting you to forgive me--"

"Good."

"But I'm trying. I'm a changed man."

"No you're not. You're right back where you were before the accident. Rebuilding your little harem. Soon, you'll try to win Kelly back. But you won't be satisfied with that. You'll never be satisfied. Not until you've fucked every woman in the country. Which is why you're here."

He blinks. Well you can't say she's wrong, exactly. Though he definitely will be satisfied once he gets Aunt Kelly back. And if he can fuck Rachel, that'll be the ultimate notch on his belt. And he blushes slightly thinking about the victory sex he'll have with his mom afterwards. But that's all icing on the already-scrumptious Kelly/Chrissy/Mom cake.

He kneels before her. She rolls her eyes. But only now does she register that he's got a brown paper bag with him.

"OK, you've got me. I'm still desperately attracted to you. But that's not why I'm here. I just wanted to say I was sorry. Sorry for making an unwelcome pass at you. Sorry for being an asshole. Sorry for causing so many problems. I really am."

"If you're so sorry, then why don't you go tell Uncle David how he came to have that accident?"

He swallows again. Damn, grandma ain't playin'. He's really not sure how he's gonna pull this off.

"Whatever is in the bag, I don't want it," she says. "Now go."

He nods. "OK. I am going to leave this over here by the door. It's a present for you from me."

Actually, he bought it for Chrissy and Marla, but his mom gave him permission to give it to Rachel as part of his quest.

"I know you'll curse at me when you see it. Maybe you'll toss it I the trash. But I meant well when I picked it out for you."

He rises and places the bag on her bureau.

"Goodnight, Grandma."

He leaves.

She lowers her face to her hand and rubs her temple.

After a few minutes of silently cursing her nephew and comparing him unfavorably to David, she can't help it. She gets up and looks inside the bag. She shakes her head and pull the present out, being sure her only point of contact is her fingernails.

It's an enormous dildo. No, vibrator. It's shaped just like a real dick, with a head and veins and balls, as opposed to her own vibrator which is perfectly smooth.

She places it back in the bag, wondering why he thought she would want this stupid thing.

She walks over to her wastebasket and drops it inside.

I mean, really. What was the point? To make her think of his dick?

Although, now that she's thinking that, the two bear an uncanny resemblance, at least from the brief glimpses she got. As well as the feeling of it when she was holding his dick in her hands...

Fuck.

She feels blood rushing to her groin.

Goddamn it.

Chrissy taps on Kelly's door. She hears nothing. She's about to walk away when the door opens. Kelly sees her sister. And collapses into her arms and starts to bawl.

Chrissy shushes her and holds her.

"There, there, baby girl. I've got you."

She steps forward and closes the door behind her.

Kelly doesn't say anything. She just reaches up to Chrissy's face, and starts kissing her. Thankfully, Chrissy kisses her back. Their lips come together and part and return. Kelly pushes Chrissy against the door. Oh, how she's missed this. Her sister's soft lips. Her dexterous tongue. Her hands running along her back and down to her ass.

Kelly presses her groin into Chrissy's and starts dry humping her. Oh fuck, she needs this. She needs this so badly. She has slept with Dave only once since the accident, and only because he wanted to and she felt like she needed to, out of guilt. And it ended the way their sex so often does, with her faking it and him cuddling her and unintentionally making her feel even more guilty.

But this. This is different. Kelly wants this. She's desperate for her sister's affection, her love, her sexual prowess.

Kelly's energy slows, downshifting from pent-up, fuck-me-now intensity to the much more pleasant, oh yeah, I remember how good this feels lovemaking. Their kisses last longer. Their tongues rove farther afield. Their arms cover less territory but explore more in-depth.

The door tries to open, but Chrissy's in the way.

"Kel?" Dave says.

The sister's break off their kiss. "Oh, sorry, Dave."

They check for lipstick. None.

Chrissy goes to pull away, but Kelly holds her tight. She pulls Chrissy towards her and opens the door.

"You all right?" Dave says, seeing the two women embracing, tears still streaming down Kelly's face.

She breaks off their hug and wipes away the tears. She nods.

"Yeah. It's been a day, and Chrissy was helping me through it."

Dave smiles and nods at Chrissy. "It's good to see you two talking again, though I'm sorry it took this to make that happen."

Chrissy nods.

"Dave?" Kelly says, playing with his shirt. "I know this is a weird request..."

Dave braces himself. Another weird request? What could this possibly be? A threesome? God, Dave, get your head out of your ass. Then again, he fantasized about getting hit on by his mother-in-law and that happened, so maybe he's got some sort of wish-fulfillment magical ability?

"But could I stay with Chrissy tonight? I just ... with Dad and all..."

Ah. Yes, that makes more sense.

"No need to explain. Of course. Like I said I'm just glad you two are back together."

Chrissy suppresses a smile at that.

"Thanks, Dave." She gives him a tearful hug. "You're the best."

He kisses her. Then he feels weird, since the last person he kissed was her mother. He briefly wonders if she can tell. If she can smell her on him somehow.

If so, she couldn't care less. All she cares about is going to Chrissy's room (yes, Chrissy has her own room. Rachel insisted.) and going down on her.

The women bid him goodnight, and he watches them go, holding hands, Kelly resting her head on Chrissy's shoulder. They disappear around the corner just as he starts fantasizing once again about that threesome...

"Where are they off to?"

"Ah!" Dave says.

"I'm sorry, David," Rachel says, reaching out to steady him.

He catches his breath and laughs. "Boy, you should have been a spy, Mom."

Boy, that word suddenly hits different.

"Can you imagine?" she says. She strikes a pose as if she has a gun. Dave notices her knee peeking out from her robe--the robe he just had his hands inside of only a few minutes ago. Rachel laughs and regains her composure.

"I just wanted to come up and apologize again. I feel awful."

She feels turned on is what she feels. She was so hot from their earlier encounter and then so close to cumming thanks to her vibrator, and then so embarrassingly turned back on thinking about her grandson's enormous cock, she feels ready to explode.

She couldn't bring herself to use the giant vibrator he gave her, and her trusty little vibrator seemed so ... inadequate for the task at hand, and she was too keyed up to just got to sleep. So she thought she'd come up and see what David was doing. And, oh look, his wife is leaving him. For the night, David informs her. How interesting.

Round two.

"No need, Mom--Rachel."

"Rachel?" she says raising an eyebrow. She can't remember a time when he called her Rachel. "Oh. So it's like that, is it?" She gives him a saucy look.

He laughs.

"I... sorry... I'm... this has been a confusing day."

She nods. "That's on me. And I'm sorry."

"No. Seriously. No need. You're fine. You're... obviously..." he gestures.

She once again raises an eyebrow. She lets him stew for a moment. She's found, over the course of her fifty-two years, that you can often get what you want by simply by being quiet and never letting people off the hook whenever they're just trying to move the conversation away from any awkwardness.

And it works.

She waits for him to finish. When he clams up, not even remembering what he was trying to say, he looks around and realizes they're standing in the doorway of his bedroom.

"Do you... um... want to come in?" That seems like a normal thing to ask, right?

She tilts her head. Her hair falls down her shoulder, cascading onto her right breast. He notices.

"I would love to, thank you," she purrs. God, she has such a melodious voice. Syrupy, almost. "Seems a little cold out here in the hallway."

He gestures for her to enter end then swallows, unsure what to do. He closes the door, wondering if that was the right or wrong thing.

She inhales. OK. Time to reel him in.

She turns to face him and places her hands on his chest.

"I just hope you can forgive me."

He nods. He's about to say "All forgiven" but he's looking at her lips. So plush and inviting.

She reaches up and wraps her hands--her soft, warm hands that feel like they've been recently moisturized--around his neck.

"Uh-huh," he says suddenly having no idea what she said to him.

"You forgive me?"

Oh that, he think. Absolutely. All is forgiven. For now and forever. But what he says is a quiet, "Yes."

"Show me."

She pulls him towards her.

This time, he doesn't resist. Resisting is stupid. Futile, one might even say. Giving in is much better. Her soft lips on his. His hands untying her robe, slipping inside, caressing that beautiful, perfect, soft, soft ass.

Oh my god, this is way, way better.

She pulls his head down so he's kissing her neck. She pulls down further. Her robe is in the way, so she let's go of his head and suddenly the robe drops to the floor.

This is better still. Why did he say no earlier? That was stupid.

This is smart.

His lips are roaming all over her tits, while her hands run through his hair. She's encouraging him every step of the way with gentle yesses and quiet moans.

She starts unbuttoning his shirt. God, there's way too many buttons. She wants to tear it off, but she's not strong enough.

He is, though, suddenly finding the strength of Superman. He grips it and rips it, surprising himself and worrying slightly about having ruined his shirt and having Kelly find out.

But fuck it.

This is better.

She pulls off his undershirt and starts kissing his chest. He's certainly not built like Jack, but he's got a totally solid bod for a twenty-eight-year-old guy who never works out. She loves it. It's real. It's the body of a guy who isn't concerned with his looks.

She pulls off his pants and underwear...

And throws him on the bed.

She climbs up. Oh, what a nice cock he has. Again, it's nothing like Jack's. It's a perfectly normal-sized dick. Beautiful, even. She considers starting with a blowjob, but she's too eager. This isn't that kind of sex. This is the get-inside-me-now-before-you-back-out kind. And she knows this playbook very well.

Step one: Grab dick.

Step two: Insert dick.

Step three: Start grinding.

His mouth opens the moment she grabs his dick. He's worried he's gonna back out, too, so he very much wants her to go through with it before he can.

She places it against her opening...

And slides down.

Both of them gasp. This has been a long time coming for her. And for him, well, we won't say it's been a long fantasy of his, but he has definitely had a major crush on her. On MILFs in general. And Rachel is the MILFiest MILF of them all.

She starts grinding.

Oh yeah, this is just what the doctor ordered. David's dick is perfect for this. She can get it to hit exactly where she wants it to hit.

She leans forward and starts pumping her ass up and down, riding his cock, her pussy swallowing and releasing and swallowing again.

She groans and hisses, "Yeah baby, just like that," even though he's not doing a thing except holding on for dear life. He hasn't had sex

without anyone other than Kelly. Ever. So this is a whole new ballgame for him.

It's been so long since she had sex, it almost feels like the first time. Her lips grip his cock nice and tightly. So tightly, he's about to cum.

He doesn't want to cum. He wants to be Mr. Pornstar and deliver an epic fuck. So he tells her he's about to cum and asks her to slow down.

But there's no stopping this train. Besides, she has other plans.

"Oh baby, yeah, that's it. Cum inside me. Cum inside me. Cum inside me."

She starts working his dick faster now, clenching her walls around him. And his orgasm builds and builds and builds. He keeps trying to hold out...

Hold out...

Please hold...

But he can't.

He grunts an "Oh, fuck," and shoots a rope of jizz inside her. His body spasms as she keeps pumping him until he hisses. She puts on the brakes.

Whew.

Overstimulation avoided.

She smiles and lowers herself onto him. She ventures another slow pump, which is perfect, he spurts more cum inside her and she kisses him.

They keep kissing.

"That was... fuck," he interrupts himself when she pumps him again and he spurts. "Sorry I didn't hold out longer."

"Don't be. I love that you were so turned on you couldn't stop yourself."

She starts pumping again, her pussy once again swallowing and releasing his cock a few times to see if she can't get it to come back to life.

And, well, look at that. Here it comes.

He moans slightly. "You're amazing."

"I know," she purrs. "But I think you're about to show me how amazing you are, too."

He smiles. Challenge accepted.

He flips them over and starts slowly thrusting into her.

"That's it, David. That's it. Give me everything."

He loves that she calls him David. He loves her contralto voice, too. He loves pretty much everything about her.

But what he really loves is that she's hot for him.

Unlike his wife.

He also loves how fucking wrong this is.

He's fucking his wife's mother. The woman he calls mom.

"Oh yeah, you're so hard. You're so hard for me."

He is hard. He's harder now than he was for their last session. Because he now fully realizes what he's doing. He's fucking his mother-in-law. His super-sexy mother-in-law. His wife's mom. He's fucking his wife's mom.

He reaches down and grabs her leg and pulls it up, so be knee is bent over his arm. This is a nice angle. He pulls up her other leg.

"Yeah, David."

All that yoga of hers is paying off.

He wonders...

He sits up a bit and straightens out her legs. Then he, very gently, pushes her legs back ... back ... way back until they stretch past her head.

"Saucy," she says. But she lets him do it. Reza never did this to her.

He presses his body into her legs and sinks back inside.

"Oh, god, David, yes!" she groans. "Oh fuck."

Now his dick is really hitting that good ol' g-spot.

Oh man, he loves this position. He never tried it before. It seemed too weird to try it with his wife. But with her mother? Oh, this is so hot. He's in control, and she's squirming under him, groaning and yessing and cursing away.

He's got her.

He's got her.

She's gonna cum.

And he can tell it's gonna be a big one.

She reaches up and grips his back, her nails digging into him...

She throws her head back and opens her mouth wide...

Nothing comes out.

But her body does all the talking. Her legs shake uncontrollably.

She's a silent screamer.

She mouths the word "fuck" over and over again.

And Dave keeps going. He never knows if he's going to push too far and ruin it, but right now, he can tell she wants him to keep going. Keep sending that cock in there. Keep stimulating that g-spot. Keep her cumming.

Finally, he can't hold out any longer. Seeing her cum like this--Kelly never had an orgasm like this for him--makes him feel like such a stud. He unloads in her again and that breaks his rhythm.

Finally, she grunts as she comes back down to earth.

Her legs are still shaking through, and she looks up at him helplessly.

He holds his position once he regains control his body.

And finally, she stops shaking. Finally, her orgasm(s) stop. Finally, she can breathe normally again.

He rolls off her. And they lay next to each other, breathing, holding hands and looking at each other like "What the fuck was that?"

When she can finally move again, she rolls into him. She nuzzles his chest with her face and relishes his scent. She kisses his chest, all over his chest.

She looks at him and props her chin on him.

"That was the best sex I've ever had," she says.

"Jesus, me too."

She brushes his hair.

"Thank you."

"Oh my god, thank you!" he says, knowing he sounds like an idiot.

She pulls herself up and kisses him. It's a long, sensuous kiss, one where their eyes lock onto each other and much is said, promises are made. He runs a hand through her lustrous hair and never wants the kiss to end. When it does, she pushes herself up.

"I should go."

"You could stay here..."

She smiles.

"Another time, David." As good as that sounds, she doesn't want any awkwardness in the morning. She slides out of bed and throws her robe on. "Thank you."

She slips out of the room and place a hand on her chest.

Fuck me, that was good, she thinks. Is that what I've been missing for all these years?

She goes to her room and lies down and gently strokes her body with her nails. God, she hasn't felt this sexy in years. She starts writhing on her sheets. Oh, fuck. She just had the most epic orgasm of her life and here she is wanting more.

Her hand slides down her stomach to her pussy. She slides two, no, three fingers inside.

Oh yeah. Yeah. Just like that. She reaches over for her vibrator. Where is it?

That breaks her concentration. She rifles through her drawer. What the...

No.

He didn't.

He wouldn't have.

Did her fucking grandson come in a take her vibrator?

What a dick.

Oh, but she's still so horny.

And speaking of dicks...

She hates herself, but she need release. She can't believe she needs release since given what she and David did, but she does.

She walks over to the trash and pulls out the vibrator. Should she wash it? She feels like she should ... oh wait, there's a film over it.

She pulls it off and there it is. In all its glory. A big, honkin' vibrator. Brand new. Ready to be used...

She's definitely intimidated. There's no way, right? No way that can fit inside her. That can't be healthy. For anyone.

And yet, she saw her daughter taking Jack's all the way to the hilt. She certainly didn't look like she was in need of an ambulance. No. Come to think of it. She looked like she was having the time of her life.

You know what? No. She doesn't need it. She can just pleasure herself the old fashioned way.

But she knows she's going to try it.

God help me, she thinks as she climbs into bed.

She hesitates, feeling like she's cheating on David. But that's silly, right? It's an inanimate object.

The more she holds it in her hands, the more turned on she gets. She starts bucking her hips to the sky as she runs her fingers up and down the thing.

A primal feeling overcomes her.

The urge to kiss it.

She brings it to her lips and kisses the area where the head meets the shaft. She knows that's a sensitive spot for guys. Reza always loved when she would lick that spot.

So she does.

Obviously, it's a vibrator not a human dick, but it still turns her on at the thought of a guy reacting to her stimulation. A guy like David, for example.

Or Jack.

No. David. Let's focus on the good people in the world.

David. Oh, David. You fucked the hell out of me tonight.

She starts bucking her hips again. She sends one hand back down to her pussy. The other holds that vibrator. And she licks it. From about halfway down the base up to the top. She opens her mouth. She can barely open it wide enough. Her tongue unfurls and licks the top. Round and around it goes. Mmm... imagine something this big going in...

She pushes it in to her mouth. It fills. It's too much.

She read about learning how to deepthroat once. She skootches over to the edge of the bed and lets her head dangle off the side. From this position, the world is upside down. God, she feels so exposed. It feels ... invigorating.

She brings the vibrator to her lips. She slides it into her mouth, licking all the way. It's important that the thing is lubricated, she read.

She licks and licks and licks, twirling the vibrator around so it's nicely coated.

Oh fuck, she normally likes to be the dominant one, but David's fuck tonight unlocked a new fetish. Being dominated. God, it felt so sexy to be under his control. To have her legs way over her head like that. Trapped under him...

She slides the cock--the vibrator--inside. Oh, imagine David standing there. She'd be able to see his thighs from this position. He'd bring

his hips forward and send his cock into her mouth. And she'd be powerless to stop him.

Oh, fuck, she's grinding into her hand now with serious intent.

She pushes the cock in deeper. Relax. Depress your tongue. If you feel like you're going to choke, just sit tight and relax.

She pushes it in further until it's at the breaking point.

She stops masturbating and forces herself to relax. Breathe through your nose. Remember your yoga. Relax. Be Calm. Breathe...

She pushes it in further. Her throat expands. It's terrifying and electrifying and other -fyings as well.

In deeper. Christ how can there be more?

She imagines David once again. Except David, god bless him, doesn't have a cock like this. She loves his cock. It's perfect. But this isn't that.

This is Jack's cock.

Fuck. That thought makes her start grinding into her hand again. Oh fuck, she hates herself. She hates herself because the thought of Jack sending his massive cock into her throat like this is getting her so fucking hot. She imagines him dominating her.

Her grandson claiming her.

Saying "Take it..."

Fuck, she cums. She cums imagining having has her grandson's throbbing dick down her throat.

Fuck fuck fuck.

She slides it out and gasps for air. But not for long, for she sends the giant vibrator down to her pussy and presses it against her opening.

"Fuuuuck."

Her opening opens and opens and opens. Jesus. She can't. She can't.

But Jack's in charge. She imagine him saying, "Take it. Take it, Grandma."

"Oh my god."

She slides the entire head inside.

Holy shit. This is a whole different animal. Christ, it's a whole different sport.

She pushes and pushes, sliding it deeper and deeper.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck oh fuck..."

She starts bucking into it.

"My god, my god, my god..."

It's all the way in. Absolutely filling her to capacity. She hates it. She loves it. She... she...

She turns it on.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Her body absolutely breaks. She spasms and yells and shudders. It's the greatest and most terrible feeling in the world.

And then she realizes someone else is in the room.

"No! No! No! Go away!"

Jack--the real Jack--gently takes her head in his hands.

"It's OK. It's OK. Let me do this for you."

"Fuck, fuck, fuck..."

He bends over her. Oh fuck, he's not wearing anything except for a pair of boxers. His cock is barely being kept inside them, threatening to brush up against her face.

He reaches for the vibrator and pulls it out slightly ... and then he slides it back in.

"Oh my god! No..."

"No?" He stops.

She pauses, body shuddering...

Oh fuck.

She whispers: "Do it."

He doesn't smile. This isn't the time for a victory dance. He just wants to make her happy.

He slowly sends the vibrator in and out of her and she bucks and moans and curses and loses her goddamn mind.

She reaches up and grabs his boxers and yanks them back, freeing his cock so that it thunks on her face. Fuck, it's so big and warm.

She brings it to her mouth. Oh, the precum. It takes so good. She licks it off him and licks some more as her legs begin to shake from her orgasm.

Focus, Rachel. Focus.

She wraps her lips around his cock, oh, my god, his glorious cock.

She grabs his ass and pulls him into her. Slowly. Well, as slowly as she can as she's still cumming and cumming and cumming.

Deeper. Fuck. Deeper.

She tries to relax her throat. Depress her tongue, but it's hard. She can't concentrate.

Jack turns off the vibrator.

Oh, thank god. Much better.

She inhales and takes him in.

He rises so he can focus on the task at hand, or, in this case, the dick in mouth.

He left the vibrator still inside her. Deep in her pussy. But right now he's going to fuck his grandmother's face.

"Easy, Grandma. Relax."

He guides his cock in a little deeper. Oh, fuck, where did she learn how to do this? Do senior citizens deepthroat? How come no one told him this?

She pulls him in all the way.

"That's it. Oh, that feels so good. Do you want me to take over and fuck your mouth now?"

She nods. Fuck, she's so ashamed. But god, yes, that's what she wants. Fuck my face, Jack. Fuck me. Own me. Dominate me. Make me yours.

He obliges.

He slides out and slowly thrust back in. She loves that he's gripping her head. He's in control. She can let go of his perfect ass and she can do other things. Things like fuck herself with that vibrator. Which she does, trying to match Jack's rhythm.

"I've got you, Rachel," he says. "I've got you. You're all mine. All mine to do whatever I want. Isn't that right?"

She can't nod, he's holding her head. But she can thrust that vibrator in with more intensity. And she can growl like a caged animal.

"Yeah, that's right. For all your imperiousness, you love having your face fucked by your own grandson, don't you?"

She growls some more.

"I know you fucked Uncle Dave tonight. But I own you now. I own you. I own you."

He builds up speed as the keeps repeating that phrase. Finally, he gives one last thrust and unleashes his load, loving the feel of shooting his seed straight down his grandmother's throat.

She responds to this by cumming.

Again.

"Swallow."

She does.

"Yeah, that's it. Drink it all up. Drink up my cum."

He slides out of her and she pulls the vibrator out as well.

What has she done?

Before she can answer that, he scoops her up.

She's limp in his arms.

"Well that was fun, wasn't it?"

He kisses her right tit.

"Time for act two. Let me claim you. Fully."

He lays her back down on the bed, lengthwise, and climbs in next to her.

She wants to object. She can't. Her pussy is broken. Her soul, too. Fuck, what did she do?

But she doesn't say anything.

He rolls her over so she's lying on her stomach. He slides down her golden body.

"Fuck, you're so hot, Rachel."

He squeezes her ass and lets go, watching it wiggle like jello. Oh fuck. What a great ass she has. No wonder her daughters all have such beautiful asses. But this is the OG.

He lifts her hips up, exposing all of her ass to him.

She wants to say wait, but her mouth won't work.

Then he licks. He licks her asshole.

What is this? She's certainly heard of eating ass but it always sounded gross to her. She could never understand why people did it.

But she gets it now.

Holy shit, it feels amazing. Jesus. His tongue is breathing new life into her.

"Oh my god," she groans. It's the first time she's been able to speak for several minutes.

"Yeah, I thought you might like that."

He licks again and she opens herself up even more.

"Look at you. Love that spirit, Grandma!"

He licks and licks and really goes to town. Oh fuck, his tongue is exploring inside her ass. Jesus Christ! She pulls her ass cheeks apart so he can really get in there. Fuck, Jack, yes, fuck. Get in there!

He does until he can tell she's ready for the next thing. Hmm.. but which hole...?

He climbs up her body.

"Want me to fuck your ass, Rache?"

She shakes her head.

"You sure? It's pretty dope from what I hear. At least, that's what the ladies tell me."

She shakes her head some more.

"All right. Shall I fuck your pussy instead?"

She clamps her hands down on her head, but still nods. Yes, Jack. Yes, just do it. I'm tired of fighting and pretending I don't want it. Just do it. Just claim me already.

The moment she nods, he slides in.

Her mouth opens wide.

"Say Grandma, what a delicious pussy you've got there. Oh fuck. It feels so good."

He easily reaches all the way.

"So nicely warmed up for me."

He starts thrusting with a steady rhythm and she starts grunting again. She can't believe her pussy hasn't fallen off with all the works it's done tonight. But holy fuck it not only isn't falling off, it feels better than it ever has before.

"That's it, grind into me. Yeah, just like that. You love my dick, don't you, Grandma? You love it."

She doesn't respond. She doesn't have to. Her body does all the talking for her.

He clamps his hands on her shoulder and pulls her into him, and that does it. That feeling of total domination once again sends her over the edge.

Her squeal causes her grandson to cum inside her. This thrills and disgusts her. Fuck. She can't believe it. She gave into her most basic, carnal desires--desires she didn't even know she had--and now she's as pathetic and weak as her daughters.

And Dave. Fuck, she just cheated on Dave. Just like her daughter did. God, she's such a slut.

After finishing, Jack slides off her and lies next to her, propping his head on his hand. He strokes her back with his other hand.

"How you doing?"

"Go away."

"Aw, come on, don't be like that. We had fun."

"Go away."

"OK. I will. But can I just say one thing?"

Jesus, guys and their need to get in the last fucking word.

When she doesn't say no, he continues as if she said yes.

"Be nice to yourself."

She can't help but look at him. Whatever she was expecting him to say, it certainly wasn't that.

"I can tell you kind of hate yourself for sleeping with me. And I get it. I do. I mean, yeah, you crossed a line you did not want to cross. Also, I'm guessing you just discovered that you like having submissive sex, and maybe you feel bad about that. But so what? No one got hurt, and you enjoyed it. I know I did. So be nice to yourself. Just realize that you are a complicated person who's still discovering things about herself."

She turns and props her head on her hand now. Who is this insightful person in her grandson's body?

He continues. "And just because you liked getting dominated doesn't mean anything. You're a dominant person yourself. It must have felt nice to surrender to someone for a change. You don't have to hate yourself for it.

"And look, I'm not going to pursue you or anything. We had a good time. I'll admit I saw you as a challenge and that intrigued me, but that's it. I love my mom and my aunts. Both of my aunts. You said I won't be satisfied until I've fucked the whole country. Well, that may have been true once, but not anymore. I just want your daughters. Which, I know is two more people than I'm supposed to have but

you know what: I have a big appetite and a big heart. And I love them. I want to be with them. Them and only them.

"So please. Don't hate me. Yes, I fucked up. Yes, I let my ego go to my head. Yes, I was filled with contempt for everyone else. And that sucks. I suck. I'm aware. But I'm working on it. And I guess that's all we can do, right?

"So we good, Grandma?"

"How did you know to come in here?"

"Huh? Oh, I was snooping. I saw you leave Uncle Dave's room--which, by the way: naughty, naughty!"

She doesn't laugh.

"And I followed you. And I listened at your door. So yeah, I guess I haven't grown all that much. But anyways, when I heard you using my vibrator--and having a hell of a time with it, I must say. Up top!"

He raises a hand for her to slap. She looks at him.

"No? Well, when I heard you having a mind-blowing orgasm, thanks to my giant vibrator, I took it upon myself to come in. Again, I'm a massive, cocky asshole, but you seemed to enjoy it, so... here we are."

She thinks for a bit. Her trick of being silent to get her opponent to say or do something revealing or helpful to her wasn't working. He was just lying there ... stroking his cock?

"Do you have to do that?"

"Oh, sorry. It helps me relax."

"Well, you're right. I should be nice to myself. Thank you."

"Oh yeah. And to my mom and aunts! Be nice to them too. And maybe one day you can forgive me? Up top!"

He holds his hand up again.

She slaps it.

"Now go. I'm tired."

"OK, yeah, sure thing. Or ... hear me out: Since we're lying on the bed next to each other, naked, all revved up and ready to go ... we could have one last roll in the hay? Maybe you could dominate me for a change. That could be fun. No one's ever done that. You could climb on top ... grab my cock ... tell me what a naughty boy I've been..."

He's really stroking his dick now.

She kind of want to slap him.

Kind of.

But instead, she grabs his cock...

And bends it down, towards his feet. Not all the way like she did last time. But enough to make him gasp and hold his breath.

"You have been naughty, haven't you?"

"The worst," he says with a smile.

She tuts at him. OK. She could get into this.

"What am I going to do with you?"

"Something awful, I hope. ...Aside from cutting off my dick."

"Roll over."

He does.

She climbs on top of his thighs. Jesus, what a specimen he is. And that ass. So taut and muscular.

OK, Mr. Big Dick. Let's see how you like it.

"Give me your ass, Jack."

He gasps. Fuck. OK, maybe he's bitten off more than he can chew?

But he does as she commands. He lifts his ass to her.

She grabs the vibrator and slides it into her pussy.

"Oh, you've been so, so bad, haven't you?"

"Yes, Grandma. The worst."

Now that his dick is off the bed, se starts stroking it again.

She pulls the vibrator out from her and positions it up to his asshole.

He hisses.

"Are you going to change your ways?"

She wriggles it all around his opening, making sure the area is nice and wet and ready.

"Yes."

"We'll see about that."

She pushes. It's not going in. He's never had anything up there before. But he opens himself up, giving her a better angle. She tries again. Oh, there it is.

"Fuuuuck."

"This is what happens when you think the rules don't apply to you, Jack."

The head clears the opening.

"Yeeeeaaaah!"

She rattles the vibrator a little, causing him to groan and curse.

"You like being dominated."

"Yes. Do it. Do it."

"I'll take my damn time, thank you very much."

"I'm sorry."

"Stroke your cock harder."

He does.

She pushes the vibrator inside, and he strokes harder and faster, muttering a quiet ohmygod. She pulls back and pushes in. Deeper it goes.

"Oh, fuuuuck."

"I own you now," she says, emphasizing the word you.

"Yes."

She pushes in some more until he jerks. Ah. There it is. The ol' prostate. Hello there.

She flips the switch.

The vibrator roars to life.

"Fuuuuuuuuuuuuck!" he grunts, his body quivering. He instantly shoots his seed onto her sheets.

"Are you sorry?" she asks after he's done spurting.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

She shuts it off and gently pulls it out.

He collapses on her bed, his cock landing in his pool of seed.

She gets up and places the vibrator on her bedside table. She grabs her robe and wraps herself up.

"I expect you to clean up the mess. Goodnight, Grandson. I love you. And I forgive you."

She closes the door.

She climbs the stairs and slips into David's room.

"Huh? What?"

"Shh, David. It's me." She approaches him and strokes his hair. "I missed you."

"Mom? Oh..." He pulls the sheets away and makes room for her on the bed.

She climbs in and pulls him into her.

"Go back to sleep, baby."

He nuzzles in to her, his face on her breast, his leg draped over hers, and passes back out.

She caresses his cheek, kisses his forehead, and soon follows.

Part 8 - End

LAST OCTOBER

Jack climbs into bed.

"Well?" his mother asks, wrapping him up in her arms and legs. "How'd it go?"

He's not sure what to tell her. No, scratch that. He knows exactly what to tell her and exactly what not to tell her.

"Mission accomplished."

She gasps. "You're kidding! Tell me everything!"

He smiles. Yeah, I don't think so, Mom. But he does tell her everything right up until the part where he let Grandma peg him. He

rightly suspects that that might change his mother's view of him, her supposed alpha male.

He can't say he exactly enjoyed that experience, though he did like that it cut through the tension between him and his Grandma. He feels like it was a small price to pay for her forgiveness and to help her feel better about his dominating her.

He definitely feels changed after the experience, though. He's kind of surprised he allowed it to happen. No, that he suggested she dominate him.

Very out of pocket for him.

Oh well. What's the saying? Live, Laugh, Get pegged by Grandma?

"I can't believe she deepthroated you," is what Marla took from the story.

Jack can't believe that, either.

"Anyway, all is forgiven. She promises to be nice to you again. You're welcome."

She laughs. "Oh, I'm welcome? The vibrator was my idea."

He kisses her. "And a good one at that."

"Wanna claim my ass?" Marla asks.

He grimaces at the mention of the word ass.

"I hope you won't take this the wrong way, but I'm a little sore."

He fails to mention where he's sore. Or that he's not feeling particularly dominant right now.

She kisses him.

"Of course, baby."

She snuggles into him with every intention of letting him sleep. But. The thought keeps running through her mind: He fucked her mother. Her mother who hated him. He dominated her. Got her to deepthroat him. Her mother deepthroated her son. Her alpha male son. He's so fucking manly and irresistible that her own mother couldn't even say no to him.

She's grinding into him now. She's not even aware that she's doing it; she's just so overcome with heat. Now she rubs her face into his chest, smelling him, getting his scent all up in her hair.

She runs her hands over his torso, and her legs slide over his.

Despite himself, Jack can feel his cock rising to attention again. Her exuberance for him, for his manliness, gets the best of him. OK, yes, he did let Grandma peg him. He even got off on it; he's not ashamed to admit it. But look at his mom. She wants his cock. So much so that she can't even control herself.

Her mouth opens wide, seeing his dick at full mast. She looks at him with a fierce hunger in her eyes.

She slides down and kisses his dick. Her bull's cock. The cock of her master. He can fuck anyone. He can claim anyone. And look how hard he is for her.

She slides it into her mouth and turns her head from side to side. She bobs up and down, and he brings his hand to her cheek.

She giggles. She bobs up and down a few more times while working his shaft with her hands.

Then she lets his cock pop out of her mouth. While still stroking it, she purrs, "Oh, I'm being so bad. You wanted to go to sleep, and here I am sucking your delicious cock."

She sucks it some more. Slowly. Like a delicious ice cream cone.

"What are you gonna do to me, Master, for being so naughty?"

OK, this is better. He can feel his alpha battery recharging.

He grabs her and slides her up the bed.

"Oh yeeah," she growls.

He hikes up her ass and rubs it.

"You were naughty, weren't you?"

"So bad."

He smacks her butt. Lightly, but enough for the role play.

"Yeah," she purrs, "Mommy was so naughty."

Smack.

"You want me to claim your ass?"

"Mmm... please. That'll teach me."

"Well..." he positions himself behind her and gives her another light smack. Oh, look how that ass rebounds. "We don't always get what we want."

He slides into her pussy, which makes her gasp.

He pushes her down onto the bed, then goes to town. He sends his cock deep inside her, grinding it all along her G-spot.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeahyeahyeahyeah..." His mother is losing her damn mind. Her son is having his way with her, delivering maximum pleasure with each stroke.

She's about to... she's about to... she's about to cum--

He pulls out.

"No!" she gasps. She was so close.

"But then again, sometimes we do," he says.

He lifts her ass and sends his cock inside.

"Fuuuuuuuck!" she screams into the pillow, the material barely containing her voice.

"That's right, Mom," he says as he starts thrusting into her with authority. "I fucked your mom. I fucked her good."

She's grunting and growling into the pillow.

She sends her hand down to her pussy and starts rubbing. Oh yes, Jack. Tell me all the terrible things you did to my mom.

"I made her deepthroat me. I fucked her face, Mom. I fucked your mom's face. I sent my cock deep down her throat and showed her who's the boss. I made her drink my incest seed."

Her orgasm rips through her. Her body shudders uncontrollably. Her legs spasm. And she keeps rubbing.

"Then I took her and claimed her, Mom. I claimed your mom and bred her. I bred the shit out of her. I bred your mom, Mom! I sent my seed deep inside her pussy. She's mine now. I own her! I claimed your fucking mom!"

He explodes in her ass, and Marla's orgasm reaches new heights. Her son just came inside her ass after breeding her mother. He's the ultimate alpha. The ultimate. There's no one he can't claim, and he wants her. He wants her. He wants her.

After they finish and relax and remember to breathe, Jack slides out of her and rolls over. He rolls his eyes a bit, thinking about the not-entirely-true version of events that he just related to his mom, but he quickly puts it out of his mind. He made his mom happy. Frankly, he made her silly, is what he made her. She's giggling away next to him. She crawls over and nuzzles into him.

"Now, I really do need some sleep," he says.

She giggles and kisses his chest.

"I mean, yeah. Go ahead already. I'm not stopping you."

He snorts. And passes out.

The next morning, Kelly wakes up, her arms wrapped tightly around Chrissy, as if she were afraid her sister would slip out during the night.

Last night had been a hell of a reunion. The moment they locked Chrissy's door, they were all over each other, tearing off each other's clothes, lips pressing against each other, tongues licking everywhere a tongue could lick, and eye contact. Lots and lots of eye contact. They punctuated the opening ceremonies with Kelly going down and fingering Chrissy's pussy using both hands --one set of two fingers on her g-spot, the others roaming freely inside her. She used a steady, alternating rhythm that quickly gave Chrissy a tight and focused orgasm.

Chrissy returned the favor, only she used one set of fingers to penetrate Kelly's ass while her other fingers stimulated her G-spot. Kelly's orgasm was much more intense. She clenched her thighs so tightly around Chrissy's head that she was afraid it would pop right off.

"Oh my god, I've missed you so much," Kelly said once Chrissy came back from the bathroom. She repeated this over and over. She

wanted to say so much more, but they were wiped out, and they contented each other with merely saying, "I love you," and falling asleep in each other's arms.

Now, though, there's time to talk.

She runs her hand along Chrissy's beautiful face and kisses her good morning. They make out for a bit.

"Run away with me," Kelly says finally.

Chrissy smiles. That does sound nice. But what sounds way better is Chrissy's retort: "Come live with us on the farm, baby girl."

Kelly closes her eyes. That does sound idyllic. But a coupla things stand in her way: namely, Marla and Dave. She can't see Marla forgiving her anytime soon, given how she hasn't spoken to her this whole time. And Dave. Sweet Dave. How can she abandon him after what she did to him?

And then there's Jack. She's not sure she's ready to plunge into that darkness again. She expresses these concerns to Chrissy, who nods. But Chrissy's an optimist. Also, she's pretty sure Marla will come around. It's not so much that she won't forgive Kelly. It's her jealousy that needs attending to. But she'll come around.

As for Jack, well. She tries to tell Kelly that Jack's changed, but she can tell by her body language that she's not ready to hear it. She feels too unstable to be near him right now.

"It'll happen, baby girl. I promise. You and the kids will come live with us. We'll all be one big happy family. I promise."

She brings Kelly in for a kiss. Then another. Then another. Their arms begin to intertwine and caress each other. Their nails rake and glide and stimulate. Their legs rub together. Their hips start bucking towards each other.

It would be quite the little sex scene, except they hear the thundering of little feet stomping past their door.

"Uncle Jack! Uncle Jack!" the kids say. They can hear them banging on Marla's door. "Come play with us!" Kelly can hear her kids' voices in the group.

"OK! OK! I'm coming!" Jack says.

Kelly bites her lip at the sound of his voice.

The herd of elephants tramps past their door again.

Jack's voice booms from just outside Chrissy's door.

"You kids run downstairs and hide. I'm coming to find you. Go!"

They scurry downstairs, giggling, squealing, and thankfully, no crying.

Jack taps at Chrissy's door.

Kelly gasps and covers her mouth.

"Come in, Jack," Chrissy says.

What are you doing? Kelly mouths. I'm not ready. I'll never be ready.

But Chrissy holds her and strokes her face. It's now or never, baby girl. I've got you.

Jack enters.

He slides into bed behind Kelly.

She holds her breath. She can feel his hand approach her, its heat millimeters from her back.

"I just want to say, Aunt Kelly, I'm sorry. I'm so, so, so terribly sorry."

He places his hand on her back.

She inhales and clutches Chrissy tightly. His hand is on her, and she's melting into him. Oh, please, Jack. Please. Wrap me up and fuck me. Tell me to come with you.

He's just as bad. Oh fuck. The love of my life is right here. She's not screaming at me. She's not mad. She wants me, almost as badly as I want her.

He slides his hand towards her shoulder. His touch on her naked skin is electric.

Oh, fuck, he wants her so badly. He wants to slide his hand around her, caress her breast, and pull her into him. He wants her to buck her ass into his cock, which he can feel hardening.

Not now, Jack. The kids are waiting for you.

"I love you, Aunt Kelly. I know we'll be together. Soon. I promise. If you can forgive me."

He slides forward and places a gentle kiss on her back.

Kelly opens her mouth and closes her eyes and mutters a silent "Fuck."

Her body responds.

She starts bucking her hips, and she throws her head back.

She's about to turn over to start kissing him and start embracing him and start fucking him...

But she hears her kids yell.

"We're ready, Uncle Jack!"

He pulls away.

She gasps. Her body instantly starts to shiver.

"I love you, Aunt Kelly," he says.

And then he's gone. She hears him stomping down the stairs, saying, "I'm gonna get ya!" and the kids squeal with unrestrained delight.

"Fuck," Kelly says. She starts grinding into Chrissy's knee. "I want him. I want him so badly."

"I know, baby girl. I know you do. You'll have him. I promise. It's all gonna work out."

Kelly launches herself at Chrissy, grinding and grinding into her leg, kissing her breasts, licking her nipples until she shudders and clutches Chrissy's shoulders.

Dave hears the stomping of children's feet, but thankfully, they rush past his room on their way to Marla's. Or is it Jack's room? Honestly, Dave is a bit cloudy about who slept where, not knowing that Jack, Chrissy, and Marla are in a romantic threesome.

He's especially thankful his kids aren't coming for him when he realizes that the breast he's kissing isn't Kelly's but her mom's.

"Good morning," she purrs with that syrupy, melodious voice of hers.

"Oh my god," he says with a sleepy grin on his face. "I thought I dreamt you coming back into my room."

She hums slightly. "Sounds like a good dream."

She pulls him on top of her and caresses his beautiful face.

"What made you come back?" he asks.

"I realized I was being foolish."

She kisses him and pulls his body into hers. And he's ready to rock and roll. Already. He's surprised. He's not normally into morning sex. But he sure wants that now.

"But Kelly," he says even as he's pressing his cock up to her pussy. "She could come at any moment."

"Mmmm, how scandalous that would be."

She starts grinding into him. She can feel herself getting wet just thinking about Kelly's horrified face if she were to come in here now.

"But she ... oh fuck it."

Once he feels her wetness on his tip, he pushes forward and instantly approves this decision. He pulls back and pushes forward until the way is nice and wet and warm and wonderful. And soon, he's thrusting into her, and they make love. Not sex. Love. Lots of eye contact. Lots of sighing. Lots of kissing and caressing. Lots of oh yeahs and ooohs and just like thats.

Then she starts grinding on his dick, which makes him suck in air. And now they're off. The lovemaking portion of the program now over: It's time for action.

She rolls them over and takes charge.

She humps his dick. Her ass rises and falls. Her pussy swallowing and gripping his cock. She's working him like a pro.

Then she sits up and grinds, sliding her hips back and forth methodically, getting that dick to slap the front and back of her insides, his pubic bone to stimulate her clit.

She's almost there.

Then she pictures her horrified daughter opening the door...

And that does it.

She does another one of her silent screams as her nails dig into his stomach, her whole body clenches tightly.

She finishes and blows her hair out of her face. That move, coupled with the look of complete satisfaction on her face, sends Dave into overdrive.

He's not sure why he didn't cum at that moment, because that kind of thing would normally do it for him. But maybe he's not quite awake enough. Whatever. He doesn't know, and he doesn't care. He's revved up now and ready for action.

He pulls her down and flips her over, so now she's lying with her back on his stomach. He slides inside her again and starts thrusting,

one hand rubbing her clit, the other pinching her nipple, his cock hitting that sweet, sweet, sweet spot with every thrust.

"Oh my god, David!"

He's going faster now, loving her energy, but also, the feel of his cockhead rubbing against her is really doing it for him.

She growls, "Ohmygodohmygodohmygod..." until they both cum.

He holds her tightly as he spasms and jizzes into her. He knows not to move his hand that's resting on her clit. He knows that'll be too much. So he keeps it steady, grounding her. And he holds her until she floats, floats, floats back down.

She rests there and just starts to laugh. He wraps his arms around her, caressing her beautiful body.

"I don't know where that came from," he says at last, also feeling slightly giddy.

She slides down and nestles into his side, and they stare into each other's eyes.

"I should go before I cause a major controversy," she says, even though she kind of wishes Kelly would just walk in and everyone could end this whole charade right here and now.

Dave starts to tear up.

"David? What's wrong?"

"Sorry. I ... no. You should go."

"David. What is it?"

"No, I was just feeling terrible about cheating on her. With you, of all people. I'm ... I'm the worst."

She kisses him. She wants to tell him, listen, buddy, you have no idea what's been going on behind your back. Literally. But now's not the time, and she's not even sure it's her secret to tell. She's asked Kelly and Jack to tell David, but so far, no dice. And what, she's going to tell him now, when he has to drive five hours back home with Kelly in the car?

No.

Instead, she just lets him talk, which he does after a moment.

"It's just ... she's been so distant lately, ever since the accident. But even before then, it felt like we were just going through the motions. I had been thinking about leaving her, actually. I forgot that. My memory ... well, you know. But I was. Only I can't now because she's pregnant. We haven't told anyone. But she is. And here I am sleeping with her mother. What a stand-up guy I am, huh?"

Pregnant? Rachel blinks. Well, that's ... news. Rachel kicks herself for not noticing, though to be fair, she's had her hands full with all the family drama and Reza's passing. But now that she knows this, it's obvious. Rachel has seen Kelly pregnant before, and the signs are as clear as day.

Surely she's pregnant with Jack's child. No wonder she's been so edgy, not to mention clingy towards Jack.

Oh fuck.

All her daughters are pregnant, aren't they? She gasps slightly at the realization.

She blinks and returns her attention to David as he wipes the tears from his eyes.

She kisses the rest away.

"I know you won't believe me, David. But things will work out. I know they will. It may be rough, but I promise you, things will work out. OK? Be strong."

He doesn't know what she's talking about, but he nods.

She kisses him and tells him she's going to make breakfast. See you downstairs.

She exits, and not a moment too soon, for Kelly enters thirty seconds later.

"Sleep OK?" she says, barely acknowledging him.

"Mm. You?"

"Very well, thank you."

And ... that's their conversation. Kelly's so lost in her little world, thinking about Jack and Chrissy, that she doesn't notice how quiet and distant her husband is. Or how much guilt is written on his face.

The energy is definitely weird as the families say goodbye. The daughters were all relieved at breakfast when their mother started speaking to them again. Hugs, kisses, forgiveness all around. But Dave was rather quiet. Nervous, even. Jack, too, seemed more introspective than usual, especially as he tried very much not to look at Aunt Kelly.

Then the packing and corralling of kids begin. Everyone except Dave can't help but remember the last time they all left the lake and how that ended up, so that makes everything awkward and weird as they all stand by the cars.

After hugging all of her youngest grandchildren and making sure they all get buckled, up, Rachel turns to Jack.

Marla notices the energy is weird between them. She expected her mother to be ... she's not sure the word exactly, but cowed, maybe? But she's not. They look like equals. She eyes Jack, who seems to almost back down? No, that can't be right. But whatever. She knows that Jack showed her who the boss was, and it obviously paid off, given her mother's newfound wealth of forgiveness for her kids and grandson.

"Take care of my girls, grandson."

She smiles knowingly at him.

"I will, Grandma. Love you."

"I love you, too."

She kisses him on the cheek.

The three daughters notice.

Rachel hugs her daughters tightly. Rather than say something snarky or give them advice, she simply says she loves them.

Chrissy and Kelly hug. Tightly.

"Please don't be a stranger," Kelly says, suddenly worried she'll never see her again.

"I promise."

She kisses Kelly on the lips. No one notices other than Marla. And she only notices because she sees Jack lining up to say goodbye to Kelly.

Jack and Kelly stand across from each other, not speaking, not moving, just staring, for what seems like eons. Kelly wants so much to throw her arms around him and hold him and kiss him and make him promise to whisk her away and take care of her. But there are too many eyes on them and it's very obvious to everyone how much sexual tension there is between them. --Everyone except Dave, who is too busy working up the courage to say goodbye to Rachel.

Finally, Jack just nods.

"Aunt Kelly."

That seems cold, but she gets it. She nods back and turns.

Marla feels sick.

She can clearly see how much they love each other. Maybe she should stop being such a bitch and just let them be together. Even though Jack and Chrissy insist nothing will change with their feelings for Marla, Marla knows they will. Both Chrissy and Jack love

Kelly. They love her so much the air is thick with it. And Marla will be pushed aside. Left out, just like she was this past summer when all this nonsense began.

But what's the expression? If you love someone set them free?

She loves Jack. She loves Chrissy. She should set them free.

She inhales.

OK. She can do this. She'll give Jack the OK to pursue Kelly. Yes, it's a little late but he knows he's motivated. He'll figure it out.

But then she hears her mother murmur quietly, "When's the due date?"

Marla tries not to look, but her eyes drift. She's talking to Dave?

"April 24th," he mutters. "Again, we haven't said anything."

April 24th? That's ... that's... There's no way. There's no fucking way. That's Marla's due date.

A panic starts to rise in her. Oh fuck. Her son. Her fucking, stupid-ass son. He knocked Kelly up, didn't he?

Her throat goes dry.

Kelly approaches her, hoping to not end this weekend with them still fighting or whatever it is they're doing.

"Marla," she says quietly, but she can see Marla is lost in her thoughts.

It's all Marla can do not to slap her. Instead, she just looks at her with hatred. She knows it's not fair. She knows she is really mad at her son. Her son who claimed he had told her everything. But she can't help it. Kelly's standing in front of her. That fucking bitch who had the audacity to say, "I would have done the same thing if I were you," when Marla told her that she had slept with her own son when she had already fucked him.

Kelly backs down from Marla's glare. She's not sure what set this off. She hasn't done anything. But she steps back and backs away farther when Marla storms off to the car and slams the door shut.

Everyone looks at Kelly, who shrugs. She has no idea.

Rachel and David have no idea this is going on as they say goodbye. She merely tells him to be strong. Everything will work out, she promises. She loves him. She gives him a gentle kiss--nothing that would raise any eyebrows, but enough for him to know she loves him. He wants to say it back to her but then Marla slams the car door, ending the goodbyes.

Jack drives home. He has gotten his driver's license since the accident. He glances over at his mother who hasn't said a word since leaving the lake. He looks in the rearview mirror at Chrissy who shrugs. Then she turns her attention to her kids to keep them occupied.

"Everything all right, Mom?"

She stares out the window.

When they get home and everything is unpacked and the kids are off eating dinner, he approaches her again.

She glares and walks to her bedroom. He follows.

She slaps him.

Hard.

"Pregnant!?" she hisses.

He gulps. Oh fuck.

She gasps. "You knew! You fucking knew!"

She pounds her fists into his chest. Of course he knew. Kelly always said she knows the moment she gets pregnant, and she must have told him. Probably trying to ensnare him, Marla's sure of it.

"And you didn't think maybe you should have mentioned this to me back when you claimed to have confessed everything?"

He finally finds his voice.

"I honestly forgot, Mom."

He realizes what terrible answer that is the moment he says it. Even before her face gives him the clue.

"Look! A lot's happened! The car accident--"

"That you caused!"

He throws his hands up. Are we going to relitigate this?

"I didn't know she was still pregnant. No one's said anything. I remember having a brief moment after the accident when I wondered if she maybe had had a miscarriage. Or if maybe she decided to terminate it afterwards. I had no idea she was still pregnant."

Chrissy has joined them. She heard the shouting and she sent the kids down the basement to play pool.

"Did you know?" Marla asks, whirling on her.

"Yes, but like Jack, I didn't know if she still was until just now."

"Anyone else you got pregnant besides your aunts and me? My mom? Huh? Did you impregnate her?"

"Wait," Jack blinks. "You're pregnant?"

"Our mom?" Chrissy asks. At first, she thought it Marla was asking a rhetorical question, but she definitely doesn't think that now. "Did you fuck our mom?"

"Yes," he says bluntly before turning back to his mom. "How come you didn't say anything?"

"When did you fuck our mom?" Chrissy says.

"Last night."

"WHAT?"

Jack blinks. Honestly, it didn't even occur to him that Chrissy didn't know. He assumed Marla told her. It also didn't occur to him that she would care. Obviously, he was wrong.

"She wanted me to!" he says, pointing at his mom, causing Marla to gasp.

And, well, around and around they go, arguing long into the night about who knew what when and who had the right to unilaterally make the decision about who gets to fuck Grandma...

Things settle down. Eventually. It takes weeks before they limp back into each other's arms, by which time it's very obvious that Marla and Chrissy are pregnant, and Jack, desperate to stay in everyone's good graces, dotes on them.

Marla is understandably nervous. She's tried to get pregnant before. Several times since Jack was born. But was unsuccessful, and she keeps waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Meanwhile, Kelly and Dave's marriage hangs on as her own pregnancy deepens. Dave does not reach out to Rachel, not wanting there to be any evidence of their tryst. He only speaks to her when she calls Kelly to get updates, and then they're conversations are nothing out of the ordinary.

Kelly reaches out to Chrissy as the months progress, but their conversations, though not exactly cold, aren't quite what Kelly was hoping for.

Now that Kelly is pregnant with Jack's baby, Marla is especially touchy whenever her name comes up, and Chrissy doesn't want to rock the boat. Everything has finally settled back down on the farm, and Marla, Chrissy, and Jack are once again back to having a loving relationship.

April comes. Kelly gives birth to Charlotte Ray Mills on the 22nd, Chrissy gives birth to Jack Reza Ray on the 23rd, and Marla gives birth to Reza Jack Ray on the 24th.

And then, in late July, the families descend on the lake house once again.

THE PRESENT

When we last saw our heroes, Dave and Kelly arrived at the lake house, and Kelly's baby Charlotte got to meet her father--her real father--and her two brothers little Jack (who everyone called Jack-Jack) and Reza.

Kelly was standing in the living room when Jack entered. It's the first time they've been alone together since last summer. And we all know how that ended.

She stares at him, unsure what to say or do. She just wants to jump into his arms and wrap her legs around him and--

Scratch that. What she really wants is for him to pick her up, with her ankles anchored on his shoulders, his hands on her ass, and his cock plunging into her pussy. That's what she wants. That's the position she keeps fantasizing about late at night when she thinks Dave is asleep. Jack holding her up and using her as a sex toy, raising and lowering her pussy onto his mighty dick.

Finally, she can't stand it anymore.

"I need you, Jack. I need you. I don't care how or where, but tell me what I need to do to be with you. Please. I'm tired of pretending. I'm tired of not being with you."

Before he can say anything, both Marla and Dave enter the room. Dave descending the stairs, Marla from the kitchen.

"Kel, we have a few more bags to bring in," he says.

She nods and she and Dave leave for the car.

Marla glares at her son.

"I didn't do anything," he says, holding his hands up.

She's not sure how she's going to survive this week.

Dinner is tense. The sound of clinking silverware and glasses fills the air instead of conversation, and Rachel wonders if it was a mistake to invite everyone. But no, when else is she going to see all of her grandkids? Or David?

"Why is everyone so quiet?" asks one of Kelly's kids.

"We're just tired, baby. It was a long drive."

"Kelly, I wonder if I can't borrow David after dinner? I need help reaching some boxes in my room."

"Sure," Kelly says. Like Dave needs her permission? But her mom's weird like that.

"Jack can help you, too" Marla says.

"Thank you, but no. I only need David. David, you don't mind?"

He says no. And feels a warmth in his nethers.

After dinner, he follows her to her room. She holds a hand up and makes sure all the shades are drawn. Then the two lovers embrace. As they kiss and grope and caress each other, Dave's dick hardens. So many nights this past year he's pleasured himself to thoughts of this moment. To finally being back in the arms of his mother-in-law.

So has she.

He's pretty sure they don't have time for sex, but Rachel is positive they do as she yanks down his shorts and jumps into his arms. He backs her up against the door and they go at it. This isn't the best angle for her, but just having him inside her is enough, and the two of them quickly reach their climaxes.

After dinner, Kelly takes the baby upstairs and breastfeeds it. She sits on the edge of her bed, caressing Charlotte's sweet face. Marla walks past her door holding her sleeping son. She pauses and watches Kelly feed her daughter. Yet another reason to feel jealous of her little sister as Marla was unable to breastfeed Reza. She wishes she could form that intimate, nurturing bond with her child.

Kelly looks up at her.

"Do you want to hold her?" she whispers. Charlotte's falling asleep like she always does after feeding, but Kelly's willing to risk waking her if this is what it takes to break through and connect with her sister again.

Maybe it's the sight of Kelly as a beautiful mom, or the chance to hold her niece for the first time or something else entirely, but tears well up in Marla's eyes. She nods.

It's time.

David and Rachel stare into each other's eyes. He's still holding her up against the wall. His cock still inside her. She caresses his face and strokes his hair. She hugs him into her and then pulls him into her breast. He never wants to leave. He loves her. It's that simple.

"Take me to bed, David. Stay with me. Tonight. Tomorrow. Forever."

He smiles. He wants to. God he wants to.

"But Kelly."

"Take me to bed."

He carries her across the room and they fall onto the bed. Clothes are discarded, and she climbs on top. She positions his cock and sinks him into her again.

They gasp at how wonderful this feels. How easily they fit into each other. How perfect this is. She grinds into him, maneuvering his cock just ... oh ... just where she wants it to go. There. Right there. Right there.

"Yes," she says. Her muscles clench. Tiny droplets of sweat form on her back. This is the one, she thinks. This is the man for her, and this is the moment when she claims him. For good. She can feel it. His hands clutch her thighs. Her soft, luscious, honey-colored thighs. He watches her pussy slide back and forth as she works his cock like it's never been worked before.

"Yes, David. Yes. That's it. Stay with me. Stay with me."

She can feel his cock tighten even more as her pussy seems to pull him deeper and deeper inside her, almost like she's sucking his lifeforce out of him through his cock.

"Say it. Say it, David. Who do you belong to, baby?"

He starts bucking his hips now to add to her stimulation.

"You, Mom. I belong to you."

"Yes," she says. She leans back, her long luscious hair falls over her shoulder and tickles his thighs, her neck raised to the heavens, her tits soaring into the air, and her pussy, grinding eating, swallowing his cock. 'Yes!"

David slides his hands forward, gliding up her thighs, and his thumbs begin to gently, methodically massage her clit.

"Oh, fuck!" she hisses right before her body shudders, her thigh muscles contract, her tits jiggle and her head rises ands falls. She'd fall over if David weren't holding her onto him.

"I'm all yours, Mom. I'm all yours. For now and forever."

She unleashes a torrent of oh my gods and continues to climax. And David? David's having his big Porn-Star moment. He still hasn't cum. But holy fuck is he loving the pleasure he's giving his mother-in-law. He's never made a woman writhe and squirm and have an outer-body orgasm like this before.

And she's still going. Still going...

But he senses ... now. Now's the time.

He pushes himself up, sending her falling back onto the mattress. She gasps when he pops out of her but sighs when he pushes her legs over her head and plunges back in.

"Yes, David! Yes! Own me!"

Those words send him. Oh fuck. He's never had anyone say that before and it unleashes something in him. He thrusts and thrusts, feeling manlier and sexier than ever before. And she responds to his energy, once again muttering an endless stream of my gods as her orgasm takes on a new dimension. He's tapping into her darkest desire for domination now. She's in the ultimate submission pose and he's claiming her pussy. For keeps.

She grabs his ass and yanks, telling him now, now's the time. Fill me. Fucking fill me.

He growls and grunts. He's always been a quiet lover. But not now. His body clenches and he holds her shoulders tightly as his hips

thrust one last time, sending her legs back even further so now her knees are touching the mattress.

And he fills her. Gushing his seed deep into her deepest parts. He spurts and spurts and spurts, his cock squirting every last drop of cum he has and yet somehow still finds more and more and more to send into the fray, until he's done.

Only the aftershocks remain, which rock both their bodies and make her squeal. Each shock sends her knees past her ears, causing her mouth to gape open and her eyes to stare hopelessly, lovingly into the eyes of her man. Her lover.

She bites her lip. She feels twenty years younger. She smiles and rolls her head back and forth on the bed, her hair getting in her face and her mouth, but she doesn't care.

She looks up at him. "I love you, David." She reaches up and caresses his face. "I love you."

He brushes the hair away from her face. "I love you, too..." he hesitates before adding, "Mom."

She giggles in that purring, sultry way of hers.

"Saucy." She smiles. "I love it."

Kelly carries Charlotte and follows her sister to the nursery--formerly known as Jack's room. It was in this room, one year ago, where Kelly consoled Marla, and the two of them connected in ways they never expected.

The bed has been replaced by three cribs. Marla places Reza in the middle crib and gently strokes his head. She turns and looks at Kelly who hands her Charlotte. The baby stirs, but only for a second before nuzzling in to her aunt's cheek. Marla inhales. Oh, there's nothing like that new baby smell. And not just any new baby. Jack's baby.

That thought causes tear to trickle down her cheeks. Thankfully, Kelly is there to wipe them away.

The sister share a moment, with Kelly's hand lingering on Marla's face. Finally, Kelly steps in and kisses her. It's a gentle, loving kiss. Not necessarily sexual. Just the kiss of two estranged sisters finally coming back together. It's an "I'm Sorry" kiss.

They kiss again. This time, their lips come together with new meaning. Still maybe not sexual. More forgiveness and understanding. Then Kelly kisses Marla's tears that are still trickling down her face. One, two, three. Marla leans in. She remembers the last time Kelly did this. In this room. One year ago.

She pulls away. That has indeed been a magical moment. But she now knows there was underlying betrayal. Kelly was sleeping with Jack, and Marla was now holding the proof of that betrayal in her hands.

But Kelly presses on. She brings a hand up to Marla's face. Please forgive me. Marla looks down at Charlotte. What a beautiful little face she has. Kelly strokes Marla's hair. Marla closes her eyes and Kelly kisses her cheeks, kissing away the tears.

Marla once again leans in. It's not fair of her to hold this grudge, is it? Chrissy was sleeping with Jack, too, and she loves Chrissy. Why not give in and love Kelly? She knows she wants to.

Marla leans forward. Charlotte is back asleep. Although Charlotte has her own crib, Marla places her next to Reza. The two babies instinctively lean towards each other.

Now it's Kelly's turn to cry and Marla's turn to hold her. They're just two moms. Two sisters. Two women in love with the same man. Marla's hands run up Kelly's back and she breathes in Kelly's scent. God, she misses her. She misses her little sister. The way Marla would run to her when she needed emotional support. The way Kelly would call her Baby Girl...

That thought makes her start kissing Kelly's face. Her cheeks at first, to kiss away the tears. But her gentle kisses turn more intense and her hands grasp Kelly's face as her lips move closer and closer to hers.

And when they connect, this time it is sexual. Loving and sexual. Full of forgiveness and longing. Desire. Their hands roam over each other's bodies. They press their hips together. Oh, fuck, they miss each other. Marla's soft skin. Kelly's plush lips like satiny pillows. Marla's hungry tongue. Kelly sucking on Marla's hungry tongue...

Two other hands are on them. Chrissy's. Their sister holds them and caresses their heads and strokes their hair. And they in turn wrap her up in their arms.

The three women form a triangle, joined at the hips. Kelly kisses Chrissy who kisses Marla who kisses Kelly.

And suddenly Jack is in the room, too. The women watch him place Jack-Jack in the crib alongside Charlotte, and the sight of the three babies finally together fills their hearts.

The four of them stand there, hugging each other, gazing at their creations. This. This is what they could all have.

Jack is aware that he needs to pay attention to his mom first and foremost. He needs her to know she's not going to be left out. He won't leave her for Kelly. That's not where this is heading. This is a group affair.

Jack kisses his Mom. A light, gentle kiss. His lips falls on hers and part and fall again. He caresses her face and looks into her eyes. He kisses her again, this time with more passion. He uses both hands now and she turns her body towards him. He focuses on her and only her. And she melts into him, momentarily forgetting her sisters are in the room. That Kelly is here.

They kiss and she slides her hands up his body and wraps him up. Tightly. She presses into his groin and can feel his cock starting to rise.

Suddenly other hands are on her. She pauses her kissing to sigh and tilt her head back as Chrissy and Kelly surround her. Love her. Run their hands up her arms and across her stomach and back. She's not being left out. She's the center of attention.

Jack scoops her up into his arms and carries her out of the nursery, down the hall to their bedroom.

He sets her down and pulls off her shirt. Chrissy grabs her shorts and slides them over her ass and let them drop. The others undress and suddenly it's all hands on Marla again.

Kelly brushes her hair away and kisses her neck. Marla gasps slightly and tilts her head so she has better access. Kelly's lips run down her neck and onto her shoulders while her hands snake up her stomach and grab onto her breasts.

Chrissy tilts her head towards her and kisses her, their tongues intermingling, the two of them moaning and sighing.

And then Jack steps in and slides his cock in between her thighs so it runs along the length of her opening. She gasps and pulls him in to her. And he thrusts forward gently while she bends her knees allowing her pussy can ride his cock.

Kelly's hand slides down and finds Marla's clit and begins rubbing while Chrissy starts licking and nibbling on her nipple. And before long, Marla is groaning and sighing rhythmically, grinding into Jack's thrusts. He's not even inside her and she's already starting to cum.

She clutches onto his shoulders as her body convulses as her quiet orgasm climaxes. Kelly tilts her head towards her and kisses her until she finishes, her kisses help guide her back down to Earth.

As much as Marla loved that, she's still terrified of Kelly and Jack coming together. That she'll have to witness their passionate lovemaking and that Marla will feel lesser. She doesn't want to be an ogre and say No, they can't be together. She almost just wants to leave the room, let it happen, and hope they'll allow her to come back.

But that's not happening. Not on Jack's watch. He guides his mother to the bed and has her lay down. Then he tells Kelly to get on top.

Marla is almost too embarrassed about her insecurities to welcome Kelly, but Kelly smiles at her and strokes her face and kisses her and kisses her some more. And soon, the two are writhing together, their tits pressed against each other's, while Kelly grinds into her. But then it happens. She sees Kelly's breathing interrupted, her mouth opening wider and wider, her eyes closing, And finally her sister biting her lip as Jack enters her. Kelly holds onto Marla for dear life as her nephew slides all the way in. This is the moment Marla's been afraid of, but she decides to be there for her sister. She grabs her ass and pushes against Jack's thrusts. The resulting expression on Kelly's face makes it worthwhile as she looks at Marla hopelessly. And

Marla can get into this. She's in charge of Kelly's orgasm. In her hands, Kelly is a giant fleshlight for her son's pleasure. OK, this is doable.

She pushes her sister harder and harder into Jack as Kelly's eyes practically pop out of her head while she utters "Oh my oh my oh my oh my" over and over again, never being able to get to god because the stimulation is just too much.

And although Marla doesn't say it, she thinks, "Yeah, Jack, Get it. Claim it. Fuck it. She's yours to use. Use her, Use her. Use her!"

Jack knows what's happening and he would love to object. Would love to say, "This isn't a hate-fuck, Mom. We're all supposed to be one big happy loving family." He would love to, except that what his mom is doing--his mom thrusting her rival into his cock--is so irresistibly sexy for him that he explodes, causing Kelly to cum as well.

Marla cradles her sister while she spasms and jerks her way through the aftershocks. But she's not making eye contact. She just holding her and biting her tongue. Marla managed to get through that session, though she didn't love it.

Jack pulls out of Kelly and turns to Chrissy. Poor Chrissy. The most easy going sister. The least dramatic. Most well-adjusted, low-maintenance member of the group. She hasn't cum yet. She was very much enjoying the show, though. She was sliding her hands all over her nephew's body while he was fucking Kelly. Jack knows he needs to keep her happy, too.

Shit, this harem stuff is going to be tiring.

Good thing he's eighteen.

He turns to her and kisses her. Give me a second, Aunt Chrissy. My cock will be ready for you, I promise.

But Chrissy's not waiting. She's too excited. They're finally all here. It's finally all happening.

She drops to her knees. She knows deepthroating him will rev his engine. It will certainly rev hers.

She takes his semi-hard cock and slides it into her mouth, tasing Kelly's juices along with Jack's cum. She runs her tongue all over that thing, sucking it, licking his glans. And soon his cock is sucked back into life.

She lets it slide down her throat--she always was the best at deepthroating--and give it gentle stimulation until it thickens and hardens and expands her neck. God, she loves that. She pulls on his ass and tilts her head up, trying to get it to go down further and further. She pulls rhythmically on his ass, causing his body to thrust into her in tiny little increments, and his cock to slide in and out slightly as she swallows.

"Oh fuck," he whispers.

Kelly, sensing there's still a little tension between her and Marla, has slid off of her to crouch down by Jack so she can watch the deepthroat master at work. Marla does the same on the other side.

But Kelly decides she's not content to just watch. She lies on the floor and slides her face under Chrissy's snatch and starts to lick.

Chrissy was not expecting this, but she welcome it, emitting high-pitch squeals as her nephew fucks her face and her sister licks her pussy. Kelly sends her fingers in to finish the job, and soon Chrissy has her own orgasm. She grips Jack's ass, letting him know that now would be a good time to finish. He didn't need the hint. The sight and sound of his aunt cumming while deepthroating him was enough. And he grabs her head--his new favorite thing ever--and unloads down her throat.

When he pulls out, Chrissy collapses on the floor next to her sister.

The eventually all climb into bed and snuggle in together, though it's an uneasy peace.

Marla's trying. She doesn't want to be a cold bitch spoiling everyone's fun. She just can't get over being jealous. She knows Kelly and Jack have a special thing. And she doesn't want to be a killjoy. She just doesn't know how she'll fit into the equation.

Still, she lets Kelly curl up in bed behind her. And she does love having her warm, soft body press into hers. As jealous as she is of

Kelly, she really does love her. She wonders briefly if maybe she's jealous of Jack more than she is of Kelly. But either way, she feels like her place in this group is tenuous at best.

Nevertheless, the four lovers soon fall asleep in each other's arms.

"What's wrong, David?" Rachel asks. Her son-in-law has been resting quite peacefully in her arms, but he's struggling to fall asleep.

He apologizes, but says he can't help but feel guilty, and what happens when Kelly wonders where I am.

Rachel sighs. She pushes him over and climbs on top. She strokes his face.

"David, I need to tell you something. Something I should have said back in October. Something Kelly should have said last August. Or literally any day this past year. Something I've begged her to tell you but she has refused to. I hope you won't hate me for keeping this secret from you, though it wasn't my secret to tell."

"Huh?" David says. He has no idea what she's talking about.

"Last summer, Kelly began having an affair with Jack. My grandson Jack. Her nephew."

"What?" he says.

She nods. "It apparently happened over the course of the week. I don't know the details. But it wasn't just her. Chrissy joined in, and then so did Marla."

"I'm sorry, what? Jack was sleeping with my wife, his aunt Chrissy, and his mother?"

She nods. "That's what caused Keith and Dan to run away. They caught Jack sleeping with their wives."

He blanches. He vaguely remembers that. Of course, his memory of last year is very hazy thanks to the accident, so he mostly knows that Keith and Dan left their wives and it happened during vacation, but he never got an explanation.

There's so much information, Dave's struggling to react to it. His wife was cheating on him. With her nephew. And Jack was fucking his own mother?

"Wait, is Jack still sleeping with Chrissy and his mom?"

She nods.

OK, this is explaining all the weirdness in the family since the accident--

"And your accident was no accident."

The brings him up cold.

She tells him what happened. At least, what she knows about it. But namely that Jack and Kelly were having sex while he was driving and this caused him to swerve across the road, etc. etc.

He blinks.

This is... this is too much. He can't process it.

"I haven't even gotten to the worst part."

"There's more? Jesus, Mom."

"Charlotte ... isn't your daughter."

His mouth goes dry. As soon as she says it, he realizes the truth.

Oh my god. This whole past year has been a lie. His family has all been lying to him.

He's struggling to breathe even though Rachel encourages him to do so. She slides off him and takes deep breaths beside him.

"Breathe, David. Breathe with me. Deep breaths, come on."

Finally, he snaps out of it and follows her advice. In ... out. In ... out.

"Go ahead. Scream if you want to scream. Cry if you want to cry. Do whatever you need to do. If you hate me for not telling you earlier, I'll understand. I'm sorry no one told you before now. I truly am."

"So what is this ... a pity fuck?"

Her face goes white.

"Absolutely not! I love you, David. I loved you before any of this happened. I would have never done anything about it because you were married to my daughter and I was married to Reza. Even Reza knew I loved you. He told me I should find someone like you.

"Of course, never in a million years did he imagine that our daughter would stoop so low as to have an affair with our grandson. Well, I figured, if my daughter was foolish enough not to love you the way you deserved to be loved, then I would seize my opportunity and make you mine. You deserve a woman who truly loves you, David. Loves you like I do.

"I understand you are probably very hurt by all of this. You are feeling betrayed by the people who claim to love you, including me. But know this. I love you with all my heart. If you can ever forgive me, I will never give you cause to doubt that."

She neglects to mention the time she and Jack fucked, but she figures now is not the time to bring it up. She's made peace with it, but it

takes a bit of nuanced logic to get there, and that's a little outside the scope of this current conversation. She will tell him, years from now, and he'll be flustered and confused, but he'll get over it. She will have been his faithful companion for years at that point, and he'll still be madly in love with her.

Dave continues to breathe as he tries to make sense of all this. And of course he's mad. Of course he feels betrayed and bewildered and other "be" words as well. But mostly? He feels a great weight being lifted off of him.

For a few reasons. One: Now suddenly everything makes sense, and that is a huge relief. He feels like he's been living in a fog for the past year.

Two: he suspected something strange was going on with Kelly but he had chalked it up to him being paranoid. Now he know he was right all along. Another huge relief.

Three: Now he doesn't feel any guilt about cheating on Kelly, or even cheating on her with her own mother.

And Four: he doesn't feel the least bit jealous of Jack.

That's the thing that most surprises him. He's hurt that she and Jack would do this to him. It seems cruel--not the cheating but the cucking of him in the car. What did he do to deserve that? But as far as his wife sleeping with someone else ... fuck her. Rachel's right. If she doesn't want to be with him, he certainly doesn't want to be with her.

"Is there anything else?" he says finally.

She smiles. Wow, he took that much better than she could have ever hoped.

"Nothing important. Please believe me when I say that. Can you forgive me?"

He thinks about it. For a good half-second. He decides to try forgiving her on for size. He thinks about how affectionate she is. How they click. How much he loves being with her. How easy and right it feels. Yes, she could have told him. But she's right. It wasn't her secret to break. And when they got together last time, she was dealing with a lot, like her husband dying. They haven't communicated since. And it's been awful.

If he forgives her, he can stay with her. Forever. Yes, they'll have to figure out custody of the kids and all that, but he knows they will. He can stay here at the lake with his beautiful mother-in-law who loves him.

"There's nothing to forgive."

Tears well up in her eyes. She kisses him. And soon she's grinding into him. And soon after that, they are making love once again.

Kelly stirs. She realizes Dave is probably wondering where she is, but at this point, she kind of doesn't care. She'll tell him everything in the morning. She'll finally come clean and let the chips fall where they may. She's tired of the charade.

She tries to fall back to sleep when her breasts start to ache. Fuck. She didn't pump before going to bed. If she doesn't get up and do something about it, she's going to leak all over.

She really doesn't want to get up; she's worked so hard to get here. But she's getting uncomfortable.

She shifts slightly, which causes Marla to turn around and snuggle into her. This is nice, of course, but it's also worse. She's trapped. Trapped under a suspicious and jealous sister who Kelly feels like could turn on her at any moment.

But she really needs relief.

Marla shifts her head slightly, pressing her face into Kelly's breast, which causes a little bit of milk to leak out.

Shit. Kelly needs to go. Now.

But Marla stirs slightly. She inhales. She sighs. She slides her left hand up Kelly's torso and nuzzles into her breast some more.

More milk leaks out. Marla stirs some more, her face rooting around Kelly's breast. Her lips grazing their way up to her nipple.

What the fuck is happening, Kelly thinks. But she also finds herself getting weirdly turned on by this. She's not sure why, but the idea of her big sister drinking from her instantly makes her wet.

Marla licks Kelly's nipple and milk dribbles out.

Kelly can't believe she's about to do this. The consequences could be earth-shattering if and when Marla wakes up, but something tells her to do this. She gently lifts her breast up to Marla's mouth.

Marla's lips begin kissing her nipple, sending tiny milk droplets int her mouth, which fuels her to kiss her more. Her tongue starts working it, and each drop make her press into her more.

Kelly pulls her face into her breast.

Marla latches on.

And starts sucking.

And then, she starts drinking.

It's all Kelly can do to restrain the gasp she so desperately wants to emit. She clenches her lips closed and cradles Marla's face into her.

OK, OK, if Marla wakes up--when Marla wake up--Kelly can just pretend that her sister did this of her own volition. We'll see how that goes.

Marla's body instinctively reacts to drinking Kelly's milk. She pulls her sister into her and starts drinking with greater and greater intensity. She sends one leg over Kelly's and she starts grinding her pussy into Kelly's thigh. She sucks and sucks until her body convulses as she gives herself an orgasm. As her movements become more and more desperate, Marla's thigh brushes Kelly's clit, causing her to come as well.

Marla wakes with a start and a sputter.

Where is she? What is she doing?

She sees Kelly's breast in front of her and catches her breath. Oh my god, was I...? No. No, that can't be right. Please tell me I wasn't just...

She hazards a look up to see if Kelly's awake. Oh my god, this is the most embarrassing thing I've ever done. Please let her be asleep...

Kelly's awake, all right. Oh fuck.

But then Kelly just shushes her. With the quietest, maternal shush that only a loving mother can deliver. She cradles Marla's worried face and gently caresses it, brushing her hair away, each caress wiping away Marla's worry.

And she whispers. It's the quietest, most soothing whisper of all.

"Shhh. It's OK. It's OK. I've got you, Baby Girl. I've got you. I love you. It's OK."

She plants a loving kiss on Marla's forehead.

"You're safe, Baby Girl. I've got you. I love you."

Marla leans into Kelly's motherly caresses. She sighs softly and kisses Kelly's palm. Then she strains her head up to kiss Kelly. Their lips come together and fall away and come together again.

But then Kelly guides her head back down to her breast.

"Drink, Baby Girl. Drink. You're safe. I love you."

No, Marla thinks. I mean, it's embarrassing enough that she drank for her sister's breast while she was asleep. She couldn't possibly do this by choice.

And yet.

When she returns to Kelly's left breast, there's still a little milk leaking out. And she hates to admit it, but it smells ... good. Really good. In

fact, she takes a deep breath. Kelly smells really good. So, fucking good.

She smells like home.

She licks the milk as it dibbles down her breast. It tastes ... weird. She was asleep when she was drinking earlier so she didn't really taste it. But now she does. It's similar to cow's milk, but sweeter.

"I've got you, baby."

She can't believe she's doing it, but she brings her mouth to Kelly's nipple ... and sucks. She doesn't get much. Maybe Kelly's dry on this side? But Kelly pushes her face in slightly so her nose is pressed in, her scent fills her senses. She sucks again and warm liquid fills her mouth.

Oh my god.

She loves it. Feeling Kelly's warm breast against her face, smelling her sweet, milky scent, letting her delicious breastmilk fill her mouth? It's heavenly.

She hums quietly and swallows and then she takes another long drink, relishing Kelly's warm caress and quiet whispers. If only she would sing to her.

She swallows and takes one last drink but that's all there is.

Kelly guides her to her other breast.

Marla hesitates, but only for a second. Is this really who she is? What's she's about?

But Kelly brings her breast up to Marla's face and guides her in.

Yes.

This is who she is. She loves drinking her sister's milk. Fuck. It feels and tastes so good.

She presses her face into Kelly's breast and fills her mouth and swallows. It's so soothing and calm and peaceful and wonderful.

And yet she's so turned on by it she's almost beside herself.

She starts grinding into Kelly's thigh again. She dives in for another drink, bringing her breast up to her mouth and desperately latching on. She presses her face in and sucks and swallows, filling her mouth with delicious, warm milk, grinding her pussy into Kelly's thigh, becoming one with her. God she loves this so fucking much. She just hopes no one else is awake.

No such luck. But it's all good. Jack is rock hard watching his mom drink from his aunt. He strokes his dick, unable to believe what he's witnessing or how hard it's making him. But then suddenly Chrissy's

hand wraps around him and latches onto him. She can't believe what she's seeing, either, but she's fucking love it. She's never gone in for milking stories, but she can't wait to write this chapter. It's so sensual and loving. It's the ultimate bonding experience.

She quietly climbs onto her nephew and guides his cock into her. She slides her way down--quietly. Her sisters are sharing the most intimate of intimate moments, and she doesn't want to disturb them. She keeps watching them as she slowly moves her pussy up and down his long shaft, her lips gripping tightly, trying to do to Jack's dick what Marla is doing to Kelly's breast.

Marla doesn't know this is happening, she's too caught up in Kelly. Oh, Kelly. My beautiful Kelly. She drinks and drinks. She wants to consume her. She pulls one last time until she's drained her. But Marla's still thirty. Thirsty for all things Kelly.

She launches herself up to Kelly's awaiting mouth and she kisses her and sucks on her tongue, desperate to get more and more and more of Kelly inside her.

Kelly is happy to oblige. She sends her hand down to Marla's pussy and slides her fingers inside.

Oh yes, this gives Marla something new to grind on. And grind she does as Kelly's fingers work their magic. And it's only thirty seconds before Marla's entire body clenches tight. She screams a silent orgasm until she can't keep it silent an more. She unleashes a loud grunt followed by a series of ahhhs until she finishes.

But that only energizer her further. She starts kissing Kelly with a fury. She's so overcome with love for her sister she tries to absorb her whole. She caresses her face and licks and kisses until she finally bursts out into tears and says, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. I was being such a jealous bitch. But I love you. I love you so much. I love you, Kelly."

"I love you, too, Baby Girl. There's nothing to be sorry about."

They kiss for a bit and Kelly caresses her face until Marla calms down. Suddenly, she laughs, filled with giddy energy. She's almost drunk, she's so happy. She bites her lip.

"I owe you an orgasm. From last year. You said 'Promises, promises.' But I always keep my promises."

Kelly has no idea what she's talking about, but Marla dives down to her crotch and start planting gentle kisses all around her labia, so she's not about to argue the point.

She turns to see Chrissy and Jack silently fucking. Chrissy reaches out a hand and Kelly takes it.

And the two sisters soon cum together.

In the morning, Kelly's breasts are once again full. And once again, she's cradling Marla in her arms.

Marla's awake, though. She slides up and kisses Kelly. She motions for her to be quiet and to stay right there. She slides out of bed and runs over to the dresser. She returns with the pump.

"I should just go feed her," Kelly whispers, not wanting to wake the others. But Marla shakes her head.

"No. you stay here with Jack. I want you two to reconnect. Properly. I've got the kids."

Kelly can tell that Marla truly wants this. So she sits up and pumps, all while being caressed by her beautiful sister. She leaves a little for Marla, who feels a bit silly, but Kelly spreads her legs and Marla slides in between. She runs her hands up Kelly's back and pulls her in. Kelly guides her breast to Marla's mouth, and she takes one, long, glorious drink. She hugs Kelly tightly and Kelly gently cradles her and strokes her face.

Chrissy wakes up and stretches. And by the time Kelly is finished pumping, Chrissy is ready to go feed her son.

"Are you sure?" Kelly asks Marla.

Marla beams at her and kisses her. She loves Kelly. God, how she's missed her. How much better life is when they're all together. They all love each other. And if Kelly's and Jack's relationship is different from Marla's and Jack's, that's OK. She and Kelly now have a new bond.

"Positive. I want you to love him. I want him to love you."

She kisses her once more, and then she and Chrissy leave the room.

Kelly blanches. She's alone with Jack. She's wanted this for so long and she's done some horrible things to make it here. But she's here now. With him. She can feel her body craving him. It's been pulling her towards him all night. They were so close and yet so far. And yes, he fucked her last night, but that was ... different. It wasn't what her body craved.

She almost doesn't know what to do.

She turns. And he's right there next to her. He kisses her. And she instantly melts. She falls on the bed and he's on top of her, kissing and kissing her. His tongue slides in to her mouth and she hums quietly and caresses his handsome face and runs her hands up his strong, strong arms, her fingers bouncing over his biceps and triceps and beyond, where her nails glide over his taut, muscular back.

They break off their kiss.

"God, I've missed you so much," she says, but he clamps a hand over her mouth. She laughs.

He slides down and lifts her legs up, up, up, way up until her toes are on the mattress, her pussy up in the air calling to him.

And he licks.

One long glorious lick, from back to front, causing her to squirm.

He pulls her to the edge of the edge and lifts her up.

He stands and her ankles land on his shoulders, her ass sits in its favorite place: his big, strong hands.

She's home. She's finally home.

She stares into his big, beautiful eyes. She tickles his neck and plays with his hair. He lowers her down until her pussy meets his head and he dips inside her, just a little, causing her to gasp, smile and bite her lip.

"Who do you belong to?"

She hums quietly. She knows the drill.

"I'm all yours, Jack. I'm all yours."

He eases her down, his cock expanding her walls as it slides deep, deep inside.

He easily raises and lowers her body onto his cock. Slow, steady, loving. She stares into his eyes. She's helpless. Helplessly in the hands of her man. Helplessly in love with her one and only.

He finally, finally, finally, has the woman of his dreams. She's finally his. And when he fills her, she gasps. She knows. She senses it right away the way only she can. He's done it again. Given her the greatest gift she could ask for.

And all is right with the world.

The end