

An Infinity of Family Love



By MrCurrie

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A story in the Incest Impregnation Stories
Universe

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Description: Dave is a fortunate man. Follow his journey with him through a lifetime of love, challenges, and enduring family bonds.

Tags: Some Sex, Ma/Fa, Consensual, BiSexual, Heterosexual, Fiction, Incest, Mother, Son, Daughter, Pregnancy

Published: 2025-08-13

Updated: 2025-08-31

Status: Complete

Size: 92,887 Words

Parts: This file contains 9 Parts

Chapter 1

Although it was Friday, normally a day to celebrate the end of the week, the dark and gloomy sky dampened my spirits. It was summer in the Midwest in 1980, and as such, a storm could roll in without warning, most often conjured up from a hot and humid day. As I peered out of my eleventh-grade English class, I nervously fidgeted in my seat, watching the sky darken. It was the last period of the day, and time was running out for me to make it home before encountering the wrath of the incoming storm. At the bell, I stuffed my books in my backpack and dashed for the exit, quickly escaping out the side door to where my bike was chained up.

A drizzle clung to the air like static, ominously warning me of things to come. I jumped on my trusty trail bike and pedaled as if I were in a race. Because I was. Only there were no other competitors. Just me and the storm. A mile closer to home, the clouds rolled by quickly, the sky in turmoil as the sprinkles turned to a light rain. Each pedal stroke seemed to summon heavier drops, until the sky opened up and let loose a downpour so fierce it felt personal.

Rain streaked down my face, blurring my vision as the wind hurled sheets of water against me. By the time I rolled up to our house, I was drenched to the bone. My shoes squished, my saturated clothes clung to me, and my socks were soaked as I entered the front hallway, finally finding relief from the raging storm.

My mom, Melissa, hearing the door close, emerged from the kitchen and ordered, “Hold it right there, Dave. Let me grab a towel before tracking water through the whole house.”

“Sure, Mom,” I answered, dropping my backpack. I peeled off my jacket before tugging off my shoes and socks. The cold water clinging to me took its toll as my body shivered from the chill.

Mom rushed to my rescue, a large bath towel in hand. While she dried my hair, she ordered, “Take off your shirt, dear. You’re going to

catch a death of cold.”

Once my soaked shirt hit the floor, I wrapped my arms around my trembling body, attempting to warm myself. Mom rubbed my torso with the towel and, with parental authority, ordered, “Pants, too. You sure caught the brunt of the storm.”

“Mom, I don’t want to take my jeans off in front of you,” I argued.

“Nonsense,” she rebutted. “I’ve seen your legs before. You’re wearing underwear, aren’t you? Now get them off so we can dry you off.”

I was too cold to protest. I unbuckled myself and peeled off the heavy pants, clinging to my legs. Once removed, she quickly ran the towel along my legs, drying me off with practiced strokes. Leading me to the couch, she set me down and nestled in next to me. Wrapping her arm around my shoulders, she pulled me tight. Then she draped an afghan on top of us, and I immediately felt the warmth returning to my body.

When my teeth finally ceased chattering, Mom smiled and remarked, “There, that’s better now, isn’t it? Mommy knows how to take care of her boy.”

“Thanks, Mom. You’ve always looked out after me,” I uttered. Thankfully, the cold water had shrunk my cock so there wasn’t an embarrassing bulge. Ever since my pubic hair began sprouting, my outlook on girls had changed. Mom was no different. Catching fleeting glances of her long, bare legs when she paraded around the house and her breasts teasingly bouncing when she walked resulted in more than one erection.

Her soft hand slid upward, cupped the side of my head, and guided it into the hollow of her neck. My cheeks, still flushed from the storm, pressed against the warm, smooth flesh of her neck, while my arm was melded into the side of her breast. Even with her bra and dress fabric between us, the closeness of her caused a stirring in my

prick. My body relaxed completely, and I wouldn't have minded spending the entire evening cuddling with her.

Her long, slim fingers glided through my hair and massaged my scalp, lulling me into a trance. When I was about to drift off, a soft tremble coursed through her body. It was faint at first, turning into an unsteady, aching rhythm. I lifted my head and saw them, a few quiet tears sliding down her cheeks.

Her large, brown eyes radiated warmth, yet a hint of fear lingered underneath.

“What’s wrong, Mom?” I asked, pulling her out of the depths of her thoughts.

Her eyes locked with mine, holding my gaze, as she replied, “I was just remembering all the times we’d snuggle together when I was raising you. The realization of it coming to an end just hit me.”

“Jeez, Mom. I’m only sixteen. You’re not kicking me out already, are you?” I teased.

She giggled, her smile instantly warming my heart. “No, you’re welcome here until you decide differently. Time just seems to be flying by so fast.”

Her laughter faded, her expression returning to a moment of reflection. She slid out from under the afghan and rose. On her way to the kitchen, she called over her shoulder, “Take your shower and put on your sweats. I’m starting on fixing some pork chops and vegetables.”

I rose and wrapped the towel around my waist, concealing my bulge, and made my way to my room. I jerked off a load while in the shower, reliving the intimate contact with my beautiful mother.

When I joined her in the kitchen, I noticed only two settings, which had been the norm for the last few months. Nodding toward Dad’s spot, I asked, “Late night at the office again?”

She grimaced and replied, “Something like that. We’ll talk after we finish.”

Her expression portrayed a mixture of anxiety and apprehension. I knew there was more to it, and it pained me to see her in such a state of despondency. I loved it when Dad worked late, giving me time alone with Mom. I know it was immature, but I was always jealous when Dad was present, as if he was taking Mom’s attention away from me.

Without fear of him catching me, it was easier to gaze at Mom while she ate, and our conversations were always more lively without him. Mom’s natural beauty and flawless, smooth skin gave her an appearance much younger than her thirty-seven years. Her rich brunette hair, softly styled in a bob with bangs brushing just above her eyes, perfectly framed her sweet, expressive face. When she smiled, her full lips parted to reveal her sparkling, pearly white teeth. It was an irresistible sight that could melt the coldest of hearts, and she caught me in her spell quite often.

At times, she’d catch me gawking at her, but she never admonished me, enveloping me in her smile.

After we’d cleaned up, Mom motioned me to sit at the table again and sat across from me. She sighed and said, “There’s no easy way to break this to you, but your father and I are divorcing.”

She stared at me, gauging my reaction, and it took all my willpower not to grin widely. It was a dream come true, Mom would be mine alone. When she noticed me deep in thought, she tested the waters and asked, “Are you okay, Dave? Do you want to talk about it? What are your thoughts?”

“So, all the late nights and so-called events on the weekend were him shacking up with his girlfriend?” I asked, using air quotes.

Her answer was a slow nod, averting my gaze. A slight sign of a smile appeared, belying any regret she may have had.

“It mustn’t have come as a surprise to you. You don’t seem too broken up by it.” I noted,

“It’s actually a relief to finally drop the facade. We’ve drifted apart for the last several years, and we haven’t been intimate for nearly a year, about the time he started the affair,” she admitted, her cheeks flushing with the vulnerability of revealing her celibacy.

My heart fluttered, and a spark of excitement shot through me upon hearing her confess about the absence of sex in her life. I was the only man in her life now, the only competition gone for good. I felt the warmth flow into my face as I blushed, my mom staring at me, as if she could read my thoughts of inappropriateness.

“Why didn’t you divorce him when you first discovered his affair?” I asked, changing the focus.

“You,” she said. “I couldn’t have supported you with my income and the outstanding bills. Since then, I’ve convinced him to pay off our debts, including the mortgage. I’ve also received a raise and have been positioning myself toward becoming more independent.”

She paused, her eyes filled with mist as she continued, “He would have taken you away from me. It was selfish of me, but I didn’t want to lose you.”

Her hand reached across the table and held mine, gently squeezing. She softly murmured, “I’m sorry, sweetie.”

“Don’t be, Mom,” I said. “It hasn’t really been that much different for me. He’s never been interested in what I do, and if by waiting, you become more financially secure, then it’s a good thing. I can do some odd jobs for people to help support us.”

Her wide smile and her hand squeezing mine warmed my heart. I wondered if offering to help with our income or the subtle hint that I’d remain with her was what pleased her. I hoped for the latter.

“We should be fine for money,” she said, confirming my assertion. “He’s coming over tomorrow at four to finalize everything. I don’t

expect the process to drag out as we're both in agreement to end it. Although he doesn't love me, he's sworn to treat me fairly. Since you'll be part of the process, I'll need you to be present."

"No problem, Mom," I replied. "The sooner we settle this, the better."

While I sat at the kitchen table waiting for Dad to arrive, Mom entered the room, my jaw nearly hitting the floor. She wore a floral sundress, the soft fabric hugging her frame, its plunging neckline displaying her deep cleavage. Her hair was perfectly styled, her light makeup accentuating her alluring features.

Catching me staring, she twirled, the hem of the dress lifting slightly, teasing a view of her long, shapely legs. "Well?" she asked, her brow raised as if hopeful for approval. "I picked it up a few days ago. What do you think?"

My gaze drank in her curvaceous figure and with a shaky voice, asked, "Are you trying to get back together with him, Mom? You look unbelievable."

She blushed and replied, "Not at all. It's a day I've been looking forward to for a long time. I thought it'd be nice to dress up for it."

Before we could continue, the doorbell announced Dad's arrival. He avoided my gaze, his expression betraying the shame of a year-long affair. Glancing at Mom, he did a double-take, impressed with her look as much as I was. I wondered if he was having regrets.

"You look nice, Melissa. Hi son," he greeted us. It irked me that he always called me son, rather than by name, almost as if he was more concerned with asserting his control over me, rather than affection.

Mom's voice was sharp as she asked, "Didn't you want to include your girlfriend in the negotiations?"

He flinched, her obvious cut landing the first blow. "Julie's in the car. I figured I'd introduce her to everyone after we've ironed out the

details.”

Mom nodded, a righteous grin curling on the corners of her lips.

Dad cleared his throat, ready to recite his practiced speech. “The first item we should cover is who should be awarded primary custodial care for our son. I believe I can provide the best environment for him. We’ve set up a nice bedroom for him, including a brand-new Atari 2600 for entertainment. I’ll also ensure he gets into the college of his choice. And of course, I’ll allow generous visitation rights.”

He turned to her, expectant. “Melissa, would you like to explain what you can offer for his future?”

I couldn’t tell whose face burned brighter from our raging fury, Mom’s or mine. His assumption that I’d want to live with him only proved how completely out of touch he was.

Mom’s mouth parted, but nothing spilled out; evidently, his well-rehearsed spiel had shaken her confidence.

“Mom!” I blurted, my voice breaking the silence.

Both looked at me, waiting for me to finish. “I want to remain with Mom,” I firmly stated, unwavering.

Mom’s expression lightened while Dad’s tightened, convinced he’d held the upper hand. “Son, think of how much I can offer. While your mother takes a looser approach, I can steer you to a brighter future.”

His smug smirk turned my stomach, and the disinterest I’d once felt toward him hardened into something worse. “Well, Mr. Riley,” I started, watching his smirk vanish when I didn’t refer to him as Dad. “While you present a compelling business plan, I’m not up for sale. I prefer a parent who cares more for me, rather than treating me as an investment.”

He hadn’t expected this kind of pushback and scrambled for a rebuttal. In a softer tone, he said, “I was just trying to look out for

your interests. I can become more involved with your activities, and Julie won't be working and can help you with your homework, if needed."

Mom cringed at the mention of his girlfriend, her discomfort strengthening my resolve. I launched in. "You've shown no interest in raising me before. Why would I believe it would suddenly change now? Do you know anything about me? What rank am I in Boy Scouts?"

His answer was a blank expression.

"How are my grades this year? Have I gotten any A's?"

Silence.

"Who's my best friend, and what girls have I taken out?"

I could see the realization hit him that he really didn't know anything about me, his world revolving around his job and girlfriend, leaving me as nothing more than an afterthought.

"Okay, I see your point. I'll concede on giving your mother primary custody, but I'd like to have you every other weekend and two weeks in the summer and two in the winter," he offered.

"No," I said, the forcefulness of my answer surprising both Mom and Dad. "One weekend and three weekday visits each month. No two-week stays. I'll stay an extra weekend in the summer and one in winter instead of the extended stays."

"Why weekdays?" he asked. "I won't be there during the day, only seeing you at dinner and the evening."

I met his gaze, unflinching. "That's how it's always been. Why would it suddenly change now?"

He flinched, the weight of my words sinking in. He began to argue, struggling to find words, noticed my stern, determined look, and

relented, “Okay, but if you want, you’ll be welcome to visit us at any time. We’re only a few miles away, well within bicycling distance.”

After jotting down our agreement, he turned to Mom and said, “I don’t want any of the furniture, and our retirements stay separate, so that leaves the house, child, and spousal support. You can stay in the house until you want to move or sell, and then we’ll divide the proceeds in half.”

Mom slid a brochure she had in front of her to Dad and said, “This house is really too big for me. I’d prefer a smaller one.” Nodding to the paper, she continued, “I’d like you to buy this house for me and list me as the sole owner on the deed. It’s about half the size and has a much smaller yard. The value is less than half of this one. In return, I’ll sign over my rights to this house, allowing you to acquire the entire proceeds after I’ve moved into my place. In the meantime, I’ll live here rent-free.”

He pondered the offer, mentally calculating the pros and cons. It almost sounded too good, netting more money than he’d expected. “That sounds reasonable, Melissa. It makes sense to have something in place to make the move smoother. Let’s address the other details. I’ll provide child support for two years, and since my salary is significantly higher than yours, I’ll provide a generous alimony for five years, or until you remarry, whichever is sooner.”

“I’d rather take a cash buyout,” Mom replied, throwing him off guard again. He appeared flustered from having every item on his agenda changed from his expectations. “Add up everything you’d owe me and take off twenty percent.”

He smiled, relief crossing his face. A lump sum would work in his favor. After thinking about it a bit, a hesitation surfaced. “What if you marry before the five years?”

“I’ll pay you back the full amount of alimony if that happens,” she stated confidently.

A look of surprise swept through him, hearing Mom admit she had no intention of marrying again. Not giving up, he argued, “Once I give you cash, what would prevent you from not supporting Dave adequately?”

She smirked, replying, “So you don’t trust me? Do I need to remind you who cheated in this relationship, breaking our trust?”

His face reddened with embarrassment, acknowledging his improper dalliance. He scribbled down the latest changes, then looked up. “Okay, I’ll agree to everything you proposed. I’ll have my attorney make the revisions and bring them back for your signature. Thanks for making our transition to our new chapter in our lives much smoother.”

He paused briefly before adding, “Would you be open to meeting Julie now?”

“Sure, bring the skank in,” Mom replied, her smile sharpening as she twisted the knife in his cheating gut.

Dad grimaced but wisely held his tongue, hastily retreating to fetch his girlfriend. I had to give it to Dad; he had good taste in women. Julie was cute, maybe five years younger than Mom, and also a brunette. If I didn’t know better, I’d think Dad was just trading Mom for a younger version. While her resemblance was similar, I had no idea of her personality, so maybe that’s what appealed to him.

Her timid demeanor reflected her discomfort in facing the wife of the man she had stolen. Dad introduced us, and Julie turned to me and offered her hand. I lightly shook it. “Glad to meet you, Dave. I know I can’t replace your mother, but maybe we can be friends.”

“Sure, I guess,” I curtly replied.

When she turned to Mom, her eyes widened at the sight of Mom’s appearance. Julie wore jeans and a thick blouse, her hair tied in a ponytail, looking effortlessly casual. But Mom had outclassed her by several levels with her poised, polished, and undeniably confident look. I wondered how Dad had described Mom to his girlfriend.

Surprisingly, Mom extended both hands for Julie to hold. “Glad to meet you, Julie,” Mom stated, her smirk laced with something unreadable. She lifted Julie’s left hand, inspected her ring, and remarked, “What a beautiful engagement ring. That reminds me, Frank. I’ll need yours so I’ll have a matching set.”

When he hesitated, Mom added, “After all, you’ll want to match your ring with Julie’s, something much more elegant than ours.” Pushing in the knife, she continued, “Unless you aren’t ready to let go, yet.”

I couldn’t suppress my grin, watching Julie’s eyes shoot daggers at Dad. She didn’t have to speak out loud; her expression made it clear she was questioning whether he was ready to close the door on his marriage.

Dad glanced at her and understood the weight of the moment, hurriedly removing his ring and handing it to Mom.

But Mom wasn’t finished. She turned the ring around, studying it as if it were an artifact. “I remember when we bought these,” she mused. “We were just starting and couldn’t afford anything fancy.”

She let out a quiet chuckle, her gaze lifting to meet Dad’s. “The jeweler told us they weren’t meant to be for a lifetime. Guess he was right.”

Both Dad and Julie stared at the floor, hoping to shrink into it, but Mom had one last jab to twist the knife that was buried to the hilt in Dad’s chest. “Perhaps, this time, you can afford one that lasts longer.”

Dad muttered a rushed goodbye, ushering Julie out the door, his retreat unmistakable. Behind them, Mom giggled, her victory apparent. She had outmaneuvered him at every turn, and I couldn’t help but wonder how he’d ever made it so far in the business world.

After they left, Mom opened her arms for a hug, and I stepped into them without hesitation. Her soft body melded into mine as we embraced, hugging each other tightly. Soon, I felt her begin to

tremble, followed by quiet sobs. Her tears slid down my neck as our heads rested together, sharing the weight of unspoken sorrow.

I pulled back, and when I saw the tears in her eyes, my heart sank. “He’s not worth it, Mom. Don’t feel bad about losing him.”

She smiled at my misinterpretation and said, “I’m not crying over him. My tears are from the joy of your choosing to stay with me, rather than moving in with him. Even with his promises of a brighter future than I can provide.”

“Like I told him, Mom. He was never a real parent to me. You’ve supported me through my whole life, but he merely provided the money; you did everything else. It was an easy choice,” I stated, pulling her in for a tight embrace.

Her body shook again, but only with laughter, rather than tears. “Where did you come up with the Boy Scout thing? I nearly lost it when you asked him that.”

I chuckled along with her, replying, “He had no idea that I’ve never been a Boy Scout. Honestly, I could have asked him anything, and he wouldn’t have had a clue. And I’m not the only fibber. Am I right to suspect we’re not moving into that new house?”

She pulled back just enough to meet my gaze, her expression expressing warmth. “You hit that on the head. That’s going to be a rental property while I live here, for free. The cash buyout was necessary to kickstart my bookkeeping business from home. I already have several clients lined up. Just have to turn the den into an office.”

“You really played him, Mom. I’m beginning to think his interest in Julie is from wanting someone closer to his IQ, which, face it, isn’t impressive,” I said, causing both of us to chuckle.

She grinned and said, “It’s a pity to get all dressed up and not take advantage of it. How about if I take you out for dinner tonight? Go throw on something classier and let’s head out.”

“Sounds great. Pizza?” I asked. She smiled, rolled her eyes, and gently shoved me toward my bedroom.

We opted for an Italian restaurant instead, and it turned out to be a very romantic dinner. I cherished the simple act of guiding her to the table and assisting her in sitting. While staring at her beauty throughout the meal, I felt like I could spend the rest of my life with her.

Sixty days later, the divorce was finalized without any problems. That same night, Mom sat across from me at dinner, her smile reflecting a newfound sense of freedom. I tried to appear supportive, but my thoughts kept wandering. She was too good a catch to stay single for long. Sooner or later, another man would enter our lives, and once again, I’d find myself sharing her time, adjusting to the presence of someone new.

After cleaning the kitchen and showering, we settled into the living room to watch some shows. Detecting my solemn attitude, Mom asked, “What’s wrong, dear? You’re acting depressed tonight. Are you sad that my divorce is complete?”

I paused to collect my thoughts, unsure of how to describe my feelings without coming across as a selfish, jealous son. I had no right to interfere with her happiness, and she deserved to find someone special, having to put up with a sexless life with Dad for the past year. It wasn’t my place to stand in her way. Wanting to be supportive, I offered a small apology, “Sorry, Mom. I shouldn’t be putting a damper on your special day.” Then, attempting to shift the focus to her future, I asked, “Do you have any plans to begin dating again to move on with your life?”

She turned to me, gripping my hand, her gaze filled with understanding. She had always read me like a book, sensing my unspoken worries before I could voice them. “My life will move forward without a man, except for you,” she reassured me, her tone firm yet gentle. “Don’t worry. No one else will be sharing our home. My focus is on securing our future, building my financial stability, and ensuring you make it through college.”

Relief washed over me, and as a smile spread across my face, she returned with her own warm, unwavering smile. She squeezed my hand gently, a silent promise that, for now, it would be just us, facing the future together.

A few weeks later, Mom convinced me to visit Dad and Julie to check out my new bedroom and get a feel of their house. They lived about three miles away, close enough to easily make it there on my bike. Her cooking didn't match Mom's, but it wasn't terrible either. Dad tried unsuccessfully to engage me in conversation, and Julie's uneasiness was palpable throughout the meal.

Afterward, I excused myself to my room to check out the gaming console they'd bought for me. I unpacked some clothes I'd brought with me and slipped into bed without joining Dad and Julie in the living room. The last thing I wanted was to sit through them cuddling or displaying their affection for each other.

The next morning, Dad headed out after drinking a cup of coffee, which he'd always done with Mom and me. Julie made me an omelet, and without Dad around, she warmed up considerably. It was as if her shyness left with him. We ended up having a surprisingly pleasant conversation, and for the first time, I genuinely enjoyed talking with her.

The next few times I stayed with them were a repeat performance, but my perception of Julie evolved as I spent more time with her. She was more intelligent than she let on and had a great sense of humor. Although her wardrobe remained conservative, her perspective was anything but—bold, vibrant, and candid. I found myself looking forward to our conversations, and even Mom was impressed when I shared the things we'd discussed. Under different circumstances, I could imagine Mom and Julie becoming good friends.

One Thursday morning at breakfast, I asked Mom if she'd mind me staying at Dad's through Saturday, since Friday was a teacher workday. She cheerfully responded, "That sounds lovely. See you Sunday when you return home."

After checking with Julie and getting the okay, I headed straight to their house after school on Thursday evening. Over dinner, I turned to Dad and asked, “Hey, I noticed you have a riding mower. How about I take care of the lawn tomorrow while you’re at work?”

“That’d be great, son,” he replied. “I hated to miss out on the local golf tournament this weekend. I knew the lawn was getting out of hand and would have to mow it, so this will give me the chance to go. Thanks a lot.”

The next morning, after Dad left for work, I sat and talked with Julie for a bit before going out and mowing the lawn. It took several hours, and I even weed-whacked the edges around the sidewalks. Julie sat on the deck watching me, dressed in her usual jeans and heavy blouse, sipping iced tea while I worked.

When finished, I joined her on the deck, stretched my legs, and said, “Think I’ll go to my room and relax with my Atari for a bit.”

“Sure,” she replied. “You’ve definitely earned it. The yard looks great. Thanks so much.”

Around one, she lightly knocked on my door and asked, “Dave, would you like some lunch, and if so, what?”

“Pizza,” I said, halfway joking. It had become my standard reply whenever anyone wanted to know what I wanted to eat. After all, it was the primary diet for a teenager.

She didn’t answer right away, the sounds of her footsteps diminishing as she walked away. I assumed she’d whip something up and call me when it was ready. Fifteen minutes later, a knock tapped against the door.

“Okay. You ready?”

Curious as to how she could have made or ordered one so fast, I nearly sprinted to the door and flung it open. She stood there beaming, but my eyes didn’t linger on her smile. They were pulled downward, tracing the curves of her body.

Her fitted blouse clung to her figure, the faint outline of her bra visible beneath the thin fabric. A short skirt hugged her hips, revealing her smooth, toned legs up to mid-thigh. She looked stunning and undeniably sexy, a welcome change from her normal appearance. I felt a stirring of desire looking at my sexy step-mom.

“I know a great pizza joint not far from here,” she stated, walking toward the front door.

I followed closely behind, admiring the backs of her long, shapely legs. It’s a shame she kept them hidden much of the time.

While we ate, my focus switched between her tight top and her cute face. She’d let her hair down from the usual ponytail she wore, her brunette hair falling a bit below her shoulders. It accentuated the allure of her cute face perfectly.

The server checked on us several times, her expression flickering with curiosity about our relationship, but flirted with me anyway. It didn’t go unnoticed when Julie commented, a playful glint in her eyes, “I think that girl has a crush on you. She’s cute, too.”

“Probably going for a bigger tip,” I replied, shrugging as I dismissed her comment. “She probably thinks you’re my date anyway, with the way you’re dressed and your youthful looks.”

She blushed and commented, “Well, thank you, Dave. I know how boys your age hate to be seen with their mothers, so I’d hoped to make it look a little less obvious.”

“You certainly did that,” I complimented her, offering a genuine smile. She blushed again.

Shifting gears, she tilted her head and asked warmly, “We got off to a rocky start when we first met, but I think we’re becoming friends now. Don’t you?”

“Definitely,” I said. “I might’ve been a little cold at first. I mean, you did break up my parents’ marriage.”

Her face tightened, the smile slipping. I felt the sting of my own words and quickly backtracked. “Sorry, that wasn’t fair. Honestly, I think they would’ve split up anyway. They just weren’t happy together. It wasn’t all on you.”

“I didn’t really set out to break up a marriage,” she sighed, as she began to unfold her story. “When Frank and I first met, he wasn’t wearing a ring. A few dates in, I noticed one on his finger. I asked about it, and he told me he was separated, but the divorce was nearly finalized.”

She paused for a moment before continuing. “By then, I was already in love with him. I chose to believe it, to let it slide. Over the next few months, our relationship turned more serious, and eventually, I started pushing for marriage.”

Her voice faltered slightly. “That’s when the truth came out. He hadn’t told your mother anything about us. I was livid. I nearly walked away right then and there. But he promised to finally end things and commit to us. He kept that promise, but something in our relationship shifted. We moved forward, but it wasn’t without scars.”

“That puts things in a whole new light,” I said thoughtfully. “He misled you from the start. It wasn’t your fault at all. In all fairness, you might’ve done them both a favor in the end. Staying in an unhappy relationship doesn’t help anyone.”

The server interrupted us by placing the bill on the table. Julie swept it up and paid for our meal before we headed out to the car.

As she pulled out of the parking lot, she glanced over and asked, “What do you want to do now? We have a few hours to kill.”

“You know that big park about a mile from your house? Mind if we drive through it? I’d like to check out the bike trails.”

“Sure thing,” she replied, smiling widely.

About twenty minutes later, we rolled into the park and took our time cruising along the winding roads, taking in the layout.

In the heart of the park, a large garden came into view, bursting with color. She pulled into a nearby space, and we got out to explore. We wandered slowly through the floral displays, letting the conversation flow more freely as the tension between us began to fade. With each step, the awkwardness gave way to something warmer, our connection strengthening.

When we arrived home, I headed straight to my room and a few hours later, when dinner was ready, I joined Dad and her in the kitchen. She'd changed back to her conservative outfit with her hair neatly tied in a ponytail. The thought that she'd dressed differently for me, hiding it from Dad, sent a feeling of excitement through me. It felt like a secret we shared, subtle and thrilling.

The next day, Saturday, Dad left for his golf tournament, and I seized the chance to ride my bike to the park I'd discovered the day before. The weather was perfect for a ride, clear skies and a breeze that made the miles feel lighter. I didn't make it back until around one, where Julie was already waiting with lunch prepared.

After we ate, we sat on the deck, sipping cool drinks and talking. Conversation came easily. Julie was animated and engaging, gently nudging me into talking about school. She asked about my favorite subjects, the ones I struggled with, and even my teachers. It felt less like an interrogation and more like genuine interest. The kind that made me want to keep talking.

Dad showed up for dinner, and I spent the rest of the evening in my room.

The next day, I left for home, and Mom was eager to hear about my visit. I described in detail where we went, what we talked about, and everything I'd learned about Julie.

After listening intently, she smiled and commented, "I think it's wonderful that you're connecting with her. She sounds like a truly lovely woman."

When time for lunch arrived, Mom suggested, “Let’s repeat what Julie and you did on Friday, that is, if you can do pizza again.”

I grinned and replied, “No problem at all, Mom. I could eat it daily.”

When we changed, I couldn’t help but grin, seeing Mom dressed as sexy as Julie had done, as if she were competing. “You look amazing, Mom. You two are spoiling me. If I didn’t know better, I’d say you’re a little jealous of my step-mom.”

She giggled and blushed, replying, “Maybe I am. Let’s go. I’m starved.”

The same server waited on us at the pizza joint, and I chuckled inwardly at her subtle double-take at Mom.

She seemed uncertain. Perhaps, trying to figure out if this was the same woman from the other day. Different style, same stunning presence. Either way, she clearly registered that both were beautiful.

She was noticeably less flirty, probably assuming she didn’t have a chance with me, seeing the alluring women with me. She was right. Afterward, I guided Mom to the park, and we walked through the gardens as I’d done with Julie.

A few weeks later, with school closed on a Wednesday, I called Julie and asked if I could come over for the day. The excitement in her voice was palpable as she readily agreed.

When I arrived, she led me out back, beaming with pride as she unveiled a brand-new woman’s bike gleaming in the afternoon sun.

“Now, we can ride together and enjoy the outdoors,” she said, elatedly. “When I told Frank about you taking off on your bike the last time, leaving me here by myself, he insisted on buying me one. Would you mind if I tagged along? I thought you could show me where you rode at the park.”

“No problem,” I replied. “Let me fill my water bottle first.”

While I went to the kitchen, she slipped away to change. By the time I returned, she was already by the bikes, now in fitted shorts and a sporty top, looking more than ready to ride. She wasn't new to it either, matching my pace without breaking a sweat.

We stopped at the gardens again and, rather than heading home for lunch, we found a food cart, tucked near the edge of the park, and grabbed a bite there, sitting on a bench in the shade.

It was mid-afternoon when we arrived back at her place. We recovered on the deck, both of us winded from our ride.

"I had a wonderful time!" she exclaimed. "Thanks so much!. If you ever have an afternoon off from school, let me know and we'll ride again."

It became a regular routine after that, even going over after dinner some days, just to squeeze in a quick evening ride. Dad never minded, preferring to relax in his chair watching TV each evening.

One Saturday, I took her on a different route, one packed with hills that tested both of us. I felt my muscles strain under the load and could tell Julie was feeling it also. Deciding to turn around and head home, I noticed Julie off her bike and limping around at the edge of a yard.

Alarmed, I quickly turned around and rode back. "What's wrong?" I called out as I hopped off my bike.

"Charley horse," she groaned, clutching the back of her thigh as she tried to walk it off.

I rolled our bikes off the road and guided her to a nearby grassy slope. Once she stretched out, I gently lifted her leg and began to massage the tight muscle. "You're all knotted up. Let me see if I can loosen it."

Her tightly fitted elastic shorts covered her thighs, impeding my massage, so I carefully adjusted the fabric to get better access. As I did, she tensed and caught my hand.

“What are you doing?” she asked, startled.

“Just trying to help, Mom,” I replied calmly. “I’ve dealt with this before. I need to get to the muscle if I’m going to fix the cramp.”

She released my hand, allowing me to advance. Once her upper leg was exposed, I stroked her thigh with both hands, relishing the feel of her firm, smooth flesh. She let out a breath of air and murmured, “You called me Mom.”

“I guess I did,” I said, a little surprised myself. “Step-mom sounds a little awkward, and if I call you Julie, it sounds like you’re my girlfriend. Do you mind?” I asked.

“Not at all,” she replied. “It means a lot. I’m glad you see me that way. Should I start calling you son?”

“No,” I said quickly. “I hate that. I’m Dave, not son.”

She blinked, taken aback. “I’m sorry, but I’ve heard Frank call you that, so I assumed that’s what you wanted,” she said.

“Nope. It seems like a control thing adults do, and it’s a bit disrespectful, as if they forget we have names. When you were little, did your parents address you as daughter?”

She paused, then laughed lightly. “Good point. No, they didn’t. I never thought of it that way, but I won’t make that mistake again.”

After another fifteen minutes of caressing her delectable thigh, I pulled her shorts down and said, “Let’s go have lunch. I know a place that’d be perfect for us.”

She rose and bent her leg, smiled, and replied, “It feels great again. Thanks so much. Lead the way.”

I helped her up and I routed us around the neighborhoods until we arrived at Mom’s house. She followed me to the back, where Mom was relaxing on the deck. She smiled, unsurprised at our arrival, as I’d filled her in with my plan earlier.

“Hi, guys,” she greeted us. “You’re just in time for lunch. We can enjoy it out here.”

Julie’s uneasy expression showed how uncomfortable she was around Mom. After we sat, Mom brought out several dishes of food and set them on the table, already set with plates and silverware.

As we ate, Mom’s warmth slowly chipped away at Julie’s nerves. Her friendly tone, paired with just the right questions, began to draw her out. Before long, the two of them were deep in conversation, their laughter easing the awkward edges. Mom kept me busy, hauling away the dirty dishes and bringing out a dessert, and refilling their drinks.

By the time we were ready to head back, Mom had successfully wiped away any doubt of anger toward Julie. In the short time, they’d become friends and lightly hugged before we jumped on our bikes to head back to Dad’s place.

At dinner that night, rather than reaching across the table, I asked, “Mom, could you pass the pepper?”

She smiled and handed it to me, her fingers brushing mine in a quiet, affectionate moment.

Dad caught it and said, “Did I hear you say Mom? That’s new.”

“Yeah. Easier and probably better than ‘Hey You.’”

Julie giggled and Dad smiled, “I’m glad you feel that comfortable with Julie.”

The next morning, after drinking his cup of coffee, Dad kissed Julie on the cheek and said, “See you tonight, dear.” On his way out the door, he called out, “Until next time, Dave.”

Julie smiled, and I didn’t need to ask. She’d clearly said something to him about using my name. It was a small gesture, but it meant a lot. She was already looking out for me, assuming her role as my mother.

We'd ridden a dozen more times over the next few months. While I still wore shorts, she'd switched to sweatpants with the cooler weather.

One Wednesday, with school closed for the day, I pedaled over to meet her. This time, we strayed from our usual path, venturing off the pavement and climbing up into the gravel roads that wound through the outskirts of town.

Gaining speed, going down a steep hill, I knew better than to brake on loose gravel, but Julie panicked and as a result, her front tire jerked sideways, and her bike slid out from under her. She hit the ground hard, skidding down the slope on her side.

I circled back, my heart pounding, seeing the bloody damage to one side of her body. She lay motionless. I knelt down and gently shook her shoulder. "Mom?"

She stirred, eyes fluttering open. "Jesus," she gasped, wincing. "I hurt all over. How bad is it?"

I gave her a careful once-over. The injuries looked painful but mostly superficial. There were a lot of scrapes and abrasions where her clothes had torn, exposing raw, bleeding skin. Her sweats had done little to protect her from the fall; big rips opened up, exposing her bloody flesh.

"I think you'll be okay, but we need to get you home and cleaned up," I said gently. "There's gravel and dirt in some of those scrapes. Do you think you can make it back, or should I go get someone?"

She sat up slowly, wincing as she inspected her wounds. "With your help, I think I can manage," she said. "Let me lean on you as we walk. We'll come back for the bikes later."

I nodded and helped her up, slipping an arm around her for support. We took it slow, her weight pressed lightly into my side as we made our way down the quiet road. I held her close, careful to avoid the worst of her injuries, guiding her step by step toward home.

Once inside, we tried to use the sink to wash her wounds, but found we were just making a mess. Finally, she said, “Let’s go in the shower. We have a wand for a shower head so we can clean my wounds better.”

We both stepped into the large stall, and I turned on the water, holding the head so it pointed toward one wall. When the water was warm, I turned down the volume so it gently poured out. I started with her neck, gently cleaning her scrape with soap, rinsing it.

Moving down to her side, I couldn’t access her injury due to her sweatshirt getting in the way. “Mom, we need to remove your top. Are you wearing a bra?”

She paused and weakly whispered, “Yes, but can’t you just slide it up enough to wash it?”

“No, because it’ll fall back down and rub the area. Besides, it’s dirty and you don’t want to take the chance of it infecting your wound.”

“Okay,” she relented. She let out a pained sound when she attempted to yank it upward.

I gripped her arms, stopping her, and said, “Let me do it, so I can ensure that we avoid contact.”

After she raised her arms, I grabbed the bottom edges and pulled upward. As it slid higher, I realized why she was reluctant to have it removed. I’d figured she’d worn a sports bra, but instead, a silky blue bra was revealed, one so thin that her dark nipples were visible underneath. My prick lurched from the sight of her proud, perky tits.

I threw her pullover onto the bathroom floor and sprayed water across the gash, located on her ribs, directly below the bottom of her bra. Her face reddened as she saw my eyes glancing at her breasts. My left hand clasped the right side of her body, holding her firm. I extended my fingers and pressed into her flesh while my thumb rested below her bra.

“Mom, this is going to hurt a little when the soap hits it. Brace yourself.”

She gripped my sides and held on tight as I cleaned her wound. Her body jerked and twisted as she cried, “Wow, that really stings. I’m glad you warned me.”

While she squirmed from the pain, my left hand slid upward, my thumb gouging into the bottom of her breast. She inhaled deeply, causing her mounds to swell. This was the closest I’ve ever been to a pair of full-sized breasts, only having dated girls my age.

Once I’d removed the remaining bits of gravel, I sprayed the soap off, causing her bra to become translucent. Her nipples hardened under my gaze, plastered against the wet, thin material. Glancing upward, her wide eyes locked with mine, a slight smile forming on her lips.

Reluctantly, I withdrew my hand from underneath her left breast and turned my attention to the rip in her sweatpants covering her thigh. “We need to do the same with your pants, Mom. Are you wearing panties?” I asked, my voice cracking with lust.

“Yes,” she replied, not arguing this time, gripping the sides of her pants and shoving them down. I helped her remove her sweats and tossed them aside. Her matching panties were just as thin as her bra, her dark brown landing strip barely hidden beneath the silky material. My prick couldn’t be any harder as I gazed upon her voluptuous body.

Clamping one hand underneath her thigh, I said, “Grab my shoulders to steady yourself. I need to lift your leg to access the gash.”

She held onto me as I lifted her leg with one hand while I gently cleaned the long scrape. The gash extended underneath her thigh, making it impossible to clean. When I elevated her leg higher so I could access the raw wound, her fingers dug into my flesh.

She gasped, and while examining the scrape, I glanced over and noticed that her panties had stretched, lodging into her crevice, like a wedgie.

Rinsing off the soap as I did before, her panties became soaked, her hairy mound becoming as visible as her nipples. I ran my hand around the sore area, checking to see if it was still oozing blood, but ventured higher, feeling the soft flesh on the uppermost part of her leg, near her pussy. Her engorged labia were pressed against the thin fabric, barely contained within her stretched panties.

Once finished, I lowered her leg and met her gaze, her face flushed from exposing her privates. Her eyes were wide, filled with lust and fear. I wondered if she was afraid I was going to initiate something or if she would. I liked her too much to take advantage, so I turned my attention to the faucet and turned it off before guiding her out of the stall. Grabbing a bath towel, I dried off her body, my gaze lingering on her thinly veiled tits and pussy.

After helping her into bed, I turned her onto her side. I grabbed one of the large pillows and stuffed it between her legs at her knees to allow air flow. "Let the air dry your wounds," I instructed. "I don't think there's any need for bandages."

Once I stood up to leave, I noticed tears flowing down her cheeks.

"What's wrong, Mom?" I asked, sincerely.

"What will Frank think, knowing you've seen me like this?" she asked, sobbing.

Then I understood. He'd be suspicious if he knew I'd seen as much as I had.

After some thought, I said, "Here's our story. You have to remember to tell it exactly like this. We crashed coming down the gravel road. I checked to make sure you were okay, jumped on my bike, and pedaled home. Mom and I returned with the car, dropped me off at where we crashed, and brought you here. She cleaned you

up and put you to bed, while I walked your bike back. Mom then took me home.”

She blinked, unsure if it would fly, then asked, “Your mom would lie for me?”

“Of course,” I replied. “She likes you and will do whatever it takes to protect you. Trust me on this. We’ll take care of you.”

She smiled and said, “Thank you so much. You’d better get going since you have two bikes to return.”

An hour later, I’d finished returning the bikes and explained everything to Mom, minus the details of Julie’s ultra-thin undies. She was more than happy to collaborate with my story, as I knew she would.

The next week, I wanted to check on Julie’s condition, so I asked if I could join them for dinner. She was on pins and needles throughout the meal, worried about our story. Dad brought it up, saying, “Dave, that was quite some spill Julie took on the bike. I’m just glad you were there to help her.”

“Actually, I wasn’t much help. After making sure she was stable, I pedaled home and got Mom. She’s the one who fixed her up, while all I did was walk Julie’s bike back to the house. I never saw how bad the scratches were.”

Julie smiled as my story lined up with hers.

“I’m surprised your mother offered to help her,” Dad said, raising an eyebrow. “I didn’t think she cared much for us anymore.”

“Mom treats Julie as a close friend, and as far as you, she’s never said anything bad about you. She doesn’t hold hate or bitterness for either of you.”

He looked taken aback, surprised at my outpouring, catching him off guard. A curious expression formed on his face as he said, “As a

Boy Scout, I would've thought you could handle the first aid, instead of driving clear home for your mother."

Julie's expression tightened, as if she knew Dad was planning a trap, but I didn't take the bait, replying, "I've never been a scout, Dad. If you remember, a few years ago, I had a nasty bike crash and Mom was the one who patched me up, so I knew she'd know what to do."

"Not a scout?" Dad asked, perplexed. "So you lied when we were discussing custody?"

"Yeah," I admitted quickly. "Dad, you did your part as a father, providing us with a nice home and all, but Mom is the one who looked after me. Besides, she doesn't have anyone around the house to do things, so I feel it's important to remain with her. It was never about who I liked the most; it was what was best for everyone."

Dad's expression lightened. "You're right on all counts, Dave. I guess I felt a little slighted, but your arguments hit the mark. Speaking of how you two are doing, have you prepared to move into your other house yet?"

"She's actually renting it out, so I don't think that'll happen in the near future," I replied.

His surprised look made me laugh inside. Thankfully, Mom had coached me for this conversation.

"Well," he said, clearing his throat. "The intent was that she move to her new house, so I could sell the big house," Dad explained.

"I'm not sure what was in the decree. It was your attorney who drafted it. Maybe, you could ask him if there's a time frame for intent in the document," I responded. I resisted the urge to smirk, but I wish I could've taken a picture of his face for Mom. It was exactly the way she described, a little scrunched up and red.

Knowing he'd lost, he dropped any further discussion. When I glanced at Julie, she winked at me and smiled when Dad wasn't

looking. I still found it exciting to share a secret with her, and the visions of her nearly nude body would assist me in any future masturbation sessions.

Chapter 2

With the constant interactions with Mom and Julie, I was becoming more horny every day. While sitting in the cafeteria by myself one day, luck dropped into the seat opposite me, in the form of Lucy Wilson. She was my age, sixteen, but already a senior, one grade ahead of me, thanks to early starts and summer acceleration. Smart didn't even begin to cover it. She had this effortless confidence that made it hard to look away.

Not only intelligent, but she was stunning. With that bright smile, long blonde hair, nice-sized, perky tits, and legs that seemed to go on forever, she was the most popular girl in school. Everyone knew her. Everyone wanted to sit with her, so when she dropped her tray across from me, I looked around, half-expecting some kind of prank. She could have joined anyone. Jocks, seniors, or the honors crowd, but here she was, sitting with a junior.

“Expecting someone?” she asked, her tone edged with playful sarcasm.

“Just checking to see if one of your girlfriends is watching to see if she'll have to pay on her dare. There's no other reason you'd want to sit with someone like me,” I said.

Her smile stretched, slow and knowing. It sent a chill skating down my spine. Damn, her charm and beauty were dangerous.

“No dare,” she stated simply. “I've seen you sitting here by yourself before. Made me wonder why someone like you never has company. You're cute. So I figured I'd help.” She leaned in, eyes glinting. “When other girls see me with you, they'll want you too. It's a thing. Being wanted makes you someone they'll want to conquer.”

“Oh, I get it now,” my voice flat, “You took pity on the loser. Well, thanks, but no thanks.” I stood, grabbed my tray, and walked it to the bus station without looking back. As I left for my locker, I took

one last glance at her sitting there, her once-bright smile fading into something quieter, almost regretful.

Three days later, she did it again.

I started to wonder if she just didn't get it, or worse, didn't care. Maybe subtlety wasn't her strong suit. I didn't say a word, just picked at the poor excuse for food on my tray, pretending not to notice her sitting down.

"I'm sorry about what I said," she murmured.

There was no sarcasm in her voice, just something quiet and honest. And despite myself, the guilt crept in.

I looked up. She was watching me, eyes steady and unreadable, probably waiting to trap me again with that effortless beauty. It was working. My chest tightened, and my skin prickled with heat.

"No problem," I said at last. "You just caught me on a bad day. Algebra's been kicking my ass harder than heartbreak."

"Algebra II?" she asked. "Quadratics and all that fun stuff?"

There was a spark in her eyes now, like she actually cared. "Yeah," I muttered. "I've been kind of drowning in it."

"I could help," she offered, her voice lighter than before. "Would your parents be cool with me tutoring you after school?"

"It's just my mom," I said. "But why would you even want to? We don't exactly have the cash for that, and she's too proud to accept anything that even feels like charity."

There was that smile again, that threw me off balance, as she replied, "First, why I offered is because, like I said before, you're cute. And it won't be free. After three lessons, you agree to take me out for a date. Somewhere that doesn't cost anything, and that will be my payment."

I chuckled and asked, “So, the hottest girl in school is offering to pay some lowly junior to date her?” Glancing around the room, I asked, “So, when do they come out and start giggling at me for taking the bait?”

She frowned, clearly stung. “Wow. I didn’t think you saw me as that shallow. For the record, I actually like helping people with math. It’s one of the subjects I’m genuinely good at.”

“Please,” I said, drawing out the word with a faint smile. “Everyone knows you excel in every class.” Pausing for effect, I sighed and continued, “Fine, I’ll bite. Will the public library work for you?”

Her face lit up. “As long as we can snag one of the study rooms, so we don’t get kicked out for talking, it should work out. I’m busy on Fridays, so how about next Monday through Wednesday, and then our date will be a week from Saturday. We’ll meet at the library on those days.”

“Okay, I’m still a little leery about this, but if it is a trick, at least I can always brag I was with the hottest girl in school for an hour or two,” I said, giving her my best smile.

She giggled and returned my smile. For the rest of the hour, we talked about other things before heading to our afternoon classes.

Friday at lunch, I saw her at another table with one of the jocks, which wasn’t unsurprising, but I still felt slighted. I mean, we weren’t even dating, so why did I think she’d eat with me? Then it hit me why she said she was busy on Friday nights. Those were prime date nights, so I’m sure she had boys lined up weeks ahead of time. Oh well, at least I might get some help with Algebra.

The next day, I walked over to Dad’s place and mowed the lawn. Dad cooked some steaks for us on the barbecue, and I noticed Julie still bore some of the effects from the crash. While we ate, I asked, “Do you think I could borrow your bike for a weekend or two?”

Julie had her mouth open when Dad answered for her. “It’s going to be a long time before she’s riding again, plus winter’s coming. It might not happen until next spring, if even then.”

Julie nodded in approval, adding, “Yeah, I’m still sore, and I’m just hoping some of the scars disappear after a while. I might be getting a bit old and clumsy to continue that exercise, but why would you want a girl’s bike?”

“It’s for a date. A girl is helping tutor me, and after three lessons, I promised to take her on a date that doesn’t cost anything. I thought about biking to the park and walking through the flower gardens.”

Dad grimaced while Julie smiled, her eyes twinkling, reliving our tour of the park. “I think that’s a wonderful idea, Dave,” she said. “I’m glad my bike will be put to good use. If you keep dating her, we’d love to meet her, maybe have her over for dinner or a barbecue.”

“Thanks, Mom,” I said. “Not sure for how long. She’s awfully popular with the boys, plus she’s a senior, so she’s a little bit out of my league.”

“I’m always up for a barbecue,” Dad chirped in. “Don’t put yourself down, Dave. You’re a handsome young man, and any woman would be attracted to you.”

Julie blushed and turned away. Visions of her body flashed before me, and I wondered how that day might have gone if I hadn’t resisted my urges.

To my surprise, Lucy showed up at the library and helped me understand some of the things that seemed incomprehensible to me. It was a little distracting at times when she’d lean close to me, her fragrance and presence overwhelming my senses.

On Wednesday, all the study rooms were filled, so we decided to sit on a bench outside, but it was difficult to study, so we mainly talked. She still considered it part of the deal, and we made plans for our

date at two on Saturday. We exchanged phone numbers and addresses, and she agreed to meet me at Mom's house.

Thirty minutes before we were to meet, Julie showed up unexpectedly. I became a little suspicious when she and Mom sat on the couch and began talking as if they'd planned it. Noticing my curious expression, Julie said, "Frank is at another golfing event today, so I took the opportunity to catch up with Melissa today, plus we thought it'd be nice to meet your girlfriend."

"She's not my girlfriend," I argued, my face flushing. "I'm paying her back for tutoring me. You could barely call it a date, and it probably won't continue after today, especially when she's ambushed by you two."

They giggled, and Mom said, "Don't worry, dear. We'll try not to embarrass you too much."

Before I could respond, the doorbell chimed Lucy's arrival. My jaw dropped when I opened the door and laid eyes on her. Her short skirt showed off her long, thin legs, and her tight blouse accented her perky breasts. She didn't need any makeup, as her face and hair were already perfect. She smiled widely, watching my gaze travel up and down her body.

"Hi Dave, aren't you going to invite me in?" she asked with a slight giggle.

Fear suddenly hit me as I realized I'd forgotten to tell her to wear something appropriate for a bike ride. "Sorry, my mind was on something else. Come in and I'll introduce you to my moms."

"More than one?" she asked, her grin widening.

"My real one, plus my step-mom. I didn't plan on them being here, but I can't really ignore them at this point," I explained.

Mom and Julie rose when we entered the room, and after I made introductions, they sat, and Mom suggested, "Why don't you two sit on the loveseat so we can talk a bit?"

My fears that Mom and Julie would ruin my date vanished as they hit it off with her, engaging her in conversation. After thirty minutes, Lucy turned to me and commented, “I’m so jealous of you having two wonderful Moms, while I have none.”

She then went on to tell us how her mother had given her up at birth, and she switched from one foster family to another throughout her life.

“Did either of your parents try to reach out to you?” Mom asked.

“Nope,” Lucy replied sharply. “Mom gave up all her parental rights, and the birth certificate was blank for the father’s name. I doubt if she ever knew who knocked her up.”

Mom’s expression softened, hearing the harsh tone in Lucy’s voice. Changing topics, she asked, “So, what do you two have planned for the day?” She glanced at Lucy’s skimpy skirt and smirked, knowing I’d brought Julie’s bike over for Lucy.

I blushed and stuttered, “Well, my original plans aren’t going to work, so maybe we can just take a walk or something.”

“What changed?” Lucy asked, turning to me, melting my heart with her smile.

I rose and extended my hand to help her up. I led her to the back of the house and out the door to the deck. I nodded toward the bikes and explained, “I thought we’d take a bike ride, but the idiot that I am, I forgot to tell you to wear appropriate clothes. I’m sorry I blew it.”

“That’s so sweet,” she gushed. “It would’ve been perfect, but I’d still like to take that walk with you. Mom and Julie followed us out and caught the tail-end of our conversation. Mom offered, “Julie and I were thinking about going to a movie. How about you two joining us? Our treat.”

Before I could decline their offer, Lucy chirped, “That sounds wonderful. Thanks so much, Melissa.”

Great. My first date with the hottest chick in school, and I'll have two Moms chaperoning me. Could it be any more embarrassing?

Yes, it could. Mom sat by me in the theater, and Julie sat by Lucy, trapping us together between them. To top it off, they picked a romantic movie, which worked out well, Lucy leaning against me when the scenes turned passionate.

Mom nudged me and held my right hand, hinting I should do the same. When my left hand found Lucy's, she guided it to her bare leg and held it with hers. Lifting her hand off mine, she wrapped her arm around me and hugged me. I was in seventh heaven and was suddenly grateful Mom had involved herself in my date.

My fingers extended and felt Lucy's smooth, warm skin. All too soon, the credits rolled by, and the lights brightened. When we made it to the car, Mom said, "Lucy, would you like to join us for dinner tonight? There's a nice Italian restaurant down the road, where Julie and I planned on eating."

Once again, before I could answer, Lucy replied, "If you don't mind, sure. I'm starved and would love to spend more time with you guys."

"Do you need to call your foster parents to let them know?" Mom asked.

"No, they couldn't care less if I don't show up. In fact, they'd prefer it if I don't. I'm only an income for them, and the less they have to spend on me, the better. They've already warned me that once I turn eighteen, they're kicking me out because the state won't pay them anymore."

I reached across and held her hand to calm her, and she turned to me, smiling and squeezing my hand affectionately. Dinner was a huge success, thanks to Mom and Julie engaging Lucy and me in conversation. On the way home, Mom asked, "Lucy, would you like us to drop you off at your house? It's getting a little late to walk home from our place."

“That’d be great, Melissa,” she said, directing Mom to where she lived.

I walked her to the door, and before she could open it, she hugged me tightly and murmured, “I loved spending time with you today. Could we do it again next week? Same schedule with the tutoring?”

“Sure, I really enjoyed today too, even though I had my doubts with Mom and Julie tagging along.”

“I love both of them,” Lucy gushed. “You’re so lucky to have them to look after you.”

She pecked me on the lips, sending an electric jolt through me; the feeling of her full, soft lips on mine lingered all the way home.

The next day, I was in my room studying when, around two, the doorbell rang. When I answered it, Lucy greeted me. “Hi Dave. I should have called you first, so if you’re with someone, I can leave.” She wore sweats and tennis shoes as if she’d been out jogging.

“Who would be here besides my mom?” I asked, wondering what she meant.

“Well, I thought maybe you might have a date. I didn’t want to interrupt,” she explained.

“Fat chance of that ever happening. You’re the only date I’ve had this year,” I replied.

“Great!” she exclaimed. “I wanted to take you up on that offer for the bike ride. I dressed for it today.”

We rode to the park and walked through the gardens, holding hands, and periodically she’d stop to hug and kiss me. When we made it back home, Mom invited her to stay for dinner, and Lucy quickly accepted. When Mom found out about the problems of room availability at the library, she suggested, “Why don’t you guys come here after school to study and then stay for dinner? I’d love the extra company.”

Lucy thought it was a great idea, and the next week, she suggested we extend our time together to include the remaining two days of the week. She still avoided me during lunch breaks, but I didn't want to appear jealous and take the chance of losing her.

Our study sessions transitioned to more frequent bouts of kissing and petting. On Friday, after we began studying, Mom said she needed to run to the store to pick up something for dinner. Before the sound of the car vanished, Lucy was all over me, sinking her tongue into my mouth, while our hands roamed over our bodies.

She unbuckled me, knelt, and shoved my pants and underwear to the floor. "She held my hard cock and licked up the sides, looking up at me adoringly. Popping my bloated head into her mouth, she sucked and ran her rough tongue around my flared lip before descending my pole.

Cradling my balls, she gently squeezed them while her head bobbed up and down my prick. I ran my fingers through her silky, blonde hair as she expertly blew me. I couldn't believe my luck, having the hottest girl in school was in my room, sucking and licking my cock.

"Fuck, Lucy. I can't believe you're blowing me," I gasped.

Without releasing my cock, her lustful eyes connected with mine as she continued to fuck my cock with her hot mouth. Wanting the pleasure to last, I thought about math problems, but after ten minutes, I felt my balls tingle and warned her, "Lucy, I'm going to blow."

With her hand wrapped around my base, she squeezed tightly and her mouth sucked harder until I exploded, filling her throat with streams of cum. She swallowed and continued to milk my shaft until I was completely drained.

"That was amazing," I murmured.

She pulled off, licked my prick, and then rose, swiping her tongue around her lips, cleaning any remnants of my semen. "Thanks,

sweetie. I'm glad you liked it. Your prick was exactly how everyone described."

"Who described it?" I asked, my hair bristling on the back of my head. Is this where the prank begins?

"Well, as you know, I've been with a lot of guys in school. It's easy to get them to talk about other boys, and with you taking showers together after PE, I weasled enough information out of them to find the one with the cock I wanted."

"Really?" I asked, astounded. "So, when you sat down with me at lunch and then pursued me was because of your quest for a cock you hadn't tried?" I wanted to be pissed, but after the great blowjob I'd just received, I didn't want to risk any future chances.

"It's strictly logical. Sex is an important part of any relationship, so why get involved, only to be disappointed when you finally get to the sexual part? Your prick is exactly what I want; you're cute, and you have a great personality. You make me very happy, and I want us to be exclusive from now on."

Some men may have been upset over her reasoning, but I knew she was the smartest one I'd ever met, and it makes sense that she'd approach a relationship much like a difficult math problem. "I'd love to," I agreed and added, "If I may ask, what makes my cock so special to you?"

She held it, her fingers squeezed my head, and said, "First, I wanted a circumcised prick. I love to see the full helmeted head on display all the time. I didn't want a small one, but on the other hand, I don't like them huge. Yours is the perfect length and girth. I also like big, hanging balls."

To emphasize her point, she cradled my nutsack and gently rolled my jewels in her hand. "You're perfect in every way," she gushed, kissing me passionately.

When we heard Mom's car drive into the garage, I pulled up my pants and we continued to study.

Mom's smile widened when Lucy informed her at dinner that we were now going steady. I wondered if they'd set me up, and Mom had left on purpose to give Lucy time to blow me. It seemed far-fetched, but not entirely unlikely.

Mom had given me 'the talk' the previous year and supplied me with a box of rubbers. Good thing, because it wasn't long until Lucy and I were fucking every time Mom would run out for an errand. For the next several weeks, my grades improved as Lucy stayed longer each night, tutoring me while at the same time teaching me how to make love to a woman.

She ate lunch with me every day from then on, and I noticed she never talked to any other boy as she had in the past. Mom slyly kept my condom supply stocked, making more excuses to leave Lucy and me alone.

About a month in, as we sat down to dinner, Mom looked over at Lucy and said gently, "You're here so late most nights, and I hate the thought of you heading home in the dark. Why don't you just stay with us? We have plenty of space. You could make one of the spare bedrooms yours whenever you need it."

Lucy stood up and walked around the table to embrace Mom in a hug. "Thank you so much, Melissa. I'd really love to stay, but if anyone from the State asks, I'm not here full-time. My foster parents won't agree to it unless they keep receiving their payments."

Mom gave her a reassuring smile. "That's not a problem, Lucy. I'd be happy to have you stay."

That night, Mom drove her to her house, where she picked up most of her clothes and toiletries. On Lucy's first night with us, she snuck into my room at two in the morning and rode me until we released, her mouth covering mine to silence our groans.

She never returned to her foster home, and I soon learned just how much Lucy likes to fuck. Mom increased the number of boxes of rubbers, as I was going through them rapidly. Not only had my sex

life escalated, but my grades improved as well, with a full-time tutor at my disposal. Mom and Julie accompanied us to events on weekends when Dad had something going on, further cementing our family relationships.

On the night I turned seventeen, I snuck into Lucy's room where she was waiting with my present, her nude, horny body. When she lowered herself onto my stiff prick, she whispered, "I have a special present for you tonight. I've never had sex without a rubber. Tonight, we're fucking bareback and I'm going to feel a man's cum fill me for the first time ever."

After I filled her, she sucked me to hardness two more times as I brought her to a dozen orgasms compared to my three. When finished, I rolled off her bed to return to my room. I turned to her, and after a passionate kiss, I whispered, "Thank you so much." Once the floodgates were open, we routinely fucked bareback using the rhythm method, using rubbers when she was ovulating.

One day at lunch, Mike, one of my oldest friends, dropped into the seat across from me and asked, "So, what's the deal with Lucy sitting with you all the time?"

"Why?" I asked, raising my eyebrow at his sudden curiosity.

He leaned in a little. "Word is she's turned down every prom invite she's gotten, and people have seen you two hanging out after school. The jocks are losing their minds over it."

"I hadn't heard that," I replied. "She hasn't mentioned to me who she's going with. Are you going?"

"Yeah," he nodded. "A couple of us juniors who couldn't score dates with seniors are going anyway. They're letting us in this year, so we figured, why not? What about you?"

"Haven't thought about it," I lied, secretly hoping Lucy might ask me. But since she never showed any affection toward me at school, such as hand-holding and flirty glances, I figured she didn't want to make whatever we had public.

Just then, Lucy dropped into the seat beside me and smiled. “Who’s your friend, Dave?”

“Mike,” I said. “We used to hang out back in the day.”

“Hey, Mike,” she said, flashing one of those effortlessly sexy smiles that could melt steel.

“Hi,” he said, his voice cracking under the weight of nerves. Intimidated by the most beautiful girl he’d ever seen, he blushed, stood up, and made a quick, awkward exit. She turned back to me with a smile and quietly resumed her lunch. There was something about the way she commanded a room with such effortlessness, it was almost hypnotic.

Two nights later, over dinner, Mom set down her fork and said, “Funny thing happened today. The school called and asked if I’d volunteer to be a chaperone at the prom. I have no idea why they asked me, but I said okay nonetheless.”

Lucy glanced up and admitted, “I requested them to call you. I thought you’d like to attend since I’m going to be the prom queen.”

“I didn’t know they announced them ahead of time. How long have you known?” Mom asked.

Lucy gave her a look like she’d just asked if the Earth was flat. “They never announce the winners before prom night,” she said, brushing a curl behind her ear. “But let’s be real. It’s obvious I’ll be picked as queen. I’m not just the prettiest girl in our grade, I’m also at the top of the class. I’ve dated half the guys, and the other half wish they had a shot, so they’ll all vote for me. Simple math.”

Mom looked surprised, but I wasn’t. I’d seen Lucy’s mind work like clockwork: sharp, deliberate, always three moves ahead. She dissected every situation with cold precision and acted with the confidence of someone who knew the outcome before the game began.

I hesitated, already dreading the answer. “I’m guessing you know who the king is, too. Is he your date?”

She shot me the same withering look she’d given Mom. “Obviously you’re going with me. You’re my boyfriend. He’s not. Why would I take someone else?”

I shifted, feeling the weight of the question I hadn’t wanted to ask. “I didn’t know. You haven’t said anything about it, and the way you are at school. It feels like you’re keeping me a secret.”

“There was no need to talk to you about it,” she said, her tone clipped. “Obviously, you’ll be at my side.”

A grin tugged at my lips. Finally, everyone would see it. See us. I wasn’t just some rumor. I was Lucy’s boyfriend, in the spotlight, where she had decided I belonged.

Later that night, after we’d connected, I admitted, “Lucy, I’m a little nervous about prom. I don’t know how to dance and don’t want to embarrass you on the floor.”

She didn’t miss a beat. “Don’t worry. I’ll teach you, just like I’ve taught you everything else. Leave it to me.”

After a few evenings of practice, I’d built up just enough confidence to believe I wouldn’t completely humiliate myself on the dance floor.

Mom and Julie accompanied Lucy and me to the rental shop to pick out our prom looks. I chose a tailored suit, simple but sharp. Lucy, on the other hand, selected a V-neck A-line dress that made her look even more breathtaking than usual. The shimmering blue fabric caught the light with every step, and the mid-thigh hemline left little doubt that she’d be the most captivating girl in the room.

When we arrived at the venue, Mom was quickly swept away by the teachers for a chaperone briefing, leaving Lucy and me to be escorted to our table by a junior volunteer. As we settled in and ate, I could feel the stares from other couples. They leaned in, whispered

behind their hands, probably trying to wrap their heads around the unexpected pairing seated before them.

Once the plates were cleared, the emcee announced the prom royalty. Lucy rose the instant her name was called and made her way gracefully to the stage. Brad, the inevitable choice for king and our school's football captain, joined her at the throne. They were crowned, draped in sashes, and bathed in camera flashes for what felt like an eternity. Applause followed, then both returned to their tables, the spotlight dimmed.

I scanned the room. The male teachers lingered near the walls like silent sentinels, while the female chaperones, including Mom, wandered between tables, keeping watch with polite smiles. Music swelled, signaling the first dance of the evening. My pulse kicked up. I was just about to ask Lucy when Brad stepped up beside her, confident and direct. I didn't need to guess what he was after.

Brad had always been a bully, someone who got what he wanted through sheer force. He held out his hand and said with authority, "It's tradition for the king and queen to share the first dance."

Lucy turned to him with a practiced smile, said, "That's only true in your twisted imagination. I don't dance with just anyone. I only dance with my boyfriend. Now, run along."

Snickers rippled from nearby tables as Brad's face flushed beet-red. Still, he didn't back down. He motioned to me and said, "Him? He's just a junior. He's nothing. I'm the team captain, and now the king. I deserve that dance, not some nobody. Why would you pick him over me?"

She just laughed, which only pushed Brad closer to the edge. Smirking, she added, "First off, you seriously overestimate yourself. Your personality is unbearable, and honestly, the worst part is that your dick is too small."

Gasps and laughter rippled through the room. All eyes locked on the showdown as Brad's face twisted in rage. That was his breaking

point. He lunged forward and grabbed Lucy's wrist, trying to yank her from her chair.

I started to rise, heart pounding, but a piercing whistle froze the room. Heads whipped toward the sound. There stood Mom, a whistle to her lips and fire in her eyes, clearly equipped by the faculty for moments exactly like this.

Two staff members approached and asked, "What's going on, Melissa?"

"Brad's being rude and disruptive," Mom said firmly. "He needs to be escorted out."

They hesitated for a moment, clearly torn between removing the prom king and siding with Mom. They ultimately chose Mom. Maybe they were hoping to earn points with her. I had no doubt every single guy on chaperone duty knew she was single and saw this as their shot.

As they stepped toward Brad, he spotted his date heading over and barked, "Let's go, Carol. We're leaving."

She stopped in her tracks, eyes narrowing. "Fuck you!" she screamed. "I agree with everything she said. I'm not going anywhere." She raised her hand, bending one finger to emphasize Lucy's point about the size of his manhood.

When Brad started toward her, fists clenched, the two men grabbed him by the arms and dragged him out of the room before things got worse... "What an asshole," Carol muttered, turning to Lucy. "It's been a while since we've talked. I'm really glad you were crowned queen. You certainly deserve it. And thanks for putting Brad in his place, even if it means I'm solo for the rest of the night."

Carol was someone I'd always noticed. Attractive, kind, and unassuming, the kind of person who never caused drama but didn't shy away from calling it out. I felt a pang of sympathy for her, left stranded in the wake of Brad's tantrum.

Glancing around the room, I spotted Mike leaning casually against the far wall. “Lucy, do you know Mike?” I asked, nodding in his direction.

She followed my gaze and grinned. “Sure, I know him. Cute guy. Wonder why he’s hanging back alone.”

“Maybe he’s waiting for you to ask him to dance,” I said.

Without missing a beat, she turned and crossed the floor. Mike’s eyes widened as she reached him and offered her hand with a smile.

Lucy and I danced through the night, her body pressed close to mine, moving in perfect time with the music. When the final song was announced, she wrapped her arms around me and rested her head against mine, her breath warm against my neck.

“I love you, Dave,” she whispered.

“I love you, too,” I murmured, grazing her earlobe with my lips.

As the music faded, she pulled back just enough to kiss me. It was a slow, deep, and deliberate one, leaving no doubt in anyone’s mind that we were more than just a rumor. Around us, the reactions were mixed. A few jocks wore expressions of thinly veiled contempt, but most of the girls and my friends smiled like they’d been waiting for this all along.

Across the room, Mike gave me a thumbs-up. I returned it as Carol turned to him and kissed him softly.

That night, Lucy came to my room and gave me a thorough fucking before returning to hers. From then on, girls always smiled and greeted me at school, and I recalled what Lucy had told me, how I’d become more popular once I was seen with her. I didn’t engage any of them in conversation, not wanting Lucy to get the wrong idea if she saw me.

About a month later, Lucy invited Julie over for dinner at Mom’s house. She said she wanted to talk with both her and Mom, which

instantly put me on edge.

After we finished eating and settled into our usual places in the living room, Lucy didn't hesitate. "I'm pregnant," she said calmly, as if she were announcing the weather.

Julie and Mom reacted in perfect unison, hands flying to cover their mouths, eyes wide. The synchronicity was almost funny. I even let out a small laugh until reality hit me square in the chest. I was going to be a father.

Mom finally found her voice, incredulous. "What happened to the protection I provided?" she asked, her tone caught somewhere between disbelief and disappointment. "You went through enough condoms to supply a small pharmacy."

"Well, we were using the rhythm method, which I'm confident wasn't the issue," Lucy said breezily. "The issue came up on his birthday. I wanted to give him something special, and I guess he gave me something special in return. I knew it was a gamble, but I wanted to make that night unforgettable. I think I succeeded."

Her giggle echoed softly, but it fell flat. Mom's face remained tight with concern, while Julie stared at Lucy, a single tear slipping down her cheek.

"What are you going to do?" Mom finally asked.

Lucy didn't flinch. "It's simple. I'll graduate this spring and start working. Dave and I will get married. I'll have the baby in November, take care of her or him through the holidays, and then go back to work in January. Dave will finish his senior year and find a job afterward."

Mom turned to me, her tone gentle but firm. "Have you two actually talked about this? Are you really okay with being a father and married at seventeen?"

Lucy shot her a sharp look, clearly stunned that anyone would question her plan, as if it wasn't already set in stone.

As for me, my judgment might've been clouded by the idea that I'd be fucking Lucy for the rest of my life. Everything else barely registered. "I'm good," I said simply, knowing full well that elaborating on Lucy's vision for our lives would earn me grief from one or both of them.

After a few more minutes of back-and-forth, Mom finally relented and pulled Lucy into a hug.

"Congratulations," she said softly. Julie followed, embracing her with fresh tears slipping down her cheeks.

During a quiet moment, Mom let out a chuckle. "Well," she said, "At least I won't have to keep restocking your nightstand or make so many trips to the drugstore. And now, maybe the two of you can stop sneaking around in the middle of the night."

I turned scarlet. Lucy just smiled, completely unfazed, as if she'd always known Mom wasn't fooled by our late-night rendezvous.

After dinner, Lucy excused herself to shower and head to bed while I stayed behind to clean up the kitchen. As I stacked dishes, I heard low voices coming from the hallway and instinctively inched closer, careful to stay out of sight.

There was a muffled sob, then Mom's gentle voice: "What's wrong, Julie? Are you upset about Lucy having a baby?"

Julie's voice trembled with tears. "No, I'm happy for her. Truly. It's just that Frank and I have been trying, and nothing's worked. And now Lucy gets pregnant so easily, without even planning it."

"I'm so sorry, sweetie," Mom said softly. "Sometimes it just takes longer than you expect."

I quietly returned to the sink, the weight of Julie's tears settling in. I realized that it wasn't jealousy. It was heartbreak.

Although Mom had blessed her approval for Lucy and me to sleep together, Lucy still preferred to visit me in my room, fuck my brains

out, and return to hers. She explained she slept better alone in bed. I think it stemmed from surviving through different foster homes, becoming self-sufficient.

The months rushed by until graduation, and naturally, Lucy was selected to give the valedictorian speech. True to form, she broke from the typical script of nostalgia and boundless ambition. Instead, she championed the idea of chasing happiness on your own terms.

She made it personal. “I’m four months pregnant,” she announced with unflinching pride, “And I can’t wait to build a life with my future husband and our baby. College and career goals? Those aren’t my priorities right now. Joy is.”

A wave of gasps rippled through the auditorium. Judging by the principal’s expression, I wouldn’t be surprised if future valedictorians face mandatory speech reviews, thanks entirely to Lucy’s mic drop.

A week after graduation, Lucy landed a job at a local coffee shop, while Mom pulled a few strings to get me an internship at her office. As a graduation gift, she surprised us with a used car and helped both of us study for and pass our driving tests.

We were married a month later in a quiet ceremony with no frills and no honeymoon. Julie and Dad attended as witnesses. Lucy’s foster parents were nowhere to be seen; they’d checked out long ago, probably bitter that her marriage meant the end of their monthly stipend.

When Mom’s rental house became available, she offered it to us at a deeply discounted rent. We moved in quickly and began our new life as husband and wife, by far the youngest married couple on the block. Lucy drove the car to work each morning, while Mom, who now shared an office building with me, picked me up daily.

I decided not to return to school, as we needed a steady income with the baby on the way. Mom wasn’t thrilled, but she understood.

“You can always get a GED later,” she said. “Right now, you’ve got bigger things to take care of.”

As planned, Lucy gave birth to a beautiful baby girl, Amy, in November. By January, she’d returned to work, and we enrolled Amy in an affordable daycare nearby.

One Wednesday afternoon, I had a few unexpected hours off and decided to surprise Lucy at the coffee shop. But when I walked in and didn’t see her behind the counter, I asked one of the baristas. “She only works half days on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays,” they said casually.

That didn’t sound right.

Thinking she might’ve left early to pick up Amy, I headed to the daycare. They confirmed it without hesitation. “Lucy already picked her up, same as every Wednesday.”

A slow unease crept in as I drove home. When I walked through the door, Lucy flinched in surprise. “What are you doing home?”

“There was an issue at work,” I said, keeping my voice even. “They let us go early. What about you? Weren’t you supposed to be at the coffee shop?”

She didn’t miss a beat. “Same thing. It was slow, so they sent me home.”

I knew that wasn’t true. Something in her eyes, guarded, distracted, told me more than her words ever could.

Then, with a sudden change of tone, she said, “I’m about to put Amy in her crib. Go take your shower, and when you’re done, we can enjoy a little afternoon delight.”

I nodded and headed for the bathroom, but as the water warmed, I paused outside the bedroom door. Her voice was low and urgent on the phone.

“He’s here,” she whispered. “Don’t come.”

A heavy weight settled in my chest, and I couldn’t shake the feeling that Lucy was cheating on me. Even when she pulled me into bed after my shower, as passionately as ever, my mind wouldn’t quiet. All I could think about was the possibility that I wasn’t the only man she touched that way.

The next day, I met Mom for lunch and told her everything I’d seen, heard, and what I suspected. She squeezed my hand, her eyes full of concern. “I’m so sorry, Dave,” she said gently. “I’ll ask Julie to come by tonight. The three of us will talk through this and figure out what to do. In the meantime, act normal. We don’t want to tip her off.”

Weeks passed. Then one afternoon, Mom took off work early and convinced my supervisor to let me go too. When we arrived at her house, Julie was already in the living room, pacing with a stricken look on her face. The moment I walked in, she pulled me into a hug.

“I’m so sorry, Dave,” she whispered.

Then she laid it all out.

“Lucy has three lovers,” she said grimly. “Two of them she visits on Mondays and Fridays. Both are married, with wives who work days and husbands who work nights. On Wednesdays, it’s the third one who comes to your house. He stays about two hours, then heads home. I followed him once. His wife greeted him at the door like nothing was wrong.”

She paused, then continued. “I snapped pictures of the two men she visits, but not the one who comes to your place. There’s little doubt about what they’re doing.”

Three lovers. Damn.

I always knew Lucy’s sexual appetite might be more than I could keep up with, but that didn’t soften the blow. The betrayal still cut deep. I broke down, the weight of it hitting me all at once. My

marriage, so brief, was already unraveling. Mom and Julie wrapped me in a hug, their quiet presence holding me together.

Mom gently asked, “Do you want to talk to her? Maybe see if she’d give them up?”

I shook my head. “You know Lucy. Once her mind’s made up, there’s no changing it. I want a divorce, plus I want custody of Amy. I can’t stand the thought of her growing up, watching Lucy cycle through men like that.”

Mom nodded, though her expression was grim. “That won’t be easy. Courts usually favor the mother. We’d have to prove she’s unfit.”

She looked me straight in the eye. “Would you let Julie and me help you?”

“Of course,” I said. “Just tell me what to do.”

The following Monday, Mom brought me home for lunch. When we walked in, I did a double-take. Julie was already there, but she looked completely transformed.

She wore a snug blouse with a few buttons undone, the smooth, creamy valley of her breasts on display. It was paired with a short skirt and high heels. Her mini-skirt accented her long, shapely legs. A long, flowing red wig topped off her hooker-like appearance.

“What do you think?” she asked, twirling around for appraisal.

“I think I would’ve been visiting you a lot more if you’d dressed like that before,” I said, my gaze drinking in her sexuality.

She blushed, a familiar glint in her eyes. Just like the one she had that day, I’d cleaned her wounds in the shower. Her lips curled into a wide, knowing smile.

“Are you ready to pay a visit to the Monday lover?” Mom asked.

“Absolutely,” Julie said. “I’ll do the same on Friday. With any luck, I’ll have the pictures processed by Monday, and we can meet back here to figure out our next move.”

Julie reached into her bag and handed Mom a compact Betamax video camera. “Melissa, we still need footage of the Wednesday guy,” she said. “I’m not sure how to get it yet, but hold onto this in case you think of something.”

The following Monday, we met again at Mom’s house. Julie spread a handful of printed photos across the kitchen table, ones she’d taken the previous week. I studied them, confused about what I was supposed to see.

Mom caught my look and pointed to one in particular. “Here,” she said. “He’s handing Lucy a twenty as she leaves. Combine that with the incriminating pictures Julie has of them having intercourse, taken from outside their windows, it paints a very specific picture. It portrays her as a prostitute. An unfit mother”

I swallowed hard. She didn’t need to say a word. The implication was clear. This wasn’t just about infidelity anymore. It was about proving Lucy’s behavior made her unfit to raise Amy.

“How did you get them to do that?” I asked.

“Remember, when I dressed up as a hooker last week?” Julie asked.

My answer was a wide grin.

“Well, I met with the men before Lucy arrived, flirted with them, and asked to help me with a prank. I told them I was a dear friend of Lucy’s and was going to surprise her in a couple of weeks at a party, but I needed pictures that made her look like a hooker. I told him we were a tight-knit circle of girls who loved having affairs. In return for them to play along and not disclose anything to Lucy, I promised them they could have their way with me after Lucy’s party. They eagerly agreed and took my number.”

“I don’t blame them,” I said, way too eagerly, causing Julie to blush.

“As far as the third guy, we may not even need evidence, but your mother has some ideas for that,” Julie said.

Mom leaned forward, taking the reins. “First, I’ve handled the job situation. You’re now officially laid off, which means no income if Lucy tries to come after you for alimony. I spoke with your supervisor, and she’s already processing the paperwork.”

“I’ve taken the next two weeks off for personal reasons, and you’ll call and tell Lucy that I’m sick and need to stay here to take care of me,” Mom instructed.

“Okay, I don’t think she’ll question it since she likes you so much,” I replied.

She paused, her expression turning sharper. “Next, we need to visit the wives of the men involved. They deserve to know what’s going on, plus their testimonies could become vital if we need to prove Lucy’s conduct in court.”

“Won’t this break up their marriages, Mom? Isn’t one ruined marriage enough? Mine?” I asked, the words catching in my throat.

Mom’s expression softened, but her voice stayed firm. “Sometimes the truth has to come out, no matter how painful. If someone had told me sooner, I would’ve been grateful. Heartbroken, but grateful.”

Julie let out a soft gasp, her face crumpling as tears welled in her eyes.

Mom reached for her and pulled her into a hug. “Oh, honey, I’m sorry. It wasn’t your fault. Frank lied to you, plain and simple. You had no reason to question him. I don’t blame you for a second.”

After Julie left, Mom and I mapped out our visits to the wives of Lucy’s lovers, cameras and printed photos in hand. The first stop was

a modest brick home on a quiet street. A very pregnant woman, young and honey-blonde, answered the door.

“Hi, I’m Melissa Riley, and this is my son, Dave,” Mom said warmly. “Would you mind if we had a moment of your time?”

The woman hesitated, suspicion clouding her eyes. “Sorry, we’re not buying anything. And if this is about religion, we’re not interested.” She started to close the door, leaving just a narrow gap.

“We’re neither of those,” Mom said gently. “This is a personal matter. It concerns my son’s wife and your husband.”

The woman’s face froze. Her fingers trembled as she clutched the door, and for a moment, it seemed she might shut it entirely. Then, with a faint shake of her head, she opened it wider.

“I had a feeling,” she whispered, her voice barely holding together. “Please come in.”

She led us into a modest living room and eased herself into an armchair, like her legs might give out. “I’m Vicky,” she said quietly. “I’m seven months along.”

Her eyes lingered on the floor, voice cracking with the effort to stay composed. “Lately, he’s been distant. Cold. I told myself it was the stress of the baby, work, or maybe something else. But deep down,” her voice faltered, “Deep down, I knew.”

She looked up, eyes glossy and pleading. “It’s an affair, isn’t it? Please. Just tell me the truth.”

“I’m so sorry, Vicky,” Mom said gently. She reached into her bag and laid a few photos on the table. They displayed the evidence of Lucy with Vicky’s husband. “He’s with my son’s wife,” she continued. “We’re in the process of filing for divorce. I just thought you deserved to know, so it doesn’t blindsides you if his name comes up in the paperwork as part of the affair.”

Vicky's hand trembled slightly as she picked up the photos. Her eyes scanned each one, her expression tightening. "God. She looks so young. How old is she?"

"Seventeen," Mom said. "It's the legal age of consent, so there won't be any criminal charges. But we're moving forward with the divorce soon, so she'll be out of his life."

Vicky exhaled slowly, her voice barely above a whisper. "I don't know what to do. He's been decent in every other way, and I haven't exactly been present in the bedroom lately. It's hard to deal with, with the baby coming soon. I might just have to ride it out. Give him another chance, for now."

"You know, you could relieve his stress in other ways, rather than intercourse," Mom suggested.

Vicky blushed and admitted, "He says I'm not very good at oral sex." She looked at me, her expression filled with pleading, and whispered, "Maybe, we could make a deal and you could teach me how to properly take care of a man."

Normally, I wouldn't pass up a blow job from a hot woman, but Mom was within feet of me. To save face, I uttered, "Vicky, think about it. You don't want to cheat and lower yourself to his level. If you want to reconcile, any inappropriate action you take may jeopardize your relationship."

She sighed and slumped in dismay. She uttered, "I guess you're right. I just feel so dumpy and worthless. I can only hope that things change after the baby is here."

Mom, always one to console someone down, rose and hugged her, saying, "Stay strong, and if you need anything else, let us know. We'd appreciate it if you'd wait until we call you to take any action with your husband. We'd like to talk to Lucy, my son's wife, before her lovers are notified."

"Of course," Vicky agreed. "It's been going on for over a month, so what does it matter? Thanks for letting me know. Can I have copies

of those photos?”

Mom handed her a set of photos and exchanged phone numbers with her, lightly hugging her before leaving.

On the way to the other wife’s house, Mom pulled over to the curb, turned to me, and took my hand. “Dave,” she said gently, “I want to discuss with you about how you handled things with Vicky. You do realize she was devastated. Her self-esteem was at an all-time low, don’t you think?”

“I know exactly how she feels, since I went through the same thing. Do you think I upset her?” I asked.

“Not exactly, but she almost begged for you to hit on her. In front of me, your mother, no less. She was struggling with her sexuality, and your refusal probably made her feel even less desirable. I think we owe it to them to support them as they move through this.”

Her face was so serious, I knew she meant every word.

“You know I would’ve helped,” I said, “but like I told her, wouldn’t that make us cheaters, too?”

“That ship has sailed,” she replied. “There’s no point clinging to vows that are already broken. What matters now is moving past the betrayal and helping the wives of the men she was with.”

Her expression softened into a smile as she read the shift in my thoughts. I knew then that I’d do whatever I could to support the ones she left hurting.

She turned her eyes back to the road and drove on to the next house in silence.

When we arrived, a pretty woman in her early thirties opened the door, dressed in a crispy-white nursing uniform. Her brunette hair was styled in a short, side-swept cut that framed her face with effortless elegance.

Mom's greeting echoed Vicky's, polite but cautious, welcoming us inside. She introduced herself as Janet, and the boy playing quietly in the adjoining room was her five-year-old son, Simon.

Once we were seated, Mom explained the situation again, her voice steady but gentle. At the end, she handed Janet a small envelope of photos. Janet's expression didn't change as she accepted them. Then Mom gave a small nod in my direction.

"This is Dave, my son," she said. "His wife, Lucy, is the one having the affair with your husband."

Tears streamed down her face, and just as Mom reached out to comfort her, Janet stood and quietly slipped between us on the couch. Mom wrapped an arm around her shoulders, offering silent support.

Janet leaned into me, resting her head against my chest. Her arm extended across my torso, her left hand gripping my side as if anchoring herself to something solid.

She trembled for a long moment, then slowly lifted her head. "I started noticing it about a month ago," she said, her voice raw. "He'd come home after his shift and barely look at me. We never used to have problems, not really. But I guess sitting around all day while I work gave him time to find something else to do, or rather, someone else. Typical, right? I work full-time, come home, take care of Simon, and he just wanders off into his own little world."

Her lips pressed into a thin line. "Well, I'm done. Thank you for giving me what I needed to end it, for good."

"Dave and I are trying to gain full custody of their daughter, Amy," Mom spoke softly. "If you could find it in your heart to help us, would you be willing to hold off on taking any legal action, at least until we've had a chance to move things forward?"

Janet nodded without hesitation. "Of course. With my income and work schedule, I'm practically guaranteed custody of Simon," she replied. "I'd hate to see a cheater win custody of your daughter,

especially when she's the one who broke up the families in the first place."

Her voice faltered, eyes clouding with doubt. "I can't help wondering. Why wasn't I enough? Is Lucy really that much better, or am I just a lousy partner? How will I ever find another man who would want a single mom who can't please him?"

"Short of asking your husband why he prefers Lucy," Mom said bluntly, "I suppose the only other option is to ask Dave to compare the two of you."

Wow, I thought. First, she wanted me to support these women, to go along with their advances. Now she was outright encouraging them. Was this really about helping them? Or was it about me?

Janet's sobs slowly quieted, and she lifted her head to meet my eyes. Her face was flushed, her eyes puffy and red, but somehow, she managed a soft smile that made my chest tighten. Something had shifted in her, and I knew Mom had nudged that change.

I returned the smile, about to speak, when Mom leaned toward Janet and murmured with a knowing glint in her eye, "I'll keep an eye on Simon, if you want to move to your bedroom and discuss with Dave any unresolved matters."

Janet called out, "Simon, come here and meet Melissa."

The toddler bounded into the room and marched up to Mom with an outstretched hand. "Hi, Melissa," he said earnestly.

Mom's face lit up as she shook his tiny hand. "Hello, Simon. Would you like to go outside and show me some of the games you like to play?"

Without a word, he spun around and dashed out the back door, Mom following close behind with an amused smile.

Janet and I stood, and with her holding my hand, she led me into her master bedroom, quietly closing the door behind her. She turned

to me, her nervousness evident. “I’ve never been this scared before,” she admitted. “This is something I’ve never imagined doing, but then again, I never imagined my husband would cheat on me.”

She studied my face and features and said, “Are you going to be disgusted with someone much older than you? Just how old are you?”

“Seventeen,” I answered.

She gasped, her hand flying to her mouth. “Oh my god. I’m eighteen years older than you. I could be your mother. Are you absolutely certain we should go through with this?”

I placed my hands gently on her waist, leaned in, and brushed my lips softly against hers. “You’re beautiful, Janet,” I murmured. “Your age doesn’t matter to me. Let’s take things slowly, and if anything makes you uncomfortable, just say the word. I’ll stop right away.”

She slipped her arms around me, her voice soft and hopeful. “Okay. Can we kiss again? I liked it.”

Our lips locked together, and after a few moments of moving our mouths around, her tongue sought mine. We French kissed as our breathing increased. Our hands explored our clothed bodies for several moments before she pulled back an inch. Her lustful eyes and sexy smile were her signal to progress to the next step.

“Her uniform was a one-piece, button-front dress that hugged her figure neatly, the crisp fabric lending a touch of classic professionalism.” As I began unfastening her buttons, I professed, “Ever since I was admitted to a hospital as a kid, I’ve fantasized about undressing a nurse.”

She giggled and replied, “You and every other man.”

When I finished and pulled off her dress, I kissed her again. She removed my shirt while I unsnapped her bra and let it drop to the floor. We hugged tightly, our bare flesh pressing together. While our

tongues battled, my hands cupped and squeezed her large, round mounds.

Kissing my way down, I latched onto one of her hard nipples while my fingertips squeezed the other. She gasped and moaned as I paid homage to her tits. Releasing her tip, I murmured, “Your tits are wonderful and the perfect size.”

While I squeezed and played with her breasts, her hands unbuckled me and shoved my pants and shorts to the floor, freeing my rock-hard prick. Her hand wrapped around it and stroked several times before saying, “Your size is perfect too. Shall we see if it fits somewhere nice and warm?”

I shoved off her panties and cupped her hairy mound. My fingers ran through her silky, soft, brown fur and slid along her soaked slit. “How long’s it been for you? You’re really wet.”

“Too long,” she groaned.

“We need to relieve some of your tension,” I murmured, kissing her and sinking three digits into her hot channel. While one hand finger-fucked her, my other squeezed her tit while we French kissed.

Her breasts heaved as she quickly raced to an orgasm. When I felt her body jerk, I rubbed her engorged clit with my thumb, sending her over the edge, her juices coating my fingers.

After that, I brought her to two more orgasms, eating her delicious pussy. Placing her legs on my shoulders, I fucked her through two more orgasms before I unloaded in her cunt.

“Jesus, you’re a great fuck!” I exclaimed. “Your husband is an idiot.”

“You’re pretty good yourself. Ready for another round?” she asked, enveloping my cum-coated cock in her mouth. After she returned me to hardness, she rode me cowgirl style and then reverse cowgirl style, climaxing with both positions. I repositioned her limp body for a

doggy fuck and plowed into her. Sinking my fingers into her soft ass, I pounded her through two more orgasms before my prick exploded.

While we lay together, we caressed each other's bodies as we recovered.

"I can certainly say that you're just as good as my wife, if not better," I admitted, maybe fudging a bit, maybe a lot. I did mention that Lucy was a great fuck with a killer body, didn't I? I wasn't about to tell Janet and lower her already-shattered self-esteem.

She smiled widely and replied, "I've never had so many orgasms in one session. After I ditch him, I'm going to be looking for someone much better in bed, now that I know they exist."

I explored her soft body, kissed her, and played with her breasts until I was hard again. I rolled over and fucked her missionary style. Her eyes widened when she felt her pussy filled with cock again, surprised I'd become hard again.

Her body churned and twisted, her hips humping in rhythm with my strokes. She was a wildcat in bed, and I briefly thought of pursuing a relationship with her after our divorces, but my sights were set on another mature woman, my mother.

We made love for thirty minutes, and when I was close, I whispered in her ear, "Do you remember when you asked about our age difference?"

"Yes," she murmured. "I can see now how silly that was."

"It helps that I've always wanted to fuck my beautiful mother, so age is never a problem for me."

She groaned and arched her back, her pussy squeezing my prick until I exploded. With our bodies finally spent, she clung to me tightly to her body, stroking my back as we gently kissed.

"Thank you so much, Dave," she whispered. "You've made me feel like I can conquer anything now. There'll be no doubt that I won't

miss the sex I had with him, knowing there are far better options out there.”

“You’re welcome, and the same goes for me.”

We dressed, and when we were ready to leave, she asked, “Would you mind going out to your car? I don’t want Simon to see you with me when they come back in, in case he mentions something when my husband is around.”

After waiting in the car for ten minutes, Mom joined me and asked, “Everything go okay?” From her sexy smirk and knowing look, it was obvious she’d talked to Janet before leaving.

“I think she’s feeling a lot better now. I know I am,” I said, lightly chuckling.

Chapter 3

The next day, Tuesday, we decided to visit the wife of the man who regularly met with Lucy at our house on Wednesdays. Julie had described his car in detail, and when we noticed it wasn't parked outside his house, we took a chance and knocked on the door, finding his wife alone. Unlike the other two, she wasn't as guarded. As soon as we mentioned we wanted to speak with her about her husband, she welcomed us in without hesitation.

Sitting across from us, I found myself once again wondering how her husband could possibly betray her. Her silky black hair, cascading to her shoulders, framed a delicate, heart-shaped face with bright, expressive eyes. Though in her mid-twenties, she carried herself with a graceful confidence, her slender frame effortlessly elegant and subtly captivating. Her full lips curved into a polite smile, revealing perfect white teeth as she said, "I'm Dee, and from your tone, I suspect you're somehow involved in my cheating husband's activities."

Mom exhaled in quiet relief, grateful she wouldn't have to be the one to break another woman's heart. "I'm Melissa," she said, nodding toward me before continuing. "This is my son, Dave. And yes. Your husband is having an affair with his wife, Lucy."

"I see," Dee said, her eyes settling on me with a curious smile. "Dave, you're a handsome and fit man. Any idea why your wife might be craving attention from someone else? As for Jake, he'd fuck a snake if it winked at him. I've been thinking about kicking him to the curb for a while now, but haven't obtained any solid evidence."

I sighed. "I haven't really talked to Lucy about it. She enjoys making love, though, very much so. Maybe it's that need that's driving her elsewhere."

Dee interrupted, "She's not making love, Dave. They're fucking. It's simply sex, and neither thinks they're harming us because they

don't equate fucking with cheating.”

Mom didn't so much as blink at Dee's bluntness and agreed, “You're probably right. She's been meeting with multiple men. When my husband had an affair, he was in love with the other woman. This feels different, but the outcome's the same. Dave's pursuing a divorce, though he's hoping to retain custody of their daughter, Amy.”

Dee's eyebrows lifted. “Where are these meetings happening? I work from home, so he's not bringing her here. And since I manage the finances, I'd know if he booked hotel rooms.”

“At our house. Wednesday afternoons,” I said. “We haven't gathered solid proof yet. Just wanted to speak with you first.”

Dee turned her head slightly, her gaze drifting as she stared into the distance for a moment. Then, with quiet resolve, she said, “I understand. But I'd like to see it for myself. And hear it, too. What would you say if I asked to catch them in the act?”

Without hesitation, Mom reached into her purse and pulled out a small video camera. “We thought we'd use this to record them,” she explained. “But its battery only lasts an hour, so we can't just leave it running. One of us would have to hide in the spare bedroom closet and wait for the right moment.”

“I want to do it,” Dee said firmly. “Let me be the one. I'll get the evidence you need, and I'll be a firsthand witness to what happens. Please, give me this chance.”

Mom paused, weighing the implications, then gave a slow nod. “All right. I'll give you a spare key. She gets off work at noon on Wednesdays, so you'll need to arrive before then. Once you've recorded them, you should be able to slip out the front door unnoticed.”

Dee's eyes lit up, a wide smile spreading across her face. “Perfect,” she said, a spark of mischief in her tone. “And after everything he's

done, I think a little payback is in order. Dave, would you mind coming over here?”

I stood and stepped in front of her. She unzipped me and said, “Melissa, you may want to turn your head to the side while I inspect my reward.” She reached in and pulled out my cock, wrapped her hand around it, and gave it a few strokes. She smiled and stuffed my prick back into my shorts and zipped me up.

“Okay, he passes,” Dee said with a spark of excitement. “I’m in, but in exchange, I want one full hour of revenge sex. Do we have a deal?”

Mom answered without hesitation. “It’s the least we can do. Let’s drive over so you can get familiar with the layout. Lucy meets one of her other lovers on Tuesday afternoons, so the house will be empty.”

Dee rode with us, and once we arrived, we walked her through the plan. We even placed a chair inside the spare bedroom closet to make her wait more bearable. Afterward, we dropped her off at her house, handing over the camera and a spare house key. The rest of the day was a blur of chores, attempting to stay occupied until we heard from Dee.

The call came on Wednesday evening, and we agreed to meet on Thursday at noon, as Jake, her husband, would be working out of town that day. When we arrived, Dee wore a robe, and after a tight hug, I suspected she was nude underneath. I began to stiffen, anticipating a romp with the sexy woman. She sat between us on the couch and held the camera to show us what she’d taped.

It began with the quiet creak of the closet door opening. The camera captured Amy in her crib, quietly playing with a handful of plush toys. Dee panned the lens out toward the hallway and moved steadily down the corridor. The master bedroom door stood wide open. Inside, Lucy and Jake were tangled together in a noisy embrace, oblivious to being watched. Dee filmed them in the act, staying hidden until they shifted positions and their faces turned away. Then, she slipped out of the house undetected, and the recording ended.

“This will provide powerful evidence in your custody case,” Dee said, slipping the video out of the camera and into the pocket of her robe. “Your baby, just a room away, is forced to hear her mother with another man. That alone casts serious doubt on her fitness as a parent.” She looked at us steadily. “Now, the question is, how badly do you want this evidence? I’m only asking for one hour. But for that hour, you do exactly what I say. No exceptions. Otherwise, the tape stays with me.”

Mom didn’t miss a beat. “Of course. As long as it’s legal and doesn’t involve anyone getting hurt.”

Dee turned to me, locking eyes. “Do you agree?”

I didn’t hesitate. “Absolutely. I’m in.” What kind of man would I be to turn down a roll in the sack with a beautiful woman? It was an easy decision.

Dee’s smile stretched as wide as ever as she rose and guided us toward the bedroom. Once inside, Mom lingered near the doorway, hesitant. “Should I wait in the living room while you and my son become acquainted?” she asked cautiously.

Dee turned, took Mom’s hands in her own, and gently drew her farther inside. Then, with a featherlight kiss to Mom’s lips, she whispered, “The deal was for both of you, not just Dave. I happen to like women, too. Is that a problem?”

Mom blinked, taken aback, but held her ground. “No,” she said quietly. “We’ll do whatever needs to be done.”

I was a little surprised at Mom’s acceptance, but she’d always done whatever it took to protect me, and this was no exception. My love for her grew as she remained steadfast in her pursuit of my well-being.

“Good, now let’s remove your hunky son’s clothes.” While she removed my shoes, socks, pants, and underwear, Mom removed my shirt. Once I was nude, Mom glanced at my stiff prick and blushed. Dee shucked off her robe, revealing her luscious nude body, and

hugged me. While we kissed, our hands explored each other's nude bodies. It felt a little exhilarating, making out with a woman in front of Mom, but I didn't hold back, playing with Dee's breasts and running my fingers through her black, silky bush.

My fingers found her slit already wet, ready for my aching prick. When her breathing became raspy and rapid, she pulled off me and embraced Mom, kissing her. Mom hugged her, and while at first, she seemed uncomfortable, she gave it her best, wanting to get on Dee's good side.

Stepping back, Dee said, "Okay, I'll only ask Dave to fuck me in one position, my favorite. Doggy style." She guided Mom to the bed and pushed her onto it. Answering Mom's questioning look, Dee said, "While he's doing me, I'm going to eat your pussy. I love pleasing a woman while getting fucked."

Mom shook her head and pleaded, "Please, don't embarrass me like that."

Reaching underneath Mom's short skirt, Dee grabbed Mom's panties and pulled them off. "Don't worry, sweetie. He won't see a thing. Your skirt will hide me. Now, do you want the tape or what?"

Mom relinquished and raised her knees slightly, giving Dee access. Dee crawled up, and I knew that her mouth had clamped onto Mom's pussy when Mom's eyes widened, her face flushing with excitement.

Dee wagged her ass around, inviting me to fulfill my portion of the agreement. I took some time running my hands up and down her thin, smooth thighs before plunging three fingers into her snatch. She was more than ready for a good fucking, so I replaced my fingers with my cock. I held her ass steady, not wanting to bash her into Mom's pussy, and rapidly pumped my cock in and out of her juicy, tight pussy.

Muffled groans and screams emanated from underneath Mom's skirt. While Dee slurped on Mom's cunt, Mom moaned from being pleased, probably for the first time, by another woman. When

Dee's walls contracted and released a torrent of juices, I paused briefly before resuming my assault. She lasted longer the second time, cumming after twenty minutes, ending with my cock filling her cavern with a large load of sticky semen. Mom's face tightened, and she ceased breathing, her body tensing as her orgasm overtook her.

When I withdrew, several streams of cum flowed out of Dee's soaked slot, running down the insides of her thighs. She crawled up the bed so she could kiss Mom. "See, that wasn't so bad, was it?" Dee asked.

"It was the first time for me, but I did find it more enjoyable than I'd imagined," Mom admitted, her breath rapid and short. "Thanks for being so gentle. Will you give us the tape now?"

Dee giggled and replied, "No. You agreed to an entire hour. We still have thirty more minutes."

She rose on her knees and inched her way forward and croaked, "Eating a woman's pussy is fun, but I really love it when a woman sucks my freshly fucked cunt."

Mom gasped and argued, "I can't do that. I'd be eating my son's cum. That's far too degrading for me."

Dee paused and replied, "There's no difference between a son's cum and any other man's, but I'll understand if you can't follow through on your promise."

She started to swing one leg over to stand when Mom grabbed her legs, stopping her. "I'll do it," Mom said, her face more excited than before. Although she was putting on a good front, I think the pure taboo nature of the act excited her.

Dee turned around and backed up until her dripping pussy hovered over Mom's face. A drop of sperm leaked out and splashed onto Mom's cheek as Dee lowered herself. Mom held onto Dee's ass, holding her while she slurped on Dee's pussy.

Dee smiled widely and motioned for me to crawl between Mom's legs. When my groin was near her head, Dee licked and washed my cock clean of her juices. Engulfing my cock with her warm mouth, she sucked my cock into hardness. Releasing me, she murmured, "Let's get you really hard. Have you ever seen your mom's tits?"

I shook my head, a smile forming as I understood her question. She reached down and unbuttoned Mom's blouse and pulled it to the sides. Mom's muffled pleas were ignored by Dee as she slid Mom's bra down, revealing Mom's large, spongy breasts. Her puffy, brown tips belied Mom's disapproval as they filled with blood.

"Twist them and play them," Dee encouraged me.

When my fingertips lightly gripped and squeezed them, Mom's groans and muffled pleas increased. My prick bobbed, its bloated, angry head begging for attention.

Dee's eyes glinted with excitement as she grasped Mom's hem and pulled her skirt up, above her waist, baring her hairy pussy. My cock lurched as Dee groaned from Mom's oral assault.

"Your mom is very good at eating pussy," she gasped. "I think she's excited, knowing her son is looking at her bare pussy. Reach underneath her ass and lift her up."

Once Mom's hips were off the mattress, Dee grabbed my cock and guided me into Mom's soaked snatch. "Shove it in and remember this moment for the rest of your life," Dee urged.

Mom's muffled screams didn't jive with her actions. I felt her hips rise on their own, enabling my prick to sink deeper. The sensation of my cock sliding into my mother was unbelievably exciting, shocks of excitement coursing through my system. When I was finally buried to the hilt, my balls snugly lodged against her ass, her velvety walls quivered and released her juices as she orgasmed.

Not a minute after her climax, she raised her knees, dug her heels into the mattress, and elevated her groin. She desired more of her son's cock, and I was only too happy to fulfill her wishes.

Dee giggled and murmured, “My, she was horny, cumming that fast, but then again, it must be exciting to feel your son’s cock buried in your pussy for the first time.” She held my head and kissed me. “Fuck her hard while we kiss,” she ordered.

While our tongues danced together, I set a steady pace, fucking my beautiful mother. Mom’s pussy convulsed again, after ten minutes of enjoying our first incestuous union. Fortunately, I staved off my orgasm, having exploded in Dee’s tight pussy, moments before. After another fifteen minutes, I felt the familiar tingling in my loins and knew I’d soon be exploding in Mom’s pussy.

Dee felt my body tense and croaked, “I’m close to cumming. Push us over the edge and slam your cock into her.”

I flexed my hips and pulled Mom’s groin into mine as my puffy, spongy head banged against her cervix. Her pussy exploded, the vice-like gripping setting off my climax. I grunted and groaned as my prick jerked and pulsed in Mom’s pussy.

Dee’s body tensed as she flooded Mom’s mouth with her cum, filling her with the remainder of my cum. After our releases, I removed my hands from Mom’s ass and hugged Dee to me as we kissed.

Dee was the first to break the silence. “Well, you two have certainly held up your end of the deal.” She crawled off Mom and helped us off the bed. As Mom straightened herself, I dressed. Dee slipped on her robe and handed Mom the tape and said, “Thank you so much. That’s the best revenge sex I’ve ever had. Jake is going to have to step up his game in the future.”

Mom’s expression turned curious as she asked, “You’re not going to divorce him? You’ve done this before?”

“No, he’s a keeper,” Dee replied with a wicked grin. “I love rewarding the offended spouse for my husband’s activities. It really spices up our love life. Sometimes, I’ll even help him seduce a woman, if I see a husband I’d like to take to the sack.”

We hugged her goodbye, and on the drive home, Mom said firmly, “This never happened, and we don’t speak of it again. Okay?”

“I won’t bring it up, but I’ll never forget it,” I replied, bringing a slight smile to her face, before turning away from me.

After gathering all the necessary documents from the courthouse, we made plans to confront Lucy that Friday evening. I called and invited her to dinner with Mom, Julie, and me. Julie arrived an hour early to help Mom prepare the meal.

As they chopped and stirred, conversation inevitably turned to the upcoming confrontation.

“You know,” Julie mused, “Frank seemed really shaken by the news about Lucy. Almost guilty. Like maybe it reminded him of his own mistake.”

Mom gave a small, dismissive shake of her head. “Don’t read too much into it. He’s probably just worried about Dave and the baby, of course. Amy is still his granddaughter.”

Julie nodded slowly. “That makes sense. I didn’t even think of it like that.”

Lucy arrived right on time, gently passing the sleeping Amy into Julie’s arms. Julie carried her into the spare bedroom and settled her into the crib we kept for her visits. Moments later, she returned to join us for dinner. The conversation stayed light, intentionally casual. None of us gave the slightest hint of the real reason Lucy had been invited.

Once the dishes were washed and put away, Julie quietly excused herself to check on Amy. That was the cue. Mom retrieved a manila folder from the sideboard and placed it on the table, its weight palpable.

“Have a seat, Lucy,” she said gently. “We need to talk.”

Lucy sat down slowly, her eyes flicking between Mom, me, and the envelope. I could almost hear the gears turning in her mind as she tried to anticipate what was coming.

Mom took a breath and began, her voice steady but restrained. “Please let me say everything before you ask any questions. This isn’t easy for me, and I need to keep my thoughts straight.”

“Before you say anything, Melissa,” Lucy began, her voice calm but resolute, “I want to thank you for taking me in, for treating me like family, like a daughter. You might wonder why I’m starting this way, but you know that I’m not naive. I already have a good idea of what you’re about to tell me.”

She didn’t need to read minds; Lucy had always been sharp: keen-eyed, intuitive, a natural at piecing things together.

Mom hesitated, momentarily caught off guard by Lucy’s matter-of-fact tone. The momentum had shifted. Silently, she pulled a few photos from the manila envelope and handed them over.

Lucy took them with steady hands, glanced through them without flinching, her expression unreadable, as if confirming what she already knew.

“We know you’ve been seeing multiple men,” Mom said evenly, “And we’d like to propose a straightforward divorce.” She handed Lucy a stack of photos, images of her accepting money for sex from different men. “We believe the judge would favor granting us custody of Amy after seeing this. I’m truly sorry it’s come to this, but don’t you think it’s for the best? Let us raise Amy in a stable home, while you pursue the life you seem to be choosing.”

Lucy remained motionless, her expression unreadable. After a long pause, she finally asked, “So, is it my turn to speak now?”

Mom gave a quiet nod as Lucy picked up the photos, the ones showing her receiving money from the husbands. She studied them for a moment before speaking. “This is a bit of a stretch. These won’t hold up in court. I could’ve been selling them Girl Scout cookies, for

all anyone knows. I did think it was odd that both of them handed me cash afterward. I'm guessing one of you convinced them it was some kind of prank, then snapped a photo to make it look like a transaction."

Mom responded softly, "Yes. Julie dressed up like a prostitute and persuaded them to play along."

A flicker of sadness crossed Lucy's face, the first crack in her otherwise composed expression. "That ... that genuinely hurts. I like Julie. And I can only imagine how difficult that must've been for her. Please tell her I'm sorry."

Lucy flipped through the photos, her brow lifting. "No, Jake?"

"We have video of the two of you at the house," Mom replied calmly. "Would you like to see it?"

Lucy gave a wry smile. "No need. I was there. Let me guess the gist of it. You captured me having sex while Amy was just a room away, and now you're using that to build your case that I'm an unfit mother."

She laughed softly at Mom's discomfort, then added, "Figures. As if we're the only couple on the planet who've had sex within earshot of their kids."

After a pause, her tone shifted slightly, more reflective than defensive. "Still, I'm sorry you went through all this effort. Honestly, it wasn't necessary. I should've come clean sooner. Truthfully, I expected Jake's wife to divulge our affair to you before this. She has a strange fixation with tracking down the husbands of Jake's flings. According to him, she's into some pretty out-there stuff. You may want to tread carefully if she comes knocking."

Mom flushed, a tinge of color rising in her cheeks as she recalled the incident with Dee. She quickly shifted gears. "So, how did you meet these men?"

“At the coffee shop,” Lucy replied with a shrug. “I probably get hit on a dozen times a day. I get to be selective. A Monday, Wednesday, Friday rotation seemed like a good starting point.”

Seeing the shock on Mom’s face, Lucy tilted her head, slightly puzzled. “Melissa, I know this probably isn’t something you approve of. But I think Dave understands that I’m not someone who can be, let’s say, tamed. That’s why he’s filing for divorce, isn’t it? He knows reconciliation is out of the question.”

She softened, but her gaze remained steady. “I do love both of you. That hasn’t changed. But I have this need, something inside me that craves attention, connection. I don’t know how to shut it off. And when I have time to myself, that’s where it goes.”

“I’m not even sure what to say,” Mom whispered. “Where do we go from here?”

Lucy offered a small, knowing smile. She thrived on clarity, and this, finally, was a problem she could solve. “There’s really only one path forward,” she said softly. “We’ll proceed with the divorce. I’ll relinquish my parental rights to Amy. I won’t ask for alimony, and you won’t pursue child support. That way, we cut all ties cleanly.”

She paused, steady and composed. “It’s better this way. If we keep any connection, it’ll just reopen wounds that need to heal. I’d like to stay in the rental until the hearing, and then I’ll leave and start over somewhere new. I plan to legally change my name, so if Amy ever decides to look for me, it won’t be easy. But I promise that I’ll never reach out to her. Or to any of you. You have my word.”

Mom drew a deep breath, and I couldn’t help but wonder if she’d been holding it since Lucy began speaking. “I’d almost forgotten how sharp and level-headed you are,” she murmured. “I’m truly grateful for everything you’re doing. I’m going to miss you more than you know. It breaks my heart that we couldn’t find a way to make it work.”

“I love you both,” Lucy said gently, “But I know I’ll never be content with just one man.” She paused, steady. “Let’s finish the paperwork so we can file first thing Monday.”

We spent the next hour completing the forms in silence, each of us lost in our thoughts. When everything was signed, Mom, still a licensed notary from her bookkeeping work, sealed it with her stamp.

With everything finalized, Lucy stood and reached out to Mom. They held each other tightly, tears spilling freely as years of love, regret, and unspoken words finally gave way. When they parted, Lucy turned to me, her voice barely above a whisper. “Dave, could you go hold Amy for a bit and send Julie in? I want a moment to say goodbye to her. Amy’s staying here now. Her new life should start tonight.”

I held Amy for a while, her small frame warm in my arms, before hearing the soft click of the front door. I stepped out to find Mom and Julie standing together, cheeks wet with tears, having just shared their own quiet goodbye with Lucy.

Mom took Amy gently from me, brushing a thumb across her granddaughter’s cheek. “Lucy said she’ll meet you at the rental so you can pick up Amy’s belongings and her crib. I know she’s hurt you, but remember that her mind works differently from ours. She never meant to cause pain.”

When I stepped inside the house, Lucy sat at the kitchen table, sipping a glass of iced tea, her gaze lost in thought. I moved quickly, gathering Amy’s and my scattered belongings. After the car was loaded, I took the seat across from Lucy. We locked eyes, the silence between us heavy with unspoken memories.

Then she spoke, her voice steady but distant. “No matter what you believe,” she began, “I did enjoy my time with you. I don’t know if the way I was raised has left me incapable of loving someone completely, but you were the closest I came. I tried to quiet my desires, to tame that part of myself, but the more I did, the more resentment crept in. That’s not fair to you. You deserve better. You’re a good man, and an

even better lover. I hope you find someone who can love you without restraint.”

I took a breath, gathering my thoughts before replying. “When we first got together, I honestly couldn’t believe someone as beautiful and intelligent as you would ever see something in me. But you did, and your unwavering belief in us helped me find confidence I didn’t know I had. I’ve grown because of you. I’ll always be grateful for that. I’ll carry those memories with me, but I also hope you find the future you’re searching for. You deserve to be happy, truly. And I’d never want to stand in the way of that.”

We sat in silence for a long moment before I stood to leave. She wrapped her arms around me in a tight embrace. When I stepped back, she gave me a small, wistful smile and asked, “Want a quickie to remember me by?”

Once, that invitation would’ve unraveled me. Her allure had always clouded my judgment. But in that moment, something inside me settled. I realized the truth. I hadn’t really loved her. I loved what we had in bed. I didn’t hate her, but I didn’t love her either. Not for who she was.

“No, thanks,” I said softly.

She didn’t argue. “I understand. Take care,” she replied in a flat voice, then turned away and disappeared into the bedroom.

I walked out, and as I drove home, tears slid down my face. I kept telling myself there was no reason to feel sorry, but that didn’t stop the ache from rising.

Court schedules must have lightened, because we were unexpectedly granted a hearing for Wednesday. Although the divorce was uncontested, a judge still had to review the case due to Lucy’s decision to relinquish her parental rights.

On the way to the courthouse on Wednesday, we stopped by the bank. Mom wanted me to close out our account, which was only

eight thousand, and grabbed the title to the car and had me sign off on it.

My nerves were frayed as we stood before the judge that Wednesday morning. He flipped through the paperwork, adjusted his glasses, and shifted his gaze, first to me, then to Lucy.

“This seems to be a straightforward divorce,” he said, his tone clinical, “From a marriage that’s lasted less than a year. My primary concern is the matter of custody. Traditionally, the court favors placing a child with the mother.”

Turning to Lucy, the judge asked, “Were you coerced into giving up custody of your child? According to these documents, you’re still earning an income, while the plaintiff is currently unemployed and unable to financially support your daughter.”

Lucy met his gaze without flinching. “No, I wasn’t coerced. I’m relinquishing custody by choice. Dave’s mother, Melissa, will support Dave and ensure the proper care of Amy. I trust her implicitly. And as for the assumption that children are always better off with their mothers, that’s not necessarily true. It’s a product of outdated, patriarchal thinking baked into the legal system. It’s not a universal truth.”

Her words didn’t win her any favor. The judge’s expression turned cold as he leaned back in his chair, his eyes narrowing. “Then explain to me,” he said, a trace of derision in his voice, “Why you believe you wouldn’t be the more suitable parent.”

“Your honor,” Lucy said evenly, “The truth is, my lifestyle isn’t compatible with raising a child. We’re divorcing because I enjoy being with men, many men. I’m moving to Las Vegas to pursue my dream of performing, of entertaining men, and being paid well for it. Do you honestly believe that would be a more suitable environment for Amy than the care of her devoted father and loving grandmother?”

The courtroom held its breath as the judge examined her closely, searching her face for any sign of hesitation. He found none.

With a sharp crack of the gavel, he declared, "This divorce is final, according to the original terms, effective in thirty days."

Mom turned to me and said, "Take the car and return to the house. I have some items to discuss with Lucy."

When I arrived home, I found Julie cradling Amy, who was fast asleep in her arms. "How'd it go?" she asked softly, her eyes full of concern.

"No bumps. It'll be finalized in thirty days," I related. "Mom left with Lucy, so I'm not sure when she'll be back. Want me to take Amy so you can head home?"

"Not a chance," she said, tightening her arms protectively around Amy. "I love holding her." She looked up with a faint smile. "But I could use a glass of water. Then we can chat while we wait for Melissa."

Lucy dropped Mom off two hours later. When she walked in and caught our expectant looks, she didn't wait for the questions.

"We stopped at the DMV first and transferred the car into her name. Then we visited the insurance office where I paid for six months of insurance. And finally, we went to the bank, where she opened a debit card. I gave her the remaining funds from your joint account. I just wanted to give her a clean slate. A real chance at starting fresh. It felt like a small price to pay for what she gave up, our precious Amy."

"I agree, Mom," I said. "I'm glad you did that. Then again, you've always gone all-in for your kids. I've seen that my whole life."

Julie asked, "I never asked, but how did the photos and video work out convincing Lucy to agree to the divorce?"

That drew a round of laughter from Mom and me.

Mom's face tightened as the memory of that day washed over her. "Turns out, none of it mattered," she said softly. "Lucy saw everything right there and then, but she'd already made up her mind. She's the one who set the terms in the end. All that effort we made to change her mind was wasted."

Her expression crumpled with regret. "Especially the video. Completely unnecessary."

Her gaze drifted into the distance, and I knew we were both lost in the same memory. Replaying those moments with Dee, the ones that still echoed between us.

In the weeks following the divorce's finalization, we adjusted to our new lives. I enrolled in a GED program, made for working people with classes in the evening. We cleaned the other house and rented it out to a nice young couple. Mom set up an office in our house to fulfill her desire to work at home.

My depressed state from ending my marriage and the sudden responsibility of raising my daughter was beginning to wear on me. Thankfully, Mom stepped in to uplift my spirits, taking care of me like she'd done all her life. She treated Amy as her daughter, and as a consequence, I was becoming more like a husband than a son. We spent a lot of time snuggling on the couch, taking turns holding and playing with Amy.

We shared late-night feedings, diaper changes, and soft laughter over the quiet hum of lullabies. At first, our partnership revolved solely around the baby. We learned to read her cries together, took turns rocking her to sleep, and celebrated small victories, like a full night's rest or the first giggles ... But somewhere between folded onesies and bottle warmers, our conversations grew longer and more personal. I began to notice how Mom would gently tuck a strand of hair behind her ear when she was tired, or how her voice softened when she sang to Amy.

One night, after the baby had finally gone down, we sat side by side on the couch, sipping tea in the comforting quiet. Our hands

brushed, and neither of us pulled away. She looked at me and smiled, a mix of comfort and something more lingering in her gaze. I leaned in and kissed her, softly, tentatively. It wasn't rushed or heated, but full of the love we'd built through our shared responsibility and growing trust. She kissed me back, and we sat in the silence that followed, not needing to say anything. Whatever was growing between us wasn't hurried.

Our goodnight hugs became longer and tighter, ending with a kiss on the cheek, and when I gazed into her eyes, I could see the same deep love that I held for her.

After a few weeks of growing closer, I lightly kissed her full, sweet lips after our goodnight hug. Her eyes widened, uncertain, yet lit with a spark of excitement, but she said nothing, holding my gaze a little longer. The next night, before retiring, she tilted her face up and softly pursed her lips, giving me silent permission. Her acceptance felt tender, almost shy, but unmistakably genuine. After that, she began to initiate the kiss herself, each one lingering a little longer, our connection deepening with each unspoken word our lips shared.

Our flirting increased, arms and legs brushing together while we tended to my daughter, and Mom readily agreed to have Julie babysit Amy while she and I went out to dinner a couple of times a week to get some time away from the house. Her skirts became shorter, and the gap in her robe at breakfast widened, exposing more of her smooth, creamy-white flesh and the swell of the tops of her breasts.

We were quickly falling in love, picking up from where we were before I had become involved with Lucy. One evening, after Amy was put to bed, we settled onto the couch, snuggling comfortably. She turned to me, took my hand in hers, and said. "I know we said we wouldn't ever discuss our time with Dee, but I think we can learn something from it."

Visions of that eventful day, plus the memory of the exquisite feeling of my cock buried in her hairy pussy rushed back to me. My face turned beet-red, and when my gaze met Mom's, I knew she was

reliving the same thing. She blushed, her eyes glinting with joy as her smile widened.

Regaining her focus, she continued, “Everything we did leading up to confronting Lucy could have been avoided if we’d confronted her when we first suspected her. I take responsibility for that. I was the one who set the plan in motion. That’s why, from now on, I’m committing to being fully honest about what I’m thinking, so we can avoid mistakes like this in the future. Can I count on you to do the same?”

“Absolutely, Mom. I’ve always trusted you before, whenever something bothered me. Trust isn’t just important in a relationship, but essential. And to prove I’m being honest with you now, I’ll tell you this. I’ll never forget that day.”

“Me too, baby. Me too,” she whispered, nestling close as her fingers tightened gently around mine.

During this time, Mom had fully transitioned to working from home. At first, clients were scarce, but before long, her former employer found themselves swamped and began contracting out extra work to her, more than enough to match the income she’d been making before. The shift not only gave her financial stability but also more time to help with Amy and support me as I studied for my GED.

Once we’d settled into a comfortable routine, Mom suggested, “Dave, we never really marked the finalization of your divorce. How about we celebrate, although belatedly, with dinner out this Saturday night?”

I quickly agreed and offered to make the reservation; she then arranged for Julie to watch Amy.

That morning, I asked, “Mom, would you mind wearing the same dress you wore the day your divorce came through? You said it felt like a celebration then, and I think it’s only fitting you wear it again.”

A tender smile unfolded on her face, her eyes shimmering with memory as she replied, “What a lovely thought, sweetie. That dress holds so much meaning, and I’d be honored to wear it again.”

Saturday evening, Julie welcomed us with soft hugs and a gentle kiss on my cheek. “Don’t worry, Dave,” she said, flashing an encouraging smile. “You’ve still got plenty of time to start over.”

“Thanks. I already feel like my life is moving forward,” I replied. Nodding toward my daughter, playing on the floor, I added, “I really appreciate you watching Amy tonight while Mom and I head out to celebrate.”

Mom and I excused ourselves to change, and as usual, I was dressed first. While Mom finished up, I filled Julie in on Amy’s latest favorite toys, quirks, and what to avoid when bedtime rolls around.

When Mom stepped into the room, Julie’s eyes lit up. “Melissa, you look absolutely stunning. Isn’t that the same dress you wore the first time we met?”

“Yes,” she replied with a wistful smile. “I wore it to celebrate the end of my marriage, and now, I’m wearing it to mark the end of Dave’s.”

She looked even more beautiful than I’d remembered. The short hemline of her floral sundress, cut just above mid-thigh, swayed slightly with each step, offering glimpses of her smooth, graceful legs. She wore a wrap, which concealed the plunging neckline underneath. After saying our goodbyes, we left for the restaurant.

In the parking lot, I hurried around to open the door for her. When she swung her legs out, her dress rose, exposing more of her delicious thighs. Once standing, she smiled and removed her wrap, tossing it into the rear seat.

My gaze focused on her neckline, and I immediately knew why she’d worn the wrap. She didn’t want Julie to see that she was braless. Her puffy nipples pressed against the fabric, her matronly mounds threatening to pop out of the top of her dress. When my eyes

drifted up to her face, I was met with her smiling but blushing expression, her eyes gleaming with lust.

We entered the restaurant, arms intertwined, and were shown to the intimate table I'd reserved in advance. A single candle flickered softly beside a red rose in a slender vase, casting a warm, romantic glow across the white linen. I pulled out her chair and helped her settle in, glancing over the top of her to catch a glimpse of her cleavage.

"This table is absolutely adorable," Mom remarked, her eyes sweeping across the softly lit room. Noticing the polished dance floor nearby, she added with a curious smile, "And there's even a dance floor. How did you discover this charming place?"

"Lucy brought me here to teach me how to dance," I replied.

"Naturally," she quipped, her smirk curling. "Sounds like her tutoring extended well beyond math and science." She smiled coyly and added, "Among other things."

It was my turn to blush.

After we'd ordered, our conversation went as normal, mainly centering around Amy, when I said, "Mom, Julie kind of beat me to the punch, but I completely agree with her that you look beautiful tonight. That dress brings back a lot of memories."

"Hopefully, good ones," she said with a soft smile.

"When we went out to eat on the night you finalized your divorce, I was worried about what you were going to do once you were a free woman. You can't believe how relieved I was when you told me you wouldn't date for a while. The thought of a new guy stepping in for Dad unsettled me."

Mom had a look of surprise and said, "I had no idea you felt that way. If you'd told me, I would've reassured you that I had no interest in starting something new back then. You were my priority, and truth

be told, you still are. Now that you're in the same position that I was, are you going to begin dating again?"

"No, Mom," I replied curtly. "I'll never marry again."

Mom's smile faded. She reached across the table and held my hand. "Oh, sweetie, you're too young to give up on romance from one bad experience. Give it time. Love has a way of finding us again, even when we stop looking."

"Mom, I said I wouldn't marry, not that I wouldn't fall in love again. I'm already in love with someone, but I won't marry them. What my time with Lucy taught me is that real, enduring love isn't about ceremonies or sex. It's about connection. That's what matters most."

Her brows lifted in surprise when I mentioned I was already in a relationship. She opened her mouth to respond, but the music started, and couples began drifting to the dance floor.

I rose from my seat, reaching out a hand. "Dance, Mom?" I asked, gently pulling her to her feet.

She smiled and nodded, rising gracefully and placing her hand on my waist. Moments later, we were on the dance floor, gently swaying to the rhythm, lost in the music. During the next song, I gently pulled her closer until her breasts smashed against my chest.

With our heads side-by-side, I inhaled her familiar, sweet scent and whispered, "You smell wonderful, Mom." I whispered, brushing a soft kiss against the curve of her neck.

She let out a soft breath, her mounds pressing into me even more noticeably. "Lucy taught you well. You're a terrific dancer."

I embraced her, one hand on her lower back, one under her shoulder blades, and pulled her tighter. When her leg rubbed against my hard prick, she gasped and wrapped her arms around me.

Her hot breath washed across my ear as our hearts raced, our bodies pressed together. I whispered, “Mom, remember when we promised to be completely honest?”

“Yes,” she barely whispered back.

“There’s a reason I can’t marry the one I love most. You can’t marry your mother,” I murmured.

Her arms tightened, her body tensed as she replied, “Oh sweetie, I love you too, but you need to find someone who you love and can share intimacy, too.”

“You’re that someone, Mom. I have to follow my heart, and my love for you is so deep that if you don’t wish to have a physical relationship with me, I’m fine with just living in the same house with you. I’ve always thought of you as more than a mother, and for the last few months, being with you, seeing how you adore and love Amy, I’m more in love with you than ever. Lucy broke my heart, but you’ve put it back together and made it much stronger.”

The song ended, and we paused, pulling apart far enough to look at each other. Her eyes reflected the love I felt for her. She whispered, “Are you serious? You want me, as your mother, to act as your wife?” It wasn’t a look of disgust, but one filled with hope and a little lust. Her lips ran across her lips in an inviting gesture.

I leaned in and kissed her. Gently at first, increasing in intensity. When my fingers slid through her hair and held the back of her head, she followed suit. Our lips remained closed, but gently moved around sensuously as our eyes were locked together. When we parted, I whispered, “Does that answer you? I love you, Mom, and want nothing more than to share my life with you forever.”

Her lips trembled as her eyes welled with emotion. I couldn’t tell if she was afraid to admit her feelings or searching for a gentle way to let me down. After a pause, she shifted the moment with a quiet change of subject.

“We should head home and relieve Julie,” she said softly. “I hate imposing on her for too long.”

After stepping out of the car at our driveway, she slipped her wrap back on before we entered the house. Julie greeted us at the door with a warm smile. “I just put Amy to sleep in her crib. She’s such a delight. I love spending time with her, so don’t hesitate to call me if you need a sitter.”

After we thanked her and saw her off, Mom suggested we take our showers. Once dried off, I slipped on my robe, nude underneath, something I’d started a couple of weeks before, and I’m sure Mom followed suit, evident from her goodnight hugs. She was waiting for me, dressed in her robe, in the hallway when I exited my room.

Her expression turned serious, concern stirring in me as every nerve in my body braced for something unsettling. “Dave, we need to talk,” she said quietly. “Please, let’s go to my room, so our voices won’t wake Amy.”

I followed her down the hallway. When she left the door open behind us, I let out a small breath. Maybe this wouldn’t end in shouting after all. Still, a knot tightened in my stomach. I couldn’t shake the fear that our talk during the dance had pushed her too far, and now, I was about to receive a tongue-lashing.

She held my hands, standing a foot away from me. Her natural beauty, fresh from the shower, radiated in the soft glow of the room. Her damp, silky hair framed her cute face, her skin dewy and warm. Wrapped in a simple robe, she looked effortlessly breathtaking. Her eyes searched mine, vulnerable yet certain, and in that quiet moment, the air between us grew charged with unspoken emotion.

“Dave, you moved me with your honesty tonight, and it caught me off guard; otherwise, I would’ve responded better. There are things I’m going to tell you that I’m not proud of, and you may hate me for what I’ve done, but I want you to learn the truth about my actions. Remember, that I love you and I’ll support you in whatever you decide after I’m finished.”

My mind raced as to what she could've possibly done to warrant her concern. She paused, collecting her thoughts. I wasn't sure if she wanted me to say anything, so I merely encouraged her. "Go on, Mom. I doubt if you can say anything that will make me love you any less."

She inhaled deeply and began, "I'll begin before my divorce. A mother has a keen intuition about her child, and I recognized your infatuation with me, more than a mother. Your jealous looks when your father held me, your fleeting glances at my legs when I wore skirts, and the accidental touchings when we worked together in the kitchen. As your parent, I should have set boundaries, but I didn't. Your father didn't pay any attention to me, and it flattered me that someone else would be interested in me, even if that someone is my son. I allowed it to continue and even encouraged you to wear less conservative clothes when we were together."

She paused, and I interjected, "You deserved the attention, Mom. You're very beautiful and sexy, and you never forced yourself on me. I don't see a problem so far."

She squeezed my hands harder and continued, "That might be true, but then after the divorce, my depravity escalated. Your body filled out, and our conversations became more mature and thoughtful. Your kind, attentive actions toward me made me feel like a desirable woman. I started taking the pill again, thinking that my flirtations might push you over the edge and force me to have sex, which I knew I wouldn't resist or tell anyone about. I even fantasized about you sliding under the covers and having your way with me while I slept at night or bending me over the kitchen table and taking me from behind."

The more she divulged her thoughts, the harder my prick became. Her tone became nervous, and I was afraid she'd stop. "Mom, you have to know I'd never rape you or make you do anything against your will. I love you too much and would never harm you."

"I know," she relinquished, staring at a spot on the carpet. "My real fear was the exact opposite, that I'd force myself on you. I was so

horny, and my vibrators weren't satisfying me. Fortunately, before I could act, Lucy came onto the scene. I saw a way to separate myself from you if you became more interested in someone else. That's why I so readily agreed to invite her to stay with us. I knew exactly what the outcome would be, having two horny teenagers under the same roof."

She struggled to find the words, her body taut with the strain of long-buried emotions finally breaking free. I reached for her hand and said gently, "Mom, you spared Lucy from a life with those awful foster parents. And if she hadn't been with us, Lucy and I would've made the same choice. As far as your sexual cravings. It isn't unnatural to be attracted to the opposite sex, even if I'm your son. I never felt you were coming on to me."

"It gets worse. When Lucy was pregnant with your child, I should've felt overjoyed. Instead, I was afraid that Amy would pull you even closer to her and leave no room for me. But the moment I held Amy, all that resentment vanished. I loved her instantly. So much so that I was willing to lose you if it meant she'd stay in my life. Then Lucy's affair came to light. And instead of urging you to work through it, I pounced on the chance to help you leave her. I didn't pause, didn't ask questions. I just focused on how to take you and Amy away from her. What kind of mother does that? I was selfish. I let my fear and jealousy cloud everything. I betrayed you, and I hate myself for it."

She wept, her hands slipping from mine as her body trembled beneath the weight of everything she had carried. When her legs gave out, I caught her, pulling her into an embrace before she could fall. She clung to me, sobbing into my shoulder, years of guilt unraveling in my arms.

I wiped her tears with the sleeve of my robe, then cupped her face gently, holding her as if anchoring her to this moment, where forgiveness might finally begin.

"Mom, you have nothing to be ashamed of. You are the most compassionate, selfless person I've ever known. You gave Lucy the

chance to chase her dreams, knowing full well she didn't want to be tied down by motherhood. By taking Amy in as your own, you gave both of them the freedom to live the lives they were meant to. And treating Julie the way you did, befriending her, was not the way most wives would treat the woman who cheated with their husband. You offered kindness instead of judgment. That's who you are. You've carried this weight of guilt for so long, but it doesn't belong to you. All you've ever done is make people's lives better. Mine included."

She smiled, my words sinking into her. She blinked several times, clearing her eyes before saying, "Thank you so much, Dave. It's as if a great weight I didn't know I'd been carrying has been lifted off me. I feel so much better now, and I'm so grateful we can be so honest with each other. I promise not to hold anything back in the future."

Her moist, full lips drew me in as I kissed her gently. Her hands gripped my waist and squeezed while our lips meshed together. Pulling back, she murmured, "One final confession to make. When we visited the wives who were cheated on, my lustful urges returned. While you waited in the car with Janet, she confided in me what you had discussed with her in confidence, telling me your fantasy of being with me. My pussy throbbed and leaked all the way home. I had to take a cold shower to cool off. Meeting with Dee, I knew we didn't need the video she made and should have never agreed to her demands, but my sexual urges prevented me from making the proper decision. After I climaxed on her tongue, which surprised me how much I enjoyed it, I thought I'd be more in control."

She caught her breath, lightly kissed me, while her hands rose and stroked my back. She inhaled deeply and continued, "When she ordered me to suck her pussy, filled with your cum, my pussy was already ready for more action. The moment I heard her tell you to grab my tits, I knew I needed to feel your cock in my horny pussy. I was so excited I came on your first stroke. I can't describe the euphoric feeling I felt when your cock slid into my pussy. As you know, I came once more and then, when I felt your cock pulse with your orgasm, I experienced the most intense orgasm of my life."

She pulled her hands back, untied the belt on her robe, and said, “What I’m offering tonight is for us to fulfill the lustful desires we have for each other. Our judgments may be clouded by the sexual tension between us. I’ll understand if you think I’m out of line, but for tonight, I’m yours.”

She pulled her robe to the sides and slid it off, dropping it to the floor, exposing herself adorned in a blue, baby-doll nightie. The hemline fell mere inches below her pussy, exposing her long, lithe legs. It was so thin that her nude body underneath was clearly visible. Her dark, hard nipples threatened to poke through the material. When my gaze lowered to her hairy bush, my cock sprang straight out through the opening, the cool air having no effect on its hardness.

I yanked off my robe and embraced Mom tightly, kissing her. Our tongues swirled around each other’s mouths while our hands explored our bodies. While our mouths were locked together, I slid the straps of her nightie to the sides, allowing it to drop on top of her robe. We pressed our nude bodies together, her breasts flattened against my chest, while my hard prick pressed into her soft stomach.

Guiding her to the bed, I gently lay her down and crawled between her splayed legs. “I love you so much, Mom,” I croaked. I kissed the insides of her thighs up and down their lengths, relishing the feel of her smooth skin. She moaned from feeling the attention she’d craved from her son.

My fingers slid through her soaked slot, stroking her engorged labia. Gripping each pink lip, I separated her folds and plastered my mouth onto her sex. She shrieked with pleasure, her hips bumping up uncontrollably. Thanks to Lucy, I’d become an expert in pleasing a woman with my mouth and quickly brought her to two orgasms.

“I need to feel you,” Mom begged. “Shove it in me and fuck your mother hard. Please, sweetie?”

She raised her knees, her heels sinking into the mattress as she flopped her knees outward, submitting completely to her son. I

kissed my way up her stomach, ribs, and then showered her round, perky breasts with kisses. When I latched onto her distended, dark-brown tip atop her breast, her body shook and twisted.

“Oh god, that feels good. Suck my titties, baby,” she cooed.

While I sucked on her nipple, my fingertips squeezed and pulled her other, driving her crazy. After a few more minutes of feasting on her tits, I traveled upward and planted my mouth on hers. She wrapped her fingers around my cock, guiding me into her slick sheath. Her eyes widened as I shoved my bloated head through her channel, her velvety walls spreading apart while clinging and pulling my prick deeper into her.

I couldn't believe that I was bareback inside my mom, her cunt walls rippling, pulling me into her while she gasped and groaned. When my prick was fully ensconced in her tight pussy and my balls were snuggled against her ass, I paused, shivers of excitement shooting through me.

Her look of blissful joy mirrored the excitement I felt of having my prick buried deeply inside her. Her eyes filled with passionate lust as she groaned in my mouth, and purred, “Fuck me, sweetie! Fuck your mother hard!”

I pulled back until my tip was at her entrance before slamming back in hard, expelling the air out of her lungs. She released my mouth and wailed, “Oh god, I'm cumming already. Keep fucking me until you fill me. Fuck, it feels so good!”

Her pussy contracted and coated my cock with her juices as I continued to plow into her hungry hole. I knew I wasn't going to last much longer, the thrill of fucking my mother too much to bear. I hugged her tightly and slammed in and out as fast as I could. She grunted with each stroke, her eyes rolling upward, only the whites showing. Her hips humped up, meeting my thrusts as we committed the ultimate sin.

“Your pussy is so tight and wet, Mom. My balls are about to explode. I can’t hold it any longer. Cum on your son’s cock!”

That’s all it took. Her body stiffened as she screamed with carnal delight. Her pussy squeezed so tight, my prick had no choice but to explode. When she felt my stream of hot cum splash her walls, her body jerked and convulsed with pleasure. With each rope of sticky sperm, her pussy reciprocated with a contraction. I continued to stroke in and out of her after I unloaded, loving the feel of her clapping cunt.

When her body fell limp, she extended her legs until they lay flat. I rested on top of her, my soft cock escaping her warm oven. We panted, recovering from our joining. “That was awesome, Mom,” I whispered.

“You got that right,” she replied. “I’ve never felt so content. You’re a marvelous lover. I’m not sure if that quelled my lust for you, though. It may take another time or two.”

“Or forever, Mom. My lust and love for you will only increase. I love you so much.”

I tried to roll off, but she stopped me, hugging me tightly, holding me to her. “Stay on top of me. I’ve dreamed of this forever and want to savor the first time we spend the night together.”

We dozed off and were awakened an hour later by Amy’s cry for help. We threw on our robes and, like a well-trained team, took care of my daughter, who was now, for all intents and purposes, our daughter. In my eyes, Mom had become my wife.

When we returned to our bedroom, we shucked off our robes, and Mom knelt onto the bed, resting on her elbows, her ass high in the air. She spread her legs, opening her pussy for me. Understanding her invitation, I sank my hard prick into her snatch and fucked her hard, my fingers sinking into her ass, holding her steady. Her tits flopped to and fro as I hammered her soaked slot. She grunted and groaned as I fed my rock-hard cock into her grasping groove.

After ten minutes of blissful fucking, she screamed, “I’m cumming!”

I slid my hands to the fronts of her thighs and yanked her pelvis rearward, sinking my cock deeper while I fucked her with wild abandon. My cock pulsed and jerked on her second contraction. Our bodies were covered with a layer of sweat as we expended all our energy into our immoral, incestuous act. Afterward, we snuggled together and fell asleep, exhausted.

The next morning, I awakened to the enticing aroma of breakfast. After checking on Amy, I joined Mom, and thankfully, there was no remorse from either of us. I’d never seen her so happy, and her joyfulness uplifted my spirits as well. When the dishes were cleaned, I fulfilled her fantasy of being fucked from behind on the kitchen table.

For the next week, our lovemaking increased, as I knew it would. Mom worked from home, while I worked on my GED. I only had to attend one class each night to keep advancing. Every few hours, we took a break and made love in every position Lucy had taught me. A week from our first night, while I was pounding Mom’s pussy, I kissed her and murmured, “Mom, I want you to go off the pill. I want you to bear my child.”

Her eyes widened, but instead of seeing fear, I saw love and lust. “Really? You want to impregnate your own mother?” she asked, her voice shaky from her body being hammered by my cock.

“Yes,” I croaked. “You’re my wife now, and I want us to have the greatest gift a husband and wife can have, a child.”

“I’ll think about it, sweetie,” she replied. Her hungry expression gave me hope, and when she orgasmed, it felt stronger than ever. Did it excite her, thinking about having my baby? I sure hope so, because it did me.

Two weeks later, Julie was sitting across from us in the living room, having been invited by Mom.

“Julie, I hate to impose on you, but would you be available to watch Amy for a week or so? We could move some of her things into your house to make it easier for you.”

Julie smiled widely and exclaimed, “I’d love to! You know how much I adore her. Are you guys going somewhere?”

Her look of curiosity mirrored mine as I hadn’t heard of us taking a trip.

“Yes!” Mom said with a grin. “Now that Dave’s divorce is finalized and my work’s finally leveled out, I figured we deserved a treat, plus we’re celebrating Dave’s belated eighteenth birthday. I booked us a week at a resort in Hawaii. Just a little escape from the day-to-day. The only missing piece was someone we trust to care for Amy.”

My smile couldn’t have been wider, thinking about spending a week with Mom in a hotel room. I didn’t really care about where we were going, as my thoughts couldn’t get past how much I’d be fucking Mom.

“That sounds wonderful!” Julie exclaimed. “I’d love to help you out. Just let me know when and we’ll set it up.”

Two weeks after that, Mom and I were on a plane on our way to Hawaii. Partway through the flight, she turned to me and said, “Dave, I have some bad news and good news.”

Her smile and smirk belied anything that could be considered negative. “Okay, Mom. Bad news first.”

“We’re not going to be able to indulge in any alcohol during our stay,” she said.

“That’s not a biggie for me,” I replied. “Now, for the good news.”

She gripped my left hand and carefully slid on a gold band that matched her ring. It was the wedding band she’d requested Dad return to her. “I quit taking the pill the day after you asked me to. I’m

ovulating this week, and I expect my husband to fulfill his duties and impregnate me.”

I traced the edge of the ring with my thumb, letting its quiet weight settle into me, an unspoken promise circling my finger. Turning to her, I pressed a kiss to her lips and whispered, “I love you. So much.”

Our week provided more pleasure than I could’ve imagined. When not enjoying each other in bed, we strolled through the markets and dined out at the various restaurants. We even found several venues for dancing and spent many evenings enjoying the close contact. Several men tried to cut in, but Mom would have nothing of it, denying everyone but me to be with her.

On our flight back, she removed my ring, and I jokingly asked, “Divorce already? That was a short marriage.”

She smiled and replied, “I’m not sure what Julie or your father would say, seeing our marital status. Don’t worry, I’ll keep it for you until it’s safe.”

We arrived home late, too exhausted to do anything but fall asleep, wrapped in each other’s arms. The next day, when we picked up Amy from Julie’s, she tearfully handed her over. Mom joked, “Any longer and I think you might’ve tried to keep her.”

“She was an absolute darling, Melissa,” Julie said warmly. “Caring for her stirred feelings in me I didn’t even know I had. Thank you for trusting me with something so precious.”

The only hiccup came when Julie remarked, “How do you spend a week in Hawaii and come back just as pale as when you left?”

Mom and I exchanged a blush, and Julie’s raised brow and knowing smirk hinted that she might’ve guessed we spent more time indoors than on the beach.

In an attempt to cover for us, Mom replied, “It was terribly hot. We spent a lot of time shopping and driving around, visiting the areas of interest. Lots of sunscreen and hats, too.”

Thankfully, Julie gave a quiet nod and let the matter rest. But as we left, her face held a sadness deeper than I'd ever seen in her, a quiet ache she didn't try to hide. The cause of her sorrow would be divulged the very next week.

Chapter 4

The following Tuesday, Julie called Mom, asking to speak with her privately. While they talked in the living room, I remained outside, tending to the garden beneath a warm stretch of sun. An hour passed before I noticed Mom waving me in from the doorway. I wiped my hands on my jeans and headed inside.

The first thing I saw was Julie's face, her eyes swollen and rimmed red, her expression fragile with emotion. She gave Mom a soft, lingering hug and whispered, "Thank you so much, Melissa. I'll see you tomorrow."

She avoided eye contact with me, gave me a light hug, turned, and left.

As the front door clicked shut behind Julie, it felt as though a volcano had erupted inside me. My face burned, fury rising fast as the pieces fell into place. "Dad's cheating on her, isn't he?" I snapped, turning to Mom.

"No," she said firmly, a little sharper than expected. "Though I get why you'd jump there. When she married your father, she was clear with him that she desired a child, and he agreed. But after spending that week with Amy, something shifted. It brought that desire roaring back to the surface."

I sat on the couch next to her, our legs touching. "If Dad's on board, then what's the problem?" I asked, more composed, grateful Julie wouldn't have to endure a divorce.

"They've been trying, even before marrying, but haven't been successful. They decided to get a check-up, and while there's nothing wrong with Julie, it appears that the years have not been kind to Frank. His sperm count is low, and the viability isn't great. It's still possible they can conceive, but it'll be difficult."

“That’s a shame,” I lamented. “I hate to see her so sad.”

“Me too, baby,” Mom replied. She turned to me, held my hand, and said, “I sympathize with her frustration; that’s why I offered a solution that involves you. If you impregnate her, we can avoid going to a stranger, and the child would have a greater chance of looking like you or Frank, if a son. It would make her life so much better. Would you do it for her? And me?”

Her hand squeezed tighter, and my prick hardened, remembering when Julie and I were in the shower together. She was a beautiful woman, and normally I’d jump at the chance, but I had concerns. “Mom, how would it affect our relationship? You know how much I love you. It’d feel like cheating if I made love with Julie.”

She smiled, her hand reaching over and gripping my hard cock, bending it to the side. I loved the way she handled my prick. I couldn’t help but groan. She argued, “You’d be helping a friend we both love. It’s a gift we can give her, and it wouldn’t bother me in the least. In fact, I’m getting a little wet right now, thinking about your thick prick sinking into her pussy.”

“It appears that the part of my body that counts agrees with you, so I’ll go along. When do we start?” I asked, more than eager to fuck my other Mom.

“Tomorrow. She’s coming for lunch, but she’ll have some conditions about how we move forward. Knowing your father cheated weighs heavily on her, and it worries her that she’s now doing the same, even if the reasons are different. Still, she’s willing to take the risk. If they can’t have a child, she doesn’t see a future in her marriage anyway.”

“Alright, how about a warm-up so I’m ready?” I said, kissing her while running my hand up her smooth thigh.

“Sorry, baby,” Mom replied, remorsefully. “You need to save yourself so you have a full load of sperm for her. We’ll have to abstain from sex until she’s pregnant.”

That made for an uncomfortable night's sleep as I lay there with a hard-on. It didn't help with Mom's hot, nude body spooned against me.

During breakfast, Mom divulged more of her conversation with Julie. "Dave, Julie was resistant to involving you, thinking it'd harm your relationship with her, so I had to reveal our incestuous liaisons. She wasn't completely shocked upon hearing it, having suspected something from our Hawaii trip and by the way we act around each other. Anyways, she feels more comfortable now, knowing we're involved and there's no chance of you falling in love with her and damaging her marriage."

"Makes it easier for us, also, not having to hide it anymore," I replied.

The next day, Julie arrived, wearing a short, billowy skirt, her blouse thick and cottony. Not exactly a sexual turn-on, but her beautiful face and flawless legs made up for it.

After we finished eating, we moved to the living room and settled into our usual spots. Julie cleared her throat, holding up her sheet of prepared notes. "First, I want to thank both of you for agreeing to this," she began. "I know it can't be easy on your relationship, and the last thing I want is to cause any strain."

Mom threaded her arm through mine and offered a warm smile. "We've talked about this at length, and truly, we're happy to help. If anything, it's brought us even closer. We're also trying for a baby ourselves, so we understand just how much this means to you."

Julie's eyes lit up, her expression brightening with joy. "Really? That's wonderful! I should've known, though. You two are so clearly in love, and of course, you'd want to expand your family."

She scanned her page of conditions and began, "While I realize the act will be sexual in nature, I'd like to maintain a non-emotional connection during our time together. To avoid the process from feeling like an affair, there will be no unnecessary touching or

fondling. Melissa has stated that the doggy position will be best for depositing Dave's sperm into my womb, so we'll stick to that position. No kissing or talking, either. I won't be removing my top, and as soon as Dave is done, my skirt will be lowered to cover myself. Any questions?"

Mom and I both shook our heads, silently agreeing to her terms. When we arrived in the bedroom, Mom instructed, "Julie, for best results, you need to orgasm once or twice to open yourself up before he deposits his sperm."

Julie looked confused and asked, "How are we going to do that, without him becoming too involved?"

"Do you trust me, Julie? If so, just follow my instructions," Mom urged.

"Implicitly. Just tell me what to do," Julie answered.

Mom guided her onto the bed before crawling between her legs and stroking her luscious limbs. "Dave, sit at my makeup table until we're ready for you."

I sat and watched as Mom's head disappeared under Julie's skirt as she kissed and licked her way up Julie's thighs. It wasn't long before slurping noises mixed with Julie's moans filled the room. Ten minutes later, Julie's body trembled as she grunted through her climax. Her hips bucked up as Mom lapped up her juices.

"Jesus, Melissa. I didn't realize a woman's touch could feel so good. Did you learn that in college?"

Mom withdrew and said, "Something like that, although your pussy is far sweeter than I've ever had. It's time for the next step. Dave, strip and lie beside her."

I shucked off my clothes and scrambled onto the bed. My prick stood upright, ready for a warm, snug pussy. Julie regained her composure, looked over at me, and gasped, seeing my hard cock. "I thought we agreed on doggy. Why is he lying on the bed?"

Mom helped Julie off the bed and replied, “First, we have to get you accustomed to his length and girth. Cowgirl is the easiest way to do it, and it allows your body to be hidden at the same time. Lower yourself onto him and grind around, loosening your walls so he can impale you deeper for the final step.”

Julie’s face filled with lust as she straddled me, her skirt covering my stomach and legs as she lowered herself.

“Grip his shoulders for support, and I’ll guide him into you,” Mom instructed.

Julie leaned over, her hands grasping me while Mom moved her hands underneath Julie’s skirt. Her eyes locked with mine, filled with the same lust I’d seen in the shower.

Holding my cock by the base, Mom ordered, “Lower yourself, Julie. Once his head is in, I’ll release him, and you can continue at your own pace.”

When the tip of my cock kissed Julie’s slippery slit, I bumped my hips upward, spearing her tight pussy, sinking in a few inches. Julie gasped and groaned as my prick spread her tight walls. Mom released her hold, allowing Julie to take over. Her pussy swallowed a few inches of my prick before raising until I almost slipped out. Repeating the process, she lowered herself and captured more cock with each cycle. Her fingers dug into my shoulders as she fucked herself on my pole.

My moans were met with hers as her hungry pussy gobbled my entire length. Beads of sweat formed on her forehead as she humped me. My hands crept underneath her skirt, and when I stroked her soft legs, her eyes filled with lust and widened. She didn’t object, giving me silent approval to step out of bounds of her guidelines.

I slid my hands further up her legs until I gripped her rounded ass to help her fuck my pole. I lifted and dropped her onto my pelvis while humping my hips up on her downstrokes. Her groans turned into chants as she bounced up and down like a wild woman.

Suddenly, her gooey glove collapsed and surrounded my cock, oiling it up while squeezing tightly. I lay still, afraid of blowing my load. After she'd climaxed, she ceased moving, my cock buried to the hilt as she recovered, inhaling deeply. Finally, she rose, a sucking sound emitted from her soaked slot as my cock pulled free.

Mom guided her into position until Julie's ass was perched high in the air, ready to be bred. I scurried into position and lifted her skirt far enough to slide my cum-coated cock into her stretched pussy. I easily sank to the bottom, my balls slapping against her mound. I gripped her ass, my fingers sinking into her soft flesh, and rammed my piston in and out of her wet, boiling-hot pussy. She grunted with each thrust, her body inching forward as I slammed against her body.

The slapping of our bodies colliding together, along with our groans of pleasure, filled the room. Her hips reared backward, meeting my thrusts as we rutted like wild animals. I fucked her through one climax and didn't allow her to relax, plowing my cock in and out of convulsing, trembling pussy. Breaking her own rules, she murmured, "So fucking good. I'm going to cum again already. Fill me with your sperm, baby. Fuck a baby into your mommy."

I increased my pace and, feeling my balls tingle, I yanked her into me, my cock bashing into her cervix. She yelped from either pain or pleasure, and her pussy contracted harder than in the previous orgasms. Ropes of potent sperm streamed out and painted her walls. I growled as my prick jerked and pulsed in her claspng cunt. Her pussy milked my cock of every precious drop before I softened and eased out of her pussy. My cock drug out a glob of semen, and as I watched it run down her thigh, Mom scooped it up and stuffed it into Julie's pussy, sinking her fingers in deeply.

"Fuck, that was good!" Julie exclaimed. "With that much sperm, I bet I'll be pregnant before long."

Mom undressed, her face contorted with horny lust, suffering from not having sex the previous night and then having to watch her best friend fuck her son. "Julie, stay in that position so his sperm will find

its way into your womb. Do you mind if he fucks me, now? I'm so horny from watching you two, I can't take it anymore."

Julie's eyes widened as she watched Mom flop onto the bed beside her. "No, go ahead. It'll make me feel better, knowing you're reclaiming him after being with me."

Mom motioned for me to bring my cock to her mouth, and when I was close, she licked the remnants of our fucking off before enclosing my cock in her warm mouth. She stroked my thighs while gently sucking my cock, encouraging it to come to life. Five minutes later, I rose to the occasion. Mom released me and gave me that 'Fuck Me' look that always sent a chill down my spine.

I crawled onto the bed, placed her legs on my shoulders, and raised her body until my prick was lined up with her pussy. I shoved in, finding her slot already filled with cum. I slammed in hard, forcing the air out of her lungs as she howled with pleasure. I fucked her fast and furious, the bed squealing and creaking from my brutal assault. While Julie's pussy felt great, Mom's was on a whole new level. She knew how to rotate her hips to provide the most pleasure to both of us.

When her pussy succumbed to my thrusting and squeezed tightly, I powered through, not even close to my orgasm, from having just cum with Julie. After her last convulsion, I lowered her legs and lowered myself onto her soft body. I wrapped my hands around her tits and squeezed while I resumed fucking her pussy again. We kissed, our eyes locked together, conveying the deep love we held for each other. When we couldn't suck air in fast enough through our noses, we released our mouths and rested our heads side-by-side.

I faced Julie, who was watching us intently, mesmerized by the sight of a son fucking his mother.

After another ten minutes of fucking my beautiful mother, she exclaimed, "I'm cumming again. Fuck me hard and cum with me. I want to feel your cock explode."

She wrapped her strong legs around me, using the leverage to lift her hips off the mattress. I flexed my hips and thrust so hard, I thought I'd damage my balls when they smashed against her body. Mom's body tensed and shook at the start of her climax. When I felt my own encroaching orgasm, Julie leaned over and kissed me. Her tongue snuck into my mouth as my prick blasted off. While I stroked through Mom's clenching cunt, Julie continued to fuck my mouth with her tongue.

When our bodies were spent and we relaxed, Julie pulled back and smiled widely. She was getting used to breaking her own rules. I wondered how long it'd be before I could ravish her entire body. I smiled in return, mouthing a heartfelt 'thank you' to her.

Afterward, we dressed silently, and when we met in the living room, no one spoke of our time together. Julie gave each of us a hug goodbye and, on her way out, asked, "Next Monday sound alright for our next time?"

Mom and I abstained from sex through the weekend, and when Monday arrived, we repeated our performance except that Mom motioned for me to eat Julie's pussy. When Julie saw my head disappear underneath, she started to object until she felt my tongue slide along her labia.

After bringing her to an orgasm, I deposited another load in her receptive pussy. Mom needed relief again, bringing me to life again with a blowjob, and then opted also to be bred like a bitch in heat, propping herself on all fours beside Julie.

Before Julie left, she asked, "Dave, would you mind coming over for dinner Tuesday night? You could mow the lawn on Wednesday, and then we could return here for a barbecue before our next session."

"Sounds great!" Mom replied for me.

Tuesday night at dinner, Julie avoided eye contact with me as Dad peppered me with questions about my life as a single guy again.

“Dave, what do you do when my wife and ex-wife are with you all day?”

Was he suspicious? I wondered if Julie acted differently in bed with him, making him wonder if she was having an affair. With his history, I could understand why he'd be leery, especially with such a hot wife as Julie. Without thinking of a good answer, I replied, “Study mostly. I'm nearly ready to finalize my GED, and then I'm going to start taking courses at the community college.”

“I'm proud of you, Dave,” he said, sincerely. “You've recovered nicely from your divorce, and I wish you the best in college.”

The next morning at breakfast, Dad asked, “What do you guys have planned for today? Going out or just hanging around?”

Julie jumped in and replied, “While I clean house, he's going to mow the lawn. After that, we'll go to Melissa's house for a barbecue. I'll spend the afternoon chatting with Melissa while he studies.”

Dad paused, collecting his thoughts, then said, “Sounds like a great day. Maybe I'll drop by for lunch. Sounds better than eating out.”

Julie's expression didn't reveal anything as she smiled widely and replied, “We'd love to have you. I'll tell Melissa to throw on an extra steak. Noon sound good?”

“Yeah, I may be a few minutes after that as I have to drive, but it should be around then. Got to run, dear,” he said as he rose, kissed her, and exited to his car. After we heard him drive off, Julie sighed and admitted, “That was close. I was so scared that he knew something that I almost blew it.”

“You were great,” I consoled her. “But we'd better postpone our afternoon activities, though, just in case.”

It was a hot, muggy day, and I was soaked with sweat by the time I finished working the yard. It wasn't even eleven yet, so I knew I had time to shower before heading home. Even though my core temperature was hot, the warm spray of the shower felt good as I

soaped up my body. Suddenly, the shower door opened and Julie stepped in, clad in the thin, blue undies she wore on the day of the gravel incident.

She stood in front of me, allowed the shower spray to wet her body, and then turned around, facing me, with a broad smile. I looked down and saw her hard nipples and bush plastered to the thin material as before. My stiff prick bobbed, and seeing my smile, she asked, "You remembered?"

"Do you know how many times I whacked off to the vision of you from that day?" I asked, chuckling.

Her smile grew, as well as the lust in her eyes. "Let's do a repeat, only this time, don't be such a gentleman."

I soaped her body, caressing and feeling every square inch of her soft skin while she gripped my sides. When I unclasped her bra and tossed it onto the floor, her fingers dug in as she gasped. I filled my hands with her large, round breasts and playfully squeezed them. When my fingertips enclosed around her nipples, I leaned down and kissed her. Her hands flew to the back of my head, pulling me tightly to her. Her breasts heaved in my hands as we French kissed as lovers. So much for her rules, but then again, maybe she meant them to be only followed in Mom's presence.

My hands lowered and shoved her panties down until they lay on top of her bra. I slipped my fingers into her slot to find it juicy and tight. Guiding her to the wall, I lifted one of her legs and shoved it outward. With my free hand, I guided my cock into her horny hole. She screamed with delight when I shoved upward, impaling my prick into her slick sheath.

She held both my shoulders with her hands, lifted her other leg, and wrapped it around me. I slammed her into the shower wall and fucked her until her pussy tightened and her body shivered with her climax. I kept hammering her through her convulsing channel, her body shaking and jerking the entire time. "Fuck, I'm cumming again! Fuck me hard and fill me with your sperm, baby."

She bounced up and down while I rammed my prick in as deep as I could go and blasted off a load. She groaned and grunted as I filled her cunt full of sticky sperm. Her breasts heaved as she gasped for air. I could feel her heartbeat pounding against my chest and knew mine was just as strong. “Damn, that was good,” I whispered, easing my prick out of her pussy.

She lowered her legs, kissed me gently, and replied, “For me too. The funny thing is that your fantasy of that eventful day was exactly like mine. I had to fuck myself silly for an hour after you left.”

We rinsed off, stepped out of the stall, and dried each other off, spending an excessive amount of time rubbing the towel over our bodies. When finished, she laid a sloppy kiss on me, her hard nipples jutting into my chest. I felt a pang in my groin, but before I could act, she turned, picked up her soaked undies, and said, “I need to go throw these in the washer. Stay here until I come back.”

I gripped my cock and thought of the fantastic fuck I’d just had, and as a result, it became stiff and throbbed.

“Dave, please come here,” she called out.

When I walked into my bedroom, my prick jutted upward at the sight of her nude body on my bed. Her knees were up in the air, her heels dug into the mattress, snuggled up to her ass. Her legs couldn’t be any further apart. Her pussy, split open and juicy. Her red, bloated labia were wet with her juices. Her tits stood proudly on her chest, capped with dark brown, hard nipples. Her smile and hungry eyes drew me in. “Dave, I’m your mother, also. Make love to me like you do your other mother.”

Remembering her rules, I stupidly remarked, “You know I’ll be shooting blanks. My load of sperm has already been deposited.”

She giggled at my insistence on following her conditions. “The shower fuck was for the baby. This one is for me. Rules are made to be broken. Now get down here and fuck your mother.”

That was good enough for me. My prick easily slid in, and we made love, rather than fuck. Our hands explored and caressed our bodies as we slowly fucked. I brought her to one orgasm by twisting and sucking on her hard nipples while plowing into her. I varied the angle of my prick, scraping across areas of her pussy that hadn't been touched before. She had another orgasm, which lasted for several minutes, then wrapped her legs around me and pulled me into her body until my prick exploded. We kissed while our orgasms fired off, flooding our bodies with endorphins.

We lay there in a state of euphoria when it hit me that we had to be at Mom's at noon. We disengaged, dressed, and while I pedaled back home, she drove. We made it there with ten minutes to spare. She'd called Mom earlier about Dad, so she not only had enough food for him but had also dressed in pants and a heavy blouse, nothing sexy. Julie followed suit, not wanting Dad to think they're flirting with anyone.

After filling my plate, I slipped out to the quiet table beneath the backyard tree, putting some distance between myself and Julie and Mom. They were immersed in a conversation on the deck while pampering Amy, sitting in her high chair. I brought my study book along and flipped through a few pages as I ate.

When Dad arrived ten minutes later, Julie sprang up and fixed a plate for him. He sat and ate with them, engaging them in conversation. When almost finished, he wandered over to me and asked, "Why aren't you eating with Julie and Melissa? I don't think you'll find more beautiful company than those two."

"Too noisy, Dad," I replied. Lifting my book, I added, "I'm cramming for my tests, and their chatting is endless."

He turned, and I couldn't discern from his expression what he was thinking. Did he suspect us?

After he left, we decided we'd have to be more discreet. Julie went home after lunch, and Mom demanded I pound her pussy while telling her about my time with Julie in the morning. Her orgasms

seemed stronger than ever, knowing I was breeding Dad's wife. I wondered if it was some kind of revenge for her, cuckolding her cheating ex-husband, but I didn't press her; more than willing to help her out.

Our routine after that would be Julie coming over mid-morning, and Mom would watch the road while I made love to Julie. The premise of limiting our fucking to being non-emotional and only for impregnation was soon discarded. She was a wonderful lover, and once again, I had to hand it to Dad for finding such alluring, sexual partners. There were a few days she wouldn't leave until she achieved half a dozen orgasms.

After a week, Julie convinced Mom to engage with each other in a closer, intimate relationship. When I finished with Julie each time, Mom and she would make love. I was thankful for Julie taking some of the pressure off of pleasuring Mom before she left for home. We continued for two weeks and then stopped, waiting for the return of Julie's period of ovulation.

One afternoon, Mom stepped out of the bathroom, her face radiant with emotion. Even before she spoke, I saw the joy in her eyes and knew she was pregnant. She dragged me to the bedroom and we celebrated the rest of the day making love and making plans for our baby.

During Julie's next ovulation cycle, Mom remained in the living room, playing with Amy while I played with Julie in our bedroom. She thrashed and fucked with wild abandon, evidently missing our time together. She sucked me to hardness after each time I came and got three out of me, while she had close to a dozen. I was exhausted and knew I wouldn't have much left for Mom.

Afterward, we joined Mom in the living room, where Julie shared the news of her pregnancy. Mom let out a delighted laugh and teased, "So, you took advantage of my son, knowing you were already pregnant? I should scold you for that, except for the fact that I'm incredibly thrilled to hear you're pregnant. And for the record, I have

news of my own. I'm expecting, too. I'm pretty sure it happened in Hawaii, where he dumped gallons of sperm into my pussy."

They laughed and Julie remarked, "He truly is a motherfucker, impregnating both of his mothers. I want to thank both of you for helping me. Although I fear I've fallen in love with your son, more than a mother should."

"You and me both, sister," Mom said, giggling. "How are you and Frank doing? You haven't drifted away or denied him sex, have you?"

"We're doing really well. He's over the moon about the baby, and if anything, our intimacy has only deepened. I love him dearly and the last thing I want is to hurt him," she said, her expression revealing the emotional weight of her inner conflict.

Two weeks later, Julie joined us for lunch, saying she had something important to discuss. As we ate, she shared the news. "Frank was offered a major promotion, but it's on the East Coast. He wants us to relocate immediately so we'll be settled in before I'm too far along in my pregnancy. I'm going to miss you both terribly, but I think it's a godsend in one way, allowing me to sever my relationship with Dave."

"I'm so happy for you," Mom said with a warm smile. With a playful glint in her eye, she added, "So, no more cheating, okay? I want you to behave and raise your child as a faithful, loving mother."

Julie stood, grabbed my hand, and, while leading me to the bedroom, called out, "No more after today. I want one last memory with your son."

It would be a lasting memory for both of us; we fucked in every possible position. Afterward, we hugged our nude bodies tightly together, relishing our final time together. We both cried and giggled, relating the times we'd shared through our brief but intense relationship.

The night before Julie and Dad were set to leave, Mom invited them over for dinner. Afterward, when Mom slid an envelope to Dad,

a flicker of concern flashed on Julie's face. I wondered if she thought Mom would betray her and inform Dad of her relationship with me. But I knew better, and when I offered her a reassuring smile, her eyes met mine and softened. She knew I'd never do anything to hurt her.

Dad unfolded the document and exclaimed, "An educational trust for our child? That's incredibly thoughtful, Melissa. We've had our differences over the years, but I've always respected your kindness. Thank you."

Mom offered a gentle smile. "I know it's only five thousand, but I thought it'd be a solid start, something you can build on for your child's future."

It was an emotional farewell, tears flowing freely as everyone embraced one last time. That evening, after our showers, I climbed into bed beside Mom and handed her a small gift box. She opened it, revealing a pair of delicate gold infinity earrings. Her eyes lit up.

"I love them," she whispered, smiling as she held them up. "I'll wear them forever. They're the perfect symbol of our everlasting love. I love you so much."

She leaned in and kissed me, then reached over to her nightstand and retrieved a small velvet box, opening it to reveal Dad's ring. Taking my left hand, she gently slid the wedding band I'd worn in Hawaii onto my finger.

"No more hiding. We're officially married now," she said softly.

My chest swelled with emotion. That night, we made love slowly and tenderly, savoring every moment. It was a night I'd treasure for the rest of my life.

Over the next few months, I earned my GED and enrolled in courses at the community college. I began helping Mom with her bookkeeping work, and as she guided me through the ins and outs of the trade, I discovered a genuine interest in it. Inspired by her passion and the flexibility it offered, I chose to major in the same

field, hoping to eventually build a home-based business together. Just over a year after Amy's birth, we welcomed our beautiful daughter into the world, and our little family grew even stronger.

Cradling her gently in my arms, I couldn't help but notice how much she already resembled her beautiful mother. Mom's radiant smile lit up the room, her eyes filled with joy and pride.

"Have you decided on a name yet?" I asked, glancing from her to our newborn.

"Yes, I have," she replied softly. "I want to name her after your first wife."

"Lucy?" I asked, my voice tinged with surprise. The hesitation in my tone betrayed my lack of enthusiasm.

She added, "No, not Lucy. When I met with her after your divorce proceedings, she told me in confidence what she was planning to change her name to. It's Jennifer, and I'd love to give that name to our child. What do you think?"

I smiled, looking down at the tiny face in my arms. "I think it's a lovely name. Hello, Jennifer," I whispered, gently kissing my newborn daughter's forehead.

Our lives centered around raising our two children, and with each passing day, our love deepened as we nurtured them together. Rather than taking turns during nighttime wake-ups, we tackled them side by side as we changed diapers, soothed our babies, and shared quiet moments that brought us closer. Returning to bed together often led to tender lovemaking, a reminder of the strong bond we shared.

We also made time for ourselves, hiring a trusted sitter so we could enjoy weekly dinners out. More often than not, the night ended on the dance floor, where we swayed together in each other's arms. The way we held one another made our connection unmistakable. No one ever dared to cut in.

As the years passed, we remained deeply involved in every stage of our children's lives. Our bond as a family grew stronger, especially after I graduated from college and joined Mom in expanding her business. We were closer than most families, united not just by love but by shared purpose and time spent together.

Amy, much like Lucy, was bright and analytical, a natural problem solver. She instinctively took on a guiding role with Jennifer, and despite their contrasting personalities, the two became inseparable. Their differences complemented each other, forming a beautiful friendship rooted in love, support, and sisterhood.

While Amy inherited Lucy's analytical streak, curious and always eager to solve life's puzzles, Jennifer leaned more toward her mother's warmth, tender-heartedness, and affection. As they grew, both girls bloomed into reflections of their mothers' beauty. In the evenings, while watching TV, Amy often curled up in her own chair with a book, absorbed in quiet thought. Jennifer, on the other hand, was unmistakably a Daddy's girl, spending most nights nestled in my lap, her presence like a soft anchor at the end of each day.

Throughout their elementary years, both of my girls insisted I take them to every father-daughter dance. Mom always attended with us, sitting with whichever daughter was taking a break. Amy usually preferred just a dance or two before settling down to watch, while Jennifer eagerly commanded most of my attention on the floor.

No matter how the evening unfolded, we always ended the night the same way, with Mom and me dancing together as the girls watched. Their wide, glowing smiles said it all, mirroring the deep love and connection that bound our family.

As our family blossomed, our connection with Julie's family gradually faded. The cards and letters became infrequent, eventually stopping altogether as our lives moved in different directions. Then, shortly after Jennifer's tenth birthday, we received an unexpected letter from Dad. Enclosed was a legal document transferring the deed of the house to Mom.

His brief note simply said he wished us the best and wanted to repay Mom for everything she'd done. I couldn't shake the feeling that Julie had influenced the decision. A week later, a short note from her confirmed it. She wrote lovingly about her daughter and ended with, "I wish your home to be filled with good memories forever." It was her quiet, heartfelt way of letting us know she was behind the generous gift, having given her the gift of her daughter.

To celebrate our tenth anniversary, we returned to Hawaii and stayed at the same resort where we'd spent our honeymoon. This time, though, we ventured out more, by renting a car, exploring the island, and taking in every beautiful sight we'd missed the first time. We danced the nights away at lively clubs and returned to our room for long, passionate evenings. The trip was both romantic and refreshing, though we couldn't help but miss the kids. To make it up to them, we surprised them the following month with a magical trip to Disney World.

Inspired by the lush gardens she'd fallen in love with in Hawaii, Mom hired a landscaping company to turn a corner of our backyard into our own little paradise. She envisioned a horseshoe-shaped ring of flower beds, cradling a cozy center with a fire pit, a table, and a cluster of lounge chairs. It was perfect for long summer evenings. The girls loved helping Mom tend the flower beds, and many of our nights were spent soaking in the glow of the firelight, surrounded by blooms and laughter.

Those summer nights didn't end when we left the garden. Inside, our routines softened into something even more tender, especially at bedtime, when each girl sought comfort in her own way.

While Amy preferred to read a book in bed at night before falling asleep, Jennifer insisted that I read to her. After I lulled her to sleep every night, I gently kissed her forehead and whispered, "I love you, Jennifer."

I usually found Mom standing in the doorway, waiting for me, leading me back to bed, and cuddling up together. We had to lock our door whenever we made love because Jennifer loved to sneak in

and sleep with us at night. We also had to start wearing nightwear until she reached puberty. At that time, we had to explain to her how she couldn't sleep with us any longer. She made up for it by spending more time snuggling up to me during the evenings.

Thankfully, their sports phase was fleeting, although I enjoyed attending whatever they were involved in. Amy's awkwardly long legs made coordination a challenge, and Jennifer, still carrying a bit of baby fat, never felt at ease. Instead, we found other ways to engage them, taking outings and other activity-based adventures. It suited them better anyway, and Amy was happiest buried in a book that was far beyond her grade level.

When they hit fourteen, I became disheartened as they began showing interest in boys. They were beginning to blossom, and deep down, I knew that it wouldn't be long before my girls would be someone else's. I found myself wishing I could freeze time, hold them at that tender age just a little longer, like fifty more years. I did insist on meeting any boy before their dates. I'd pull each one aside and lay down the law. Respect for my daughters wasn't negotiable.

I worried they might resent me for interfering, as I'd heard other parents warn about what would happen with teenagers, but honestly, I didn't care. One evening, during dinner, Amy, her tone cautious and sounding rehearsed, said, "Dad, our friends tell us they hate when their Dad grills their dates. They become really embarrassed."

I knew this was coming. I'd overstepped my bounds and was about to be reprimanded by Amy, the spokesperson for both of my girls. And now the tribunal had convened. I braced myself, grimacing as I waited for the verdict.

She grinned, clearly amused by my discomfort, then leaned in with a soft seriousness. "I want you to know we really appreciate what you do, and we hope you'll keep doing it. It's such a relief to go out and enjoy ourselves without stressing over some guy trying to put his grubby paws on us. I don't get how our friends hate their dads stepping in, yet they're always griping about how rude and grabby their dates are."

Jennifer nodded through Amy's speech, as always. I smiled, pride swelling quietly in my chest, and replied, "Thanks, sweetheart. I love you girls, and it's just natural for me to want to protect you. Remember that anytime you feel uncomfortable with a date, you can talk to me or your mother. We'll discuss it together and figure out the right way to handle it."

With that hurdle behind us, I felt more at ease about their future dates. I left Mom to tell them all about the birds and bees. She'd always been the one to guide them in matters of femininity and emotional wisdom. She provided them with both condoms and birth control pills, but made it clear they weren't meant to be used until they felt ready to take that step. She had a heartfelt conversation with them about the difference between love and sex. She expressed her hopes that they wait until they're eighteen before they lose their virginity, and they save it for someone special.

On Amy's sweet sixteenth birthday, we allowed her to schedule the day's activities. It began with tours of two universities she was considering, her excitement palpable as she explored the campuses. We paused for lunch at a cozy bookstore cafe, where she spent nearly an hour browsing through shelves of classic literature and legal philosophy. In the afternoon, we visited the courthouse for a guided tour offered by the state, which she found fascinating. For dinner, she chose a Victorian-themed restaurant with elegant decor and quiet charm. The evening concluded with a public library lecture on legal ethics and moral philosophy. Her idea of a perfect celebration was definitely not shared by the rest of us, as we struggled to keep our eyes open and our heads from nodding off.

When we arrived home, I handed her my present, a signed copy of a book titled 'The Tools of Argument', which was suggested by one bookstore owner after I described Amy's love of logic and analysis. She took it with both hands, turned it over gently, opened it to a random page, and began to read. After just a few lines, she snapped the cover shut, looked up, wrapped her arms around me, hugged me tightly, and whispered, "I love it, Daddy. I can't wait to dive in."

My greatest surprise wasn't that she liked the book, it was the fact that she was almost my height and had breasts. My little girl had breasts! Jesus, where is that time machine?

To add to my shock, she leaned in and kissed me on the lips, her touch lingering for a few breathless seconds. When she pulled back, her deep blue eyes locked with mine. It was as if I were staring into Lucy's eyes. A chill ran down my spine as memories of my former life surged to the surface.

She was rarely so openly affectionate, which made the gesture even more jarring. When I glanced over at Mom and Jennifer, both sat frozen, their mouths slightly agape in disbelief at such an unexpected display.

Later that night in bed, Mom turned to me with a knowing smile. "Boy, you sure were a hit with Amy tonight."

"All because of a book, no less," I replied, chuckling.

She watched me for a moment, then said softly, "I saw your face when she hugged you. I could see that you finally realized that she's every bit as beautiful as Lucy."

I exhaled, my smile faltering. "I know. That's what scares me. We'll need to have a real talk with her when someone serious comes along."

The next year, Jennifer selected a far different theme for her birthday. We began the day with a walk through a botanical garden, stopping often to admire the flowers. Just like when she was a child, she held hands with Mom and me as she walked in the middle as though time hadn't passed at all. Amy followed behind us, reading her book whenever we stopped at a display.

We had lunch in the conservatory and afterward, took a drive through the country before arriving at the main event. Jennifer had requested dance lessons, so I booked two hours at a studio. When the instructor asked her which routines she wanted to learn, she didn't hesitate. "Only one," she said, her voice clear and wistful. "I want to

learn how to slow dance with my future husband. Nothing fancy, just something romantic.”

This brought out a chuckle from the teacher, and forty-five minutes later, she told him she’d learned enough. She walked over to our table, confidence glowing on her face, and gently took my hand. “Test me, Daddy,” she said, eyes bright. “Let’s see if I’ve got it down.”

We swayed to the music, moving in quiet harmony, keeping our bodies appropriately distanced with our hands placed just right. After the first dance, Jennifer refused to let me go, keeping me on the floor for nearly the entire session. With each step, her confidence bloomed, and I felt time folding back on itself. As our lesson neared its end, I leaned in and asked, “Sweetheart, would you mind saving my last dance for your mother before we head out?”

“Of course,” she said, pulling me close. “I love seeing you and Mom together. One last dance, then she’s all yours.”

Her body leaned in, our heads nestled side by side as we swayed through our final steps. Her breasts smashed against my chest as her legs rubbed against me. Her breath quickened as her hot breath washed across my ear.

“I love you, Daddy,” she whispered, hugging me even tighter.

“We love you, too, sweetie,” I whispered back. As the music faded into the background, I thought, “She’s going to make someone a wonderful wife someday.”

When the music paused, she pulled back enough to look into my eyes and whispered, “The instructor said that after a set of dances, the woman should reward her partner with a kiss.”

She leaned into me and pressed her soft lips onto mine. Her large, brown eyes were filled with lust and reminded me of Mom’s. Her tongue slid across my lips briefly before she released me and led me back to the table.

I took Mom's hand and led her onto the floor, and without a word, she slipped into my arms with practiced ease, but the embrace was firmer, more possessive. She held me close as if quietly reclaiming her place, not from a stranger, but from our daughter.

"Jennifer looks like she's on top of the world tonight. She's turned out to be such a loving, beautiful woman," she remarked, pressing her breasts into me and bumping her thigh against my hard prick.

"She has," I murmured. "Someday, she's going to break more than a few hearts."

She leaned in and kissed my ear, her voice just a whisper. "I know one heart for sure she'll break when she marries and pulls away from her Daddy."

I paused, letting her words settle. She was right. The thought of our girls leaving, chasing futures beyond our reach, brought a quiet ache. I kissed the nape of her neck and whispered, "I'll still have my favorite girl with me."

The music ended, signaling our session had finished. Mom's hands pulled my head to hers, kissing me passionately. Her full, soft lips wiped out the sweet presence left by her daughter as she asserted her role as my lover and soulmate. Our tongues danced together, as our eyes communicated our deep love.

When we made it back to the table, Amy chirped, "Looks like someone's getting lucky tonight."

Jennifer giggled delightfully, and before I could answer, Mom said, "Thanks. I hope so," bringing laughter to all of us.

After eating at a restaurant, we headed home, where we finished off Jennifer's wish list by watching a couple of romantic movies while curling up on the couch. Jennifer nestled between Mom and me, resting her head on my shoulder while watching. Midway through, she took my hand in hers and wouldn't release it until the credits scrolled by.

True to Amy's words, I got very lucky that night with Mom fucking me within an inch of my life. She sucked and fucked me until I passed out on top of her with her arms wrapped around me, holding me tightly. She let me sleep in the next day to recover from our lengthy love session.

Over the next year, our time together grew more fleeting. Amy juggled college-level courses on top of her high school studies, having already secured several scholarships to the university she'd set her sights on. Still, she carved out moments to tutor Jennifer while staying true to form by vetting every boy her little sister considered dating.

Jennifer, meanwhile, spent her free hours helping her mother and me with the family business. She'd already set her sights on a business degree to follow in our footsteps, and her quiet determination showed through in everything she did. She dated now and then, but I never saw the same boy twice. I had a sneaking suspicion that my talks with her dates before they left for the night convinced them to keep up their best behavior. I let them know the repercussions if they harmed my precious girl.

For Amy's eighteenth birthday, she chose to stay home, desiring a quiet celebration that felt more intimate than festive. She spent the afternoon in the kitchen with Mom, preparing her favorite dishes, enjoying the close connection with her mother, laughter drifting in from time to time. Later, we watched a few documentary programs she'd picked out. They were smart and compelling, just like her.

As the night unfolded, I found myself misty-eyed, knowing this might be the last birthday we'd celebrate with her under our roof.

With our bedroom door locked, Mom and I lay face-to-face, in bed, our nude bodies barely touching together. We kissed and consoled each other, reflecting on how fast the girls had grown. Interrupted by a soft knock on the door, Mom threw on a robe and cracked it open to see Amy.

“Can I come in and talk to you guys?” Amy asked, her voice having more emotion than normal.

“Of course, sweetie,” Mom said.

Amy and Mom sat on the edge of the bed, and after a pause, she said, “Dad, Mom, we have to talk.”

I chuckled, trying to cut the tension. “Uh-oh. Are you divorcing us?”

Mom joined me in giggling, but Amy didn't. Her voice was steady, her face serious. “Daddy, it's called emancipation. And no, this isn't about that.” She reached for Mom's hand. “I just want you both to know that I love you deeply, no matter what.”

After a pause, she continued, “Do you remember that release form I had you guys sign last year when I was working on a school paper?”

I drew a blank, but her mother nodded. “I do,” she said. “Though I can't remember what it was for exactly. I've always trusted you, so I tend to sign whatever you hand me.”

Amy hesitated, her voice dropping. “It was for a genealogy project. I was trying to trace our family history. The form was a request for my birth certificate from the courthouse.”

The hairs on the back of my neck bristled, much like a cat. I couldn't move, caught in the stillness of knowing our secret was on the edge of exposure. Mom squeezed Amy's hand, trying to find the correct words.

Before she could answer, Amy continued, “Obviously, your name isn't Lucy, Mom, so I know you're not my biological mother.” Her voice trembled, but her eyes stayed steady. “And when I requested Jennifer's birth certificate, it listed the father as ‘Unknown.’ Putting the pieces together, it isn't hard to figure out that Dad fathered me with someone called Lucy, and you're his mom. Jennifer is the daughter from both of you. Dad couldn't put his name on the certificate because it would expose your incestual relationship.”

Mom sighed, her shoulders slumped as she admitted, “You’re right, and it’s time to explain our history to you. Please remember that we both love you deeply and only kept the truth from you until you were old enough to understand.” After telling her all about her real mother and how Mom and I became involved, she ended with, “Now that you know everything, do you want to seek out your birth mother?”

Amy looked perplexed and replied, “Of course not, Mom. I have no desire to meet her. You’re the mother I love. The reason I brought it up to you tonight is so you wouldn’t deny my request.”

She stood, faced the bed, and dropped her robe to the floor, revealing her shapely, exquisite body. Her breasts were larger than I’d suspected, capped with pink nipples. My eyes drifted down her thin waist and landed on her bare, shaven pussy. Mom gasped, and I stared in awe at how closely she resembled Lucy.

Amy broke our shock, saying, “I’ve done what you asked, Mom, and saved my virginity for the one I love most, Daddy. As you’re currently in an incestuous relationship, there is no argument for not accepting my request. I want to learn how to make love without going through a bunch of inexperienced boys. In short, Mom, I want Daddy to show me how he makes you scream at night with your orgasms.”

Mom’s face blushed, and her eyes clouded with tears. She traced her fingertips down Amy’s stomach until she reached her swollen mons. Finding her voice, she murmured, “So beautiful and sexy. I’m so proud of you for waiting, and as you’ve argued, it would be hypocritical of us to deny you the same relationship we’ve enjoyed. Sweetie, you have my heartfelt approval to learn from the man I love so dearly.”

Amy smiled widely, proud of negotiating a win, something she’d do routinely in the future.

Mom grabbed the edge of the covers and tossed them off me, revealing my already hard cock. We didn’t have to suggest how to

proceed as Amy straddled me and lowered her pussy to my face. “First, I want Daddy to eat me while I explore his cock, then we’ll progress to our fucking lessons.”

While I licked her sweet slit, her fingers traced up and down my length, acquainting herself with every ridge and bump. As her excitement grew, she began twisting and humping, so I had to grip her ass and hold her steady while my tongue swirled around her pink interior. She moaned and removed her hands from my prick, gripping my thighs to hold herself firmly against me.

“Oh, Daddy, that feels so wonderful. I can’t believe how good it is,” she moaned. Suddenly, her body jerked and tensed, her pussy gushing juices into my waiting mouth. “Fuck, that’s the strongest orgasm ever! Do me again, Daddy!” she exclaimed.

I never denied my daughters anything, so I tongued her and sucked on her clit until she climaxed again. After that, she turned around, inched down my body until her soaked pussy hovered over my cock.

“Go slow, baby,” I warned. “The first time might hurt a little.”

“I’m a virgin, but I don’t have a hymen. Mom’s dildo took care of that a year ago,” she said, stuffing my cockhead between her outer labia. She eased down a few inches, rose, and lowered again, capturing more cock with each stroke. Her face was filled with pleasure as the first cock filled her virgin pussy. She groaned as her walls split apart, accepting my girth.

She grunted when she finally bottomed out, her puffy mound surrounding my root. She ground around, groaning as her pussy lips sent jolts of pleasure through her. Gripping my ribs, she fucked me, quickly finding a pace that excited her the most. Her perky, firm tits barely bounced as she rode me.

I reached up and filled my hands with my daughter’s breasts for the first time. She gasped as I squeezed and played with them,

pinching her hard nipples with my fingertips. After another ten minutes, she screamed, “I’m cumming on your cock, Daddy!”

Her pussy clenched so tightly, I struggled to keep from cumming. Her slick oil coating my piston helped stave off my climax as she finished. She rose, flopped onto the bed, and spread her legs. “Fuck me missionary style and cum in me. I want to feel your cock spurt. I went on the pill weeks ago.”

I crawled between her legs and glanced at Mom, who sat watching us with a wide smile, her eyes showing her approval. Amy lifted her hips, lining her hole up with my pole, and I sank into her, causing her to begin moaning again. I lowered down and played with her tits while I thrust in and out at a rapid pace. Each time I slammed into her, she’d let out a grunt, followed by a groan.

It wasn’t long before her body began twisting and humping, trying to drive me in deeper. “Fuck me hard, Daddy, and fill me. I’m ready.”

She wasn’t the only one, as my body tingled with excitement, fucking my beautiful daughter, who reminded me so much of Lucy. When I kissed her, her tongue snaked into my mouth. We French kissed, our eyes locked together as I hammered her pussy. When she felt my prick enlarge, her pupils dilated as her body succumbed to my pounding.

My cock exploded on her second contraction, spraying her insides with my sperm. She stopped breathing, her body frozen stiff from her intense orgasm. Ropes of semen shot out from my cannon, causing her pussy to reciprocate and squeeze my prick. When our bodies finally relaxed, she inhaled deeply and said, “Jesus, that was good. Thanks so much, Daddy.”

“You’re a wonderful lover, sweetheart,” I whispered.

As soon as I rolled off her, she leaned over and kissed me, stood, put on her robe, and walked to the door. Before she closed it behind her, in a demanding tone, she stated, “Same time, tomorrow night.”

I knew there was no compromise. When Amy made a decision, she never sought approval because, in her mind, there simply was no other option. She not only inherited Lucy's body and looks, but also her resolve.

After the door closed, Mom removed her robe and snuggled next to me. Thirty minutes later, I was fucking her with wild abandon, her orgasmic screams filling the room.

Amy's sex education continued nightly, with Mom providing hints and tricks with each new position. When I'd shown Amy everything Lucy had taught me, she limited future positions to the few she loved. One night, she asked me to just keep eating her until she'd had enough. After her third orgasm, she pleaded, "Mom, hop on his cock and fuck him. I don't need it tonight. It's almost like all my sensory nerves are located at the mouth of my pussy. Dad's tongue is more than enough for me."

Mom didn't hesitate, dropping her dripping pussy onto my cock. She bounced on my prick and came in tandem with Amy as they fondled each other's tits. After Amy experienced three more orgasms, I blew a load of sperm into Mom's spasming pussy while they climaxed together. Mom pulled off and flopped beside me, while Amy dressed and left, as usual. She never liked to cuddle afterward; after all, it was business for her.

One hiccup came one night when I was plowing into Amy, doggy style. My fingers dug into her tight little ass as I hammered her battered pussy. She panted and gurgled with her head sideways on the pillow. As her pussy climaxed, she squeaked, and a flashback of Lucy hit me. Her pussy and her noises of pleasure were identical. I fucked her harder, pulling her hips into me as I imagined fucking Lucy, instead of my daughter.

I couldn't control my anger and shoved in harder each time, our flesh slapping together. Her pussy snapped shut again, but I continued my assault. After another ten minutes, I heard a faint, "Daddy, please stop." I regained my focus and realized I was hurting

my child. I pulled out, flipped her over, and lay beside her, wrapping my arms around her and hugging her.

I cried and through my sobs, I whispered, "I'm so sorry, baby. Please forgive me."

She kissed me and whispered back, "It's alright. I just couldn't take it any longer. You were so strong, and my pussy was getting sore."

Tears rolled down my cheeks, feeling the hurt I'd done to Amy. Mom's arm draped across us, hugging us together. She asked, "It was Lucy, wasn't it?"

I confessed, "Yes. The way her pussy feels, her groans, and that cute little squeak when she cums. It was identical. I'm sorry I lost it."

Amy stroked my chest and kissed me, "It's alright, Daddy. Let me help you release your anger. You can fuck me like a whore anytime you want. I want to pay back my mother's sins."

We all cried together for a bit, and then Amy kissed me once more, rose, dressed, and bid us goodnight. Mom sucked me off and then spooned me, soothingly running her hands over me until I fell asleep.

After that, Mom made sure I was in her line of sight when I fucked Amy, which kept my mind focused. Although I didn't think it would happen again, it was still nice to have that connection to the love of my life. Plus, Amy preferred tongue over cock, which made Mom more than happy to take care of my needs.

It came as no surprise when Amy was named valedictorian. Still, my nerves tingled as I took my seat, memories of Lucy's speech flickering in the back of my mind. But Amy, in a graceful and composed manner, delivered the traditional message of hope and ambition.

She dove right into college, without taking the summer off, and it was a tearful goodbye when we moved her into a small studio near the college. She'd visit us once a month, and of course, visit our bedroom for some remedial sexual lessons. We all agreed that once

she found a potential husband, we'd discontinue our activities, stressing the importance of fidelity in marriage and how trust is the foundation of any lasting relationship.

Two months later, with a glint in her eye, she casually let us know that she was in an exclusive relationship. She didn't bring him home right away, and we didn't press. Knowing Amy, he'd already cleared a gauntlet of unspoken tests to meet her exacting standards.

She did bring Steve, her boyfriend, with her for Thanksgiving dinner. From the moment he walked through the door, it was clear that she'd chosen well. He was intelligent and kind, carrying himself with quiet confidence. Handsome, too, with a warm smile that put everyone at ease. We weren't disappointed; in fact, we were proud to welcome him into the family.

They married in February. Mindful of the cost and never one for extravagance, Amy insisted on a small, intimate ceremony held right in our living room. It was too cold outside for the vows, but it was just warm enough to have the reception in Mom's 'Paradise Garden', the backyard haven she'd created after our Hawaii trip. The guest list consisted of Steve's parents, Mom, Jennifer, and me, along with a justice of the peace to officiate the ceremony. It was simple, heartfelt, and unmistakably Amy.

Chapter 5

It was mid-March, several months after Jennifer's eighteenth birthday, when the inevitable happened one night. Just after Mom and I slipped beneath the covers, skin to skin and wrapped in quiet anticipation, ready to share an intimate moment before sleep, we heard a light tapping on the door.

Without getting dressed or leaving the bed, Mom called out softly, "Come in, sweetheart."

We'd known this moment with Jennifer was coming, certain Amy had prepared her for it, but still, a flicker of nerves caught me off guard as I waited for her to step inside. She was Daddy's girl, and I knew our time together would be a much more emotional, intense relationship.

Standing in front of our bed, she didn't bother with convincing us once she entered. She dropped her robe and simply stated, "My turn."

She'd shed all traces of baby fat, revealing a graceful, curvaceous figure that highlighted her natural beauty. Her breasts were larger than Amy's and capped with dark brown nipples, the same as Mom's. Drifting lower, my gaze locked onto her hairy pussy. It was untamed and out of control, but I knew Mom would help her trim it.

When she saw me staring at her bushy mound, she softly said, "I was going to shave, but Amy said Mom was natural, so I thought you'd like it better this way. Is it alright, Daddy?"

I smiled widely as Mom answered for me, flinging the covers off the bed, revealing my rock-hard cock. "This should be enough of an answer, sweetie."

"You're beautiful, baby," I croaked. Opening my arms, I said, "Come to Daddy, precious."

She jumped onto the bed, plastering herself on top of me. Holding the sides of my head, she kissed me passionately. While we French kissed, my hands explored her back and ass, bumping into Mom's hands doing the same. She wiggled her body, pressing my cock into her stomach while her hard nipples drilled into my chest.

Her body heated up as her breath quickened from our passionate kiss. Finally releasing me, she murmured, "I've wanted to do that for so long. I love you so much, Daddy."

"I love you, too, baby," I replied.

She kissed me and said, "I have a couple of items to tell you first. Amy had me go on the pill a few weeks ago, so that's not a problem. Plus, I'm a virgin, and although Amy told me I should borrow Mom's dildo to practice, I didn't. I wanted to leave my hymen intact because I want you to break it for me."

Mom slipped off the bed, promptly strode to the bathroom, and returned with a bath towel, placing it beside us. I rolled Jennifer onto her back, remaining on top of her. When I filled my hands with my daughter's breasts for the first time, my cock jerked as I played with her firm mounds. When my fingertips gripped her distended tips, she widened her legs while raising her knees.

She moaned in my mouth as I continued my assault on her mouth and tits. When her hips humped upward, Mom reached over and rubbed her daughter's slit with the bloated head of my cock, bringing out more groans. After a few minutes of stimulating her, Mom worked on Jennifer's clit, squeezing and gently pulling on it until Jennifer screamed, "I'm cumming, Daddy. Hold me tight."

I wrapped my arms around her, pulled her to me, and kissed her while she enjoyed her climax.

"That was wonderful," she cooed. "Make me a woman, Daddy. Stick it in and fuck me."

I ran my hands under her ass and lifted her pelvis until I was lined up. Mom gripped my cock and whispered, "I'll guide him in, sweetie."

He'll go slow, and if it's too painful, tell us."

"I'm ready. I've been ready for years. Stick it in, Mommy," she pleaded.

Mom guided my cock to Jennifer's slick slit, running my bloated head up and down her lips several times until my cock was coated with her juices. I nudged my engorged tip through her opening and paused when Jennifer gasped and exclaimed, "Oh shit! That feels so big. I'm not sure if it'll fit."

"Don't worry, sweetie," Mom consoled her. "You'll stretch out. Hump your hips up and swallow as much as you can."

I short-fucked her for several minutes, easing more cock into her until I felt her barrier. She groaned and, growing impatient, she lowered her hands onto my ass and pulled me in. When I felt my prick break through her delicate membrane, she yelled, "Stop!"

I froze, fearing I'd hurt her, and kissed her. I watched as the fear in her eyes dissipated and was replaced with lust. She bucked her hips, swallowing more of my snake into her horny hole. "Oh, god. It feels so good. Shove it in, Daddy. I want to feel it all the way in," she begged.

Her velvety walls flooded my prick with her juices, her folds spreading apart as I descended into her fiery pit. She panted as I sank deeper into her quivering quim, and when I was buried to the hilt, she croaked, "I feel so full. It's better than I could've ever imagined. Fuck me hard, Daddy!"

I never denied my daughters anything, so I obediently obeyed her, sliding in and out of her snug snatch, her pussy lips stretching and clinging onto my shaft with each stroke. Her breasts heaved underneath me as her breathing rate increased. After a dozen more strokes, she climaxed again, her pussy squeezing so hard, it locked my prick in place. She wailed with delight, experiencing her first orgasm from a cock, her father's cock.

When her body relaxed, I paused to allow her to recover, letting my cock soak in her wet, warm oven. We kissed again, and when she began bumping her hips, I fucked her again. It wasn't long until her body responded and began thrashing and twisting from the joy of experiencing her first fuck.

I moved my hands up to the tops of her shoulders and used them for leverage, shoving my prick deeper into her tight pussy. She planted her heels into the mattress and lifted and bounced her hips off the bed, meeting my powerful strokes. She released my mouth and gasped for air, her mouth wide open, her eyes rolling backward as a major orgasm consumed her.

My cock couldn't take any more and exploded, painting her walls with sticky sperm. Her pussy responded, contracting and convulsing with each pulse of my cock. Our pubic hair became saturated with a mixture of our cum, splashing out of her overflowing pussy with each collision. A feeling of blissful euphoria swept through me as I hugged my beautiful daughter, who had the widest smile I'd ever seen from her.

“Thank you so much, Daddy,” she whispered.

Mom stroked my back and kissed Jennifer on the cheek, whispering, “That was a beautiful act of love. Your father and I will teach you all about making love.”

I rolled off her onto my side and explored her body, caressing and massaging every square inch of her smooth, succulent flesh. Mom leaned over and enveloped my cock with her mouth, cleaning and sucking it until it hardened. Knowing she'd have a tough time competing with Daddy's girl, she decided to get her share of orgasms under the pretense of demonstrating the various positions.

She climaxed first riding me cowgirl style, swiveled around, and released again while doing reverse cowgirl before turning me over to Jennifer. My daughter repeated Mom's antics and also came twice.

Mom scurried into position for a doggy fuck. I slid my cock into her soaked pussy and brought her to an orgasm, barely withholding mine, almost surrendering to her claspng cunt.

When I withdrew my cum-coated prick from Mom's pussy, I jammed it into Jennifer's tight twat, as she knelt beside Mom in the same position. She barked and yelped while I held onto her ass, fucking her like an animal in heat.

After only a dozen strokes, she grunted and screamed, "I feel more full of cock than ever! I'm cumming again, Daddy!" Her walls snapped shut and pulsed as I fucked her through her orgasm. I increased my pace while her pussy continued to quiver and convulse.

Her continuous, squeezing glove convinced my cock to explode. Her contractions increased, feeling my prick jerk. I kept slamming until I began to soften and eased out, her pussy still convulsing with her orgasm. She moaned with pleasure, her ass wiggling in the air as if I were going to fuck her again.

Mom had already flopped onto her back, exhausted. I lay beside her, and in another instant, Jennifer plastered her body on top of mine, hugging me. She kissed me and croaked, "Thank you so much, Daddy. That was so much fun. I love you. No, I love both of you. You're the best parents ever."

She rested her head on my chest, the scent of her hair filling my nostrils. The combination of her hot body smothering me and the activity of the strenuous sex quickly put me to sleep. During the night, I noticed Jennifer had rolled off me. I turned to my side and saw her sandwiched between Mom and me. Even when sleeping, her smile made my heart flutter. She was a Daddy's girl, but there was no doubt I shared the same feelings.

The next morning, I awoke with my morning wood being worshipped by Mom and Jennifer. Mom was teaching her how to give one of her world-class blowjobs. They took turns licking, sucking, and teasing my prick until Jennifer engulfed my cock into her mouth and began fucking my pole. Mom instructed, "Be sure to

use your tongue and also gently scrape his shaft every once in a while with your teeth.”

On one upstroke, she brushed against my helmeted head with her teeth, causing me to gasp and jerk my hips. “Easy, sweetie,” Mom told her. “His head is very sensitive, so you can’t be as rough on it as his shaft.”

Jennifer acknowledged the best she could with her mouth filled full of cock. She sank too long once and gagged, released me, and gasped for air. Mom quickly rescued her daughter, explaining. “Wrap your hand around him so you can gauge how deep you can go. Once you’re used to it, lower your hand and take more of him in.”

Jennifer’s fingers gripped my cock as her mouth descended and bumped against the side of her hand before ascending to the top. While she bobbed up and down, she looked up, her eyes filled with love, looking at me adoringly. I ran my fingers through her silky hair, and my groaning increased as I neared my climax.

Mom recognized the signs and said, “He’s almost there, Jennifer. If you don’t want to swallow his cum, just use your hand and point his prick toward his stomach. Cradle his balls with your free hand and gently roll them until he explodes.”

Jennifer’s hand gripped harder around my shaft as she gently squeezed my jewels. She sucked harder, and before I could warn her, I grunted and shot out a load of cum. She kept her lips sealed around my piston and swallowed every dollop of semen spewing out my tip. She gently massaged my nuts as her mouth milked my cock, draining me completely.

Feeling me soften, she released my cock and whispered, “Thank you, Daddy. That was delicious. Did I do all right?”

I couldn’t help but grin with pleasure, and she mirrored it with a sparkle in her eyes. “Well done, sweetie, but with your mother teaching you, how could you not do well?”

That brought everyone to giggles as we disentangled ourselves, tidied up, and gathered in the kitchen for breakfast.

For the next week and a half, Jennifer spent every night with us, leaving us all exhausted. While Amy never stayed after our sexual liaisons, Jennifer always cuddled up afterward. Not surprising, given the romantic nature of her personality.

One afternoon, before Jennifer was due home from school, Mom and I slipped into our usual ritual of taking a break in our paradise garden. It had become almost a daily rhythm, a quiet pause in the day. Hummingbirds flitted busily among the blossoms, sipping nectar from the riot of blooms. This had become one of Mom's favorite moments: savoring her little slice of heaven.

She looked at me, her eyes twinkling. "You know what? We've never had a dedication ceremony for our garden. I think it's time."

"I think you're right. What do you have in mind?" I asked.

She shoved me down onto the outdoor sofa, unbuckled me, and yanked my pants down to my ankles. Using her hands and mouth, I was hard in no time. She straddled me, her skirt covering my body as she lowered her soaked pussy onto my cock. Did that woman ever wear panties? Not that I wanted her to.

She bounced up and down, groaning as if we were fucking for the first time. Her horny pussy gushed out torrents of juice as she climaxed in record time. Leaving my cock buried to the hilt, she leaned over and kissed me, then rested her head beside mine.

"Dave, I wanted to discuss something with you, but I was so nervous I had to relieve some of the pressure. I hope you don't think I'm using you," she admitted.

"You can use me anytime you want when it involves your pussy wrapped around my cock. Remember how we promised each other we'd never hold anything back? Lay it out for me."

“Your relationship with Jennifer worries me. When we shared our bedroom with Amy, the sex was different. I know you and Amy love each other and enjoyed your time together, but she always left right after she was finished. It was more of a sexual relief for her. With Jennifer, it’s different. The way she looks at you during those intimate moments, and the connection you share, speaks to something much deeper than passion. It’s a truly romantic and profound kind of love. One I recognize, because frankly, they’re the same signs that you and I share.”

My heart sank, thinking I’d hurt the one I love so much. “I’m so sorry, Mom. You’re my soulmate, and I won’t do anything to harm our relationship. I’ll tell her we can’t do it anymore. She’ll understand.”

“No,” Mom stated sharply. “That’s not what I meant. I’m not jealous of her, and I don’t want you to cease your intimacy with her. I know you love her deeply, and I love you even more for that. A mother couldn’t ask for more from her husband. I’m worried that she’s becoming too dependent on us. She hasn’t slept in her bed since we started. And did you notice how she always squeezes between you and me every night, leaving me on her side? Subconsciously, she’s trying to claim you by separating us. I know you told her she should take the summer off before starting college in the fall, but do you think that’s a good idea? She’ll be with us every night and will never seek another relationship.”

“You’re absolutely right, Mom,” I agreed. “If we don’t step in, she may never get the chance to experience love with someone her own age or build a life of her own. Let’s come up with a way to help her.”

We talked and devised a plan that we hoped would work. When we agreed on how to proceed, I bumped my hips up, reminding her my prick was still hard.

Mom grunted and said, “We never finished our dedication. How about flipping me onto my back and fuck your mother.”

Moving her into position, I began hammering her wet pussy, without even taking off her blouse. We locked our mouths together. She gripped my ass, pulled me into her, lifted her legs, and wrapped them around my lower back. She thrashed underneath me, and it wasn't long before I filled her cunt with my load of cum. Afterward, we rested together, enjoying the scents of the garden mixed with our sex.

That night in bed, I began by eating Jennifer into an orgasm, then gave her another with her riding me cowgirl style. I then switched to missionary, her favorite. She loved the fleshy contact of the position and the fact that she could stare into my eyes as I came. I managed to last through her first orgasm, my prick exploding during her second one. Feigning exhaustion, I rolled off her, and she quickly snuggled up to my back. Mom lay with her front facing Jennifer's back as she'd done in the past.

After several hours of sleep, I felt the bed shift as Mom rolled off the bed, walked to my side of the bed, and slid in beside me, her back nestling gently against my chest. I wrapped my arm around her and pulled her to me. Our plan was proceeding nicely, my fingers finding her nipples hard and pointed.

I played with her tits while licking her neck and ear. Her hand reached between her legs and gripped my hard cock, and pulled me into her wet pussy. As we'd done countless times before, we slowly and lovingly fucked. She pushed back into me while I slid in and out of her gripping gash. We reconnected, sharing the love we held for each other. After twenty minutes, our hips effortlessly rocked together, having done this dance countless times before.

When I was ready to blow, I felt Jennifer's petite hand cradle my balls, gently rolling them. With each pulse of my prick, she lightly squeezed as if helping me fill Mom full of cum. Mom's pussy convulsed and milked my prick, while I squeezed her heaving breast. When finished, I leaned closer and whispered, "I love you so much."

Jennifer snuggled up closer to me and wrapped her arm over both of us, hugging us tightly.

When the smells of coffee and bacon hit, I turned to see only Mom in bed. I kissed her awake and asked, “Looks like Jennifer is treating us to breakfast. Think she has something to say to us?”

She smiled and replied, “Let’s hope our plan worked.”

After our good morning greeting, Mom and I sat at the table while Jennifer served us. She sat opposite us, and her eyes looked a little red and puffy as if she’d been crying.

After a few moments, I broke the silence. “Thanks a lot for fixing breakfast, Jennifer. Is something bothering you?”

She met my eyes, hers filled with guilt and remorse. She replied, “Thanks, but I wanted to soften you up for a confession I need to make. When Mom had to switch positions last night to make love to you, I realized how selfish I’ve been. I feel terrible that I might be putting a strain on your relationship. That was never my intention, and I may have gotten carried away because I enjoy my time with you so much. Can you ever forgive me? How can I fix this?”

As planned, I allowed Mom to answer her daughter. She reached over and held Jennifer’s hand and said, “We love you, dear, and you needn’t worry about us. Our love is deep-rooted and can survive a horny daughter just fine.”

That drew a chuckle from Jennifer, her expression brightening.

Mom continued, “We’re worried that you’re not pursuing other relationships. Would you do us a favor and begin dating again, even if only one or two nights a week?”

Jennifer’s face lit up as she replied, “That sounds wonderful. How about I join you on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays? The other days you two can have to yourselves. And if I stay in on Tuesday or Thursday, I should be able to find someone to take me out on Saturday nights.”

Now that she had softened up, it was up to me. “Jennifer, I’ve been thinking about your future. I’d like you to reconsider taking the

summer off. If you enrolled in the summer quarter at the local college, you'd get a head start on your career, and it might also give you a chance to meet some great guys."

She turned her head in thought and answered, "That does sound good. I feel like I have a better direction now. Thanks so much."

Mom and I looked at each other, silently communicating, "Mission accomplished."

After that, Jennifer always made sure Mom received priority, and when we snuggled up to sleep, she always ensured I was sandwiched between them, never again separating Mom and me. They usually slept on their sides, their arms and legs draped across my body, their breasts smashed against my sides.

Celebrating Jennifer's graduation one Friday night, Amy and Steve joined us for a small party. Mom and the girls were busy in the kitchen preparing dinner, their laughter drifting through the house like music. Meanwhile, Steve and I settled into the living room, sipping bourbon and trading stories, the kind that only surface when the mood is just right. When dinner was ready, we were called to the table, where we feasted, toasted, and filled the evening with laughter, pride, and the quiet joy of a milestone shared.

After Amy and Steve left the next morning, Mom, Jennifer, and I spent the day together, savoring the quiet and preparing for Jennifer's upcoming move to her new studio apartment. We fired up the grill for a casual barbecue on the deck, the scent of charred vegetables and marinated chicken mingling with the summer air. Later, we wandered into the Paradise Garden, where the afternoon stretched out in golden light. As we lounged among the flowers, we talked through Jennifer's class schedule and smiled at the realization that she'd kept her childhood promise. She was truly following in our footsteps, pursuing a career in bookending, just like she always said she would.

After a light dinner, Mom proposed we shower before relaxing in the living room. Jennifer hopped up and pranced to her room while

Mom held onto my arm, keeping me on the couch. When Jennifer's door closed, Mom handed me a blue pill, winked, and seductively said, "I love you so much, and to show you my love, I'm giving you a special gift tonight. Take your shower and wait in bed for your surprise, and you better be hard and ready."

I jumped up, eager for what looked like to be a night of randy sex. After swallowing the pill, I showered and lay in bed, my prick already hard from thinking about my night. Ten minutes later, Jennifer stepped in and strolled to the bed, dropping her robe on her way. Crawling on top of me, pressing her nude body against mine, she croaked, "Mom's staying in my room tonight. She said this was her gift to me. I can't think of a better graduation present, can you, Daddy?"

I chuckled and replied, "She told me the same thing. It's no wonder we love her so much, always thinking of our happiness. It's your night, so we'll do whatever you want."

From the twinkle in her eyes, I knew exactly how she wanted to start. We fucked missionary style, giving her three orgasms. Switching to doggy style, I blasted off my first load on her second orgasm. We rested, fucked again, and changed positions until I came again. Every other time, she insisted on missionary, her favorite. I was exhausted by my fourth orgasm, and I'd lost count of how many she had, but when I fell on top of her, she hugged me tightly until I fell asleep.

During the night, she must have rolled us over so she was on top. I awoke in the morning, hearing the sound of a blind being pulled up, followed by the window opening. "Smells like a whorehouse in here," Mom said, giggling.

I looked up to see Mom standing by the bed, her radiant smile brightening my day as always. "Time to rise and shine, sleepy heads. I'm making a hearty breakfast. You'll need the strength as I have some ideas for my garden, and you two will be my gardeners."

Jennifer stirred and said, “Good morning, Mom. Thanks so much for the best graduation present ever!”

“You’re welcome, sweetie. Now, both of you take a shower and join me in the kitchen,” Mom ordered.

When Jennifer crawled out of bed, I said, “I’ll be there in a bit, sweetie. I can’t take a leak until my morning wood goes down.”

Hearing the tinkle of Jennifer relieving herself, I tried to get my mind off the previous night’s events to get soft. Mom leaned over, and I thought she might stroke me off fast, but instead, with a snap of her fingers, she flicked my bloated head.

“Oww!” I exclaimed, but noticed my problem had gone away, my prick softening.

Mom grinned and said, “Mommy knows how to take care of her baby. Now, you get in there and clean up your daughter. See you in a bit.”

After taking a leak, I joined Jennifer in the shower, and it wasn’t long before I had her pinned against the wall, her legs wrapped around me while I serviced her horny pussy. She writhed in ecstasy while she kissed me, keeping our eyes locked. My fingers dug into her ass, holding her tightly while I hammered her tight cunt.

She groaned and gasped as her clasping channel grasped my dick in her velvet vise. Her pussy gushed, the juices coating my prick and flowing out, dripping onto the floor. I kept on fucking her right through her climax until I flooded her cavern with a load of hot cum.

“You’re fucking me so good, Daddy. I love feeling your cum squirt into me,” she gasped.

After our shower, we dressed into our work clothes and joined Mom, who was practically glowing with excitement to share her plans. We spent the day toiling under the sun, our clothes growing grimmer by the hour, while Mom kept our spirits high with treats and a pitcher of iced tea during breaks. Lunch was a picnic in the garden,

and by late afternoon, we'd wrapped everything up just in time to head inside for showers and dinner. That evening, we gathered around the fire pit, the garden glowing softly around us, as Mom beamed with pride at the work we'd done.

Jennifer, still aglow from the previous night, said, "Mom, it was more than a gift to me last night. It was a wake-up call. I'm more determined than ever to find someone to share my nights with."

"Just remember that we're here for you, always," Mom said with a smile. "And as a bonus, I don't think your father will feel the need to read the riot act to your dates anymore. We trust you to make your own choices."

"One more thing," I added. "When you do become involved with someone, let us know, so we don't continue with our relationship. We won't tolerate cheating. Just because my father cheated and things worked out better than I could've ever imagined, it rarely works out that way."

Mom leaned over, kissed me on the cheek, and cooed, "I agree completely, and it was absolutely the best thing that ever happened in my life."

Jennifer found her love just two months later.

His name was Russ, a guy she'd gone on a couple of dates with back in high school. I figured Amy had already vetted him, so I didn't have to wonder whether he was good enough for my daughter.

It was a beautiful, sun-drenched day in August when Jennifer and Russ exchanged vows in our backyard. Mom and I had rented a few tables and chairs, along with some umbrellas to cast a little shade over the guests. It was a small, intimate gathering, much like Amy's had been.

I was so proud to walk Jennifer down to the podium. Her hand gripped mine so tightly that I half-expected to find finger-shaped bruises afterward. Russ's parents were there, along with Amy and

Steve, all of us gathered under the same sky, sharing in something quietly extraordinary.

Mom clutched a handkerchief as tears welled up, watching our daughter step into a new chapter of her life. After the ceremony and reception, the music began. Jennifer had requested slow songs only, so we rigged several speakers and played a playlist she'd painstakingly chosen.

Per tradition, she and Russ took the floor for the first dance. Russ, bless him, had two left feet, but Jennifer gently guided him through the steps. Even so, her expression was more restrained than I'd expected from a glowing newlywed. Maybe she was frustrated by his clumsy footing. Or perhaps it was something else, something harder to put into words.

For the next song, Jennifer extended her hand to me to join her, while Russ danced with his mother. Steve and Amy soon joined us, and for a few quiet minutes, we were all swept up in the simple joy of motion and connection. That left Mom and Russ's father alone, until Mom, ever gracious, offered him her hand with a smile and invited him to dance.

Jennifer and I swayed to the music, both of us knowing exactly how the other would move. We had danced so many times since her lessons for her sixteenth birthday, it was second nature to us. Our rhythm was effortless. Each step, each turn flowed seamlessly into the next. Our bodies responded instinctively, mirroring and complementing each other in perfect harmony.

Halfway through the song, she hugged me tightly, her head nestling against my shoulder. I felt her heartbeat through the space between us, her frame trembling just slightly as she let out the softest whimper of a cry. Then, with a voice barely above a breath and heavy with emotion, she whispered, "I love you so much, Daddy."

"We love you, too, baby," I replied. We turned just in time to catch Amy watching us, her arms wrapped around her husband as they moved in rhythm with the music. Her expression broke from the

joyful mood of the wedding, her eyes clouded with concern. Her raised eyebrows silently sent me a signal that she wanted to talk to me.

As the song faded, I kissed Jennifer gently on the cheek and let her go, then made my way toward Amy and asked her for a dance. She smiled in response and slipped into my arms with quiet grace. Her embrace was warm and not as intimate as Jennifer's, but close enough that she could lean in and whisper, "Dad. I'm pregnant."

My heart swelled instantly. "I'm so happy for you, sweetie. Does your mother know? She's going to be ecstatic." I knew she'd know I meant Mom and not her biological mother.

Amy shook her head slightly, her voice hushed. "No, she doesn't. And I don't want her to. At least not yet. Steve doesn't know either. You're the only one I've told."

I looked at her, surprised. "Why just me?"

"Because you're the only one I trust to keep it secret, Daddy. Today is Jennifer's day. I don't want anything to take away from that. Please, don't tell anyone."

"You know I won't," I said, holding her a little closer. "I'll always honor your wishes. Thank you for telling me. And I agree that it's right to wait."

After a few more quiet moments swaying together, Amy leaned in again and whispered, "Dad, I'm worried about Jennifer. I'd like you and Mom to keep an eye on her."

I stiffened slightly. "Why? What's going on? Is it something to do with Russ?" My voice betrayed a flicker of unease, bracing for what she might reveal.

"No, it's not Russ. I've looked into his background, and he seems fine. Spoiled, maybe, probably from growing up with wealthy parents." She hesitated, then added, "My concern is Jennifer. I don't think she's as happy as she seems. She's settling."

“Settling?” I echoed, caught off guard. “What do you mean?”

Amy sighed, her gaze drifting toward Jennifer across the dance floor. “I think she rushed into the marriage. Maybe it’ll turn out okay, but something about her feels off. I just wanted to give you a heads-up.”

“Thanks, sweetie. You practically raised her, and I know you two confide in each other more than you do us, so I’ll take your word for it and keep in touch with her,” I said.

As the song came to a close, I kissed Amy softly on the cheek before making my way to Mom. I offered my hand, and she rose with that familiar warmth in her eyes. I pulled her into a slow dance, and she wrapped her arms around me, holding tight. In that moment, surrounded by music, memory, and motion, everything felt right again. I was home, in the arms of the woman I loved more than anything.

A week later, Amy called Mom with the big news. Naturally, I put on my best ‘surprised’ performance, even though I already knew. I had already mentioned Amy’s concerns about Jennifer, so Mom began calling her every week to check in.

Russ and Jennifer joined us for Christmas Eve, since they were heading to his parents’ house the next day. The evening felt more obligatory than festive, especially with Russ holding court about all the extravagant destinations his parents had visited. Looking back, I have no idea how I missed what a blowhard he was when they were dating. Maybe Jennifer’s faint smile worked on him, but she didn’t fool me. My heart hurt seeing my girl unhappy.

The next day, Christmas, Amy and Steve joined us, and the mood shifted completely. The way Steve looked at her made it clear that he adored her. Their love wasn’t just visible; it was thriving. Amy set her sights on becoming an attorney, and Steve was pursuing a career as a financial consultant, or at least that was the plan, and I had no doubt it was Amy’s design.

Her baby bump had begun to show, and her face shimmered with quiet joy. They stayed the night, filling the house with warmth and laughter, then headed out the next morning, leaving Mom and me alone again in the gentle hush that followed.

Our business had grown, and Mom decided we needed to visit a lawyer to ensure we wouldn't have any problems in case anything happened to either of us. Although we acted as husband and wife, legally, we were mother and son, so we made our wills, which were identical, and signed POA forms for both of us. We also cashed in some investments and set up a family trust.

While others chased material luxuries, we found peace in simplicity. That was enough for us. Nearly a decade had passed since our last trip to Hawaii, so we decided to celebrate our upcoming twentieth anniversary with a return trip, just a few months after Amy's expected due date. This time, we splurged a little and booked the honeymoon suite at the same resort and secured business class seats. We wanted to honor our twenty years together with something truly special. Planning the trip became a joy in itself, especially while sitting together in our Paradise Garden, an oasis Mom had designed years ago, inspired by the previous, unforgettable Hawaiian escape.

A month before the baby was due, Mom started to get headaches more often and more intensely. She had it checked out, and they diagnosed it as a combination of getting older and the anticipation of Amy's upcoming birth, plus the emotional strain surrounding Jennifer's uncertain relationship. They prescribed Rizatriptan, which helped keep the pain at bay, but Mom's health deteriorated. Her strength had waned, and her appetite had quietly tapered off.

When Steve called to share the news that Amy was delivering, we made the three-hour drive without hesitation. After checking into a hotel, Mom took one of her pain pills and went straight to bed, exhaustion catching up with her. When I called Amy, I found out she was already home with her beautiful newborn daughter, Melina Grace, a name chosen to honor her grandmother, my mom and wife, Melissa. It carried the same quiet strength and timeless grace, a

fitting tribute to the woman whose legacy of love now lived on in the next generation.

We made arrangements to visit the next day, giving Amy and Mom a quiet night to rest. When we arrived, Mom was in good spirits, but I caught the look in Amy's eyes. It said everything. Mom had changed, and I kicked myself for not noticing the signs of her decline sooner.

After warm greetings and hugs, Mom took her granddaughter into her arms. The moment she cradled Melina, her face lit up with joy, her eyes sparkling with a vitality I hadn't seen in a long time. For a moment, it was as if the years melted away. Watching her come alive in that instant made the trip entirely worth it.

"She's so beautiful, just like her mother," Mom cooed, admiring the newborn.

Amy smiled, but her eyes locked onto mine, steady and purposeful, silently asking for a moment alone. There was something in her gaze that wouldn't let go. After several more minutes, Mom delicately handed Amy back her precious child.

When I glanced at Mom, her shoulders were taut, her eyes squeezed shut in a silent wince. Another headache was announcing its arrival.

Amy gently offered the master bedroom, urging her to lie down and rest. Mom took a pill without a word, and soon her breathing softened into sleep.

I went back to Amy, finding her face tight with concern. "Dad, what's going on with Mom?" she asked, her voice edged with worry.

"She's been getting these brutal headaches. The kind that makes her flinch even when she's trying to pretend she's fine. The doctor thinks they'll pass, but I'm not convinced. She's taking pills, but more often than not, they barely seem to touch it," I explained.

Exasperated, I sighed, inhaled deeply, and continued, “Food’s a problem too. She either can’t hold it down or doesn’t even try. I’ve been pushing anything she can tolerate, but it’s a losing game. And the worst part is how she carries it, like she’s trained herself to hurt quietly. No flinching, no asking, just a tight jaw and silence. I can see it’s wearing her down. And I don’t know what the hell I’m supposed to do about it.”

Amy tilted her head, that familiar signal she was piecing something together. Her expression shifted, focused, and no-nonsense. “Dad,” she said, her voice firm, “After a full night’s sleep at the hotel, come by here to see Melina, then return home. I want you to find a different doctor. Someone who specializes in neurology.”

Amy’s mind works like clockwork when something’s wrong, precise and purposeful. I’ve learned to trust it, especially when mine’s clouded by worry.

“Of course,” I said. “We’ll be here by nine, after checkout.”

The next day, after saying our goodbyes, and thirty minutes from home, I heard Mom gasp. I looked over just as her body went slack, her head tipping forward. My chest tightened. I reached for her wrist to check for a pulse. Faint. Present.

I turned off the road without thinking, heart thudding, and aimed for the best hospital in town. At the ER entrance, I barely remembered putting the car in park. I jumped out, ran to her side, and lifted her from the seat. She felt weightless in my arms, and that scared me more than anything.

Inside, a nurse was already coming with a gurney, calm in a way I couldn’t be. I explained what happened, stumbling over details I should’ve known how to say.

“We’ll take it from here,” she said, and at that moment, I felt both relieved and powerless.

I parked the car and walked back into the hospital, trying to steady my breathing. The adrenaline was tapering off, leaving a hollow

unease behind. I was supposed to protect her. And it felt like I'd failed.

The sounds of the nurses' hurried footsteps filled the ER corridor as I waited patiently for an answer. My heart pounded with helpless urgency, my thoughts looping through every sign I'd missed, every moment of Mom's slow unraveling leading to the collapse in the car.

Now she lay behind closed doors, unreachable, while I sat in a purgatory of not knowing. The bright hospital lights felt harsh, the distant beeping of monitors unsettling. I clung to the hope that it was something simple, treatable, anything but what my gut feared the most.

A man in scrubs, his expression calm but somber, walked up to me and asked, "Dave Riley?"

I nodded. His eyes reflected the pain he felt, knowing he would soon fill me with the same amount. He led me to a private office, closed the door, and gestured for me to sit. His eyes told the story, and I felt my stomach drop as I looked for a trash can in case I lost it.

"Dave," he began gently, "We've completed the MRI scan. Your mother has a glioblastoma, a highly aggressive brain tumor." His words felt foreign, like they belonged in someone else's life. "It's inoperable due to its location and advanced progression. At this stage, we're looking at a matter of days, maybe ten at most."

My breath caught. Bile surged. I lunged for the can and vomited up the remnants of my hotel breakfast.

The room seemed to tilt. I couldn't speak, only nod as the weight of those words settled on my chest like concrete. In less than two weeks, my mother, who has been my rock and so loved, might be gone. The doctor handed me a few wipes. I took them numbly, the room still spinning.

"Sorry about that," I uttered. "I just can't believe it. I should have insisted she come in sooner. I could have saved her if I hadn't ignored the symptoms. How can I ever forgive myself?"

Tears took over where my stomach left off. My body trembled, wracked with sobs that came too fast to stop. I heard the soft swoosh of the door, then felt a gentle touch on my shoulders. They gently squeezed, calming me. A nurse knelt beside me, her hands warm as she wiped away my tears, saying nothing but somehow saying enough.

Once I was steady enough to listen, the doctor spoke, his voice low, almost reluctant to break the moment. “Dave,” he said softly, “None of this is your fault. Glioblastoma is rare, and it’s aggressive. Her tumor had already advanced. Even if you’d come in earlier, it wouldn’t have changed the outcome.”

He paused, letting the silence settle. “The most important thing now is being with her. Make these last days count. That’s what matters.”

After that, I moved through the hospital in a kind of fog, half present, half somewhere else. They’d transferred Mom to a private room, and I stayed by her side. She was sedated, her breathing slow and shallow. She wouldn’t wake until the next day, when they’d let her return home.

An IV steadily pumped electrolytes into her, nudging her strength back bit by bit. They’d brought in a soft chair for me so I could sit beside her. I clasped her hand in mine, wishing I could draw the pain out of her and carry it instead. Minutes turned to hours, and I soon fell asleep, the top of my head resting against her side.

I’m not sure how much time had passed when a nurse gently shook me. “Mr. Riley, you should go home and get some sleep. She won’t be awake until tomorrow.”

“No,” I said, my voice low but firm. “I’m staying by her side. She’d do the same for me.”

The nurse placed a gentle hand on my shoulder. “I understand,” she said softly. “Is there any family you’d like to call?”

“Yes,” I replied. “My daughter, Amy. She should know. Is there a phone I can use?”

She returned with a portable handset and held it out. “What’s her number?”

I gave it to her, and after a moment, she placed the phone in my hand.

“Hello?” Amy answered.

“Amy...” I began, but the words faltered. Nothing more came out.

“Dad? What’s wrong? Where are you?” Her voice tightened with worry.

“It’s Mom, she...” I choked on the rest, and the dam broke. Tears poured freely. My hands trembled, and the phone slipped from my grip, clattering to the floor. My arm felt frozen, and I couldn’t move it.

Instead, I lowered my head to the bed beside Mom and wept. I felt the nurse quietly shuffle around me, pick up the handset, and slip from the room without a word.

At some point afterward, sleep pulled me under, emotionally drained.

I emerged from my fog to find arms gently wrapped around me. Amy leaned in close, her voice a whisper in my ear. “Dad, it’s time to go. Everything’s arranged. Mom’s going home.”

Her words settled over me like a warm, comforting blanket. “Hospice has already set up a bed in the living room where we’ll be able to care for her better. Jennifer’s waiting for us. Steve will take Mom, and I’ll drive you in your car. Everything here has been taken care of.”

I nodded slowly, not yet rising. My gaze drifted to Mom, still quiet, still with us. For now.

My eyes, blurred with tears, could hardly hold a steady image until Amy's smiling, supportive face came into view. Even through the haze, it lifted something in me.

Steve stood just behind her, quiet, his expression mirroring the ache in mine.

Mom's eyes met mine, and she smiled softly. "I'll see you at home, sweetie," she said. "I'm in good hands with Steve."

I leaned in, kissed her gently, and let that moment settle into me. Then, arm in arm with Amy, I walked out.

Once we were home, Amy assumed command, managing everything and everyone as though she'd rehearsed it.

Jennifer, familiar enough with the business, fielded the urgent matters along with calls, emails, and conversations with clients. When she explained our situation, they responded with compassion and agreed to work with her until I could return.

She also took on most of the cooking and household chores without hesitation.

Steve took on the role of gofer without complaint, running errands, picking up groceries, and helping wherever he was needed. He was also in charge of minding their baby when Amy wasn't feeding her.

Amy quickly learned from the hospice team how to manage Mom's pain medications and even arranged a prescription to help me sleep and ease my anxiety. She had a natural gift for taking charge. I couldn't have asked for a more capable or compassionate presence.

My responsibilities were simple. I ate, slept, and remained close to Mom. Jennifer and Steve took turns watching over her when I slept, though I kept that to a minimum. Every moment with her felt too precious to miss.

Mom and I spent those hours reliving old memories. We laughed when recounting the events of raising the kids, family vacations, and

all the ordinary days that now felt extraordinary.

What struck me most was how well she masked her pain. Beneath everything, she radiated the same love and joy she always had. It felt as if she wanted that to be her legacy. Not the suffering, not the decline, but rather the enduring presence of a mother whose kindness refused to fade, even at the end.

Ten days after being released from the hospital, on a quiet afternoon, Mom whispered, "It's such a beautiful day. Could you ask Steve to carry me to our Paradise Garden? I want to feel the breeze and smell our flowers."

Amy overheard and ordered her husband to fulfill her mother's wish. Once she was settled on the outdoor couch, Steve quietly stepped away, leaving us alone. She turned onto her side and said softly, "Lie with me, sweetie. Hold me."

We lay together in the garden, wrapped in each other's warmth, savoring the quiet closeness we'd shared countless times before. Gathering the last of her strength, she pulled me into a tender embrace and whispered, "I want to give you the most precious gift I have." She paused, drawing a deep breath. "Jennifer."

My throat tightened as I gently called out, "Jennifer, come here. Mom wants to talk to you."

Before Jennifer arrived, Mom whispered, "I love you so much. Kiss me, sweetheart."

When our lips touched, our eyes locked together. We silently communicated the deep love we shared, but after a few seconds, I saw the life drain from them as her body fell limp. She was gone. My heart broke as a hollow ache spread through my chest. I held her close, unable to let go, whispering her name through tears. The garden, once full of life and color, now seemed to be still, bearing witness to the quiet end of our love story.

I wanted to stay wrapped in her arms, clinging to the warmth that was already fading, but two sets of arms gently lifted me off the

couch. My daughters hugged me as we cried together. Amy stepped back, her voice calm but firm as she told Jennifer to give me two of my pills and help me into bed. Through tear-blurred vision, I watched as Amy carefully removed Mom's ring and earrings. Later, she would explain that jewelry often disappears during the final arrangements. But at that moment, I didn't care. The most precious part of my world had already been stolen from me.

I tossed and turned, sleep refusing to come as grief churned inside me. Then Jennifer quietly slipped into bed and wrapped her arms around me, holding me tightly. We wept in silence, tears soaking the pillow between us. Eventually, from the effect of the pills or the strength of my daughter's embrace, I finally drifted off.

I awakened the next day, refreshed, but still saddened. Jennifer had already left the room, and from the smells of cooking, I knew she was finishing preparing a hearty breakfast. On my way to the kitchen, I noticed all signs of the hospice equipment had already been cleared. In its place, only the grief remained.

After finishing the first real meal I'd had in days, Amy spoke gently. "Dad, Mom will be cremated, according to her wishes, and her ashes spread across the garden. They should be ready tomorrow; however, today, the lawyer would like to meet with you and me. Will you be strong enough to attend?"

"Yes," I replied softly. "I'll be fine. I hate to disrupt your lives any more than necessary. I can't thank you enough for all you've done. It's a testament to how beautifully your mother raised and loved you."

Tears welled up again. Jennifer stood, quietly helped me from my chair, and led me to the garden. She eased me into one of the recliners, her own tears mirroring mine. Then, without a word, she turned toward the house to fetch me a glass of iced tea.

The lawyer's meeting went as expected, as it wasn't that long ago that we'd made our wills. Everything was left to me except for the family trust, which had grown to four hundred thousand dollars.

Amy's eyebrows lifted when the lawyer explained she was named as the sole manager, with the authority to set her own fees for overseeing it.

On the drive home, she asked, "Dad, did you know about putting me in charge of the trust? Maybe we should've asked your lawyer whether we could transfer it to you."

"I knew," I replied. "Your mother and I discussed it and felt it was best for the family. You're the smartest person we know, and we trust you completely. While you're free to do anything you want with it, I'll share with you our intentions."

I paused, collecting my thoughts, unsure of how to phrase it without hurting her feelings. "Amy, we made you the trust manager because we know you and Steve will be financially secure on your own. You won't need the money, but future descendants of your mother and me might. At one point, we considered adding a clause that restricted support to descendants with an 'Unknown' father listed on the birth certificate. In the end, we decided against it. We felt you'd understand our intentions and carry them out with compassion."

Amy glanced over, her expression radiant. She reached across the console and gently touched my hand. "It's a beautiful idea, Dad," she said, her voice thick with feeling. "You and Mom have taught me how important trust and family are. I promise to abide by your wishes and your intent to protect what matters. I'll make sure the trust helps the ones who need it most. You won't ever have to worry."

She gave my hand a squeeze, then turned her gaze back to the road, blinking back tears that matched my own.

That night, Amy snuggled next to me in bed. Although only her thin nightie separated our bare flesh, it wasn't sexual; her only desire to comfort me.

The next day, we scattered Mom's ashes over the garden, and each of us gave a little story of interacting with her. We were all in tears by

the time we finished.

Early in the evening, I was feeling better when Steve joined me in the garden. I could tell something was bothering him, and I wondered if it was from his wife sleeping with me.

To answer his concerns, I said, “Steve, nothing happened between Amy and me. She just held me so I’d sleep better.”

He grimaced and replied, “I know, Dave. She told me. Actually, I encouraged her to join you in bed last night. She divulged your relationship with her before we were married. I completely understood and loved her even more, knowing that she was willing to share her greatest secrets with me. I’d hoped that with Melissa gone, you and your daughters could bond closer, so I convinced you to sleep with you and, if possible, make love with you.”

“Thanks, Steve,” I replied, inhaled deeply, and continued, “But Melissa and I had a strict rule not to engage in sex with our daughters when they’re in a relationship.”

“She told me that,” Steve replied. “But I thought an exception was warranted to help mend the family. I’m sorry if I overstepped my bounds, but my concern is not only for you, but for Amy. She loves you both deeply, and although she puts on a straight face, I know that she’s masking her sorrows.”

“It’ll take time,” I said softly. “I so love Amy with all my heart, and I have to be frank. If you ever cheat on her, I’ll cut off your balls and stuff them up your ass.” I grinned, and the mood brightened.

Steve chuckled and said, “Do you even know Amy? You’d never get the chance because she’d beat you to it. She’s a very take-charge kind of woman, and I love her for it.”

“That she is,” I agreed with a soft chuckle. After a brief pause, I shifted the subject. “Everything’s settled here, and there’s no reason for you two to keep hanging around. How about we spend one more night together before you and Amy head home in the morning?”

“Sounds great,” Steve replied. “I’ll let Amy know.”

That night, I felt the bed shake and wondered who it’d be. Her scent hit me before her bare breasts smashed against my back, snuggling up to me. She wrapped her arm around me, stroked my chest, lowering with each cycle.

I gripped her hand and said, “Hi, Amy. Please just snuggle with me. I don’t feel like doing anything else.”

“Of course, Dad,” she whispered. “You know I love you and will do anything to make you happy. Steve has given his approval.”

“I know, sweetie. Just holding me is enough, but I have noticed your breasts have grown larger,” I said, giggling.

She pulled me in tighter, her pointy nipples sinking into my back. “That’s one of the benefits of motherhood,” she whispered, returning my giggle.

With her comforting body melded to mine, I fell asleep.

The next morning, I didn’t feel her presence and rolled over, my arm brushing against the side of her breast. I opened my eyes to see her staring at me, smiling widely. “Good morning, Dad. Sleep okay?”

I slowly lowered my arm until it rested on her side and replied, “Like a log. I appreciate all you’ve done. Did Steve tell you about going home today? That is, after I hug my beautiful granddaughter for several minutes.”

“He did,” she replied. “Jennifer is fixing breakfast, so we should join them before Steve eats all the bacon.”

We chuckled, witnessing him devour more than his fair share on previous mornings.

“Amy, one more thing. I know you talk to Jennifer all the time, so could you let her know that I’d appreciate it if she wore some nightwear if she wants to snuggle up with me at night?”

“Of course, Daddy,” she said. She flipped the sheets off us and rolled out of bed, her back to me. As she rose, her bald pussy came into view, glistening with her juices. She took a few steps, turned, and asked, “Coming to breakfast, Dad?”

Her curvy, sexy body had its effect on me, my prick jerking until it was rock-hard. I couldn't remember the last time I'd had to jack myself off with Mom taking care of all my sexual needs. But here I was, conflicted with my self-imposed rule of not having sex with her or using my hand.

Seeing the pain on my face, she stepped forward, knelt onto the floor, and said, “Dammit, Dad. We can't wait forever. Give me five minutes.”

Her lips surrounded the flared tip of my cock before she lowered her mouth, engulfing my entire prick into her hot mouth. She sucked, licked, and fucked my prick like a pro. I ran my fingers through her fine, silky hair, caressing her scalp as she bobbed up and down, making me groan with delight. My thoughts of pulling her off disappeared with the amount of pleasure coursing through my body.

“Fuck, that's good, baby,” I croaked, causing her to intensify her attack. I wasn't going to last much longer, having no sex since that last night in the hotel. Mom insisted on making love, even though I knew she was in pain. She told me to spoon her from the rear and fuck her while we lay on our sides. Normally, she liked missionary style, but I'm sure she was afraid I'd see the pain in her eyes instead of the normal lustful love. I wondered if she knew that would be our final time together.

Suddenly, my cock erupted, streams of semen shooting down her throat. She swallowed everything, as she'd always done in the past. After cleaning my prick, she stood and smiled, allowing me to ogle her beautiful body.

“Please don't give Jennifer any ideas about what just happened,” I said.

“Some things have to remain between you and me, Daddy. This is one of those times,” she said, her sexy grin sealing our deal. She turned and left, calling over her shoulder, “Meet you in the kitchen.”

After Amy and her family left, Jennifer and I sat in the garden, relishing the quiet. The breeze stirred the trees just enough to fill the silence, the different scents of the flowers filling the air.

I turned to her and held her hand. “I think I’m probably strong enough to manage on my own now, sweetie,” I said, keeping my voice gentle. “Russ must be eager to have you return home.”

Jennifer glanced over with a soft smile, her hand squeezing mine, and replied, “He’s in England with his parents on a trip. I’ll stay a little longer, long enough to know you’re okay.”

“That’s too bad,” I said, sorrowful. “I hate to think your travel plans were ruined.”

“I wasn’t invited,” Jennifer said curtly, her face saddened.

I didn’t inquire any further, unsure of how strong or weak their relationship was.

Seeing my dismay, she offered solace, but answered, “It was something they’d planned before we were married. I didn’t ask if I could join as I had no interest in going.”

She changed topics after that, and we went inside where she had some questions about my business. After dealing with the outstanding issues, I once again took a back seat and spent a lot of time in the garden. My depression deepened, the pain of Mom’s loss too much to bear. Jennifer snuggled up to me each night, wearing nightwear, which helped, but from her fleeting glances, she knew I wasn’t getting any better.

This went on for another week, and I avoided time with Jennifer as she reminded me too much of Mom. Her personality, her looks, everything about her was a clone of her mother. It came to a head one night in bed. I quietly rolled out, without disturbing Jennifer,

and went to the kitchen to grab a glass and a bottle of my favorite bourbon.

Heading to the garden, I lit the fire pit and poured myself a healthy dose of spirits. While I continued to refill my glass and drink, my mind relived the memories of Mom and me enjoying the garden. I lay down, not because I was tired, but because the world was spinning and I was having a hard time focusing. After another long swig from the bottle, I dropped it and passed out.

The bright sun burned through my eyelids as my head throbbed with pain. Fingers were massaging my scalp, and then I realized my head was cradled in Jennifer's lap. "How long have you been here?" I groggily asked.

She answered, "For several hours. When I noticed you were gone, I saw the fire out here and knew where you'd be. I'm worried about you, Dad. I've never seen you this drunk before."

"I know, sweetie," I said. "I just miss her so much, and I've been wallowing in self-pity for so long, it was time to drown my sorrows in alcohol. It won't happen again. It hurts too damn much."

Her laughter, as contagious as her mother's, caused me to chuckle too. She helped me inside, where she fixed breakfast. The coffee and orange juice revived me enough to get past my hangover.

Chapter 6

I felt a little better after my drunk incident, but something inside me was still jammed, like my gears had rusted, unable to catch speed no matter how I tried. The following Friday, Jennifer handed me a small suitcase and said softly, but with quiet resolve, “Dad, I booked you a room at the Hilton for the weekend. I’ll drop you off and pick you up on Monday. You need time away from here. Walk the city, eat somewhere new. Do something that keeps your mind off of what’s happened.”

From the look on her face, I knew better than to argue. At the entrance, she handed me a keycard, room 1501. Near the top. I’d always liked high floors. With the small suitcase in hand, I stepped into the elevator, the soft hum rising with me floor by floor.

The room door lock turned green as I tapped it, the inner workings clicking. Swinging the door open, I smiled, seeing it was a suite, larger than I’d expected. One spacious front room gave way to a short hallway, which led to the large bedroom. I set my suitcase down and walked forward, letting my gaze land on the king-size bed. That brought a flicker of comfort. I’d always had a soft spot for big beds. Something about the space made it easier to breathe.

Suddenly, a familiar voice said, “What a beautiful view. The upgrade was well worth it.”

I turned, my pulse quickening. She stood by the window, wrapped in a hotel robe, her back to me, silhouetted against the skyline. The city stretched endlessly in every direction, shimmering in the sunlight, but I barely noticed it. My mind reeled, heart thudding, as recognition struck. “Julie?”

She turned, lips curling into a slow, knowing smile. The years had been kind to her. She looked radiant, effortlessly elegant, unchanged in all the ways that mattered. “It was a long flight,” she said, her

voice as smooth as ever. “I figured we’d rest a bit before heading out. Care to join me?”

My mouth was open, but no words were uttered. She untied her cottony belt and slid her robe off, revealing her magnificent, nude body. She was stunning, as always. Her breasts sagged a bit with age, but were still full, round, and begged to be played with. My gaze drifted lower, across her sunken stomach, landing on her brown trimmed bush. It was exactly the same as before, except for a few errant gray hairs mixed in.

It took a moment for the words to find me. When they finally did, they stumbled out, uneven and full of awe. “You’re just as beautiful as ever.”

That broadened her smile as she approached me and began unbuttoning my shirt. I kicked off my shoes and, with her help, I was soon unclothed. Her hand wrapped around my cock as her lips met mine. While we intimately kissed, I explored her body, my hands ending up filled with her breasts. She guided me to the bed, threw the covers to the side, and pulled me on top of her.

We resumed kissing as she spread her legs, lifted her hips, and guided my prick to her slit. She was soaked, and I easily slid to the bottom of her chasm. We hugged each other, staring into each other’s eyes while we slowly fucked, relishing the same intimacy we’d experienced when I’d impregnated her, twenty years earlier.

Her brown eyes, filled with lust, reminded me of Mom’s, but it wasn’t Mom; it was Julie. I’d loved Julie as a Mom, and it was as if she reminded me that life hadn’t ended when I lost Mom. I hadn’t unloaded since Amy sucked me dry more than a week earlier, so I knew I wouldn’t last long. It didn’t matter because Julie’s hips thrashed as her legs wrapped around me, pulling me into her deeper, her telltale sign she was close to release.

She was ready, and so was I. When I exploded, her pussy clamped on tightly as her body shook with her orgasm. There was no faking on her part. Her face displayed the euphoric pleasure of her climax.

When my cock softened, she kept her legs locked around me, her hands stroking my back. I kissed her, then rested my forehead gently beside hers. The tears came suddenly and unrelentingly as the dam inside me gave way. Everything I'd held back spilled out in quiet sobs.

Her body shook with mine as she cried with me. After our tears stopped, she lowered her legs. I rolled us so we were on our sides, facing each other. I whispered, "Thank you. I loved her so much, and you being here reminded me of the times we spent together. They were good times. Very special to all three of us. You were a Mom to me and still are. I feel like she's reaching out to me through you."

She smiled, gently kissed me, and replied, "I feel the same. Your mother would never want you to mourn her for the rest of your life. Her whole purpose in life was to make you happy. Show her that she didn't fail. Live life to its fullest and don't dwell on the negative."

Her hand stroked my prick while we talked, and when it was hard again, she positioned herself for a doggy fuck, one of her favorite positions. I knelt behind her and shoved my cock between her swollen labia, sinking into her clasp cunt. She grunted and groaned as I pummeled her pussy. My fingers sank into her ass as I yanked her back into my groin with each thrust. Ten minutes later, my prick succumbed to her pulsing, squeezing pussy, and our orgasms synced perfectly.

We rested, dressed, and dined in the restaurant. We had many years to catch up on, our conversation lasting through dessert and several glasses of wine. When we made it to our room, my prick was already half-hard, thinking of spending the night with my other beautiful mom. She went into the bathroom first while I stripped my clothes off.

Hearing the shower start, she called out, "Dave, come join me."

I walked into the steamy room and stopped abruptly, seeing her standing in the stall, wearing the blue bra and panties. Her breasts were larger than before, spilling out of the sides of her bra. The water

had drenched her undies, causing them to stick to her skin. It was a memory from the past that made my prick bob with excitement.

I stepped in, kissed her, and asked, “You kept them after all these years?”

“Yes,” she murmured. “I still remember that day I crashed on the bike. I didn’t want to ever forget that fateful event, so I haven’t worn them since the last time we showered together. Can you help me relive that moment?”

While we kissed, I removed her bra first and then slid her panties off, both getting soaked on the floor. She lifted one leg as before as I pushed her against the wall, stabbing my prick into her horny hole. It brought back more pleasant memories as I concentrated more on the woman squirming against me than on the loss of my mother.

After depositing my load into her, we rinsed off and retired to the bed. We made love several times that night as we reminisced about the times we’d spent with Mom. The next morning, we filled our plates at the buffet with pancakes, eggs, and fruit. Everything hearty enough to fuel the day ahead. Julie had already mapped out a full itinerary, and we spent the afternoon crisscrossing the city by Uber, revisiting gardens and landmarks we had explored in the past. Each stop stirred a memory, folded gently into laughter, and shared looks that said, ‘I remember too.’

That evening, we sat tucked into a booth at the hotel bar, the gentle clatter of glasses and quiet chatter settling around us. After dinner, I recounted Jennifer and Amy’s paths, their personalities, and the stories that had shaped them. She listened with real interest, asking thoughtful questions and lighting up at each detail. It felt good to share, and even better to see how much she cared. While her brows rose when I described our intimate relationship with them, she didn’t say anything negative about it, understanding we did it out of love.

After I finished, I asked her to tell me about our child. It turns out that Dad was a far better father to her daughter than he was to me. I

guess he learned from his mistakes and rectified them.

“Do you think you’ll ever tell her that I’m her father?” I asked.

After a pregnant pause, she replied, “I wrote a letter to her explaining everything and placed it in my will to read after my death. She’s very level-headed and will hopefully understand. Frank has been a wonderful father to her, so I’m sure it won’t affect her. I love your father, but I also have strong feelings for you. I do have one regret, though.”

“What’s that?” I asked, hopeful it wasn’t about our relationship.

“I wish we could’ve remained here for another year so you could’ve given me another baby, but I knew it was too dangerous. Living close to your mother and you, I wouldn’t have been able to stop, and either the guilt or being caught would do irreparable harm. But I cherish the daughter you gifted me. I know I haven’t corresponded with you since we moved, but I needed to distance myself so I could concentrate on my marriage.”

“I understand, and I’m really glad everything worked out for you,” I said, sincerely. The next day, we spent our time walking through the downtown shops and dining out for lunch and dinner. That night, we made love several more times, each time mending more of my broken heart.

Monday morning, we ate early and returned to the room by eight. She had to leave for the airport at eleven, so I called Jennifer to pick me up a little before that. We decided to make love missionary style, enjoying intimacy to its fullest. After our first bout, we talked about where we’d traveled, and when I mentioned that Mom and I had visited Hawaii every ten years, I remembered the trip I’d scheduled in another month.

When I mentioned out loud that I’d have to cancel it, she stressed, “Please don’t. If you don’t go, you can always give it to one of your children as a gift.”

“You’re right,” I agreed. “It could become a tradition to hand down to them. Thanks.”

We caressed and stroked each other’s bodies, finally ending up joined together again, slowly making love. Every tenth stroke or so, I’d pause and leave my cock buried in her claspig cunt, relishing the feel of her velvety walls. I feared it would be the last time we’d make love and wanted to savor the feeling. Her eyes verified my assumption, but she made sure we’d remember it forever.

When we neared our climax, I fucked her with wild abandon. She gave it her all, bouncing her hips up to meet my thrusts, her ankles locked into my back, pulling me in deep each time. We locked our mouths together as our bodies climaxed together. It was an act of love that I’d shared with Mom so many times, and it felt just as good with my other Mom.

When finished, we lay melded together, gasping for air. We kissed, our eyes conveying our love, and seeing we were running out of time, we dressed and made our way to the lobby. As soon as we stepped out of the elevator, Jennifer jumped into my arms, hugging me tighter than I’d felt in a long time. She could see the joy in my face and said, “Daddy, you look so much better. Did you have a good weekend?”

“Definitely,” I replied, a big smile plastered on my face. “Thanks to you and Julie, I feel like my old self.”

She hugged Julie as hard as she did me and said, “Thank you so much, Julie. I can’t believe how much you changed, Dad.”

Julie smiled, kissed my daughter on the cheek, and said, “Take care of your father, dear. He’s in good hands now. Keep in contact.”

Things improved dramatically after that. I dove into work, catching up on everything that had fallen behind. Progress came quickly with Jennifer’s help. One evening, while sitting with her in the garden, I asked, “How did you find out about Julie, and why did you contact her?”

“Amy, Mom, and I had a quiet talk one night while the rest of the family was asleep,” Jennifer began. “Mom gave us Julie’s contact information and made us promise that if you started slipping after she passed, we’d reach out to Julie. After Amy left, it felt like the walls were closing in, and I knew I had to follow through. I called Julie, told her about Mom’s passing, and the extent of your depressed state. She booked her flight right away and arranged the weekend at the Hilton.”

“I don’t know what she did with you,” Jennifer said, a soft smile playing at her lips, “But you’re not the same man you were before she arrived. Now spill it, Dad. I want to hear everything about her. No skipping the good parts.”

For the next hour, I did exactly that. She sat riveted to my tale, eyes wide, hooked on every twist and turn of my story about Julie. About us. She giggled at the part about the bike accident, nudging me for details like a kid hearing her favorite chapter again. And when I finally finished, she leaned in, wrapped her arms around me, and whispered, “Thanks, Dad. That explains a lot.”

She leaned back, a look of revelation crossing her face as she asked, “So, you had two mothers, impregnated both of them around the same time? What’s my sister’s name?”

I thought back to the weekend and replied, “I have no idea. She never told me, probably a little guarded under the circumstances.”

She let it go, but the furrow in her brow told me she hadn’t put it to rest. Not even close.

We fell back into a comfortable routine, and I thoroughly enjoyed spending time with my beautiful daughter. Unfortunately, all good things must come to an end. My heart sank when she informed me that she had to return home the next day. In a way, it was probably for the best.

Other than my time with Amy that last morning, I rarely got a hard-on, but since my time with Julie, my libido had been awakened

with a vengeance. Jennifer's thinly covered body next to mine each night made sleeping difficult. The worst part was knowing that Jennifer would've given herself freely, but knowing her relationship with Russ was tenuous at best, I didn't want to shove her away from him.

Late in the morning, she gently took my arm, led me to her car, and pulled me close. "Take care, Dad," she said, her voice thick with feeling. "If you need anything, I'm just a call away."

She faced me, her beautiful brown eyes filling me with love. It was like looking at her mother, and when she swiped her tongue across her lips, I couldn't help but kiss her. Her hands held the back of my head, ensuring I didn't release her. After a long minute of connecting, her tongue darted through our lips. We French kissed as she hugged me tighter, her breasts smashed into my chest. Her hands lowered to my ass and pulled my groin into hers, my hard prick sinking into her stomach.

When she finally pulled back, her breathing short and rapid, she murmured, "I love you so much, Daddy."

"I know, sweetie. I love you, too. Drive safe and call me when you get there," I said, reluctantly releasing her. I stood outside until her car disappeared from view. It suddenly dawned on me that she hadn't taken a suitcase. Curious, I checked her room and found it still tucked away in the closet, along with the clothes she'd worn during her stay. A slow smile spread across my face. Maybe it was her way of saying she planned to come back more often.

After catching up on work for a few hours, I headed to the garden, where I always turned to when seeking answers. I sank into the outdoor recliner nearest the roses and breathed in their soothing scent. As I sat in the quiet, my thoughts drifted to the road ahead, and it felt heavy with emptiness. Cancer had already stolen one love, and now the other had returned to her own life. Loneliness had settled in, silent and unshakable.

Falling asleep without the comfort of a woman beside me was its own kind of ache. I missed the heat of a woman's body, her breath warm against my neck, and the casual intimacy of a leg or arm draped across me. I never understood how people could enjoy sleeping alone, but now, I'd have to learn. Even harder were the silent meals, stretching throughout the day. The absence of conversation, those small exchanges that lit up a morning or lingered over coffee, only worsened my mood. Now, the only voices were the distant chirping of birds, a quiet reminder of how much had changed.

To fill the silence, I called Amy every morning to catch up on my granddaughter's latest antics. Our conversations were always lighthearted, filled with laughter over the everyday chaos of caring for a baby. One morning, she exclaimed, "How much can one little girl shit and piss? Jesus!" Her laughter grew even louder when I reminded her that she'd been just as prolific in her own baby days.

In the afternoons, Jennifer would ring, her voice a welcome rhythm to my day. Every few nights, she'd call again, often after dinner, and we'd talk for hours. It reminded me of being a teenager, constantly trying to spend as much time as I could with her. I often wondered what Russ made of all the time she spent with me. I never brought up her marriage, steering our conversations toward safer ground. She never mentioned it, and I didn't ask.

Ten days later, Jennifer didn't call either in the afternoon or evening. More than once, I reached for the phone, tempted to dial her number. But each time, I paused, wondering if she was focused on her own life, gently creating space between us. Maybe she was weaning me off, giving me the chance to stand on my own again.

And maybe that was necessary. I had grown too dependent on her presence, leaning on our conversations like crutches. It felt selfish, somehow. This hunger for connection, this need to fill the silence. So I let it be, convincing myself it was for the best. Even if it meant the days would feel hollow.

I stayed up past midnight, mindlessly watching a documentary with the phone by my side, hoping, no, wishing, it'd ring. Finally sliding into bed at one in the morning, sleep refused to come. I shifted, turned, and then curled onto my side. A tear traced down my cheek as the thought settled in. I might be losing my daughter.

I was too absorbed in self-pity to notice the sound of her steps. Her scent identified her immediately, then her arm slipped around my shoulders, pulling me into her quiet embrace. I inhaled shakily. Her fingertips grazed my neck, then moved gently across my cheeks, as if tracing away the tears she couldn't bear to see.

"Dad?" she whispered, her voice brushing against me like a memory. "What's wrong? Why are you crying?"

I took a slow, trembling breath and guided her hand to my chest, holding it there as if I could tether us both with the gesture. "When you didn't call today, I thought you'd gone on with your life," I murmured. "Losing another person I love so much was a little bit much to bear."

I felt clarity begin to surface, fragile but steady. "Why are you here, Jennifer?" I asked softly.

"Shh, Dad," she whispered. "Sleep tonight and I'll explain tomorrow." She curled in close, the warmth of her presence anchoring me. Within minutes, sleep took me, gentle and complete.

The next morning, Friday, she'd already left our bed, but when I looked at the clock, I realized I'd slept until nine, way later than normal. I chalked it up to the sound sleep I received from being with Jennifer.

I threw on my sweats and headed to the kitchen to find Jennifer busily fixing breakfast. She wore a short skirt, showcasing her long, shapely legs, accented with a thin blouse that didn't conceal her blue bra underneath. Had she bought one after I told her about Julie's undies in the shower? I smiled, hopeful that that was the case.

She greeted me with a kiss on the cheek and pointed to a chair to sit while she finished. After serving our plates, she joined me at the table, settling in with a smile. “How’d you sleep, Dad? I don’t know about you, but that was the best night I’ve had in a long time. As a matter of fact, since the last time I was here.”

“Same here. I’ve been restless lately. It’s not easy sleeping by someone for decades and then coping with an empty, cold bed. It’s missing the quiet presence of someone who loves you. That’s the part that doesn’t fade easily.”

I watched her as she ate, the curve of her cheek catching the light just so. Then it struck me. Her hair was styled exactly like Mom’s had been. Not just similar. Exactly. I wasn’t sure if this was new or if I’d simply refused to see it until now. Her mannerisms, the way she tilted her head when listening, and even her quiet grace. They mirrored Mom so vividly that it chilled me to the bone. A rush of love surged through me, fierce and uninvited, as if time had folded in on itself and brought her back, if only for a moment.

She caught my gaze and tilted her head, amused. “What’s wrong, Daddy? You’re looking at me funny.”

I blinked, caught off guard, and felt my face flush with warmth. The comparison had crept up on me, uninvited. She looked so much like Mom that it rattled me.

“I’m sorry, sweetheart,” I said, my voice quieter now. “You’re absolutely stunning. I can’t help but stare sometimes. You’ve grown into such a beautiful young woman. Your mother would’ve been proud. So proud.”

Her smile, soft and radiant, wrapped around me like a warm breeze. In her eyes, something familiar glimmered, and it calmed the ache in my chest. I promised myself I’d make the most of this visit, if only she’d stay a little longer this time.

After we finished eating, she helped me catch up with the business before we took a break in the living room. I noticed several boxes

stacked by the front door and asked, “Are those yours?”

“Yeah, I’m not sure where I’m moving yet. We’ll talk about it tonight. Right now, I want to plan our afternoon. First, you’ll take me to one of those gardens you and Julie went to, then a light lunch, and after that, I want to see the other sights you two visited and finish the day with dining at the restaurant you took her to.”

“That sounds like a plan,” I said, eager to spend time with her. The boxes concerned me. How long was she going to stay before moving? Also, why and where is she moving to? Why isn’t Russ here with her?

“I’ll change into some walking clothes and shoes and meet you back here. Are you ready to go?” I asked.

“Yep,” she gleefully shrieked, raising her legs and spreading them apart. Her skirt rose, exposing her thin, blue panties, her brown bush visible underneath. A few pussy hairs escaped from the sides, reminding me of how Mom used to trim hers. It drove me absolutely nuts, and this was no exception.

“See, I have on my running shoes,” she emphasized, wiggling her sneakers, before placing them back on the floor.

When my gaze drifted upward, I was met with a mischievous smirk. When did my daughter become such a cockteaser? I forced a smile, not wanting to appear too lecherous, and quickly escaped to my room and changed. After throwing on my pants, I bent and positioned my hard cock so it wouldn’t be obvious.

Her high spirits throughout the day made everything feel lighter. As we strolled through the gardens, she slipped her arm through mine, gently brushing against me, laughing easily, and leaning close. Her playful, flirtatious energy felt both familiar and new, as if something had shifted in her. It made me question the meaning behind the packed boxes waiting at the house. She hadn’t said a word about where she was going, but her warmth and joy suggested a change in course. It was a quiet signal that maybe, just maybe, her

path was bending back toward home, toward me. I hoped that was the case.

We had an early dinner at the Hilton, chosen because of its small but charming dance floor. After a delicious meal, we took to the floor and swayed to the gentle rhythm of the music, just as we had so many times before. She held me close, her arms wrapped tightly around me, her head resting on my neck. The familiar scent of her hair stirred memories that felt both distant and vivid. At that moment, it was as if time hadn't touched her. After the final song, she pulled back slightly and kissed me, slow, tender, and full of meaning, sealing a day that felt like a quiet rediscovery.

When we arrived home and I mentioned the packed boxes, she said, "I'll make us a few drinks and meet you in the garden. I'll explain everything there."

Ten minutes later, she returned with a snifter of double bourbon for me and a glass of her favorite white wine for her. We lingered in the warmth of the day's memories, rehashing the laughs and lightness, until her tone shifted.

"Dad, there's no easy way to say this," she began, "But Russ and I aren't together anymore."

I didn't pretend to be surprised. I'd sensed the drift. "Divorce or separation?"

"Neither. Annulment," she said plainly, her expression betraying none of the sadness I'd expected.

I blinked. "Annulment? How does that even work? What grounds?"

She sighed. "His parents initiated it. They claimed I married under false pretenses. Before we married, we agreed to start a family right away, but later on, I changed my mind. When his parents found out, they pushed for annulment."

“Did you just need more time?” I asked gently, “Or was there something else behind your decision?”

“I didn’t need more time,” she said firmly. “A few months into the marriage, his mother paid me a visit. She laid out the rules on how their family operates. Not gently, either. According to her, my role was to accompany Russ to social functions, bear his children, and turn a blind eye to his affairs. In exchange, I’d get to enjoy their wealth and status. She told me every woman in their family knows her place, including herself, and that if I wanted in, I’d better not argue.”

I sat back, stunned. “That’s revolting. So much for decency. Did you talk to Russ about it? What did he say?”

“He said he probably wouldn’t have an affair,” she replied, “But might have to, if his parents thought it best to appease their wealthy friends.”

“I’m so sorry, Jennifer,” I said softly, pulling her close and wrapping her in a consoling hug. “That’s not how healthy relationships work.”

“When I told him I wanted no part of that arrangement, he became angry, said we were finished. He turned cruel, claimed he’d never loved me and that he knew I didn’t love him either,” she added, her expression curiously unbroken.

She pulled back then, took my hand in hers, and gave it a quiet squeeze.

“Honestly? It was a relief. He was right. I didn’t love him. I never did,” she admitted, sighing. “I married him, hoping it might grow into something like what you and Mom had. Amy warned me it was a mistake, and maybe she was right. It’s one of the few times I didn’t follow her advice. When you and Mom started worrying I’d spend my life alone in the house, I thought that maybe it was time. Time to give you both space to enjoy your lives together.”

“We wanted you to find love,” I said softly. “But never at the cost of settling. We would’ve never asked you to marry someone you didn’t truly care for.”

“I tried to fake it,” she admitted. “But I wasn’t convincing. Russ always said my heart belonged to someone else, that I was never truly with him, even in bed.” Her voice didn’t break, but the truth in it weighed heavily. “We were already split apart before I came home for Mom’s passing. I haven’t seen him since. He went off to Europe with his parents to give me space, time to finalize everything, and move out.”

She paused, then added with quiet scorn, “And he took all our savings. Just six thousand dollars. But still, can you imagine that? A family worth millions took every last cent. It didn’t matter, though. It was a small price to pay to be free of them.”

My thoughts drifted back to the day of their wedding vows, hearing Amy’s quiet warning echoing in my mind. She’d told me she was worried, said Jennifer was settling. I brushed it off at the time, too focused on the excitement and hopefulness of the moment. Still, guilt lingered. I hadn’t sat down with Jennifer and really talked it through. Maybe I should’ve asked more questions. Paid closer attention. Been a little more involved before things were set in motion.

“I let you down, sweetie,” I said gently, the words catching in my chest. “I should’ve listened more carefully when you first told us about your plans. I should’ve asked the hard questions, been more attentive, and more understanding. Maybe if I’d talked to his parents beforehand, I could’ve seen the signs and warned you.”

She squeezed my hand gently and shook her head. “No, Dad. Even if you’d warned me, I wouldn’t have listened. I had to go through it myself. And the truth is that he was right. My heart was never his and never could be. It already belonged somewhere else, and nothing he did was ever going to change that.”

Her voice stayed steady, but something inside it faltered, just slightly. “I was living a lie. Every time we were intimate, I just

wanted it to be over. I stopped pretending. I didn't even fake my orgasms any longer, just waited for him to finish so I could be alone again. It was a terrible mistake. But, it's behind me now."

"That's a shame, sweetheart. So, you withdrew from college?" I asked gently. "Are the boxes of your clothes meant to mean you're planning to move? Starting fresh somewhere new?"

I reached out, hoping to ease her next steps. "Let me help you get on your feet, whether it's settling into a new place, going back to school, or finding a job. Whatever path you take, you won't be figuring it out alone."

"I've narrowed it down to two places," she said thoughtfully. "I'll make my decision after tonight." Her gaze drifted to the house, and a quiet tension settled into her expression, hopeful but uncertain. "If you don't mind, I'd like to turn in early, clear my head a bit."

She hesitated, then added, almost shyly, "Would you mind showering now? I'll join you in a little while."

As the hot water coursed over me, I let it wash away the weight of the day, but not the thoughts that clung quietly beneath the surface. What would tomorrow look like? Where would Jennifer go, and how far from me would she be?

I hadn't realized how hollow the house had felt until the day I'd spent with her. With her beside me, everything seemed to breathe again. I'd felt more alive than I had in ages. Still drying off, I stepped out of the bathroom and moved toward the dresser, the usual routine grounding me as I reached for fresh clothes.

I stopped short, seeing Jennifer blocking my way, dressed in the short, blue nightie Mom had worn on our first night of committing to each other. I stood breathless, my cock quickly rising to attention as my gaze drank in her beauty. She was nude underneath the thin lingerie, her puffy, brown nipples poking out the material. My eyes ventured lower, landing on her brown bush, barely hidden.

Before I could say anything, she gripped my sides, her fingers sinking into my sides. “Daddy, remember when I told you Russ knew my heart belonged to someone else? I couldn’t deny it because I know it’s filled with the love I feel for you. I love only you and have forever. I don’t want anyone else, but you.”

My chest tightened in that quiet, breathtaking way you feel right before crying or laughing; my throat dried, like I’d swallowed every word I’d ever wanted to say but couldn’t find. My mind raced as to why I shouldn’t declare my undying love for her. Would Mom think my love for her had diminished? Would she approve of me denying our daughter a future with someone closer to her age? I looked at her, stunned and overwhelmed, and suddenly the world narrowed down to the love between us. I murmured, “But...”

She interrupted me, “Dad, one of the last things Mom said to me was, ‘Jennifer, while I didn’t include you in my will, I’m giving you the most precious gift I have—my husband, your father.’”

Tears flowed down my cheeks, remembering Mom’s words. It was all clear now, as if Mom was reaching out and taking care of me, as she’d done all her life. Barely above a whisper, I said, “One of the last things she said to me was, ‘I’m giving you the most precious gift I have.’ Then she said, ‘Jennifer.’ I thought she was calling for you, but she wasn’t. She was giving her blessing for our future.”

I cupped her face gently, my heart pounding. “I love you, Jennifer,” I said, my voice thick with emotion. “You’ve always been the one. Other than your mother, no one else has ever made me feel like you do. You have all of me, my heart, my soul, everything.” I brushed a strand of hair from her face and noticed the glint of Mom’s infinity earrings catching the light. My smile widened. “Amy?”

She nodded. “I stopped by her house on the way home. And we discussed my plans. She told me to wear them on my wedding night.”

Her meaning hit me like a bolt. The radiant smile on her face and the sparkle in her wide eyes left no doubt as to her intentions. I couldn’t have been more overjoyed.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw her slip something from her pinky and gently place it in my hand. I looked down to see Mom's wedding band. Another tear slid down my cheek as its weight settled into my palm.

I took her left hand, steady and trembling, and slid the ring onto her finger. Looking into her eyes, I said, "Jennifer, will you take me as your husband? I promise to love you for the rest of your life and treat you with the same devotion I had for your mother."

She wrapped her arms around me in a bear hug tighter than any I'd ever received, her lips trailing joyful kisses across my face. "Yes! Yes! And yes!" she exclaimed, breathless. "Of course I do. I love you so much!"

We kissed as lovers, our mouths and tongues dancing together as our relationship had elevated to a higher plane. We were lovers, soulmates, and partners for life. While our mouths were joined together, I slipped her straps off her shoulders, unveiling my beautiful daughter.

I was determined to make her wedding night unforgettable, wanting her to feel cherished, desired, and loved beyond words, to know in every kiss and touch that this night was only the beginning of a lifetime of devotion. She wouldn't be faking her orgasms any longer, and I made a promise to myself to give her as many as I could on her wedding night.

I kissed my way down to her breasts, licking and sucking her mounds of flesh before wrapping my lips around one of her hardened nipples. Her hands grasped the back of my head and held me close as I sucked and nibbled on her tip, while my hand squeezed and played with her other breast. She moaned with delight when I switched to the other nipple, giving it just as much attention as the first one.

Not only were her physical features like Mom's, but her erogenous zones were also similar. From decades of practice, I knew exactly what buttons to push to excite her. Her chest heaved as she tried to push more of her tit flesh into my hands and mouth.

“Oh, Daddy. You always know how to suck my tits so well. I’ve missed your touch so much,” she murmured.

My free hand ran down her smooth body until I cupped her hairy mound. She groaned loudly when I squeezed her soft, meaty mons and then slid three fingers into her soaked slot. She gasped for air as I sucked her tit and dug into her slot with my fingers. Her body began to shudder and shake, signs of her impending climax. I clamped onto her nipple with my lips and pulled outward while jabbing my fingers in and out of her cunt.

“I’m cumming, Daddy!” she moaned, her body tensing and flooding my hand with her juices. Her sweet nectar ran down the insides of her thighs as I continued to finger fuck her. When her pussy ceased contracting, I hugged her and kissed her gently.

Guiding her to the bed, I shoved her down, causing her to gleefully shriek. She spread her legs, her face crying with lust, but I wasn’t about to let her off that easily. I knelt and gripped each labia with my fingers and spread her open, exposing her pink, juicy interior. I kissed her open pussy and lapped up her nectar, licking up and down her outer lips. She began moaning again, and then groaned when I jammed my tongue into her insides and swirled it around her pink folds.

Her hips bumped and twisted until I clasped her ass cheeks with my hands and brought her into my face. Her sunken stomach quivered with excitement, her head thrown back with her mouth wide open as I feasted on her sweet pussy. My tongue dove in, and after another five minutes, she came again, her fluids gushing out as I slurped her clean.

As she recovered, I caressed her firm, soft upper thighs, kissing and licking them. “Your legs drive me crazy, baby,” I whispered, savoring her succulent flesh. My prick bobbed, remembering I’d said the same thing to Mom. I was thankful Jennifer had inherited her shapely legs.

When she calmed enough, I began licking her labia again. She protested, Daddy, I don't know if I can take any more. I want to feel your cock buried in my pussy."

"Patience, sweetie, I haven't sucked on your clit, yet," I said.

"Oh. Oh, fuck," she groaned, knowing what was in store for her.

It took another ten minutes to elevate her excitement level to where I wanted it. When her legs began to tense, I ran my tongue up her slit and brushed it across her pearly bud, which was engorged and peeking out of its protective sheath. Her body jerked, and when I latched onto it with my lips, her orgasm hit her as I milked her sensitive clit. Her body stiffened as her pussy convulsed and spewed out more juice.

"Oh, damn, that feels good. Put it in now, Daddy. I want to feel you. Please!" she begged.

I moved upward, capturing the backs of her legs with my arms. When her knees were beside her breasts, I plunged my cock into her tight, soaked slot. She squealed like a pig getting butchered as she felt my ram spread her walls, while descending to the bottom. My hands grabbed her breasts and held on as I flexed my hips and thrust until my balls slapped against her ass. Her eyes rolled to the top of her head as she panted and gasped for air.

She came after half a dozen strokes, her fleshy sleeve wrapping around my cock and squeezing, attempting to coax a climax out of me. I wasn't quite ready, knowing exactly how she'd want me to finish in her. While her pussy continued to convulse, I fucked her even faster.

Her grunting was only interrupted by incoherent chanting as her core was going into overload. Releasing her legs, she wrapped them around my back as I lowered myself onto her sweaty, hot body. Her breasts squashed against me as she hugged me tightly. When our mouths met, her eyes flew open, filled with lust and love. Mom and her always loved it when I shot my load into them while kissing them

and locking our eyes together. It was the ultimate way to communicate our love, and that's just what I did.

I pummeled her for fifteen glorious minutes before my cock exploded, spraying out what seemed like a gallon of sperm. Her pussy contracted harder than ever before, feeling my hot cum paint her walls. I shoved and crammed as much prick into her as I could. Splashing sounds filled the room as her pussy couldn't contain all of the sex juices we'd filled her hole with. After I began to soften, I relaxed, my body melding to hers.

"Fuck, that was awesome, sweetie," I murmured. "I love you so much."

"It was unbelievable, Daddy. I dreamed of this day for so long. I can't believe it's finally happening. I love you, Daddy, and promise to make you the happiest man alive."

"You've already done that, baby," I replied. "When I saw your packed boxes and you said you were going to move, I was so worried I was going to lose you. I almost broke down and professed my love, but I didn't want to pressure you into anything."

She giggled, shoved me off her until we lay side-by-side, facing each other. "When I told you I was thinking of two places to move to, it was either here, the master bedroom, or into my room if you didn't accept my proposal. Amy told me if you didn't accept me, I'd just have to walk around every day, scantily dressed, and you'd soon change your mind."

I chuckled, thinking back to when I weakened my resolve when Amy stood nude in front of me. "So, Amy and you were plotting against me?"

"Mom, too," she whispered, eyes shimmering. "Every moment I spent with her, she spoke about your quirks, your comforts, the things that made you smile. I think that's what kept her holding on. She needed to know you'd be okay once she was gone. You were her

whole world, and she gave everything she had to protect your happiness.”

“I couldn’t hide it from Amy or Mom that I wanted nothing more than to marry you,” she said softly. “But they worried you’d turn away if I rushed it. When your grief set in, I stayed quiet. You were still mourning, and I didn’t want to intrude on that. After Julie’s visit, though, I saw something shift. I knew you were ready. So, I spoke with Amy, and that’s when I decided to move back. This time, for good.”

“I’m glad you did,” I said, leaning over and kissing her. When I cupped her breast, she grabbed my cock and stroked it until it was hard.

Rolling me onto my back, she straddled me and lowered her dripping pussy onto my cock. She moaned, feeling me fill her again, and once I was buried to the hilt, she ground her hips around, using my prick to stir her honey pot. She raised and lowered, twisting and turning, her face filled with bliss. Her perky breasts shook each time her pelvis slammed onto mine. When her brown bush meshed with my pubic hair, a memory of Mom’s hairy mound flashed before me. The erotic memory filled me with euphoria, a rush of warmth and longing that spread through me like fire.

I reached up and squeezed her tits as she rode me. Pinching her nipples, I thrust upward, shoving my prick deeper into her clapping cunt. “Don’t, Daddy. Let me do the work. I want to save you for something important,” she croaked.

I remained motionless, allowing her to do the work, knowing she didn’t want me to blow my load. When she was ready to climax, she leaned over and kissed me as her pussy contracted and flooded my pole with her hot juices. After her release, she left my cock buried in her as she recovered.

When her breathing returned to normal, she swiveled around and began fucking me reverse cowgirl. She leaned over and gripped my ankles, using them for leverage to fuck herself on my staff. I watched

as her pussy lips stretched and clung onto my prick as she slid it in and out of her seething sheath.

When her moaning and breathing increased, I ran my fingers along her engorged lips and coated them with her juices. Sliding them across her exposed clit, she humped faster as she neared her orgasm. I worked my slippery fingers into her rosebud and shoved several inches into her ass. That sent her over the edge, her pussy convulsing as her body tensed with excitement.

Easing off me, she flipped over and got into the doggy position. Her breasts swayed to and fro as she pleaded, “It’s time to pack your sperm into my womb, Daddy. I went off the pill months ago, and I want you to put a baby in me. Fuck me hard, Daddy!”

Only too glad to comply, I moved behind her, lined up my cock, and sank it into her horny hole. She grunted when my balls slapped against her mound. I fucked her with power strokes, and it wasn’t a dozen strokes later that her pussy rewarded her with another climax.

“Just keep fucking me until you cum, Daddy. I love the feel of your big prick in me,” she murmured.

Holding onto her soft ass cheeks, I held her steady and hammered her until she came again. Without pausing, I continued to fuck her with wild abandon. Damn, she was a hot fuck, and she was all mine. I was in seventh heaven, and I knew I wouldn’t be able to withstand another one of her orgasms.

Gripping her thin waist, I yanked her back into me with each thrust. She yelped with part pain, part pleasure when my bloated cock head bumped against her cervix. “Harder, Daddy! A really big one is coming!”

I put all my strength into my thrusts, the sounds of our flesh slapping together and our gasping for breath, filling the room. Her quivering, velvety walls continued to squeeze and cling to my cock as if she were having one long orgasm. In any case, my prick couldn’t take any more.

“Cum with me, baby! I’m ready to blow!” I screamed, shoving in hard. My prick enlarged and pulsed, triggering her own orgasm. She wailed with delight as her pussy milked my spitting cock. When her body relaxed from her orgasm, I slid my hands up her sweaty body and squeezed her hanging tits. She moaned and hummed as I worshipped her body.

When I finally pulled out, we snuggled up together, basking in the afterglow of our incestuous union. She smiled and whispered, “I’m going to love being married to you. I’ve never had so many orgasms in one night.”

“Get used to it, baby. I love fucking you. You complete me. Did you really go off the pill? I’m going to love being a father to our children.”

She cupped my face gently, her eyes shining. “I’ve never been more sure of anything in my life.”

We cuddled and talked for an hour before she sucked me to hardness again, and then we finished the night making love missionary style, our favorite. By the time she’d climaxed three more times, we were both exhausted, emotionally and physically. I rolled over so she’d be on top. She clung to me all night as if I were going to escape.

The next morning, we enjoyed a shower fuck before we ate breakfast. She moved her belongings into my room while I cleaned house. We lounged around until around lunchtime, when she said, “I’d like to have a barbecue today. Why don’t you go fire up the grill and set up the deck?”

She wore a mischievous smirk that I knew from experience wouldn’t end badly for me. While adjusting the burners, I heard some commotion in the house. When I stepped in, Amy jumped into me, wrapping her arms around me. “Congratulations, Daddy!” she whispered, kissing my cheek.

She hugged me so tight, I knew she was braless underneath her silky blouse. I looked over her shoulder to see Steve smiling, holding

their little minion. I kissed Amy on her cheek and released her to go hold my granddaughter. She cooed while I kissed her on her forehead.

What a pleasant surprise,” I exclaimed, grinning. “And imagine that, just in time for a barbecue. It’s almost like someone planned it that way.”

They laughed, and their radiant smiles warmed me to my core. Amy nodded toward the garden and said with playful authority, “You two husbands wait outside while Jennifer and I whip up lunch. I’ll bring you a drink in a bit.”

We hadn’t been seated long before she reappeared, placing two snifters of bourbon on the table between us. As we sipped and eased into conversation, we caught up on how school was going. After a thoughtful pause, Steve glanced over and said, “Dad, I’m really glad to see you happy and full of life again.”

He’d been calling me Dad for a while now, and every time he did, it settled something deep in me. He was a devoted husband to my daughter Steady, kind, dependable. But I knew Amy had helped shape him into the man he’d become. She wouldn’t have accepted anything less.

“Thanks, Steve,” I said, returning his smile. “I owe it all to this incredible family. You really carried me through. If Amy hadn’t stepped up to take charge and Jennifer hadn’t stayed so attentive to my health, I don’t know if I would’ve made it.”

Steve leaned back, thoughtful. “They’re connected to you, Dad. Amy always wears your mood after she talks to you. And yesterday, when Jennifer told her she planned to propose, Amy was practically glowing. I’ve never seen her that happy. To speak honestly, she tried to fuck me to death last night.”

His grin made me chuckle. “Careful, Steve,” I said with a playful shake of my head. “That’s edging into TMI territory. She is my daughter, after all.”

He grinned widely and replied, “It was a compliment, because you’re the one who taught her how to make love, and I’m the one benefiting from it.”

“It was actually from her mother,” I said with a smile. “So I can’t take all the credit.”

“Lucy?” Steve asked. “Did you ever forgive her? Ever think about seeking her out?”

“I forgave her right away,” I admitted. “She wasn’t trying to hurt anyone. She saw the world differently, weighing everything through reason and moral logic, but emotions didn’t quite factor into the equation.”

I paused, letting the memories settle. “But here’s the thing. Without her, none of this would’ve happened. Jennifer wouldn’t have been born. Amy wouldn’t have been raised by such a remarkable mother. And I wouldn’t be sitting here drinking bourbon with a son-in-law who turned out to be pretty damn fantastic.”

Steve laughed, lifted his glass, and clinked mine gently. “Here’s to Lucy and the family she helped create.”

We stood from our seats in the garden and made our way up to join our wives. The meal, as always, was fantastic. My daughters had clearly inherited their mother’s talent in the kitchen, and every bite carried the comfort of that legacy. Amy gently rocked her daughter while effortlessly eating, having done it many times before.

When we finished, Amy shoved the strap of her blouse off and exposed her breast for Melina to suckle from. There was no need for modesty as I’d seen her naked many times, but I still became aroused and also jealous, watching the infant suck on Amy’s puffy, engorged nipple.

Jennifer caught my gaze and said, “Don’t worry, you’ll get your turn later tonight with me.”

With that, everyone but Amy stood and began clearing the dishes, carrying them into the house. Once the kitchen was tidied, Amy gently placed Melina in her crib. We returned to the garden with our drinks, settling into the evening and sharing stories from days we still held close.

Amy stood and said, "I need to grab some papers. Be right back."

When she returned, she pulled a few documents from her folder and handed them to me. I immediately recognized the plane tickets to Hawaii and the resort reservation Mom and I had made months ago.

"It was simple to switch Mom's name to Jennifer's, so everything's in place," she said with a smile. "It'll be the perfect honeymoon. Just three weeks away, assuming you haven't forgotten. And, according to Mom, your first trip to Hawaii is when she became pregnant with Jennifer." She shot a playful look at the two of us, raising her brows. "Here's hoping history repeats itself."

Jennifer chirped, "In three weeks, I hope I'm already carrying his baby. I'm draining him every chance I get."

Steve chuckled while Amy grinned and replied, "You better hurry because Steve and I are working on our second child."

Laughter rippled through the group, then gradually faded into a gentle quiet. Amy reached into her folder and laid out several forms and documents.

"Jennifer," she said, sliding the papers across the table, "I've mapped out all the courses you'll need to get started in the business. There's no need to work toward a degree. You should be able to finish before the baby arrives. Later on, you can just add a few supplemental classes when you're ready."

She glanced between Jennifer and me with a knowing smile. "With Dad as your tutor, it'll be a breeze. And honestly, you've already picked up so much just working alongside him these past few years."

“Business?” I asked, raising an eyebrow. “You mean our bookkeeping business? I had no idea you were even thinking about it. But if it means we get to spend our days and nights together, working side by side, I’m all in.”

“You might say it’s my dream job, Dad,” Jennifer said, elated. She wrapped her arm around me, pulling me close, kissing me gently.

With the evening winding down, we shuffled into the house and claimed our bedrooms. The girls insisted we’d keep our doors open. There were no family secrets to hide. For the next several hours, the house echoed with the passionate sounds of my daughters’ pleasure, a result of their husbands pounding their pussies. The race was on as to who would get impregnated first.

After breakfast the next morning, Amy’s family returned home after a tearful goodbye.

Ten days before our Hawaii trip, Jennifer piped up over lunch. ‘Dad, I’ve got bad news and good news.’ Her face wasn’t grim; in fact, it held a spark of joy, mixed with a hint of playful scheming.

“Don’t leave me hanging, sweetie,” I teased, giving her a grin that matched the mischief in her eyes.

“The bad news is that I’m not pregnant, as my period started today. The good news is that I’ll be ovulating during our Hawaii trip. Let’s shoot for conceiving our baby in paradise, just like Mom and you did.”

“That’s a wonderful idea,” I answered. It was rough, withholding our sex until our trip, but we managed to do it.

On departure day, I waited for Jennifer in the living room. When she entered, my eyes teared up, seeing her adorned in the sundress Mom had worn during the divorce meeting with Dad. She was as beautiful as Mom, the dress fitting her perfectly. The thin fabric outlined her hard nipples, and I wanted so badly to throw her down and make love to her.

She caught the grin spreading across my face and laughed. “She told me it was for special occasions,” she murmured, striking a playful pose. “This felt like one of them. I feel amazing in it, and clearly, so do you.” Emphasizing her point, she walked closer and grabbed my hard prick through my pants, bending and twisting it. I groaned, hugged, and kissed her.

“I love you so much. You look stunning in her dress, but I can’t wait to remove it and fuck you senseless,” I murmured.

“Me too, Daddy. Me too,” she whispered.

On the flight over, I took her left hand, my thumb circling the ring she wore. It stirred a memory when Mom slid my wedding band onto my finger, sealing the start of our honeymoon. This moment echoed that one, tender and familiar. A quiet reprise of a history I hold dear.

As promised, as soon as we settled into our magnificent suite, we made love, and it felt like a gallon of sperm was packed into her horny, convulsing pussy. Unlike Mom and me, we spent a lot of time on the beach. Our honeymoon suite reservation entitled us to grab a cabana every day, so we spent part of the day sunning and relaxing.

Jennifer’s skimpy bikini left me in a state of hardness most of the time, and she became quite the magnet for men, walking the beach, seeking female companionship. While I sat in the sun, I admired her shapely, toned body, barely concealed by her swimwear. Her small bottoms mounded up with her hairy mons, several errant brown hairs peeking out of the sides. She knew how much it turned me on and always made certain some hairs were visible.

Several guys approached her, glancing at me, and assuming I was her father, asked her to join them for a drink. Of course, she declined, but after getting fed up after a few of them, she began replying, “Sorry, but I can’t drink with my Daddy’s baby in me.” She rubbed her hand around her belly and grinned. After they scooted away with a shocked look, we laughed and waited for the next victim.

During the evenings, we enjoyed fine meals followed by hours of dancing. As always, she politely turned down anyone who asked her to dance, smiling as she said, "I only dance with my daddy, the father of my child." The teasing and admittance of our relationship made her hotter, and every night was like our wedding night, fucking ourselves into exhaustion.

After we returned home, life eased back into its usual rhythm. Jennifer dove into the business with ease, mastering its intricacies and breezing through the courses Amy had mapped out for her. A month later, the doctor confirmed what we already suspected. She was pregnant. She lit up at the news and practically sprinted to call Amy, only to learn that Amy had just discovered she was also expecting. That weekend, we gathered the whole crew for a joyful celebration. The synchronicity was uncanny, and the house brimmed with laughter, hugs, and happy tears. It was one of those rare, glittering moments when everything felt exactly right.

Chapter 7

A month later, Jennifer's behavior took a curious turn. She was coy, humming to herself more often, tossing knowing glances my way like breadcrumbs. Then one Saturday, she ushered me into the garden with a wink. "Take a break, Dad," she said. "Your surprise needs a little staging."

An hour later, she returned, lips curved in a secret smile. "Come inside," she teased, threading her fingers through mine.

In the living room, a young woman sat perched on the edge of the couch, legs crossed just so. Her silky brunette hair fell in gentle waves, framing a face that was at once shy and daring. She met my gaze with a slow, playful, deliberate smile, like she'd read the room and decided to stir it. Her blouse flirted with the light, revealing bare, smallish breasts underneath.

Jennifer slid in beside her, her eyes flicking between us with the satisfaction of someone who'd pulled off the perfect surprise. The room hummed with possibility, as if introductions were beside the point.

Jennifer broke the stillness with a calm but electric grace. "Dad," she said, "I'd like you to meet my sister, actually half-sister, Marcy."

She turned to the young woman beside her. "Marcy, this is your father, Dave."

Marcy smiled, poised and unaffected, her gaze steady. No shock. No hesitation. That smile told me everything. My mischievous daughter had set me up.

And then it landed. Julie had once said she'd wait until her passing to notify her daughter in a parting letter who her father was. I felt my face fall, an involuntary drop I couldn't mask. My eyes blinked too fast, trying to hold back the blur of tears. The moment unraveled in

silence, full of truth I wasn't prepared for, yet somehow had always sensed was coming.

Marcy shot to her feet and crossed the room in two quick strides, her hands clasping mine before I could react. Her eyes were wide, not with fear, but with something tender and determined.

"Mom was afraid this might happen," she said gently, quickly clarifying, "She's still alive. It was your father, the dad who raised me. He's the one who died in a car accident."

She paused, her grip tightening just a little. "After he passed, Mom knew it was time to tell me. And since then, we've become closer. She's the one who encouraged me to meet with you."

Her voice trembled with something between relief and resolve. It wasn't just the truth she was handing me. It was hope.

A storm of questions crashed into my mind, and before I could filter a single one, they tumbled out. "Why didn't Julie call me when Dad passed? Were you angry when you found out the truth when you learned that your mom had an affair with me, that she kept it all hidden?" My voice cracked beneath the weight of it.

Her smile was tender, a quiet balm against the ache in my chest. "Mom told me it was always his wish to leave that part of his life behind," she said gently. "So she honored it. You were on your honeymoon when he passed, and she didn't want to intrude, not wanting to spoil something beautiful with something painful."

She paused, gathering herself before continuing with quiet sincerity. "About Mom and you. I understand her reasoning. Dad couldn't give her a child, and without you, I wouldn't be here. But growing up, she gave all her love to him. Knowing the truth hasn't dimmed that for me. If anything, it's brought light. I have a father. I have you."

I looked at her, studying her features, and the resemblance to Julie was unmistakable. Gently, I brushed a lock of hair from her cheek and said, "You're every bit as beautiful as your mother, and your

warmth and kindness mirror hers perfectly. She raised you with love and grace.”

She blushed, let out a soft giggle, and murmured, “Mom said you were quite the charmer. I can see now exactly how she fell for you.” She turned to Jennifer and gave her a subtle nod. A signal they had clearly agreed on beforehand. Jennifer scooted over, gently taking one of my hands, while Marcy held the other, both of them surrounding me with silent support.

“Dad,” Jennifer began, taking a steadying breath to gather her courage. “Marcy’s spouse isn’t able to have children, and she’s asking if you would be willing to father her baby.”

More questions, but I couldn’t help but harden, gazing at my newly-found daughter. “Does Julie know what you’re planning?” I asked.

Marcy smiled brightly. “She’s the one who suggested it and encouraged me to go through with it. She said there’s no one else she’d rather have as the father of my child.”

“Have you seen a doctor to find out why your husband can’t get you pregnant?” I asked.

Marcy grinned, reached into her purse, and pulled out a photo. It showed her and a strikingly beautiful blonde woman, arms wrapped around each other’s waists. “This is Pamela, my life partner. She fully supports what we’re doing. In fact, she and Mom get along wonderfully, and they’re both completely on board.”

Unsure of how Jennifer would feel, I turned to her, and my expression conveyed my concern without a word.

She squeezed my hand and said, “Dad, I want you to impregnate her, like you did for me. Please make your other daughter as happy as you’ve made me. Her ovulation cycle just started, so she’ll stay here for a week. If, after a month, she finds out she isn’t pregnant, she’ll return on her next cycle. Please help her, Daddy.”

Her pleading, soft, hopeful look melted my heart, and I knew I couldn't deny her anything. "Of course, sweetie. How do we do this?"

They both burst into giggles, then wrapped me in a tight, joyful hug. Moments later, they took my hands and gently guided me toward the bedroom. Just before crossing the threshold, Marcy turned to me, her eyes steady and open. "Mom told me about your first time together," she said softly. "How she tried to keep it clinical, almost detached, like it was just a procedure."

She took a breath, her voice rich with emotion. "She warned me not to follow that path. She said the real connection comes from letting love in, allowing it to flood the space between us. That's what I want. Not something mechanical. I want it to feel real. I want the girlfriend experience. Make love to me as you would your wife, but I must warn you. I've never been with a man, so I'm not experienced."

She licked her lips, anticipating our kiss, and when our lips gently touched, her eyes widened. They were the same deep brown as her mother's, her lips just as sweet as well. I pulled back, and Jennifer began stripping off my clothes, while Marcy slowly unbuttoned her blouse. When Jennifer pulled down my pants and underwear, my cock sprang out, catching Marcy's attention.

She stared at it and whispered, "It's so much nicer than I imagined. Can I touch it?"

Jennifer guided Marcy's hand to my cock, and Marcy's fingers immediately wrapped around it, exploring and pulling on it. "The head is so much bigger than the shaft." She turned to Jennifer and asked, "Does it hurt when it goes in?"

Jennifer giggled and said, "No, it feels wonderful when it spreads you open. Dad's very gentle. He broke my hymen, and I barely noticed. The pleasure soon outweighed any discomfort I had."

Marcy giggled and said, "The strap-ons have taken care of any of that, so that won't be a problem, but they are quite a bit smaller and shorter than your magnificent prick."

While Marcy squeezed and stroked my cock, I kissed her again. Jennifer began removing the rest of Marcy's clothes, and, surprisingly, when she removed her skirt, her bald pussy came into view, no panties in sight. She'd come prepared.

I embraced her nude body, smashing our bare flesh together, her pointy nipples poking into my chest. We French kissed as I cupped her small tits and flicked her nipples with my thumbs. She inhaled deeply and pushed her breasts into me, wiggling around, making more contact.

Pulling back, she asked, "Can I call you Daddy, instead of Dave?"

Jennifer grinned widely as she'd told me before that it makes her pussy leak when she calls me Daddy. I did mention she's Daddy's girl, didn't I? Evidently, Marcy felt the same.

"Of course you can. If I can call you sweetie," I replied.

"Thanks, Daddy," she purred, kissing me again.

My hands explored her tiny, firm body. Cupping her tight ass cheeks, I squeezed and massaged them, my prick getting harder thinking how it'd feel bouncing against her soft buns. I moved her to the bed and laid her gently onto the mattress. She spread her legs and extended her arms, thinking I'd start right off fucking her. Looking at her bare, puffy pussy mound, there was no way I wasn't going to suck on that first.

I knelt between her legs and planted my face onto her pussy, grasping her ass with my hands and bringing her pelvis upward to munch on her slippery slot. She moaned and gasped as my tongue swiped up and down her slot before sinking into her channel. I swirled my tongue around, alternating between her interior folds and her engorged labia. She squirmed and groaned and, after several more minutes, released her juices as she climaxed.

"Fuck, you eat pussy good. I haven't cum that fast for a long time," she croaked.

I allowed her to recover and then dove in again, wanting to make sure she was loose and wet before I fucked her. Once again, she writhed around as I feasted on her scrumptious pussy. Every third swipe up her groove, I'd brush the protective hood hiding her clit. After several times, her engorged pearl popped out, and on the next cycle, I wrapped my lips around it and teased it with my tongue.

“Damn, I’m cumming again!” she screamed, her hips bucking up as I kept milking her bud, my fingers jabbed up her cunt. Her pussy convulsed and coated my fingers with her juices, as I continued to finger fuck her. Before her body completely relaxed, she begged, “Fuck me now! Stick it in and fill me, dammit!”

I inched forward, lifted her body until my prick lined up with her quivering quim, and jammed it in several inches. She squealed, and I wasn't sure if it was from pain or excitement, but then she confirmed it, yelling, “It’s stretching me out. So damn good. Keep shoving it in. I love the feeling of your bare cock filling my pussy. Fuck me, Daddy!”

I leaned over and rested on my elbows as my cock slid in further. I grabbed her breasts and squeezed them before lowering my mouth and latching onto a turgid nipple while thrusting further into her tight twat. She reminded me of Jennifer when I took her cherry, her pussy tight and wet. It was all I could do to hold off my orgasm, feeling my sexy daughter writhe and twist underneath from the pleasure.

Her breasts heaved rapidly as she gasped for air. I released her tit and kissed her passionately. Her hands held my head to hers as I shoved my cock the rest of the way into her pussy. She groaned in my mouth when my balls slapped against her ass.

“Oh ... Datddy ... Oh. Please. You’re so good, Daddy. Fuck me hard!” she begged.

While my hands kneaded her tits, I kissed her and madly drove my cock in and out of her clinging, clasping, tight pussy. After a dozen strokes, her pussy clamped down and released more of her slick juices as she climaxed.

“I’m cumming again, Daddy. Keep fucking me!” she exclaimed.

“Oh, sweetie,” I said, groaning. “Your pussy is so tight and wet. I love fucking you.”

I picked up my pace, slamming into her with all my force. Her body inched up the bed with each thrust. I moved my hands to the tops of her shoulders and pulled her into me, my prick sinking deeper than ever.

She growled each time my bloated head bumped against her cervix. Her arms wrapped around me, her nails digging into my flesh as she wrapped her legs around me, using the leverage to lift herself off the bed. We locked eyes, and I saw the same lustful, loving look as her mother Julie had when I bred her.

Her pupils dilated as her pussy quivered and squeezed. Her body tensed up, and when her pussy wrapped around my cock, my balls shot out a stream of cum. She grunted each time a splash of cum painted her walls. Her pussy contracted and milked my cock, not content with stopping until every ounce of baby batter had been drained from me.

Her face filled with euphoric bliss as endorphins flooded our systems. When we ceased humping, I felt Jennifer shove a pillow underneath Marcy’s ass to keep her elevated. Marcy kissed me, her eyes filled with love as she whispered, “Thank you, Daddy.” When she lowered her legs, I rolled off her, my chest heaving from trying to breathe in air.

“That was unbelievable!” I exclaimed. “You are a wonderful lover and a sexy woman. You remind me of your mother, who was one of the best lovers I’ve been with, only beaten by my mother.”

Jennifer playfully slapped me. “Hey, how about me?”

We giggled, and I backtracked, “Well, I meant to say past lovers. The best one is my current wife and daughter, my dear Jennifer.”

She leaned over and kissed me and said, “That’s better.”

I cupped Jennifer's hanging tits and wondered when she'd undressed. She moaned, and when my hand drifted lower, I found her pussy filled with juice. She blushed as she admitted, "That was so fucking hot. I came from watching you two."

She turned to her sister and asked, "Are you okay, Marcy?"

"Never been better," Marcy replied, sighing. "It's so much different than being with a woman. The strong hands holding me, his big cock filling my pussy entirely. It was a very intense experience. When he kissed me and looked into my eyes, when his cock spurted, it filled me with a feeling I've never felt before. Like I was a complete woman."

"Hopefully, you'll be even more complete with his baby growing in you," Jennifer said, running her hand down my body until it wrapped around my semi-hard cock. She leaned over and enveloped her mouth around my prick and sucked and washed it with her tongue until it was hard.

She straddled me and sank her hungry pussy onto my cock, and lowered herself. "Sorry, Sis, but I need some relief that only my husband can provide."

"No problem," Marcy said, turning her head to watch my daughter bounce up and down, riding my cock.

I grabbed her tits and squeezed as her excitement level quickly elevated. Leaning down, she kissed me as her pussy pulsed with an orgasm, oiling up my prick with her syrupy nectar. Lifting off my cock, a stream of cum dribbled onto my groin.

"Your turn, Marcy. After your orgasm, he'll need to pack his sperm into you afterward," Jennifer said, grinning while holding my cock by the root so my prick pointed straight up.

Marcy crawled on top of me, placed her knees on either side, and positioned her pussy over my cock. "Stick it in, Jennifer," she croaked, lowering herself until my tip kissed her labia. Once my mushroom-shaped head popped behind her outer ring, she slid

down, moaning all the way. Once she bottomed out, she fucked me with wild abandon.

“Fuck, this is good!” she exclaimed. “I can control exactly where your cock hits. I love this position.”

She rode me, twisting her hips around, finally finding the correct angle where my prick slid across her rough patch, sending her into an orgasm. Her silky glove squeezed and throbbed, gushing out her juices.

After she pulled off, Jennifer helped position her for a doggy fuck. As I suspected earlier, holding her small, round asscheeks while pummeling her pussy was as great as I thought it'd be. She orgasmed three more times before I exploded. Afterward, she fell flat onto the bed, completely exhausted. I lay beside her, resting, when Jennifer pulled a sheet over us.

“I'll be staying in my old room for the night. Part of connecting with Daddy is sleeping with him all night. Goodnight, you two,” she said, kissing each of us before leaving.

I awoke the next morning with Marcy's head on my chest, her leg draped over me, while her arm clung to my chest. Her soft, deep breathing relaxed me, and I drifted off again, relishing the comforting feel of her body with mine.

An hour later, Jennifer shook us and said, “I'm fixing up breakfast. You two take a shower and join me.”

From Jennifer's expression, I knew she wanted me to give Marcy the shower experience, so I gladly obliged her, giving Marcy a hard fucking against the shower stall. I'm sure Jennifer was smiling when she heard her sister screaming out from her orgasm.

During breakfast, Jennifer announced our schedule. “Every morning and evening, Daddy will deposit a load of sperm in you, and during the day, we'll visit the sights around town, dining out in the evenings. We'll hit the dance clubs, also. It's so romantic the way Daddy holds you on the dance floor. You have to experience that.”

“Sounds great,” Marcy said. “Could we do everything that my mother did when she was here?”

The fun was doubled, walking through the gardens and dining out with two beautiful women on either side of me. One night, sitting at a table at a restaurant with a dance floor, a young man asked Jennifer to dance. She stated, “No thanks, only my daddy holds me.”

We all chuckled as he walked away, his face a shocked expression. Pretty soon, Marcy was giving the same response.

The night we dined at the Hilton, where Julie and I stayed, Marcy wore a short skirt and a thin blouse without a bra. She hugged me on the dance floor, her nipples hard as rocks. After the song ended, she planted a passionate kiss on me and whispered, “I love you, Daddy. My pussy is so wet for you. I want to throw you down and fuck you.”

“I love you, too, sweetie,” I replied, linking arms with her, leading her back to the table. Before we could sit, Jennifer intercepted us and handed me a keycard.

“I managed to get the same room,” Jennifer said, gleefully. “I’ll pick you up in the morning. I had them supply your bathroom with any toiletries you might need. Have fun, you two.”

On the way up the elevator, Marcy asked, “What’d she mean by the same room?”

I kissed her and replied, “It’s the room your mother and I stayed in when she came back to bring me out of my depression, after Mom’s death. You said you wanted the same sights, and this was one of them.”

“I love it!” she exclaimed. Once we were in the room, she immediately flung herself on the bed and lifted her skirt onto her stomach, baring her wet pussy. “Fuck me, Daddy! I can’t wait any longer.”

I dropped my pants and shorts and shoved my raging hardon into her seething sheath. We fucked like rabbits until our orgasms hit us.

Afterward, we showered, and I replicated the time I'd had with her mother to the best of my recollection. Her orgasms seemed stronger, demanding to hear about her mother and me fucking each other.

During one of our rest periods, I asked, "Did your mother ever talk to you about your sexual preference for women?"

"No, she was very understanding," she replied. "It surprised me as Dad seemed a little too straight-laced, but Mom always sided with me."

"It probably helps that your mother had experience with making love to a woman. Did she ever tell you that Mom and her often made love when I was recovering from fucking them?"

"Shut up!" she exclaimed, slapping me playfully. She grabbed my cock, stroking it until hard, straddled me, and fucked me ferociously until an explosive orgasm overwhelmed her, triggering my own. When she collapsed on top of me, she confessed, "That turned me on so much. I'm going to have a little mother-daughter talk with her when I return. I think we could use a little more bonding."

I giggled and said, "I hope she won't get mad at me for divulging that bit of information."

"Don't worry about that," she replied. "You can't do any wrong as far as she's concerned."

We spent the rest of the night fucking our brains out, and when Jennifer picked us up, we went home and slept for several hours, Marcy clinging to me as if I were her favorite teddy bear.

The next night, with Marcy on the edge of the bed, her upright legs resting on my shoulders, I slammed my cock into her while she groaned and grunted from each forceful thrust. Jennifer stood off to the side, one of her hands squeezing one of her tits while her other dug into her horny hole.

"Watching you two fuck makes me so horny, I can hardly stand it," she croaked, her expression a mix of anguish and lust.

“Sweetie, why don’t you jump up onto the bed and lower your pussy onto Marcy’s face?” I suggested, my grin wide. “I’m sure she wouldn’t mind taking care of her sister’s horny pussy.”

Jennifer hesitated, glanced at Marcy, who now had her arms up to welcome her sister. “Daddy, I’ve never been with another woman.”

“There’s a first time for everything, sweetie. Your mother used to make love to Julie. The least you can do is to reciprocate with her daughter.”

She gasped. A look of shock crossed her face. “Really? Mom and Julie? Jesus!”

She clamored up onto the bed, and when she hovered over her sister’s head, Marcy reached up and pulled Jennifer’s pussy onto her mouth. Jennifer shrieked when Marcy began eating her sister’s pussy.

I set a faster pace, plowing into Marcy as Jennifer moaned and wiggled her groin around, having her pussy eaten by a woman for the first time.

“She’s as good as you, Daddy!” she exclaimed, after a long groan. Her nipples stuck out, hard as rocks. I reached up and twisted them, causing her to wail loudly.

Sensing all three of us were nearing our orgasms, I squeezed and pulled Jennifer’s distended tips as I slammed in as hard as I could. Jennifer climaxed first, her mouth open, her body tensing and jerking.

Marcy’s pussy clamped onto my prick, forcing streams of cum to shoot out my tip, bathing her insides with sticky sperm. After our bodies had succumbed to our desires and relaxed, I leaned forward and kissed Jennifer.

“Thanks for talking me into it, Daddy. I was really wound up,” she croaked.

Disentangling our bodies, I lay between them as we caught our breath.

Marcy broke the silence with, “Your pussy was delicious, Sis. I hate hogging all the attention from your husband. Anytime you need relief, let me help you.”

“Thanks,” Jennifer said, her voice soft and shaky. “Would you mind teaching me how to eat pussy?”

Marcy lifted her legs, planted her heels in the mattress, spread herself out, and said, “I’d love to. Just don’t suck all of Daddy’s cum out of me.”

Jennifer scrambled between her sister’s legs, and Marcy guided her on the art of eating pussy. I listened to pick up some pointers because I knew that no one knows how to chomp on a pussy better than a woman.

After Marcy climaxed, I felt a twinge in my groin and crawled up to Marcy’s head. She grabbed my cock and stuffed it in her mouth, sucking it until I was hard. I moved behind Jennifer, grabbed her waist, and lifted her pelvis. She propped herself up on her knees and spread her legs, knowing I was going to give her a special treat.

I sank my rock-hard cock into her until I was buried to the hilt. Her muffled screams emanated from Marcy’s cunt as I set a torrid pace of fucking my hot daughter. Marcy came on Jennifer’s second orgasm, and ten minutes later, we all came together.

From then on, Jennifer joined us, and while I recovered between sessions, they made love.

After a week of breeding my new daughter, it was time for Jennifer to drive her to the airport. After a passionate kiss, she whispered, “One farewell infusion for good luck.”

She bent over the couch and pulled up her skirt. Of course, she wasn’t wearing panties, and seizing the opportunity, I jammed my

prick into her snug snatch. On her third orgasm, I filled her pussy with a load of cum for her to take back home with her.

When Jennifer returned from dropping off her sister, she reclaimed her husband, fucking me for the rest of the day.

A month later, we received word that Marcy was indeed pregnant.

A few weeks after that, Jennifer left to go shopping, and when she returned, a stunning, petite blonde came in with her. I recognized her as Marcy's wife. At first, I feared she'd come to give me hell, but by the broad, lustful smile on her face, I began to suspect Jennifer was up to another trick.

"Daddy, this is Pamela, Marcy's wife," Jennifer introduced us. "Marcy and she have decided they want two children, and they'd like them to be near the same age. "Pamela is currently ovulating and would love to have you as the father."

I knew from our time with Marcy that Jennifer would be totally onboard with me impregnating Pamela, my daughter-in-law. Without hesitation, I extended my hand to Pamela to take her hand. Instead, she rushed into me, wrapping her arms around me. Her braless tits felt bigger than Marcy's, and my prick certainly appreciated them, rising to the occasion.

She leaned in, lips gently pursed, and ghosted the lightest kiss against mine. Then, as if tracing a map only she knew, she dotted my cheeks and jawline with soft, fluttering pecks, each one a quiet ache of affection. Her warm breath caressed my skin, mingled with the familiar scent of her perfume that stirred something deep inside me. Every gesture radiated a sensual energy that overwhelmed my senses. At last, she found my lips again, this time lingering. Her tongue barely grazed mine before retreating, leaving behind a pulse of longing.

She smiled widely, her expression filled with sexual confidence as her hand drifted down and rubbed her hand up and down my jeans, sizing up my cock.

“Marcy was right, it’s much larger than our dildos. I can’t wait to feel it in me,” she purred. When her lips met mine again, her tongue explored my mouth as she twisted and bent my cock. I filled both of my hands with her full, round breasts and squeezed them. They were definitely bigger. She moaned in my mouth. My cock grew harder.

Pulling back a few inches, her deep blue eyes drew me in, smoldering with emotion and unbridled passion. She smiled, feeling my prick become even harder under her captivating, lustful gaze. With a seductive, soft voice, she purred, “Marcy instructed me to ask for the girlfriend experience. If you don’t mind, I’d rather be treated like a slut. A horny, sexy slut. I like to be fucked hard and never allow my orgasms to slow you down. Are you up for it?”

This woman was an animal, and I began to doubt if I’d be enough for her. Marcy was a demure, loving woman, while her wife was a bold and uninhibited woman, the perfect complement to Marcy’s gentleness. If there ever was a match in heaven, this was it.

I released one of her tits and ran my hand down her body until it landed on her bare thigh. I inched my way upward, squeezing her firm flesh, and when the side of my hand nudged against her smooth, bald pussy mound, I grinned and croaked, “You can ask Jennifer, and she’ll tell you that I never deny my daughter’s wishes. I’d love to treat you in the way you desire. You can call me Daddy.”

“Yes, Daddy!” she exclaimed, passionately kissing me. I dragged my fingers up and down her wet slit. She moaned as I stuck three digits into her soaked slot. She hugged me tighter, grinding her tits against me while attempting to jam her tongue down my throat. After exploring the insides of her pussy, I found her exposed clit and gripped it between my fingertips, pulling and squeezing it.

Her body jerked and tensed with her orgasm, her juices dribbling out on the insides of her smooth thighs. Damn, she was horny. Within fifteen minutes of meeting my daughter-in-law for the first time, I’d made her cum.

When her body relaxed, I ended our kiss, but she pulled me back in for one more passionate moment. I looked over at Jennifer to see her face filled with the biggest smile ever. Her lustful expression matched Pamela's, and I knew exactly what to do next.

“Jennifer, would you mind showing Pamela to the bedroom and helping her prepare for my first injection? I'm not going to last long, so I'd like her to loosen up with two more orgasms before I join you. Think you two can do that?”

“Yes, Daddy!” they chanted in unison, giggling like two little schoolgirls. Jennifer grabbed Pamela's hand and pulled her into our bedroom. I undressed and, thinking about fucking the cute, curvaceous blonde, my cock throbbed in anticipation.

The sounds of their giggling ceased as I imagined them kissing each other, their nude bodies pressed together. My thoughts did little to stave off my excitement. Soon, I heard moaning, and ten minutes later, I heard the unmistakable sounds of Jennifer climaxing. It always turned me on to listen to the intense pleasure she received from her orgasm. Not long after, I heard Pamela's cry of ecstasy and then her pleading, “Keep sucking it, baby! Don't stop!”

From our past joinings, I knew Jennifer preferred a short break between orgasms, but I also knew she'd do whatever was necessary to please her lover. Her compassion was like her mother's, always giving herself completely to her partner. The next orgasm was from Pamela, her distinct ‘Eep!’ sounding like a happy songbird chirping. Nothing from Jennifer, so I thought it was a good time to make my grand appearance.

Jennifer had indeed taken a break as she knelt between Pamela's legs, slurping on her sister-in-law's pussy. I moved behind my daughter, my prick involuntarily bobbing when I took in her beautiful ass, framing her slickened slot. Pamela's head shook side to side as she clenched the sheets, enjoying the expert tongue fucking Jennifer was giving her.

I ran my hands up and down the insides of Jennifer's thighs, relishing the satiny feel of her flesh. She inched her legs wider, opening her gash, showing her wet, pink interior. While my load was for Pamela, I felt obligated to coat my cock with my wife's cum before finishing off in Pamela. I was too excited for a long fuck session, so I jammed several fingers into her quim and brushed my thumb across her clit. I finger-fucked her for several minutes until her thighs began to tremble.

She shoved her hips backward, her unmistakable signal that she needed Daddy's cock. I removed my fingers and stuffed my prick into her quivering quim. Within a dozen strokes, her walls collapsed and flooded my cock with her juices.

Soon after, I heard Pamela chirp, announcing her climax. I slid my cum-coated cock out of my daughter's spasming slot, gripped her waist, and moved her out of the way, and then took her place. Hooking my arms underneath Pamela's knees, I hoisted her ass off the mattress and jabbed my cock into her dripping snatch.

Her tight pussy fought my entry, but was so full of cum, that I was able to push through her clinching walls. She groaned and then yelped, feeling my cock fill her for the first time. "Oh Fuck! Daddy, I love your cock. Fuck me hard!"

I flexed my hips, sending my prick to the bottom of her cunt, not stopping until I collided against her cervix. She grunted, her head tossing around again in complete ecstasy. Her walls contracted and pulsed as I continued to plunge my ram in and out of her convulsing cunt.

While I continued to fuck her spasming slot, Jennifer clasped the sides of my head and pulled her to her soft lips. She passionately kissed me for a few minutes before releasing me. "I love you so much, Daddy. Fuck her hard and fill her womb up with your sperm."

I thought about other matters, trying to avoid surrendering to Pamela's glove that continued to pulse and squeeze as her orgasms

became one long one. Jennifer hopped onto the bed and lowered her pussy onto Pamela's mouth.

She leaned toward me and croaked, "Kiss me when you cum in her."

I filled my hands with Jennifer's perfect tits and squeezed them. There was no hope of forestalling my climax with the added stimulation. We French kissed, our eyes locking together, conveying the deep love we held for each other. Her hands gripped my ribs, tightly gripping me while my body shook and tensed up. A few power strokes later, my prick exploded, shooting streams of thick, sticky sperm through Pamela's cervix. Her vice-like pussy squeezed harder than ever, milking the baby batter from my balls.

When the last ounce of cum left my body, Jennifer's orgasm hit her, flooding Pamela's mouth with her cum. Afterward, we lay side-by-side, panting and gasping for air. "That was unbelievable!" I exclaimed. "Pamela, I've never heard of anyone cumming so many times like that."

"It happens sometimes," she confessed. "They come on so rapidly, it's almost as if it's one long one. Marcy and I call it an orgasmic storm. She's never experienced it, but she does manage to give me one once in a while. I think that the thought of being bred by you and the feel of your magnificent cock triggered it."

Not thirty minutes later, Pamela sucked me hard again, rode me cowgirl through four orgasms, flipped over on all fours, and had another six orgasms doing doggy style before I exploded again. Of course, Jennifer was enjoying a good pussy eating while I fucked her sister-in-law.

Unlike with Marcy, Jennifer participated in all of our love sessions, primarily to take the pressure off of me. She also slept with us every night, so I'd wake up to two hot bodies clinging to me each morning. I didn't complain.

When we weren't fucking, we took her to the sights we'd taken Marcy to and also to the dance clubs at night. Pamela loved to slow dance, melding her body to mine while we swayed to the music, and of course, a sloppy kiss at the end of each song. She and Jennifer also occupied the floor, their braless breasts squashed together. They immediately shot down anyone who dared come to our table and ask for a dance. I smiled, seeing the envious looks from all the men as the two hottest women in the club swooned over me.

When Jennifer returned from taking Pamela to the airport, we lounged around all day, relaxing. When we retired and lay in bed, Jennifer turned to me, laying her arm across my chest, her leg on mine, and asked, "Could we just snuggle tonight? I feel fucked out."

"Thank god," I replied, "I was afraid you'd want me to reclaim you like you did after Marcy. My prick needs a rest. That woman was insatiable."

We both laughed, and she added with a teasing smile, "Don't think you're off the hook that easily. Tomorrow night, I expect you to make me yours again."

A month later, we breathed a sigh of relief and joy, hearing that Pamela had become pregnant.

Jennifer completed all the courses Amy had arranged for her and integrated into the business effortlessly. While many couples needed time apart, whether for work or leisure, we were the exact opposite. Our love flourished in constant togetherness, growing stronger with every shared moment. It didn't hurt that as Jennifer's pregnancy advanced, her horniness increased with it.

It was a joyful moment when Jennifer gave birth to our daughter, Cindy, with no complications. A month later, Amy delivered their second child, adding another layer of happiness to our growing family.

Jennifer was three months pregnant with our second child when she sat me down one quiet evening. "Dad," she began gently, "Julie

called me and asked if you could visit her for a week.”

I hesitated for only a breath. “We can postpone our clients for that long,” I said. “Why don’t you come with me? We can visit her and make a little vacation of it, too.” The thought of spending even a single day away from my lovely wife tugged at me, let alone a whole week.

“I think of Julie as your mom, and in reality, she truly is. I want you two to spend time together, just the two of you, without distractions. She needs that space with you, Dad. Please. Do this for me.”

Her smile, paired with that pleading expression, always had the same effect on me. I’d do anything she asked, and she knew it. “I’ll do it,” I agreed to her request. “I can see it’s important for you. Is there a reason she wants to meet with me specifically?”

“She didn’t say,” she replied, a playful glint dancing in her smile. “But she did mention that Marcy and Pamela wanted to spend some time with you to introduce you to your two newest daughters.”

My mind flashed back to our adventures with the sex-crazed Pamela, and I already began to feel tired. “Hopefully, Pamela has slowed down with the added duties of being a mother.”

“I hope so, too,” Jennifer replied with a soft giggle. “By the way, their birth certificates list the father as ‘Unknown.’ Pamela could’ve used your name, but she chose not to. They both felt it was better this way, for now. When the time is right, they’ll explain everything to their kids.”

“Sounds like a solid plan,” I said with a smile, gently resting my hand on her baby bump. “Our little family of an unknown father just keeps growing. In six months, we’ll welcome another one of our own,” I said, gently rubbing her belly.

Julie met me at the airport, looking as radiant as ever. We shared a long, heartfelt hug and a gentle kiss before heading to her home.

After a brief tour, she turned to me with a warm smile and asked, “Are you hungry? I was just about to make one of your favorites.”

“Sure, Mom. That sounds great,” I said. Her smile deepened at the sound of the word ‘Mom,’ clearly moved by it.

After a delicious meal, I helped her clean the kitchen, and she suggested we take our showers before relaxing in the living room. I went first, and before I entered the bathroom, she’d handed me a robe to wear afterward. While soaping up, I heard the door open and close, followed by her entering the stall, wearing her blue bra and panties, paired with a large smile.

I chuckled as I remembered our first encounter in the shower. We kissed passionately as I removed her undies, and it wasn’t long before she had her legs wrapped around me, my cock buried in her pussy. I slammed into her hungry hole, pinning her against the wall. Our passionate kissing increased as we reacquainted ourselves with each other’s bodies.

“You’re just as beautiful as you were when I first met you,” I said. “I love fucking you.”

“And you’re still the flatterer,” she replied. “But don’t ever change. You’re such a good son. Now, fill your mother up with a load of cum, baby.”

After her first contraction, my prick followed suit and unloaded in her spasming pussy. After we rinsed and dried off, we retreated to her bed. We held each other and caught up on what had happened since the last time we’d been together. While we talked, my hands explored her sexy, nude body. Her tits sagged a bit more, and her thighs were a little thicker, but she was still an alluring, sexy woman.

When I hardened, we made love, missionary style. We took our time, enjoying the intimacy of our bodies joining together, kissing and whispering to each other, as we expressed our love. After her first orgasm, I paused, my prick buried to the hilt in her snug pussy.

We kissed, and when she bucked her hips, I continued fucking her until we orgasmed together.

When finished, I rolled us on our sides. We embraced each other, and while we enjoyed the post-coital bliss, we fell asleep.

After breakfast, we drove to Marcy's house for a visit. My new daughters were stunningly beautiful, mirroring their mothers' looks. Mom insisted we take pictures with me holding them, Marcy, and Pamela on either side of me. She explained that Jennifer made her promise to send me back with photos of them, so she took many.

While Julie sat beside me on the couch, my daughter and her wife sat in recliners, facing us, cradling their babies. Memories of their shapely legs from when I caressed them a year ago resurfaced, vivid images brought back by the way their short skirts revealed their legs. After an hour of lively conversation, the babies began to cry, and both of the mothers removed their bulky sweatshirts, exposing their full, round breasts.

As if the legs weren't enough torture, viewing their tits was all I could take, my prick hardening to stone. While they nursed their children, they smiled and kept talking as if nothing was different. Julie wrapped her arm around my back and pulled me closer and asked, "A little bigger than when you last saw them, but still in great shape, don't you think?"

They all giggled at my blushing and discomfort, and before I could respond, Julie grabbed my cock through my pants and bent it. "Yup, girls. You still have it."

Pamela switched her baby to her other nipple, grinned and asked, "Jealous, Daddy? Do you want to feed on us, too?"

"I'm feeling a little ganged up in here," I said with a mock pout, though I was smiling. "Three beautiful women in the same room. It's a bit intimidating."

"Five, you mean," Marcy teased, gesturing toward their babies.

“You’re right. Forgive me,” I replied.

After another ten minutes, and the babies had their fill, Julie stood, walked over, and took Marcy’s baby from her arms. Walking to the door, she called over her shoulder, “I’ll be back for the other after I’ve got this one restrained in the car.”

Minutes later, she leaned down and gently kissed me, then gathered up Pamela’s baby and headed out. Before she closed the door, she said, “I’ll be back at three to pick him up. Feed him lunch.”

I felt like a lone deer dropped into a den of lions, except these lions were two horny, sexy women, and I wasn’t sure if I was about to be devoured or thoroughly spoiled. All I knew was that I’d be exhausted by the time Julie arrived to save me.

They stood, unsnapped their skirts, and let them drop to the floor, revealing their shapely nude bodies. Motherhood hadn’t altered their appearance at all. They smiled and began walking to the bedroom, my eyes glued to their bouncing ass cheeks. Marcy called out, “We’ll start without you, Daddy.”

By the time I’d stripped off my clothes, the chirps and mews from their first orgasms sounded out. My prick was hard as steel as I walked down the hall to reacquaint myself with their tight pussies. As expected, they were locked together in a 69 position, going at it. With Pamela on top, her pussy facing toward me, and Marcy on the bottom, holding her lover’s hips, it reminded me of when Jennifer was in the same position.

Since I’d already practiced this before, I spread Pamela’s legs to the side, crawled up, and bounced my prick on Marcy’s forehead. “Push her up, sweetie, and I’ll feed her some cock. She moved her hands underneath Pamela’s thighs and hoisted her up until I could sink my cock into her juicy slot. Her pussy had already shrunk down from giving birth and was as tight as before. I shoved through her folds, sinking to the bottom until my balls flopped against her mound. I paused, feeling Marcy licking my balls, and then slowly

withdrew with Marcy's tongue lapping the underside of my cock as I pulled back.

After a dozen strokes, Pamela chirped her orgasm and flooded Marcy's face with cum as I continued to plow into her quivering quim. When her body began to shake again, Marcy croaked, "Daddy, don't cum in her. I want you to spray my insides with your sperm."

She warned me just in time, because I wasn't sure I could hold much longer. I slammed in hard, and Pamela's cunt clinched my cock, pulsing and squeezing. I withdrew, drawing a torrent of cum out along with my prick. Pamela, hearing Marcy's demand, rolled off her. I scrambled around to the other side of the bed and knelt between my daughter's legs, gripping her ass and lifting her, lining her slick slot with my ram. Once I slid in, I lowered myself and propped myself on my elbows, filling my hands with her small, softball-sized tits.

After licking Pamela's cum off her face, I kissed her passionately, thrusting rapidly in and out of her tight twat. She groaned in my mouth, her eyes filled with love and lust. Her body squirmed and humped, and it wasn't long before an orgasm overtook her. I paused, my cock fully buried, kissing and caressing her tits while she recovered. "I love you so much, Daddy. Fuck me until you fill me," she pleaded.

We wrapped our arms around each other and hugged tightly, our bodies melding together as I hammered her battered pussy. Pamela lay on her side watching us make love, reaching over and caressing our bodies as we moved together. When her body tensed, she wrapped her legs around me and pulled me tightly, my spongy cock head slamming against her cervix each time.

She grunted with each thrust, and while our tongues battled, her eyes widened as her pupils dilated with the onset of her climax. Her pussy contracted tightly, triggering my orgasm. Streams of cum sprayed out and flooded her pussy. "Oh, Daddy! It feels so good. Fuck me hard!"

I continued to plow into her, packing my baby batter into her spasming pussy. Her walls milked my prick until every precious drop had been extracted. Afterward, we hugged and kissed, savoring the post-coital bliss of our incestuous joining.

When I rolled off, Pamela pounced on me like a hungry wolf, cleaning and sucking my cum-coated cock with her hot mouth. Once hard, she rode me cowgirl through two orgasms, swiveled around for reverse cowgirl for three more orgasms, while Marcy relaxed and recovered.

Pamela, still hungry for cock, assumed the doggy position and, after three more orgasms, allowed Marcy to take her place. I only made it through two of Marcy's orgasms before I blew again.

Spent, I flopped down on the bed while they went to the kitchen to fix lunch. It was a little distracting eating at the table with their bare breasts jiggling and bobbing while they chatted, but who was I to complain? After another hour, they sucked me into hardness again, where we tried multiple other positions, finally ending up erupting in Marcy's pussy in her favorite position, missionary.

We were all dressed by the time Julie arrived and dropped off the babies. After hugs and kisses, Julie took me back to her place. She knew what I'd been doing, but wanted a blow-by-blow play about my day. When finished, I commented, "Pamela is still a voracious young lady. How does Marcy handle her?"

Julie giggled and replied, "Yeah, she can be quite a handful, but I think a lot of it is for show when you're around. She's a little tamer when it's just her and Marcy. And of course, since you spilled the beans to Marcy about your mother and me, she's talked me into joining them. At first, I was leery of having sex with my daughter, but then I remembered how you and your mother became closer, so I thought, why not? I don't regret it a bit. We're closer than ever, and I love them dearly."

While I made my nightly call to Jennifer, Julie sat beside me, gently holding my hand. Hearing my daughter's voice never failed to

brighten my day, and I always dreaded the moment the call had to end, each time closing with whispered declarations of love. When I hung up, Julie smiled and said, “You two are so much in love. I’m truly happy for Jennifer and you. Your mother would’ve been so proud.”

“I’ve been truly blessed with both of my families,” I professed, leaning over and kissing her.

That evening, we went out to dinner and went dancing afterward. I found that holding her close on the dance floor was even more enjoyable than the day of sex with my daughter and her wife. It was a connection that reminded me of Mom and me, and those memories would last forever. When we returned home, we made love that was gentle and lengthy, unlike the frenzied sex of earlier.

The next day was a rerun, although they insisted I only cum in Pamela. That confirmed my suspicions. When Julie and I retired that night, we held each other, and I mentioned, “When Jennifer and Mom lived together, it was strange how their periods lined up. When I asked Mom about it, she said that it often happens when women live together.”

“I think that’s just an old wives’ tale,” she said with a smile. “Though I have heard a few friends mention it. Probably just a coincidence. What made you think of it?”

I grinned and replied, “Tell me if I’m wrong, but I’m betting Marcy and Pamela just kicked off their ovulation cycle.”

She smiled widely, gently kissed me, and said, “I told them you’d figure it out. And yes, they’re trying for at least one more child, if not two. Your sperm will still be viable, even after five days, so they’re hoping that just a few days will be enough. If not, they’ll be happy with the two they have. It’s a last-ditch effort, because they know it’s their last chance with you.”

A flicker of surprise crossed my face. “Why do you say it’s my last chance? Won’t I be seeing them again?”

She smiled softly. "I'll explain everything the night before you leave. For now, just enjoy your time with them and don't let it change how you feel. And remember. I get dibs on being with you each night. Seniority actually counts for something in this family, and the only reward I want is sharing your bed, all night long."

Her words stirred more questions than answers, but I sensed she wasn't ready to reveal everything just yet. That night, her passion burned brighter than usual. The contrast was striking; being with someone twenty years older felt intimate and unhurried, a quiet depth to every touch, while being with someone twenty years younger was wild, raw, and urgent. As I reflected, I realized Lucy was the only person I'd made love to at my own age, where this entire journey had begun.

The next day, it was Marcy's turn to be infused with my sperm, and when we neared our first orgasm, I whispered in her ear, "Sweetie, are you ready to give me a baby? Daddy is going to fill you up with sperm and make you pregnant."

Hearing me divulge her supposed secret, her body went into violent spasms, shaking and jerking as her pussy enveloped my spurting prick and convulsed. "Oh, fuck, Daddy! I'm cumming so hard. Breed me, Daddy! Fuck a baby into me!"

It was her most intense orgasm of the week, and after that, both of them were even more passionate, now that their intentions were out in the open. The next day, Pamela's turn went much the same.

When Julie arrived to pick me up the next day, she caught me off guard with a warm smile and unexpectedly said, "Pamela, the babies are in the car. I'd like you to spend the day with me so Marcy and Dave can enjoy some uninterrupted father-daughter time."

She turned to Marcy with a wink. "I'll pick him up tomorrow morning. Have fun, sweetie."

As Pamela made her way to the door, she paused beside me, leaned in for a soft kiss, and whispered with a tender smile, "Take

good care of my wife.”

Instead of spending the day in bed like we had in the past, we explored the local sights, savoring each moment together. We ended the evening with dinner at a cozy restaurant, then danced late into the night at a nearby club. As we moved in sync on the dance floor and shared our thoughts and desires, I felt more connected to her than ever before.

The similarities between her and Jennifer were uncanny, not in looks, but in their personalities and mannerisms. They shared the same easy laughter, confident presence, and thoughtful way of speaking. It was as if they were shaped by the same soul, despite having different mothers. Being apart from Jennifer for the week made my heart ache with longing.

Our lovemaking that evening mirrored the nights I'd shared with her mother, relishing in the intimacy and declaration of love for each other. We ended with her on top of me, hugging me tightly as we fell asleep.

The next morning, we finalized our stay with a shower fuck, ensuring she received one more load of sperm to hopefully make her wish come true. There were many tears and long embraces as I departed, my heart heavy with the aching suspicion that this was a final farewell, even though Julie had yet to reveal why.

That evening, after dining out, we returned home and settled into the living room. I could feel the weight of something unspoken lingering between us. Turning to Julie, I said quietly, “It feels like this isn't just our last night. It feels like our last goodbye.”

She held my hands and squeezed them assuredly and began, “Yes. It's very complicated, but I've discussed it with the girls and we've come to a conclusion. First thing is that I've decided I need the comfort of a man each night, and I've narrowed it down to three men. Before I become physical with them, I wanted to be with you one more time, and since the girls wanted to be pregnant again, the

timing was perfect. I hope I haven't made you uncomfortable, using you like that."

"Not at all. I've always cherished our time together, no matter the circumstance. You mentioned being interested in three different men. Are you in love with any of them?"

She sighed softly. "No, I'm afraid not. At my age, love is hard to come by. What I miss most is the companionship. Having a man beside me at night, someone to hold. The girls keep me busy, but I still feel lonely. Truth is, I've only ever truly loved two men. My late husband and his son."

I blinked away a tear, hearing Julie settle for an unloving partner, and knowing what Jennifer would tell me, I confessed, "Mom," I started, her smile widening when I referred to her as my mother. "When we first met, I was infatuated with you because of your beauty and sexy body. It became more when we started to go out together and talk. I discovered you to be a caring, sensitive, passionate woman, and my feelings drifted to love. By the time we actually made love, I was deeply in love with you, not as much as my real mother, but almost as much. My love for you has never declined, and I would like to make a proposal to you. I'd..."

She gently pressed her fingers to my lips. "Don't, sweetie. Even if you never said it aloud, I saw it in your eyes that you loved me. And I know what you're about to suggest. Even without speaking to Jennifer, I know she'd welcome me back into your life, willing to share your heart and your bed. But I can't do that to her. You deserve a life with her, free from complications."

She paused, reflecting further, and continued, "Besides, I need to be with the girls, and they don't want to leave. That's why this has to be our final goodbye. It would only become more difficult, especially for the children. One day, they'll start asking why you're not around more, and that would only confuse and hurt them. We can't put them through that. When they're older, we'll tell them everything. But for now, we'll let them grow up in peace. I'll be with another man, and I

wouldn't be able to hide my feelings for you if you returned, and I wouldn't want him to feel slighted."

I wanted to argue, to fight against the finality of her words, but she was right on every point. Still, the pain of knowing I wouldn't be part of her life, the girls', or my children's, cut deeply. It was a difficult choice for all of them, and I knew the kindest thing I could do was offer comfort instead of resistance. "Mom," I said quietly, my voice thick with emotion, "As much as it hurts to let you go, I agree. It's the right decision."

She embraced me, tears flowing down her cheeks, and whispered, "Let's spend the rest of the evening in bed and make it a night to remember forever. I love you so much."

Before I stepped into the shower, I popped a blue pill, and after hours of making passionate love, we fell asleep in each other's arms. The next morning, she wrapped me in a long, aching embrace and pressed one final, lingering kiss to my lips. Then, with tears brimming in both our eyes, I turned and walked into the airport.

Chapter 8

When I arrived home from Julie's, Jennifer flung herself on me, and we spent the day in bed as she reasserted her ownership of her husband. And of course, had to hear in great detail about my escapades. She was saddened by Julie's decision as well, though she understood it was likely for the best. She admitted she would've loved for Julie to move in with us, but ultimately respected her choice and agreed to honor her wishes.

Although Julie and her girls never contacted me directly, Jennifer kept in touch with them. Two months later, she shared the news that two more children were on the way, and both birth certificates would list the father as 'Unknown.'

On Amy's next visit, we brought her up to speed on everything. She asked a few questions, then smiled warmly and said, "You've brought so much happiness to two families, Dad. I'm so proud of you, and I thank God every day that you're my father."

In other circumstances, I might have found it awkward to explain to my daughter that I had fathered four children outside of my marriage. But both of my daughters were raised with such deep, unconditional love, instilled in them by their mother, that sharing with me came naturally.

Months later, Jennifer gave birth to a healthy baby boy, Joshua. We agreed that two children were enough, and she resumed taking birth control pills shortly after. Raising our family felt like a familiar rhythm, much like what Mom and I had experienced with our own two. This time, everything came more naturally. Having already walked that path once made it easier, and being home full-time meant Jennifer and I could devote ourselves entirely to our children, savoring every moment together.

We obtained permission to enroll them in school at age four, and they quickly caught up with the other kids, although Joshua

struggled a little, being a little less than a year younger than Cindy, but Cindy watched over him, much like Amy had with Jennifer. They excelled in school, and we were able to have them skip grade three, so they'd graduate shortly after their sixteenth birthday.

We returned to Hawaii ten years after our previous visit, though this time, there was far less sunbathing than before. Much like Mom's and my second trip, Jennifer and I spent our days exploring the island, savoring the local cuisine, and dancing away the evenings. At night, with the kids back home under Amy's care and the world quiet around us, we focused solely on each other, letting our passion run free. I didn't think I could fall any more in love with my wife, but in those quiet, tender moments, I did. All over again.

For the next several years, our lives revolved around the kids; their activities, their milestones, and our many trips together across the country. As the eldest, Cindy naturally took on the role of protector and guide, helping her younger brother navigate the ups and downs of school life. Both children excelled academically and dabbled in sports, though neither developed a deep passion for any one activity. Cindy reminded us a lot of Amy in both personality and drive, while Joshua showed a budding interest in the family's bookkeeping business, often eager to learn and help where he could.

When they reached puberty, Jennifer took the lead in guiding Cindy through the changes and challenges of adolescence. My role with Joshua was more straightforward, talking to him about the surge of teenage hormones and the consequences of acting without thinking things through, and of course, describing the most important item for a young man. Rubbers. Jennifer and I confided in each other about their progress and felt comfortable with our direction.

When they turned fourteen, they visited Amy for a week because they'd shown an interest in their occupations. When they returned, Amy had outlined a schedule for them to follow to accelerate through college, by attending summer courses and also completing a lot of the credits through online classes. After that, they spent every spare

minute studying and completing Amy's agenda. Sports and social activities were replaced with studying at home.

Jennifer and I began worrying that they weren't being exposed to other people and they'd miss out on interactions with their peers, but they both seemed happy with following their plan. We vowed to encourage them to date or attend school activities, but we weren't very successful.

By the time they reached sixteen, their bodies had filled out and had matured into very attractive young adults.

Around this time, our rental house became available. Nights turned into cleaning shifts, and weekends were filled with donation runs. We hauled outdated furniture to Goodwill without fanfare, silently agreeing it was time for a fresh start. One by one, the rooms emptied, quiet and bare, yet full of promise.

Once the rental house was stripped down to bare bones, I called a family meeting in the now-empty kitchen. "Jennifer, kids," I began, "I'd like to completely remodel the place, and while I have some ideas, I'll need your help. After you agree on the designs and paint scheme, we'll hire a general contractor to coordinate the actual work."

Everyone nodded in agreement, so I continued, "The couple interested in renting it are newlyweds, both working part-time while attending college. I want every room to be redone as if it's your dream home. Let's give them the kind of start we would've wanted."

Turning to Jennifer and Cindy, I said, "I'd like for the two of you to design the kitchen and master bedroom." Then to Joshua, "You and I will take on the living room and the spare bedrooms."

After a few days of kicking around ideas and finalizing our plans, I contacted one of our business clients, who I knew was an honest contractor. He began right away, happy that it'd already been cleaned out, so work could begin immediately. Jennifer insisted on enlarging the master bathroom and modernizing it, so some

demolition would be necessary. She loved a spacious bathroom, and I wasn't about to go against her wishes.

Once it was in the hands of the workers, we returned to our normal routines. With the end of school coming to an end, the kids spent a lot of evenings studying in their rooms and finishing their online college courses.

Whenever they found themselves with free time, they'd join us in the living room to relax, read, or watch TV. Their casual dress and youthful good looks sometimes stirred a quiet, sexual tension in the air. Jennifer and I maintained distancing ourselves from their overt sexuality, but it remained a challenge. Cindy was a Daddy's girl, like Jennifer, and loved to cuddle next to me on the couch and also sit on my lap while watching TV, often kissing me on the cheek and caressing my arms and back.

Joshua, on the other hand, was glued to his mother, helping her in the kitchen or whenever he could nudge against her or hold her. One night, after we'd made love, Jennifer asked, "Maybe I should return to wearing a bra. I think Joshua is copping feels, and as a result, my nipples seem to be hard all the time. I think it's making him even more bold when he sees I'm excited. What do you think?"

"I hope you don't. He's a healthy young man, and it's perfectly normal for him to lust after you. You're a hot mother that anyone would love to fuck. Let him enjoy his youth. Cindy never wears a bra, either, and it drives me a little nuts when she presses them into me. Their hormones are running rampant, and if we don't indoctrinate them into flirting, someone else will."

"I agree," she said, giggling. "So, do you like feeling her perky tits rubbing against you? One night, she asked me to help her shave her mound. I told her a lot of boys liked them unshaven. I told her that I knew from experience because you prefer a hairy pussy. She dropped the subject immediately. She is a Daddy's girl, remember?"

She wrapped her hand around my prick and stroked it, causing me to emit a groan. "You are wicked. I noticed you convinced her to style

her hair like yours,” I noted. “She’s so much like you, it’s hard not to get turned on by her. Are you transforming her into a mini-you?”

“Would that be so bad?” she asked, pumping me faster.

I rolled on top of her and slid my prick into her juicy pussy, easily sinking to the bottom. “Someone’s turned on. Has Joshua already had a good feel of your tits?” I asked, grabbing her breasts and squeezing them, flicking my thumbs across her hard nipples.

She groaned and squirmed from my teasing of her engorged tips. “Not yet, but his arm has been accidentally bumping against them a lot lately,” she replied, using air quotes for ‘accidentally.’ Did you notice they’re wearing shorts now when we’re watching TV? His legs are hairy like yours, and hers are so long and thin, I bet you’re hard all the time. I can feel your hardness tonight. You’re turned on, aren’t you?”

I slammed into her as her body twisted and churned with excitement, as we taunted ourselves with incestuous feelings toward our children. We rutted like animals, concluding with our orgasms exploding at the same time,

I rolled onto my back, breathing heavily, and gasped, “Fuck, that was hot. Is it wrong to use our kids for sexual stimulation?”

“Are you kidding me, Daddy? From the time my boobs began to grow, I pawed and bumped against you every chance I could. Some nights, after I flirted with you, I could hear Mom cry out with more orgasms than normal. You can’t tell me you weren’t excited, and Mom was the beneficiary of my actions.”

I laughed and admitted, “Yeah, you were a sexpot, unlike Amy, and Mom often remarked that she was thankful for Daddy’s girl to rev me up for a night of torrid fucking.”

She jumped up, went to the door, flung it open, and returned to our bed. “From now on, their sex education will include live entertainment.” She enveloped my prick with her mouth, sucking it until hard, and then propped herself onto the bed, ready for a doggy

fuck. I moved behind her and thrust back into her. Her grunts, groans, and cries of passion echoed out the door, through the house, so all could hear her orgasmic screams.

When she was near her third orgasm, she screamed, “Fuck me hard, Daddy! Fill me with your cum!”

Her walls clamped onto my prick, causing it to explode. My cock pulsed and jerked in her quivering quim as she moaned through her orgasm. Afterward, we held each other, caressing our bodies as we recovered. “That was unbelievable. I think we’ve found another form of foreplay.”

“It’s always good with you, sweetie,” I professed. “But yeah, I felt energized, thinking of Cindy’s legs, once you mentioned them.”

Her lips curled up at the edges as a mischievous smirk formed. “I dare you to caress her legs tomorrow night. Not too far, mind you, maybe up to the middle of her upper thighs.”

“I double dare you,” I said, my smile wide. “Run your fingers through Joshua’s hairy legs and do a few gentle tugs like you used to do to me when you were his age. It used to drive me nuts.”

We were subtle at first, merely placing our hands on their knees, but then Cindy made the first move when she placed her hand on mine and slid it up her leg. Mom noticed and did the same without Joshua’s help. That night, Jennifer rode me cowgirl style and was madly rocking back and forth, groaning, when I saw the heads of our kids peeking in our door.

I gripped Jennifer’s tits and pulled her down for a kiss and whispered, “They’re watching.”

Her body shook with a major orgasm as she jammed her tongue down my throat. I humped my hips off the bed, slamming my exploding prick deep into her convulsing pussy. Our cum drooled down my pole, providing our audience with an erotic view.

Our lovemaking became better than ever each night, ramped up with the flirting of our children. After a few weeks, Jennifer convinced the kids to learn how to slow dance, something we both considered a meaningful part of our relationship. We began by demonstrating a few steps while they watched, then took turns guiding them. Jennifer danced with Joshua as Cindy and I observed, with me explaining Jennifer's movements.

Next, Cindy and I took the floor while Jennifer coached Joshua on how I was leading. Once they grasped the basics, we practiced every night. They quickly improved with Joshua learning how to lead with growing confidence, and Cindy picking up the rhythm of following her partner's cues.

As our dancing became more intimate each night, our lovemaking mirrored our actions. On my coaxing, Jennifer pulled Joshua close to him one night, smashing her braless tits into his chest. He couldn't have had a bigger smile. The next night, Cindy wore a thin blouse and copied her mother, her pointed nipples jabbing into me.

Jennifer and I barely made it into the bedroom before I was hammering her from behind. She screamed out four orgasms before I growled and filled her pussy with a load of cum. She made a point during each of our love sessions to scream out, "Fuck me, Daddy!" It'd always turned her on to admit our incestuous relationship, and I never complained, being on the receiving end of her tight, clamping cunt.

The next week, we decided to switch partners with Joshua and Cindy dancing while Jennifer and I watched. We provided several tips, and they did quite well, but at the end of the night, they both pleaded to continue to practice with us as they wanted more experience. Jennifer and I smiled at each other, knowing their intentions were motivated by their hormones rather than wanting to practice.

The nights we didn't dance, we snuggled in the living room watching TV. Cindy and I would sit on the couch, while Jennifer and Joshua camped out on the loveseat. We continued the caressing of

legs, our hands drifting higher after a week or so. One night, while all four of us danced, I turned Cindy so that she and Jennifer were back-to-back. Their heads rested on our shoulders, and when I knew Joshua was looking at me, I slid one of my hands down and squeezed Cindy's ass. She gasped, her arms hugging me tighter.

Joshua saw my move, and when his eyes met mine, I winked and nodded to Jennifer's ass. His hand slowly descended, and when he spread his fingers and gripped her cheek, she moaned and pulled him tighter. His smile was as large as mine when I pounded his mother later that night.

A week or so later, Jennifer and I took it to a new level when, after dancing, we kissed, explaining that generally, after a set of songs or sometimes after a romantic dance, a kiss is a nice way to reward your partner.

When we resumed dancing with our kids, Cindy eagerly kissed me on the lips at the conclusion, and when Joshua didn't act fast enough, Jennifer pulled him down to her mouth. There was no tongue action, merely a soft, gentle kiss, but the ladies knew the effects of it when, during the next song, they pulled our groins into them, feeling our hard pricks.

Once the contractor completed the remodel, Jennifer and Cindy took charge of furnishing and decorating the home. Meanwhile, Joshua and I transformed the former spare bedroom into a study. We installed two workstations and added comfortable chairs. Perfect for making long study sessions a little more bearable.

After another week, with the rental house finally ready for occupancy, we resumed our family nights.

We decided to see if the kids remembered their dance lessons and asked them for a demonstration. After a few songs, I said, "You two did really well tonight. Do you remember what we said about rewarding your partner when finished?"

They turned to each other and gently kissed, and their body movements confirmed my suspicions. They were no strangers to acting intimately. Jennifer and I danced with them for the rest of the night, and Cindy hugged me so tightly, I thought I might bore a hole into her stomach with my hard prick. When we were ready to retire for the evening, she kissed me with much more passion than before, still withholding her tongue. Her wide brown eyes mirrored Jennifer's and Mom's, which sent a chill down my spine.

After giving Jennifer three major orgasms, we lay facing each other. Her eyes twinkled as she asked, "Spill it, Dad. I noticed your knowing smirk when the kids danced and kissed tonight."

I gently kissed her and was amazed at how well she could read me. "They never go out, spending all their time with us or in their rooms studying, but they are closer than we think. Did you see the way their bodies relaxed when they kissed? It was a natural act for them."

"Well, I kind of already figured it out, but I wasn't sure you wanted to know," she admitted.

Her smile revealed hidden knowledge that she could hardly contain anymore. "As you know, I talked to Cindy about romantic relationships and provided her with a prescription for birth-control pills. She hasn't used any."

My look turned to confusion, as I asked, "So she isn't having sex or is just living dangerously?"

She grinned wider and continued, "When you had your talk with Joshua, I take it you mentioned rubbers?"

"Yes, I did," I replied. "I stressed the importance of using them for not only unwanted pregnancies but also for disease."

"Well, you did only half a job. You didn't keep supplying him after the first box, did you?" she asked, now giggling.

"Damn, no, I didn't. Has he asked you to buy them?" I asked.

“No, he hasn’t, because I’ve been restocking his box,” she explained. “It looks like he’s using two to three a night, and since he doesn’t go out, I kind of doubt if he’s jacking off in them.”

Her words clicked, and it was like a light bulb suddenly switched on in my mind. “Wow. They’re fucking. Fucking a lot it seems.”

“Wait here, and I’ll sneak down to their rooms. I’ll come get you if they’re going at it,” she instructed.

She rolled out, and I started to stiffen, watching the backside of her nude body dart out of the room. After a few moments, she returned and motioned for me to follow her. We tiptoed down the hallway and stopped in front of Cindy’s door, which was the furthest away. It was the room Lucy used where we’d fucked and conceived Amy. After I moved into Mom’s room, it became Amy’s room, which was fitting for her to grow up in her mother’s room.

Muffled sounds of sex emitted through the door, and Jennifer carefully turned the doorknob and opened it a crack to peer inside. The sounds of bare flesh slapping together hit us as Jennifer continued opening it, seeing that they were facing away from us.

Joshua pounded her from behind, their moaning and groaning increasing in volume as they raced toward their orgasms. I did notice his prick was sheathed in latex, abiding by my warnings about pregnancy. Surprisingly, I felt great pride for his obeying me, and it appeared he was doing a fine job of servicing his horny sister. Fearing they’d cum and turn toward us, Jennifer closed the door until only a crack so we could hear them.

Suddenly, Cindy cried out, “Fuck me, Daddy. Do it harder!”

I froze, wondering if she knew I was standing outside their door, when I heard Joshua scream, “Fuck me back, Mom! I’m ready to cum.”

While they growled and grunted through their orgasms, Jennifer quietly closed the door, led me back to our bedroom, and assumed the doggy position. I didn’t need an invitation and slammed my rock-

hard prick into her. We fucked with wild abandon until we both exploded with a major orgasm.

Plopping onto the bed, exhausted, I croaked, “They’ve been playing us, using our flirting as their foreplay.”

She giggled and replied, “Yeah, just like we’ve been doing. We heat them so they can roleplay afterward. This is going to be so much fun, leading them on.”

“On that note, I think it’s time to allow your son to feel your fantastic tits.” She jumped out of bed, searched her closet, and found a nightgown that had slits in the sides.

“Cindy always wears a floppy sweatshirt, so it should be easy for you to sneak your hand underneath and feel those cute little titties,” she said.

“Okay, I’ll make a move on Cindy, but you’ll have to guide Joshua’s hand and encourage him to explore,” I said.

She was giddy with excitement and sucked me to hardness again. Our sex had risen to an all-time high, and I wasn’t sure where it’d end, but I was certainly happy with the status quo.

Once we’d made love again, I held her and said, “I’d like you to go off the pill.”

Her look was one of surprise and lust. “You want another baby? At this stage of our life?”

I gently kissed her and replied, “If it happens, it happens. I think it’ll add some excitement to our sex with the added risk.” I was proud of myself for hiding my true agenda, but I knew my plan for our family was proceeding nicely.

“You got that right,” she replied, with a quick peck on my lips. “I can remember before when the thought of you breeding me drove me crazy. I’ll stop tonight, and it won’t be long before I’ll know where my cycle is.”

Two nights later, before we settled into our usual spots, Jennifer suggested, "I'd like to reposition the loveseat so it's in line with the couch. That way, we don't have to strain our necks to watch TV. Would you two men be able to help me out?" She grinned confidently and motioned where to move it. I knew her motivation for the change was to conceal our movements from each other.

When I rested on the couch, Cindy quickly settled in beside me. When I wrapped my arm around her, she set her hand on my bare leg, caressing it while we watched a documentary. After a few moments, I slipped my hand underneath her cottony sweatshirt and gripped her waist. She gasped and squeezed my thigh. I wasn't sure if she was scared or excited, so I inched my hand upward. She leaned into me, sliding her hand up and down my upper leg. Taking it as approval, I spread my fingers and moved upward until the side of my hand bumped against the bottom of her breast.

Afraid to advance, I lowered my hand and rotated my palm in circles around her sunken stomach. After only a short while, she shifted in her seat, her impatience becoming impossible to miss. Her free hand snuck underneath her top, held my hand, and guided it to her tit, not stopping until my hand was filled with her breast. She removed her hand and allowed my hand to continue exploring her perky mounds.

I glanced at Jennifer to see her looking at my progress. When I squeezed Cindy's tit and my hand pushed out her sweatshirt, Cindy let out a soft moan. Jennifer's eyes caught my movement, knowing I was kneading our daughter's tit.

I heard some rustling from the loveseat and saw Jennifer's robe bulging out from Joshua's hand, wrapped around his mother's breast. After ten minutes, our rapid breathing was becoming obvious, so I withdrew my hand and eased off. I noticed around the same time, Jennifer's robe was deflating as she must have pulled his hand off her. I yawned, feigning sleepiness, and announced, "Think I'll hit the sack. Good night, kids."

I led Jennifer by her hand to our bedroom as she called out, “Goodnight, guys. See you in the norming.”

Once in our bedroom, I shoved off her robe to find her protruding nipples rock hard. I squeezed them, bringing out a long groan. She croaked, “If he’d squeezed any harder, milk would’ve squirted out. He’s one horny boy, and I can’t imagine the pounding our poor daughter is going to receive tonight.”

“Let’s give them a good show, then,” I said, shoving her onto the bed, placing her ankles on my shoulders, and shoving my prick into her hairy pussy. Her snug walls welcomed me, spreading and clinging onto my fleshy ram. “Fuck, you’re soaked, baby.”

She grunted from the forceful impact and croaked, “And your prick is hard as steel. What’s your point? They turned us on, and now it’s time to fuck my brains out.”

And that’s what I did. She screamed through several orgasms before I finally released in her. When we snuggled up afterward, I asked, “Did they visit us?”

“No idea,” she said, huffing. “I was lost in my own pleasure. That was a great fuck. I have an idea of what to do next time. I have to do some shopping first.”

With only three weeks left until graduation, the kids spent their evenings tucked away in their rooms. Jennifer and I abstained from having sex due to Aunt Flo visiting her, the first time since going off the pill. Surprisingly, she noticed that Cindy was also suffering from the curse, so the kids were also having a dry week.

By Saturday, she was back to her usual horny self. That evening, before our showers, Jennifer appeared with a couple of shopping bags. As she handed out our outfits, she smiled and said, ‘Since the weather’s warming up, I figured we’d all appreciate something a little cooler to wear.’”

Cindy held the nightwear up against herself, turning and shifting while modeling it, and with a smile, said, “Thanks, Mom. It’s just like

the one you wear. The side vents will keep it nice and cool, and I love how light it feels. Is it silk?”

“Nope,” she replied. “It’s a bamboo rayon. It’s super soft on the skin. And I thought the pink contrasted nicely with your hair. Plus, you are a girl, so it was an easy choice.”

“Mom,” Cindy groaned, rolling her eyes playfully. “I’m a woman now, not a girl. But, I do like it, so you’re forgiven.”

Next, she handed matching cotton robes to Joshua and me. “You’re both the same size now, which makes shopping a lot easier,” she said with a smile. “These will be much cooler than those heavy sweats you’ve been wearing. I’ve already washed them, so they’re ready to go.”

We went to our respective rooms to shower. Jennifer went first, and when I joined her in the living room, she patted the spot beside her instead of splitting up the kids as usual. Joshua and Cindy sat on the couch, and sat on opposite ends, wary of revealing their secret intimacy they shared.

Feeling amorous, Jennifer swiveled around, nestling onto my lap, her body turned sideways across mine, and her legs draped gently over one side. She leaned in and kissed me softly, her closeness melting the space between us. I slipped an arm around her waist and deepened the kiss, our passion rising as she cradled the back of my head, pulling me into a lingering, breathless French kiss.

After a few moments, Cindy let out an exasperated sigh. “Mom, Dad. Seriously, take it to your room. You’re embarrassing us.”

I pulled away from Jennifer’s succulent lips to respond. “It’s just how we express our love,” I replied. “Someday, you’ll do the same, probably embarrassing your own kids in the process. However, don’t ever feel ashamed of demonstrating your love for someone. It’s something to cherish.”

Cindy smirked, a glint of mischief dancing in her eyes. “I wouldn’t know, Dad. I haven’t really been that intimate with anyone,” she lied

confidently. “I don’t even know how to kiss. I bet a guy would be totally turned off by how clueless I am.”

Joshua cast a cautious glance her way, clearly hoping she wouldn’t say anything more to reveal their nightly liaisons.

Seeing an opportunity, I said, “Well, let me demonstrate on my beautiful wife. After a few light kisses on dates, and you want to progress to a more lasting friendship, you look into her eyes and connect with her by kissing all around her face, and lightly touch her forehead and nose with yours. Like so.”

After planting pecks on her cheeks and forehead, I leaned in close until we connected, our eyes locked together. Jennifer giggled and said, “Your father is such a romantic, but listen to what he says. I’m so turned on now, he could do anything he wants to.”

“Eww, Mom!” Cindy exclaimed. “Stick to the kissing.”

“Okay,” I replied. “Kiss her gently a few times, and look for the telltale sign she desires more. It’s when she swipes her tongue across her lips. At that point, you can progress faster until your tongues are touching.”

Unseen by the kids, one of my hands slipped into the slit of Jennifer’s nightgown and gripped her side. She gasped and brought her lips to mine. After a few gentle kisses, her hand held my head firmly to hers as we began exploring our mouths with our tongues. Hot breaths of air purged out of her nostrils when my hand cupped and squeezed her breast. We kissed for a good ten minutes, both of us panting and breathing heavily, before we pulled apart. I slyly slid my hand out of her robe and was sure the kids hadn’t noticed.

Jennifer croaked, “I hope you kids took notice. Your father is a master at kissing. I felt my body melting from his talented mouth.”

Taking a chance, I suggested, “Why don’t you two try it, and we’ll watch to see if you have the hang of it.”

Joshua, who had remained quiet the entire time, feigning disgust, exclaimed, “With my sister? Are you nuts, Dad?”

Cindy added, “Yeah, Dad. What he said. Plus, I don’t want to learn from someone who doesn’t know what they’re doing. Can’t you teach me, Daddy?” She put on her adorable, pouty face that had won me over in the past.

“I suppose it wouldn’t hurt. And Joshua can practice with his mother,” I offered, trying to act reluctant.

Joshua shot back, “With my mom? Boys don’t kiss their mothers like that?”

“Well, daughters don’t do that with their fathers, either. It’s just for training. And if you don’t want to learn from your mother, I guess I could teach you.”

I laughed inwardly, seeing both of them with a look of disgust covering their faces. “Jesus, Dad!” Joshua exclaimed. “I’m not gay. I guess it’ll be okay with Mom teaching me.”

Joshua couldn’t hide his smile as he stood to come over to take my place. On my way to the couch, I noticed Cindy’s nightgown was much thinner than Jennifer’s and a little tight. I wonder if Jennifer had done that on purpose. I’d have to thank her later, as Cindy’s dark-brown, hard nipples were pressed tightly to the fabric. My cock, already stiff from my foreplay with Jennifer, stood straight up by the time I settled onto the couch.

Cindy crawled onto my lap in the same position as Jennifer had done, but with her back to them. The side of her upper thigh snugged up against my hard-on, and from the look on her smile, she was well aware of it. She wiggled her ass, getting comfortable, and when I pressed my forehead on hers and looked into her eyes, my hand dove into the side slit of her nightgown.

All my instructions of going slow flew out the window when I gripped her puffy, hard nipple between my thumb and forefinger and twisted it. Her arms wrapped around my neck and pulled my mouth

to hers, her tongue jabbing into my mouth, probing its interior. She moaned as I teased her nipple, her breasts heaving in and out with excitement.

When I released her tit, her eyes displayed umbrage until she felt my hand glide down her body and cup her hairy mound. Her disappointment was replaced with pleasure as I grabbed tufts of her pussy hair and tugged on them, causing another groan from her. While we French kissed, I laid my middle finger onto her juicy slit while my adjoining fingers pressed alongside her swollen labia. As I squashed her lips together, she humped her hips into me.

Her eyes, filled with hunger, looked deeply into mine, conveying the love she held for me. She reminded me so much of Mom and Jennifer that it filled me with my own hunger for her body. Thinking of my wife, I heard her moaning and glanced over to see her arms holding his head to him, and her robe wobbling as he'd filled both of his hands with her large, round breasts.

While some husbands might feel jealous if another man were so affectionate with their wife, I only felt warmth, knowing I was giving my son the same opportunity as I'd had when I was his age. The first time you wrap your hands around your mother's breasts stays with you forever.

Cindy's breathing became heavier while her pelvis wiggled around, coating my middle finger with her juices. If we kept it up, she'd cum, and I didn't want that to happen this time, so I removed my hand while releasing her mouth.

I cleared my throat and croaked, "Do you think you have the hang of it, now?"

I glanced over and saw that Jennifer had taken the hint and had pulled away from Joshua.

Cindy, her tits still heaving with excitement, managed to stutter, "Yes, I feel that I could properly kiss my partner now. Mom was right

when she explained how she melted in the moment, and she'd do anything you wanted when you kissed her."

She leaned close to my ear, ran her tongue around my rim, and whispered, "I mean it, Daddy. Anything." To emphasize her point, she shifted her leg into me, squashing my hard prick against her.

As soon as Jennifer and I made it to our bedroom, she turned to me and passionately kissed me for a few moments before saying. "Joshua is a quick learner and kisses almost as well as you. It was tough for him since he was busy acquainting his hands with my tits. How was Cindy?"

I kissed her again, grabbing her breasts and kneading them as if I were reclaiming them, and replied, "Our kiss quickly turned wild when I twisted her hard nipple. She takes after her mother and has a great set of tits." I squeezed and pulled her nipple as I'd done with my daughter. She let out a deep groan, and from her expression, I could see her envisioning Joshua's fingers instead of mine.

When I slid my hand down her body and cupped her hairy mound, I continued, "This is what I did next to your horny daughter." I positioned my fingers into her slot and labia, squeezing and mashing her juicy lips together. My finger was soaked from her leaking cunt.

"You're really wet," I croaked. "It looks like Joshua got you primed for a good fucking."

Her face was wild with passion as I continued to squeeze her engorged pussy lips. I moved us toward the bed before I flopped onto it, my hard cock upright and ready. "Climb on, baby, and give me a good ride," I urged, holding my prick by the base, waving it around enticingly.

She straddled me and guided her horny hole onto my rod and swallowed my length with her hairy pussy. There was nothing slow about her descent as her body fell onto mine until her pelvis collided with mine. She grunted and exclaimed, "Fuck, that's good. I'm going to ride you until I break you."

Her tits flopped up and down as she rocked and bounced on my body, using my prick to stir her boiling pot of pussy. After two orgasms, she began to slow down, and we'd usually change positions, but instead, I held her ass and fucked her on my pole. "You can do another, sweetie. You promised you'd break me, and I'm still unbroken."

She leaned over, gripped my shoulders, and began fucking me again, her face filled with determination and lust. Our mouths connected while I played with her breasts. With the added stimulation, her excitement levels elevated. I humped my hips upward, meeting her downstrokes until she growled with another orgasm. Her pussy spilled out its juices, soaking my pubic hair when her labia smashed against my groin.

After her last convulsion, she eased off, and I croaked, "I'm about ready to blow, sweetie."

Understanding my pleading look, she enveloped my soaked prick with her mouth. It felt like she wanted to suck my insides out, and after a few moments, she did. I flooded her mouth with cum, but she didn't let a drop escape, swallowing my load entirely.

Afterward, we snuggled together and fell asleep, exhausted from our extended foreplay and explosive orgasms.

The countdown to graduation was two weeks, and the kids were frantically finalizing their studies. Knowing Jennifer was nearing her ovulating cycle, I was careful not to deposit any sperm in her. She looked at me curiously a few times when I'd pull out of her and spray her tits with my cum, but didn't say anything.

Thursday night, Cindy took a break from her studies and curled up beside me on the couch to watch TV for a little while. As the show ended and she began to rise, she leaned in close, her lips near my ear, and whispered, "Daddy, I think I need one more lesson on kissing. Could you show me on Saturday night?"

I looked down to see a large gap in her nightgown, where she unbuttoned it, and ogled her perky tits, capped with puffy, hard nipples. When my eyes rose and met hers, I replied, “Of course, sweetie. Anything for you.”

She smiled and pranced off. Later that night in bed, Jennifer asked me what we were talking about, and I answered, “It seems that our lesson on kissing wasn’t good enough. She wants a repeat on Saturday night. Would you like to give them a pre-graduation gift that night, too?”

“If the kiss goes like before, I’d say that’s a pretty good gift,” she replied.

“I have something else in mind,” I said with a wide grin and then kissed her gently before proceeding. “You know they fuck like rabbits after flirting with us, right? How about if we take the edge off them, so they last longer on their first fuck when they go to their rooms. I’ll finger Cindy to a climax, and you can whack off Joshua while we’re kissing them.”

She crawled on top of me and attacked me like a wild lioness, devouring her prey. I guess that was her answer, as she guided my prick into her wet pussy. After her second orgasm, I pulled out and painted her tits with streaks of cum.

That turned out to be the breaking point for her. “Daddy, you haven’t cum in me ever since I quit taking the pill. I thought you wanted to try for another baby. Should I go back on birth control? You know I love the feeling of when you fill me with your sperm.”

“I’m sorry, sweetie,” I replied. With my best poker face, I lied, “I think I’ve been having cold feet. Give me another week or so to think about it, but stay off the pill. Can you deal with that for me?”

“Of course, Daddy. Just let me know when and I’ll drain your balls every chance I get,” she promised, giggling.

Joshua helped me with the yard work on Saturday while Jennifer and Cindy tackled the house cleaning. Later in the day, we fired up

the grill for a barbecue and spent the early evening unwinding together in the garden. Jennifer and I lounged on the outdoor couch while the kids stretched out in the recliners, buzzing with excitement over their upcoming graduation and the fresh start of their summer semester in college.

When the kids went inside to shower, Jennifer and I lingered a while longer, savoring the sweet scent of the night bloomers as it drifted through the warm evening air. As we talked through our plans, she voiced her concern. “How do you think we should handle tonight so neither of them feels embarrassed around the other?”

“I’ll have Cindy sit on my lap facing away from you, so that won’t be a problem, but that won’t work for you,” I explained. “Sit beside him and pull him toward you so he’s looking away from us. That way we could see each other, and when I sense Cindy is going to cum, I’ll wink at you so you can bring him off.”

“I’m already leaking, thinking about giving my son a handjob,” she croaked, kissing me passionately.

Before we rose to go in, I warned, “Make sure you have something to wipe up his mess. I’m sure he’s going to spurt out a monstrous load. I know my first one with my mother was huge.”

She smiled with a knowing look as if she’d already had a solution. Her face glowed with excitement, and I wondered if my face reflected the same feeling. I know my prick was hard most of the night thinking about it.

After our showers, we joined the kids in the living room and assumed our positions as we’d discussed. Little words were spoken as we watched a boring documentary, everyone tense for the main event. When the time neared our time to retire, I slid my hand in the slit of Cindy’s nightgown and cupped one of her breasts. I lightly squeezed it and whispered in her ear, “Are you ready for anything?”

She nodded, her face filled with excitement. Loud enough for Joshua and Jennifer to hear, I announced, “It’s getting late. Time to

go in for the night. Would you kids like to demonstrate whether you've learned how to kiss your partner good night?"

Cindy let out a glee and exclaimed, "Yes, Daddy!" Her arms wrapped around my shoulders as she brought her mouth to mine. When her tongue found mine, I lowered my hand and cupped her hairy mound, squeezing it gently. She moaned in my mouth as my fingers slid around her lips, squeezing them. Her eyes widened when my middle finger slipped into her tight pussy and swirled around her slick folds.

Her spread-out fingers dug into my shoulder flesh as I finger fucked her. Her pussy gushed her juices as I thrust two more fingers into her, my thumb brushing across her protective sheath, hiding her clit. After ten minutes, she struggled to inhale enough air through her nose and released me, nestling her head alongside mine. She rapidly panted and licked my ear, whispering, "I love you so much, Daddy. I'm almost ready to cum."

I looked over to see Jennifer staring back at me with a large smile. Joshua's head faced the other direction, but I could see his robe bouncing up and down as she pumped his cock. The joy of holding her son's cock for the first time was reflected in her eyes.

I winked at her, signaling her that Cindy was ready to climax. Her hand increased her rate of stroking, and from his intermittent groans, I knew she was twisting his cock head on the upstroke. From being on the receiving end of her expert cock handling, I knew he wouldn't last much longer.

Cindy's hot breath in my ear, along with feeling her hot, juicy pussy gripping my fingers, made my prick ache and throb. "Let it go, sweetie. Scream into my neck to muffle your sounds so your mother won't hear you."

Yeah, right, like I was afraid of that. From the look on Jennifer's face, I'm pretty sure her entire concentration was stroking her son's cock.

In retrospect, I should've allowed Cindy to scream, since she took my advice and clamped her mouth onto my neck. I knew exactly the terror a fish went through when a lamprey eel latched onto them. Sucked and licked, feeding off my flesh. In her excitement, her clit enlarged and escaped her hood, exposing its vulnerability to my attack. While shoving my fingers in deeply, my thumb remained on her pearl, squashing and bending it.

Her muffled screams escaped from her mouth, tightly sealed on my neck, as her velvety walls clamped onto my fingers. I felt bee stings on my shoulders when her nails dug into me. Tremors shook her body as her pussy spasmed, gushing out her juices.

Suddenly, I heard Joshua exclaim, "Oh, Mom. Fuck!"

Jennifer's wide grin let me know she'd successfully brought her son to a climax. Her hand movement slowed down as she pulled out the rest of his cum.

When Cindy relaxed, she pulled off my neck, and after glancing at my neck, she whispered, "Sorry, Daddy. I might have left a mark."

Her startled expression stirred a memory from years ago. She used to love helping me in our Paradise Garden, tugging weeds, deadheading blooms, while I shared stories about her grandmother, my mother. One afternoon, she accidentally uprooted a flower, and I snapped a little too sharply, "Sweetie, that's a flower. Don't pull those."

A fearful look flashed across her face, and I felt immediate regret for scolding her. I scooped her into my arms and gently asked, "You didn't do that on purpose, did you?"

Her lower lip trembled as she looked up at me, eyes wide with remorse. "No, Daddy. I didn't know it was a flower. I'm sorry. Do you hate me now?"

I kissed her cheek and shook my head. "It was just an accident, sweetheart. You were trying to help, and that's what matters. Now that you know, you won't do it again. And no, I could never hate you.

You're my baby girl, and there's nothing you could do to change that. I love you so much."

I kissed her forehead and pulled her close, her tiny arms wrapping around me as tightly as they could. She buried her face in my chest, and I held her until she let go.

When she finally looked up at me, her beaming smile and sparkling eyes brought a tear to my eye. My love for her only deepened with every precious moment we shared.

Back in the present, that same fearful look flickered across her face, and just like before, I gently asked, "You didn't do it on purpose, did you?"

She gave a slow shake of her head, her full lips forming a small pout as her eyes cast downward. It echoed the garden memory. She remembered exactly how to melt her daddy's heart. When she finally glanced up and saw my smile, hers bloomed right back, full of warmth and mischief, before she leaned in to gently kiss me on the lips. No words were needed. Everything had already been said years ago. She knew she was, and always would be, Daddy's girl. And in my eyes, she could do no wrong.

While our faces remained inches apart, I removed my hand from her robe, stuck my cum-coated fingers in my mouth, and slowly withdrew them, tasting her sweet nectar. Her eyes widened in amazement, and I wondered if Joshua hadn't performed oral on her. If so, I knew Jennifer would be an excellent teacher.

The kids scurried to their rooms, or actually one of their rooms, to continue where we left off, while Jennifer and I headed to the master suite. No sooner had we entered when Jennifer dropped to her knees, opened my robe, and swallowed my cock. Fuck, she was good. She sucked me as hard as Cindy had done on my neck.

"Damn, that feels good, sweetie," I croaked. "I'm not going to last long, though. Your daughter really heated me up."

She didn't let up, and when her hand cradled and rolled my balls, I filled her mouth with my cum. She didn't stop until she'd consumed every drop and then licked me off. She rose, opened her robe, and hugged me, pressing her nude body into mine.

"You think you were turned on?" she giggled. "What do you think about me with my son playing with my tits while I pumped his meaty cock until it blew?"

"Did he make a mess of his robe?" I chuckled.

She pulled a pair of cum-soaked panties out of her robe pocket and said, "I thought it was appropriate to clean him up with a pair of my panties, since he's been using them for a cum-rag for years."

Dropping them onto the floor, she embraced me and jammed her tongue into my mouth. She was on fire and needed relief. I slipped three fingers into her slot and said, "You're soaked. You climaxed while stroking your son's cock, didn't you?"

"Maybe," she whispered, her face filled with passion.

I tossed her onto the bed, crawled between her legs, and jammed my face into her pussy. She groaned and writhed through three orgasms before I stopped and crawled up beside her. While she recovered, she let her hand glide gently across my body, caressing me with slow, deliberate strokes. I flinched slightly as her fingers brushed over my shoulders, my face wincing from her contact.

She propped herself up on her elbows, leaned over, and asked alarmingly, "How'd you get scratched?" Then she noticed my neck. "Oh my god! You have a huge hickie on your neck. Does it hurt?" She lightly ran her fingertips across the reddened, bruised patch of skin.

"No, I'm fine," I replied. "Cindy might have gotten a little carried away when she climaxed. I told her to press her mouth into my neck to muffle her screams."

"Well, it appears Daddy's little girl had a good time," she said, chuckling. "If that was her pre-graduation gift, what do you have in

mind for the real thing?”

“You’ll find out on Wednesday,” I said with a grin. Her puzzled look made it clear her curiosity was piqued.

After the kids left for school on Wednesday, I took Jennifer to the rental house to inspect the final remodel. After going through the rooms, I handed her a pad of paper and a pen before explaining, “We need to go out shopping today and put the finishing touches on the place. Dishes, silverware, sheets, and anything else, so a couple moving in will be able to start their lives.”

She paused, tilting her head thoughtfully. Then, a wide smile spread across her face as realization dawned. “This is for the kids, isn’t it? You want them to move in here as a couple.”

“Exactly,” I said. “They deserve the chance to grow their relationship freely. They’re in love, and I want to support them in their pursuit of happiness.”

She cocked her head to the side with a knowing smile. “You’ve known about them for a while now, haven’t you? That’s why you remodeled the rental and had them help furnish it. How long have you been wise to them?”

“For a couple of years now,” I admitted. “After they stopped dating other kids, I began noticing how they looked at each other, how they acted when they thought no one was watching. On their walks to the park, I’d see them return holding hands, always letting go just a block from the house so we wouldn’t catch on. There were other little signs too, but it was clear they were in love. That’s when I started planning for their future. They deserve the chance to build something together.”

“If they’re really that much in love, why do you think they’re flirting with us?” she asked, her voice filled with curiosity.

“It could be that they’re trying to convince us to accept their relationship by showing us how much love a family can share, but I think it’s something much deeper. There is a powerful bond between

a mother and her son, and from experience, I recognize the subtle touches and smiles he gives you. With you being a sexy and loving mother, he's probably been fantasizing about you for years. I know I would if you were my Mom, but then again, you're as beautiful as Mom was, so it's easy to understand his lustful cravings toward you."

She smiled and gently kissed me, and before she could offer a rebuttal, I continued, "You can probably understand why Cindy is infatuated with me. She's a Daddy's girl, like you were. Can you relate to how she feels?"

Her hand covered her mouth in shock. "Oh, my gosh. You're right. I was madly in love with you when I was growing up, and I'm sure she has those same feelings. Now that I think about it, I wonder why she didn't wait for you to make her a woman, like I did. Every time I heard Mom scream out an orgasm, I was in my room, playing with my pussy, wishing it was me."

She embraced and kissed me, declaring, "I love you so much. Can you believe how well our kids turned out? Let's get to work on filling their house."

We spent the rest of the day shopping, making multiple trips back to the rental loaded with bags. Jennifer stayed behind to wash the linens and towels, while I returned home to spend time with the kids. She came in late that night, clearly exhausted, and curled up beside me in bed, falling asleep almost instantly.

The next day, we tackled the grocery shopping, filling the cupboards, refrigerator, and freezer with a full stock of food and essentials.

When all done, Jennifer settled beside me on the couch and tested the TV to ensure the streaming and the Wi-Fi worked. Turning to me, she asked, "I take it this is to be their graduation present. When do we announce it?"

"Well, tomorrow, Friday, is graduation, and Amy and her family will be here for that. She said they're leaving Sunday morning, so

we'll spring it on them that night.”

The graduation ceremony went off without a hitch, followed by a quiet celebration in the garden that evening. Amy, Steve, and their two kids stayed at a nearby motel overnight and returned the next day to spend more time with us. That afternoon, Amy pulled Cindy and Joshua aside to present a carefully structured plan designed to fast-track their college journey, just as she'd done to accelerate their progress through high school.

Cindy, determined and focused, was set on following in Amy's footsteps to become a corporate attorney. Joshua, on the other hand, aspired to pursue Steve's path as a financial advisor while continuing his work as a bookkeeper.

Joshua's career path would allow him to eventually take over our business when Jennifer and I choose to retire. After Amy finished explaining the plan to them, she sat down with me to review the details. Amy had some influence at her college and could help with financial aid, but I knew the cost would still be significant.

I asked, “Can you give us a rough estimate of how much we should set aside for their college expenses?”

Her expression shifted to a mix of surprise and amusement. “Dad, the trust fund you and Mom set up is covering everything. There's no cost to you.”

Now it was my turn to look surprised. “That was only four hundred thousand. I'd hate to see it drained just to support my kids. What about your children or unexpected family emergencies?”

“That was nearly twenty years ago,” she replied with a grin. “With Steve's financial skills, along with continued contributions from you and me, it's grown to over five million. As for my kids, we're covered. And remember, the trust was meant to support family members with an ‘Unknown’ father on the birth certificate. Steve is listed as theirs, but in any case, we're wealthy enough not to have to worry about it.”

“Thanks, Amy. Mom would’ve been so proud of you. Though, to be fair, she always recognized your sharp intellect.”

The rest of the day, our two families enjoyed each other’s company, filled with laughter, good food, and easy conversation.

Hugs and tears flowed freely as Amy and her family departed on Sunday, leaving the four of us behind to tidy up the house and yard after the celebration. The echoes of laughter still lingered in the air as we quietly worked, the weekend’s joy slowly giving way to the comfort of routine.

We wrapped up the day with a relaxed barbecue on the deck, and after tidying up, gathered in the garden to savor the final moments of the weekend. Jennifer shifted excitedly beside me, barely able to contain her eagerness to unveil our graduation gift. I smiled to myself, already knowing the surprise that awaited.

Chapter 9

When I felt the moment was right, I said, “Kids, would you mind waiting inside for a few minutes while your mother and I talk?”

“No problem,” they replied, dashing inside. They appeared eager, and I wondered if they were looking forward to advancing their flirting with us.

I turned to Jennifer and held her hands, gently applying pressure, and said, “It’s time, sweetie. I want you to accompany Joshua to the rental, take your showers, and then have a talk with him. Before you leave, tell Cindy to take hers and wait for me in the living room. We’re going to disclose our past to them tonight. They have a right to know everything, and I think they’re more than ready.”

Her eyes went wide as her mouth gulped for air like a fish struggling to breathe. “Our past? As in your mother and you, and how I’m your daughter?”

“Yes, hold nothing back and answer every question truthfully. I think they’ll be more receptive if we split them up and discuss it with them separately.”

A look of concern came across her face before asking, “Okay, so afterward, do you want us to return here? How long should we wait?”

I moved my hands to her waist and held her firmly, and replied, “Two, maybe three weeks?”

Her puzzled look made me giggle. I continued, “Might be sooner or later, depending on how long it takes for Joshua to pound a baby into you.”

It took less than a minute for her to figure out what I was suggesting. Luckily, I had a firm grip on her waist as her body began to tremble and shake with excitement. Her arms wrapped around me

and hugged me tighter than I'd ever felt, then she tried to jab her tongue down my throat. After a minute of passionately kissing me, she croaked, "That was your plan from the beginning, wasn't it? That's why you had me stop taking the pill, and then wouldn't cum in me. You want your son to knock up his mother."

I grinned and confessed, "It's a graduation gift that you can both enjoy. My mom always told me that she'd never felt closer to me than when we were making a baby. As far as Joshua, the first time will remain with him forever. I know mine has. I'll give you the same advice Mom gave to me my first time with you. Look into his eyes when he cums in you. Give him as much love as you do me. Will you do that for me, sweetie?"

"Yes, yes, yes. I'll make it a night he'll remember forever," she swooned, her breasts heaving with excitement.

A tinge of doubt surfaced as she asked, "What if he doesn't want a child? Should I ask him first?"

"No need to. I'm sure they'll want it, but if not, we'll raise it," I replied.

She began to stand, excited to begin a night of incestuous love, when I gripped her hand to keep her from proceeding. "You know what nightie to wear for him, don't you?" I asked, with a wide grin.

Without hesitating, she answered, "Of course, the blue babydoll that both your mother and I wore when we committed our lives to you. Thank you so much. I love you so much and promise to fuck your brains out once I'm pregnant with your son's child."

She paused to think and said, "So, I'll be with Joshua, and you'll be here with Cindy. I sincerely hope that you treat her as well as you have me. When I return, I expect to see a big smile on Cindy's face and yours."

"We'll see," I replied. "I'm not going to pressure her into anything, but she is a Daddy's girl and as you know, I never deny my daughters anything."

She giggled, turned, and skipped to the house, giddy with lust. I waited for ten minutes before going into the house, and didn't see Cindy, and assumed she was taking her shower. I took mine and found her waiting on the couch in the living room. She sat cross-legged, her long, shapely legs exposed. When my eyes finally made it to her face, I saw her smiling knowingly. I wondered if she could read my thoughts of those legs wrapped around my waist.

I didn't have long to wait for an answer. Once I sat, she straddled me, untied her robe, and shoved it off, revealing her young, perky tits. "Since Joshua and Mom are gone to the rental, I think it's time we practice our kissing, don't you think, Daddy?" She put on her best Daddy's girl face while untying my robe.

I tried to stick to the plan and said, "We separated so we could explain our family history to you."

She smiled, wrapped her petite hand around my throbbing cock, and purred, "Okay, I'll help you out here, Daddy. Your Mom was your wife, Mom is your daughter, and now she's your wife. So you're already fucking one daughter, and now you're going to fuck another. Me!"

She lifted her pelvis, inched forward, and guided my cock into her tight, juicy pussy. While she lowered herself, she kissed me, dueling my tongue with hers. I gripped her ass and helped her slide down my shaft. If she weren't so soaked, it might have been difficult, but my prick managed to spread apart her tight, velvety folds as she sank, swallowing my length.

Once buried to the hilt, she gasped, "Fuck, that's good, Daddy. You don't know how long I've been wanting this. I love you, Daddy. Now, fuck me like you do your other daughter, your wife."

I cupped her tits and squeezed them, teasing her nipples while she kissed me again. After a dozen strokes, her body went rigid as her pussy contracted and gushed her juices. She paused for a minute, then began bouncing again, rocking back and forth and side to side. The look of joy on her face matched her mother's when she rode me

cowgirl style, but I knew that Jennifer's face probably showed the same amount of pleasure from having her son's cock buried in her.

After Cindy's second orgasm, I wrapped my arms around her and rose from the couch. She held onto my shoulders, locking her legs around me as I carried her into the master suite. Gently laying her onto the bed, I plowed into her, missionary style. As with Mom and Jennifer, I wanted to connect with her eyes when I unloaded.

Her body writhed and humped beneath me as she grunted and groaned through our incestuous joining. An image flashed before me of when Joshua fucked her, his cock sheathed in a condom. She probably didn't want a baby, so I'd have to pull out. After a couple of deep thrusts, shoving her body forward a few inches, I croaked, "Sorry, sweetie. I don't have any condoms. Where do you want me to spray you?"

She locked her ankles behind me and pulled me in. "Fill me with your seed, Daddy! I want your baby. Breed me, Daddy!"

My whole body tingled, hearing my young daughter wanting me to impregnate her. I slammed into her with so much force that I thought I might be bruising my balls as they collided with her ass. I kissed her, locking my eyes with hers. When I felt the tightening sensation in my balls and my cock head enlarged, her deep brown eyes widened. My prick exploded, sending blobs of thick, baby batter into her womb.

After my prick ceased pulsing and her legs released me, I rolled onto my side beside her, taking in the full splendor of her youthful beauty. Her tits defied gravity, sticking straight up, capped by telltale, puffy, chocolate brown nipples, inherited from her mother and grandmother. "Wow, you are so beautiful, sweetie," I whispered, caressing and exploring her body with my hand.

"That was amazing, Daddy!" she exclaimed. "Even better than I'd fantasized about. Did you like fucking your Daddy's girl?"

I leaned over and latched onto her tip while teasing the other with my fingers. She groaned and purred, “I guess that’s a good enough answer. I can’t wait for you to doggy fuck me. It’s one of my favorites, other than missionary.”

Like mother, like daughter. It was uncanny how closely their tastes aligned. Her breasts heaved rapidly as she inhaled deeply. Pushing me so I was flat on my back, she kissed her way down my body until her mouth was filled with my cock. She sucked and licked until it was hard, and then crawled onto me, lowering her soaked pussy onto my prick. She rode me through three orgasms, jumped off, and got on all fours.

“Do me, Daddy. Fuck me like a bitch in heat. Because I am. Breed me and make me yours, Daddy!” she exclaimed.

Following my mantra to never deny my daughters, I drove my prick into her welcoming cunt. She wailed with delight as I gripped her ass and pulled her back into me with each thrust. On her third orgasm, I unloaded into her again, growling and grunting as I bred my daughter.

I’m sure she wanted to go another round, and twenty years earlier, I could’ve, but I was spent, and she became content with holding me tightly while we fell asleep.

I woke up to her mouth sucking on my already-hard prick. She wrapped her hand around the base and didn’t take me deep, but made up for it with her enthusiastic tongue and teeth. I thought she’d release me to receive a dose of sperm, but she continued until I filled her mouth with my precious semen. She gulped it down and looked up at me, smiling widely.

“Tasty, Daddy,” she cooed, continuing to swipe her tongue around the outsides of her lips.

“That was unbelievable, sweetie, but you can’t get pregnant by swallowing my sperm,” I said, grinning.

A mischievous grin formed on her face as she replied, “Isn’t that too bad? I guess we’ll just have to keep fucking them to make up for it.”

To return the favor, I crawled between her legs and ate her pussy through four orgasms, before fucking her again.

After breakfast, Joshua and Jennifer joined us, both of them with mile-wide smiles. The kids left us to visit their new campus and said they’d return in the late afternoon. As soon as they left, Jennifer dragged me to the bed and lay with me. “Just cuddle with me, please. I’m exhausted. Our boy had a lot of pent-up energy. My pussy has been run through the wringer.”

I chuckled and said, “I can relate, as I still remember the first night with Mom and then again the night with you when you became my wife. Sleep was not a priority. I’m afraid I didn’t get far in disclosing our past with Cindy. She couldn’t wait to lower her tight pussy onto my prick. It brought back a lot of special memories from our first week of being together.”

“Me neither. As soon as I began talking, he slipped my nightie off, and when he latched onto my nipple and teased the other, my explanation turned to groaning. When he took me for the first time, I’m pretty sure he filled me with a gallon of sperm. I’d be surprised if I’m not already pregnant. We’ll have to reschedule that talk for later today.”

She nestled her head on my chest and fell asleep, followed by me minutes later. After a couple of hours of recuperation, we rose and tended to our business.

The kids arrived shortly before dinner, and afterward, we gathered in the living room. We shared everything with them, including my relationship with Julie and her family. They asked a few questions here and there but mostly listened, nodding in understanding and quiet approval.

When we finished, I looked at them and said, “We know you two are in love, and we’ve prepared the rental for you to use while attending school and beginning your lives together. So, how would you like to move forward?”

Cindy chimed in, “Joshua and I have been talking about this for the past six months, and here’s what we’ve decided. We love both of you so much, and with your support, we want to start our family right away. There’s no reason to wait. We’re ready. After I have Dad’s child and Mom has Joshua’s, we’d like a third one with us being the parents. While it may appear we’re swingers, especially with you two, we’d prefer to be monogamous after our first two children. Will that work for you?”

Jennifer stood abruptly, rushed over, and wrapped Cindy in a tight embrace, then did the same with Joshua. “I’m so incredibly proud of both of you and love you so much,” she said, her voice thick with emotion. “I wish you nothing but the best, and your father and I will do whatever it takes to help you get started. We’ll be the perfect daycare team while you finish your studies.”

I stood and strode to them. The kids and Jennifer pulled me into a warm, four-way hug. Tears welled in all our eyes, streaming freely as our family drew even closer together.

Our routine began that day with Joshua and Jennifer spending nights at the rental, while Cindy and I remained home. Each night and morning, we did our best to impregnate our partners, and then during the day, we returned to our prior relationships. We limited our joinings to a week at a time, during their ovulating cycles.

Cindy was the first to miss her period, with Jennifer following the month after. While we enjoyed making love to the kids, we were both thankful to return to our old status. Aside from our usual weekend barbecues, the kids largely lived their own lives. But each time they visited, their bond seemed even stronger, their love growing more evident with every visit. We never had sex with them again.

Two months later, Jennifer walked into the office, her eyes red and puffy from crying. Without a word, she took my hand and led me into the living room, where we sank into our cozy loveseat. Turning to face me, her voice quivering, she said softly, “I just got off the phone with Marcy. Julie’s gone.”

I blinked rapidly, trying to dampen the tears, but failed, as the ache in my chest spread and tightened like a fist. Jennifer drew me in without hesitation, her arms steady, her touch gentle as she patted my back in rhythm with my sobs. I buried my face in her shoulder, the fabric warm and familiar against my cheek. When the storm inside me finally stilled, I lifted my gaze. As always, she met me with quiet strength, not flinching, not rushing, just knowing. She had weathered every hardship by my side, and somehow, always knew how to hold me without asking why.

She whispered, “Marcy would like you to attend the service.”

I shook my head, gently pushing back. “No. I don’t want to interact with her family. This isn’t the time to make my presence known to her husband and Marcy’s children. We talked about this the last time I visited, and agreed it was best for me to remain distant.”

“Julie actually asked Marcy to invite you before she passed,” Jennifer said softly. “Marcy told me the church has a balcony where we could sit apart from everyone else. She wants to honor her mother’s wishes, not to introduce you, but she believes it would mean a lot just to have you there, even from a distance.”

My love for my daughter, Marcy, ultimately guided my decision. “Okay,” I said quietly. “Can you arrange our plane tickets and hotel? I’d like you to come with me. I don’t want to be alone, and I know you’ll help me stay grounded. It’s going to be an emotional trip.”

Jennifer nodded, squeezing my hand gently. “Of course. We’ll face it together.”

We arrived at the church an hour before the service. After giving our names, an usher guided us to the balcony, just as Marcy had

arranged. Jennifer held me through the next two hours, her arms steadying me while I said my silent goodbye to Julie. Below us, Marcy and Pamela sat in the front row, dressed in black. Their four children flanked them, two on either side, composed, grown, and beautiful. A single shaft of light cut through the stained glass, falling across Marcy's profile. It made her stillness seem deliberate, as if grief had etched itself into the lines of her face. I caught myself smiling through the ache, seeing my grown children. When Julie's husband stood to give the eulogy, his voice carried both tenderness and ruin. It soothed something in me to know she'd found that kind of love, in the end.

After the pallbearers carried the casket out to the waiting hearse, the congregation slowly filed out to follow the procession to the cemetery. From our place in the darkened balcony, I watched Marcy glance upward as she passed. I couldn't be sure she saw us in the shadows, but the faint, knowing smile on her face told me she had. Tears welled up again, silent and heavy, at the ache of not being able to hold her in her grief. We remained seated until the last of the mourners had left, then quietly made our way back to the hotel.

We enjoyed a quiet meal at the hotel, and once back in the room, Jennifer called Marcy to let her know we'd attended the service. I listened only distantly, lost in my own grief, the conversation fading into the background. Afterward, we rested for a few hours, the emotional weight of the day pressing heavily on us. As dusk approached, Jennifer drove us to the cemetery, guided by the directions Marcy had given her to find Julie's final resting place.

When we arrived, I saw that she'd been laid to rest beside Frank, my father, her first husband. The sight of their names carved into neighboring stones made my breath catch. I knelt, the ground still soft, the soil freshly turned. My fingers sank into it as if searching for her warmth. Memories surged. Small, ordinary ones. Her laugh, the way she'd touch my face, the quiet talks after making love. I couldn't stop the tears. They came hard and fast, and I sobbed without shame, grief unspooling in waves too old and tangled to hold back.

After a few moments, I felt her presence press gently against me. A warm, soft body kneeling close, an arm wrapping around my shoulders with quiet resolve. I turned and saw Marcy, her face streaked with tears, eyes reflecting my own sorrow. We held each other tightly, clinging to the weight of what had been lost and the bond we still had. For a long moment, neither of us spoke. Then she leaned in and whispered, voice trembling, “I love you, Dad, as much as she did. Your love stayed with her all the way to the end. She lived a beautiful life, because of you, in part.”

I buried my head in her hair, her natural scent flooding my senses, stirring memories of the times we’d spent together. “Thank you for insisting I come pay my respects,” I murmured. “Seeing you here means everything to me.” I felt her arms tighten around me, not in reply, but in silent understanding. In that closeness, grief softened into something gentler: love remembered, love enduring.

We sat and talked quietly for a while before finally rising. Jennifer walked over and embraced us both, offering silent support as we slowly made our way back to our cars. Just before we parted, Marcy leaned in and kissed me softly, then handed me a purse. I recognized it immediately. It was the same one Julie had with her during our visit to the Hilton.

“Mom told me to give this to you. Open it once you’re back at your hotel.” She kissed me one last time, her voice trembling as she added, “Goodbye, Daddy. I love you.” Then she turned and walked to her car, leaving me standing with the weight of her words and the purse in my hands.

After we showered back at the hotel, I opened the purse and found the silky, blue panties and panties she’d worn the first time we’d silently revealed our love for each other. A bittersweet chuckle escaped me as tears welled up again. Jennifer looked over, puzzled, until I explained the memory tied to it. She giggled softly, her eyes misting too. It felt like Julie had reached out from beyond, offering one final, tender gesture of comfort, just when I needed it most.

With Jennifer's support, my grieving period gently shortened as we immersed ourselves in work and caring for the expectant mothers. Both gave birth to beautiful daughters, and a year later, Joshua and Cindy welcomed a healthy baby boy of their own. Their studies remained on track, and whenever needed, Jennifer and I were always there to care for their children.

It was nearly time for our long-overdue trip to Hawaii, ten years having passed since our last visit. A few weekends before our scheduled departure, Amy stopped by on a Friday evening. Almost hesitant to ask, I couldn't help myself. "Where are Steve and the kids? Is everything okay?"

She smiled reassuringly. "Of course, Dad. They stayed home. I'm here to meet with Cindy. We have some business to go over. I'm meeting with her tomorrow."

Relief washed over me, and when she returned Saturday afternoon, she shared, "Dad, Cindy is making excellent progress toward becoming an attorney, and I've added her as a manager of the trust Mom established. I explained its intent and purpose, and eventually, she'll take the lead. I have full confidence in her ability. It felt like the right time to pass the baton to the next generation."

"Thanks, Amy," I expressed sincerely. "I really appreciate everything you've done for us. Do you want to spend the night before heading back, or are you planning to leave tonight?"

"I'm heading home tomorrow after breakfast," she replied. "I'll help Jennifer with dinner, and then we can relax in the garden. It's always so peaceful, a perfect way to end the day. I've always felt a connection to Mom when I'm there. A soft pull, like her spirit brushing against mine."

Jennifer and I nodded and smiled, acknowledging we shared her feelings.

After savoring a delicious meal, we tidied up the kitchen and headed out to the garden. Jennifer and I snuggled into the loveseat

while Amy settled into the lounge chair across from us. Conversation flowed easily as we caught up on her kids and all the ways they were growing and thriving. When the evening breeze turned cool, we made our way inside to take our warm showers and meet in the living room for the rest of the night.

I was the last to shower, and when I entered the bedroom with a towel wrapped around my waist, Jennifer approached me, cloaked in her nightgown. She ripped my towel off, tossed it to the side, kissed me, and lustfully croaked, “You won’t need this tonight.”

She handed me a blue pill and a glass of water before instructing me, “Take this and wait here. You’re in for a long night.” She exited and closed the door, leaving me with a big smile. I stepped into the bathroom, swallowed my pill, set the glass on the counter, and re-entered the bedroom. I assumed that Jennifer was informing Amy that we might be noisy that night, but I was surprised when Amy opened the door and entered.

After closing the door, she shook off her robe, revealing her shapely, nude body. “Jesus, Amy. You haven’t aged in twenty years.”

That brought a smile to her face. She cupped her breasts, lifting them and with a grin, remarked, “These are a little bigger after two kids, and they sag a bit, but I’m sure you’ll still like sucking on them.” Looking at my jutting prick, she cooed, “Oh, is that for me, Daddy?”

Still unsure of why she was here instead of Jennifer, I stuttered, “Amy? Where’s Jennifer?”

She chuckled at my confused state, closed the distance to me, and embraced me tightly, smashing her soft breasts against me. She kissed me, the sweet taste of her lips bringing back memories from two decades earlier. Her fiery eyes were filled with lust as her mouth sensuously ground against mine.

Pulling back, she explained, “Jennifer’s spending the night in my room. When you appointed me as the trust manager, I was given the authority to determine my own compensation. My chosen payment is

a night with my daddy. And yes, Steve not only knows but insisted I seal the deal with you.”

My hands cupped her breasts, my thumbs flicking her hard, pink, half-dollar-sized nipples. She groaned as my fingers excited her.

My concerns about harming her relationship with Steve stopped me from progressing until she said, “Daddy, remember you told us that you could never deny your daughters anything? This is what I want, and Jennifer helped me set it up. Make your daughters happy, Daddy, and make love to me all night.”

Calling me out on my promise, I wasn’t about to disappoint her. I cupped her bare, smooth pussy mound and squeezed it. The sounds of her juicy lips scrunching together eked out of her horny hole. Guiding her to the bed, I shoved her gently onto it. She spread her legs, her sexy smile signaling her desires.

Confident her tastes hadn’t changed in twenty years, I slid my hands under her ass, lifted her up, and plastered my face onto her dripping snatch. She began moaning immediately, relishing her daddy’s talented tongue and lips. I chewed and licked on her swollen labia until her pussy convulsed with her first climax.

I continued feasting on her delicious nectar, recalling her insatiable hunger for having her pussy eaten. Her next release resulted from my tongue swirling around her folds. After two more orgasms, sucking and licking her clit, I crawled up and lodged my throbbing prick into the entrance of her pussy, while filling my hands with her tits.

“Oh, Daddy! Your prick feels so good!” she screamed. “I need to feel your cock completely stuffed in my horny pussy. Fuck your horny daughter!”

Her slick, hot folds easily spread apart as I shoved my cock into her clinging cunt. Her moans intensified as her large breasts expanded in my hands. When I’d bottomed out, I paused and

croaked, “You’re right, sweetie. Your tits are bigger, but your pussy is as tight as ever. It’s no different than when I first made love to you.”

My piston glided in and out of her with slow, full-length strokes. Relishing the moment, I pulled out and just pushed the head in, popping it through her outer ring before removing it again.

“Oh, Daddy, that feels so good. Don’t tease me any longer. Shove it in and fuck me!”

So, I picked up the pace and stroked faster and harder. I pulled back until I was almost clear before slamming back in, forcing a grunt out of her as my balls slapped against her ass. Her knees rose off the bed as she slid her heels up to her ass. She lifted her ass off the mattress and humped into my thrusts. Her hands gripped my sides, her fingers sinking into my flesh as her hips bounced around.

I pounded her pussy relentlessly for ten minutes, until her walls clamped onto my shaft as her body turned rigid. “I’m cumming, Daddy! Keep fucking me until you cum in me.”

I continued my assault on her battered pussy, sliding in and out much faster, having a thick layer of lubricating pussy juice coating my cock. My hands lowered to her ass, gripping them hard, pulling her cunt onto my prick, her engorged labia mashing against my root. Her chanting became continuous as she relished the pleasure of our incestuous mating.

Her legs wrapped around me, her thick, muscular thighs squeezing me tightly. Her breaths were rapid and shallow as she struggled for air. I kissed her passionately, looking into her eyes, filled with fiery lust. Her whole body twisted and gyrated to provide the most pleasure for both of us. Memories of fucking Lucy returned as I realized she fucked as good, if not better, than her mother. Her quivering pussy massaged and gripped my cock, sending waves of pleasure through me.

Feeling the tingling sensation signaling my orgasm, I nestled my head beside hers and croaked, “I’m going to blow, sweetie. Cum on

my prick with me.”

That set her off. Her pussy spasmed and squeezed so hard that my cock exploded, bathing her insides with my load of precious batter. She grunted with each contraction, milking my prick until I was empty.

Once finished, I rolled off her and rested on my side, one hand running through her scalp while my other roamed over her smooth, silky skin. She turned to me and smiled. “Thank you so much, Daddy. I forgot how good it was being with you. I love you so much.”

“It’s always awesome with you, sweetie,” I replied.

She caressed my chest for a few moments before drifting lower and grasping my cum-soaked cock. When it hardened in her grip, she exclaimed, “Daddy, you’re already getting hard!”

I chuckled and admitted, “Your sister was kind enough to provide me with a blue pill.”

She grinned and returned my laughter. “Well, I’ve always taken care of her, and now she’s returning the favor. I’ll have to thank her in the morning. But first, I need a good doggy fucking.”

As soon as she was on all fours, I slipped my cock into her hungry hole. I gripped her ass and held her steady until she climaxed. Lowering my hands to the front of her thighs, I slammed into her again, pulling her back to me until she came again. For her next climax, I squeezed one of her tits while rubbing her clit with my fingers.

After her third orgasm, I thrust hard and was about to cum, when she screamed, “No, Daddy! Don’t cum in me yet.”

She moved forward, pulling her sucking snatch off my prick. She motioned for me to lie on my back. She crawled on top, guided my cock into her pussy, and rested her body on mine. “Cum in me, Daddy.”

She kissed me while driving my hips upward, driving my cock into her depths. After barely preventing my own release from her previous orgasms, it didn't take long before we climaxed together, with her body quivering with excitement on top of mine. After I unloaded, she wrapped her arms around me and nestled her face into my neck. "Fuck, that was good," she cooed.

My hands stroked her backside as her body fell limp and melted into mine. After ten minutes of enjoying our post-coital bliss, speaking softly to each other, she started to drift off.

When I let out a chuckle, she asked, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," I replied. "I was just remembering when your mother and I first taught you how to make love, and every night, you would jump up and run to your room when finished."

She sighed and related, "I know. Even though Mom never treated me differently, deep in my mind, I felt that because I was Lucy's daughter, she might resent me. I didn't want to upset her by staying with you afterward, so that's why I escaped to my room. I'll make up for it tonight. I'm going to hug you all night."

"I wish you'd said something," I replied. "Mom loved you as her own, and she never resented Lucy. In fact, she treated Lucy as a daughter. She understood how Lucy had a different outlook on life and didn't hold it against her, and actually helped her fulfill her desires. She even named our daughter after her."

"You had a daughter named Lucy?" she asked.

"No. When Lucy left, she confided in Mom that she was changing her name to Jennifer to make herself harder to find. That's how we ended up naming your sister. It was our way of honoring the person who made our family possible."

"Wow, I didn't know that," she said, her voice softening. "But you're right about her influence. I feel so much better now, knowing you and Mom never held any resentment toward her."

It was as if a great weight had been lifted as her body fell limp. Her breathing deepened as she fell into a restful sleep. I soon followed.

Before daylight, I woke up to her riding me cowgirl style. My prick was already slick with her juices, and I wondered if she'd already climaxed while I slept. Her big tits, bouncing up and down, drew my hands to fill them. "Good morning, sweetie. Sleep well?"

"It was wonderful," she cooed. "I woke up to your prick poking me, so I thought I'd take advantage of it. I still haven't collected my entire fee for the trust management, but after a few more orgasms, we'll be good."

I chuckled, enjoying the payment for her services. After she climaxed two more times, she swiveled around, leaned over, and grasped my ankles. As she fucked me reverse cowgirl, I gripped her ass and helped her fuck my pole. When her body began to shake, I thrust up and pounded a load of cum into her contracting cunt. Afterward, she turned around and flopped her nude body onto me again.

We dozed off for another two hours until Jennifer gently shook us awake. "Rise and shine, you two," she said with a playful giggle. "Breakfast will be ready in about twenty minutes. Why don't you take a shower first? It reeks of sex in here."

Amy returned her sister's giggle and replied, "We will, and thanks so much for lending me your husband, Sis."

"Anytime, Amy. You're more than a sister to me. I love you so much, I'd give you anything. You know that, don't you?"

"I know," Amy replied. "We've shared a strong bond all of our lives."

Obedying Jennifer, Amy and I enjoyed a shower fuck, the final payment ending with her orgasmic scream of pleasure echoing through the house.

After enjoying a hearty breakfast, we talked for a while until it was time to leave. After much hugging and kissing, she departed with a tearful goodbye. When her car disappeared over the horizon, Jennifer turned to me, grinned, and said, “You’re taking another blue pill tonight so I can reclaim you.”

True to her word, she tried to fuck me to death that night. Although I enjoyed my time with Amy, making love with Jennifer was always better. She knew exactly how to take care of her daddy.

Our Hawaii trip went just as planned, though we spent far less time by the pool or on the beach than in years past. Instead, we revisited all the dance clubs we’d once loved, reliving old memories and reaffirming our love each night. By the time we returned home, we felt refreshed and re-energized, ready to dive back into work.

In the years that followed, our days revolved around caring for our grandchildren while our kids focused on finishing their college degrees. Before we knew it, another decade had slipped by. We decided to move into the rental house, giving Joshua and Cindy the big house. By then, Joshua had already taken over our business, while Cindy worked with Amy, doing much of her job remotely from home.

Jennifer and I had essentially retired, settling into a more relaxed lifestyle. After another trip to Hawaii, we caught the travel bug. Jennifer spent six months meticulously researching and planning, securing visas, updating passports, and booking tour packages for every country on our list. For the next several years, we’d embark on month-long journeys, return home for a couple of weeks to rest and visit family, and then set off again.

It felt like a never-ending honeymoon, touring the world’s most romantic sights, dining at breathtaking vistas, and savoring life in every way possible. In each city, Jennifer somehow found a dance club, and the only word she bothered to learn in the local language was “No.” It was her go-to response whenever anyone, man or woman, dared to cut in while we danced. After all these years, it

warmed me to know she was still fiercely protective of me, guarding our moments together like a mama bear.

We finally concluded our worldwide tour as I approached my eightieth birthday. One of the greatest lessons our travels taught us was the value of fully immersing ourselves in other cultures. Had we been fluent in another language, I'm certain we might have relocated to another country, as many of their lifestyles were far more appealing. Upon returning, we met with Amy and Cindy to discuss ways the trust fund could be used to encourage studying abroad and experiencing life in a foreign country.

When my sex drive began to fade, I felt a pang of guilt for Jennifer. She was still a vibrant, beautiful woman, full of life. Our lovemaking had dwindled to rare occasions, sometimes weeks or even a month apart. One night, as we lay snuggled together in bed, I spoke softly, "Sweetie, I know I haven't been able to love you the way I used to, and I don't want you to feel deprived because of it. You have my blessing to seek comfort from someone else if you ever feel the need. I love you so much, and I'll do anything to keep you happy."

She hugged me tightly, kissed me softly, and said, "Daddy, I get more joy from simply being with you, holding you like this, than from anything else. I don't need, and I don't want, anyone else. You're the only man I've ever loved, and you'll always be the only one. There will never be another man in my life."

Tears streamed down my cheeks at my daughter's heartfelt words. She kissed them away, then rested her head on my chest, just as she had for the past forty years.

Amy and Jennifer spent weeks planning my eightieth birthday celebration. The backyard was transformed with tables, tents, and, of course, a clear space in the center for dancing. With Amy in charge, there was no need for a professional party planner. Alongside my immediate family, Marcy's family joined us, making the day even more special. One by one, each of my daughters took a turn dancing with me, filling my heart with joy.

Not to be left out, Pamela demanded a turn with me, pulled me closely, and swayed with me to a song. When she embraced me tightly, I whispered, “You still have great tits, sweetie.”

She giggled and replied, “You’re the last man to suck on them, so I’m glad someone was able to appreciate them.”

“How about your son? Didn’t you nurse him?” I asked.

“I said man, not a baby, and although he’s a man now, I don’t stand a chance. You know he has three horny sisters that keep him plenty entertained.”

“His loss,” I said, chuckling.

When she finished, she gave me a gentle kiss on the lips before Marcy stepped in to take her place. She pressed herself against me, and we held each other in silence for several minutes, our embrace saying more than words ever could. Finally, she broke the quiet. “Daddy, I want to thank you for putting all of our kids through college.”

Caught off guard, I frowned. “I’m not sure what you mean. You know I would’ve helped if you’d asked.”

She met my eyes and held them. “Do you remember that last day we spent together, when we talked about everything in your life? You told me how you and Mom set up a family trust to help descendants with ‘Unknown’ for fathers? Well, out of nowhere, each of my children received a full-ride scholarship. The only name on it was ‘Unknown Donor.’”

I grinned as it clicked. “Amy must have been behind it, and I’m so glad she was. That’s exactly what we intended the trust to be used for. I’m happy we could make things a little easier for your family. She knows how much I cherish you and Pamela.”

“Thanks, Daddy. Your family’s generosity is just a reflection of your love. I love you,” she said, kissing me warmly.

I held her closely through two more songs, reluctant to release her. We shared a special love with a connection to Julie.

The final dance of the night was, of course, with Jennifer. When we finished, everyone stood and applauded. My smile couldn't have been wider, unless you count later that evening, after I'd made love to my beautiful wife. It was the perfect ending to a perfect day.

***** Epilogue *****

During Dave's eightieth birthday bash, Amy moved with quiet urgency, making sure everyone was cared for; the food flawless, the flower arrangements just right, even the music guy in sync. Many guests were strangers to her, especially those from Marcy and Pamela's side of the family. At one point, she noticed an elderly woman lingering near the edge of the yard, close to the road, poised as if she might slip away unnoticed.

The woman wore a wide sunhat that shadowed her face, but something about her presence tugged at Amy's attention. She appeared to be her father's age or a few years younger, perhaps an old classmate or friend from school.

Amy approached slowly, careful not to startle her. As she drew closer, a flicker of familiarity stirred. The woman's features were blurred by time, but something in the tilt of her head, the set of her shoulder, the sparkle in her deep blue eyes.

Then it struck. A jolt of recognition. The woman was an older version of herself.

"Lucy?" Amy whispered.

The woman's eyes darted sideways, quick and guilty, the same look Amy's kids gave when they'd been caught red-handed.

"No, sorry. My name is Jennifer," the elderly woman replied, and slowly stepped backward, ready to escape.

Amy smiled and exclaimed, "Mom, it's me! Amy!"

The woman's eyes welled with tears. When Amy opened her arms, she stepped into them without hesitation. They embraced tightly, both trembling, both crying. Mother and daughter had reunited after sixty years of being separated.

As they pulled apart, Amy held the woman's gaze. "I'm so glad you came," she said softly. "But, how did you know?"

The woman gave a small, wistful smile. "I just had a feeling. I knew it was his eightieth, and you know, his birthday has always held a special meaning for me."

Amy's brow creased. "Why?" she asked. "What makes it special?"

Lucy studied her daughter's confused face, then gently offered, "You were conceived on his seventeenth birthday."

She paused, her voice softening. "Of all the boys I dated back then, he was the one I knew would last. My upbringing shaped how I viewed the world and influenced my decision-making. And I lost him because of that. But I always believed he'd live a charmed life, even without me."

Her eyes swept over the crowd. "Judging by how many people are here, I'd say he's done just fine." Then her gaze lingered in Dave's direction, narrowing slightly. "That woman sitting beside Dave. She looks like Melissa. Is she related to her?"

"That's Dave's daughter, Jennifer. He named her after you, after you changed your name. Would you like to meet Dad and his family?" Amy asked cautiously.

"Oh, goodness, no," Lucy replied firmly. "I have my own family, and they know nothing about my involvement here. Dave has his own life, his own family. This is his day, and I don't want anyone to know I was here."

Amy breathed a sigh of relief, not wanting to divulge the interwoven incestuous relationships of the family.

Lucy reached up, gently brushing a few strands of hair from Amy's face before letting her fingers trail softly along her cheek. "You've grown into such a beautiful woman. I have to leave soon, but tell me about yourself."

Amy spoke of her happy childhood and all that had unfolded in her adult life. When she finished, she added, "Dad and his mother always said my beauty and smarts mirrored yours. They've only ever spoken kindly about you, so please don't feel bad about how things turned out."

Lucy sighed. "Melissa was so good to me, and I knew leaving you in her care was the right choice. Dave and I were too young to start a family, and she was there to save us. After our divorce, she gave me money and the means to start fresh, and I did. I'm so glad you've had such a good life."

She paused, staring into Amy's eyes, conveying her love, perhaps with a little remorse, and said, "Goodbye, Amy. Thank you for sharing your time with me." She kissed her daughter on the cheek before turning to walk away.

Tears streamed down Amy's cheeks as she watched her mother walk away, each step a quiet echo of goodbye. Yet beneath the ache, her heart swelled. Finally, the lingering chapter of her past had found its last page.

Dave and Jennifer enjoyed the next twelve years to the fullest, concluding with Dave passing away in his sleep.

The crematorium manager had dealt with his share of unusual requests, but this one topped them all. With a wide grin, he placed the blue bra and panties in the deceased man's hands before rolling him into the furnace.

The church overflowed with loved ones, family, friends, and colleagues whose lives had crossed his through years of business and quiet generosity.

A few evenings later, Joshua and Cindy sat side by side on the garden's outdoor couch, the hush between them filled with memory. Nearby, Amy and Jennifer stood at the plot where their mother's ashes had been scattered decades before. Jennifer's body trembled as she held the plain cardboard box cradling their father's remains.

Jennifer's hand froze, fingers locked around the box as if it could anchor her to the life she was losing. She couldn't let go, not yet. Her vision blurred, tears spilling freely as she turned to Amy, her face crumpled with anguish.

Amy's heart shattered at the sight of her sister's pain. Wordlessly, she reached out, her hand steady as she gently took the box from Jennifer's trembling grasp. With one arm wrapped around Jennifer's waist, she stepped forward and scattered their father's ashes across the garden, the breeze catching the dust like a final whisper.

"Goodbye, Daddy," she sobbed, her voice breaking into the silence.

Jennifer collapsed to her knees, her grief pouring out in raw, aching sobs. "Wait for me, Mommy and Daddy. Please don't go too far."

When their tears had finally ebbed, the sisters rose slowly, the silence between them thick with everything they couldn't say. They turned to Joshua and Cindy, who stood nearby, their own faces streaked with grief.

Jennifer stepped toward Cindy, her fingers curled around something small and precious. She reached out and gently placed the rings and earrings into Cindy's open palm, cool metal warmed by the heat of her hand, worn smooth by decades of devotion.

The gold glinted softly in the fading light, catching the weight of memory. Her parents' wedding bands. The earrings her mother and grandmother had worn each and every day. Symbols not just of marriage, but of laughter, sacrifice, and the quiet strength that held their family together.

Jennifer's voice trembled, but her gaze was steady. "It's your time now, sweetie. These belonged to love. To legacy. Take care of the family. Carry us forward."

Amy remained at the house with her sister, offering comfort in every way she could. At night, she slept with her, cuddling her close, feeling her trembling until sleep finally claimed her, only to wake in the morning to the sound of quiet sobs. Most days were spent together in the garden, reflecting on the lives they had built. When Amy gently suggested seeing a doctor for antidepressants, Jennifer adamantly refused, unwilling to dull the thoughts and memories of her husband.

Less than a month later, the church was filled again with mourners grieving Jennifer's passing. The doctor claimed it was a heart attack, but Amy knew better. It was a broken heart, one that could never be mended.

Joshua and Cindy once again sat on the garden couch, while Amy stood before the plot, clutching her sister's ashes. This time, she was the one who froze, unable to let go of the sister she'd loved for seventy years. She had always been the strong one, the steady one, but not today.

Without a word, Joshua and Cindy stepped to her sides, their presence holding her steady. Gently, Cindy took the box from Amy's trembling hands and scattered her mother's ashes across the garden. Through a blur of shared tears, they watched as Jennifer's remains mingled with those of their parents, uniting them forever.

Amy's voice broke the silence, barely more than a breath. "Our bond isn't broken, sweetie. Our family love is everlasting."

And at that moment, the garden bloomed. Not with flowers, but with memory. With legacy. With an infinity of family love.

The End

Posted on 2025-08-13

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